



MY LADY'S SIN.

THE WICKED PLOT THAT FAILED.

The Author of "The Exchanged Will," "The Secret of the Grace Cup," "Counterfeit Claimants," Etc., Etc.

PART 5.

"Yes, certainly!" responded the doctor, with nervous haste. "You have only to explain them, Sir Robert. I am pledged to assist you and carry out your ideas to the utmost of my power. Why, then, do you not go on?"

let him suffer one pang more again, if by any act of mine, he could be spared that pang? I would rather die." That vehement declaration made Lady Beauchamp return to the point from which she had been diverted. "I was about to state," she said, her voice still tremulous, "that Mrs. Allingham's son is not only one who has made the treatment of diseases of the brain a special study."

chance with soft, hesitating flattery. "Of course it was quite impossible for me to say who your representative would be. I could only state my wishes and hopes on that point." The charming grace with which she bowed to the doctor and his wife rendered her meaning plain.

MY LADY'S SIN.

SUMMARY OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Old Sir Robert Beauchamp marries a second wife—a beautiful young Spanish widow with a daughter of her own—in the event of his own death. Nina, dying unmarried, his stepdaughter, Isadora, becomes his sole heiress. Nina suspects her stepmother of sinister motives, and fancies she is losing her father's love.

THE OLDEST KNOWN INHABITANT OF THE GLOBE.

Several years ago, when the son-in-law of Karl Hagenbeck, the animal trainer, was looking for interesting specimens, he learned of the existence on the island of Seychelles of the coast of Madagascar, of a giant tortoise, the celebrated Galapagos tortoise, not merely for its great size—it weighs 970lb.—but for the fact that there was documentary evidence that it had been living on the earth for over 50 years, and probably for more than 100 years.

INSECT MECHANICS.

The delicate use of a tool by a little sand-wasp might well be supposed to indicate reasoning power. A well-known naturalist watched the wasp dig a hole in the earth and deposit therein an egg, together with a spider, which she had stung into paralysis, to feed the grub which should be hatched in due course.

A HOME-MADE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

Place at the bottom of a large flat glass vessel a little bottle containing some red wax. The bottle is sealed with a cork having only a small hole bored through it by means of a red-hot wire in the direction of the axis. We know that in consequence of their densities wine will ascend into water, and accordingly you shall soon see the ruby liquid escaping in a small, but slowly widening, thread that ascends towards the top of the water.

A NEW WAY TO CATCH RABBITS.

When off duty Professor Richards, of Yale College, enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him, when they have heard a new one. He adds to the fun sometimes with a witty remark of his own. Such was the case when one of the students perpetrated the following antiquity:—"Professor, wouldn't you like a good recipe for catching rabbits?" "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?"

VENEZUELA'S STRANGE MOUNTAINS.

While Africa has drawn many and many a British adventurer, naturalist explorer, and missionary to the depths of its marvellous forests, America, especially South America, is hardly known as an exploring ground to Englishmen.

UNCOMMON PROBLEMS FOR GEOGRAPHERS.

In appearance it is most unusual, for it is practically a cube or rock, standing apart, rising to a height of nearly 3,000ft. the upper 5,000ft. of which is apparently a precipice which is thought to be impossible of ascent.

CAPE TO CAIRO.

Rapid progress is now being made with the construction of the Cape to Cairo Railway, and the route which the line will traverse towards Khartoum has been tentatively decided upon.

HEIGHT OF THUNDER CLOUDS.

A great cumulus thunder-cloud, towering up on a horizon like a huge, buoyant iceberg, is often higher than the highest Alps would be if they were piled on top of the Himalayas. It is not unusual for these clouds to measure five, six, or even eight miles from their dark base, hovering a mile or two above the earth, to their rounded, glistening summit, splendid to the sunlight. And in these eight miles the changes of temperature are as great as those of many thousand miles of the earth's surface.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT FOR LONG EVENINGS.

Place at the bottom of a large flat glass vessel a little bottle containing some red wax. The bottle is sealed with a cork having only a small hole bored through it by means of a red-hot wire in the direction of the axis. We know that in consequence of their densities wine will ascend into water, and accordingly you shall soon see the ruby liquid escaping in a small, but slowly widening, thread that ascends towards the top of the water.

QUEER CUSTOMS IN A LAND THAT NEVER MIXES ROMANCE AND MATRIMONY.

Wives are sometimes secured by a foraging expedition on a weaker tribe, and by seizing as many women as may be desired. The usual method, however, is this: When a warrior, surfeited with the glory of martial life, desires a wife he waits upon the father of the girl of his choice, and makes an offer of marriage.

FOSSILIZED ABORIGINAL.

Scientists in Adelaide are interested in a discovery made by Peter Salotti, an Italian, who dug up in his vineyard, what is claimed to be the body of an aboriginal girl. The figure is 4ft. 3in. long, and is covered with a crust of limestone. Where this is broken away, the underlying material has the appearance of fine marble, the surface of which is indented as by the action of weather. The discovery was made in land which became a vineyard 50 years ago, beneath the main roots of a grapevine.

HOW WE SEE THINGS.

How do we see? Did you ever chance to think? The majority of people imagine that they see with their eyes, but this is wrong. Did you ever realize how much of your vision is mental? We see nothing properly and definitely until the mind lends its perception.

STOPPING A WAR.

The enormous indemnities which have been paid to end strife between nations in the past make evident that the cost of stopping a war is only little less than the cost of waging it.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

British lifeboats save, on an average, 550 lives a year. Russia has the largest standing army; Great Britain the strongest navy. A German chemist has hardened aluminium by a chemical process, and called the product "metcorit."

TRYING TO FIND IT.

During a severe engagement an Irish private was espied by his captain in the act of beating a hasty retreat. The man had been a favourite with his superior officer, and when the latter was afterwards asked why he came afterwards, until she may have had a dozen husbands.

THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

The Riponshire Advocate is published weekly, except on public holidays, at 10, South Street, Ripon. The subscription price for 12 months is 12s. 6d. in advance. Single copies 1s. 6d. per annum.

The origin of all weights and measures in England was derived from a grain of wheat. According to the old statute, thirty-two grains, well dried, and gathered from the middle of the ear, were to make one pennyweight, twenty pennyweights one ounce. It was afterwards thought better to divide the pennyweight into twenty-four equal parts, called grains. The Conqueror introduced into England what was called Troy Weight, from Troyes a town in the province of Champagne, in France. The English were dissatisfied with this weight, because the pound did not weigh so much as the pound in use at that time in England. Hence arose the term Avoir du poids, which was a medium between the French and the ancient English weights. 1484.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY MADE IN A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN VINEYARD.

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Mr. McDougall suggested getting the names of business people willing to give 25 or 50 p. each. If they got 30 business people at 1s per month it would be a big help. No exception could be taken to that.

SPRUCE UP.

If this doesn't hit you, of course it is not meant for you.

But if it does

Then we would just like to say—

THAT

It has been impressed upon us, and with pleasure we feel bound to admit the fact, that we are now showing the Finest Stock we ever had, in Dresses, Trimmings, &c., and in Gentlemen's Outfitting.

ALSO

That our Dressmaking Dept. is turning out some lovely Costumes. Ladies may select their styles from the latest Parisian Plates, which we have arriving monthly. Order early to avoid disappointment. The high-pressure gauge is on; the dept. at present is "A Hive of Industry."

AND

That in our Millinery Dept. we are selling Artistic Creations at Prices that are commanding attention.

The idea that "CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE THE MAN" is all very well in its way, but it is not a good principle to tie to without reserve.

Whatever we ought to have, is here.

PROFITABLE PICKINGS FOR PRUDENT PURCHASERS.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO., UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, BEAUFORT.

BY HIS DOCTOR. A doctor here has said that for twelve dollars' worth of medicine, which is claimed to be a cure for cholera morbus, says E. White, of Coonville, California, U.S.A. At the trial he praised his medical skill and medicine. He made him of it in the Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as used as I had good reason to believe it was not. No doctor could use a better remedy than this in a case of cholera morbus, it never fails. Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO., Merchants, Beaufort.

Geelong Wool Sales. Friday, 26th November. George Hague and Co. report:—We held our fifth sale of the season today when we offered a catalogue of 732 bales to a very large attendance of buyers. The market continues firm and brisk, and prices generally are at the very highest point of the season. We sold all but 19 bales, as follows:—E (Beaufort), merino and 1st crossbred at 12 1/2; comb at 11 1/2; 1st crossbred at 10 1/2; 2nd crossbred at 10 1/2; 3rd crossbred at 10 1/2; 4th crossbred at 10 1/2; 5th crossbred at 10 1/2; 6th crossbred at 10 1/2; 7th crossbred at 10 1/2; 8th crossbred at 10 1/2; 9th crossbred at 10 1/2; 10th crossbred at 10 1/2; 11th crossbred at 10 1/2; 12th crossbred at 10 1/2; 13th crossbred at 10 1/2; 14th crossbred at 10 1/2; 15th crossbred at 10 1/2; 16th crossbred at 10 1/2; 17th crossbred at 10 1/2; 18th crossbred at 10 1/2; 19th crossbred at 10 1/2.

Appeal to you. Mr. J. Jackson thought they should number it out from £6 to £10 to join the band and get an instrument. Mr. J. Jackson said they should number it out from £6 to £10 to join the band and get an instrument.

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Societies' Hall. SATURDAY NIGHT.—Last Appearance of the COULTER DRAMATIC COY. "EAST LYNN". Special Ladies' Night. Ladies to Front Seats, 1s. Prices—2s. and 1s.

Annual Demonstration. In aid of the above fund will be held in the CARRIGHAM RECREATION RESERVE, on New Year's Day, Monday, Jan. 2, 1905. PROGRAMME. 1. Maiden Race, 100 yds. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Shire Office, Beaufort. NOTICE is hereby given that a Meeting of the Council of the Shire of Ripon, to be held at 11 a.m. on MONDAY, 5th December, 1904, the Accounts for the year ended 30th September, 1904, as audited, will be finally examined and settled. The Statement of Accounts is now OPEN FOR THE INSPECTION of all Persons interested, at the Shire Office, Beaufort, during Office hours. J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.

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Baker and Rouse. Largest and Most Complete Stock of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS. Cameras from a few shillings. Up-to-date AMATEUR OUTFITS at all prices. AUSTRALIAN DRY PLATES & PRINTING PAPERS. 260 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

Furniture of every kind. Pictures. Artistic Selection. Linoleums. A Great Variety. Glassware. A Dainty Show. Wire Mattresses. Cool and Restful. Bamboo Blinds. All Sun-Proof. The Ironmongers, BEAUFORT.

Anything You Require, Have it. We Can Supply. Hawkes Bros. Pictures. Artistic Selection. Dinner and... Tea Sets, New Shapes & Colors.

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Woman's World.

THE BEST AGE TO MARRY. The question which is the best age for a woman to marry, has been discussed over and over again without the least probability of the knotty question being solved.

When we consider the large number of women who marry when they are still almost children, we need scarcely pause to wonder why so many infants die young—their mothers, who are so young, are almost certainly the cause of their death.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS. Strange as it may sound, it is certain that the reason why we are so often other people's way of regarding our circumstances and surroundings puts us to more trouble and expense than almost anything else.

THE KEEPING UP APPEARANCES IS LAUDABLE enough, but the art of doing so is not understood by everyone. Instead of regulating appearances according to a scale which they can consistently and uniformly adhere to, a great many persons set out in life by making appearances far beyond what they can afford.

WOMAN'S SIDE IN THE WAR. There was a dinner in Paris very recently, and conversation very naturally turned upon the war.

THE POPULAR GIRL. One characteristic of the popular girl is repose. She has thorough command of herself, and steers herself calmly through any and all situations.

THE DENMARK EGG TRADE. Under the system of co-operation the butter and bacon trade of Denmark has been greatly developed and the systematic and successful are the lines on which the Danish egg trade has been fostered.

NO COMPETITION. The universal success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the relief and cure of bowel complaints in both children and adults has been so generally and so widely known that it has become a household name.

FARMING LARGE AREAS.

It is not surprising that in this country, where large tracts of fertile land can be cheaply secured, the tendency should be towards the occupation of more land than can be successfully cultivated.

After a fashion, our average farmer farms over large areas of ground, but every year it is becoming more evident that this method of farming must give way to the painstaking and careful cultivation that is found in the best farming centres of the old world.

It is true fortune has been made by wheat-growing on a large scale with the most superficial kind of tillage in this country, but these were, after all, exceptions to the general experience.

It is true fortune has been made by wheat-growing on a large scale with the most superficial kind of tillage in this country, but these were, after all, exceptions to the general experience.

Under a system of farming that means continual decrease in fertility farming lands soon change from the very best to the very worst forms of soil. Land cannot run away, but if badly treated it is apt to become barren.

Anyone who attempts to cultivate a larger area than he has strength or capital to work thoroughly must of necessity farm carelessly, and will soon find himself a poor man.

THE SEPARATOR. The story is told of a dairyman who skinned his milks at home by hand, and satisfied himself that there was not enough butter left in it to give even a small of butter.

Opinions differ as to whether the man who said that what's not cured must be endured was suffering from rheumatism or dyspepsia.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR. If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling out, use Chamberlain's Hair Restorer.

Our Parliamentary Representative.

During the debate in the Assembly last week on Railway Construction, Mr. Ouan endeavored to get the question of running a line from Leigh Road to Wickliffe Road referred to the Standing Committee.

Mr. Ouan.—I did not intend to discuss this motion, but my district has been drawn into the question, and seeing that the Premier is so liberal, and intends to give so many country districts railway facilities, it seems to me a proper time to move an amendment.

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CHOOSE THE SURE REMEDY.

The Safe Road Indicated.

The Case of Miss M. A. GRANT.

(By a Special Reporter.)

No one can read these lines without realizing that they will have a decidedly good influence upon the lives of many, for they convey a message such as cheer even the most dejected of mortals.

When I was living in Newtown, Sydney, some seven years ago, my health was anything but good, and for a considerable length of time I knew what was to feel the want of a few words of advice such as will lead to the termination of one's sufferings.

Well, you may say, I found myself dreadfully weak and run down to an extent that almost makes me shudder to think of it.

Do you remember what your digestion was like? My organs of digestion were altogether at fault, for every kind of food disagreed with me.

Before starting with this medicine, I was thin and gaunt, and nothing but a shadow of what I once had been.

After beginning with Clements Tonic for regulating and toning the entire system, I always recommended the use of this wonderful medicine.

STATUTORY DECLARATION. I, Mary Ann Grant, do solemnly and sincerely declare that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the facts and circumstances of my case.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures. The following are the police magistrate's permanent engagements in the Ballarat district.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases. Applicants for leases within the district covered by The Riponshire Advocate are invited to peruse the following notice.

Also the ROADSTER STALLION, RANJITSINGHI, by Mr. GRANGE. Terms: £2.

CHOOSE THE SURE REMEDY.

The Safe Road Indicated.

The Case of Miss M. A. GRANT.

(By a Special Reporter.)

No one can read these lines without realizing that they will have a decidedly good influence upon the lives of many, for they convey a message such as cheer even the most dejected of mortals.

When I was living in Newtown, Sydney, some seven years ago, my health was anything but good, and for a considerable length of time I knew what was to feel the want of a few words of advice such as will lead to the termination of one's sufferings.

Well, you may say, I found myself dreadfully weak and run down to an extent that almost makes me shudder to think of it.

Do you remember what your digestion was like? My organs of digestion were altogether at fault, for every kind of food disagreed with me.

Before starting with this medicine, I was thin and gaunt, and nothing but a shadow of what I once had been.

After beginning with Clements Tonic for regulating and toning the entire system, I always recommended the use of this wonderful medicine.

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The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1411

Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

PRICE THREEPENCE

ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING SALE NOW ON.

ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING SALE NOW ON.

GEORGE PAYNE, Jeweller, Sturt Street, BALLARAT.

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 **CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE** 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 L5 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him if you don't believe us.

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, ECZEMA, & BAD LEGS.

GENERAL PRINTING AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE

Daily	Closing Time
Melbourne	8 and 4.50
Ballarat	8 and 4.50
Geelong	8 and 4.50
Traralgon	8 and 4.50

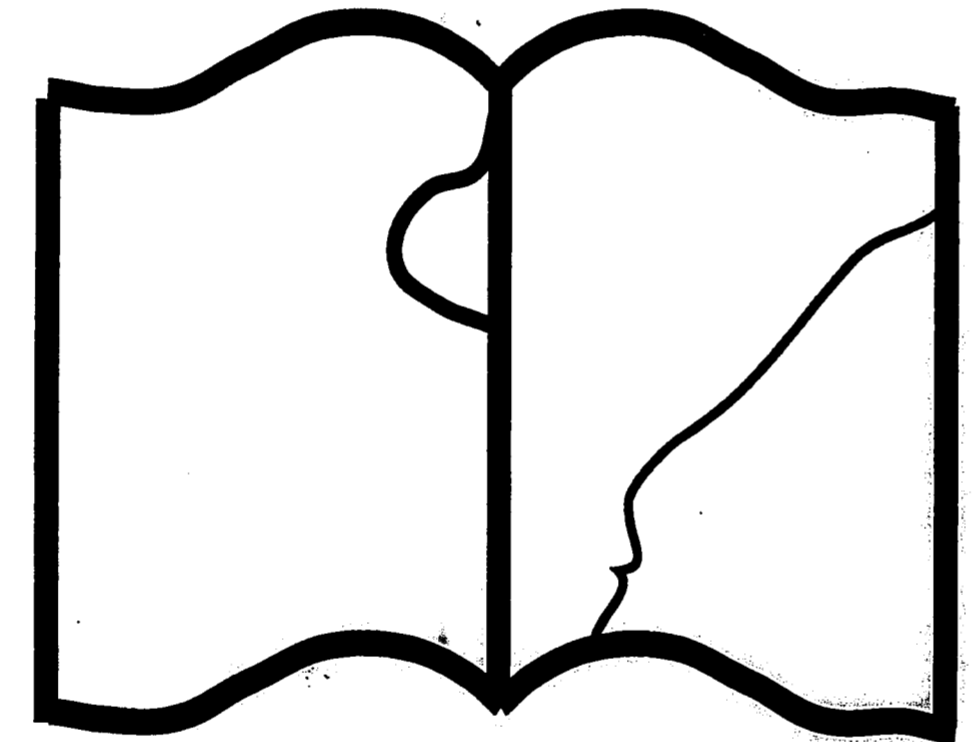
Registered mail and parcels post close 29 minutes prior.
Aragat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including days)

BEECHAM'S PILLS
To avoid indigestion.

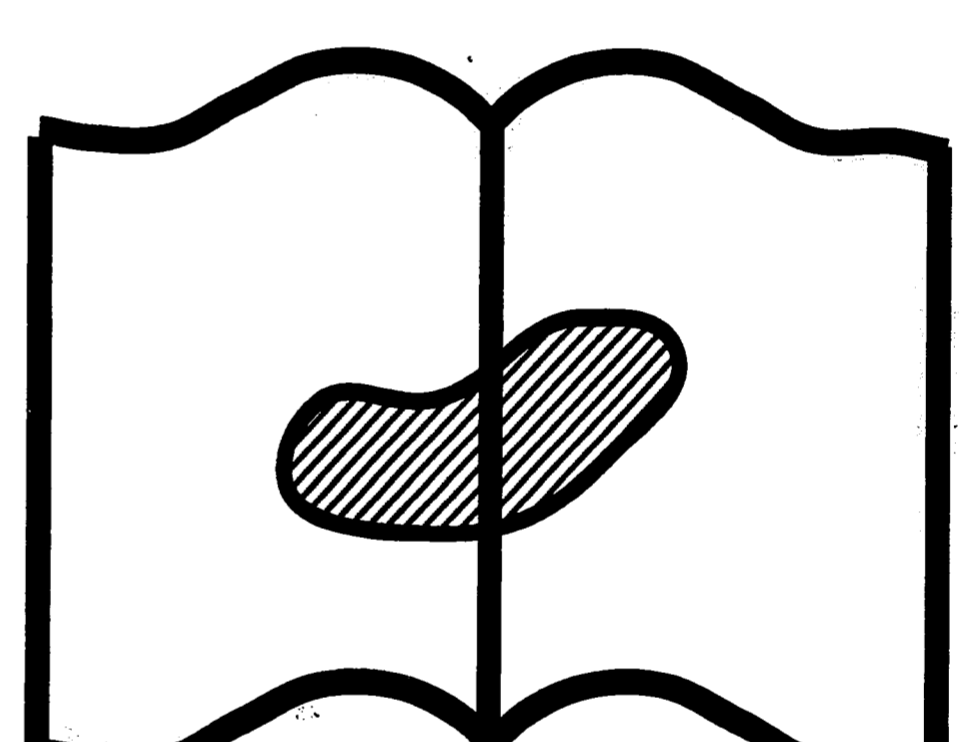
STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS,
HAVELOCK STREET.

To our Patrons
THE PROPRIETOR OF A DISTRICT...
The law of exchange is never satisfactory in its working...

G. PRINCE
Butcher in Beaufort...
B. COCHRAN
News Agent...
L. BRAVO
Tobacconist and Fancy Goods Depot...
M. C. PEDDER
Blacksmith...
EDWARD
Paperhanger and Glazier...
EDWARD
Paints, Oils, Colours...
EDWARD
Selling Brokers...
LONG WOOL SALES
Season 1904-1905...
LONG WOOL SALES
Season 1904-1905...
LONG WOOL SALES
Season 1904-1905...



**Damaged text/
wrong binding**



Difficult to read

EDWARD
Paperhanger and Glazier...
EDWARD
Paints, Oils, Colours...
EDWARD
Selling Brokers...
LONG WOOL SALES
Season 1904-1905...
LONG WOOL SALES
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LONG WOOL SALES
Season 1904-1905...

UNDERTAKER
Opposite the State School,
NELL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Home 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. E. 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 notices for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always republishing 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.

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

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Justices' Fixtures.
The local J.P.'s have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday, Messrs. F. Bugge, J. R. Wotherston, 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 greatly surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "Troches" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "choking 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 on each box.—Prepared by J. B. L. Brown & Sons, London, U.S. Bureau, Depot, 33, Parkington Road, London, Eng.

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

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, it relieves the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

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-headers, 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 of 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.

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FLORINE—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH—A few drops of the liquid "Florine" applied 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 Florine" is a most delicate and delicate perfume, and is the greatest discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale Depot: 33 Farringdon Road, London, England.

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JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLETS, 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.

SHIRE OF RIPON

Balance Sheet for the Year ending 30th September, 1904.

Table with columns for RECEIPTS, EXPENDITURE, and Balance. Rows include Cr. Balances, Municipal Endowment, Water Sold for Mining, etc.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.

To THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCILLORS, SHIRE OF RIPON. Sir and Gentlemen, I have the honor to report that I have duly Audited your Books and Accounts for the year ending 30th September, 1904, and find them correct and in good order.

Audited and found correct, T. MARTIN, Government-Municipal and Licensed Auditor. Shire Hall, Beaufort, 24/11/04.

INSANITY AS AN EPIDEMIC.

Curious Mania Which Years Ago Swept Over a Texas Town.

"You will doubtless feel incredulous when I tell you that a Texas town was once afflicted with an epidemic of insanity." The speaker was a guest at the Grand Windsor. "It was early in the seventies in the beautiful little town of Point Isabel I resided there at the time, and I know of course wherof I speak among the 400 inhabitants of the 'Point,' as we used to call it, was a Montenegrin named Speero, who went insane over religion. Speero insisted that the second coming of Christ was at hand, and that the event would be heralded by the appearance at daybreak of a white deer on a little hill near the cemetery. Speero, like so many of his countrymen, was a jack at all trades. He could shoe a horse, build a boat, make a suit of clothes, cobble old shoes and shingle a roof. Thus useful, his humble residence became a sort of rendezvous, and when it became known that he claimed prophetic powers all of his acquaintances flocked around him. He told about 'Jesus and the bees,' and several other parables, which, though not related in the Bible, enter strongly into the religious tradition of the people of eastern lands.

OUR QUEEN'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The early life of Queen Alexandra was spent among the simplest surroundings. Her mother was a woman of rare culture and unusual common sense, who took advantage of her poverty to rear her daughters in the quietest way.

OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, and yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress.

UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

There are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with splendid results, but who are unknown because they have hesitated about giving testimonials for its publication.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrate's permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary provision, added by Mr. Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged."

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 in such newspaper, therein the one published nearest the district, an advertisement of notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed.

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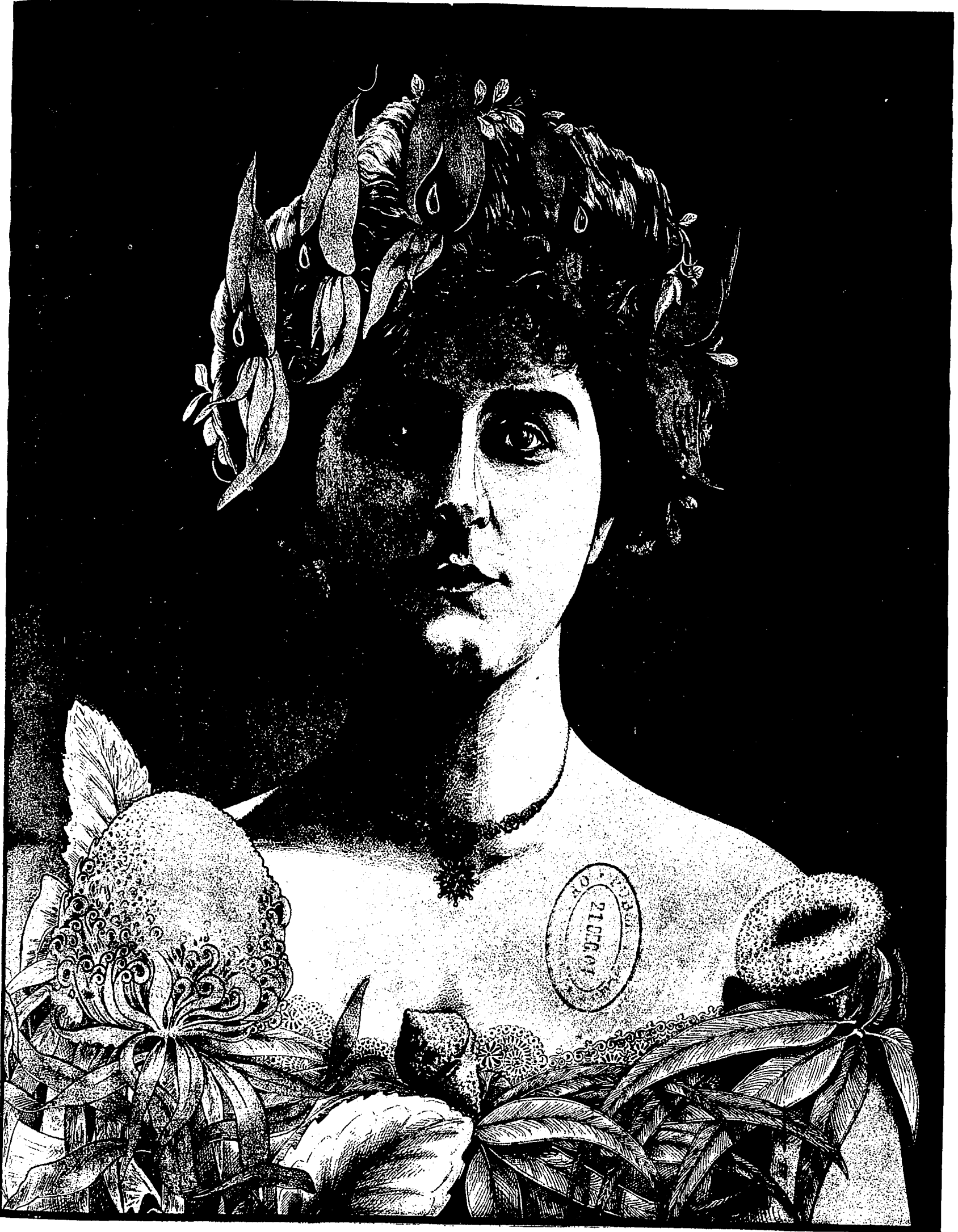
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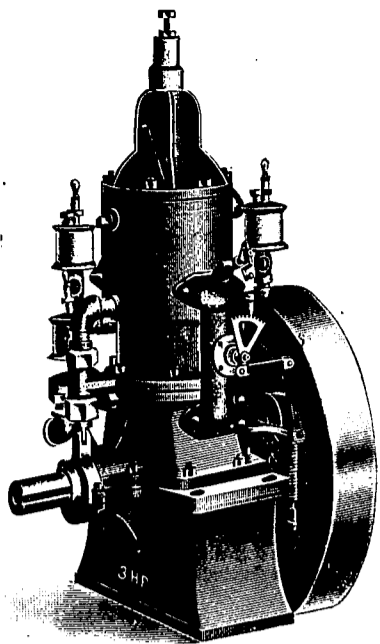
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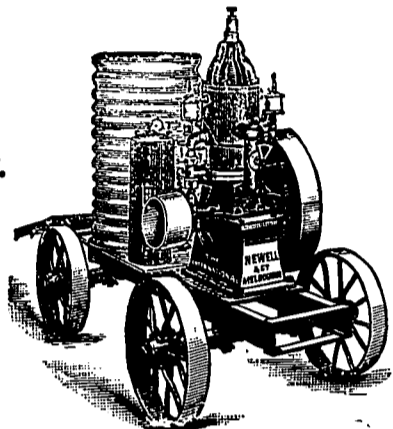
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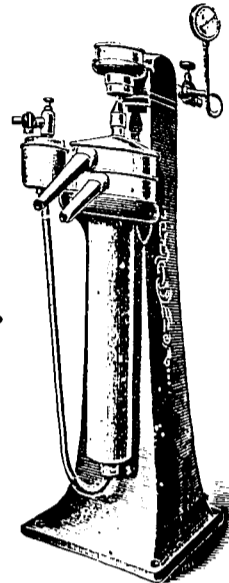
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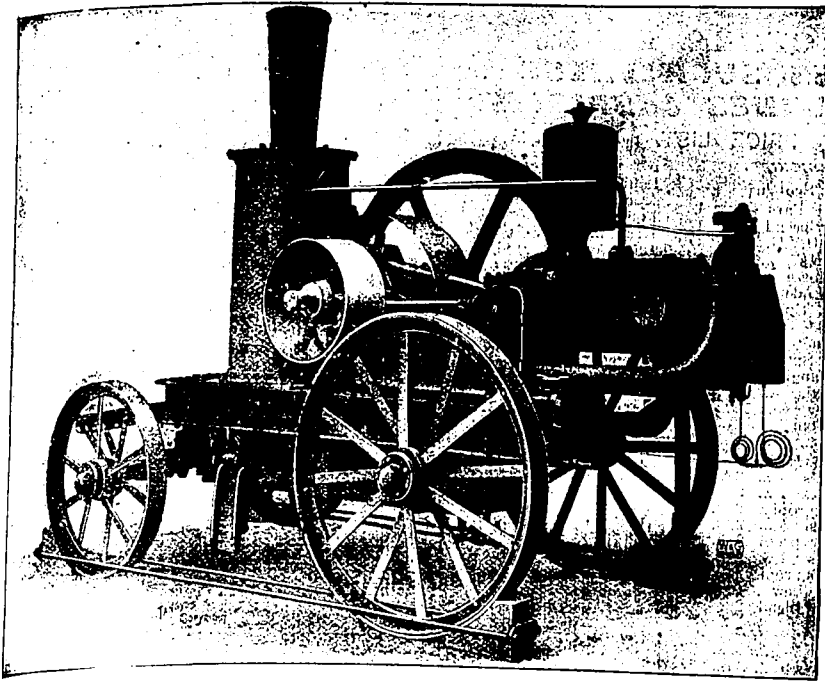
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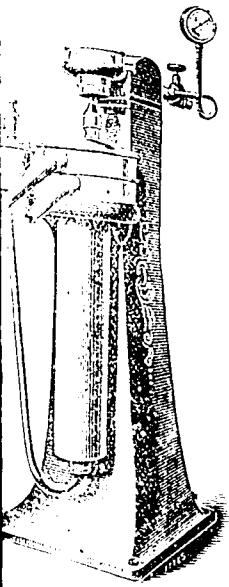
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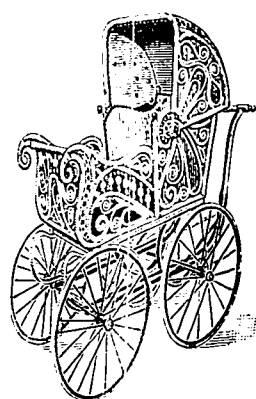
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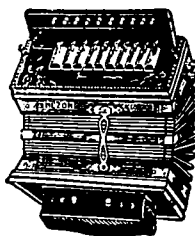
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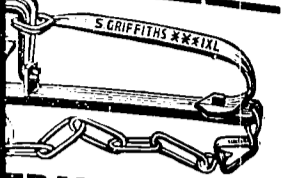
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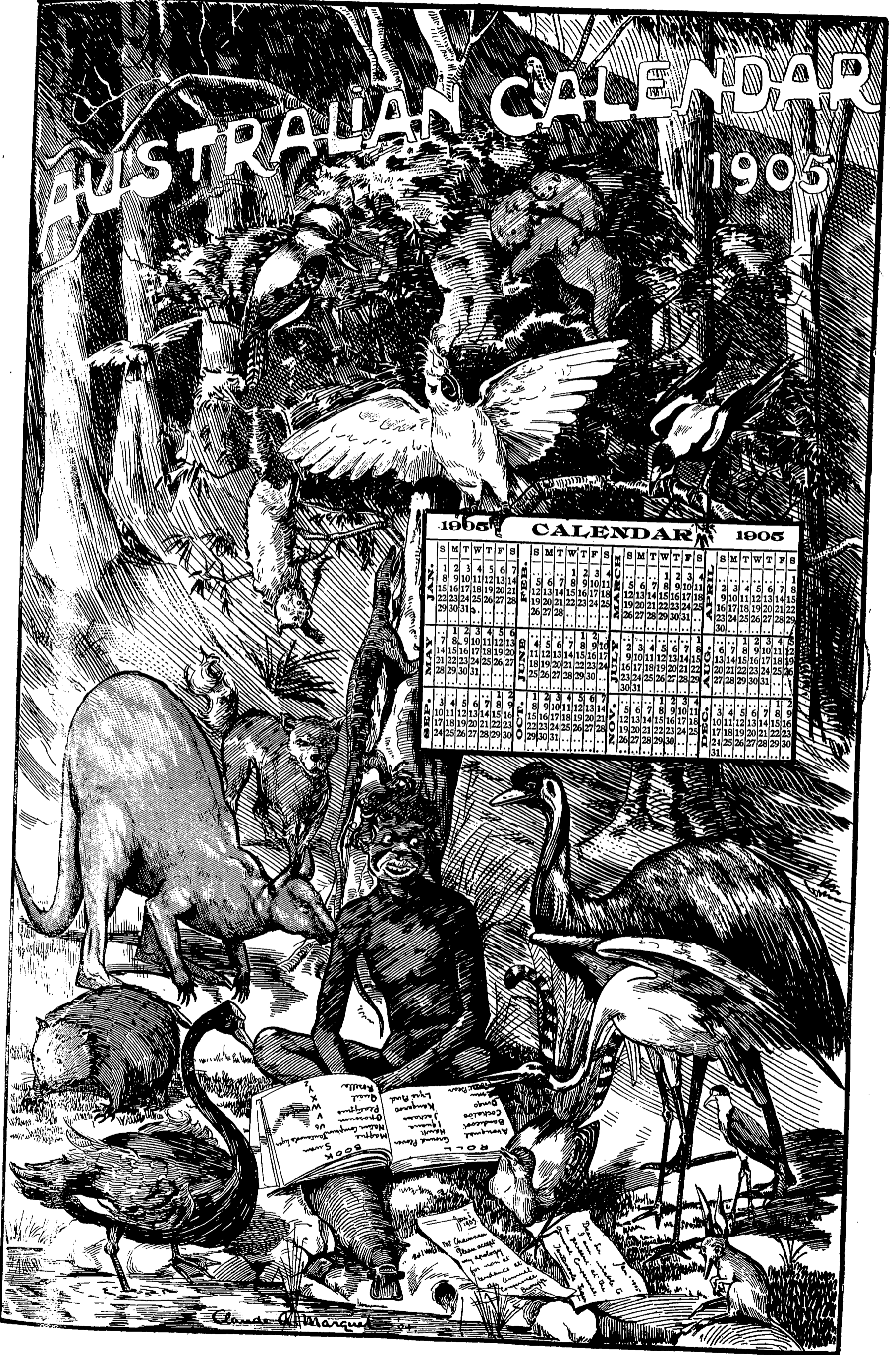
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1904							1905																				
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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AN A.N.A. CONFERENCE.

NETTLEBY.

By C. J. K.

After all a kiss is only a matter of degrees.

Nettleby was not much of an actor. He was not, so the stage manager said, "strong on situations," but he was the husband of the leading lady, and she was decidedly clever. She was of the languorous nature, and always posed effectively. It was a thing she studied, and as she had one of those sinuous, willowy figures Burne-Jones delighted in, she invariably looked well on a couch, with a screen of poppies as a "backing." Nettleby thought a tremendous lot of her, too much in fact, and he was quite content to play even a two-line part, so long as he could refer his friends to the flattering Press notices that the company gained,

mainly, I may candidly state, owing to the excellent work of the leading lady. "Twin Souls," the piece we had staged, was full of possibilities; indeed, as the stage manager, grinning, said, after one affair, too many of them, and certainly the leading lady and gentleman made the most of them. The plot, what there was of it, led up from a rather tame opening to a dramatic climax, in which the leading lady, who was supposed to be the wife of another man, which, of course, she really was, discovered her "twin soul" in the star actor, who was supposed to be the husband of another woman, which he really was, and the discovery was—well, shall I say—"celebrated" by a long, ecstatic kiss, which brought the curtain down. That kiss was the undoing of Nettleby, because it taught him things that he had not, in his intuition for his wife, thought possible. His part took him on the stage just before the finale, and his going out on the prompt side was the cue for the lovers to "my," as the smiling shocker has it, "into each other's arms."

Now, there had not occurred anything which might lead even the most suspicious of the company to the belief that the leading lady and the star actor had any particular affection for each other. Their attitude was mutually of the unconventional nature, usual with the members of the profession. Nettleby and his wife had taken a couple of nice rooms in one of the suburbs, and passed their spare time happily enough. "Twin Souls," despite the fact that there was nothing much in it, save the kiss referred to, "caught on," and as the public seemed to be satisfied with it, and the company certainly were so, it was predicted that it would be some time before a "change" was put on.

But, nevertheless, a change was put on, and rather quickly, too, and under circumstances that no one had anticipated. One night, after I had finished my "turn," which, like Nettleby's, was only a small one—it was, in fact, a "two-part show" entirely—I was standing in the wings looking on at the finale. Nettleby got his few lines off, and came out on the other side of the "set," and as he did so she lovers on the stage drew towards each other, and their lips met in a kiss of such realism that I felt my eye-brows rise involuntarily. At the same time I heard a gasp behind me, and, turning round, I met the face of Nettleby with an expression upon it of such horror, rage and grief that instinctively I put my hands up as if to stop him from rushing on to the stage.

"It's all right, old man," he said somewhat thickly, and then turned and walked away. That night, instead of taking his wife straight home, as was his wont, Nettleby insisted that a few of us should join her and himself at sup-

per, and, considerably to my surprise, invited the leading gentleman, with quite elaborate courtesy, to make one of the party. The stage manager and the general manager were asked also, and after a recherche little supper Nettleby, who had been cordial to everyone, and especially so to the star, rose with his glass in his hand, and made a short speech. He said—and I was fool enough to think that there was only myself who saw the point of his remarks—"Mr. Chairman"—the stage manager was always the chairman at these impromptu functions—"it must be admitted that 'Twin Souls' has come to stop. It is a play of such scope that there is no telling what limits there are to its possibilities. Perhaps, as a humble member of the company, I may be permitted to congratulate Mr. Sharlock"—that was the star actor—"on the very realistic manner in which he

circumstance, and when Sharlock rose to respond he applauded with such demonstrative affability that seemed to justify the subsequently expressed opinion that he had reached the state known as being "pretty well on."

On the following night there was a big house at the theatre, and both the leading lady and the star actor played with an attention to detail that was most elaborate. It seemed as if they tried to extract every "possibility" from the piece that was in it. She excelled herself. The willowy figure, clad in the most risque of costumes, the languorous, inviting glances, the dead-white arms held out to him; I verily believe that no man, let alone Sharlock, could have resisted her. I felt that she realised that Nettleby had suspected her, and that she was revenging herself. And when the finale came the kiss that they gave each other was no mere

Nettleby turned, and with a horrible sneer said loud enough for them to hear: "Twin Souls, and may they have a long run," and left the theatre.

Next day his dead body was fished up out of the Yarra.

The stage manager thought—a long time afterwards, when the affair could be reviewed in finale.

But, then, Nettleby never was "strong on situations."

There was a great to-do in a small township up in the North-eastern district recently, when a woman named Hogg came shrieking into the



ANOTHER UNDESIRABLE.

OFFICER OF HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS.—"I understand, madam, that the young lady, your niece, has arrived under engagement to be married! That is against the law; she is under contract; and, besides, she is going some Australian girl out of her rightful position. She is not allowed to land; she must return to the ship."

handles a difficult part. It is—ah—a part which might so easily be overdone. And may I say also—without being deemed fulsome—that I compliment my wife—er—publicly, ladies and gentlemen, on the manner in which she acted to-night. It was—ah—a revelation." Nettleby sat down abruptly, but rose again a moment after. "Ladies and gentlemen," he added, "pardon me, I had forgotten the toast—the toast. 'Twin Souls,' and may they—I mean it—have a long run," and drank his wine.

"Twin Souls," said the star actor, "and a long run." He looked at Nettleby somewhat contemptuously, I thought. "Twin Souls," said the leading lady, who had grown a little pale. Nettleby affected to notice neither cir-

piece of stage osculation, but a flesh and blood kiss, hot with passion.

I, who was standing as usual in the wings on the prompt side waiting to ring the curtain down, heard a low hissing voice behind me whisper "Stand aside!"

I turned and then ducked instinctively, as the cold, gleaming barrel of a revolver, with Nettleby's face behind it, met my eyes. I confess that I did stand aside with marvellous celerity. I did not speak, but gazed paralysed at Nettleby, as for one—two—moments he stood with the weapon covering the unsuspecting couple on the stage. Then, instead of firing, he threw the revolver with a quick movement at their feet, and as they started guiltily apart Net-

tleby turned, and with a horrible sneer said loud enough for them to hear: "Twin Souls, and may they have a long run," and left the theatre.

Next day his dead body was fished up out of the Yarra.

The stage manager thought—a long time afterwards, when the affair could be reviewed in finale.

But, then, Nettleby never was "strong on situations."

There was a great to-do in a small township up in the North-eastern district recently, when a woman named Hogg came shrieking into the

street of the hamlet from her home about a quarter of a mile off, calling for police assistance, and the benefit of clergy. A crowd collected about her, and after some soothing the distracted creature succeeded in conveying the information that her husband had gone off to drown himself in the quarries. He had been drinking a little, and they had quarrelled, and he had rushed out of the house, declaring that he would destroy himself in the deep quarry. Instantly Mr. Grath, the local constable, took the head of a large party, and a rush was made for the quarry. It was a large, deep hole, situated at a distance of a mile or so, and the night was damp, dark, windy and intolerably cold, but the brave band rushed along on its errand of mercy. When the party reached the quarry they found Hogg's coat and hat on the bank, but no sight of Hogg. Mrs. Hogg went into shrieking hysterics at the sight of the garments, and declared that she was a miserable widow, and loudly wished herself dead, and the women removed her to a sheltered place, while the men conducted rescue operations with great determination.

Mr. Grath said he knew an infallible method of restoring the drowned—if he's not too dead," said Mr. Grath—and advised diving for the body. The constable and two of three other heroes stripped and commenced diving in the icy cold water. The wind almost cut them to pieces, and the water seemed to perish their bodies, but they persisted for hours, one party following the other. Evans crested his head on a rock, and Macie nearly cut his toe off on a spike, but not a sign of Hogg's body could they find. Then, worn-out, perished and dispirited, the party started back, half carrying Mrs. Hogg. At her house they halted to light a fire and get something warm, and dress the wounds of the injured, and the women half carried Mrs. Hogg in to bed. But a yell from these, started by a shriek from Mrs. Hogg, brought Mr. Grath and half-a-dozen others into the room, and there, comfortably curled under the blankets,

sleeping the sleep of a child, lay the missing man.

Subsequent inquiry clearly showed that Hogg had not the Japanese determination of character when "the happy despatch" was to be performed. He held that there was not only a time, but a weather, for everything. Hogg had gone to the quarry, taken off his coat with a half-drawn intention, and then changed his mind—(it was such a wretched night for suiciding," he said later)—and gone home to bed. It was the most disgusted crowd the North-east has ever known that plodded away from Hogg's home a few minutes later.

"I'm fond of sport of every sort, but this is a tale that's true!"

HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

There's no sort of fun comes up to a run With an old man kangaroo!

and with a horrible sneer said them to hear; and may they have a long life theatre. dead body was fished up out of danger thought—a long time after—affair could be reviewed in it was a most ineffective little by never was "strong on

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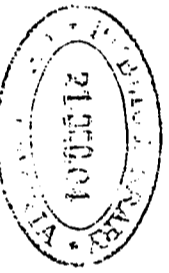


HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

"The fond of sport of every sort, But this is a tale that's true!"

There's no sort of fun comes up to a run With an old man kangaroo!

HONET INDSAY



A CORNER IN MAIZE.

Jack Masters was in despair. A solicitor by profession, he had struggled in the city for three long years, and barely made a living. All that time his fiancée, a sweet girl, whose father managed a country bank, waited and waited for him, and now there seemed no more chance of his marrying her than there was at first. The very thought of her made Jack desperate in his helplessness, for, try as he would, he could not make more than a wretched pittance.

One morning, however, as he took his seat in a city restaurant for lunch, Jack noticed two men engaged in earnest conversation, and recognising in them two city brokers, he was tempted to listen, thinking he might hear something of advantage, for one of these men, Manton by name, had often staggered the financial world by his daring schemes. This man was now speaking.

"You see, Ford," he said to his companion, "there's nothing in it this year like maize; the output will be small on account of the season, and consequently the prices will be high. Now, at such an early time as this one might buy all the available supply at a very low figure, say, 2s. 6d. a bushel, and sell later on at God knows what price! And, as I said before, if a man had £2000 to invest in maize he could make his fortune!"

"Well," said his companion, "why don't you do it yourself?"

"It's this way," replied Manton. "I've got so many irons in the fire just now that I can't run it, so I thought I'd give you the tip."

"It's very kind of you," said Ford, "but your schemes are all very well, but you—you've luck and no family—I've a family and no luck!"

Saying this, he rose, and, followed by Manton, left the restaurant. Jack pondered deeply over what he'd heard. Why shouldn't he try his luck with maize? Certainly he knew nothing about it, but what did that matter? But the fact of his poverty suddenly checked his meditations. And still Manton's words rang in his brain, "If a man had £2000 to invest in maize he could make his fortune." And little by little he started to yield, quite unwittingly at first, to temptation. Why should he not take a loan of that trust money he'd got yesterday; it hadn't to be paid over for three weeks, and it amounted to just two thousand pounds!

Having left the restaurant, as he paced the street the idea became more rooted in his mind, and he decided to risk everything—money, reputation and all in this attempt to make a fortune. If he succeeded his wildest desires would be fulfilled—if he failed, well, there was no need to think of that yet. That very day he went to a grain broker named Edmonds, an old college chum, and instructed him to buy £2000 worth of maize at about 2s. 6d. a bushel, and next morning he received a note saying he was the owner of 16,000 bushels of maize! Then he knew the die was indeed cast! Day by day the price of maize rose; at first in half-pence and pence, and then in shillings, until it was at 5s., and still he held on. Every day he received offers by letter and telegram, and his telephone bell clanged incessantly, yet he would not sell. He knew it must go higher, and he would wait.



THE TREATING CUSTOM.

MRS. JONES.—"Goodness, Tom! What a fright you've made of yourself! Whatever possessed you to have your head shaved?"

JONES.—"Quite an accident, my dear. Went into the barber's for a haircut; met Brown there—good-hearted chap, Brown. He said, 'Have this on with me, Tom,' so I had a clip at his expense. We had a chat, and I thought I'd better ask him to have one with me. Went for a stroll. Brown invited me to have a drink. Told him I'd sworn off since New Year. Insisted on me having another haircut. Didn't wish to appear unsociable, so we had another. You should see Brown!"

At last the price had reached 7s., at which he could make a splendid profit. The market was firm and rising, and brokers besieged him night and day in their anxiety to buy, and at last one night he decided he would sell the grain next day. On the following morning, full of this determination, he hastened into the city, buying a morning paper on his way. When he opened it his face dropped, and his frame shook with agitation, for there in bold print was: "Great drop in the maize market. Shipment of 40,000 bushels from the Argentine. Price fallen to 2s."

He staggered up the street like a drunken man, and rushed into his office and sat down

with his head in his hands, trying to grasp the situation. It meant ruin! Yes, ruin and disgrace! Nothing could prevent it now, and in his distress he groaned aloud when he thought of that trusting, faithful girl waiting for him—in vain. What would she think of the man she loved being a thief—a low, contemptible thief? But long ago he had decided what to do should such an occasion arise, and, going to a drawer in his office table, he took out a loaded revolver, and closing and locking his door, he prepared to end his disastrous career. He had raised the shining barrel to his temple. Already his finger pressed the trigger, when the imperious clang of the telephone bell stayed his

hand for an instant, and by force of habit he sprang to the receiver, and answered.

"Is that you, Masters?" asked a voice.

"Yes," he replied hoarsely; "who is it speaking?"

"Edmonds," replied the voice. "Will you sell that maize of yours for 10s. All the Argentine stuff is mouldy. Let me have your answer now!"

Jack's head turned giddy, and he could hardly gasp out: "Yes, sell at once!" and, ringing off, he dropped into his chair stupefied by the sudden good news. Then, shuddering to think how near death he had been, he replaced the revolver, and, snatching his hat, dashed out to the nearest hotel to get a pick-me-up for his shattered nerves, and when he had regained his composure he returned to figure out his profits from the transaction.

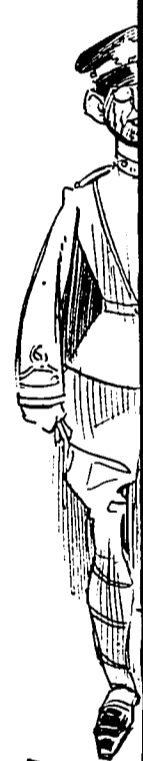
Six thousand pounds clear, and his reputation regained! God! it was indeed a fortune, and, full of thanksgiving, he sat down and wrote to her who had waited so long for him, to tell of his good luck.

Jack was married in a month's time, and with his money bought a prosperous practice, which by his own labours he increased, and although he made "a decent pile" he never again speculated, nor did he ever for a moment utilise trust money as on that memorable occasion when he made a Corner in Maize.



HUMOUR AT THE ZOO.

VISITOR.—"Pretty Cockie."
COCKIE.—"Excuse me, but I am a Calyptorhynchus Macrorhynchos."



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Transact Your
BUSINESS Where
QUALITIES ARE
HIGH,
GOODS are MANY,
... and ...
PRICES are
RIGHT!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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...and by force of habit he
 ...ver, and answered.
 ...stors?" asked a voice.
 ...hoarsely; "who is it speak-
 ...d the voice. "Will you sell
 ...for 10s. All the Argentine
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 ...l in a month's time, and
 ...ught a prosperous practice,
 ...ours he increased, and al-
 ...scent pile" he never again
 ...ever for a moment utilise
 ...n that memorable occasion
 ...er in Maize.



First, as the comparative infant, smiling and smirking at the nursemaid's charms.



Then the adolescent, winking at the girls, who are unwilling as a rule.



Then the masher canoodling in tea-rooms.



Then the amateur soldier, swearing "Bai Jove," dressed like an exalted cigar sign, and still on the everlasting mash.



Then with the actress, who needs much gilding, he rattles down his cash.



After which he drifts into a lean and slippered billiard marker, and so he takes his cue.

Last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history. It's the same old Johnny, sans eye-glass, sans cigar, sans cash, sans everything, but making a second start in his second childhood with the nursemaid again.



Cookie!"
 ma. Madam, my name
 is..."

urniture,
 pets,
 bakery,
 mongery,
 y Goods.
 PRIZE OUR VARIOUS
 ARTMENTS.

E,

r This Fact!
 AN'S
 NSTER
 NISHING
 CADE
 AT
 h St.,
 ZROY.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A JOHNNIE.

Secure a Share of the Profits of the

Australian Mutual Provident Society

ACTUAL EXAMPLES

OF BONUSES DECLARED as at 31st December, 1903, on Whole-Life Policies Effected during OCTOBER, NOVEMBER & DECEMBER, 1903.

POLICY No.	AGE.	SUM ASSURED.	PREMIUM PAID.	1903 REVERSIONARY BONUS.
810,089	18	£250	£4 7 11	£3 1 0
809,954	20	500	9 7 1	7 0 0
809,362	23	1,000	20 4 2	14 0 0
809,977	29	250	5 17 9	3 10 0
809,959	34	300	8 1 3	4 4 0
810,258	39	350	10 19 1	4 18 0
809,97	42	1,000	34 9 2	14 0 0
809,998	45	500	19 0 0	7 0 0

Bonuses Vest when Policies have been Two (2) Years in Force.

For the CURRENT YEAR by Effecting a Life Assurance Policy with that Office BEFORE THE CLOSE of the YEAR.

NOTE.—The Amount of PROFIT distributed amongst the Policy-holders for the ONE YEAR, 1903, exceeded

Five Hundred & Eighty-Two Thousand Pounds Cash

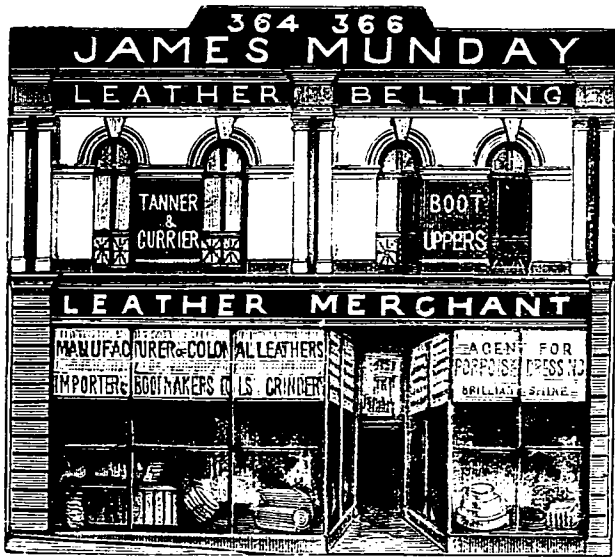
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W. J. WALKER, Resident Secretary.

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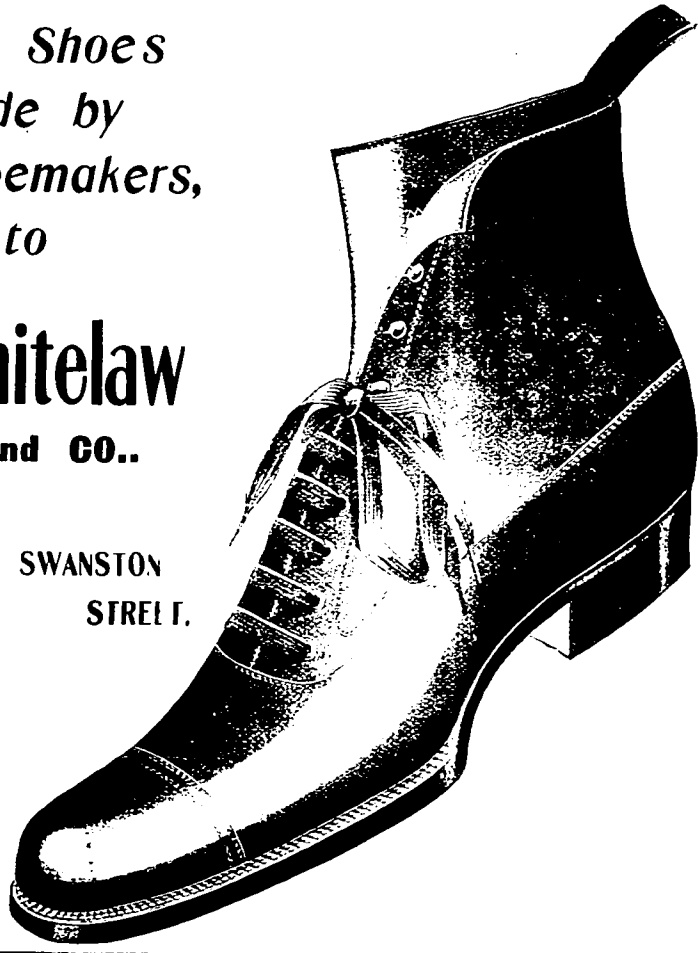
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The Cup that Cheers.

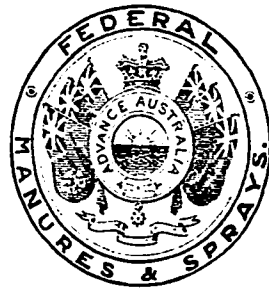
MRS. I. SMITH'S PALACE OF SWEETS,
130 BOURKE STREET.

Visitors from the country are respectfully invited to call at the above elegantly-appointed rooms, where they can obtain refreshments of the highest class, in all directions, and at all hours of the day. Mrs. Smith, who recently carried on business in St. Leger, Gippsland, where she is well known, devotes herself especially to the welfare of Country Visitors at Christmas-time, and one and all may rely upon civility, comfort and attention at the hands of her able staff. City dwellers also are catered for with the choicest and freshest of Confectionery and Cakes, direct from the Proprietress' Factory in Carlton. Now that the hot weather is upon us, ladies in particular will find it a boon to get a refreshing cup of tea, coffee or cocoa at a moment's notice, or a cool drink if preferred. In addition to the Bourke-street shop and the factory and shop in Carlton, Mrs. Smith is proprietress of No. 98 Smith-street, Collingwood, where a first-class meal or light refreshments are procurable at a moderate price.

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Special Manures

For all purposes are manufactured by the

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MELBOURNE,

Who have a good record of 30 years as the only manufacturers in Australia of

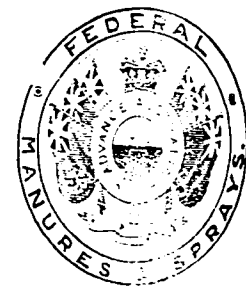
Nitro-Glycerine Explosives.

A staff of good Chemists is maintained by this Company, and their

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May be depended upon as fully up to Guarantees and Federal Brand Manures. Orchardists would do well to study their little pamphlet on Manures.

"A Point for Orchardists."



Take out that poem, my uncle instructed me a manuscript. editor of the "Bunilla" rushed into poetry" to I looked at the poem, "Nancy." Who "Nancy" knew, unless it was I chose to enlighten us. tributor, and we were There weren't many of them bright, and "dashing articles" and regarded as a bit of a "Have you any friends?" I asked him. It was an annual week's holiday. "Yes," he answered, questioning eyes. "I'd like to spend my time," I said, "to— or— life. Must be interesting. "Umph!" he grunted. much faith in that; poet things that don't exist. over trifles that come. Love is a dream, and th. "But," I ventured, "h. in prose about Wozangaree. "Oh, yes," my uncle glowing articles, but—st. a poet, and, as I said, "Nevertheless," I return see Wozangaree. "Very well," said my letter to Brampton, of the station. We used to was up there. I haven't late years, but I dare say come. Be prepared to that. And see if you can something bright and son. A few days later I was—a long ride. The track the roughest country I h. road, lumpy flats, with th. long winding hills, gum and ironbark. It wa. There was always som. something to admire. quently intercepted my eye. declared the open spaces, wit. fluttering over them. ferns shadows, and birds flew it was Nature's garden, and ride through it, leaving lacco smoke. The evening drew on, an. My lers began to get ch. to study the scenery, and out for the settler's hous. I came upon it suddenly bark roofed, with a lean-to which hung a pot and a fire, and was surrounded b. short, fat woman, two u. out and stood staring at in and proffered my letter. women wiped her hands. it. Whilst she was reading I. vey of the two girls. Th. and stout, like her mother. But she had the look of a. and gaiety. Her sister. girl. She was not tall. figure, and the sweetest lit. sen. She was about tw. crown hair hung in a s. back. "You are Mr. Crotty's," said, extending a red and never thought we'd see again. Your uncle often place when he was on W. what a time ago that is. with us?" "That is my wish—" "Indeed, you're quite w. Let your horse go here. I home. He works on the sta. home till after dark. I'm. till here." "Not at all," I said. "Th. delightful change. Musterin. here, is very exciting?" "Ah, Mr. Crotty," she. teaming. "I'm afraid you're that stuff "Nancy" writes." "Nancy! There it was ac. anything about her?" I ask. "Nothing," she answered. ed me to her daughters. Ph. latter was the pretty one. "I was glad to get inside an. the seat was a hard one. "Bill" came in. He was a fellow, and crummy, too. If the prospect of taking me a. promised me no end of a job. him next day, but the horse. not take kindly to me. H. waterhole and went home on. and day they put me in a. so fast that I had time to. on the third day, while ridin. a fine catch, me under the. out of the saddle. "Why danc me," cried I. left all the blooming musse. the laws don't say so in. "Stop in the saddle up p. "I hadn't got the shafts. "I didn't go out again. "Oh. to take me. But I had s. Wozangaree. The musse. and stirring, and all the. seam side to it which wa. However, the Pardie. r. rational. The old. I. troubled with rheum. the housework, and Bar. brother carried wood. the cows looked near. made himself generally. from school. The duty of. was allotted to Hetty. She. as from the time she h. took her lunch with me. day in the bush. I was sorry was more fitted for the drawing than for shepherding.

"NANCY."

"Take out that poem of mine and put this in," my uncle instructed one afternoon, handing me a manuscript. He was the proprietor of the "Bunilla Yabba," and sometimes "rushed into poetry" to fill up with.

I looked at the poem. It was headed "Mustering at Wogangaree," and was signed "Nancy." Who "Nancy" was nobody knew, unless it was my uncle, and he never chose to enlighten us. She was a constant contributor, and we were all interested in her. There weren't many girls about Bunilla, none of them bright, and a bush girl who wrote "dashing articles" and "stirring poems" was regarded as a bit of a wonder.

"Have you any friends at Wogangaree, uncle?" I asked him. It was about the time I took my annual week's holiday.

"Yes," he answered, looking at me with questioning eyes.

"I'd like to spend my holidays up there this time," I said, "to see something of station life. Must be interesting—according to this."

"Umph!" he grunted. "You mustn't put too much faith in that; poets are mad. They see things that don't exist, and go into rhapsodies over trifles that common folk wouldn't notice. Love is a dream, and that's the poet's theme."

"But," I ventured, "haven't we printed a lot in prose about Wogangaree?"

"Oh, yes," my uncle agreed. "All beautiful, glowing articles, but—still they were written by a poet, and as I said, poets are mad."

"Nevertheless," I returned, "I should like to see Wogangaree."

"Very well," said my uncle. "I'll give you a letter to Brampton, of Bando—three miles from the station. We used to be good friends when I was up there. I haven't seen much of him of late years, but I dare say he'll make you welcome. Be prepared to rough it, though, for all that. And see if you can't get me some copy—something bright and sensational."

A few days later I was on my way to Bando—a long ride. The track led me over some of the roughest country I had ever crossed. Here, broad, lumpy flats, with grass to the knee-pads; here, long winding hills, clad with jungles of gum and ironbark. It was a new world to me. There was always something to gaze upon, something to admire. Dancing rivulets frequently interested my course; bright flowers bedecked the open spaces, with gorgeous butterflies fluttering over them. Ferns grew luxuriantly in the shadows, and birds flew from tree to tree. This was Nature's garden, and how grand it was to ride through it, leaving behind a trail of tobacco smoke.

The evening drew on, and the charm wore off. My legs began to get chafed and sore. I ceased to study the scenery, and kept an anxious lookout for the settler's house.

I came upon it suddenly. It was a slab hut, built round a lean-to at the back, under which hung a pot and a kettle over a smoky fire, and was surrounded by a dog-leg fence. A short, fat woman, two girls and a boy came out and stood staring at me until I had reined in and proffered my letter of introduction. The woman wiped her hands on her dress and took it.

Whilst she was reading I took a careful survey of the two girls. The elder one was short and stout, like her mother, and decidedly plain. But she had the look of one who was full of fun and gaiety. Her sister was a very different girl. She was not tall, but she had a fine figure and the sweetest little face I had ever seen. She was about twenty, and her dark brown hair hung in a single plait down her back.

"You are Mr. Crotty's nephew?" the woman said, extending a red and wrinkled hand. "I never thought you'd see any of the Crotty's again. Your uncle often came down to our place when he was on Wogangaree. But, dear, what a time ago that is. You're going to stay with us?"

"That is my wish—"

"Indeed, you're quite welcome, Mr. Crotty. Let your horse go here. I'm sorry Bill's not home. He works on the station, and doesn't get home till after dark. I'm afraid you'll find it dull here."

"Not at all," I said. "The bush will be a delightful change. Mustering the cattle, I believe, is very exciting?"

"Ah, Mr. Crotty," she rejoined, her face beaming. "I'm afraid you've been led away by that snail 'Nancy' writes."

"Nancy? There it was again. 'Do you know anything about her?'" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered. Then she introduced me to her daughters, Phyllis and Hetty. The latter was the prettier one.

I was glad to get inside and sit down—though the seat was a hard one. It was late when "Bill" came in. He was a rough-looking old fellow, and grumpy, too. He seemed to enjoy the prospect of taking me out on the run, and promised me no end of adventures. I went with him next day, but the horse they gave me did not like riding to me. He threw me into a water-hole and went home on his own. The second day they put me on a brute that calloped so fast that I didn't time to stop on him, and on the third day, while riding through a scrub, he came under the chin and hauled me up.

"Why d'nt you," cried Bill, irritably, "you beat all the blooming messers I ever met. Why d'nt you stop in the saddle?"

"Stop in the saddle?" I repeated. "I assure you I didn't get the slightest wish to leave it."

"I didn't go on again. Old Bill stoutly refused to take me. But I had seen quite enough of Wogangaree. The mustering might be thrilling and stirring, and all that, but there was a heavy side to it which the poet left out.

However, the Bando girls were very companionable. The old lady was feeble, and greatly troubled with rheumatism. So Phyllis did all the house work, and Bertie (her thirteen-year old brother) carried water for her, milked the cows, looked after the pigs and fowls, and made himself generally useful during spare time from school. The duty of minding the sheep was allotted to Hetty. She had been shepherdess from the time she left school at fifteen. She did her lunch with her and sent the whole day in the bush. I was sorry for Hetty. She was more fitted for the drawing-room, I thought, than for shepherding.

Occasionally I accompanied her on to the flats with her sheep.

"Why do you always mind the jumbucks instead of Bertie or Phyllis?" I asked her.

"Phyllis is a better housekeeper than I am, and Bertie isn't to be trusted," she answered. "Of course," she went on, "I needn't be always at it if I didn't wish." Her eyes roamed over the landscape. "Those wilds have a subtle charm that sets one brooding. That's what I like. I lie here and dream, and I am happy."

Hers was, indeed, a curious nature. She was very different from the common run of women. I felt myself drawn towards her. The old hut seemed much brighter in the mornings and evenings when she was there. Phyllis was always full of fun, and would talk like machinery; here was Bertie, ever ready to go shooting with me, and there were books to read and sights to see. But my mind would wander away to the sheep pastures, and at last I woke to the fact that I was desperately in love with Hetty Brampton.

One morning there was quite a commotion at the selection. Bertie was breaking in a heifer, and Hetty had gone to the yard to give a hand. I joined them, and helped with the robing and pulling in. Then Bertie put on the spangle and milked her. I stood in the centre of the yard as he let her out. Hetty was standing outside leaning on a rail. The cow stepped back very quietly.

"Why," I said, holding my pipe between my fingers, "she's broken in all—" I hadn't time to finish. That cow gave me one look, then came at me with a vicious snort. I made a dash for the cockatoo fence, and got over it head first. I heard a crash behind me, and then a cartload of broken rails and posts clattered about my ears. I sprang up, minus pipe and hat, wondering what had happened. The cow was going like fury down the flat, and Great Scot! Hetty was lying on the ground with a sapling across her. I threw it off quickly and raised her in my arms. She was pale, and couldn't speak.

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty," I panted, "are you hurt?" She raised her eyes slowly and smiled. Bertie came out.

"Bertie," I cried, "run and get some water. Your sister's hurt."

"Oh, she's all right," said Bertie, carelessly

and crossed more hills than I had thought was in that part of the country. Once I climbed a tree to view the universe, but a limb broke from under me, and the fall nearly broke my neck. I didn't climb any more.

Feeling peckish I made a bee-line for my lunch. A thousand crows flew up as I approached, and quarked as though in resentment. All that was left of my lunch was the paper it had been wrapped in.

I now hurried towards the hut, and this time I discovered my flock. They were slowly ascending the last hill. Never had I run so hard as I did to get ahead of them. I crept along the brow so the women wouldn't see me, and at a great rate, and stood and stared at me for half-an-hour after I stopped running. I thought the little brutes would never go on feeding again.

To pass the time, I commenced hunting about for 'possums in hollow trees. There was a track leading from a crossing log, and following it I found it ran to a box tree that had a good-sized hole a few feet from the ground. I peeped in very cautiously, expecting to see a 'possum snugly coiled up. Great was my surprise to discover instead a letter and a paper. "A lover's post office," thought I, and without further ceremony extracted the mail. The paper was the "Yabba," and both were addressed to "Nancy, care of Mr. Bryan, Bando." There it sat drawn to think. The writing was my uncle's, and the mail had been delivered at the schoolhouse the day before, and apparently deposited here that morning. The school was only half-a-mile distant. If "Nancy" could get her mail here, why couldn't she go a little further to the office for it? Where could she live at all, and who was she? I determined to watch the place and say nothing. I had a clue, and—"Oh, Lord, where's the sheep!" They were gone again. The time had slipped away whilst I sat musing over Nancy, and it was now nearly sunset.

I reached the top of the last hill, weary and breathless, and looked towards the house. They were there, and Bertie and Hetty were putting them through the gate. I hurried down.

"I began to fear you'd got bushed," Hetty remarked.

"I've been looking for precious stones on the ridge," I told her.

"Did you find any?" laughing.

"Nothing of value."

We had dinner before dark that evening, and Mrs. Brampton remarked that shepherding had given me a good appetite. I said it was the air and the exercise. Somehow, I didn't like to mention the crows.

Hetty took charge again next morning. In the afternoon I paid a second visit to the post office. There was only one packet in the hollow, and it was addressed to the editor of the "Yabba," in a lady's hand. According to circumstances, her place of abode was somewhere in the mountains, and it seemed to me that an unnecessary amount of secrecy was employed in the transaction of her business. I resolved to test Hetty on one point. She fed her flock about here pretty often, and must know something of the comings and goings of the letter carrier. She was just turning the sheep homeward as I joined her.

"You must find it lonely out here," I remarked. "Do you never see anybody passing this way?"

"Only a stockman occasionally. Sometimes Mr. Bryan comes across when school is over. He's a fine old gentleman, and we have many a yarn together."

"And the school children—do none pass this way?"

"No, they come from below us. There are no settlements out here."

"How do the station people get their mail?"

"My father takes it up."

I was cornered again. I couldn't let her see that I was interested in Nancy, for she might resent that. Girls are funny creatures.

On Sunday we all saddled up and started out for a kangaroo hunt, Hetty and Phyllis taking the lead. Old Bill and a Wogangaree stockman told of previous exploits, and talked of horses and cattle for half-an-hour. Then we sighted a mob of kangaroos, and away went Hetty and Phyllis like the wind. The men followed, but my horse couldn't get through the tregs fast enough, somehow. Not knowing which way they went after crossing a hill I looked about for tracks. I was leaning over the horse's neck when he shied badly at something in the grass. When I picked myself up the brute was racing for home, his tail up and the reins and stirrups swinging.

I took a short cut across the hills. This led me to make an extraordinary discovery. At the bottom of a steep incline I noticed a narrow track going through a dense mass of ferns, and followed it. It led me to a small opening in a wall of rock. Entering this I found myself in a huge cave, and groped my way to what appeared in the semi-darkness to be a large flat rock standing against the wall. I put my hand on it, and great was my surprise on discovering it to be wood! Marvelling as to how it came there I struck a match. Never shall I forget the sight I beheld. Remember, I was at least two miles from the settler's hut, and the fact that none of the Bramptons had mentioned this cave in speaking of the sights to be seen around Bando led me to think I had entered some animal's den hitherto unknown to man.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I found myself standing in the centre of a roughly-furnished office, with shelves and niches-holes in the walls, and piles of books and papers around me. For a moment I stared at them in bewilderment. I could only think it was the studio of some lonely hermit, who, perhaps, had eked out a miserable existence here and died, leaving his possessions to moulder away to dust, like his bones, in the years to come. I looked around with a shudder, half dreading to behold the hor-

rid skeleton stretched on the rocky floor. But nothing of the sort was discernible.

I turned again to the table, and saw for the first time a lantern standing on a ledge of rock. It contained a small piece of candle, which I lit. Then I subjected the contents of the cavern to a closer inspection. What constituted the table was a square case, covered with oil-cloth, and on it were sheets of paper, books, pens and ink. The seat was a gin case, and in one corner was a tin box, securely locked. There were files of papers—even the "Bunilla Yabba." There was no accumulation of dust; everything was scrupulously clean. These facts caused me some alarm. The owner must be still "knocking around," and if he should suddenly appear—I hurriedly surveyed the apartment to ascertain if there were any more caves further in. There was one of diminutive size at the western end. I felt pretty shaky as I peered in and espied what I took to be a man standing still and rigid in the corner. In desperation I wasn't standing at all, he was hanging! I gasped for breath, and beads of perspiration oozed out of me. Breathlessly I advanced step by step; now I stood beside it, stretched out my hand, and drew it back again. I could see no legs, no arms, no head. Had they rotted away and left only the clothes hanging! I stepped back involuntarily and looked on the floor. There was nothing there.

Gaining courage, I thrust my hand against it, very gingerly at first, then more forcibly, and finally I grasped the thing and shook it till it fell. It was a lady's cloak, and had been hanging to a rocky projection!

An idea occurred to me on a sudden, and leaving the cloak as I had found it, I rushed back to the books and papers. Setting the lantern on the table, I overhauled everything that came within reach. My suspicions were quickly verified. There, carefully pigeonholed, were pencilled copies of articles and verses that we had printed in the "Yabba." There were letters from my uncle and certain manuscripts, and on the fly-leaf of nearly every book was the name—Nancy! I was in "Nancy's" studio!

I hastily arranged everything in their places, blew out the light, and was about to quit the cavern when the rustling of ferns near the entrance betokened the approach of someone. Not having much presence of mind, I darted into the smaller cave, and crouched in the corner. There was a very feeble light at the entrance, and I kept my eyes on it to get a glimpse of the intruder. There was a flutter of garments, a grating on the stone, and in stepped a veiled lady. I had just time to notice that she was dressed in a tight-fitting jacket and riding habit, when the gloom enveloped her.

She went straight to the table and lit the lamp, and after looking carefully around her, came deliberately into the inner cave. I stood up against the wall and held my breath, dreading every moment that she would strike a match and discover me. I cursed my folly in having hidden there. What would she think of me? What explanation could I give?

She took the cloak down and stood there fumbling with it, her skirt the while brushing against my legs. I trembled. And now something seemed to stick in my throat, and I wanted to cough; the next instant I wanted to sneeze; then a beetle crawled from my shoulder, round my ear, and across my nose. I screwed my mouth and eyes into all manner of shapes, but the thing wouldn't fall off. Then a confounded bat struck me on the back of the neck and clung there. I gasped and shuddered, and twisted my neck, but it wouldn't move on. To make matters worse, something like a centipede commenced crawling up my leg. Oh, the agony of that moment! What the deuce was she doing with the cloak? Would she never go? I'd have to scratch directly or bust.

She hung up the cloak, and was turning to go, but I couldn't stand it any longer. "Ashew! Ashew! Ashew!" Flop went the bat on the floor, bane went the beetle against the wall, and a frantic scream echoed through the caves, and "Nancy" rushed out to the light. I followed, but stopped short in the middle of the cave and pulled up the leg of my trousers, when out dropped a lone, red caterpillar known as "thousand legs." Then I looked up, scratching vigorously.

"Walter!"

"Great Scot! it was Hetty Brampton."

"Hetty!" I gasped. "How in Heaven's name did you come here?"

"Oh, Walter," she panted, sinking down on the gin-case, "what a fright you gave me!" She drew a long breath, then continued: "We separated coming home to look for you, and I came here for something I wanted. My horse is at the foot of the hill. But—oh, Walter! how did you find this?"

Succinctly then I told her of my experiences; and in answer to my inquiries she said: "My father 'roused' on me once for 'sitting about instead of working,' when he caught me writing. I had left school then, and Phyllis and I used to take turn about with the sheep. She was better in the house than I was, so I persuaded mother to keep her there, and let me mind the sheep always. I had formed my plans, and soon got to work. It's this—what you have discovered."

"Then you are Nancy," I gasped. She nodded, smiling shamefacedly.

"The schoolmaster showed me this place, and gave me most of what you see here," she went on. "I hated my surroundings, and wanted to make some money to take me to a better place."

"Let me find that better place and make you happy. Will you come with me, darling?"

"Yes—but I don't think father will consent—"

"Then we'll go without his consent," I declared. "Why didn't you tell me your secret before?"

"I intended to tell you all before you went back. You didn't tell me you had discovered my retreat?"

"But I thought it was Nancy's."

"Well," She paused, and looked at me archly. I caught her in my arms.

"Hetty, I am so glad—so glad that you are Nancy!"

I mustered up courage to ask old Bill for her before I left, and Bill ordered me off the premises. But he softened afterwards—a long while afterwards. We were married then.

EDWARD S. SORENSON.



ANY PORT IN A STORM.
"Come on, Ginger! crowds er room, and as dry as er bone."

"That sapling flopped her in the stomach and knocked her wind out. That's all."

"All? I could have screwed the little villain's neck. I bent down and kissed her. She blushed, and gazed at me half in fear, then hung her head."

"Oh, crikey!"

"That heartless little wretch was leering at me, with his tongue stuck against his cheek."

"Bertie," I said, sternly, "go and milk your cows."

"They're milked."

"Then take the milk to your mother. It's bad to leave it standing in the yard."

He grinned and slouched off. I am sure he understood. Hetty got up at once. She was a little bruised, and was still breathing hard. I gave her my arm.

"You are trembling," she said.

"No wonder," I returned. "I thought I had lost you."

"Lost me?"

"Hetty, I love you. . . ."

"Walter!"

That was all. Her eyes looked into mine, those sweet, pretty eyes, and she gave me back my kiss.

We reached the door in time to hear, "Oh, mother, Mr. Crotty kissed Hetty!"

What a trying moment that was. Hetty broke from me and hastened round to the front. I walked boldly in. Master Bertie appeared a little disconcerted as he met my frowns, and Mrs. Brampton eyed me suspiciously.

"Why, Mrs. Brampton," I said, with all the nonchalance at my command, "Hetty has had a most miraculous escape from being killed this morning."

"Good lars!" cried her mother. "What happened?"

I was right now, and proceeded at great length in explaining things, frowning at Bertie whenever he threatened to correct me, for what he saw and what I told didn't exactly fit. But he was a shrewd youngster, and I heard nothing more about it.

I persuaded Hetty to remain at home that day, and I took the sheep out. The experience was novel and one can appreciate anything while it's in that stage. I hung my lunch on a low branch and sat down. Unfortunately, I fell asleep, and when I woke up there wasn't a woolly in sight. I ran about for two hours,

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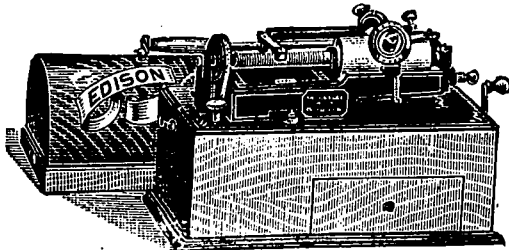
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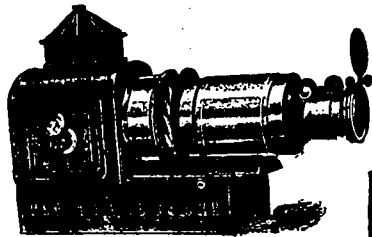
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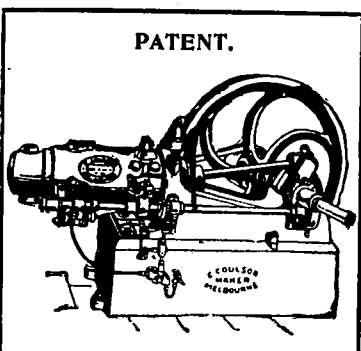
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at any rate. And I shall
rides and drives in whic
piness of attending you.
"You have, indeed, ri
me, Mr. Clarke," said
some hauteur, "when an
of necessity."
"Certainly, I was mere
groom or the coachman,
she need not have remind
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readily recognise that y
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mind, I make no rash pr
reason, you know," she
"It is only this," s
anathematising the band
"They're all After Pott"

FROLIC FORTUNE.

BY L.

"Truly his waltzing is the poetry of motion," mentally soliloquised Muriel Macalister, "absolutely a rhythmic measure. Hardly to be expected—and yet, of course, he didn't learn here."

She referred to her partner, who had led her forth twice, Walter Clarke, stock rider, store-keeper and "general utility" on her father's "Nellinga" run. Nellinga is some ten miles from Balvena Town Hall, wherein was then proceeding the ball that always followed the annual race meeting, held during the week preceding Christmas. The walls of the building were festooned with festoons of flags, and devices in ferns, palms and flowers, conspicuous amongst which were, of course, "A Merry Xmas" and "A Happy New Year." Certainly, it was a merry concourse. Maids ripe and rustic, flushed and sometimes freckled; damsels of Balvena, modelled upon designs confidently believed to reproduce the latest fashion plates from the metropolis. Dames and daughters of the squatter, beamed amid "the gay throng that went laughing along." As for the men, there were all sorts and conditions, in evening attire and otherwise. Members of the Balvena Fire Brigade displayed an ornate and unbecoming uniform, reserved for festivity. Official dignity, personified by His Worship the Mayor, in an imposing plenitude of fur-trimmed robe, knee breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes—garments productive of mitigated awe and profuse perspiration.

"Will you take some refreshment, Miss Macalister?" Clarke asked, when the musicians had desisted for a brief respite.

"I don't know whether I have time for such an incident as refreshment," replied the young lady. "I believe I am engaged three deep for every dance."

This was probably true, for Miss Macalister was a pretty and graceful girl, and enjoyed the additional prestige of being a daughter of Alister Macalister, who was a magnate in the district, and a good fellow to boot.

"Let me see," she added, consulting her programme. "I declare this is the dance I promised Mr. Scott. Yes, I'll take some refreshment, in a remote corner as possible, please."

Mr. Spence was the pound-keeper, and clumsy at dances.

"Come along, then," said Walter, offering his arm. "I'll take the place, a recess on the verandah adjacent to the Town Clerk's office. They have turned that into a refreshment-room this evening, you know. Here we are. Those tree ferns are they not pretty, are they not? Let me get you a chair."

Having seated her comfortably and ministered to her requirements, Clarke observed:

"I have been thinking how fast the time has flown since I have been on the run; since I came along like a vagabond, homeless, ragged and tanned, and set to work to make myself useful for the first time in my life I suppose."

"You succeeded very well," said Miss Macalister, smiling.

"Yes, father, I think," replied Clarke. "I well remember Mr. Scott, the manager's, first touch of approval. He said in his grim, kindly way, 'Ye're no hankerin' for the Gospel on the sawbath, ma lad, and yer ignorance o' things uself is just awfu'; but I'm free to admit ye're a considerable storeman, and wi' a lang-handled shoo ye're no that amiss.' Don't I remember the backache I got with that abominable tool!"

"But you can do better than that, Mr. Clarke," said Muriel. "I have often heard my father say that you ride well enough to be an Australian bushman born and bred, and that there is not a better man on the run for mastering, drafting, and so on."

"After I had learned something about the use of a stock-whip I didn't do so badly," he admitted.

"It was at first rather more of a source of annoyance to your horse, your neighbours and yourself than to the stock, was it not?" observed Muriel, laughing.

"Indeed I am afraid so," he replied. "However, Mr. Macalister has always been indulgent. I am also very sensible of his favour in inviting me to the homestead, and thus to meet you. Mr. Macalister was a widower."

"But then I have to thank you for many little offices you rendered me," said the young lady. "Besides, you drew such amusing caricatures for my sketch-book—rather wicked some of them, were they not? And you wrote verses for my album."

"The less we say about them the better," quoth Clarke. "I can, however, plead one thing in extenuation—I did it on compulsion."

"And that, again, of course, I cannot forget that afternoon when you were cutting out Wallee cattle on the edge of the scrub, and I contrived to get in the way. I believe I owed you my life that time."

"The smallest stock-riding boy on the run would have done as much," replied Clarke. "Probably come it better."

She shook her head.

"Well," he added, "I have been very happy at any rate. And I shall always remember the rides and drives in which I have had the happiness of attending you."

"You have, indeed, ridden and driven with me, Mr. Clarke," said Miss Macalister, with some hauteur, "when an escort was a matter of necessity."

"Certainly, I was merely a substitute for the groom or the coachman," thought Clarke, "but she need not have reminded me of it so pointedly."

Perhaps Miss Macalister thought so, too, for she added, "Of course, Mr. Clarke, you understand that both my father and I very readily recognize that you are not—well, not quite what you appear to be."

"I trust I shall always be what I seem to be," replied Clarke. "But, Miss Macalister, I have to ask you a favour."

"A favour?—I to grant a favour after all those pleasant reminiscences?"

"If I might dare to request it?" said he.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Macalister. "But, mind, I mean to keep my promises. Anything in reason, you know," she added, pointedly.

"It is out of this," said Clarke, inwardly anathematising the band, for the strains of "They're all After Pott" wafted from the ball-



ABOVE HIM.

"The new season's hat is the largest thing of the kind our womenkind have worn."—Fashion News.)

MAISIE.—"Dear, is my hat on straight?"
DICK.—"Just wait till I get a step-ladder, and I'll tell you."

room did not appear to him to be sympathetic.

"You know Miss Dimple, do you not?"

"Miss Dimple? Do you mean the little girl with untidy hair and sunburnt complexion that you were paying so much attention to in the early part of the evening?"

"I see you do know her," observed Clarke.

"Know her! I have seen her many times at her aunt's, Mrs. Chiffon's millinery shop, when I have been there."

"Well, I am somewhat interested in that young lady just at present," proceeded Walter.

"Are you?" said Miss Macalister, a momentary shade passing over her face. "I should have thought—I mean I did not know that you were acquainted with her."

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "Well, what I wanted to ask you was this—"

"Mr. Clarke," interrupted Muriel, "I have no doubt this is very interesting; but pardon me if I suggest that you tell me at some other opportunity. It is past the hour that I promised my father we should return; and I must not abuse his forbearance too much, you know. Will you please take me to him? I think he is in the next room. So sorry I haven't time to hear the story."

Clarke complied with her request, and strolled back to the ballroom. Here he was accosted by a short, thickset individual with a round, ruddy countenance, and heavy moustache, and who wore the uniform of the Australian Light Horse. "Hallo, Clarke," said he. "I'm glad I met you. I want to tell you something."

"Is it concerning South Africa, Skytely?" pettishly enquired Clarke.

"South Africa—no—though this ball rather reminds me of a dance given at Mokesfontein, when I was there. You see—"

"Oh, yes, I know," replied Clarke. "You told me before." And he was turning away.

"Don't go," said Skytely. "I really do wish to speak to you. Come and take post under cover—as we used to say in South Africa."

They took post accordingly—at the refreshment bar.

Walter Clarke had arrived at Nellinga one afternoon about two years previously, worn, weary and at odds with Fortune. He was a tall, fair-haired and fair-complexioned young fellow of about five-and-twenty, with a frank and manly expression, and a well-knit and sinewy frame. His tanned countenance and sunken cheeks betokened exposure and privation; but there was throughout his battered exterior an air of culture which indicated gentle birth and breeding. He had travelled many weary miles, he said, without obtaining employment; in some instances from want of mechanical skill, in others because there appeared to be no job to offer him. He had not been long in Australia; had no references; believed he could keep

accounts. Oh, yes, he could ride; was not a groom or a breaker, nor did he know anything of veterinary matters.

Ultimately it appearing that the station books of accounts, &c., had not been posted or balanced for some time, it was resolved to entrust this task to Mr. Clarke; not without some misgiving on the part of the manager, who predicted that the wanderer, when rested and invigorated, would depart, and literally seek "fresh fields and pastures new."

He not only did not act thus, however, but on the contrary, acquitted himself satisfactorily, and on the termination of his first charge expressed a hope that he might be kept on. His desire was gratified, for he proved a bold and skilful horseman, and was not averse to turning his hand to any description of work. His general disposition and obvious willingness to do his best soon made him a favourite; and, as has been seen, he was invited to the homestead, and made the acquaintance of Miss Macalister, whom he had subsequently, by a singularly bold and skilful feat of horsemanship, saved from imminent peril when assailed by an infuriated Mallee bull. It was noticed that, although very well informed and pleasant in conversation, he never discoursed upon his own history; nor was he to be "drawn" into doing so, even by his twin who exercised most influence over him, namely, Miss Macalister and Mr. Scott, the rugged but kindly old manager.

Clarke had never presumed upon the friendship thus engendered between himself and his employer's daughter; indeed, had he done so he would probably have brought about a revulsion which would have caused her to regard him with no more interest than any other attache of the station. But this quiet and refined stranger, whose courtesy towards her was always in some measure tempered with respect, naturally prepossessed her; there was also the debt of gratitude which she felt she owed him for the signal service he had rendered her. Thus by degrees it almost appeared that her inclination turned towards him more than circumstances warranted; yet this had never found manifestation either by word or manner.

A few days after the ball Miss Macalister, when strolling along a bosky avenue in the neighbourhood of the homestead, met Walter Clarke. He was pale, and seemed somewhat agitated. After the usual greetings he said: "I am about to leave Nellinga—at all events for the present. So I'm glad we met, for I should not have wished to go away without saying good-bye."

"Going to leave us, Mr. Clarke?" said Muriel, with an involuntary sinking of spirit, which she strove to repress. "Rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," replied Clarke, "but the fact is that circumstances have arisen—private affairs—in short—"

"May I venture to hope that it isn't any dis-

struggling with emotion. "Mr. Clarke," she said at length, "before I answer you, I must in fairness tell you that this social disparity which you seem to feel so deeply—" She paused.

"Well?"

"Does not exist," proceeded Muriel. "You seem astonished—you will be more so when you hear that we are ruined."

"Ruined!" echoed Clarke. "Great Heaven! How?"

"These terrible droughts which have caused such misery—"

"Drought!" said Walter. "Why, how can that be? Thanks to the Rabbera crossing the run and our dams and water storage, we have hardly suffered at all."

"Not upon Nellinga certainly. But my father is in partnership with relatives who have runs in the north-west of New South Wales and in Queensland. They have been smitten severely; in fact, have lost everything, and all my father's capital has been swallowed up in fruitless efforts to avert disaster. More than that, he has mortgaged his other property—in short, we are bankrupt."

Clarke expressed his astonishment and sympathy. "But," he added, "if there be any consolation so far as I am concerned—a very selfish one, I fear—believe me it is that I may now without reserve ask you to be my wife."

"Shall I not be an embarrassment upon your prospects?" she asked. "Reflect—my father's insolvency will leave us absolutely nothing."

"I have sufficient for both," he replied. "It is you that I covet—not your possessions. Will you be mine, dear Muriel?"

She slowly raised her eyes to his. They were eloquent in response.

That evening Mr. Macalister was disturbed during the enjoyment of his after-dinner pipe and the newspaper by the announcement that Mr. Clarke desired to speak with him. Directing that the young man should be shown into another apartment, the squatter joined him there; and after a brief conference they proceeded to the drawing-room, where Miss Macalister was affecting (for she was thoughtful and preoccupied) to be engaged upon some embroidery.

"So it appears, then, my dear," said the old gentleman, "that Mr. Clarke has asked you to marry him, and that you have accepted—and now you want my consent to this little arrangement."

"Yes, father," replied she, somewhat embarrassed. "And you have acquainted him with our—unfortunate position?"

"Most decidedly," said Clarke. "And if that were possible—it has simply enhanced my love for her."

"Well, if you have both made up your minds," said Mr. Macalister, "I suppose it's no use fer-

appointment with regard to—
—hem—Miss Dimple?"

"Miss Dimple is nothing to me," said Clarke.

"Really? Well, I must admit that the other evening I understood you to be very much epris in that direction."

"You misunderstood me—probably through my own remissness in not explaining myself better," he answered.

"In trying to approach the subject delicately I became so circumlocutory as to be incomprehensible. That often happens. But the fact is, I was trying to enlist your good offices on behalf of Mr. Skytely."

"Mr. Skytely?"

"Yes—you see, he has long ardently admired Miss Dimple, but being timid where ladies are concerned (though a doughty warrior in the field) he thought if I could induce you to put in a word with Mrs. Chiffon, her aunt, it might pave the way for him. However, he proposed to her at the ball, and was accented. Happy man!"

"Muriel smiled brightly, but seemed a little confused. "How silly of me to misunderstand you!" said she.

"Quite natural," he replied. "But it was not possible that I could care for that young lady—or, indeed, any other."

"Why? You are not a misogynist, are you?"

"Very far from it," said Clarke. "But I love you."

"Me!" ejaculated Miss Macalister, blushing. "Oh, Mr. Clarke!"

"It is the truth, indeed, presumptuous as it may seem," he responded. "Had it not been so I should long ago have joined a contingent for South Africa. One may find preferment there, or a soldier's death. But to be near you was happiness from which I could not tear myself away. Yet this poor adventurer, this beggarly knock-about man—whose very stay upon this station was dependent upon your father, or his manager—how could he venture to raise his thoughts to his employer's daughter?"

"Mr. Clarke, do not proceed any further in this strain, I beg of you. It is painful to you—most painful to me," she said, sympathetically.

"Only a few words more," he urged. "Miss Muriel, I have received an appointment which will enable me to maintain a comfortable home, and a good position socially. Will you share them with me?"

Muriel stood with downcast eyes apparently struggling with emotion. "Mr. Clarke," she said at length, "before I answer you, I must in fairness tell you that this social disparity which you seem to feel so deeply—" She paused.

"Well?"

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XMAS EVE IN OUR SUBURB.

Brown decides on a little surprise for his family, and appears as Santa Claus.

me to raise any objection—though I certainly didn't quite contemplate parting with her so abruptly. However, before we proceed any further, let me tell you a little story.

"There was once a young scapegrace, a cadet of a noble family, but the younger son of a younger brother, with little means of his own beyond a small inheritance. This he flung away in folly; all except a mere trifle, with which he left the Old Country—severed all his family ties and associations—and went to Sydney. An excellent opportunity there presented itself—for getting rid of all his little capital on the same principle as that upon which he had already parted with his inheritance. He availed himself of it. Then he starved for a bit, and finally made his way out into the country, where after some very unprofitable wandering he got a chance. It was upon a station in Victoria, and he remained there for about two years. But by a remarkable series of fatalities all those who stood between him and the peerage have been removed; and he has consequently succeeded. A day or two ago he received a letter from a firm of solicitors in Sydney, with whom he had been in correspondence from time to time, informing him that he had become Earl of Felton. That is to say, you must understand, that he had come into £60,000 a year, with a seat in Shropshire, a town house in Park Lane, and I don't know what all besides. Don't look scared, Muriel; I've nearly finished. It seems that in the meantime he had fallen in love with his em-

ployer's daughter, and wooed her after the fashion of the 'Lord of Burleigh.' Well, I suppose I need not proceed any further—except to add that this morning under a pledge of secrecy he told me what had happened—though not what his intentions were with regard to my daughter."

Muriel looked in bewilderment alternately at her father and the young man, who smiled affirmatively. "So, then," she said, somewhat frostily, "this was the appointment that would enable you to maintain a comfortable home. We were playing a little comedy it seems. Were you afraid to dazzle me too much—or did you think—"

"Nothing unworthy of you, believe me, dear Muriel," said Walter. "You would adorn any rank."

"I must say I am rather inclined to side with Muriel," said Mr. Macalister. "I don't approve of your artifice—it was an unworthy one. What had she done that you should put her to such a test?"

"Nothing whatever—I admit it; and confess and acknowledge the error of my way," said Lord Felton. "All I can say is I was blinded by affection, and wished to see if I could win my dear girl in my character of Walter Clarke as she had known me."

"Oh, the conceit of men!" said Muriel. "Just as if I would have accepted you in any other character, if I wouldn't have done so in that in which I knew you."

"At all events," said Walter, "I can honestly say I feel truly rejoiced that my fortune enables me to place it at your disposal, Mr. Macalister, for the retrieval of your embarrassments. That will be the first use I shall make of it."

The squatter now in his turn looked somewhat disconcerted. "Thank you, my boy," he replied, "that was kindly spoken, though no more than I should have expected. But the fact is that this morning Muriel was depicting the result of the drought in such sad terms that I felt tempted to try the effect upon her of a little romance of my own. I was sorry afterwards that I did so; and yet pleased when I found what fortitude and resignation she displayed. I meant after teasing her a little today to undeceive her this evening; but when she told me about your proceedings I thought I would let it go a little longer. However, I am happy to say that I have had no appeals made upon me whatever; in fact, I never directly said that I had—I threw out suggestions, and Muriel accepted them as facts. I put a suppositious case, that's all. I have no direct interest in any station except Nellinga; so I think I am financially sound enough."

"How could you have done such a thing?" exclaimed his daughter. "It was just horrid of you—and so it was of you," she added to Lord Felton.

"Won't you forgive me?" asked he half-laughingly. "To-morrow will be Christmas Day, you know—so we mustn't fall out."

"Well," said Mr. Macalister, "you're all the better for having been made a man of by two years' experience on a station. It's a good school. And if the possession of a healthy, hearty Australian girl will add lustre to your coronet—why, you have her."

The Christmas festivities at Nellinga were on an unusual scale of liberality. Lord Felton had ingratiated himself so much with all hands that his unexpected elevation was a source of sincere congratulation by everyone; but he averred that his fortune was not in his title, but his bride, and that in future years there would be nothing that he would hold in such high regard as the sincere esteem he had won from his rough and genial friends and comrades on the station.

A conference of the health authorities of the United Kingdom is approaching Parliament with the object of securing a law to make the vaccination of tramps compulsory. This projected reform is directed against Weary Willie and his friend, Dusty Rhodes, and if it reaches us will apply to Tin Dog, the sundowner, and Perish-me Peters, the swaggie, who makes intrepid journeys from pub to pub in Melbourne suburbs, passing himself off as a footsore pioneer. It is alleged against Weary Willie, and Perish-me Peters, and the whole of the tribe of beats and wanderers who go about the face of the earth seeking work so as to escape it, that they are great spreaders of disease, and it is peculiarly necessary that they should be violently vaccinated because if small-pox came along, being wonderfully dirty men, they would be the first to pick it up, and the handiest to cart it all about the face of the country. Weary Willie will object, of course, but when he realises that though

vaccination may prevent him catching other things it will not prevent him catching beer, he will grin and bear it. Besides, it might have been worse—the health authorities of the United Kingdom might have asked for power to make cold baths for tramps free, secular and compulsory.



THE RULING PASSION.

VOICE FROM ABOVE. "Keep your feet on yer back, or y'll smash yer wate..."

A Winter

I am smoking by the
With the limbs at
Round the cosy glow
And the wind blows
All the boisterous
Seems aloft in he
And I wonder who
Who are yearning, w
Thro' the well-appointed cit
night.

In my fancy there's a
Rising roughly from
Where one reared his
As he gathered in
But there came the
With its devastating
And they straggled
Where no neighbours
Help them onward—now the
the night.

Far adown the tree-t
Is a villa, lawnless.
Theirs was once the
Lofty-roomed and co
Greed had craved a n
Reaching unto Goo
Then the wreck of lif
Shattered home, a m
May the God of Love and G
the cheerless night

Do I see the statesm
Flickering in the risi
Have we reached a h
Restful, still—a sure
Day and night a ceas
Keeps him from his
Wife estranged; he dis
Tempted, yielding, had
Who would change the lobby
It freight?

In the inner chessboar
Chill the jostling dw
Cheerless garrets, home
Dens of fearful, ghou
Vice thronged, strong
Drink, debauch, and
'Tis as though a th
Rollicked in their fenc
And I shudder as I leave the
the night.

And I hie me to the t
Or the plain lung fa
And I seek the lonely
Resting from his wear
Huddling in the slab-lin
Bonding o'er the emb
In his face I read a be
Happy, absolute posses
Of a freedom strangely lurin
wintry night.

And I draw my pipe in
Do not stir the spell
That enthral's the true-t
Even when temptet te
Quick I signal, "Comrad
Swift his eyes a seat.
And while out the wind
Nature's kindred souls a
Silently, in sympathy, above th

THREE POUNDS

He was a mild-looking man
appearance of a waiter in red
Stripped to trousers, boots an
industriously wielding an axe
lie parks. He had already fel
and now he was busy cutting
pieces, and although it seem
tuitous vandalism to destroy
trees nobody seemed to thi
any right to interfere. Even t
man, seeing the thing being
imagined that the man had be
eared to do the work, and c
was well. Towards sundown,
ficial chanced along. He wa
but he was astonished. "W
"what are you doing here?"
plied the man behind the axe.
don't mean to say you've been
down these trees?" "Yes I ha
"The loss, I suppose. He aske
ed a job, and I said I wanted
get an axe, my man," says he,
on these trees. We must have

Christ

From now until
perplexing question—"W
patronage, and it is gra
are this Season.

8-22 ELI



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A Winter's Night.

I am smoking by the fender,
With the limbs at restful ease;
Round the cosy flames are dancing—
And the wind blows thro' the trees.
All the boisterous storm of winter
Seems aloft in headlong flight;
And I wonder who are sighing,
Who are yearning, who are trying
Thro' the disappointed city, in the dark relentless
night.

In my fancy there's a homestead
Rising roughly from the plain,
Where one reared his happy children,
As he authored in his grain,
But there came the burning drought time,
With its devastating blight—
And they straggled to the city,
Where no neighbours, means nor pity
Help them onward—now they shiver in a hovel in
the night.

Far down the tree-trimmed vista
Is a villa, lawless, wild;
This was once the squatter's mansion,
Lofty-roofed and colour-tiled;
Greed had craved a mount of riches
Reaching unto Croesus' height—
Then the wreck of life-long savings,
Shattered home, a madman's ravings—
May the God of Love and Goodness cheer them thro'
the cheerless night.

Do I see the statesman's fireside
Flickering in the rising street?
Have we reached a happy haven,
Restful, still—a sure retreat?
Day and night a ceaseless wrangle
Keeps him from his sacred right,
Wife estranged, he discontented!
Tempted, yielding, half demented—
Who would change the lobby-phantoms for the love-
lit firelight?

In the inner chess-board byways
Chill the festing dwellings loom;
Cherless, empty, homes of squalor,
Duns of fearful, ghoul-like gloom.
Vile entrance, strong manhood stifled,
Drinks of death and frenzied fight—
Tis as though a thousand devils
Hollered in their fiendish revels;
And I shudder as I leave them far behind me in the
night.

And I think of the mountain,
Or the plain, long far and wide;
And I seek the lonely stockman
Rising from his weary ride,
Huddling in the shab-lined shanty,
Bundling over the embers bright.
In his face I read a lesson—
Happy, absolute possession
Of a freedom steadily luring, that dispels the
wintry night.

And I draw my pipe in silence—
Do not stir the spellbound hush
That entrals the true-horn bushman
Ere when protest tears the hush,
Quick I shout, "Comrade, greeting!"
Swift his eyes a seat invite;
And while our winds are roaring,
Nature's kinder souls are soaring
Scent, in sympathy, above the storm-black night.
"R. R."

THREE POUNDS A WEEK.

He was a mild-looking man with the depressed
appearance of a waiter in reduced circumstances.
Sneaked to trousers, boots and singlet, he was
cautiously wielding an axe in one of the public
parks. He had already felled a large tree,
and now he was busy cutting it into portable
pieces, and although it seemed an act of gra-
tuitous vandalism to destroy the handsome
tree nobody seemed to think he or she had
any right to interfere. Even the passing police-
man, seeing the thing being done so openly,
imagined that the man had been rightfully en-
gaged to do the work, and concluded that all
was well. Towards sundown, however, an of-
ficial chanceled along. He was not suspicious,
but he was astonished. "Hello!" he said,
"what are you doing here?" "Working," re-
plied the man behind the axe. "Yes, but you
don't mean to say you've been put on to chop
down these trees?" "Yes I have." "Who by?"
The boss, I suppose. He asked me if I want-
ed an axe, my man," says he, "and get to work
on these trees. We must have them all out of



A PLACID PROMENADE.

Photo. printed on ARISTO-PLATINO Paper.

the road, as I intend to build a marble and
sapphire palace here." "Come, come," said
the official, "you're talking nonsense." "No-
thing of the kind," answered the axeman.
"Those were his words. He said he'd call
round in a week and see how I was getting
on."

"Look here," the officer said, "there's some
mistake. You'd better sit down on your job,
till I bring the boss." The boss was procured,
and he raged like a bad man, and swore to
exact a terrible vengeance upon the destroyer
of that beautiful tree. The axeman was thun-
derstruck. "I was engaged to do it, and I was
to get three pounds a week," he said excitedly.
Even while they argued a gentlemanly stranger
joined them. "Here he is—here's the very man
that engaged me," cried the wood-cutter.
"Didn't you give me a job cutting down these
trees?" he continued, appealing to the stranger.
"Most certainly," was the grave reply. "On
this part of my estate I intend to build a
palace of agate and marble, with green jade
staircases and windows of pure diamond."
"And who in thunder are you," inquired the
boss. "Sir," was the lofty reply, "I am the
Mikado of Japan." "Great Scot," ejaculated
the tree-feller, "he's balmy." It proved that
the poor toiler and moiler had been set to work
by a stray lunatic belonging to a well-to-do
family in the vicinity. His day's work went
for nothing, and he narrowly escaped a prose-
cution for destroying the tree. He will be care-
ful whom he takes jobs from in the future.

"FIRST AID."

She was a tall, rather good-looking lady, very
well dressed, and evidently quite superior. She
was accompanied by a nurse girl carrying a
baby, and was taking the sun in the Botanical
Gardens on a beautiful afternoon. There were a
good many people about, and when the tall lady
fell on the green sward, and began to indulge
in hysterical symptoms there was a crowd about
her in no time, and sympathetic women patted
her hand, and smoothed her brow, and nursed
her head, and called her "poor dear!" in sooth-
ing tones, and manifested the greatest concern
in her behalf. This conduct did not seem to
abate the hysterical symptoms in the least; on
the contrary, they seemed to be rapidly on the
increase, and the greatest anxiety showed itself
in the faces of the women who had taken up
the case, while gentlemen standing round pressed
closer, and requested others, with a show of
great sentimental concern, to "give the poor
lady air." Everybody seemed to feel for her
very much, and she grew more and more hys-
terical under their sympathy, and began to
scream in a strange, purposeless way.

At this point the callous stranger took a
hand. He was a common kind of young man,
and looked like a foundry worker. There was
black on his clothes, and his face was stained
with smoke and cinders. "Here, get back to
scratch, 'n give a bloke a chance," he said.
He elbowed the crowd back precipitously,
and pushed the women away. Then he knelt on
one knee by the patient, lifted her head with a
jerk, and said fiercely: "Come, come, missus,
none o' this foolishness." He shook the lady,
and added with great scorn: "Billem's nice
show you're makin' o' yourself, ain't you?" The
lady stiffened her limbs, and made a great effort
towards self-control. "That's right," added the
young man, "pull yerself together. If you go on
makin' such a circus in a public place, you'll
have the coppers down on yer, 'n I'll have yer
right, too." The lady opened her eyes, and in
them there was a startled expression. "You
hear me," said the workman roughly, "you
knock off givin' these here silly 'tableaux in
public, 'n learn ter behave yourself." The lady
sat up abruptly, pushed the man away, regain-
ed her feet, and regarded the grimy stranger
with contempt. "Now, yer all right, mum,"
said the young man pleasantly. "I knew that'd
fetch yer. Don't give me no thanks; I don't
expect none." Then he added for the edifica-
tion of the crowd: "Never yer go snivellin' over a
hysterical woman 'n sympathisin' with her; it
on'y makes her worse. I've brought heaps
round in my time, 'n I know how to handle
'em." Then he turned, and went his way, leav-
ing the lady as if the cure was worse than the
disease.

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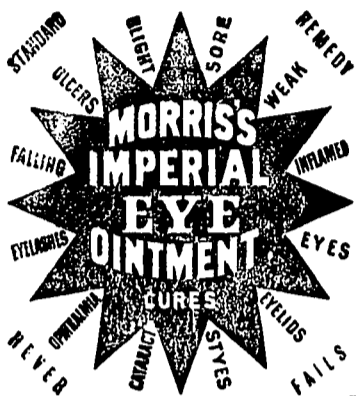
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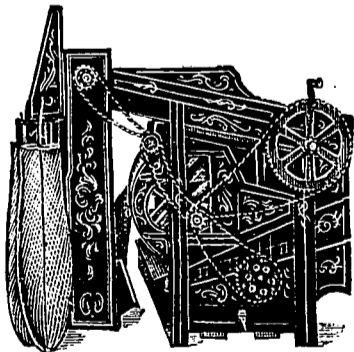
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We beg to inform you that we have during the past season sold your Burtonia Packet Beers, and find it gave satisfaction to all purchasers. Indeed, many customers place it beyond their others. (Signed) G. CLARK & SON, Merchants and Storekeepers.

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I am pleased to say "Burtonia" is going all right. (Signed) J. F. CAMPBELL, Family Grocer, Warrnambool.

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THE LADY. "Isn't only I don't want to put

THE MOUNTAIN

The fishermen of Makara, the caves at Portugee Point a nor-west gale which to scurrying seas and sent the Point.

"This is strange," Henri reading from a month-old paper. "Owing to the very low Point, the stern and eye steamer Tararua, which years ago, are now visible." "Think of it," he comment. "They have been running around the ship have laid there, and is 'em' funny."

"For do I understand," Tony. "A ship is a dead thing all right, yet she is still together. With a man, I, for instance— for twenty year, would my to be now visible?"

"I'll laughed. "No, no, Tony, for you won't sail, and fled. That is to world have."

"My spirit, Bah!" Tony said not such things."

Paul smoked awhile in silence. "Yet there are such things."

"It is dry work to talk or you 'Al's' that we have no."

"Well, I will endeavour," Paul. "I was young I do not boast. Girls were proud when I talk an old man now, so I may when I come to this colony—th as a man before the mast. I man, by Gar!"

"And one night as I stroll a little old man with black eyes."

"You are very large."

"Indeed," I answer. "Do you want a job?" he said.

"What kind of job?"

"A six weeks' engagement on mountain climb. I will pay you."

"My friend," I reply, "I will see, I am very strange, and I will."

"Well in a week we start, and there is three people—my boss, Black, his young wife, whom he and myself. We have the pack."

steep ascent is reached, when I do not remember the name of but it is very high and grand with trees and ferns; and when the sunset, and I drop my load but, which is at the halting place is most grand. Away to the east very far away. And I begin to talk France. However—

"To work, Paul," cry my boss. "And soon the fire is crackling cooling the meal, with some moderate, who is wearied with it is petite and so pleasant when it and so young as to be easily in daughter of the boss. A bar on are hooked is tent when I come up and quickly straighten him— at me and say:

"You are a ver' strong man."

"Yet I am not brutal, madam."

"She laugh, and the boss coming. "Why do you laugh?"

"At your strong man," she reply. "Let us eat," he answer, "before of the mountain awaken, and the to chop."

"When he talk like this she I ask: "Who is the chopper?" "Be silent," he answer, "you will." "Well, after tea I take out my

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ey's famous teacher, nsen, writes:—It af- in giving my testimony of your very valuable... I ap- ANDY BLIGHT, I ap- twice during the y my eyes were quite

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HE MIGHT STEAL IT.

The boy... he a beauty? I was told to put some money on him, and I would. I don't want temptation in the boy's way.

THE MOUNTAIN SPIRITS.

The fishermen were sheltering in the caves at Point... Point from the force of a north-west gale... tore the tops off the... the spray flying across the Point.

away from the hut to be alone. And as I play and sing I hear a soft rustling behind me, and the lady say quietly: 'Will you not come inside the hut? He is very mad to-night, and there are many spirits.'

'Not like the boss,' I respond; 'for why should they roam about in the cold nights? But there is a kindred feeling between people which is not among beasts, and only the affinity of the spirit can cause that.'

Paul nodded to Henri and continued: 'Then I must compel you,' I reply. 'And I pick her up and carry her to her bunk, where I lay her down and gently disengage her arms.'



THEY THREW THEM AT HIM ONCE. BINKS.—'So you're an old actor, eh? Spose you don't like being out of the game?' EX-TRAGEDIAN.—'I do not, sir. It is extremely mortifying having to buy my own vegetables.'



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Our Warehouse (Opposite the Prince's Bridge Station) is conveniently situated, and accessible from all parts of the City. A penny tram will bring Interstate or Country Travellers from Spencer-street or the Wharf, and we shall consider it a favour if Visitors will call and inspect our Stocks, whether they require to make purchases or not.

Catalogue will be forwarded to any Address on Receipt of Card.

MISS CL

By

Jessie Clifton shaw beheld and saw and conquered moment that he or Peter Ernsshaw type, who took and names of ski of men, but thou women. Besides, a ceipt of a week Chance Gold Min Clifton, Esq., was siderable sharehol considered audaciu Clifton, however p tion to the more trict would have.

Perhaps Miss Cl light, which would plete aloofness wh ate vicinity. On did not, and possib an intuitive coynes as a lure.

It is difficult to effective or not. aloofness, and it sness of glacial peal inaccessible, but i humble devotion, do ly ridiculous in the monsense people wh

Peter was tall and an iron bar, and a safe; he could lift the district, and as and hurler of the capetitors far beh rd. hel ht and slim—her but that was pure with beautiful, soft, ful eyes in a some little whisp of a w enthralled. He migh hand, but she had of the big man was a iny feet of the daim metaphor, of course had not courage enou adventurous as to within range of Jessi

To be sure Jessi's captive. She was o ever knew a day's netite two sizes too was quite a formida that little red, curv hers.

Pete and Jessi "society people" of to regard him as a and although his han graft in the batt Chance he was led to come to all those li to the "work-in-man "society" at Bargo Battery managers and comed on the same fo was a little warmer young, unmarried, f

Ernsshaw only value as they gave him op Jessie Clifton, hearin times actually touch no danger of his wear the society of the you Birrahinalonga who to was much more congen

So it happened that in Bargo for nine m love with Jessie Clifto in dark secrecy, to hors trembling. Jessie had past that the reticent young scientist was he and yet these two strangers. If they met ed formally, and Pete ally, and they passed of Love plays, such are terrors and weaknesses.

Pete thought of Jessie woman, to whom he wa no importance whatever it worried her a little duties to have to ackno Jessie thought of Pet man absorbed in his vo ersions, a magnificent s girls were an absurd v mired this attitude, but forests of her sex, she f sented. If he were super understand that she was

One barrier which Pe had really no existence in the rich man he was sup who had had losses, and practised in the Clifton. Jessie's value as a hous

Jessie was the kind of a "a brick," and, consequer but there was no money business if he had only survived Heaven only kno a revolution was effecte the little brick church at morning was hot, the ser Rev. Digbee dined in hi phonograph. Jessie was drifted into a state of l her attention to wander i d'oping to the sparkling thrown on the pews by f from that to the people.

her seat when she encount they were only eyes, two eyes, with a strange mou the eyes of a brooding w hers, she looked into they did not know. Suddenly h turbulent within her, she sympathetic tenderness in then she turned quickl in during the rest of the serv with emotions as a hive s Of course, the eyes were b his face. The drowsiness thrown him into a state

MISS CLIFTON'S DEVICE.

By WARD EDSON.

Jessie Clifton saw and admired, Peter Ernschaw beheld and was enraptured. Both came, saw and conquered, but neither imagined for a moment that he or she had scored a victory. Peter Ernschaw was a man's man, an athletic type, who took great joy in feats of strength and games of skill, and loved the approbation of men, but thought little of the approval of women. Besides, as a young metallurgist in receipt of a weekly wage £1. in the Come-by-Chance Gold Mining Company, in which John Clifton, Esq., was supposed to be a very considerable shareholder, Peter might have been considered audacious in lifting his eyes to Miss Clifton, however proper and welcome his attention to the more lowly daughters of the district would have seemed.

Perhaps Miss Clifton saw the matter in this light, which would account for her air of complete aloofness when Peter was in her immediate vicinity. On the other hand, perhaps she did not, and possibly her aloofness was merely an intuitive coyness designed by Mother Nature as a lure.

It is difficult to say whether the lure was effective or not. Peter noted Miss Clifton's aloofness, and it seemed to him like the aloofness of glacial peaks, and made her hopelessly inaccessible, but it stimulated in his bosom a humble devotion, dog-like, and no doubt perfectly ridiculous in the minds of sane, sober, commonsense people who are not in love.

Peter was tall and broad, he had an arm like an iron bar, and a chest like a burglar-proof safe; he could lift more than any other man in the district, and as a wrestler, runner, boxer and hurler of the caber he left all local competitors far behind. Jessie was under middle height and slim—her enemies called her scraggy, but that was pure malice. She was pretty, with beautiful, soft, dark hair, and large, soulful eyes in a somewhat pale face. And this little whim of a woman held Peter Ernschaw enthralled. He might have broken her with a hand, but she had enslaved him with an eye, and the big eye was bowed in lowliness at the smile of the dainty girl. Here I speak in metaphor, of course. In point of fact Peter had not come near enough to do anything half so adventurous as to kneel adoringly anywhere within range of Jessie's conquering orb.

To be sure, Jessie's fragility was largely deceptive. She was one of the happy few who never lose weight. Her illness, she had an appetite which was too large for her, and there was quite a formidable will at the back of that little, curved, deep-cornered mouth of hers.

Peter and Jessie saw each other often. The "society" of Bargoo were kind enough to regard Peter as a "professional gentleman," and although his hands were horned with hard graft in the battery-house of the Come-by-Chance he was supposed to be well welcomed to all the little social privileges denied to the "working man." Mine managers were in "society" with the gentry, but shill bosses were not. Battery managers and metallurgists were welcomed on the same footing, and Peter's welcome was a little warmer than usual because he was young, unmarried, clever, and such a fine fellow.

Ernschaw valued these privileges inasmuch as they gave him the opportunity of peeping at Jessie Clifton when she was speaking, and sometimes catching her hand; but there was no doubt that he wore out his welcome, as the society of the young men of Bargoo and Buraburaboo who took an interest in athletics was much more congenial to him.

So it happened that Peter Ernschaw had been in Bargoo for nine months, and had been in love with Jessie Clifton for seven months; and in due season, to herself only, and in fear and trembling, Jessie had admitted for thirty weeks past that the reticent and seemingly indifferent young stranger was her true lord and master; and yet these two remained comparative strangers. If they met in the open Jessie bowed formally, and Peter raised his hat coarsely, and the passed on. Such are the tricks of love; such are the doubts, suspicions, terrors and agonies he implants within us.

Peter thought of Jessie as a cold, proud little woman; to whom he was a person of absolutely no importance whatever, excepting that perhaps it worried her a little as part of her social duties to have to acknowledge his existence.

Jessie thought of Peter as a reserved young man absorbed in his work and his athletic diversions; a magnificent sort of Grecian, to whom girls were an absurd vanity. Secretly she admired his attitude, but instinctively, in the interests of her sex, she felt that it must be resisted. If he were superior, he must be given to understand that she was superior, too.

One barrier which Peter thought formidable had really no existence in fact. Clifton was not the rich man he was supposed to be; he was one who had had losses, and economies were being practised in the Clifton household that sent up Jessie's value as a housekeeper a hundredfold. Jessie was the kind of girl familiarly known as "a bright," and consequently, was a good catch; but there was no money in the way of Peter's happiness if he had only known it.

How long this state of things might have survived no man knows, but something like a revolution was effected by a glance. It was in the little blue church at Bargoo. The Sunday service was over, the sermon was long, and the Rev. Minister, in his utterance like a had a habit of being impiously bored; she had a state of lassitude, and allowed her thoughts to wander from the Rev. Digbee's dogmatic and bewildering kaleidoscopic reflection from the stained windows; she had half-turned in her seat when she encountered the Eyes. At first they were staring, two large, dark, staring eyes, with a mournfulness in them like the eyes of a bleeding water dog. They met her eyes, and then, for how long she did not know, only her whole soul became conscious of her, she was conscious of a presence in her own glance, and she was conscious of the service her heart swarmed with thoughts that gave swarms with bees.

Of course, Peter was his eyes. She had seen his face. The glowiness of the church had thrown him into a state of dreamy lassitude,



WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

MISS SPAREBODY. "I think they ought to charge by weight." MRS. R. AUNDAABOUT.—"Oh, indeed! do you? Then they wouldn't stop to pick you up as it wouldn't pay them."

and he had centred his devotions on her, and lost consciousness of the fact that he was giving his whole secret away in the face of a congregation. Fortunately, the congregation was too sleepy to note it, and Jessie alone had seen. That look broke down Jessie Clifton's pride, it gave her a strange happiness, although the side of a lover's nature that provides the doubts was still active. It now became Jessie's task to break down the barriers of coldness and diffidence that divided them. She did not accept the duty deliberately, but instinctively. She was deeply in love now. The adoration in his eyes was a justification.

Peter's idea of the whole matter was entirely different. He was angry with himself. "Staring at the girl like a lunny cow," he said to himself savagely. "Of course, she'll credit it to my clownish insolence." Here Peter went through the difficult process of kicking himself. Matters did not progress very well. Jessie found her task a difficult one. It was not easy to try to cure a diffident man without a trace of egotism. A little honest egotism on Peter's part would have settled the whole business in a week.

At this crisis Tom Crowe, the bluff manager of the Come-by-Chance, gave Jessie further hope. He was an old friend, and privileged. "Look here, Jessie," he said, one afternoon, "why do you stand young Ernschaw off the way you do?"

"I'm sure I don't know that I am different towards Mr. Ernschaw than others," answered Jessie, quickly, turning to hide the flow of colour warming her neck and cheeks. "Oh, but you are. Your attitude towards him implies that he's an outsider, or a dangerous character, or an undesirable of some sort. Now, you can't have overlooked the glaring fact that there isn't a young man here or hereabout who can hold a candle to him. He's a good fellow, with a big, big D."

"I won't admit that there's any necessity to tell me this." "There is, my dear. I like him. I like you. I'd like to do you both a good turn, and I couldn't do you a better than by making you good friends. Jessie, he's head over ears in love with you."

"Mr. Crowe!" "It's a positive fact." "Has he made you his confidant?" Jessie's heart was beating violently. Outwardly she was calm, even jocular. "No, he has not, but I have eyes in my head, and I see that you are the only person in the world who can unman Peter Ernschaw."

This conversation, although it encouraged Jessie, made her object rather more difficult. She could not bid for Peter's friendship now without letting a third party see that she wished something dearer. It was a very difficult situation, the more so as Peter did not seem to see or understand Jessie's heroic, but somewhat diffident, advances.

Another month passed, and seeming chance brought about the desired end. Peter had built a boat, and he rowed on the long Duck Foot lagoon every morning. It happened on one particular morning that Jessie was walking under the willows fringing the lagoon while Peter was rowing on the water, each quite keenly alive to the other's nearness, though apparently unconscious.

Presently Peter heard angry voices, and saw Miss Clifton confronted by a man of the sun-downer type, whose threatening gestures caused Ernschaw to put more back into his rowing than he had done for many a day. He drove the boat through the shallow and almost on to dry land, and when he came to Jessie's assistance the man had her by the arm, and her face was hot with indignation.

"Miss Clifton," gasped Peter, "is this—" He read permission in her eyes, and then things happened to that unfortunate sun-downer. Peter did not know what he did to that man, but he felt that it would have been a sheer joy to half kill him. After a sudden fierce drubbing the tramp was thrown bodily into the lagoon. As he came to the bank (the water was deep where they stood) Peter dragged him out again. Jessie had watched the chastisement of the stranger with much greater terror than his attack upon herself had provoked. She had never seen a man in such a tanner as Ernschaw exhibited, and the other seemed like a straw in his hands. When Peter dragged the man from the water Jessie threw herself between them, clinging to Ernschaw's arm.

"Don't kill him," she cried in an agony. "Let him go now. Please—please do let him go." Peter looked down at her. Suddenly he realised how small and frail she was. Her eyes were full of tears. They now turned pitifully up to him. He dropped the sun-downer and stepped back.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clifton," he said. "I have frightened you. You can go," he added, turning to the stranger.

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OUR TRAVELLER WILL CALL ON YOU.

The man slunk off without a word in the direction of the main road.

"Please forgive me, I entirely lost control of myself," said Pete, anxiously.

"You did it for me," said Jessie, with feeling. "I owe you a great obligation; why should I be asked to forgive?"

"You owe me nothing," he said. "I must admit there was a savage rapture in manhandling that fellow."

There were tears on her cheeks, and he was afraid she was going to faint.

"I—I have had a great fright," she said.

He was all tenderness and devotion, his diffidence was gone. "Let me help you," he said. To help her he had to place an arm about her. It was not till they came into the township that she was able to walk alone.

After that they felt there could be no distance between them ever again. Mr. Clifton's gratitude was deep, Mrs. Clifton's deep and tearful, Jessie's tender and adoring. Suddenly Pete became a constant visitor at Clifton's, instantly he had developed into an ardent suitor. He was as pressing and persistent now as he had been backward and diffident before, and when he told Jessie what Jessie knew very well already, she told him he was a foolish boy despite his cleverness not to have seen that she was in love with him all along.

They married, and there is a sequel. Pete received a valuable appointment in another state two years later, and about a month after he and his wife and child had settled in his new home a man called on him asking for a billet.

"You might as well give us a job, mister," said the man, with a grin, "I once did you a good turn."

"Why, I don't remember having seen you before."

"No? And yet, perhaps, if you hadn't licked me that day on the lagoon at Bargoo you mightn't have won your wife."

"You scamp," cried Pete. "You dare—" He grabbed the man by the neck.

"Here, here, hold hard, mister," cried the stranger, "hasn't your missus told you? She gave me five pounds to pretend to molest her that day by the lagoon."

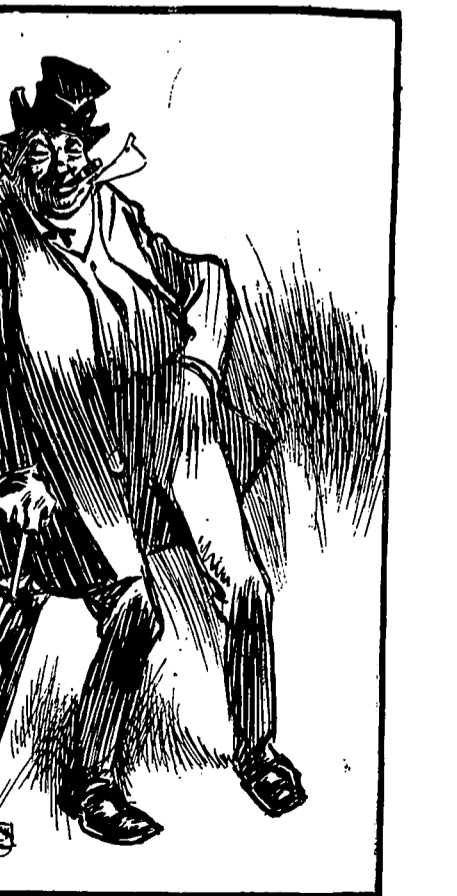
Ten minutes later Jessie verified the statement with mingled tears and laughter.

"You see, I'd tried so hard to win you over that I was driven to desperation," she said.

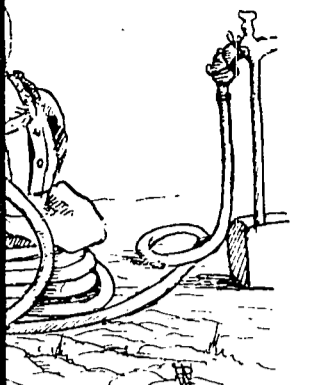
But the man did not get a billet, he got another five pounds and a second-class ticket to Sydney.

"I can't afford to have my benefactors working under me," Peter said.

The idea of the substitution of a strap for the cane as a corrective in our state schools has been thought of sufficient importance to justify a deputation in waiting upon a Minister to point out the great advantages of the belt. And yet the old adage says, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." It says nothing about the strap or a belt, and the inference is that the child cannot be prevented from spoiling by any such means. Present writer thinks this effort to impose the belt on state school scholars is an attempt to make still harder the lot austere that waits on boys of letters here. A long tough belt is a much more vicious instrument of torture than the good familiar cane. Hit a youngster with a belt and it might as well twice as long as the same blow from a cane, consequently ten blows with a strap equal twenty with a cane. We have experimented, and have been experimented on, with both, and we know. A strap curbs and stings all the way round. If the gentlemen who composed the deputation in support of the belt find bad eggs and things of that kind breaking upon them in the streets in the near future they will know that the Melbourne small boy is entering his fierce protest against a thoughtless attempt to add to his school time tribulations. Whatever respect his elders have for such distinctions, the state school scholar has no ambition to be a belted carl.



HIS LITTLE JOKE. "Lucky fer me printer'sh put goo' strong - hic - Ioun' thish sketch"



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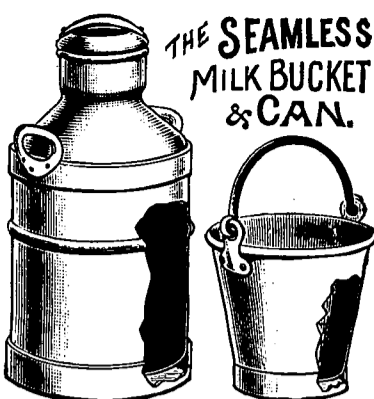
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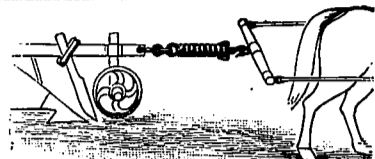


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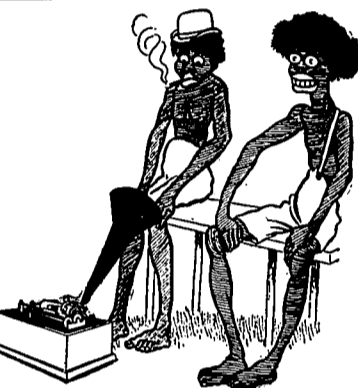
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THE HOUR

By Luke Roylett

glooms and shadows that does not see the no sign of the joy looked seventy; no pleasant haunts of mystery.

And yet, hidden was, it was not put one thing he would but he both believed feared that a task remained to be performed. If he miss it would be to lived a considerable tion of his life in vain.

Roylett was a s believer in the my called heredity. In lonely Melbourne ings he had studi-d years, until the viction that some he would have an o tunity for a great of intervention, an saving, had grown him with the stre of a fetish. His fear was that this o tunity, and his k ledge of it, might concur, and this had him many a night uneasy slumber.

Roylett's other study had been the i which were directing commercial life—how were promising for a great wave of suc and evanescent prosp. He had already one such, and at le time had brought —after twenty year into the mis- of ano It was as if some e had been pured his veins. No longer quiet recluse, he s his days in fever wanderings in the e He did not fear reco tion, for he was changed that this impossible. A not generation of men about the streets public resorts, who, constantly chang groups, discussed varying phases of situation, and took little notice of the ex faced, listening old r who would pass fr one to the other them, anxious to n no crumb of informat that he could pick Presently there came period when the there fore pleased look in n faces changed, and most far-seeing ones beg to scent danger.

last the bubble bur and the wave that b carried men up to t dizzy height of its sun now brought them do to the gloom of abyss.

Then, night after night Roylett remained in t city until late in t evening. He spent t hours after busine had closed in hangt about a street—the deserted—watching see whether a light wou show in a particu window of a large off building after the tin (which he knew) whe the sweepers and cleane had left for th night. This light, he b lieved, might be not less than the beacon an the arbiter of his fat According to the theo he had formed, if certain man in the offic which the window pe tained had become engul ed in the commercia maelstrom, the lig would appear. As h glanced up one night, th room he was watchi suddenly burst into i lumination.

We cannot, by th mere familiarity of antic pation, rob destiny o the force of its blow and Roylett gazed for a few moments white an spellbound. His carefu titude deserted him, hi ening sense of dread, a a hand to a neighbour weakness in view of a time and opportunity i long Roylett had asc building in which the li outside the room he w Ceremony seemed for did not knock, but op entered.

As he expected, the r pant, and he the man there. About thirty- table in a large room stools. He looked up i interruption; his face attempted to cover wi ment document over wh "Sir!" he exclaimed l truding—you have made Roylett's look had be

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

By George Martin.

Luke Roylett had walked so long in the glooms and shadows of life that, like a plant that does not see the sun, he carried with him no sign of the joy of living. His sixty years looked seventy; no one saw him at any of the pleasant haunts of men, and his life was a mystery.

And yet, hidden from observation though it was, it was not purposeless. Were it not for one thing he would gladly have done with it— but he both believed and feared that a certain task remained to him to be performed. If so, to miss it would be to have lived a considerable portion of his life in vain.

Roylett was a strong believer in the mystery called heredity. In his lonely Melbourne lodgings he had studied it for years, until the conviction that some day he would have an opportunity for a great act of intervention, and of saving, had grown upon him with the strength of a fetish. His main fear was that this opportunity, and his knowledge of it, might not occur, and this had sent him many a night to uneasy slumber.

Roylett's other main study had been the forces which were directing local commercial life—how they were promising for some great wave of sudden and evanescent prosperity. He had already seen one such, and at length time had brought him—after twenty years—into the midst of another. It was as if some elixir had been poured into his veins. No longer the quiet recluse, he spent his days in feverish wanderings in the city. He did not fear recognition, for he was so changed that this was impossible. Another generation of men was about the streets and public resorts, who, in constantly changing groups, discussed the varying phases of the situation, and took but little notice of the eager-faced, listening old man who would pass from one to the other of them, anxious to miss no crumb of information that he could pick up. Presently there came a period when the theretofore pleased look in men's faces changed, and the most far-seeing ones began to scent danger. At last the bubble burst, and the wave that had carried men up to the dizzy height of its summit now brought them down to the gloom of its abyss.

Then, niche after night, Roylett remained in the city until late in the evening. He spent the hours after business had closed in hanging about a street—then deserted—watching to see whether a light would show in a particular window of a large office building after the time which he knew when the sweepers and cleaners had left for the night. This light, he believed, might be none less than the beacon and the arbiter of his fate. According to the theory he had formed, if a certain man in the office to which the window pertained had become engulfed in the commercial maelstrom, the light would appear. As he glanced up one night, the room he was watching suddenly burst into illumination.

We cannot, by the mere familiarity of anticipation, rob destiny of the force of its blows, and Roylett gazed for a few moments white and spellbound. His carefully learnt lessons of fortitude deserted him, his heart fell with a sickening sense of dread, and he was fain to reach a hand to a neighbouring wall for support. But in view of a supreme conjunction of time and opportunity is soon over, and before the light had faded, and before the room he was watching had again become dark, he had opened the door quietly and entered.

As he expected, the room had but one occupant, and he the man he had looked to find there. About thirty-five, seated at a small table in a large room furnished with desks and books, he looked up in startled surprise at the interruption, his face flushed, and he quickly attempted to cover with some papers a parchment document over which he had been poring. "Sir," he exclaimed hurriedly, "you are intruding— you have made a mistake."

Roylett's look had been fixed on the speaker,

and on his movements, with painful and searching scrutiny. For a few moments he did not move; he could not withdraw his eyes, and his white face was set like a mask. At length his voice—which sounded as if it came from some far-off recess of the room—mumbled: "No—no mistake"—and he then slowly seated himself in a chair on the opposite side of the table at which the other was sitting.

"You had better explain your presence quickly," said the latter, impatiently. "It is after business hours, and I am very busy."

Roylett slowly waved his hand. "I shall have

Roylett's mouth twitched, and his spirit sank in dejection at the sight of the other; but the need for action was now lifting and sustaining him.

"The man," he continued, "proceeded with his idea. The engrossed deed was completed, and one night he came back late to the office—as you are doing to-night—and attached the necessary signature. He left the bogus deed in a basket on his table, and went home, intending to come early on the morrow and carry out the rest of the scheme. At this juncture, however, fate interposed, and for a reason which I

employed in this office, and occupied the same position as you do—even sat at the same table. I will now tell you the name of the estate he thought of tampering with—it was Blenkins'."

At the mention of the name his companion's eyes fell.

"You, I think," went on Roylett, "were at the time I speak of a junior clerk here, and it was your duty to put away in boxes all deeds which had been taken out for purposes of reference and left about the office. Could you tell me what—what happened—what became of the forged deed?"

"It is here," answered the other with an attempt at calmness, pointing to the parchment before him. As it chanced, I had occasion to go to the box this afternoon for— for the purpose of our business—the estate being still in our hands—and having to do some work here late to-night, I took it out in order to read it over."

Roylett slowly turned his face to it, looked at it for a moment, and then withdrew his eyes. Speaking in low, tremulous tones, he said: "You, then, are proceeding to complete the scheme which that other man left unfinished?"

"What! you dare to accuse—"

Roylett hushed the loud outburst by the quick uprising of his hand.

"Silence—I implore of you!" he uttered. There was no command in the tone—it was one of profound sadness.

"When that other man went home that night," he said, speaking with deep feeling, "he was a few hours before morning stricken with an illness which kept him between life and death for weeks. When he recovered, and his mind was able to grasp realities and to remember, he realised that his employers must have discovered his act. Fearing arrest, he hurriedly left the house, deserting both wife and boy—the latter a youth employed in the same office as himself. His wife died in his absence, and he has lived in hiding all these years that he might one day—if it pleased God—to let him—save his son from the temptation to which he fell—the inclination to yield to which he must have transmitted to him."

Roylett looked yearningly at the man facing him, into whose mind—as he slowly rose from his chair—were surging tumultuously the emotions of overpowering wonder, of shame and of thankfulness.

"Father!" he whispered. He bent his head, and leaning forward, placed one shaking hand on the other's shoulder, while his fellow found the hand put forth to meet it. . . . In a few moments he released it, and, taking the parchment, placed it in the grate, and burnt it.

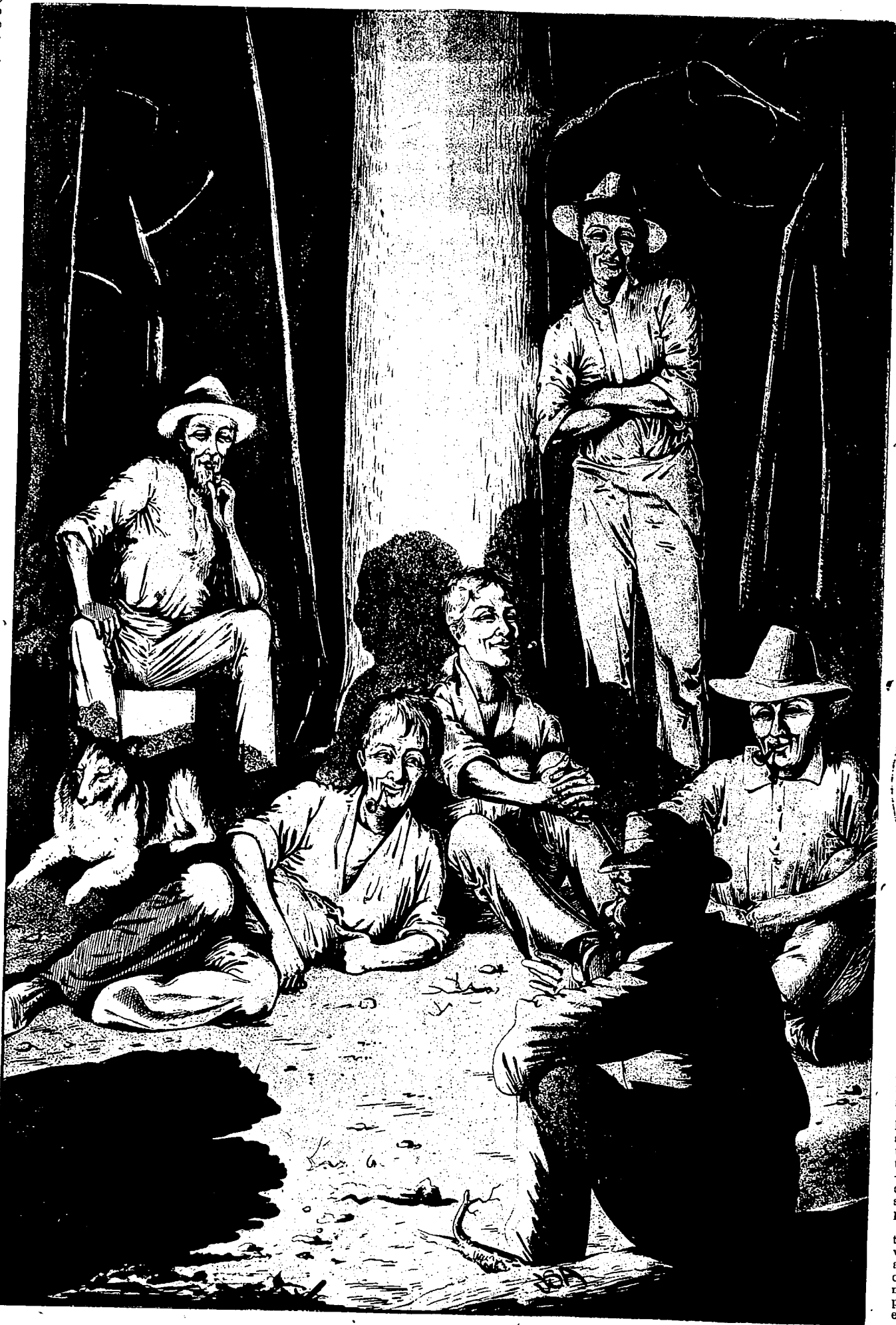
"I was able," said Roylett quietly, "to make a little money by speculations in the course of twenty years, and I paid—anonously—my old debts. If yours are not serious ('No!')—I can pay them, too."

"Thank God!" uttered the son, in a broken voice. . . . "That old act of yours," he went on, speaking gently, "was never discovered—the parchment, I suppose, escaping notice in the mass of papers."

"My name unsmirched!" cried Roylett, almost in ecstasy. "Oh! this is more than I could have deserved!"

And his white head falling forward on his arms, he burst into tears.

There was a fire in a winery over Avenue way the other day. As might have been expected in an establishment devoted to the making of evil drinks that sting like the adder, and make the nose of man, there was no water available, and with a glad snout the firemen sprang upon the tuns of wine, pumped the nectar into their fire engine, and then squirted the precious fluid upon the flames. What a picture! Streams of pure wine being squirted abroad through a fire hose, and this in a country full of thirsty men, who pant for wine as pants the hart for purling brooks! Picture Dry Duggan, Dusty Tom, and Thirsty Thurston, of the Yarra bank, rushing, open-mouthed, upon the stream hurtling from the hose, seeking the bubble intoxication even at the nozzle's mouth. Had that incident occurred in Melbourne, here's one willing to swear that the streams of wine would never have reached the fire.



A STRETCHER.

Dick (to Joe, the camp fire liar)—"Come, come a snake that swallowed a cow—aren't you stretching it a bit?" Joe. "No, but the cow did."

to detain you for a few minutes," he said, in grave but unsteady tones, "but you will find it of advantage to give me your attention; I will be as brief as possible.

"Do you remember that twenty years ago we were in the midst of such another 'boom'—as men have named it—as is now bursting over this city? You do; very good. Amongst others who could not meet their engagements at that time there was one man in particular to whom I wish to refer—his name doesn't matter. He was a trusted official in an office whose business embraced the managing of estates. In his extremity his mind became attracted to this pernicious idea—that he had only to get engrossed a deed of conveyance to an assumed name of an estate managed by the office, and forge a signature to it, in order to borrow upon it as much money as he needed in order to get him out of his trouble. Do—do you follow me?"

His interlocutor's face had grown livid. "Yes!" he whispered.

will mention later the plan was never executed."

The man at the table had listened with an attention that was obviously distracted by some disturbing emotion. "What brings you here to narrate this to me?" he demanded nervously.

One of Roylett's hands lay on the table, and its fingers were drumming mechanically. Then they clutched its edge, and, bending forward, he said, in a low, quaking voice: "Stranger as I am to you, I have had a dream—a dream about you. I dreamt that you had been swept off your feet by this cursed cataclysm, and that— that you had thought of escaping from your difficulties in the same way as that—that other man thought of."

His auditor leapt to his feet, his face crimson to the temples.

"I?" he shouted, hoarsely. He as suddenly collapsed in his seat again, his face ashen.

"I?" he gasped.

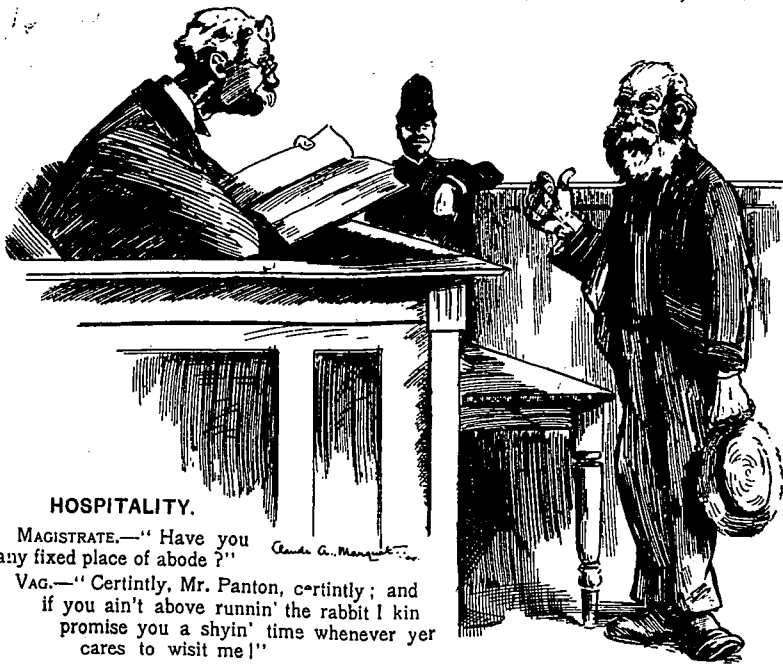
"The man I have spoken of," resumed Roylett (struggling hard for self-possession), "was

This is the story of Anston and Clay and two other people, also the narrative of an elopement. Anston and Clay were bad neighbours in a rural township, and Anston hated Clay so honestly that he was quite delighted when Paton, the young scientist at the big mine, began to pay pretty Mrs. Clay marked attention. He noticed that Paton was also very attentive to Mrs. Anston, who was handsome, and much more youthful than Anston himself, but the latter soon satisfied himself that the show of admiration for Mrs. Anston was merely intended to cover the deliberate attack on Mrs. Clay. Anston watched developments with keenest interest, and chuckled with unholy glee when he thought what a particular double-dyed, threeply, jibbering idiot Clay was in failing to discover what was going on under his very nose. One night Anston saw Paton drive to a quiet place on the Saddleback-road, and drawing his buggy into the cover of a clump of saplings, wait there. Anston hid behind a tree, and watched developments. About a quarter of an hour later a woman, well wrapped up, and carrying a hand-bag, approached the buggy. Anston saw Paton help the woman into the trap, saw him clasp her in his arms, and then watched the trap drive off into the darkness in the direction of Saddleback.

Anston consulted his watch. "In half-an-hour they'll catch the express at the Junction," he said to himself. "I'll lounge about for half-an-hour, then I'll break the news to Clay." Anston hugged himself with joy at the prospect of the knock he would give his old enemy, who was

ridiculously fond of his wife. Half-an-hour later Anston found Clay basking in the moonlight in his own front garden. "Evenin', Clay," he

said. The bitterness between the men did not bar the exchange of conventional civilities. "Mrs. Clay home yet?" "It's a fine enough



HOSPITALITY.

MAGISTRATE.—"Have you any fixed place of abode?"
 VAC.—"Certintly, Mr. Panton, certintly; and if you ain't above runnin' the rabbit I kin promise you a shyin' time whenever yer cares to wisit me!"

evening, and Mrs. Clay is at home," answered Clay. "Sure?" asked Anston, "cause if you're not you'd better make sure, as I saw Mrs. Clay drive off with Paton 'bout half-an-hour ago." "It's a lie!" answered Clay, "a malicious lie!" and without pausing to count ten or to make any investigation he hauled off, and landed Anston one that dropped him, and Mrs. Clay. "Here is the householder as his wife or I'll hurt you." Anston left; he left in a state of great confusion, and Clay called out after him as he went: "And, by-the-way, Anston, that was your wife who went off with Sydney by this." It was too true, and shortly after Anston found the township too unpleasant to live in in consequence of it having got about that he watched his own wife eloping in the belief that it was another man's wife who was breaking up her happy home

Absolutely the meanest woman we have heard of resides, we regret to say, in a suburb of this city. Several months before Christmas she commenced to daily abstract one or two cigars from her husband's supply, and when Christmas Day arrived she artlessly presented him with a box of one hundred choice weeds, accurately got up in two bundles of fifty, the box tacked down and the whole carefully enclosed with paper and string, expecting that hubby would be so pleased with her forethought and the excellent quality of the cigars that he would make her a thumping present in return. Alas! poor chap, and so he did.

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 and
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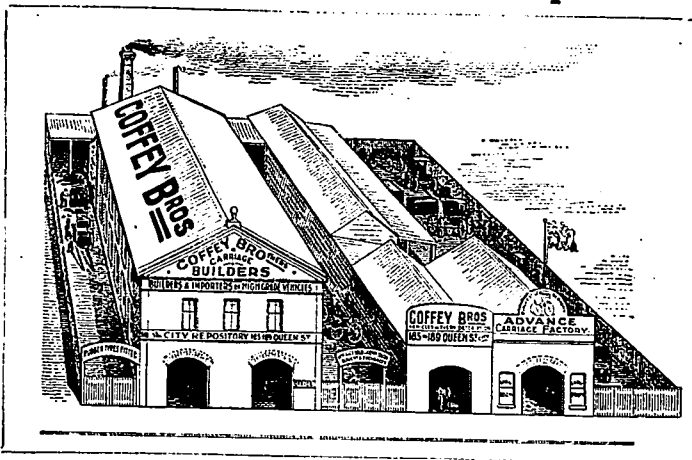
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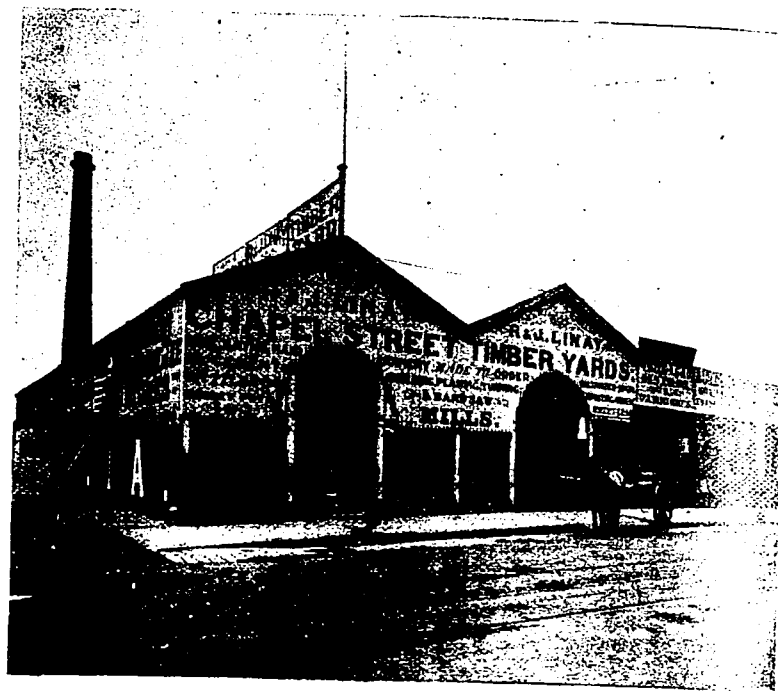
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4. "I've got a grand my friend, Bobbie H. overhauled, and made good back in record in six weeks."



4. At a bend in the sudden standstill by it was caused by Bullock to his team.



7. The King of the M chap, who in excellent plucky fortnight, alone be preferred the open



10. Our boy was great Darwin in the distance DAYS and TWENTY MIN that the sun was not

Clay is at home," answered
asked Anston, "cause if you're
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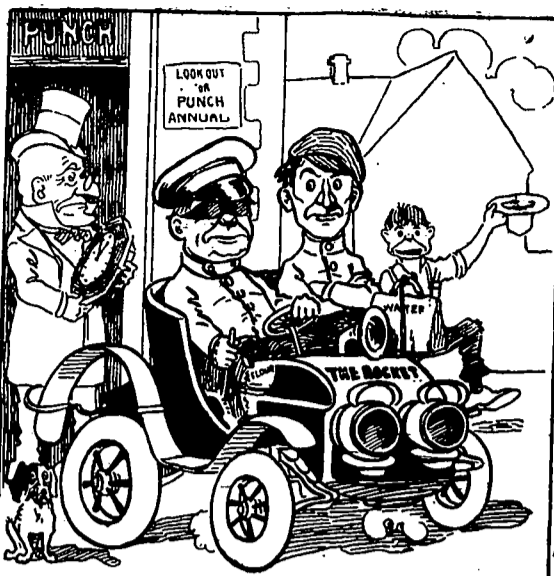
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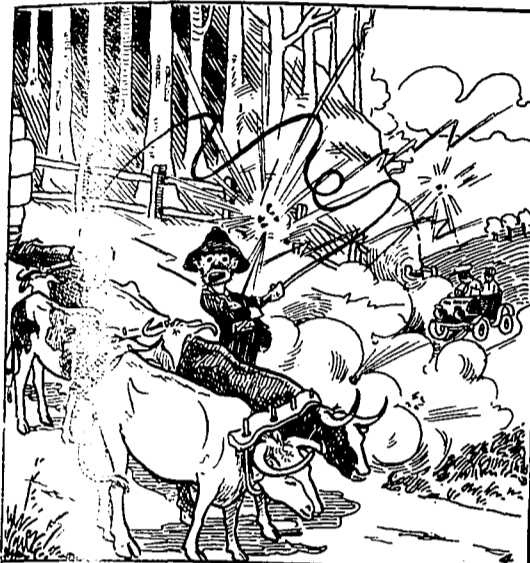
1. "I've got a great scheme for our holidays, old chap," exclaimed my friend Bobbie Hunter, enthusiastically. "We'll get the motor overhauled, and make names for ourselves by crossing the continent and had record time. Got it, all planned out here. Can do it in six weeks."



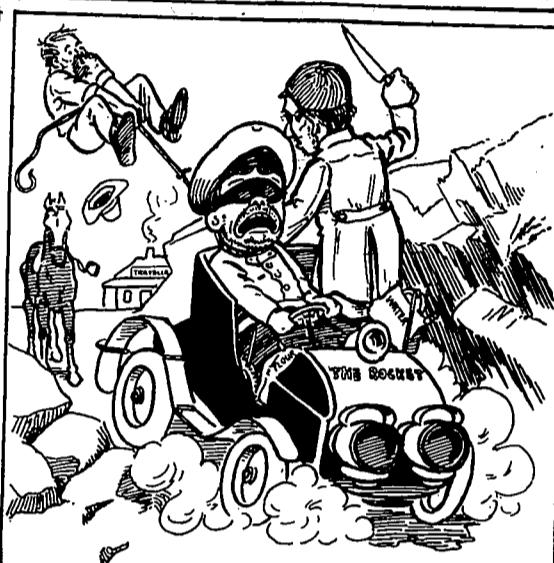
2. As we left "Punch" office, Bobbie proudly remarked that he reckoned she'd run over thirty an hour on an average. "Probably," chuckled Mr. Punch, as he checked the time of starting; "if you can find the population."



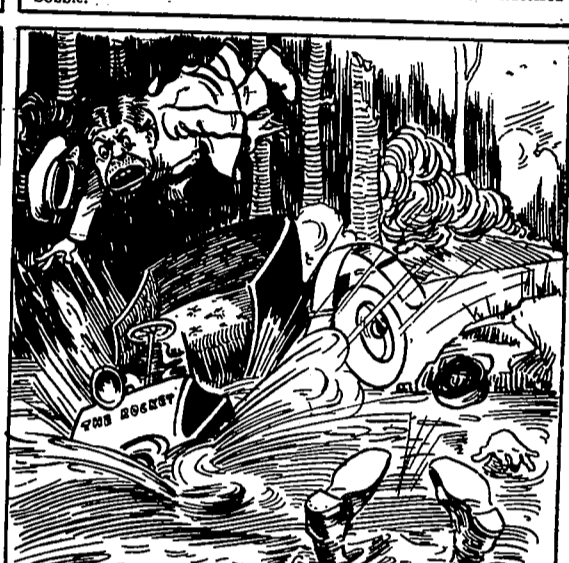
3. And, meeting a procession of tired suburban swagmen, bound for the city for the Christmas season, the insinuation was not far out. "These swaggies seem to think they own the track," muttered Bobbie.



4. A sudden... on the road near Bullgoalong we were brought to a sudden... by the thickness of the atmosphere, which we found was caused by Bullgo along Bill addressing a few purple-tinted remarks to his...



5. A week previous to our visit, the Travellers' R.I.P. Hotel, at Gibitchillin had been visited by burglars, and the licensee had kept a sharp look-out ever since for bad characters. Bobbie's get-up brought suspicion on us, but we managed to escape.



6. But in spite of these little hindrances we kept up a good average pace, and reached the Murray two minutes before we expected it. There was quite a lot of water in the Murray.



7. The... of the Murray tribe we found a most hospitable old chap, who... Australian presented us to "stay a couple of days, but... about my place." Bobbie thanked him, but said he preferred to... country to being shut up indoors.



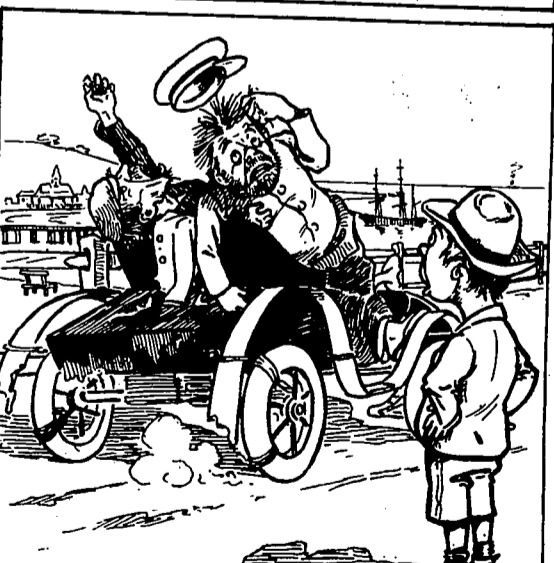
8. Away in the heart of Australia we came across a tribe of highly-civilised blacks, who were engaged in the great Australian National game of "two-up."



9. At the end of a week Bobbie confessed that he was not quite certain whether we had been travelling due north or direct south for the past two days. This was serious, but we decided to make observations from a distant hill. (N.B.—There seemed to have been a Parliamentary picnic in the vicinity recently.)



10. ... a great on reaching the summit, for there lay Port Darwin. In... instance, we had crossed the continent in SEVEN DAYS and TWENTY MINUTES! (It didn't strike us at the time that we were not in the habit of rising in the north-west.)



11. "Will this track take us to the Port Darwin Telegraph Office, my boy?" enquired Bobbie, anxious to wire the news to Melbourne. "Garn! Git yer 'ed read," was the reply. "There ain't no Port Darwin Telegraph Offices 'ere in TWOFOLD BAY!"



12. Throughout the trip we had been excellent friends, but on our return to Melbourne we had a heated argument as to who should inform Mr. Punch of our arrival. However, we decided to postpone the visit, and are now collaborating on a brilliant and scathing article denouncing the proposed Federal Capital site.



THE ODD WOMAN IN.

MARY.—"Well, I'm mistress of this situation, anyhow."

GEORGE.—"How is that?"

MARY.—"Well, I'm one too many for you."

Esther.—"Isn't it an Eden?"
Adam (In the distance). "Cooce!"

THE GIRLS' PICNIC

Alice.—"But I always thought Creation's plan was incomplete without a man."
[And Eden was complete.]

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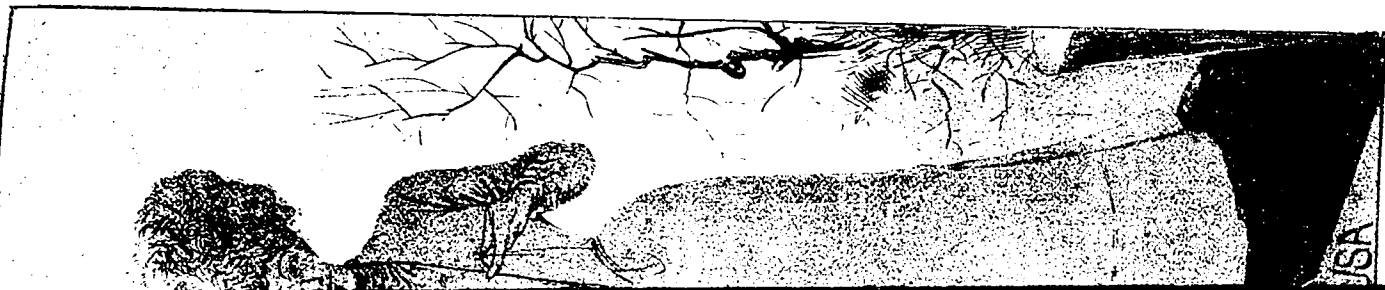
THE GIRLS' PICNIC

Esther. — "Isn't it an Eden?"

Alice. — "But I always thought Creation's plan was incomplete without a man."

Adam (in the distance). "Cooee!"

[And Eden was complete.]



PIONEERS.

It was a rough little hut that first sheltered the pioneers of Bora Downs. There were only three rooms, built of slabs and roofed with bark, and a lean-to at the back for cooking in. Mrs. Drayden had often voiced her objections to the latter, for it necessitated her going out at all times when the men were away, and the thought of blacks was ever uppermost in her mind. She could not forget how they had come to Bora, she and her sister, Nellie Harrod, perched under the awning on top of the bullock waggon, and menaced day and night by wandering aborigines, and how the site had been marked by a battle on the first morning.

There was a grave at the edge of the scrub half-a-mile from the sapling yard, whence the broad grey plains spread away to the western horizon. She had objected to this scrub, too, as it afforded cover to the enemy; but Phil Drayden had pointed out that the homestead must be built there for the sake of the water.

The greatest trouble was experienced when the sheep were brought on to the run. The blacks looked on the jumbucks as legitimate game, and many skirmishes took place between them and the whites. The sheep were kept on the open country, where they could be seen at a great distance from the hut. When any blacks were seen approaching Nellie would gallop out, taking care not to get too close, and crack her stockwhip. For a while this ruse answered the purpose, but the blacks at length discovered that there was no harm in it, except when it fell on their shoulders, and they came to greet her efforts in the end with derisive yells.

Then one day she took the gun, and, approaching nearer than usual, fired a charge of coarse salt at their legs. That changed their opinions of the white lubra, and they ran for their lives, the wounded ones with howls of agony, and now that they were turned in flight Nellie galloped close at their heels and gave them the contents of half-a-dozen salt-loaded cartridges. For months after that they kept away from Bora Downs. Then one afternoon they appeared suddenly at the hut.

The men were fencing at the back of the run, and the women were seated quietly at a table sewing. The doors were closed, which was always the case when the women were alone. The rattle of a chain at the lean-to attracted Mrs. Drayden, and stealing to a crack in the back wall she peeped out, and was horrified to see a score of naked savages around the fire. She had a pudding cooking in a round pot for the men when they came home in the evening, and two of the unwelcome visitors were in the act of lifting it out with their spears. She tiptoed quickly back to her sister.

"Nellie, Nellie," she whispered, hurriedly, "the blacks are here! They're at the pudding. Oh, what are we to do?" The colour left Nellie's face at the shock, and she took a hasty survey of the scene. The blacks were in their war panoply, and the absence of women was an ominous sign. The men had taken the firearms with them, for men in those days fenced with a loaded gun ready at hand, or a pouched revolver slung at the belt. Nellie, without a word, stole back to the front and looked out. The bay pony was stand-



BRER RABBIT ON THE OUTLOOK.

"I wouldn't go away back if I were you. I see by the paper that we have got a Labour Government, and that they intend to tax the people off the land. That'll be grand for us, won't it?"

ing behind some bushes a few yards away, and in a moment she had made up her mind. "Phyllis," she whispered, "you peg the doors and windows, and keep quiet." She took the bridle down from a peg behind the door. "But what are you going to do?" asked Phyllis, anxiously. "Gallop out for Phil and Bob," Nellie replied. "I can get Nutley without being seen, as the blacks are all interested in sampling the duff." "Oh, let me go, too," cried Phyllis. "I daren't stop here." "We can't both go," said Nellie. "One would only hinder the other. Keep very quiet, and you'll be safe." "I suppose I must," said Phyllis, resignedly. "But be quick back, won't you? And for goodness' sake be careful!"

She watched through the chinks in the wall while Nellie crept to the bushes and slipped the bridle on Nutley. Springing on to his back she galloped away along the edge of the scrub. The first clatter of hoofs aroused the preoccupied blacks, and after a hurried consultation they fled precipitately into the thicket. Phyllis breathed freely again, and now watched minute after minute for Nellie to appear on the plain. Below the rise on which the hut stood was a long waterhole, and to round this Nellie had to pass through a projecting point of the scrub. She was half through, riding hurriedly, when a broken limb caught her hard against the shoulder, and knocked her out of the saddle. She was not hurt, and was soon running after the pony, which had turned and crossed the main creek. For half-an-hour she chased it about, but, though Nutley was easily caught at any

time in the little house paddock, his behaviour was quite different in the open country. Fearing to lose any more time, she gave it up and continued her way on foot. In her hurry, and the confusion consequent upon running about after Nutley, she had lost her bearings, and without taking much notice, she now crossed a branch creek in mistake for the main channel, and struck across the wide plain that spread before her. The line of timber on her right, which really marked the main creek, she mistook for that which fringed the waterhole and the dry course that led into it. Thus, by a slight error, her footsteps were directed at right angles to the course she should have taken. It was five miles across that plain, and when she had reached the far side she knew she was



OCULAR DEVOTION.

"Him they go—three... means on 'em. Who shay snail... smaller 'eir young arter that? M... papers 'bout this."



SMITH'S WAY.

He. "Wonder what mercenary as a minister? SHE (shyly).— "I th: 'o' money."

bushed. This was not B... chain of waterholes ran... gazed around her in des... waiting alone in the hut... thirst on her hands and... along the watercourse, s... wards the other line of tim... in the distance. Her eyes... the sun went down, and... came faintly through the t... to do? She could not find... dark, and she dared no... Neither could she light a... who would come in search... thing to light it with.

As she stumbled on, tired... night shut down on the sile... horror come with it. She... by dimness, and the frequ... that they were gathering... picked up a stick to defe... searching for a tree she... other means of escape, she... on through the night.

That afternoon had been... Drayden. The disappearance... scrub, and her non-return... something serious had happ... the men returning at sunset... meet them. "Nellie... faintly. "Oh, Phil, where's... "How do I know?" ask... Nevertheless he stopped sho... er. "What's happened?" "The blacks were here," s... she galloped away on Nut... home."

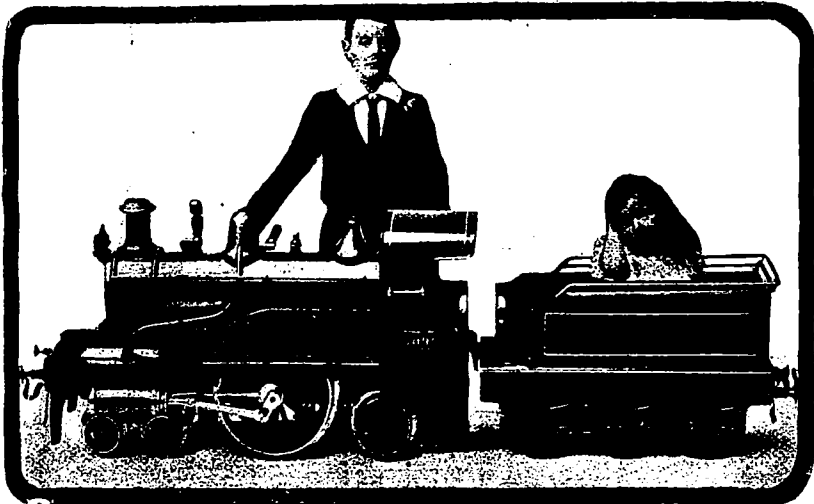
"We haven't seen her," Phil... blankly at his mate, Bob Wyl... "I didn't see her leave t... continued, tremulously. "Oh, God, Phil, she's dead... broke into sobs and wrung h... "She can't be far," he tol... own heart felt as though it... into an ice-chest. "Go ha... Phyllis."

He handed her the billvcan... on his shoulder, hurried dov... Here, standing against the fen... ley. Springing upon his back... horse's tracks till dark, then... the eastern sandhills in sear... camp.

Meanwhile Bob had cut off... heel, and with this in a saddle... his shoulder, started on the e... a good dog scenting before him... Bob had not been very long... but quite long enough to dis... Harrod was the dearest little... His had been a rough and adv... ploring for land-seeking squ... landing, and a night out on th... thing to him. He would do... more than that for Nellie... had been firm friends from the... Bob had not ventured, but th... him how very much he was in l...

For a while the dog led him... after crossing the creek his co... erratic that Bob had to search... tracks with lighted matches to... animal were not leading him f... saw the girl's and the horse's... stood; but still he was filled... She would not be all this tin... horse. Then what had become... blacks come upon her and sprea... Only when the dog crossed th... and made a bee-line across the... expectancy of coming upon her

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ITA RASAWAT.

Rasawatte 3 GRADES. TEA.



house paddock, his behaviour in the open country. Fear- more time, she gave it up and on foot. In her hurry, and consequent upon running, and he had lost her bearings, and much notice, she now crossed a mistake for the main channel, as the wide plain that spread a line of timber on her right, marked the main creek, she mis- which fringed the waterhole and that led into it. Thus, by a foot-steps were directed at the course she should have

across that plain, and when the far side she knew she was



DEMONSTRATION.

five, seven heaps of mud don't swaller Must write to the



SMITH'S WAY OF PUTTING IT.

He. "Well, what Smith meant by saying I was a mercenary as a matter?" SHE. "I think he meant you were carrying for money."

lashed. This was not Bora boundary, for a chain of waterholes ran east and west. She gazed around her in despair, with a growing fear in her heart. The thought of her sister waiting alone in the hut. She quenched her thirst on her hands and knees, and hurried along the waterhole, seeing that it led towards the other side of timber, now a low bank in the distance. Her eyes filled with tears as the sun went down, and the howl of a dingo came faintly through the trees. What was she to do? She could not find her way back in the dark, and she could not leave the water. Neither could she light a fire to guide those who would come in search of her; she had nothing to light it with.

As she stumbled on, tired and breathless, the night came down on the silent plains, and a new horror came with it. She was being followed by dingoes, and the frequent howls of others in the distance indicated to the frightened girl that they were gathering around her. She picked up a stick to defend herself, and ever searching for a tree she could climb, or for other means of escape, she hurried desperately through the night.

That afternoon had been a torture to Mrs. Drayden. The disappearance of Nellie in the scrub, and her non-return, told plainly that something serious had happened. When she saw the men returning at sunset she ran down to meet them. "Nellie? Nellie!" she cried faintly. "Oh, Phil, where's Nellie?" "How do I know?" asked Phil roughly. Nevertheless he stopped short, and stared at her. "What's happened?"

"The blacks were here," said Phyllis, "and she calloped away on Nutley to bring you home."

"We haven't seen her," Phil returned, looking blankly at his mate, Bob Wylie.

"I didn't see her leave the scrub," Phyllis continued, tremulously.

"Oh, God, Phil! she's dead—she's killed!" She broke into sobs and wrung her hands.

"She can't be far," he told her, though his own heart felt as though it had been plunged into an ice-chest. "Go back to the house, Phyllis."

He handed her the billiecan, and, with the gun on his shoulder, hurried down to the scrub. Here standing against the fence, he found Nutley. Springing upon his back, he followed the horse's tracks till dark, then cantered across the eastern sandhills in search of the blacks' camp.

Meanwhile Bob had cut off some bread and fat, and with this in a saddle-bouch slung over his shoulder, started on the girl's tracks, with a good dog scenting before him.

Bob had not been very long on Bora Downs, but quite long enough to discover that Nellie Harrod was the dearest little woman on earth. He had been a rough and adventurous life, exploring for hard-earning squatters, and over-land, and a night out on the downs was nothing to him. He would do a hundred times more than that for Nellie's sake. They had been firm friends from the first; beyond that Bob had not ventured, but this incident told him how very much he was in love with her.

For a while the dog led him straight on, but after crossing the creek his course became so erratic that Bob had to search himself for the tracks with lighted matches to ascertain if the animal were not leading him false. When he saw the girl's and the horse's tracks he understood; but still he was filled with misgivings. She would not be all this time following the horse. Then what had become of her? Had the blacks come upon her and speared her?

Only when he crossed the branch creek and made a bee-line across the plain did the expectancy of coming upon her dead body leave

him. He knew then that she was bushed; but how would she come out of it? He thought of the many thirst-perished travellers he had heard of and found, of bushed women who had wandered in circles and died. And ever as he followed in the wake of the faithful animal four lines kept running through his mind:—

Dead on the sandhill
The sundowner lies,
The crow on the quondong
Has pecked out his eyes.

Would he find his Nellie so? A hundred ways he anticipated the finding of her as he hurried along in the dark, but all his dreamings never pictured what really happened.

He was glad when the dog led him to the water, and he could have shouted with joy when, striking matches along the edge, he saw the impression of her hand still fresh in the mud. Now satisfied that she was safe, he sat down and ate some of the bread and beef he had brought, keeping the bigger share for Nellie. He bathed his feet in the water to ease them, for Bob had done a hard day's work before starting on this long night tramp. Then he pushed on again, the dog following the chain of ponds. In an hour they came to a standstill between two trees. The dog sniffed around them, then stood still, looking up.

High up across the branches of these trees was a bulky stage, built of logs and sticks. Bob recognised it at once as the repository for the bodies of dead aborigines, a custom peculiar to that part of the country. A faint stench reached him, and it was probably this that attracted the dog. He struck his last match—and it went out. The last match nearly always does go out, somehow. Then he tried to induce the animal to go on; but it would only dodge aside and look up. When he led the way it followed him slowly and dejectedly. He was puzzled; the dog had never betrayed his confidence, and it was not the first aboriginal burial ground the twain had investigated. He persisted for half-an-hour, but the dog would not go on.

"There's no help for it but to camp till mornin'," muttered Bob, impatiently, and with much disappointment. He went to a bushy tree some fifty yards distant and lay down on the grass. A smoke would have done him good just then; but he had no matches. So he lay with his boots and hat for a pillow, gazing at the stars, and thinking of Nellie Harrod.

Phil Drayden had returned to the hut long before this time, having found no trace of the blacks. "We can do nothing more till morning, Phyllis—or till Bob comes back," he said, as he sat wearily down to supper. Poor Phyllis was heartbroken. "You shouldn't have taken the



ON AND OFF.

THE ACTOR-MAN. "You remember me in that splendid scene where I am egged on by the conspirators to slay the king?" THE SOUBRETTE. "Yes—you were egged off!"

as it struck him that here was the solution of the dog's strange behaviour last night, and of Nellie's disappearance.

"You black fiends," he hissed, as he leaped to his feet, with his hand gripping his revolver. Then he chanced to look towards the stage, and there, sitting a few feet from the withered remains of a native monarch, sat Nellie Harrod, her hair dropping about her shoulders, staring with terrified eyes at the equally terrified blacks. They swayed a moment, and then turning as one, fled precipitately into the bush, apparently convinced that their dead compatriot had "jumped up white fellow."

Bob was so pleased that he shouted lustily. "Hulloa, there!"

Nellie turned quickly. "Oh, Bob, is it you?" she cried, joyfully. She slipped down, and limping towards him threw herself into his arms. The relief from her pent-up feelings was so great that she let him cover her face with passionate kisses. She presently drew back with bowed head, and little crimson splashes dyed her cheeks. Bob held her hands.

"You needn't be ashamed, Nellie," he said. "I've wanted to kiss you ever so long, an' I'm goin' to kiss you always—because I love you. Last night put the finisher on me. I couldn't go on lookin' at you any longer; I had to kiss you or bust. An' you'll be my very own now, won't you, dearie?"

"Let me tell you when I get home, Bob," she answered faintly.

"All right, pet. I'm a brute to've forgotten. You must be famished. An' what's the matter with your foot?"

"I hurt it climbing on to that horrid place there. I was so frightened of the dingoes that, in my hurry, I slipped and hurt my ankle. However am I to get home?"

"I'll carry you, my girl, you mustn't walk one blessed inch. Let me lift you along to the water first of all—just to get into the way of it. I've got some tucker in the pouch for you, and with that an' a drink of water, you'll be as fit as a fiddler to ride home."

He carried her tenderly in his arms to the water's edge, and there she eagerly ate what rough provisions he had brought. His own breakfast was only a drink of water and a chew of tobacco; but he led her to believe he had already eaten.

"Wonder you didn't hear me moochin' around under your roost last night?" he remarked.

"I suppose I was dead asleep," she answered. "I was so awfully tired when I got up there."

"Good thing you struck that fakus, anyhow," said Bob. "By oath, you gave those niggers a Yankee start this mornin'!"

"I was really thinking of my prayers when they turned," Nellie confessed, with a coy little smile.

"They won't come any more," Bob asserted. "An' now we'll get you home, dearie, or Phil an' the missus will be goin' dotty."

He helped her up, and stooped for her to get on his back. "Don't be the least afraid," he assured her. "You'll find me a thoroughly reliable mount—never bucked in me life."

That was a terrible journey for poor Bob, seven miles of gritty plain under a blazing sun, that drenched him with perspiration, but he never murmured. At the bottom of the house paddock Phyllis and Drayden met them, frantic with delight, and Bob was relieved of his burden. But when Drayden put her down in the hut she turned to him again.

"Bob," she said, with a little quiver in her voice, "I'll give you your answer now." Then she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

They were never afterwards molested by the blacks, and no matter how far the sheep wandered, they were never interfered with. So they came to look upon Nellie's adventure as the best thing that could have happened for Bora Downs.

EDWARD S. SORENSON.



WHY HE LEFT.

RAGGED ROBINSON (who crew so).—"Good heavens! Discovered at last! My wife's footprint!"

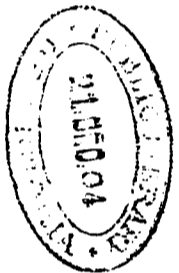
gun away from the hut to-day," she reproached. "I'll never do so again," he promised her. Bob was wakened at sunrise by the persistent growling of his brute companion. He sat up,

and almost immediately his eyes fell on a number of wild blacks standing a hundred yards off, yabbering and pointing excitedly in his direction. He thought that he was the object of interest, and a cold chill went through him



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THE JUDGE.—"THE LAW ALLOWS... THE COURT AWARDS"



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THE LAW ALLOWS IT. THE COURT AWARDS IT.

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There is a quaint character knocking about the city just now, a little, clean-shaven, old man, with a spiral curl coming from under his time-worn belltopper, and hanging down in front of each ear, and with a strangely wizened face and a thin, bent figure. He carries a bag made of a piece of black alpaca, and looks exactly as if he had stepped from the covers of a novel by Charles Dickens. He walks about, apparently aimlessly, generally in the vicinity of the Law Courts, and is very clean and well cared for. If he sees anybody standing about he approaches them, and says: "Smith versus Willey! You see, I've got the documents." And he opens his bag, and takes out a number of old papers tied up with pink tape. "I've got the documents," he repeats. "It will be all right this time. They thought they had hidden them away from me, but I was too clever for them—too clever by half." And he chuckles in a mirthless way for about a minute. Youths approach the old man with bits of newspaper, or sugar bag, or any kind of folded scraps, and present them to him as "more documents," and he takes them with every expression of gratitude, and hastily stuffs them into a bag. One day he was found standing over the rubbish-tin in front of a city warehouse; the tin was crammed with waste paper, and the old man's bag was full. He wanted the policeman to call a cab to enable him to remove the documents, which he insisted were of inestimable value to him.

The hard, old squatter of the Darling married a soft, young thing in the course of a tour in England, and, landing with her, got ready for his inland home. She heard him bargaining about men and stores, and when he told her to



SAME OLD CONFIDENCE TRICK.

LITTLE JIM (himself on the look-out for spoil).—"Ow y' off fer cig'rette cards, Cully?"
New Boy.—"Just lent all I had to them fellers. They promised to make a pile fer me with them."
LITTLE JIM.—"Sorry fer yer. You been rooked by two of the clev'rest spiellers in the city. If I wuz you I'd come to me when you've got any more to play up."

call in at one of the registry offices and pick an active girl for general service she resolved to prove her cleverness. Her account of the business ran thus: "You see, dear, I went to that place you named—the place just round the corner—and was taken into a cosy little parlour, where the girls were brought to me one by one. Well, the first and the second and the third were terrible girls; one would think I needed a situation instead of them. I just told them to leave me. You see, dear, it would never do to take out to the Darling a girl who'd have to turn out of doors next day. After a hearing her work, asked what wages. I said ten shillings, as a start, intending to come up to 12s. 6d. if she pressed. But she just swung her dress round, and strode out of the door. Two or three others were like her, and I began to feel really tired.

"But, thank goodness, the right girl at last came. I am so glad, for I was just despairing, and I knew you have so many things to do you couldn't help me. She is a fine young girl indeed; twenty-five years of age, and with splendid references. I am sure she is truthful and respectful and a good worker. When she asked about the wages I said 8s. I took to her at once, and asked her what she would like, and the honest, straightforward girl said she couldn't well tell just then whether 2s. or 2s. 6d. would do, but she would go home and think of it, and come back to-morrow." When hubby heard her out his cough troubled him, and he went down in the lift to see a friend.

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ness, the right girl at last for I was just despairing, ve so many things to do She is a fine young girl years of age, and with I am sure she is truthful food worker. When she I said ss, meaning to out the girl was that good Oh, no, ma'am, don't much as ss.' I took to d her what she would like, ightforward girl said she then whether 2s. or 2s. would go home and think to-morrow." When hubby h troubled him, and he to see a friend.

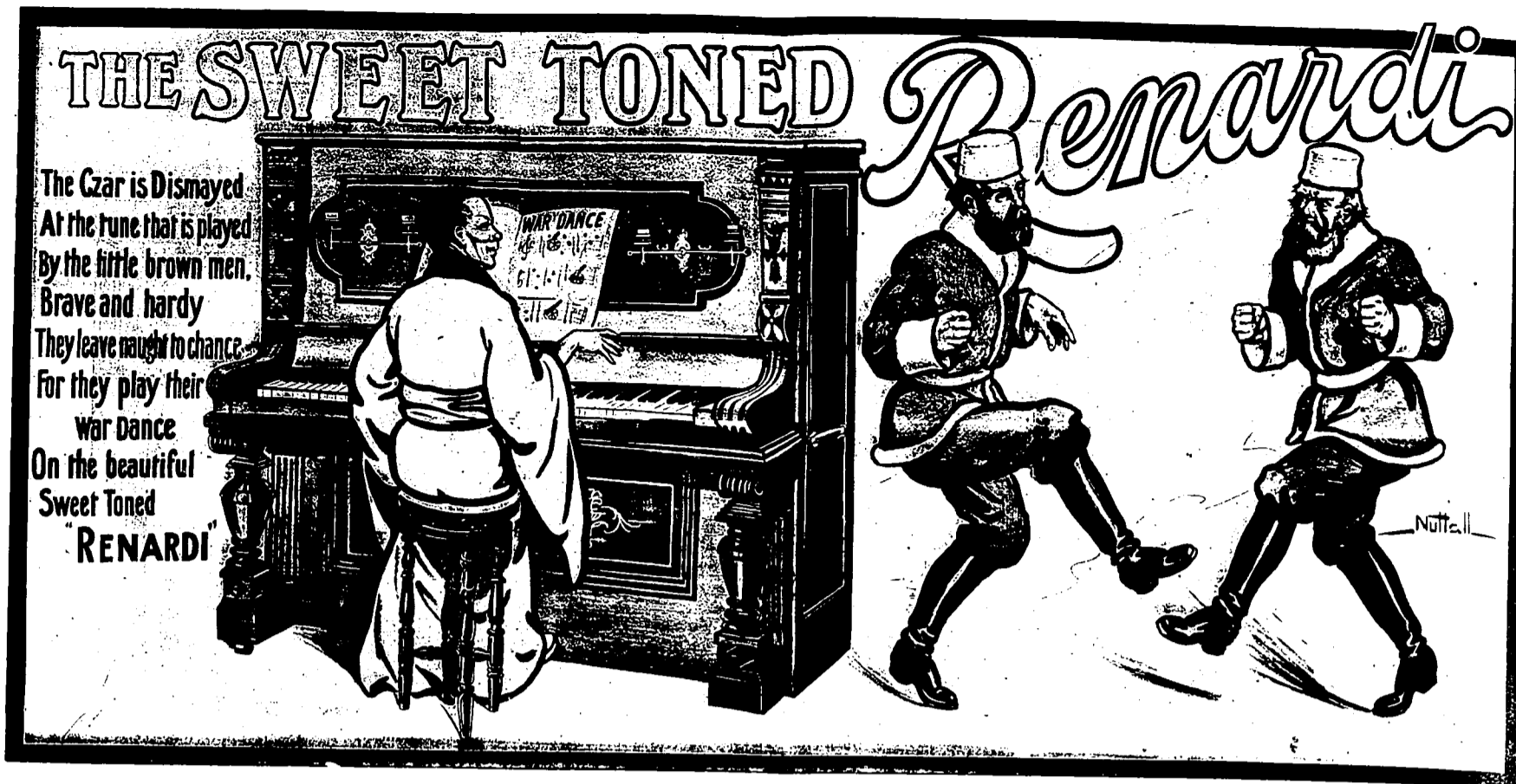


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THE SUNDOWN
A FORGOTTEN INCIDENT

By EDMUND

The nineteenth century half-way run its course when Rock was reported as up in the distant South. I knew little and cared little for Terra Australis, or Australia. The discovery of gold was reported to the distant South. Leadstone rock was losing power, the Australian was being newly electrified.

From every quarter of the globe men drew the sun. Speaking all the tongues, the halt and the hale, they were of all colours, however diverse in colour, in one supreme, o'ermastered ship of Mammon. Men came here lads, who had schools or their trades, jobbers, free men, and some broke their shackles, might take their places in the colony of the fifties.

Nor was it altogether so were fortunes to be made honest ways, if the winners' winnings instead of upon the uncertain table of squandering them in dissipation. Yet there were fortune some natures there is a honesty that is irritating had the man who was who became the leader of the desperadoes who for a time of the police and the public Alexander diggings. No cared whence he came. Per for references or testimon gold. Indeed, it would have for half the population if it to reveal the pages of its matter of fact, although trouble to suspect it, Sund Vandemonian convict, who ceeded in eluding the lax of land, and escaping across the Victoria there was little of and recapture. The criminal adventurer, was seized in the of humanity pouring in from world, and was speedily whistrom.

At Mount Alexander, as of those times, the representatives were few and far between of life and property was scarcely concern of the state, and the mounted police was fully occupied.

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"OUT OF HELL THERE'S NO REDEMPTION!"

[See "The Sundown Gang."]

THE SUNDOWN GANG.
A FORGOTTEN INCIDENT OF THE FIFTIES

By EDMUND FINN.

The nineteenth century, the age of gold, had long-way run its course when the new Loadstone was reported as having suddenly sprung in the distant Southern Ocean. The world was little and cared less of the place called Australia, or Australia Felix, until the discovery of gold was reported, and then all eyes had been directed to California turning to the distant Southern land. The American gold-seeker was losing some of its magnetic power, the Australian was strong as if it had been newly electrified.

From every quarter of the compass the new gold-seekers drew the sympathetic gold seekers. Spelling all the tongues of Babel, they came, and had and the hate, the loud and the free. They were of all colours and of all creeds, but diverse in colour and creed, they united in one supreme, or mastering religion, the word of Mammon. Men came with their families; the boys, who had run away from their school or their trades, joined in the mad rush. The men dug away a competency and prize, and wore their shackles in order that they might take their places in the wild race which began the colony of Victoria in the early fifties.

It was it altogether such a mad race. There were fortunes to be made in various ways, and the winners could only keep their winnings instead of tossing them back into the uncertain table of chance or recklessly spending them in dissipation and licentiousness. As there were fortunes for all. But to the majority there is an irksomeness about the life that is irritating; and such a nature as Sundown's, who was known as "Sundown," the leader of a small gang of desperadoes who for a time defied all the efforts of the police and the public to capture them.

Sundown came with the rush to the Mount Alexander diggings. No one asked, no one knew who he came. Persons were not asked for testimonials in those days of the gold-rush, and it would have been inconvenient to the population if it had been compelled to recall the names of its past history. As a matter of fact, although no one took the trouble to suspect it, Sundown was a hardened convict, who, with others, succeeded in escaping across the straits. Once in the gold-fields there was little chance of recognition or capture. The criminal, like the honest digger, was seized in the confluent streams of humanity pouring in from all parts of the world, and was speedily whirled into the maelstrom.

Mount Alexander, as at all the "rushes" of the time, the representatives of law and order were few and far between. The protection of life and property was scarcely regarded as a duty of the State, and the time of the available mounted police was fully occupied in collecting

the Government license fees from the diggers and acting as escort to the gold conveyed to Melbourne. So far as individual rights or wrongs were concerned, these had to be adjusted or redressed by the diggers themselves. Thus it came about in all these rude mining communities that a few of the picturesque but clayey, top-booted, red-shirted and cabbage-tree-hatted diggers would constitute themselves a "committee." They were honest, well-meaning men, necessities of the times, and their actual motto was: "Not Law, but Justice!"

Robberies were of frequent occurrence on the Mount Alexander Diggings, and as the diggers almost invariably slept upon their hoard or with their treasure upon their persons, it was often the case that the robbery had to be preceded by brutal violence, and sometimes murder.

It was not long before suspicion settled upon Sundown, the escaped convict. There was much that was suspicious in one particular case, but no direct proof. The "committee" felt justified, however, in "warning" the suspect. They called upon him, and told him bluntly that he was "warned."

"You know what that means?" added the committee significantly.

"Not guilty, but don't do it again, I suppose," he laughed, with cool bravado.

"Yes," said the leader of the committee, "especially the don't-do-it-again. A warning means that you are strongly suspected, and that unless you can prove a certain alibi the next crime will be set down to you as a suspect. Two suspicions are equal to one conviction, and the punishment for a conviction is death! You understand?"

Sundown looked at his accusers for an instant; then he spat the chew of "pigtail" from his mouth, and said:

"You and your suspicions can blooming well go to blazes!"

Next morning a digger was found robbed and murdered in his tent. The community as soon as the news spread stopped work for the purpose of dealing with Sundown, but that worthy, for all his bravado, had fully appreciated the value of his "warning," and had disappeared. It was discovered later in the day that two others had also disappeared, and opinions were divided as to whether their absence was due to their being victims or confederates of the desperado. It was soon afterwards known that they had joined the convict, and the three formed the then infamous, but now forgotten, Sundown Gang.

Their depredations began at once, but in an over-lengthening chain, for the diggers organised surprise parties, and spent occasional holidays in endeavouring to obtain interviews. No one knew better than the Vandemonian what the result of an interview would be. The mounted troopers would not be called into the matter, and justice, without law, would be dealt out. So Sundown and his gang went further and further afield, sticking up now one of the scattered station homesteads, now any traveller foolhardy enough to travel alone.

Then all news of Sundown and his gang ceased, not because he had come to the end of his career and his depredations, but because the three scoundrels were travelling in a circuitous route and through a sparsely-populated country, where the robbed persons accepted their fate, and were too wise to add to the loss of their goods the further loss of time travelling to Melbourne to report the crimes—for the benefit, solely, of the newspapers. None knew better than the squatters that the rush for gold had left the police force, like every other normal occupation, alarmingly undermanned.

Where Sundown learnt his bushcraft was never known, but he was a born bushman. Although it was almost impossible that he could have had much actual experience of the Upper Yarra and Dandenong Ranges, he led his companions around in that circle in a wonderfully direct fashion. His objective was Meeson's large station in Gippsland.

His fellow-criminals were the merest puppets in his hands. They were weak, foolish fellows, whose names I have forgotten, if I ever heard them. One day as the trio journeyed on their stolen horses along the ridge of the range, pushing their way amongst the tall timber and thick undergrowth, a storm, brief but unparalleled in its ferocity, broke over them. The place grew dark as night; thunder, lightning and hail lent to the solemnity of the scene. But Sundown, who feared neither God nor man, pushed his way on.

Suddenly the whole scene was illuminated by one bright flash of lightning, and to the dismay and horror of Sundown's mates they saw their leader disappearing over the crest of the ridge. A moment horse and rider stood black against the lightning-lit sky, and then they went down as it were into the darkness and to hell.

The two survivors were paralysed. With the loss of their leader they lost all heart, and determined to make the best of their way back to civilisation, and take their chance of being recognised and identified in connection with any of their crimes.

The storm was as brief as fierce. When it abated the pair struck a practicable gully that would bring them down on the level country, and as they emerged from the gully and were starting in the direction they gasped to hear a voice calling out:

"Coo-ee! You're heading the wrong way. That's not the road to Meeson's."

It was Sundown, who had escaped death as if by a miracle. He had scarcely a scratch on him, but the haunches of his horse were badly scraped by the undergrowth upon which he had slid down the abyss in safety.

"Just over that ridge," said Sundown, "is a beautiful clearing, with Meeson's homestead in the middle of it. He has the best horses ever brought to Australia, the finest cattle, and the nuggets of gold that have been picked up on the run are all stacked away in one room."

No story in those days was too wild to be believed. It was supposed that in order to prevent "rushes" on their stations the squatters

went out and cleared off all the surface nuggets as they would clear the ground of stones.

"What is that smoke?" asked one of the gang.

"Life is too short to stop to enquire," replied Sundown. "Get down to work, follow me, and we'll have Meeson tied up this afternoon."

The three bent to their ride, and they rode like Centaurs, but unknown to them, facing them from the south, closing round them from east and west, rode fiery steeds faster than Arab-sired.

The bush was on fire!

It had started somewhere on the high ground north of Meeson's clearing, and a south breeze fanned it into fury, carrying it north and away from the homestead, but carrying devastation and death to every living thing that came within its reach. Only Meeson's homestead, the doomed by the bushrangers, stood smiling and calm, saved by a fortunate wind from fire and bushranger.

Too late Sundown recognised what that disregarded smoke meant. He and his companions had been unwittingly riding into hell.

"Back," shouted Sundown, as soon as he perceived his blunder. "It's a ride for life and death!"

But ride as they would the flames came faster. They followed them behind, they raced on either side, and as they raced they grew and crowded in till the bushrangers could feel the smoke in their nostrils and the singeing of their hair.

They had been riding into hell, and they tried to ride back again. But out of hell there's no redemption.

It was the second great bush fire known in Melbourne. It was not so disastrous as the previous Black Thursday, for amid its many disasters it had to be credited with two benefits to the community, the saving of Meeson's Station and the annihilation of the Sundown gang.

There was a big party going on in a large boarding-house in one of the suburbs, but the new boarder was not participating in the festivities. He had only arrived the night before, and the house was new and strange, beside which he was very shy, and the evening was particularly hot and trying to a new chum. He had drifted from one set of clothes to another, and was vainly seeking comfort in his pyjamas, when the happy idea of wallowing in the bath occurred to him. He went and wallowed for about half-an-hour, and then stole out and returned towards his room, but he turned down a wrong passage, and got mixed in his bearings, and was trying to think his way out, when the voices of girls coming down the passage filled him with consternation. He plunged at the nearest door, opened it, and, darting into the room, closed the door after him. There was a mad roar, and turning, the wretched youth found himself in the big dining-room, where about fifty guests in evening dress were assembled, all on their feet, all staring at him, and all laughing. The young man in the pyjamas fainted.

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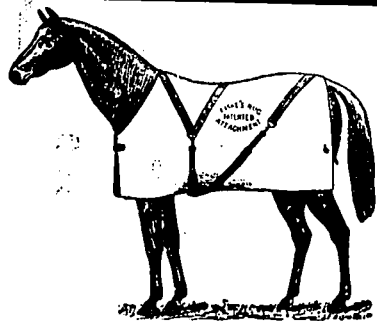
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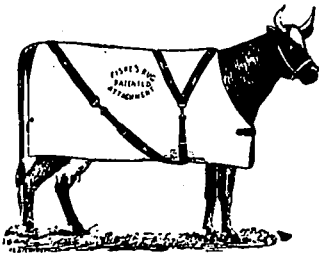
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Dear Sir,—I have pleasure in reporting that
the Horse Rugs with your Patent Attachment, which
I bought from you, have been in constant use, and
have given me every satisfaction. Your invention
exceeds in utility anything I have seen or tried,
and is all you claim for it, being easy of adjust-
ment, comfortably fitting the animal, and not liable
to cause chafing on the shoulders or wither, or to
slip round the animal. I hope shortly to send you
a further order.—(Signed) JOHN ROBERTSON.

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is easily adjusted, fits the contour of the body per-
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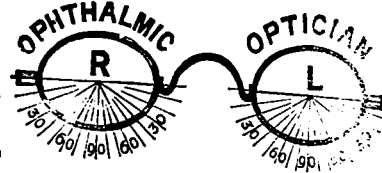
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VELVET
SOAP

WASHES LINEN
SNOW WHITE

THE 'ERAC

By
travelling through
his place as day wa
night.
After the evening
lighted, he regaled
social experiences. C
occurred at the prese
be better able to ap
article.
In a contemplative
Ah! yes, I've ha
here. For instance, n
was sending up a yo
of learning 'colonial
see if I could make u
like these English spr
they know a deuce
haven't time to break
to write to the ol
when, hang me, it he
trap from the town
turnout coming up to
must be somebody
going through my run-
manteaux, bags, ever
there but the mangle
horses were certain
the weight, but you
sengers or driver for
stopped at the doc
crawling over, under
packages, and event
the wheel to the groun
me I had time to 's
little chap, clean-shav
had just stepped out
His thin legs were en
riding breeches and g
at the breeches I al
were wide enough fo
bloomers, and looked
up with a bicycle pump
'sink' in his body as
more affected 'kink'
drawled—
"Ah! are you, ah!
know?"
"That's my name,
yours?"
"Ah! Fitzalbot Chapp
"Well, I didn't kno
don't cherthink?" I answe
Anyway, t'bx was the
to such colonial experie
Well, I quickly decid
him, and that use woul
railway revenue. He sa
ing whether or not I
now, he calmly said—
"Very tired, old Flor
show me to my room?"
I don't enjoy the
there was a dirty, old
the garden, so I call
to show this gentleman
I'm surprised, but, ev
situation, and with that
aetastic of rouseabout
close one eye, and laid
nose.
"This way, sir," he sa
I appeared round the sid
tell you I did feel "ropat
for sending this tailor's
was devising ways and m
away next day, when
rouseabout, hurriedly retu
verantah.
"I showed 'im to 'is roo
seem ter like it."
"Where did you take him
"Men's 'ut, sir, and 'e se
sleep on 'em bunks, don't
Remembering the 'old n
hot for me if I carried t
tax, I had him put into a
When the bell rang for
called it) he turned up i
dinner jacket and much sh
leathers. His jaw droop
him I lived here alone, and
visitors.
"Good Heavens! How c
lonly, unsociable life?" he
"I have got accustomed to
have to do likewise if you
This did not seem to
"buckled up," and comm
about himself, what he
going to do, until I was
minded than ever to get rid
was fast getting on to my
lowing day he was an inde
silly questions, and telling
that and the other. That
over to the railway station
gram to my father, saying
Mr. Fitzalbot Chappie abou
would await his reply by w
sent him, and it is your bus
—keep him."
That was decisive enough.
I would. That night I told
ries about snakes in the hou
and I noticed he furtively
chair and did not seem con
I told him of bushrangers I
rise.
"Do—do th-they co-come a
asked, tremblingly.
"Oh, yes! they are in th
now. Stuck up a station n
shot the owner and his wife
ren, brained the manager and
axe, and tied up to the tra
and two boundary riders, wh
weeks later nearly starv
bull-ants. Yes; they are in
may be here any day or m
Looking furtively over his s
"Shouldn't you h-have some
in the house?"
As I turned into bed that n
with a British delight. I kno
no sleep, possibly at this mo
time at his window in fear
ing for the first approach of
ing thinking of his nervous
idea struck me, and I longed
to put it into execution. Yes
would rid myself of this scion



Claude A. Marquet

THE MIRAGE.

"The land of the lying" light, And the cruel mirage dancing bright."—WILL OGILVIE.

THE TRAVELLER.

Ah! Thank goodness, there's the white tank;
Tramping is a weary game
Through this God-forsaken country
With both feet next door to lame.

Curse the climate, curse the squatter,
Curse the very ground I tread;
Curse the day when fortune bade me
Beg, from hut to hut, my bread.

Quiet, fool! What cause has brought you
Thus to degradation's brink?
Was it not o'er-mastering passions,
Was it not the love of drink?

Very well, don't seek to burden
Others with your self-wrought shame;
Think of chances, since neglected,
Which, if seized, had led to fame.

Ugh! The water's hardly pleasant—
Smells a little bit too high;
Still, poor beggars can't be choosers,
And a man must drink, or die.

So I'll fill my well-worn pint-pot
With the stuff, and, while it boils,
Have a swouse. One, in his pipe, soon
Banishes all cares and toils.

Thrice blessed weed, which in oblivion
Sinks the deepest weight of woe—
Lifts from aching hearts the dulness—
Alakes a friend of every foe.

See, the curling clouds of fragrance
Bid sweet solace come again,
Influences quaint, yet subtle,
Wreath strange fancies round my brain.

Now there steals across my memory,
Recollections of lost youth;
How I longed for manhood's glory,
Yearned to realise its truth!

Truth! "Dis" rings with impish laughter
At the very name, O rare
Virtue! Up from hell's foul abyss
Faintly floats the query—Where?

Who can answer? Certain dreamers
Empty platitudes still pen;
Has not one such sophist written
"That experience teaches men?"

Does experience teach the lesson
Precept would have man believe?
Does the sting of his wrong-doing
Higher thoughts in him conceive?

No! He must discard such teaching
As a lolly bred for fools.
Seeming depths of wisdom often
Prove but shallow, muddy pools.

Penitence is for the moment
Nature's tonic; thrown aside,
When desires, by pleasure sated,
Wakened to new life, revive.

When the summer's day is merging
Into twilight, dim and soft,
Then o'er earth breezes of even
Gently their cool zephyrs waft.

So with life. The heart's deep passions
Burn but for a space, then cease—
When comes death, whose icy mantle
Folds the soul within its peace.

Pooh! What sentimental whining;
I must have a touch of sun.
Thirty miles to Boolbah Station;
Time my journey had begun.

Therefore foot it, blighted conscience,
From its sin, life ne'er may purge,
O'er this corpse, unblest, dishonoured,
Dingoes lean will howl a dirge.

J. J. HALL.

TROUBLE AT THE SMITHS'.

A SCENE OF THE FUTURE.

There was trouble in the Smith family. Somehow there usually is in this family, whose ramifications spread over the whole globe. But this particular portion of it had its internal organisms very much deranged. The William Smiths lived in a small but select suburb of Melbourne, where the political wave just broke in ripples big enough to remind Mrs. Smith of her rights as a woman. She was tall and bony, and had hands of such a colour that a sirlon would have been proud to own, and a face to dream about. In fact, it frequently did give Mr. William nightmare. Now the right Mrs. Smith most exercised was the truly feminine perquisite of jealousy. She lived in constant dread that some other, more prepossessing than herself, might take a fancy to William and his income of £150, and then she would be left, as she described it, "a lone, lorn grass-widder."

It was not as though Smith had taking manners; indeed, he spent most of his time in reprimanding those who had. But his uniform told, that beautiful free suit of blue, with silver buttons, for Smith was a policeman. This undoubtedly was an attraction, for when a kind state provides a man's wardrobe free his wife naturally expects to have the extra money to replenish her own.

The tragedy which always follows in the wake of the green-eyed monster began in this wise. Mrs. Smith was explaining her troubles to Mrs. Robinson, who lived next door. "It ain't that I 'ave ever seen 'im with other womping, but 'e lets drop into that I don't like, and the 'ussies wen't leave a fine upstandin' young man like Bill alone."

Mrs. Robinson shook her head and sighed. "They men, they men!" in such a voice that Mrs. Smith asked her what she meant. Mrs. Robinson looked knowing. "'E is a bounder," she said, whereat Mrs. Smith became wrathful, and asked for details. These were obligingly supplied. "Mr. Robinson 'eard 'im say only las' night, about someone or other, 'Blow me, but she is a fine gal, an' I wouldn't like my old woman—('That's me!') ejaculated Mrs. S.)—to see us ter-morrer, but dooty must be done."

"An' what else did 'e 'ear?" excitedly said Mrs. Smith, in whose bosom was a tumult of rage. "Wot are they up to, do you think, and who is the gal?"

"I don't know, but 'e said somethink about 'arf-pas' seven and Bell-street, but Robinson said he'd just 'ad 'is sixth glass, so 'e didn't 'ear no more."

"'Arf-pas' seven, did 'e?" Mrs. Smith became melodramatic in her excitement, and Mrs. Robinson tried to get out of the affair, but since poor Mrs. Smith depended on her for comfort and sal volatile, she made the fatal suggestion: "Suppose you an' I go an' catch 'im in the act?" she said.

That woke Mrs. Smith to a sense of her responsibilities, and so the scheme was laid. Just

as the scheming unknown walked off with Mr. S. in the lawul wie would step and claim her own. As Mrs. Robinson remarked, "Bland 'Oit would be nothin' to it."

At five o'clock that day Smith arrived home to tea, and was surprised to find Mrs. S. unaccountably facetious. "Take another bite o' steak, now do," said she; "you'll be wantin' somethin' sustainin' before the evenin's over." 'This was delivered with a dark hidden meaning. So he would!

The fine sarcasm was lost on William, and, in his usual manner (which his doting wife was accustomed to characterise as that of a "stuffed monkey"), he betook himself off to duty.

Punctually to time the two conspirators wended their way to Bell-street, and their greedy eyes were regaled by the sight of Mr. Smith driving up in a cab and alighting at a handsome brick villa called "Sans Souci." Mrs. Smith grasped her kind-hearted neighbour's arm, and excitedly expressed a whispered wish to "get at 'im," but was guided behind a friendly pillar-post, round which her face now and again peeped, no less red than the pillar itself.

"Begorra," she breathed, for Mrs. Smith always clasped into the familiar Russian language when moved; "wait till I git that San Soozie, heathen wretch; I'll black her eyes."

The attention of the frantic Mrs. S. was directed by her faithful friend to the window, where, clearly defined against the blind, were two figures, a man's and a woman's, she gestulating, he holding out his arms, and at last grasping her hand in what seemed a firm and lingering clasp, the sight of which rendered Mrs. Smith hardly capable of speech. Soon the front door clicked and opened, and Smith emerged, holding a pretty, well-dressed girl by the arm, murmuring something which sounded like "Come quietly" in her ear, and calling to the cabman a phrase which ended in the elopement suggestive word, "station," and prepared to enter the cab. This was too much for the already overwrought watcher, who leapt clear from her friend's restraining hand, faced the surprised Smith, and grasping him with one hand, pointed to the woman with the other, and poured forth a flood of epithets, among which "blackguard" and "You a policeman, too!" perhaps recurred the oftenest. By this time quite a crowd had collected, and sides were quickly formed, some sympathising with the angry wife, some with the speechless Bill.

In the general flurry the raison d'être of the disturbance had fled silently away, and when two other policemen arrived on the scene Smith managed to get his voice and explain that he had had private instructions to arrest a lady housebreaker who had been traced to "Sans Souci," his wife had interfered, and the arrested lady had made off, and was nowhere to be seen. Matters ended summarily. The police had to arrest someone, so they handcuffed the loudly-protesting Mrs. Smith on the charge of resisting an officer in the act of performing a public duty.

When Mrs. Smith had finished a course of board and lodging at the state's expense, she had quite lost her desire to go in for women's rights, and she and Smith, who had been given

a clerkship, lived a more subdued and peaceful, though less gorgeous, life for the future, for Mrs. Smith recognised the fact that Smith minus his uniform was in no way better than other men.

The police authorities have determined never for the future to give to a young married man the task of arresting that latest development of the new woman—the Lady Housebreaker.

L. M. HEATH.

THE HERO.

It was a bright day at St. Kilda. A great many people were loitering on the Esplanade, watching the yachts skimming the water, or betraying some little human interest in the figures plunging and bobbing in the intervening baths.

Suddenly, almost simultaneously, a cry sprang from a hundred lips, a cry of terror.

One of the scurrying yachts had plunged its wings into the sea, and there remained a line of keel and a few black spots bobbing cork-like on the waves.

The boat was quite a mile from the shore. The onlookers were thrilled with a pleasant terror—the terror one feels at the theatre. Excitement possessed them all. But the excitement of one man was so overpowering that it drew attention to him despite the great counter attraction out at sea.

He was a short, round, middle-aged gentleman in an excellent tweed suit very tightly buttoned, with white spats over his boots and a monocle. He threw up his hands—an umbrella in one, field-glasses in the other—and stood transfixed. Those near him heard him muttering:

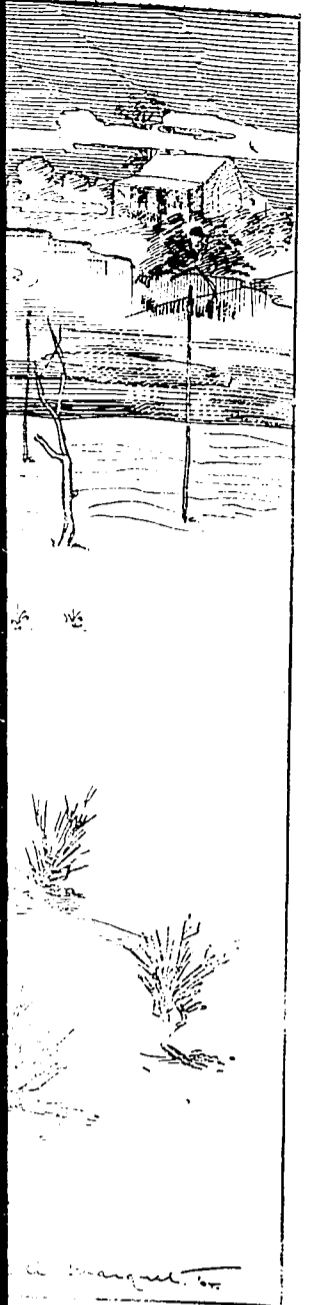
"Great Heaven! Drowning, drowning! Oh, Lord!"

Then he turned, and dashed down the stone steps leading to the pier. From the steps to the pier was a hundred yards' sprint. He ran it in quick time, his hands still aloft, his short, tightly-trousered legs twinkling smartly. The pier is perhaps a quarter of a mile long. The stout man ran on. The people whom he passed saw a crimson face, one round, horrified eye, and an eye-glass. The hero had not dropped his monocle. He clung to his gingham and his field-glasses. He ran on, gasping. His pace became slower and slower, his breath shorter and shorter. Twice he stumbled; once he fell, rolled to his feet with the action of a ball, and continued the race. His monocle was unmoored.

The last fifty yards almost finished him. First he threw aside his umbrella, then his field-glasses, then his hat. His coat followed. He tottered to the edge of the pier. The overturned boat was still visible far out in the Bay. The black spots still bobbing on the water.

"Drowning, drowning! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" gasped the little, stout, middle-aged man, and he plunged headlong into the sea.

He was rescued some time later, and with exceeding difficulty, and restored to animation after half-an-hour's anxious effort. He couldn't swim a stroke.



subdued and peaceful, for the future, for Mrs. Smith minus his better than other men, have determined never a young married man latest development of Housebreaker.

L. M. HEATH.

THE HERO.

S. K. B. A great on the Esplanade, the water, or be interest in the figures, intervening baths, a city sprang of terror.

had plunged its line a line cork-like

from the shore. with a pleasant theatre. Ex- But the excit- powering that it the great counter

middle-aged gentl- suit very tightly over his boots and a hands—an umbrella the other—and stood heard him mutter-

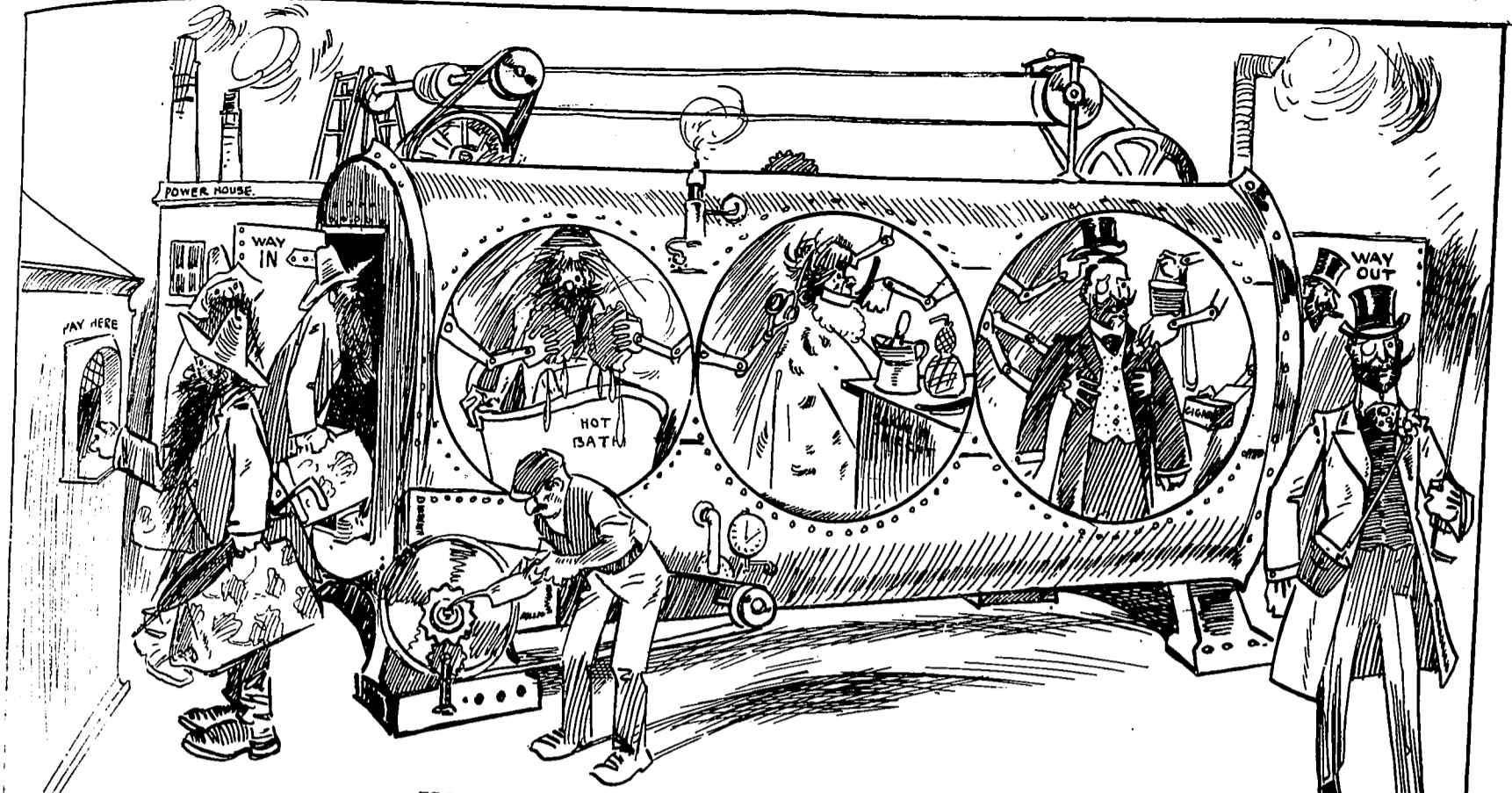
drowning! Oh,

led down the stone from the steps to spirit. He ran about, his short, smartly. The of a mile long. The people whom he passed, horrified eye had not dropped his and his and his pace he growth shorter and once he fell, roll- tion of a ball, and was removed.

ished him. First then his field- coat followed. He The overturn- out in the Bay, on the water.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" middle-aged man, and to the sea.

later, and with ex- effort to animation



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An inventive genius, who has noticed that the dress of the back-blocker, when he appears in Melbourne on the front block, invites the attentions of the confidence man and the spieler, has devised a machine for the almost instantaneous conversion of bushies into city men of the recognised type. We give a view of the apparatus in action. Your bushy is fed in at one end—bathed, barbered, dressed, and turned out a perfect man—about-town in 74 seconds by a stop-watch.

A Telepathic Interlude Play in One Act.
Two young people who have sworn to be true arrange to link their thoughts by telepathy. Tom (who has a Government billet in the backblocks) and Kitty (a butterfly of fashion).

SCENE I.
Tom.—
Ah! see around me how the stars so clear,
The moon in Heaven how she makes holiday;
The air, unclouded with silvered light
Shines on my lone and dreary watch to-night.
In dust and tush I hear the wag-tail's note,
Reminding me of nest and happy days,
When Kitty spoke in accents like a bird
And charmed my senses. The rippling creek
Flows on.
Thinking how her tears would never cease,
Nor give my life, with her, hoped for
Peace.
Oh well, I'll creep into my tent and think,
And try with me her wandering thoughts to
Turn in.

SCENE II.
A ballroom (same night). Kitty, attired in light and airy costume, leans on her partner's arm.
Partner.—
How well we waltz together. Don't you think Our steps seem suited each to each? Your face Upruned to mine, like some new-opened bud, Is flushed like roses in the dawning day.
Kitty.—
The floor is perfect—oh! don't let me fall.
Ah! nearly slipped, just clasp me tighter, please.
The music's lovely; hear that echoing strain.
It brings back memories of the long ago.
(Just at this moment Tom, who has been trying to telepathise Kitty, gets a thought wave in—she becomes distraite).
Partner.—
Why do you tremble as I hold you thus?
Kitty.—
Oh, do be quiet; don't make such a fuss.
Partner (loosing his hold).—
Why, what has happened; why this change of tone?

Kitty.—
A ringing in my ears like telephone.
That you, Tom. Why now choose this time?
What do you want? The supper's not come on.
To think of you? Is that what you would say?
Oh, bother; why on earth to choose to-day.
Partner.—
Why murmur you thus loudly in my ear?
What strange chance has caught you in its toils?
Why do you start and frown and bite your lips,
And why's your dancing gone so much awry?
Kitty (not hearing partner, but keenly alive to telepathic influence).—
Of course, I'm thinking of you, dearest Tom.
Partner (Aside).
(Oh, what a fib!) I'm in my little home;
By flying thoughts aroused and wanting you.
And wondering if you miss me at this time,
And what you'd like me best of all to do.
(Aside).
(Oh, bother! will he really think I tell
The truth in thought waves, when I don't in life?)

Partner.—
I fear, Miss Kitty, you are feeling ill.
Your words are strange, your eyes are gleaming bright.
Oh, do let's go and sit out in the cool.
Your hand is fevered, and your brow is hot.
Kitty (wildly).—
Oh, do get out of this, Tom; hurry do.
(To Partner, as she recovers from her telepathic state).
To supper, quick; and let us eat our fill.
It's hunger makes me feel so strange and ill—
Let's have an oyster patty; get it quick!
And thus in filling up our inner man
Forget the outer—that is if I can.

SCENE III.
Tom, after his effort, becomes sleepy and murmurs as he drops off:
"I've heard your voice, I know you think of me
Within your little room, all fancy fits;
So sleep on, dearest, let thoughts ever come,
And I will dream of you and Home, Sweet Home."
By M. E. K.

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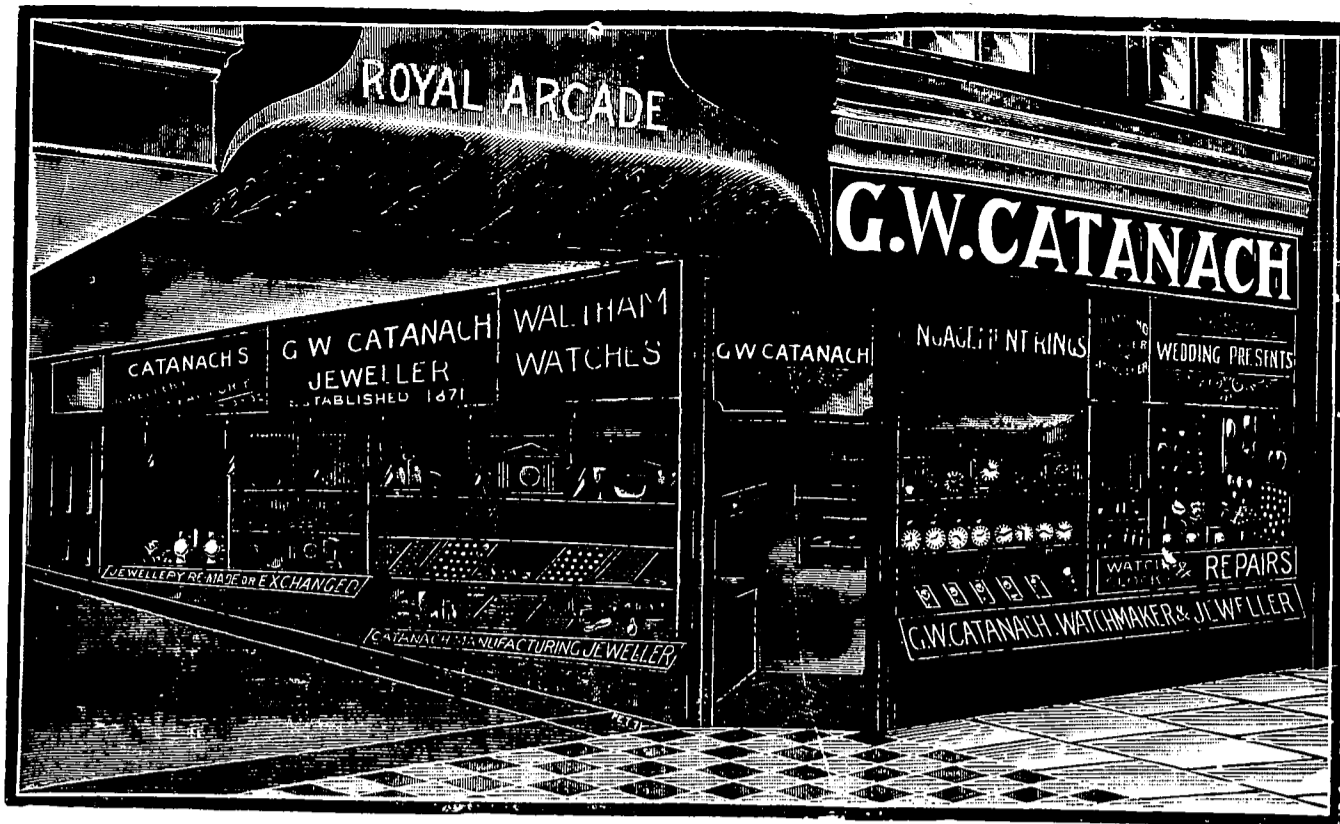
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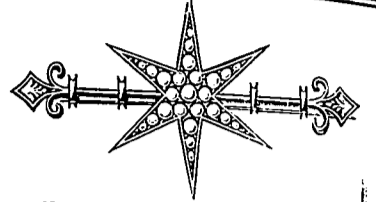
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No. 921. 55/ 15ct. Star on bar.

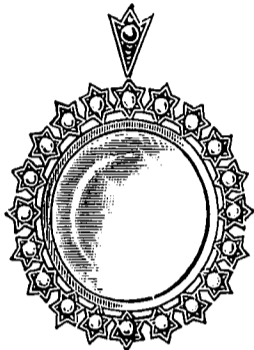
Our Lady's G. M. Omega Watch at 40s.

is the best watch ever sold for the price. Lady's and Gents' Gold and Silver Elgin Waltham Watches, from 60/ to £20.
All Watches Imported Direct.

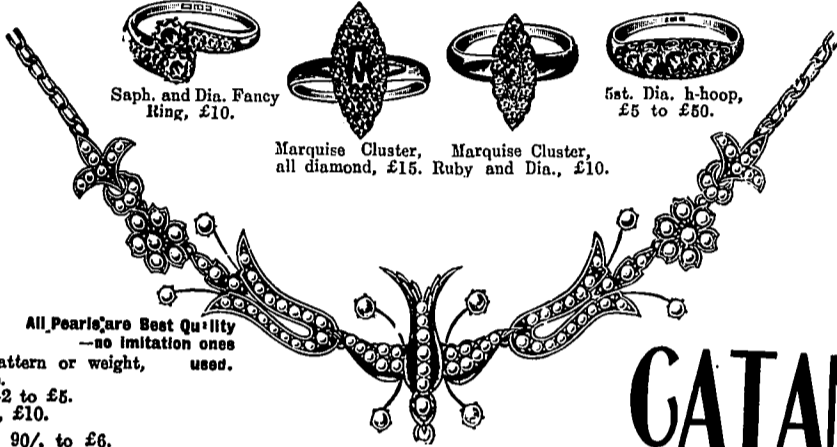
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Lady's, 10s 6d to 90s. Gents', 10s 6d to 35s.
Brushes.— Plain do., 15ct., 30/ to 60/;
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CATANACH'S RINGS have been well known for their genuine character for over 30 Years



310. Catanach's Miniature, £2 15. Others, 15/ to £4.



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All Pearls are Best Quality —no imitation ones used.

Gents' 15ct. Gold Alberts, any pattern or weight, £4 10 0 per ounce.
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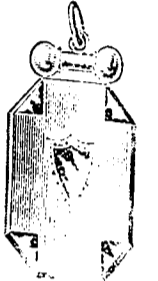
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No. 315. 15ct. £2 10 0. Gents' 15ct. £1 10 0. Locket in variety of designs. 9ct., 20/ to 35/; 35/; 15ct., 40/ to £20.

CATANACH'S JEWELLERY FACTORY,
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For Weakness and Lack of Vigour.

**DR. PARKE'S
Invigorating Pills**

ARE A SPECIFIC.

They are a Powerful Tonic, and impart a lasting benefit to the system.
They rejuvenate the debilitated, and strengthen the weak.
They give vigour to the fatigued, and are as new life to exhausted, overworked or brain-fag sufferers.
They are the best restorative that money can buy, and will brace up the patient quickly and permanently.

TRY ONE BOX, AND PROVE THEIR EFFICACY.

For obstinate or cases of long standing a full course is recommended.

Price, 5/ per box; posted, 5/3. Full course (six boxes), 25/; posted, 26/.

Obtainable at the Australasian Depot—

320 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD,
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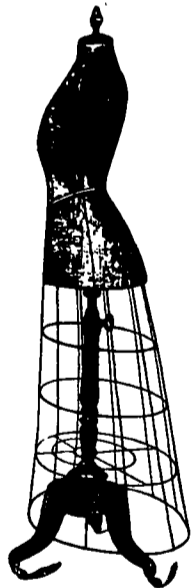
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Complete, with Wire Skirt attached,

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GENERAL WHIP & THONG MAKER.

Comprising Ladies' and Gents' Riding and Hunting Whips, Racing and Stable Whips, Stock Whips and Thongs of every description, Cart Crops and Thongs, Buggy Crops and Thongs, Four-Horse Crops and Thongs, French Buggy Whips, Straight Buggy Whips (American Pattern), Dog Whips, Reaper and Binder Whips, and any Whip that may be required. Country Correspondence Invited. Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Returned.

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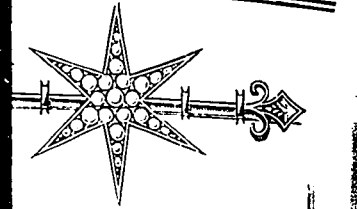
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Christmas Presents
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Best Value, because you buy at
as he either makes or imports all
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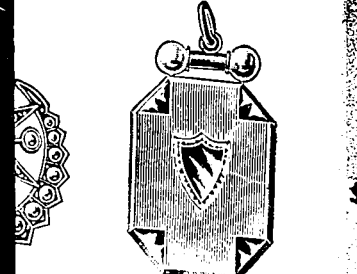
1. 55/ 15ct. Star on bar.

G. M. Omega Watch at 40s.

Watch ever sold for the price. Lady's and
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 Watches Imported Direct.

Box of Silver-Backed Brushes.

10 do. 15ct. 30/ to 60/
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 .. 15ct. 40/ to 65/
 .. 9ct. 20/ to 55/



No. 315. 15ct. £2 10 0.
 Pearl Gents' 15ct. and 9ct. Locket
 .. in variety of patterns.
 .. 9ct. 20/ 25/ 30/ 35/
 .. 10. 15ct. 40/ 45/ 50/ to £20

JEWELLERY
FACTORY,
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Praper,
STREET, PRAHRAN.

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NG MAKER.

Comprising
 Ladies' and Gents'
 Hunting Whips,
 and Stable Whips, Stock
 Thongs of every description,
 Buggy Crops and
 Thongs, French Buggy
 (American Pattern), Dog
 Whip that may be required.
 or Money Returned.

RET

1903.

Prop. Ltd.,
 RNE.

The Auld College.

There's mony a chiel o' rank an' station
 Wha owes his present elevation
 Tae his auld college education,
 But for the which
 He might hae noo been cairtin gravel,
 An' leevin in some gruesome hovel,
 Or, toilin' wi' a pick an' shovel,
 Had ne'er grown rich.

'Twas there lang syne I wrocht in vain
 Wi' knowledge fair tae stuff my brain,
 An' clamb wi' muckle dool an' pain
 Up Learnin's mount.
 A climb frae which I used tae shrink;
 E'en noo it gars me grue tae think
 How few the draughts I used tae drink
 At Wisdom's fount.

But still, ve ken, for mony a reason,
 Tae Auld Collegians whiles it's picasin'
 Tae crack aboot yon bygone season
 When they at College
 Spent ilka ane sair grudged days
 In hirnin ower stern Wisdom's ways,
 While they, as faur-famed 'Bobbie' says,
 Were "panged wi' knowledgee."

Though many hae attained success
 (For which the College they may fless),
 Yet there be some wha maun confess
 They've failed to reach it.
 Yet whitt o' that, sirs, why despair?
 The road to knowledge may be sair,
 But the Old College aye is there
 Richt glad tae teach it.

Sae here's the School, the guid auld School
 Whaur we imbibed oor knowledge.
 Let's shout to-day wi' hip-hooray,
 Luck to the guid Auld College!

When the question of establishing an official
 inebriates' retreat in Victoria was discussed in
 the Legislative Council recently one member
 gravely expressed a fear that the privilege of
 incarceration for twelve months in a well-ap-
 pointed Government institution with frequent
 injections of cold solution would cause habitual
 drinkers to come bounding in from all quarters
 of the Commonwealth, and so occasion a vast
 surmount of boozers in this state, and a great
 and expensive pressure of dipsomaniacs upon our
 new retreat. This, it seems to us, shows an
 extraordinary ignorance of the habits and in-
 clinations of inebriates on the part of the
 M.L.C. in question. The idea that inebri-
 ates will of their own initiative rush
 down steep places into retreats in order
 to be gold-cured is a delusion. The
 inebriate is not constructed on those lines. If
 there is a booze cure institution anywhere about
 he will generally be found running in the other
 direction, and running pretty hard, too, provid-
 ed he is o'er enough, and if there is a pub in
 the other direction he will sprint so violently
 as almost to break his neck. The Legislative
 Council need not fear an over-pressure of dipso-
 maniacs on that gold-cure institution; in fact, it may
 be found necessary to employ a large grey
 draught horse to drag the inebriates into the
 place.

Apropos of this disinclination on the part of
 penitents and dipsomaniacs to allow their thirsts
 to be tempered with by specialists in the gold
 cure line, take the case of the lamentable
 stranger discovered by a bush missionary, sit-
 ting by the roadside on a hot, dusty afternoon
 in December, his sweat at his feet, his head in
 his hands, tears streaming from his eyes and a
 bottle of beer by his side. "Can I be of any
 assistance to you, my poor fellow?" said the
 missionary. The poor fellow shook his head
 helplessly. "You are in great trouble, I see,"
 said the missionary. The poor devil on the
 camp nodded his head, and his tears "followed
 fast and followed faster." "Won't you tell me
 what ails you?" "I'm cured!" groaned the man.
 "Cured!" responded the missionary in great sur-
 prise. "But if you are cured you should re-
 joice." "Nothing o' the kind. I was a big
 drinker once—the biggest drinker 'tween here
 and Cocktown. I was known as Thirsty Kelly,
 and there wasn't a bloke on the track could



WITH DEEP, DARK EYES.

Photo. printed on ARISTO-PLATINO Paper.

gone off with a keg of beer, while a third ran
 away with a dog. A policeman was called in,
 and he mounted his horse in a state of great
 enthusiasm, and went after the man who had
 taken the dog, overtook him in due time, ar-
 rested him, and recovered the dog. Then he
 went about securing the men who had stolen
 the beer. He was quite leisurely over this, and
 did not get the culprits for two days, by which
 time the beer had gone beyond recovery. The
 Bench who tried the cases was not at all
 pleased with the policeman. "Why didn't you
 pursue the men who took the beer in the first
 place?" he was asked. "Well," he responded,
 "you see, Your Worship, the dog was mine!"
 "But the beer was of far greater value than
 the dog." "Maybe, Your Worsh p, but I
 thought the beer would keep." This stuporous
 intellect that believed beer would keep in a
 shearer's camp in summer was promoted a few
 months later.

If you have never lived in the vicinity of a
 small, healthy boy of twelve, in full possession
 of a young gun and ammunition, you know noth-
 ing of the joy of life, and have never led a
 really active existence. Recently the people in a
 Ginnslund township began to enjoy the experi-
 ence of finding bullets in their hair and seeing
 them drop into tea, and feeling them zip through
 their clothing when they went out walking. One
 man had a nail shot off his little finger, another
 had a hole plugged through his top-hat, a third
 had his dog shot, and, as it was a valuable
 dog, he kicked up no end of a row about it, but
 it is noteworthy that the dog, whose business
 it really was, said nothing about the matter, he
 being too dead at the time. Cats came home
 with punctures shot in them, and no citizen
 could walk abroad without having the terrors of
 a material hell infused into him by the ping of
 a passing bullet. It was presently realised that
 Castor's boy Tommy had got an air-gun, and a
 deputation of shot residents waited upon Castor
 to expostulate, and point out that there was
 likely to be a material decrease of population in
 that district if Tommy were not deprived of his
 lethal weapon.

At this Castor got mad. He entrenched him-
 self behind his fence, and, with his excited red
 head bristling over the slabs, abused his neigh-
 bours, and called them hateful names, saying it
 was something if a poor bit of a lad couldn't
 have an innocent toy for his amusement without
 a miserable lot of lop-eared people with no more
 courage than a stump-grub coming along and
 wanting to deprive him of his harmless boyish
 pleasure. The deputation pointed to its wounds,
 and said that Tommy was a terror to the dis-
 trict, and his gun a public menace; but Castor
 only got more angry, and he shook his fist at
 the deputation, and said he'd see it cussed and
 busted before he'd restrict the liberties of his
 bright, beautiful boy. Castor was going on like
 this, whirling his fists, and gnashing his teeth,
 when suddenly he uttered a shrill and awful cry,
 and fell back into his own yard. The deputation
 swarmed on to the fence, and beheld Castor
 writhing on the ground, clutching his rear
 elevation, and cursing like a whole regiment of
 troopers. Presently he jumped up, and went
 after Tommy, who was lurking behind the wood-
 heap with his air-gun. Castor smashed the gun
 to a hundred fragments with the axe, and then
 dealt with Tommy with a large piece of machine
 helting. After which he hobbled into the house,
 holding himself, and groaning dismally. The
 deputation retired contented. Tommy had shot
 a slug into his dear papa, and that made all the
 difference.

"This here Tommy was a terrible fellow to
 argue," said Hivers, the shift boss; "he'd argue
 about anything or nothing, and was never happy
 unless disputing about something or another. If
 anybody agreed with his opinions he immedi-
 ately changed them just for the sake of a dispu-
 tation. He nearly met his death once through
 entering into an argument with the man who
 jumped in to save him when he fell into the
 Goulburn, and he actually lost his life through
 an argument. It came about like this. He and
 his mate had put a blast in, and as she did not
 shoot they went back after about twenty min-
 utes, and as they were leaning over the charge
 the fuse let out a little puff of smoke. 'By
 thunder, it's alright!' said Tommy's mate. 'Not
 a bit of it,' said Tommy. 'I tell you it is.'
 'Oh, rot, it isn't; how could it be alright after
 all this time?' 'But I saw the smoke.' 'I tell
 you it isn't burning.' 'I tell you it is, and I'm
 off.' The mate cleared, and a few seconds later
 bang went the blast. They found Tommy with
 his spine broken. When they lifted him he said,
 'The blanky thing wasn't really alright after all;
 it just went off for cussedness!'"

stay with me at plain and fancy drinkin'."
 "Well?" "Well, they put me in an inebriates'
 retreat in Sydney. I was turned out last week,
 and I'm cured!" "I congratulate you, my
 man." "Congratulations be blowed!" wailed
 Thirsty Kelly. "Why, I've just found a bottle
 o' beer!"

A case that happened up Echuca way some
 time ago is worth relating. There had been
 a raid on a publican's backyard on the
 part of some drunken shearers, and two had
 it just went off for cussedness!"



LOGIC.

... and look at yourself, you untidy little rat. You'll play with any dirty little
 they are only children."



PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

TOM.—"What do they call this 'ere wireless telegraphy, Bill?"
 BILL.—"If the publican beckons us over for a drink, that's it."

THE LEADING FIRE OFFICE IN AUSTRALIA.

COMMERCIAL UNION

ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

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A. B. SPEEDING, Local Secretary.

Fire Department.

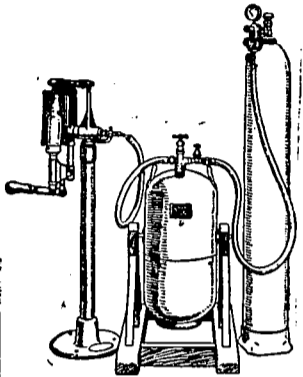
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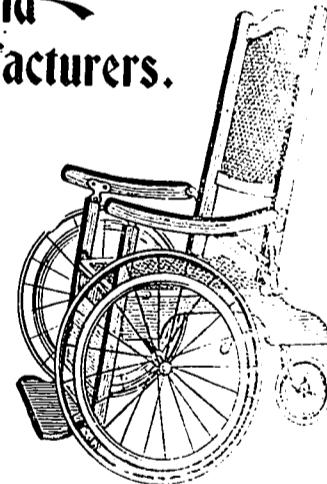
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THE MA

By HENRY
 With all his count
 'Tis not in man
 Of that only pri
 The lauchior of
 For ages piled on
 Revolving spheres
 In cadence soft,
 To make Heav
 But Israel, with
 Choir-master of
 Grew weary of t
 That breathed
 Anon, with tunc
 Sped on by rapt
 He snatched his
 Earthward his
 At Eden's fire-rit
 And heard the w
 The birth of ill,
 But dirges cha
 The birds on eve
 The ripple on the
 In harmony cried,
 But he would n
 For, waited o'er
 He caught a more
 'Twas earth's be
 Her first-born b
 It challenged, in
 The Sky-Lark's we
 Who wondered wh
 Had robbed him
 The master-singer,
 Half-human grew
 And longed to bas
 That Heav'n and
 He would not smit
 Though they were
 They were too wor
 To voice such rh
 But then—refreshed
 With human heart
 His matchless lyre
 Heav'nward the
 Such rapture did
 When breathed fro
 Uncrowned, arose
 Thrilled with the
 And when the melo
 At the singer's fe
 For, from a baby
 Heav'n's sweetest
 And, since he stole
 We mortals never w
 The music is all H
 In the laughter o

Fiske's Patent Horse
 ing has during the past
 mand, both in Victoria
 South Australia. Messrs
 Ltd. have had good en
 factory sales, while in
 ridge and Co. have been
 A great feature of the
 the unanimous approval
 by those who have used
 it becomes more widely
 in demand by those who
 of their horses and cows.
 A witness in the Gen
 Court that his wife was
 crockery at him. "I ha
 he added, "because I at

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Lasts for Year without Perishing or Bursting.

Recommended for Stable Use

TRY A LENGTH. Ask your Storekeeper for

THE DUNLOP TYRE CO.

THE MASTER SONG

By HENRY O'DONNELL.

With all his counterfeit of mirth,
Tis not in man to gauge the worth
Of that only priceless thing on earth,
The laughter of a child.

For ages piled on ages long,
Revolving spheres had sung their song,
In cadence soft, and chorus strong,
To make Heav'n's melody.

But Israel, with longing eyes,
Choir-master of sweet Paradise—
Grew weary of those symphonies
That breathed no human lay.

Anon, with tenebrous ear attent,
Sped on by rapt emboldenment,
He snatched his lyre and swiftly bent
Earthward his lightning flight.

At Eden's fire-ringed gate he stood,
And heard the wind wail to the wood
The birth of ill, and death of good,
But direas charmed him not.

The birds on every flower and tree,
The ripples on the summer sea,
In harmony cried, "List! to me,"
But he would naught of them.

For, waited o'er the sunlit plain,
He caught a more angelic strain,
Twas earth's best, earliest refrain,
Her first-born baby's laugh.

It challenged, in its skyward way,
The Sky-Lark's welcome of the day,
Who wondered what intruding Fay
Had told him of his song.

The master singer, Israel,
Hid his eyes beneath the spell,
And longed to hasten back and tell
That Heaven and earth were one.

He would not smite his lyre chords old,
Though they were wrought of finest gold;
They were too worn, they were too cold,
To voice such rhapsody.

But then he dashed with honied dew—
With honeyed heart-strings strung a new
His mate's lyre, and straightly flew
Heavenward the strain to sing.

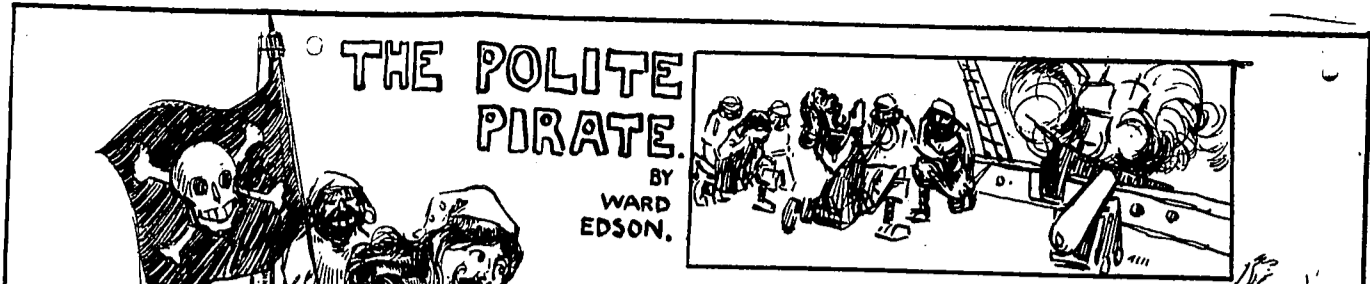
Such raptures did the song inspire,
When from out that magic lyre,
Engarbled in the shining choir,
The Heavens heard the ecstasy.

And when the melody was sung,
With sunbeams on their crowns they flung,
For from the lyre's heart he'd wrung
Heav'n's best minstrelsy.

And since that tale that melody,
We mortals never wonder why
The music of all Heav'nly
In the laughter of a child.

... and Cattle Rug Fastener has during the past season been in good demand both in Victoria and other States. In South Australia Messrs. J. Colton and Co. Ltd. have had enquiries, and made satisfactory sales. In Victoria Messrs. Guthrie and Co. Ltd. have been kept going fairly well. A great feature of the result of sales has been the unanimous approval of the patent fastener by those who have used it, and no doubt when it becomes more widely known it will be much in demand for those who believe in the comfort of their beds in cold weather.

At the General Sessions told the Court that he was continually holding the patent fastener. He has no marks to show, but he is known as the en-



THE POLITE PIRATE.

BY WARD EDSON.



It was a handsome pirate, in his ship, the Sarah Jane;
He ploughed the smiling ocean, or he rode the raging main,
And never in a pirate ship, nor ship of any kind,
Was known a nicer gentleman, or sailor so refined.

He was the Captain Blunderbore, his eye was china blue,
His curly locks were golden, and his heart was golden, too.
Polite was he to great and small, and if he sank their ships
He did it with expressions of regret upon his lips!

He robbed the little merchantmen in so genteel a way
It almost made them wish he'd come and do it every day,
And when he set their ships afire he fell upon his knees,
And prayed for all the souls aboard as pleasant as you please.

To prisoners his courtesies and deference were such,
They always walked the plank as though they liked it very much.
He hung a Spaniard to the yard in so jocular a whim
The Spaniard only wished that he could do the same for him.



The pirate crew, from cabin boys to burly Bosun Ben,
He made a point of treating them as perfect gentlemen,
And if he had to lash them, or to shoot a useless one,
They were really much obliged to him, so nicely was it done.

The Sarah Jane she sailed the seas, the happiest of ships,
On eternal grand excursions, or perpetual picnic trips.
The captain, to amuse his men, told tales of many climes,
Or sang them little ditties, or the newest nursery rhymes.

The slavers he detested like a just man and a true.
He sunk them in the ocean, and he hung the wicked crew.
His varied way of drowning off the liberated coons
Provided fun for many Pleasant Sunday Afternoons.

And, oh, those pirates' hearts were light, their merry souls were free,
Cut off from city wickedness and landsmen's vani-tee.
To meet their daily wants they robbed the ships of every clime,
And they slew the hapless captives just to while away the time.



Alas! this gentle Corsair his career was broken short.
There came a cruiser steaming from a little British port;
The captain cursed the Pirate, and her crew he coarsely slanged,
And Blunderbore he roughly told to heave to and be hanged.

The pirate begged his pardon. Did he rightly understand—
Was he dealing with a gentleman, or just a foremost hand?
The tar he cursed more fiercely, and his manne it was low,
He fired at Blunderbore, and bade him to the devil go.

They riddled up the Sarah Jane, they filled her hold with shot.
They wounded fifty pirates, and they sent a score to pot,
And Blunderbore said stately: "Much this action you'll regret.
It may be war, but, damme, sir, it isn't etiquette!"

They took the pirate by the neck, they hung him without ruth.
The hangman was a pirate he'd commanded in his youth.
To the last polite, "It's infra dig," they heard the Corsair say,
"To drop an old acquaintance in this most ungracious way!"



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THE DUNLOP TYRE CO. OF AUST. LTD.

108 Flinders Street, Melbourne; 150 Clarence Street, Sydney; 117 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; 268-270 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 617 Hay Street, Perth; 128 Lichfield Street, Christchurch, N.Z.

... pion crockery dodger of Richmond." This came up a charming domestic picture, and suggests a new music-hall turn, in which the wife's dexterity in throwing cups, and the husband's genius in dodging them, may adorn a cast amusement. It also recalls a story told at the expense of a director of a big Melbourne concern, who turned up at a board meeting one day with a wound on his forehead. His brother shareholders were sympathetic, and asked questions. "It was done with a cup," he said. There was a laugh at this, and some joking about domestic infelicity, and the director grew quite angry. "You are quite mistaken, gentlemen, if you think my wife was throwing it at me," he said. "She would be incapable of such a thing. She was throwing it at the cat. When she throws them at me she always misses." The director did not realise the confession he had made until the yell of laughter broke out afresh.

The day, or at least the night, of the serenader is gone. Now-a-times no sane young man in love with a girl thinks of stringing a guitar about his neck and going forth in the darkness to warble sentimental ballads under her window. In our time he takes the girl to the theatre, and lets the leading tenor do the serenading for him, and he bribes the young girl's affections with ice-cream and chocolates, and then asks her plump and plain if she's on for a matrimonial engagement. However, there are still a few sentimental fools left, and one of these, a musical young man of Austrian parentage, who has got himself badly mashed on a St. Kilda girl, took his tinkling lute one night recently and stole into the shrubbery under the window of her dormitory, and put up a passionate love song, to the accompaniment of a desolate twanging from the stringed instrument. In the midst of the second outburst the girl's father arrived with a lantern, and the girl was with him. They both looked at the troubadour in a troubled way; then the girl spoke. "Oh, Mr. K—," she said, "it pains me so much to see you reduced to this, but here is twopence, and if you'll call at the kitchen in the morning cook will give you your breakfast." Then the two retired, leaving the love-stricken serenader in a frozen attitude, gazing wildly at two coppers in his outstretched hand.

The well-known carriage-building factory of Mr. T. Craine, whose advertisement appears on another page, has been established in Melbourne for over fifty years, and the name is a house-

hold word throughout the colonies wherever vehicles are the topic. The factory is situated in City-road, near Prince's Bridge, and is fitted with the most up-to-date machinery and appliances for the building of vehicles. A large staff of skilled workmen are employed, and the amount of vehicles turned out annually is enormous. Mr. Craine has some very fine specimens of the coach-builders trade on view, both in the show rooms at City-road, and also in the new and spacious premises recently opened by him at 922 Elizabeth-street. Amongst the foremost of Mr. Craine's manufactures comes the "Stella" phaeton, a very stylish vehicle, invented and designed entirely by Mr. Craine, and most suitable for ladies, being low set; it is easy to get into and out of. Owing to the fact that its price is very reasonable, it has a ready sale. In Abbot buggies, Alexandras, jinkers, farmers' buggies, pony rustic carts, floating rail carts and other varieties too numerous to mention, Mr. Craine has a splendid assortment, and his stock of harness, whips, mats, lamps and all accessories necessary to horse or vehicle will be hard to beat in these colonies.

An actor man of prominence in a popular dramatic company that enjoyed a decided success in Melbourne has since been figuring in another capital, and has been subjected to an unusual form of annoyance there. In the course of one of his fine speeches in one of his favourite parts he has to say to the heroine: "I ask only to be rewarded according to my worth." At this point one night a penny, spun by an expert hand in the gallery, dropped at the actor's feet. It was an insult, of course, an insinuation that he was being paid according to his worth, which was rated at one penny. A lot of people in the stalls saw it in this light, and laughed aloud, and the actor man was that mad he nearly had an apoplectic fit. Next night at the same crisis a penny arrived from the stalls, and fell tinkling at the mummer's feet. This time half the house laughed. Every night after that a solitary copper was tossed to the actor at the point where he asked to be rewarded according to his deserts, and in time the whole house tumbled and laughed at the joke, and as spies set to discover the enemy who did this thing failed to root him out, the tremendous actor man was rapidly turning green with fury, when his bile got the better of him, and he had to go to bed for a week. And yet that actor declares he is quite superior to criticism.

Dunlop Packings

Are Recommended in all cases where good wear is required

You will find the Quality and Price right. Sample of any class of Packing on application.

THE DUNLOP TYRE CO. OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

108 Flinders Street, Melbourne; 150 Clarence Street, Sydney; 117 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; 268-270 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 617 Hay Street, Perth; 128 Lichfield Street, Christchurch, N.Z.

ON

Department.

Liability, Glass, Risk, Accident,

30s.

me

AUSTRALIA.

ERY.

bourne.

ROS.,

RAE.

S.

DES.

& Co.,

GORSEHAIR, HORNS, SHANK BONES, Etc., etc.

STORES - SPENCER STREET.

FOOD

AUSTRALIAN SCENERY.

The engravings are from the Atlas Press "Guide to Healesville," etc.



In the "Hermitage" Gardens, Narbethong.



Upper Mathinna Falls, Healesville



Morley's Hill Pack Track, Black Sp.

XXX.—"Tis like o' this," said Hennessey, "there'd bin heaps iv mischief along the main sthreet there be Honor's big shtore, 'n round about, becaze if certain pickin's 'n stealin's goin' on in thim vicinities, as we lawyers say. 'Twas supposed t' be me juty t' suppress thim kind iv things, 'n I was looked on wid a contemptyis eye be rayson if the throuble continooing to persist 'n go on. There was an expert pickpocket out 'n about, 'n he 'r she was workin' the locality iv Honor's store becaze 'twas aisy t' observe where the weemin stowed their purses atther payin' fer goods. The insinooations cast ut me 'n the reflection put on me character ez an efficient member iv

the force 'n a defender iv the peace 'n the property med me indignant, 'n I tuck a big oath I'd have that pickpocket widin a wake, 'n have him har-rd. Well, I went down around there a great dale, 'n kept me eagle eye open, but 'tain't aisy fer a unifor-rmed po-liceman t' catch thim sort, be rayson if the helmit bein' a danger signal t' the malefacthurs.

"Howsomedever, one avenin' me attention was dthrawn t' a bit iv a rumpus goin' on bechune two people iv moderate size, both women iv the female sex, jist forninst Honor's, 'n suspectin' that maybe me moment iv troiumph had come, I sailed in, 'n took a hand in the argymint. One

woman had a fat purse in her hand, and each hed a grip iv the other, 'n there was remarks of an insultin' nature 'n rirfrinces t' pickpockets goin' on. 'Twas me chanst all right. I grabbed the woman what hed evidently been thryin' t' shtale the other's purse from her, an' I pointed her fer the watch-house. Be this time a crowd hed for-rmed, 'n more was comin' in great haste. The pickpocket had wan iv thim pedemints in her speech, 'n she wint nearly black in the face, 'n bust her bootlaces tryin' t' call me infamous names. If she couldn't talk she could fight, 'n all the way t' the lock-up she divided her inigies bechune thryin' t' make a

spache 'n tearin' the whiskers out o' me. I was assumin' all along that the woman what the purse was follin' on. When we reached the watch-house I dumped me prisoner 'n made me charge, 'n 'twas thin fer the first time the woman bust into spache. 'But—but—let you've gug-gug—got the wrong wo—woman, you idiot!' she screamed. 'Ain't I been tellin' you all along it was the other one that was robbin' me?' An' so ut proved, 'n the other wan 'd got off wid the purse. I got rats 'n iv yer askin' me bein' policeman is the best thankless game in the wor-ld. I 'ave a moind t' turn bottle-oh."



£1,000 will be paid by LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, SYDNEY, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of **REWARD** adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap.





A BUSH MAIDEN.

(IN EVENING DRESS.)

Photo. printed on ARISTO-PLATINO Paper.

THE AFTERGLOW.

I fain would linger when the day grows dull,
When all subsides in restful quietude,
When vested silence gathers from the full,
Bright haze of day, and where no ill can brood,
Clasps heart to heart within her solitude.



"INCUB"

[Scene: Maske Ball. Time: 12. 5 a.m.]

SHORT-SIGHTED BY GUSHING HOSTESS. "What not unmasked yet, Mr. Aarons?"

In a certain Victorian 'country township the fire-station is situated in close proximity to the church, but is seldom brought into active service. Indeed, by the time the hand-reel has been manned and made its way to the fire-rebuilding operations have usually been started. One morning lately during the first long prayer the fire-bell was heard to ring most vigorously. The congregation became uneasy, each male member thinking of the ashes he had emptied out near the bedroom curtains, and each female member of the fire she had left to boil the potatoes. One by one they rose stealthily from their seats and stole out of the church, the deacons going last, as the collection had not been taken up, and hoping against hope while there was still one member left. At the conclusion of the prayer the pastor opened his eyes, and behold! an empty church, and, thinking the end of the world had come, rushed into the street, and saw his erring congregation surrounding—a neighbour's bonfire.

Grading the Seed.—There can be nothing of more importance to the farmer of to-day than sowing the very best seed in order to get back from the land proper value for the hard cash he has invested in it. Too great attention cannot be given to using properly-graded seed, and the sooner farmers begin to realise this the better, as it is impossible to expect good crops from dirty and inferior seed. In order that agriculturists may have every facility for cleaning and grading their seed thoroughly, Herman, House and Co. Ltd., of 687-91 Elizabeth-street, North Melbourne, have placed upon the market the "Perfection" Seed Grader and Cleaner. The machine has had, and is still having, an enormous sale all over the states and New Zealand, and practical demonstrations of its serviceability to the farmer can be seen daily at the warehouse. A very interesting and instructive catalogue will be sent free to any farmer mailing a post card to the firm.

One of the biggest contracts that have ever been signed in connection with the importation of pianos to this country has just been ratified by the parties interested. It relates to the purchase of no less than 4000 instruments by

the one maker—the world-renowned Renardi, and extends over a certain term. The competition to secure the sole rights of selling these favourite pianos was excessively keen, and the successful bidders placed themselves in a position to outdistance the rest of the trade by means of a combine. We are able, therefore, to announce that the sole right of selling Renardi pianos in

Victoria in the future has been acquired by the Richmond Furnishing Company, in conjunction with Messrs. Paterson and Company, of corner of Smith and Moor streets, Fitzroy, and 152 and 154 Bourke-street, and the Footscray Furnishing Company. The chief point about the Renardi, apart from its sweet tone, is its ability to withstand the vagaries of the Australian climate.

SUMMER EVENING.

The long hot day has passed; since early morn
No cloud has moved across the glaring sky—
The birds that greeted its transcendent dawn
Exult to see it die.
The air is softened with a southern breeze;
The sun upon the far horizon lays
His fiery mantle; mountain, plain and trees
Lie in a purple haze.
Thus many, many days must come and go;
Those hills flush brightly with that subtle stain;
Thus, too, will Life yield to the Afterglow,
And Silence rule again.
How many lives born to simplicity
Awake at noon and find the parching glare
Beyond endurance, and in apathy
Surrender to despair?
How many voices that in youth have hailed
With joyful zest the world that gave the breath,
Grow mute, then scoff, and when their strength has
Failed,
Yield, too, and welcome death! E. J. R. A.

A useful and interesting novelty, and one that will prove a great boon to all interested in agricultural pursuits, is a patent clip for swing and harrow bars, the invention of Mr. A. H. King, Nathalia, the Goulburn Valley district. The clip can be fixed to any bar in a moment, a screw wrench being the only tool required to adjust it. Those who know what it is to break a swing bar when "away back" from the home-stand will bless the inventor, and be spared loss of time, of temper, and of—in many cases—unprintable language. Mr. King's advertisement appears on another page of this issue. Since the Royal Show, Mr. King has been awarded three first prizes, and two certificates of merit (in four weeks).

Simplex Oil Engine.—We would draw the attention of our readers to this oil engine. Its adaptability for every purpose for which power is used has been long established, and from the numerous encomiums passed upon its service by users, it is undoubtedly one of the best on the market, if not the very best. It has been put to some tough work, as, for instance, working out in the open for nine months on end, twenty-four hours a day, without stop or hitch, and this under a full load. The necessity of coming through a job like this places its reliability beyond dispute, and when this reliability is also associated with economy, the engine is a most desirable thing under a pint per horse power per hour, one need hardly want to look further. The successful working power. But it may be said that this is by no means an isolated instance of successful working, as any Simplex engine is quite capable of accomplishing similar work. The system of working differs from that of other oil engines, and being fully patented, belongs to the manufacturer, of Simplex Engines only. They never carbonise, therefore no require to stop to clear out residue. They require no more kerosene than is absolutely required for the load on the engine, the controlling valve supply being so perfect that no matter what the load is, or how it varies, only just the quantity required to do the work is supplied. Combustion is therefore perfect and uniform. There are many other good features also, and the least, most people will consider, being that the engine is wholly made in this country. Mr. E. Coulson, 116 a Beckett-street, Melbourne, is the maker, and issues a nicely got-up catalogue.



ROBERTSON & MOFFAT.

SPECIAL EXHIBITION of

Artistic Furnishing Novelties

From "Liberty's", London.

Exquisite Cretonnes and Printed Casement Linens,

BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED LINEN 4 O'CLOCK TEA-CLOTHS.

Novelties in Cushions.

Charming Effects in Coloured Madras Muslins.

ALL VERY MODERATE IN PRICE.

Inexpensive and Artistically-Designed Villa and Cottage Furniture

COMPRISING

Bedroom Suites, Diningroom Sideboards and Suites for Drawing Rooms.

NEW STYLES IN BEDSTEADS.

PITH and CANE CHAIRS, all in the Very Newest Styles, at Extremely Moderate Prices.

ALL THE LATEST EFFECTS IN

Self-Toned Axminster and Brussels Carpets, Tapestry Squares, Inexpensive Linoleums and Oilcloths

AT SPECIAL PRICES.

INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK FREELY INVITED.

ESTIMATES FREE OF CHARGE.

ROBERTSON & MOFFAT, BOURKE ST., MELBOURNE.



SHE.—" Goodness! he shouldn't break into privacy."
E.—" Call this place private."

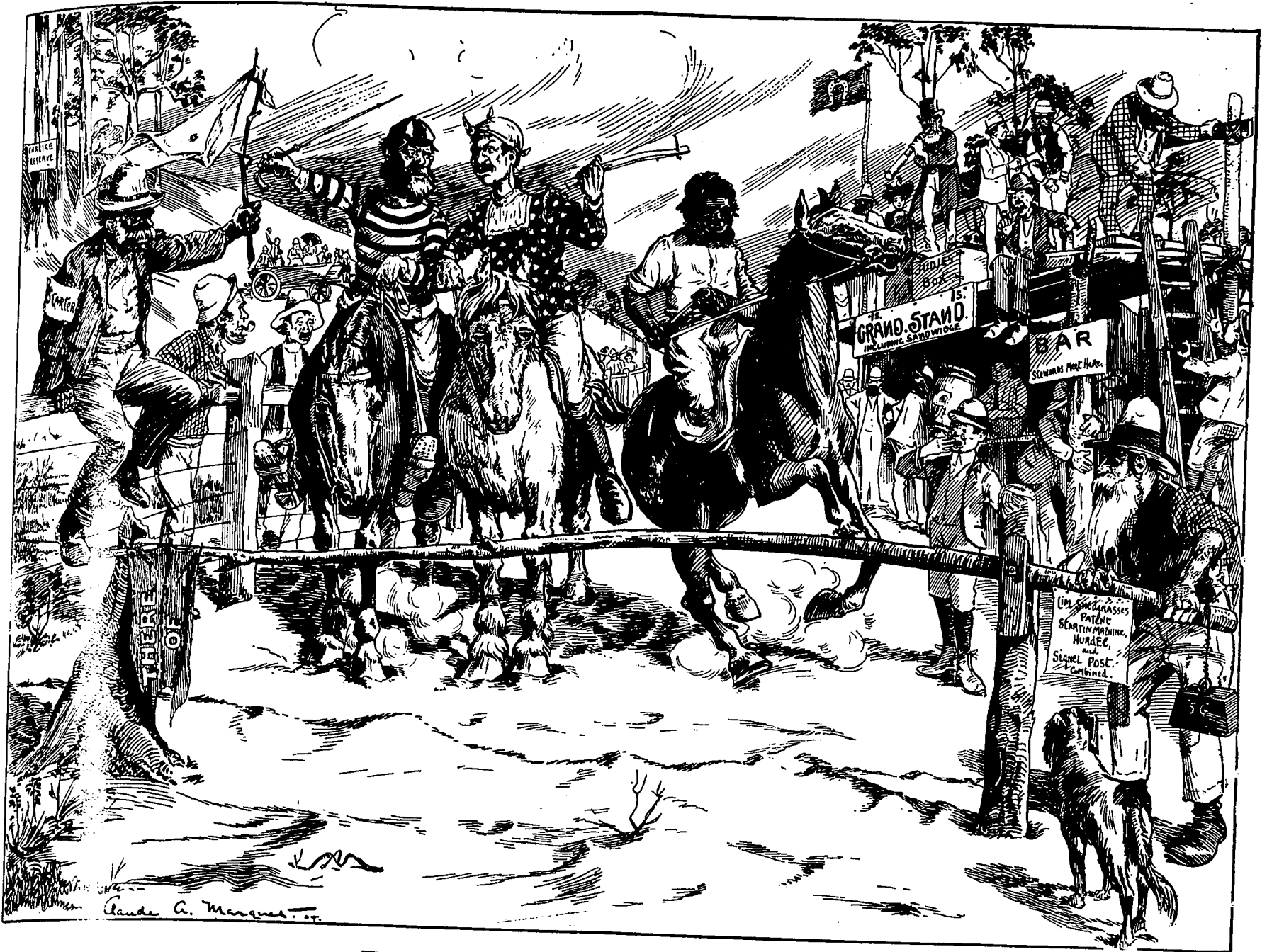
Of a reformed Melbourne man is told to explain his reformer known why he forsook the dalliance for the lilies and the married life. He had become struck upon a little married lady, and commenced to laudably favoured him. Mrs. very dear friend of a relative cultivated that relative assiduously result that he and little Mrs. good deal together. He put the work of winning her, and B. kept conveniently out of it he was a traveller, and his business from interfering with young schemes. Mrs. Blank seemed she grew agitated later, and the stages were well marked, a young man old in experience understood them well, and so pursued her.
At length when it seemed to

SUMMER EVENING.

Not day has passed; since early morn
has moved across the glaring sky—
that greeted its transcendent dawn
see it die.
softened with a southern breeze;
upon the far horizon lays
mountain, plain and trees
purple haze.
many days must come and go;
is flush brightly with that subtle stain
will life yield to the Afterglow,
or ebb again.
lives born to simplicity
moon and find the parching glare
trance, and in apathy
to do-pair?
voices that in youth have hailed
the zest the world that gave the breath,
then soot, and when their strength has
and welcome death!
E. J. R. A.

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great boon to all interested in
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(S).

Engine.—We would draw the at-
tention of readers to this oil engine. Its
purpose for which power
long established, and from the
experiments passed upon its services
undoubtedly one of the best on
not the very best. It has been
such work, as, for instance, work-
open for nine months on end,
for a day, without stop or hitch,
a full load. To successfully com-
pare this places its reliability
when this quality is also as-
economy, the cost of kerosene be-
at per horse power hour, on need
to look further for a successful
it may be added that this is
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and uniform. There are many
uses also, not the least, most
valuable, being that the engine is
made in this country. Mr. E. Coulson,
of Melbourne, is the maker.
See our catalogue.



THE START FOR THE SANDY BLIGHT CUP.
THE FAVOURITE OBJECTS TO THE NEW STARTING MACHINE.

AT.
From...
"Liberty's",
London.
Muslins.
CE.
nitire
oms.
Prices.
and O'cloths
CHARGE.
RNE.



SOLITUDE.

See—"Goodness! how you startled me! You
couldn't break this privacy like that."
"Call this place private?"
"A reformed Melbourne rake a little story
is told to explain his reformation, and let it be
known why he forsook the primrose path of
dalliance for the lilies and languors of orderly
married life. He had become very severely
struck upon a little married lady he met at a
dance and commenced to lay siege. Circum-
stances favoured him. Mrs. Blank was the
very dear friend of a relative of his, and he
elaborated that relative assiduously, with the
result that he and Mrs. B. were thrown to-
gether. The work of winning her he put all his guile into
it, and all the time Mr. B. kept conveniently
out of the way. In fact, he was a travelling
man, and his business kept him from inter-
fering with young L. Raker's little
scheme. Mrs. B. seemed to be impressed;
she grew agitated and tender after that.
The traces were marked, and L. Raker, be-
ing a young man of some experience, thought he
understood them well, and so the villain still
pursued her.
At length when it seemed to him that the

PRO PATRIA.

We forget the past, be it good or ill, be the deed unjust or right,
The clamouring crowd, the clash of creed, the fruit of the bitter fight;
We had turned our eyes and our hearts a space away from the Motherland—
And we may see with eyes that see, or we may not understand;
For we may not know, and we may not tell, and we may not each agree
On the Plan that rules the universe, or England's destiny.
Let the thoughtless follow the wordy strife and our foes say what they will,
But we—we know in our heart of hearts we are true to England still!
We love Australia, her proud face is as the flush of morn;
We look on her as a mother looks on the face of her sweet first-born;
And a mother may love her child full well, yet dearer by far, and higher,
Deeper implanted is the love she bears for her infant's sire.
And England is yet our Motherland—both mother and sire is she
(We may not forget, if we would, the tales we heard at a parent's knee)—
And wherever the exile made his camp, or the wandering heart did roam,
England was ever the light before, and England was always "Home."
And shall we forget—no more be proud of the land that gave us life?
And shall we look, in our vaulting pride, in scorn on the coming strife?
Shall the shrine we builded in days of youth be hurled from its place on high?
Shall we go heedless, nor count the cost, and shall we write a lie?
The Russian Colossus marches on, "doing the will of the Tsar,"
Glutted with pride and avarice, fighting alone to mar;
Grim, callous and stern, who never have yet turned back,
Her hungry hordes stretch out their hands, follow the war-god's track,
And England stands aloof, erect, ready on land and sea—
She may not ask for help of us, yet—what would the answer be?
Go, stem the march of the rising tide, and wring the ocean dry!
Make fertile plains where the mountains are, and shutter and bar the sky!
Ye may do all this, but ye cannot stem the rush of the rising flood
Of loyalty to England, nor to water turn our blood;
Kith and kin of hers are we, fruit of the same strong tree,
Hers is the heart that beats in ours, hers is our destiny.
Let the thoughtless follow the wordy strife, and our foes say what they will,
But we—we know in our heart of hearts we are true to England still!

PAUL LEMARS.

when telling the story to L. Raker's relation.
"And, you know," she said, "I really wanted
that poison for my photographic work. I hope
we've cured Raker of philandering." They have.



HOW IT WORKS OUT.

FIRST LOYAL WORKER.—"Say, 'Arry, 'ow
does this ere Arbitration Hact wrk out?"
SECOND DO.—"It's just this way: I says to
the boss I want a hextra two bob a day. 'e
says you can't get it. Then I tries to conciliate
'im. He won't be conciliated, so I harbitrates
'im, an' I gets it. See?"

LIGHT LOVE.

The play is ended,
The curtains fall;
Each action splendid
Won loud recall.
We both pretended—
I most of all.
For I but studied a passionate, human
Heart—the heart of a glorious woman;
And you, well, you played with my false emo-
tions,
Thrilling my nerves with your wondrous potions—
Handclasps, whispers and thrilling kisses,
Lightest of all Love's light-lipped misses.
So in our hearts no grief comes after;
Just a little thought and a little laughter.
Ah! you were splendid;
But it is ended!
WILL I AWSON.



d Micks and Murphies, and "Sure," he said, "we're your inimies 'n we'll tear



And they rush.

himself too good to do wrong he plumped... the Russian... the great commander... wild Irishym disguisisky

NEWMAN'S WATCHES... "STRONG WORDS" ALL... STATE... Gram's English Levers

tham Watches.

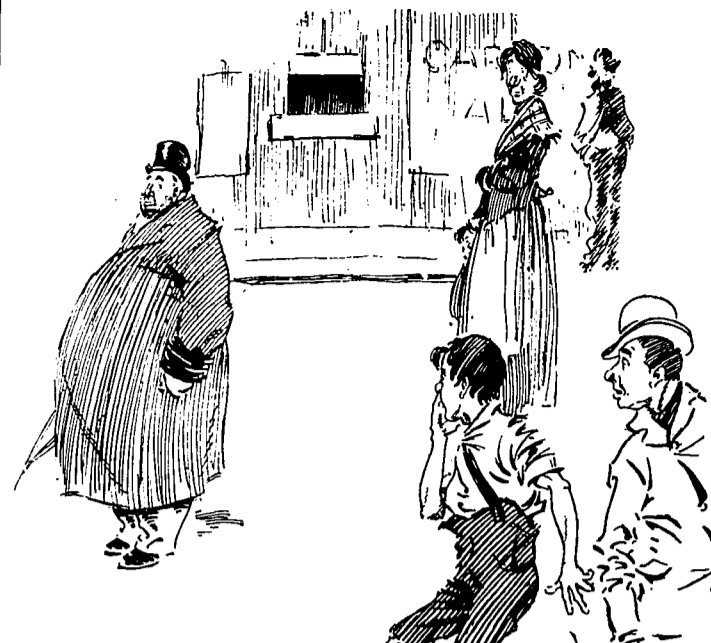
MAN'S KEYLESS LEVER

In Sterling Silver Cases. 30-



THIS WATCH... The keyless lever... the great... the... the... the...

bourne.



A BUTT.

"Hi! Mister -wot time's the per oon go up?"

He bragged of being a whaler of the real old style, brought up to date in the matter of sweating and drinking, and entertained mates with the start he would give Sydney when he walked into it some sultry evening.

This is how it has just worked out. Old Bill arrived in Sydney, red, dusty, thirsty and bad-tempered. "I'll get to the heart o' the place," he muttered, but the sight of a squat figure sitting on a chair on the verandah, reminded him of the Ben Mile Shanty.

The Scriptural injunction re giving no thought to what we shall eat or what we shall drink... The ordinary sausage of commerce has long been under the ban of suspicion in all the countries in which it flourishes.

Tommy Hogg, who was his widow's only son, was a sort of house-boy and assistant-mechanic in the machine. It was his duty to tumble in the ingredients, and to control the exit of the finished sausage.

which she swore she had discovered in a sausage one of yesterday's brew. This button she said she had sewn on to her Tommy with her own hand, and as the button was in the sausage there was, she alleged, grounds for the suspicion that Tommy Hogg was not far off.

He was a tall, thin, pale young man, with small, fluffy whiskers, like the fairy bristles on a vine grub, and he looked extremely out of place on a racecourse.

"Here, get out of my way," said the world-liner, "and mind your own dashed business. I'll bet if I like, irrespective of your opinion." The good young man interposed again. "Nav," he said, "hear me, I pray you. This betting practice is a great, lowering evil, threatening the happiness of all, and I must prevent you doing it."

Several years ago a humble Ballarat resident owned an old-man cockatoo of remarkable linguistic attainments, a bird that had been reared by a lonely shepherd, who had instructed him very carefully, so that his command of English was large, if not choice.

SOMEWHAT CHANGED

One would scarcely know fair Maisy, She is now no simple daisy, But she is a lady bold and fine; And her dress is hardly dainty, And her lips a little painty, Though they never kissed these lips of mine.

She always was a little tricky, Now I think her somewhat dicky, Since I've seen her out at many shows; All the boys to see her, slip in, And declare she is quite "rippin," And perhaps she may be—Well, who knows? H. L. T.

A man who lodges in a certain quiet suburb fell into a quarrel with his landlord the other night, the pair being then on their way home—very late—from a public house where they had been spending the evening in liberally refreshing themselves.

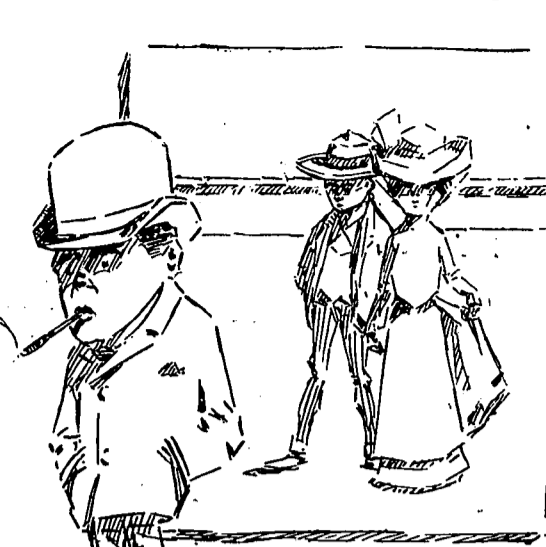
"Did you ever hear the story of old Geordie Spooner?" said the Cousin Jack miner, after draining the tea from the leaves in his billy, and finishing the last crumb of a pasty that was nearly as big as a carpet-bag when he started on it.

Wines, Spirits and Ales of the choicest Quality only kept. Free Stabling. D. MAHER, Proprietor

L. BRAVO, Hairdresser, Tobacconist and Fancy Goods Depot, Neill Street, Beaufort

M. FLOWERS, Baker, Pastrycook and Caterer, Opposite Post Office, LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT. Refreshments, 6d.

Support Local Industry, The and Patronise Riponshire Advocate. A large quantity of new type faces having been recently obtained...



REPENTING AT LEISURE.

"Why's Bertie looking so sad?" "Didn't you hear? His girl eloped." "Who with?" "Why, with him."

cutting that was in Piper's Hill them days an' broke his neck, Geordie got it into his head that he was doomed to fall over, too. 'That's where I'm goin' to finish, lads, safe as eggs in eggs,' he used to say.

The idea got on his nerves with the help o' the drink, 'n made Geordie the gloomiest wretch you ever saw. He actually began to grow grey at thirty owin' to the worry o' thinkin' how he'd whiz down that hundred feet o' cuttin' 'n bump when he struck the solid. 'It's no use me tryin' to escape from it,' he'd say; 'it's bound to come.'"

J. B. COCHRAN, News Agent, Bookseller & Stationer, Neill St., Beaufort.

S. J. Cuthbertson, BAKER, Havelock-st, Beaufort.

Wm. C. PEDDER, Whe. lwight & Blacksmith, Beaufort.

J. HOLDSWORTH, Wholesale and Retail Butcher, BEAUFORT.

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

New Zealand Loan & Mercantile Agency Co. Ltd.

Offices, Collins Street West.

Head Office, London.

Wool, Grain,
Skins, Hides,
Tallow, Bark,

Stock and
Station
Brokers,
On
Commission
Only.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES.
All Proceeds of Consignments held in Trust.
ACCOUNT SALES AND PROCEEDS PROMPTLY RENDERED.

WOOL SALES EVERY TUESDAY. GRAIN SALES EVERY WEDNESDAY.
OTHER PRODUCE WEEKLY.

Three Months' Free Storage on all Grain received into Store from 1st December to 31st March, after which One Month is allowed.

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HONEST ISAACSON
BY HENRY O'DONOGHUE

Mr. Charles Leman was his riches, it was said, but wonderfully successful pearl diver on Island, and with his day in elegant apartments at Melbourne.

He was a handsome Englishman, with dark, penetrating eyes, a polished manner. She was a French girl, voluble, sentimental and kind, and also polished.

Their wealth and their passport to the best society in Melbourne. It was remarked by many that her attachment to Marie Leman amounted almost to an obsession. One of those female friends of Marie's, who had a scant knowledge of authors, said to her, "My dear, she is a companion of the poet." "And winking its glittering eye," said certain Dr. Moxon—a childlike fellow—was coupled with that word. "The doctor was a frequent guest at the Leman's hotel, for Charles Leman, a hotelier, had a beautiful smile and was liable at any moment to be in a humor to be cooped up. Dr. Moxon had been in the habit of the Lemans in London, and he pronounced the happy pair pronounced words, "Till death us do part." Charles Leman's illness began nothing but cardiac stimulation. As he gazed into the face of Marie, he seemed to be mutely asking, "Why? Why?" like the fear-haunted Macbeth, he could only mutely reply, as the marriage service rang in his ears, "Not yet!" As the days passed, Marie began more and more to go to the pearl diver, which society winked the other.

There was a boom in pearls, and Marie considered an eagle that every so often she would be roped with the gems. She found a ready purchaser for her pearls, a German Reuben Isaacson, who was a demonstrative man, and as he pulled out his tree about her. "Beyond my dear, you are as hot as a pistol," he said, and drew a very diamond ring from his pocket. "He was even known as 'Honest Isaacson.'" "Ay, you must be a pearl diver," remarked one day, gleefully, to Marie, as Charles Leman appeared with a consignment of pearls. "I am a pearl diver." "Having paid Leman something for the value of the stones, with a few exceptions that he was losing money, Marie called his wife, Rebecca, and together they intoned in celebration of the event. "I said, 'dot fool knows not de mein vie, und ve shall be a can tink, even beyond der vild himagination.'" Rebecca smiled covered half the area of her face, of her delight, sidled off with to fry some fish for her astute husband's supper, the while he gave a pas seul as his short, fat suit behind his counter.

On a calm, cool evening after and Mrs. Leman were seated in the room after dinner. Marie was gazing vacantly out of the window as was her habit of late, to Marie of the conversation coherently her eyes a dreamy, listless look, a mental disturbance of some kind. "Dr. Moxon has promised to play ball at the Town Hall to-night," said Marie, coldly.

"Why?" asked Marie, still more excitedly. "Because I am unwell, and I must go," said Marie, and as she asked the question. "Of course you must," answered Marie sternly, as he fixed his dark, piercing eyes on her, as if he would read her inner thoughts. Marie merely averted her eyes, a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of her heart.

After a few silent moments Marie looked up from the paper he was reading, and measured, authoritative tone, "better go and dress."

Marie, docile as ever, then rose and retired to her room without another word.

Mr. Leman's cigar fell from his hand, and he dozed slightly, but muttered during the re-entrance of his wife and as he gazed at her admiringly, for she was a princess, every inch the equal of the Prince.

He mumbled to himself, as he said, "pang shot through his heart: "ate."

Turning to Marie he said imperiously, "looked her straight in the face: midnight."

"Ah! Spare me, mon mari, p Dieu!" exclaimed Marie: "remember your wife."

"It must be so," was the icy reply. "Mrs. Leman had just buried her hands, when Dr. Moxon entered the room. "What?" he exclaimed, "because your husband cannot play ball. I am afraid I shall have to play with you hands shortly." But the doctor's ideas, as he added: "Cheer up, I am as good a substitute as I can."

As Marie reached the door she was round, and, as if fascinated by the eye of her husband, rushed forward herself with abandon into his arms. "My husband! my life! my all!"

She then took the doctor's office, and the couple descended the stairs, waiting carriage, and were soon in a charming circle of friends in a ballroom.

HONEST ISAACSON'S RUIN.

BY HENRY O'DONNELL.

Mr. Charles Leman was reputedly wealthy, his riches, it was said, being the result of his wonderfully successful pearl fisheries on Thursday Island, and with his wife, Marie, he dwelt in elegant apartments at one of the best hotels in Melbourne.

He was a handsome Englishman, with keen, dark, penetrating eyes, a business-like smile, and the very best of polish as to hat, boots and manners. She was a French woman, small, ardent, voluble, sentimental and highly impressionable, and also polished.

Their wealth and their polish were a sufficient passport to the best society.

It was remarked by many of the friends of Marie Leman that her attachment to her husband amounted almost to fanatical servitude, and that of those female friends going so far, with scant knowledge of authorship, as to say to a companion, "My dear, she is even as clay in the hands of the potter." And yet society often winced its glittering eye when the name of a certain Dr. Moxon—a choleric, middle-aged widower—was coupled with that of Mrs. Leman.

The doctor was a frequent visitor at the hotel, for Charles Leman, with all his wealth, smile and polish, had a badly-affected heart, and was liable at any moment to perish of syncope. Dr. Moxon had been present at the marriage of the Lemans in London, and had heard the happy pair pronounce those life-binding words, "Till death us do part."

Charles Leman's illness being purely physical, but cardiac stimulants could be prescribed in his case, but the doctor often found, as he gazed into the face of Marie, that she seemed to be mutely asking regarding herself—like the fear-haunted Macbeth—"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" And the doctor could only mutely reply, as the words of the marriage service rang in his ears, "Not yet! Not yet!" As the days passed on his heart became more and more to go out to Marie, at which society winked the other eye.

There was a boom in pearls, and it was considered en regle that a society woman should be replete with the same. Hence Mr. Leman found a ready purchaser for his stock in one Reuben Isaacson, a German Hebrew dealer in precious stones, who was stout, oily and demonstrative, and, as he put it, "knew a ting or tree apout bearis." Beyond driving a hard bargain Reuben was as honest as the rest of his class, and drew a very distinct line at law-breaking. He was distinguished in his cult as honest Isaacson.

"Ay, you moost perfect Morgan," he remarked one day, smiling, rubbing his fat hands, as Charles Leman appeared with a fresh consignment of pearls. "I shall call you der Pearl Prince."

Having paid Leman something less than half the value of the stones, with many loud protestations that he "was losin' money on der deal," Reuben called his wife, Rebecca, to rejoice with him, and together they intoned a Jewish chant in celebration of the event. "Mein Gott!" he said, "dot fool knows not der brice of bearis, mein vie, und to shoul pe rich more as you can bin, even beyond der vildest flights of der imagination." Rebecca smiled a smile which covered half the area of her face, and, in token of her delight, sidled on with girlish friskiness to fry some fish for her astute and triumphant husband's supper, the while he executed as effectively a pas seul as his short, fat legs would permit behind his counter.

On a calm, cool evening after a hot day Mr. and Mrs. Leman were seated in their drawing-room after dinner. Marie was pre-occupied, and gazed absently out of the window, frowning often, as was her habit of late, to maintain her part of the conversation coherently. There was in her eyes a dreamy, listless look that betokened mental disturbance of some kind.

"Dr. Moxon has promised to take you to the Town Hall to-night," said the husband coldly.

"Why?" asked Marie, still more coldly. "Because I am unwell, and dare not risk the excitement," was the reply.

"What I go?" said Marie, and she shuddered as she asked the question.

"Of course you must," answered her husband sternly, as he fixed his dark, piercing eyes upon her, as if he would read her inmost thoughts. Marie merely averted her eyes, and heaved a sigh that seemed to come from the very bottom of her heart.

For a few silent moments Mr. Leman looked at the paper he was reading, and remarked in measured, authoritative tones: "You had better go and dress."

Marie looked as ever, then rose and left the room without another word.

Mr. Leman's cigar fell from his hand, and he muttered during his dozing.

The entrance of his wife aroused him, and he gazed at her admiringly, for she looked like a goddess, every inch the equal of the "Pearl Prince."

He stumbled to himself, as something like a lightning bolt shot through his heart: "Bah! it is my wife!"

Turning to Marie he said impressively, as he gazed straight in the face: "Remember! at all costs!"

"Spare me, mon mari, pour l'amour de Dieu," exclaimed Marie, "remember that I am your wife."

"Must be so," was the dry answer.

Marie had used her face in her anger when Dr. Moxon entered the room.

"But," she exclaimed, "crying, Mrs. Leman, your husband cannot take you to the Town Hall."

"I am afraid I shall have you both on my hands shortly," but the doctor had his own business as he added: "I will try and be a substitute as I can."

Marie reached the door she turned suddenly, and, as if fascinated by the basilisk gaze of her husband, rushed forward and threw herself with abandon into his arms, crying: "My husband! my life! my all!"

She then took the doctor's offered arm, and he couple descended the stairs, entered their carriage, and were soon in the midst of a charming circle of friends in the brilliant

drawing-room.



WHAT DID SHE EXPECT?

IRATE TENANT. "Look here, sir, that house I rented from you yesterday is full of bugs!"
HOUSE AGENT. "Full o' bugs! Well, d'ye expect me to find ye a house full o' hummin' birds for five bob a week?"

Two hours after Dr. Moxon and Mrs. Leman had left, Reuben Isaacson paid a visit to Mr. Leman, who had retired to bed. Closeted with the Pearl Prince in his bedroom, the man who knew "a ting or tree apout bearis" remarked: "I shoost shtrrolled around, your royal 'ighness, to see if you hef any more of dose bearis coomin' along."
"I shall have another lot for you to-morrow," replied Leman, as he held his hand to his heart.
"I know I am paying a goot brice," said Reuben, "but whenever anypody says bearis I can't rest. Bearis vas my hobby, as you English would say. I moost spekerlate all der time. Mein wife she say, 'Reuben, bearis vill pe your ruin.'"
At this moment Leman's head fell back on the pillow, and he asked Isaacson to remain for

a few minutes, as he did not feel well. The dealer in precious stones then took a chair, and fell into a reverie, in which he fancied himself "der Bearl Brince," with untold wealth at his feet.
At the end of a languishing Strauss waltz, into which she had entered with peculiar grace, Mrs. Leman gave a hasty glance at her jewelled watch, and, turning to Dr. Moxon, said "It is midnight, I must go." Without a moment's delay and with a dazed look she was soon out of his sight.
"What can it mean?" mused the doctor. "My theory now amounts to conviction, but I must be cautious." Concluding that she would go home, he at once sought his carriage, and followed her.
As Marie gave the word "home!" to her coachman, she did not see the eyes of a strange

man peering in at the window of her brougham. He also followed her.
The doctor and Mrs. Leman arrived at the hotel together. She ignored him, as if under some mysterious influence, and rushed up the stairs.
Failing to find her husband in the drawing-room, she at once made her way to the bedroom. The privileged doctor quickly followed her. Neither of them observed Isaacson, who sat in a shadow in the corner.
Mr. Leman roused himself, and, in a few broken sentences, said a sudden heart seizure had compelled him to retire to bed.
With the dazed look still in her eyes Marie threw down upon the bed a rope of magnificent pearls, exclaiming: "Your command is obeyed." Then she swayed to and fro, and would have fallen had not the doctor supported her.
At this critical moment a stranger entered the room. It was the man—no other than Melbourne's smartest detective—who had peered into Mrs. Leman's carriage window.
"I will take these," said the detective, as he picked up the pearls, "and it is my painful duty," he added, turning to Mrs. Leman, "to arrest you for robbery. These pearls were stolen to-night from a well-known lady at the Town Hall, and several similar cases have lately been reported to the police."
Dr. Moxon then interposed, and, speaking hurriedly as he glanced at the dying Leman, said: "Do not arrest her; she is absolutely innocent, as I am prepared to swear. I was present at her marriage with this man in London. He was then above reproach. I have made a special study of hypnotism, and for a long time had suspicions that Mrs. Leman was held under a spell of hypnotic suggestion by her husband. To-night my suspicions have been confirmed. Mrs. Leman has always been a most virtuous and amiable woman."
As the dying man gave a last, long gasp, he was just able to mutter: "It is all true," and Dr. Moxon continued, turning to Marie: "The spell is now broken—you are free."
As one recovering from a trance, Marie softly said: "Thank Heaven, I am free at last, after ten years of hell." The doctor then took her hand affectionately, and solemnly repeated the memorable words of the marriage service, "till death us do part."
"Oh! mein Gott, mein Gott!" cried Isaacson, who had remained silent all through this final scene, "der bearis from Thursday Island vash all shtolen, und der Bearl Brince vash nothings but a common tief; und now der tief vash dead. I vash a ruined man. Vot mit hypnotics, kleptomaniacs and lunatics der ish no room any more for an honest peeness man in my line. Ach teufel! Give me some rooms to shwear." He was just beginning to make deprecatory reference to "der vildest flights of der himagination," when the detective tapped him on the shoulder, and claimed him as a receiver of stolen property, and while bellowing loudly that he was known "by efferpody as 'honest Isaacson,'" he was gently led away to answer the momentous question, "Guilty or not guilty?"



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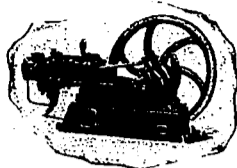
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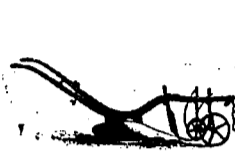
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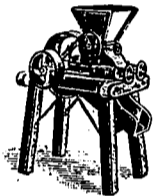
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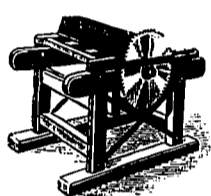
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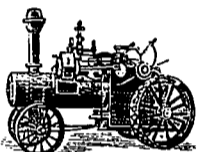
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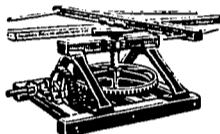
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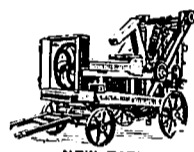
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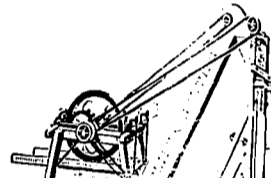
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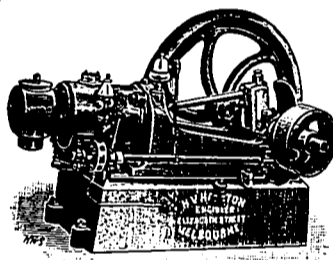
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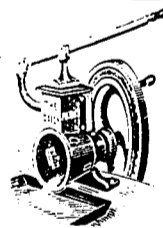
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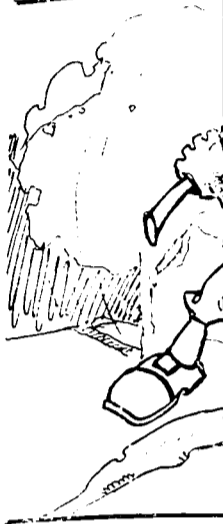
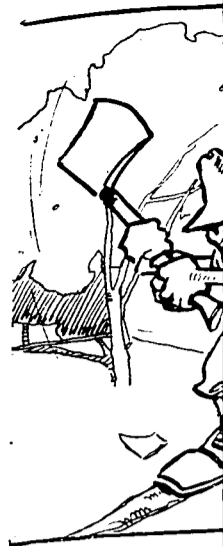
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Talked about hard smoking
the man from Cooper's Cur
the Clinker, William Eyebro
was: he was what I'd call
They say I smoke a lot, but
easy, 'cause I only smoke
while the Clinker would sm
would that. I've seen him
from besides his bed, put it

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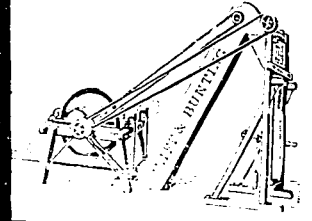
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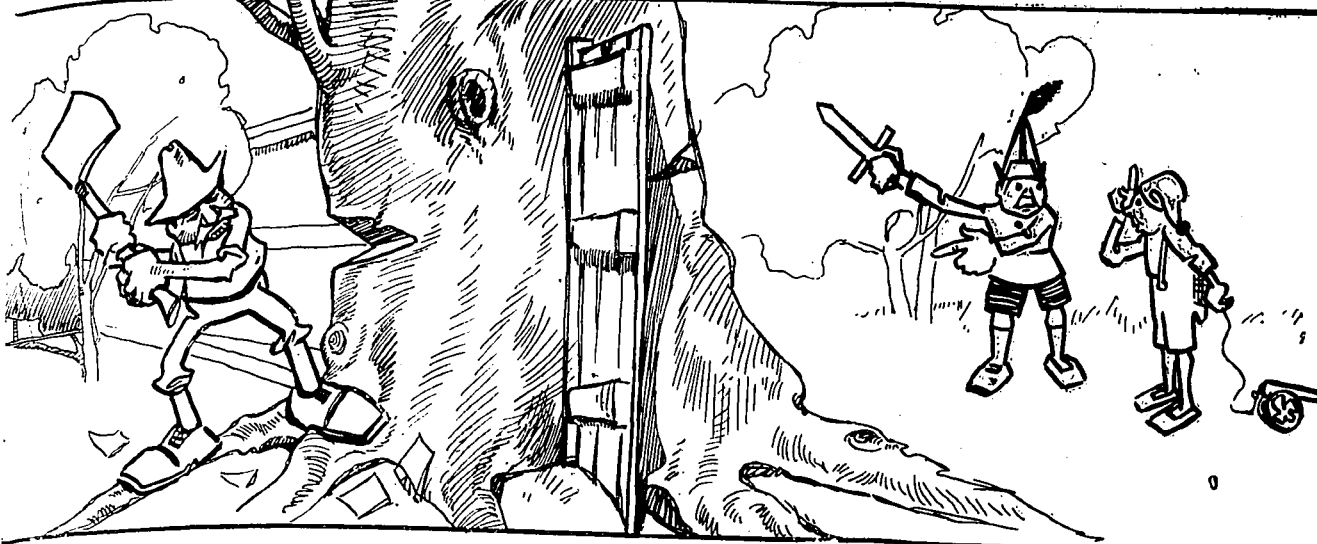
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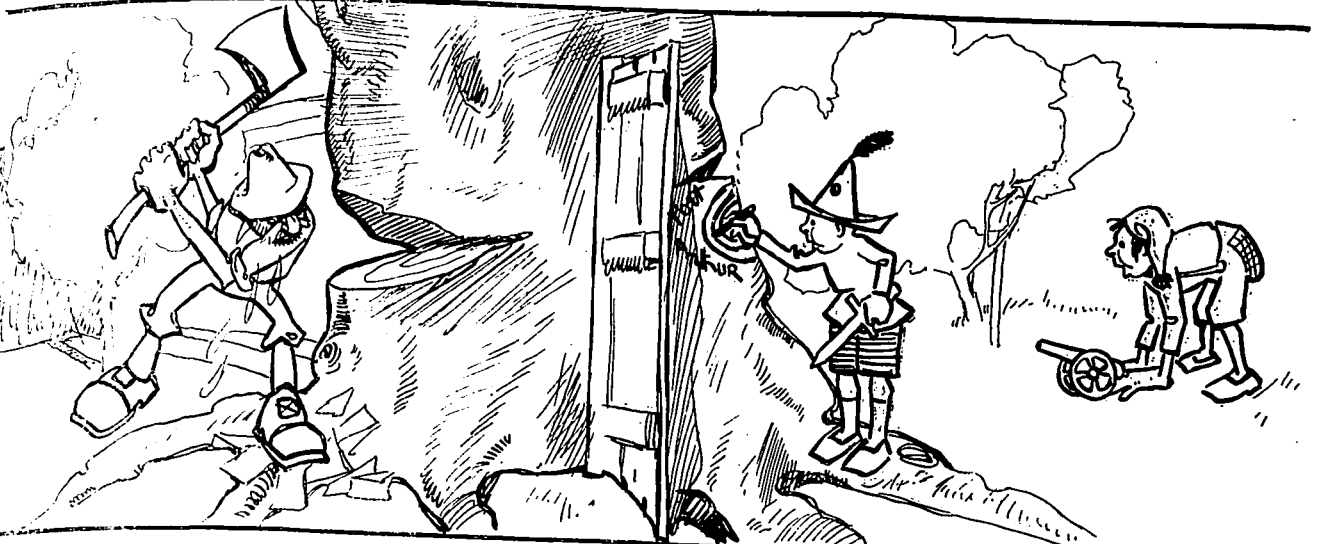
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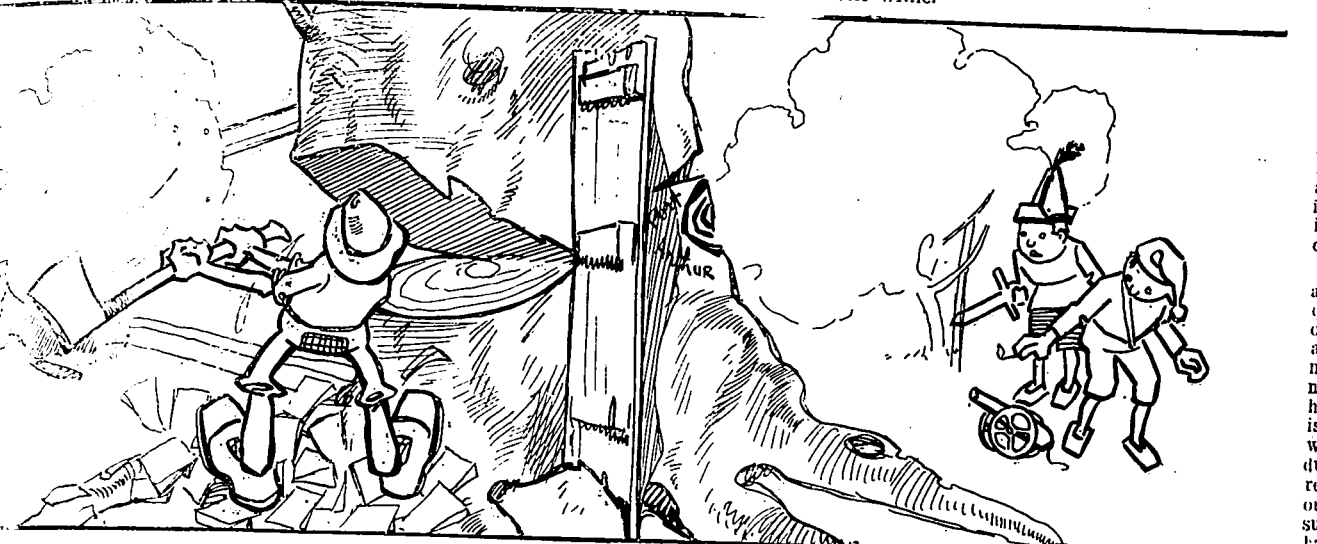
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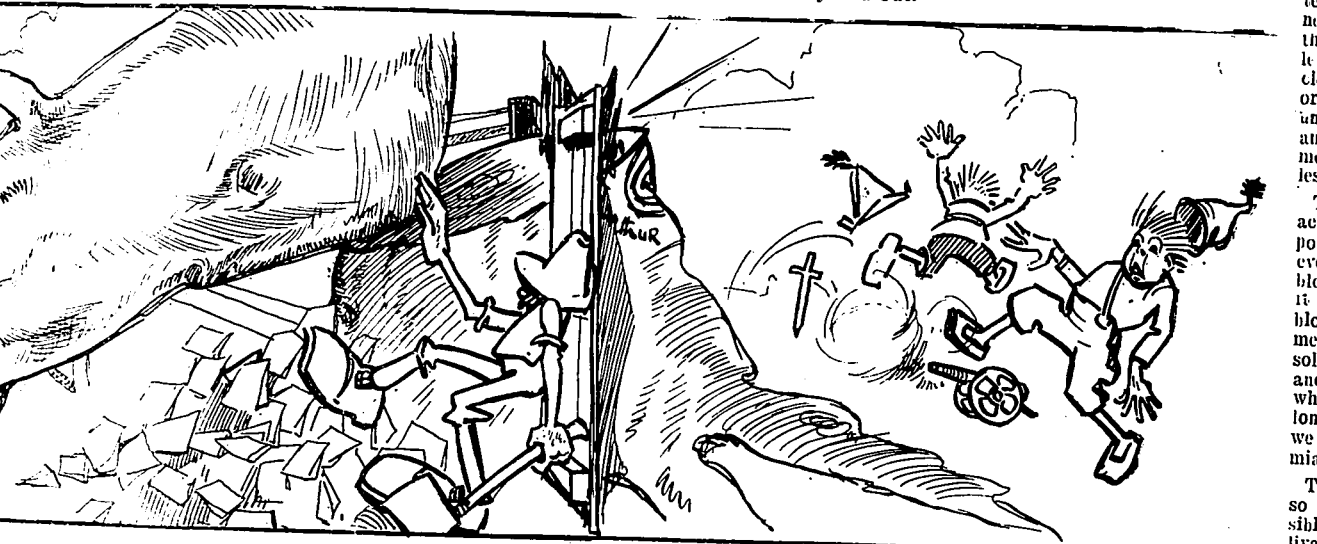
"The three's a terrible obstruction," said Callahnan, " 'n it must come down."



"This'll be Port Arthur 'n we'll be the Japs," said little Willie.



"Now," said little Tommy, "it's up to us to fire low and lay 'em out."



Then they find the toy cannon. Their horror over the result was so great that they hid under the stable for the rest of the day.

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At the heart of a man.

"...and smokers," said Callahan,
"Cut, there was Billy
Eyebrow, his other name,
I'd call a reg'lar smoker,
'cause I've seen Billy beat me
at a game of cards when I'm awake,
and he'd smoke in his sleep. He
said that I'd pick up his pipe
beside his bed, put it in his mouth, light

it, and smoke for five minutes without wakin'
up at all. Bill's dead now, and I know vety
well where he's gone to, bein' quite certain
he'd never go to a place where he couldn't
smoke. Most reg'lar the Clinker was in his
smokin', too, so reg'lar in fact that he could
tell the time by his plug. When he wanted to
know what time o' day it was, he took out his
plug, looked at it, same ez a man looks at his
watch, and sez he: 'It's ha' past one.' An' he
was alwez right. He knew by the amount what
was cut off how many smokes he'd had, an'
that was enough for him. Bill was a strict
temperance man—never drunk beer—an' one day
a Rechabite bloke was drinkin' him fer it. 'I'm
glad to hear, my man, that you never drink,'
sez he. 'Will you explain to me and my friends
why you abjure the glass?' 'Well, mister,' sez
Bill, 'the fact is I abjures the glass because a
man can't always be takin' the pipe out o' his
mouth!'"

A curious courtship case happened up Bris-
bane way a year or so ago. A young man
named Hide had been courting Miss Callop, and
he courted very industriously and liberally for a
term of ten months, and then Miss Callop fell
and broke her engagement, and incontinently mar-
ried herself to a man named Groats. Hide took
the affair very badly, and made out a long
statement of his claim against the young lady,
looking exactly like a lawyer's bill, and con-
taining such items as: "To buyin' Miss Callop
one pound of boiled lollies, 1s. 6d.;" "To takin'
Miss Mary Callop for a walk, Sunday, 5s.
4d.," &c., &c. This bill Hide sent to Groats,
asserting that as he had married Miss Callop
he had taken over her responsibilities. "You
and Mary are one now, ain't you?" argued
Hide. "Well, in that case you owe me £57 4s.
9d., and I'm goin' to have it or I'll deal with
you." Groats wouldn't or couldn't pay up, so
Hide called round with his bill every Sunday,

and as often as Groats refused to settle he thrashed him. The thrashings continued regularly for five months, at the end of which time Groats, finding the thing growing monotonous, ran away and hid himself in the West. Mrs. Groats is talking of securing a divorce for desertion, and Hide thinks it highly probable that his £57 4s. 9d. has not been quite thrown away. When the divorce is secured he intends reopening negotiations.

SELF-POISONED.

(By "Sequence.")

Some of the most powerful poisons known to science are made in the human body as the result of the wear and tear of life. These poisons are produced by the mere act of living.

We have all heard of the poisoned spears, darts and arrows used by many tribes of savages. The most common mode of poisoning these articles is to thrust them into a dead human body, and leave them there until the flesh is completely decomposed. Some tribes consider that there is a special virtue in the corpse of a chief, when used for this purpose, and that the greater the chief the more dangerous to their enemies will be the weapons thus prepared. Whether the body is that of a chief or that of a slave matters not at all. In either case a most malignant poison results from the decomposition, and the slightest scratch from spear, dart or arrow treated in this manner is fatal to a human being or any other living animal.

Dangerous as are the poisons created by the decomposition of animal matter, the poisons made by each of us every moment we live are equally deadly, and their evil work is wrought within ourselves. If all our organs are thoroughly healthy, the poisons, which are being continuously made, are expelled, and we suffer no hurt. It should, therefore, be our first care to see that the organs, whose duty it is to remove these poisons, are kept in efficient working-order.

Upon the skin, lungs, kidneys and liver rests the main responsibility of extracting poisonous matter from the blood, and removing it from the system. The moment one of these organs through weakness or disease becomes incapable of performing its work efficiently, that moment we begin to suffer from some illness, and, if steps are not taken to restore to health and activity the organ at fault, death from some form of blood poisoning must ensue.

The lungs are vigorous organs, and speedily advise us of anything which is impeding their action, whilst the skin will usually perform its duty if kept in a state of cleanliness. The kidneys and liver, on the other hand, are generally not able to directly call our attention to any weakness or disease in themselves, and it is only by studying symptoms produced by their irregularity that we become aware of their incapacity to do their work.

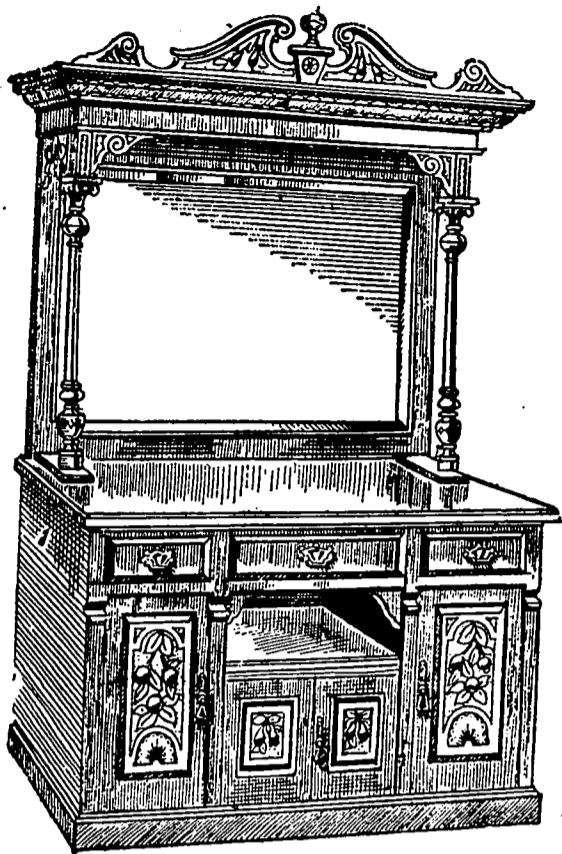
The kidneys filter and extract from the blood about three pints of urine every day. In this quantity of urine are dissolved about an ounce of urea, ten to twelve grains in weight, of uric acid, together with other animal and mineral matter varying from a third of an ounce to nearly an ounce. When the kidneys are in health all this solid matter is in solution, and is invisible. Directly the kidneys, through either weakness or disease, become unfit to do their duty properly, a proportion of the solid matter remains in the blood, becomes actively poisonous, and causes us to suffer from uric disorders, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles and Bright's Disease. A simple test to make as to the condition of the kidneys is to place some urine, passed the first thing in the morning, in a covered glass, and let it stand until next morning. If it is then cloudy, or there is a brick-dust like sediment, or if particles float about in it, or it is of an unnatural colour, the kidneys are not healthy, and no time must be lost in adopting remedial measures, or Bright's Disease, Diabetes or some less serious but more painful illness will result.

The Liver.—In the liver various substances are actually made from the blood. Two or three pounds of bile are thus made from the blood every day. The liver takes sugar from the blood, converts it into another form, and stores it up so as to be able to again supply it to the blood, gradually, as the latter requires enrichment. The liver changes uric acid, which is insoluble, into urea, which is completely soluble, and the liver also deals with blood corpuscles, which have lived their life, and are useful no longer. When the liver is inactive or diseased we suffer from Indigestion, Biliousness, Anæmia, Sick Headache and Blood Disorders.

The health of the liver and of the kidneys is so closely connected that it is almost impossible for the kidneys to be affected, and the liver to remain healthy, or vice versa.

It is nearly thirty years since scientific research directed specially to diseases of the kidneys and liver was rewarded by the discovery of the medicine now known throughout the world as Warner's Safe Cure. It was realised, at the outset of the investigation, that it was necessary to find a curative agent which would act equally upon the kidneys and upon the liver, these organs being so immediately associated in the work of dealing with the body's waste material, and after many disappointments the medicine which possessed the required action in the fullest degree was at length discovered. Warner's Safe Cure cures all diseases of the kidneys and liver, and, by restoring their activity, these vital organs are enabled to rid the body, through the natural channels, of urinary and biliary poisons, the presence of which, in the system, are the cause of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Blood Disorders, Anæmia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles and General Debility. Warner's Safe Cure cures all these disorders simply by removing the cause of the disorder. This is the reason why cures effected by Warner's Safe Cure are permanent cures.

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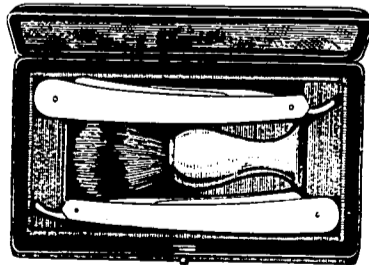
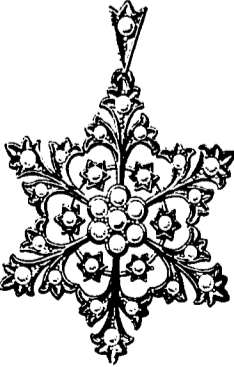


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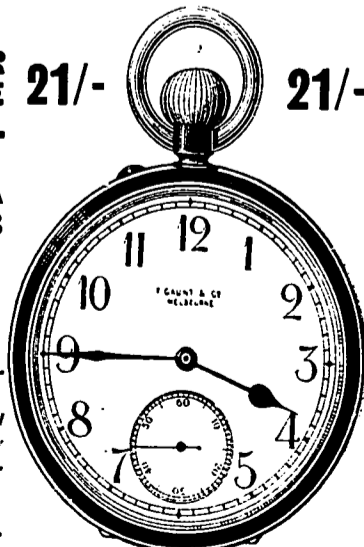


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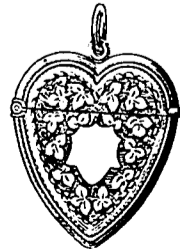
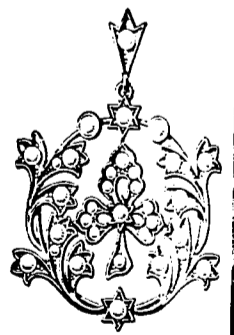
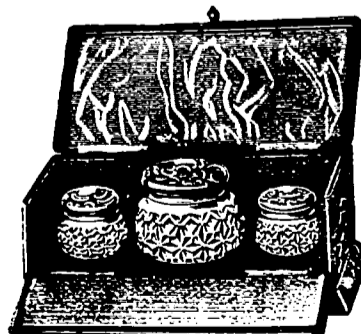
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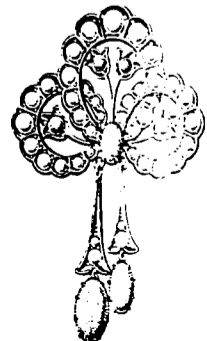


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QUONG M

By W

Quong Ming was Celestial, who waddled in half-civilised costume Chinese boots, wooden on the foot. To a would be a continual to were trained, and clung action of the toes in boot gives the Chow's character.

Ming was a miner. If body ever saw Ming tired for that, and his tie quality, luxurious as in the sun on quain smoked his little pipes. Chinamen did the mining. The Pagans had pitched the gorge that ran into Range opened out, a sunlight of the level could ordinary mining camp; some half-dozen bark windowless and doorless, entered by shifting one wall, and into which crawled to sleep among formed their beds—and and-log hut made of the with a stout door and built of logs, but here. This was the place of Quong Ming, who ruled his subjects. There was garden in the rich loam the Chinamen had been for over a year, when they began to grow amongst them in the wide bushland.

When Quong Ming, with first entered into possession, the few old diggers grumbled broadly, and said "ten" for the true diggers tempt of "monkeys" and those men from Hungary quarrelled at Perish-me a bricks and that even a C necessary rice and oil along Pink Creek, the little ed down the gorge, and to self in the bush. The Euro country well, and the name an eloquent attestation of luck.

And now, after twelve was growing his industry, he was moreover, Quong Ming, and having proud. He smoked, and bedizened with of coral over his tweed to cut; his Celestial hat gold and stones, the upon which in colour, a and he lined on young sucking, and the camp pots had contained stries bright all the way from the capacious stomach of Ming.

"It don't look ez if the deadly fish at Perish-me, Harrow sentfully. Dan had been starved off Hung earlier, and it seemed to be was showing an unreason spring of heathen.

"Just possible he knows mining, when you've bin all said Bar O'Brien with heavy "Mining, the cran-mother's row. "If you ever know a or go anywhere on his own come crop in after the points of monkeys, an' ser among 'em white man's look know more in a lop-eared man go in all sheep's best for "Well, you couldn't live on fit on Perish-me."

"I could," I lived on dar most of the time, but there's this."

The conversation occurred at mining, when about two Perish-me. Next morning Bob with the news that Quong some to go along a railway to Melbourne for treatment. "I don't want," Dan Harrow said, "I don't want to go to Melbourne, but I'll go if the other men will go for a space of suffering temporary paralysis." "I don't want to go," said Bob, "I don't want to go, but I'll go if the other men will go for a space of suffering temporary paralysis." "I don't want to go," said Bob, "I don't want to go, but I'll go if the other men will go for a space of suffering temporary paralysis."

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WARBURTON.

Plunging into the forest beyond Ringwood, and as it opens again for idyllic Lilydale, so associated with Melba's visit, we obtain a glimpse of Victoria's grand region, the sweep round from Warburton to Healesville, Fernshawe, Marysville, Black Spur, Orneo, Harrietville, to the lordly splendours of the Alps towards and past Bright. We hope to enjoy this excursion under the harmonious arrangement by which the Victorian railways chime in with Cobb's Coaches. Now is the time when every Melbourne city man is bracing up—with as many women as can—for a rush outside like that of a Londoner for the Jungfrau or the Riviera. "Where shall we go?" is the household query, if a man is lucky enough to be a haus-vater. Try Warburton. The arms are open to receive you, in the shape of ample lodging-house accommodation, wooing the guineas from all the acclivities round about.

The Yarra is struck at the Launching Place, and we view it with somewhat of the exultation which possessed us in first seeing the Murray at Albury, as the train from Wodonga rattled over the bridge. Dear old Yarra! Were we not delectated, even in childhood, with your perfumed Frangipanni, your essence of Millefleurs, Tanyardia and Bonemilleaux. "But," says the Yarra, "those were vile poisons, utterly foreign to the crystal purity of the ever-flowing. Come and see me at home, with my eternal youth, with my bounding alacrity, like the rapid Rhone, or the young Rhine, when it emerges from its Swiss Mountains, as I do from my Baw Baw." Well, here you are, Yarra, like a skipping young kid, or one of the timid lambs which scamper across the paddocks as the train rattles by.

Henceforward our Yarra quite absorbs us at Warburton, and is always in the picture. "Here I am again," it seems to say, and we lose count of the times the railroad has to cross it, although the track is nearly as direct for Warburton as that bee-line which Czar Nicholas I. ruled on the map for the St. Petersburg to Moscow railway. The Warburton line ends with a long down grade, and the vistas opened up quite make one's heart jump, as the succession comes after the manner of a transformation scene unfolding. First, there is a forest range close to you, then another, with a dark blue ultramarine

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Following down the course of the Yarra we came to what we termed the cataracts, not waterfalls, but toy-like imitations of those mighty Nile cataracts, long reaches of broken water.

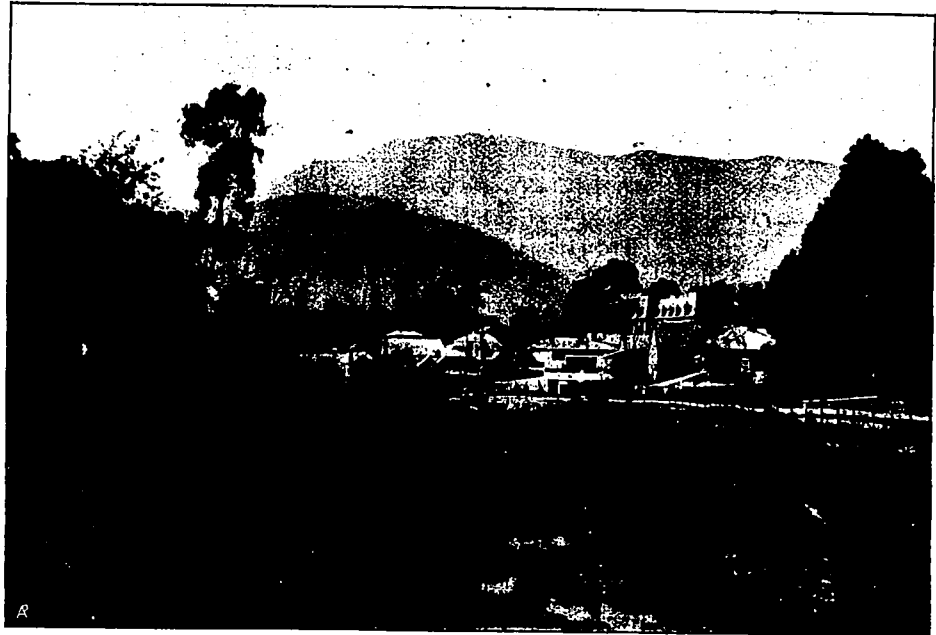
At Warburton we feel what an inexhaus-

out of which the road had been scarped, a fine road, highly creditable to the public spirit of the Warburtonians, even when they were reckoned outside the pale of civilisation. We saw a number of most lovely little birds, with blue heads and blue stripe on the back, also pretty little slender brown birds, which tried to stand up straight, like prize canaries. Just as we were thinking that there was some mystic, inexplicable enchantment about this walk, we encountered a Government notice to the effect that the land is auriferous.

itself. Once there, by the purling you'll Yarra, you don't want to move, but Healesville is a resting-place for the beyond. We pant for the Black Spur, in the almost matchless eucalypt forest. The coach from Healesville bows us along to Green's Hill, where a grand mountain panorama unrolls, with Mounts Riddell and Juliet, both shooting up close to 4000ft. The Black Spur is also at hand, with the mighty mass of Mount Monda, as also the lofty cone of Mount St. Leonard. We pass from the popular "Aberloyle House" to the fine "Grace-dale House." Now comes the extremely interesting dominion of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

This includes a reserve of 35,000 acres, comprising the Graceburn and Maroonah, or Watts River Catchment areas. The road is as good as any Melbourne street. Fernshawe is next reached, a most delicious place, entering the fern region, and the coach slowly ascends the steep slope of the Black Spur. Now for the giant eucalypt trees, and we are reminded that Victoria has the highest trees on earth, beating even those of Yosemite. An imposing sight is afforded by thousands of straight trunks covering the hillsides. In the valleys abound the acacias or wattles, including the silver and golden, with the lovely myrtles. "Uncle Sam" is a particular huge gum tree, under which the Prince and Princess of Wales camped for luncheon in 1901. From the eastern slope from Etta's Glen and Myrtle Creek the coach travels swiftly, and soon we are among the mountains which contribute to the Acheron River, one of the headwaters of the Murray. Another glorious panorama opens out with Mount Vinegar, Dom-Dom, Grant, Strickland, and the jagged peaks of the Cathedral Range.

Thirteen miles from Healesville we come to the Hermitage, where the eye embraces every object that can come into the eye of a painter, with a boundless study for the botanist. Space does not allow us to dilate, and we must abruptly terminate our trip from Healesville, to another's Look-Out and the Donkey Look-Out is unique, being more of a sudden rise from the Badger River Valley, to very much over one thousand feet. For this we turn off the Fernshawe road at "Graceburn Glen House." All we have seen on the other route appears as a new



HEALESVILLE AND MOUNT JULIET.

tinge, steals out from behind it, then a third of lighter Prussian blue emerges, and then there is a fourth, like the distant Heaven!

The photographs give you a delicious idea of Warburton, but in all that we have been able to collect not one even attempts to show the grandeur. Now, that is the prime characteristic, the Healesville scenery, with all the charm of water thrown in. Leaving the train we are almost shut in by noble mountains, placid giants, which suggest elephantine repose, breathing the strength of the everlasting hills. Perfect beauty and perfect balm.

This Warburton will be a great place, though now is the day of small things. It is right down in the vale. The agreeable noise of the river pervades all, and when we are tucked in our little bed it goes on soothingly like the ocean murmur on the beach, when there is what the sailors term a capful of wind, but, of course, it is glassy calm there sometimes, whereas Warburton's pretty cooing of the Yarra never ceases, even as it nursed the aboriginal children of the Yarra Tribe under their mia-mias.

From the verandah of the Alpine Retreat Hotel we had a picture that filled the bill for all we would require in long hours of meditation on making a book—some daring attempt to rival a Gibbon or a Tennyson, for all kinds of wild extravagancies are planted in the brain even of a Melbourne business man by the spell of Warburton. Sydney Smith said: "Don't let any man go to Australia because he is a poet," and the witty Canon meant that it was all hard graft, but Warburton, Healesville, Bright, Warraambool, Daylesford, Kosciusko, Dargety, the Blue Mountains, the magical Jenolan Caves, and the equally wonderful ones at Yarrangobilly, were not then discovered, so that Australia, and Victoria even, has be-

tiful subject the weird bush is in its glory, beauty, solemnity and terror.

We walked back from Warburton to West Warburton, three and a-half miles. On the right hand, for a good way, the Yarra still twirling, twisting, twinkling, writhing, sparkling, purling, laughing, bounding, waltzing its circles and eddies of the water, while on the left was the thickly-forested mountain



THE HERMIT'S CAMP, SCENE NEAR MARYSVILLE.

The engravings are from the Atlas Press "Guide to Healesville," etc.



ROOKE'S BRIDGE, NEAR HEALESVILLE.

HEALESVILLE.

We pierce through the mountainous bush from Warburton to Healesville, but, as everyone knows, a delightful railroad trundle can be taken from Melbourne all the way to Healesville. This is the right forward line from Lilydale, where the Warburton line branches. Warburton's charms are all in

aspect of surpassing beauty. The late well-known Mr. Malleon, the self-denying choicest residence at Malleon's Glen, in a marvellous spot of fairy-like loveliness. Nature and art combined to make a small Paradise on earth. Yet another divagation is to Marysville, a little village surrounded by vast hills and unpopulated forests. It is on the road to Wood's Point. From Keppell's excellent hotel a number of delicious outings can be taken.

About half-a-mile leads us to the famous Beauty Spot, on the track to Mount Bismarck. This yields a noble panorama, reaching to the mountains round Alvarado and Mansfield. The Steavenson Falls, two miles from Marysville, must not be missed. A very pretty drive is from Marysville to Buxton. Tommy's Bend, a name highly suggestive of an eminent statesman, is unrivalled for the visitor enamoured of myrtle, saffras and fern gullies. The drive from the Bend to Cumberland Creek makes one almost drunk with beauty. We are lost in admiration of the hardy pioneers who cut the tracks from Healesville. It was the magnet, Coranderrk Aboriginal Station, a most interesting place, is only a few miles from Healesville. Badger Creek, extending in English trout, blackfish and other fish, is 20 miles. About the same distance is Rooke's Bridge, over the Yarra, with its plentiful Murray cod, perch, blackfish and other fish.

Two miles from Healesville we come to the junction of the rivers Yarra and Maroonah, a most picturesque spot, with a number of fine places are within reach of the pedestrian from Healesville. Myers' Falls, a beautiful cascade, is five miles away. The Healesville Tourist and Progress Association has recently been formed, under the presidency of Mr. C. N. Gilbert, with Mr. R. Thomas of Nicholson-street, as secretary.

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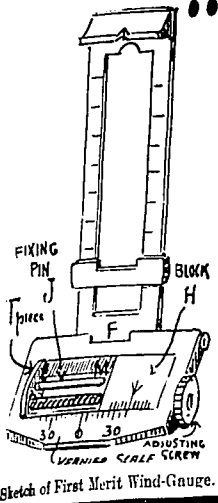
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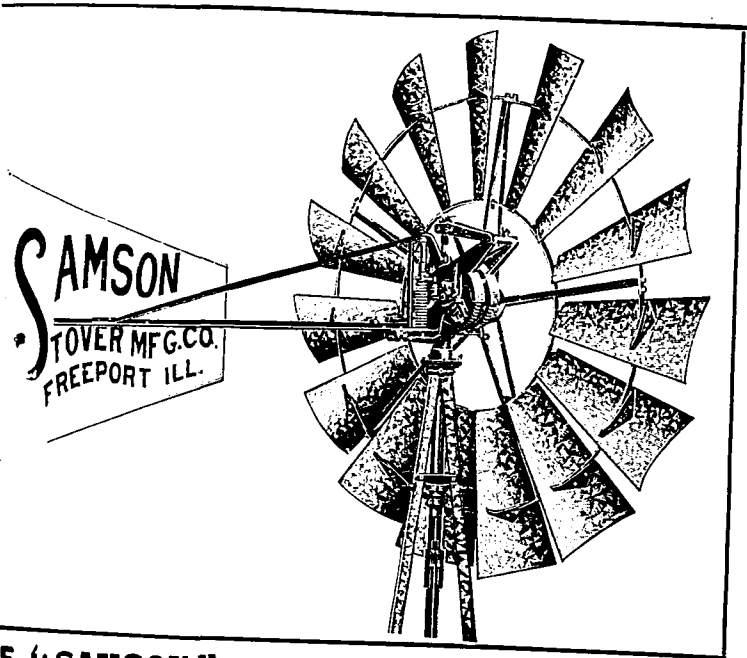
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- 5th—Can get over any gutter without turning round.
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If your storekeeper doesn't stock "Hale's Patent Go-Cart" write for illustrated catalogue. Perambulators, Invalid Carriages and everything required in the trade manufactured and supplied by us. Repairs of every description. Write to-day, and you will receive every attention.

HALES, Importers & Manufacturers,
380, 382 Lygon St., Near
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"Samson"
THE STRONGEST
AND MOST
DURABLE MADE. Windmills



THE "SAMSON" differs from other Windmills in that it is Double-Gearred. Instead of having the usual single gear wheel meshing with a single pinion, it has Two Gears and Two Pinions. This is the foundation of the "SAMSON'S" strength and superiority.

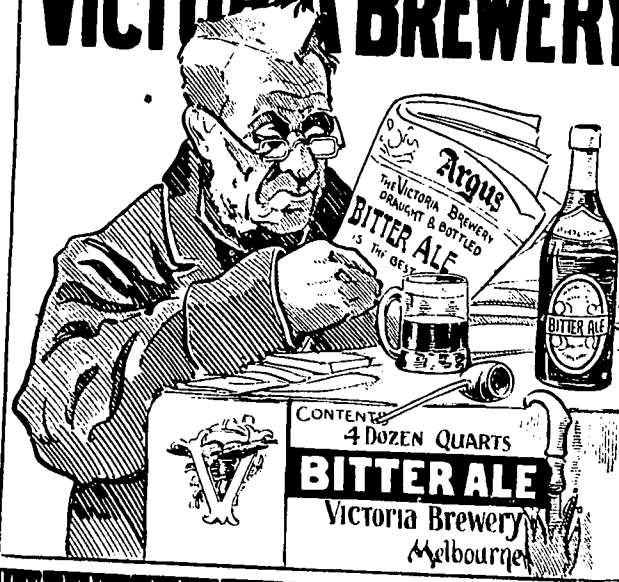
"IDEAL" Galvanised Steel Towers.

Special attention is drawn to these towers, which are GALVANISED THROUGHOUT, thus preserving their life and appearance. They are also very strong in construction, although light in weight.

Send for Catalogue and full particulars.
All Sizes of Mills and Towers in stock.

Sole Agents—**Welch, Perrin & Co.,**
QUEEN'S BRIDGE ST., MELBOURNE.

VICTORIA BREWERY



W. H. Blakeley & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Saws, Machine and Guillotine

Knives and Cutters,

Importers of Files, Emery Wheels, Grindstones,
Machinery Oils and Saw Mill Requisites.
Saw Repairing & Regrinding Equal to New.

Sole Agents for H. Disston & Son.

115 Lonsdale St., Melbourne.

BETWEEN RUSSELL AND EXHIBITION STREETS.

SURGEON LANGSTON



GUARD YOUR LIFE.

Study Your Pocket. Regain Your Health
If you want to be a Manly Man, if you want to feel the Vigor of Life, write at once to the old reliable specialist, Surgeon Langston, the expert with a record of over 40 years' successes.

I Cure because I Know How

No experimenting No guesswork No failures
I diagnose your complaint correctly, and cure you quickly and permanently, at your own home, without pain, risk, or inconvenience

DR. LANGSTON'S

NOT
A
BELT.

ELECTRO-REGENERATOR

NOT
A
BELT.

It is not a belt to be soaked in vinegar, it will not burn you; it is not to be worn about the body.

It is the Simplest, Grandest, and only Genuine Method for distributing Life-Giving Electricity to Weak Men and Restoring Vigorous Health and Strength.

No clumsy contrivance to rob you of your sleep. A simple but judicious application once each day ensures the Sweet Boon of Perfect Manhood.

Temporary success is comparatively easy, but for a

PERMANENT CURE

there is only one reliable specialist, Surgeon Langston, who is daily Restoring Vigor and turning a life of Pain and Misery into one of Health and Pleasure.

WRITE TO ME FOR EVIDENCE OF HONEST FACTS

I have the Oldest and Largest Specialist Practice of any physician in Australia. Where others treat twenty cases, I cure hundreds, and have done so for over forty years

25,000 COMPLETE CURES

is my record in the treatment of all Nerve, Blood and Skin diseases—an experience absolutely unequalled in Australia.

FREE TO ANY MAN: My treatise on Nerve Diseases and Ailments of Men, teaches how to regain and retain a sound mind in a sound body; also the history and cure of RUPTURE and VARICOCELE without operation, by post, sealed, six stamps

YOU WRITE.
I CURE.

Registered by the Medical Boards, and authorised by Act of Parliament to practise in all branches of Medicine and Surgery. Late Surgeon in Imperial Forces, Army Medical Staff Formerly Government Health Officer, Tasmania

Surgeon Langston, M.B.C.S., Eng.
129 COLLINS ST.,
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Socket Wood Drivers	8/6
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M'LEAN BROS. & RIGG,
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Kempshill Arlington	33/-	3/-
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Vardon Flyer	17/6	1/6
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Cox's Maitland - 7/6
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Best Agents for Benjamin Horn's Famous Leather Balls.

The "A" Match Ball - 2/6
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STUMPS. (A set consists of a stump and 4 balls.)

Mar's Ash - 3/6 to 4/6
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Genuine De Fevre,
5 Pints, 18s 6d., 8 Pints, 30s.

Baldwin Refrigerators,

57s. 6d. to £10 10s

Dish Covers,

8s 6d to £4 10s each.

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2s 3d, 2s 9d, 3s 3d.

Federated Filter and Water Bag,

3s 6d each.

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10s to 90s.

Primus Stoves, 12s each.

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5s 6d each.

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12s 6d each

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4s 6d each.

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11s 6d each.

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AT KEEN-CUT PRICES.



NO end to the assortment our Cutlery Department offers you. Everything that has an edge can be found here in all shapes and sizes. The best that Sheffield produces, and prices pruned to the lowest notch:-

XYLONITE DESSERT KNIVES-4/3, 5/9, 6/9, 7/6 Half Doz.

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STAG CARVERS-3/6, 4/6 Pair.

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NICKEL SILVER SPOONS and FORKS-Will wear white throughout-Tea, 1/3, 1/9 Half Doz.; Dessert, 2/9, 3/3, 4/- Half Doz.; Table, 3/9, 4/6, 6/- Half Doz.

ORDER BY POST-THE QUALITY WILL PLEASE YOU-SURE.

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Do You Indulge in TENNIS?

Please don't consider yourself equipped until you have looked through our Large and Well-stocked Stock

RACKETS

Doherty 42/- Pastime 21/-
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BALLS-all Best Makes

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Send for our Catalogues, Post Free, any address.

Hose Piping

Indiarubber 3-Ply Oceanic

1/2 inch, 6d foot; in 50 feet Coils.
3/4 inch, 8d foot; " "
1 inch, 10 1/2 d foot; " "

HOSE, North British.

A1 Quality, 1/2 in., 8 1/2 d ft.; in Coils 60 feet.
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" 1 in., 1s 2d ft.; " "

LAWN MOWERS

PLANET,

10 in., 17s 6d; 12 in., 20s; 14 in., 22s 6d.

PHILADELPHIA,

10 in., 30s; 12 in., 35s; 14 in., 40s.

Ransome's,

ANGLO-PARIS.

12 in., 75s; 14 in., 90s; 16 in., 125s.

M'Lean Bros. & Rigg,

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Our business
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Whatever we will
full sense of that
Our stock
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there is one lot
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ment Rings, or
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mind is that all
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can buy a ring
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making a life-long
can see from
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COUGLE'S UP-TO-DATE STORE. Filled with New and Up-to-Date Goods.

When you want anything in DRAPERY, COE TO US. Ladies, Inspect. Ladies, Inspect. OUR STOCK OF MILLINERY, BLOUSINGS, DRESSES, &c.

LATEST NOVELTIES, NEWEST GOODS, In All Departments. G. H. COUGLE, The People's Draper, Havelock St., BEAUFORT.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER, * HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 19th Jan., 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure. SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE.

COMMERCIAL. BALLARAT LIVE-STOCK MARKET. Tuesday. Fat Cattle—378 head was the number penned for to-day's sale.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

RICHARDS & CO'S. NEW EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Is a Revelation. It is an Exhibit of a Century.

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

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT. The above Hotel having changed hands, the present Proprietors wish to notify the residents of Beaufort and district.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept. FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1-1. Meads a Specialty, at any hour, 1-1. First-Class Groom always in attendance.

Marriage

BOYD-THOMSON.—On 21st inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, Reginald Boyd and Mrs. G. Boyd, Alfred Thomas, son of Mr. George Boyd, of Chute, to Erisbil, daughter of Mr. Robert Thomson, of Reginald.

FUNERAL NOTICE. THE friends of the late Mrs. Grace Boyd are respectfully requested to attend the funeral of her remains to their last resting-place in the Beaufort Cemetery.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES. SUNDAY, 27th DECEMBER, 1904. Church of England—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (special music both services); Malpas, 10 a.m.; Waterloo, 8.30 p.m.—Rev. A. J. Pearce.

THE Riponshire Advocate

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1904. On the eve of the great holiday season of the year, we again wish our readers "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Local and General News. Patrons and visitors to the sports in the Beaufort Park on Boxing Day will find J. H. B. Rogers, in charge of the luncheon.

GOAQUINE

The Riponshire Compound, The Stockport Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

The friends of the late Mrs. Grace Boyd are respectfully requested to attend the funeral of her remains to their last resting-place in the Beaufort Cemetery.

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Boxing Day Sports.

This year the Beaufort Athletic Club has provided an unusually good programme for the enjoyment of lovers of outdoor sports on Boxing Day.

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PHOSPHOL EMULSION

A Very Valuable Remedy for DISEASES OF THE CHEST, MINORS COMPLAINT & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

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MY LADY'S SIN, THE WICKED PLOT THAT FAILED. THE Author of 'The Exchanged Will,' 'The Secret of the Grace Cup,' 'Counterfeit Claimants,' Etc., Etc.

It was Dolores's voice that spoke, and Dolores's tall form that presently appeared. With scant ceremony she elbowed her way through the obstructing crowd...

PHOL MULSION An Cod Liver Oil, with a lot of Lime and Soda. THE CHEST, MINERS' GENERAL WEAKNESS.

Miss Dolby anxiously ventured a gentle protest. 'Oh Miss Beauchamp, don't you think you had better let her stay?'

CHAPTER XVII. SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISES. 'St. Martin's-le-Grand first, Thomas,' directed Lady Beauchamp...

CHAPTER XVIII. THE LOCKED CABINET. Miss Dolby's visit, with various other circumstances conspired to delay Nina's return to Lucy's bedside...

THE MINISTER'S WEDDING-FEE. A preacher was conversing with a lawyer member of his church upon the financial rewards of the different professions...

ONE OF JOHN L. TOOLE'S ADVENTURES. Toole has played practical jokes in some form or other on most of his actor friends...

CAPE TO CARIO RAILWAY. In the course of an interview with Sir Charles Metcalfe, superintendent of the Cape to Cairo Railway...

A DUEL IN A GRAVE. At an hotel in Kingston, Jamaica one evening, a large company was dining, and expressing its conviviality in a series of toasts and songs...

IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL. The DANCE BEFORE THE ALTAR. Six boys enter the space before the high altar, their hats under their arms...

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Lemon rind steeped in water in which you bathe is not only refreshing, but of actual benefit to the skin...

WHAT CONNECTION IS THERE BETWEEN A VOLCANO AND PRESERVED MILK? This is a practical question, not a conundrum, for milk—and many other perishable substances—could not be kept in condition without the use of borax...

BOATS WITH EYES. In China where so many hundreds of people live their entire lives on boats, they have a strange idea that an eye must be strung on the bow of the boat that it may see its way through the water...

FINE-EDGED TOOLS LOSE THEIR TEMPER IF EXPOSED TO THE LIGHT OF THE SUN FOR A CONSIDERABLE LENGTH OF TIME. The United States has about 4,000 cheese factories, with an output of about 265,000,000 pounds of cheese per year.

FAMOUS EXPLORER'S NEW PLANS. It has already been announced that Commander Peary is to start for the Far North next summer, and that the keel of his new ship has just been laid.

GREENLAND WHALES SOMETIMES ACHIEVE THE AGE OF 400 YEARS. After 120 years of colonisation, Australia has a smaller population than London.

THE RISK OF BEING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING IS FIVE TIMES GREATER IN THE COUNTRY THAN IN CITIES, AND TWENTY TIMES GREATER AT SEA THAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE. The Russian Cross of St. Andrew has a remarkable peculiarity attaching to it.

A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT PRESENTS!

Who can imagine it?

Every day of our business life we are THINKING HARD, and puzzling out the momentous question, as to how we can offer something OUT OF THE COMMON LINE to the discriminating taste of our customers.

At this time of the year you are probably on the look-out for something in the way of Presents. They must be uncommon and tasty, or you feel that you are not doing the best in the matter of selection.

For this Season's Novelties we have BEEN TO ENGLAND.

We have imported something new in Fancy Goods and Novelties suitable for presents for Christmastide, and we have the greatest confidence in inviting inspection—merely remarking that

Early Shoppers get the Best Selection.

We have also BEEN TO JAPAN

for Chinaware and Novelties.

Nothing gives more of an artistic effect to the Dining-room than fine Chinaware, and our collection is without a peer.

Before buying you should certainly inspect our stock. Nobody pressed to buy. All invited; only COME EARLY.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT

AND

BUANGOR.

Bush Fire Brigade.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort District Bush Fire Brigade was held at the Squire Hall on Thursday night; Mr. G. Topper in the chair, and 13 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The secretary (Mr. D. Cameron) then read the following report:—

It is the pleasing duty of your retiring officer and committee to present to your fellow congregations in this their third annual report on the absence of fire during last summer in consequence of the very wet season, which kept the grass green all the year round. I have to report that after our last annual meeting the circulars were posted to the various landholders in the funds, but I am sorry to say that the appeal was not responded to in the manner we expected.

Mr. Sinclair moved that a sum of £11 be passed to the secretary, on the motion of Messrs Cochrane and Cochrane.

The following officers were re-elected on the motion of Mr Cochrane, seconded by Mr N. Andrews:—Captain, Mr W. G. Stevens; Lieutenants, Messrs H. M. Stuart, G. Healy and W. Baker; apparatus officers, Messrs L. Lilly and B. Baker; secretary, Mr D. Cameron; treasurer, Mr Sinclair; advisory board, three of the officers, with Senior-constable Nicholson, Mr J. B. Cochrane, and Constable Dealey.

Mr Sinclair expressed surprise at the poor support accorded the brigade by landholders, in whose interests the brigade worked, and thought that donations should only be asked from those who had not given last year.

Captain Stevens pointed out that money was badly needed, as the brigade was not fully equipped, and a sprinkler at a cost of £6 was required for putting out stumps. Provision should also be made for a place to lock the tools in. He thought the brigade should again make a general appeal.

Mr Cochrane suggested that a notice be put in the paper, asking those who had not responded to the appeal for funds to do so. His name did not appear, but he considered he had done as much as he could whose names were down. He had always given the use of his ponies and provided refreshments, and would do the same again.

Mr Sinclair said he did not mean that property owners should not subscribe, but that the people who were generous enough to give last year should not be asked to do so this year. But he did think that those who wanted to assist the brigade should send their money along, and quite agreed with what the captain said. No one could say their money was squandered, as everything got had been obtained with money that had been spent to the best advantage.

Mr Stevens said that the expense of attending two or three fires would use up all the money on hand. It was decided, on the motion of Messrs Sinclair and N. Andrews, that circulars be sent out to property owners appealing for donations, exempting those who subscribed last year, and that an appeal for funds be also made by advertisement in the local paper.

Mr Dealey remarked that if farmers did not feel disposed to help the brigade they would stand a good chance of being left to shift for themselves. The chairman and secretary were appointed collectors, on the motion of Messrs Stevens and Dealey.

Mr Stevens mentioned that the Crown Lands bill had suggested that they should appeal to his department for help, and moved that the secretary write to the Forestry Department, explaining the organization, and asking for assistance. Seconded by Mr L. Hains, and carried.

Mr Dealey applied for the absence of Senior-constable Nicholson, and asked that his name be moved. Mr Cochrane moved that all on the roll last year be again enrolled, provided they are willing to act. Seconded by Mr Cameron, and carried.

The opinion having been expressed that men who left the year work to fight a bush fire should be paid as much as much as they had lost, the captain remarked that if they were supported as they should be, he would try to put the brigade on a proper footing, and that it depended on the support received as to whether they continued or not.

Mr Cochrane thought that property owners should bind themselves to so much a year, say 10s, so that the brigade could establish a fund and pay the men a trifle. The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

Middle Creek. (FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.) The usual monthly meeting of the local branch A.M.A. was held in the Public Hall on the 16th inst. President F. J. Riehill in the chair. There was a good attendance of members. Correspondence received as follows:—From H. J. Richards, apologising for absence from meeting on account of recent bereavement; received, the acting secretary to send letter of condolence to Mr and Mrs Richards, sympathising with them in their sad bereavement. From J. A. Lewis, thanking members for again electing him as one of the auditors; received. From Member Sanderson, re payment of arrears; received. From late committee, asking for £5 guarantee against loss; the guarantee to be given. From metropolitan committee, re combined syllabus; received. From Torang branch, thanking members for donation towards their appeal; received. An appeal was received from Fort Melbourne branch, towards which 6s was received in the room, list to be kept open until after next meeting. The members appointed to see branch chemist reported that satisfactory arrangements had been made. The acting secretary read the half-yearly balance-sheet, which was received and adopted; it showed a satisfactory increase in the funds. Accounts amounting to about £12 were passed for payment. Subscriptions amounting to £7 were received, and the meeting was then closed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

DO YOU KNOW That Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a favorite, and preferred to any other, by all who become thoroughly acquainted with the good qualities? J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

School Concert at Waterloo.

An excellent concert was given by the State school children of Waterloo in the local Mechanics' Hall on Friday night, 16th inst. There was a bumper house, and the entertainment was much appreciated. The children gave evidence of having been well and carefully trained, and the performance throughout reflected the greatest credit upon the head teacher (Mr W. J. Cowley) and his staff. The stage was very prettily decorated with bunting, evergreens and flowers. Cr. M. Flynn occupied the chair, and asked the boys not to indulge in stamping or whistling, but to keep as quiet as they could, so that everyone could enjoy the performance. Miss Cowley, a talented pianist, played an overture to the delight of the audience. She also acted as accompanist throughout the entertainment. A very nice chorus and march was rendered by the girls. Nine little girls, representing buttercups, sang "Do you love butter?" followed by 14 girls, representing bluebells, singing an appropriate refrain. The effect was very striking, and the applause was deafening; but an encore had to be denied owing to the length of the programme. A recitation was next given by Eva Evans, but it was unheard by most of the audience owing to several babies crying in chorus during the whole of the delivery. The infant boys school recitation and action song under the direction of Miss Bourne, the effort being a capital one. A fan drill by six girls (attired as Japanese) fairly brought down the house, and had performed to be repeated. A recitation ("The baby's stocking") and action song ("I am mother's little maiden") by 20 infant girls was splendidly rendered and vociferously cheered. Mr R. Baker recited "The collegian and the porter," and, later on, "My first dog," both efforts being thoroughly appreciated. Ten girls in appropriate costume sang "Japanese fair," and their singing and dancing were so very good that the audience warmly cheered the number. The same remark applies to the next really splendid item, ring drill by 11 boys. After the boys had repeated the drill, 17 little girls, suitably attired and nursing dolls, sang a bush-a-bye song, "Little mothers." The audience went into raptures, and the performers repeated a verse in response to an encore. Miss Feibenthal recited "The Empire's Queen"—a very fine effort, for which she was deservedly cheered. A tambourine dance and drill by 12 girls was very gracefully performed, the leading part being splendidly taken by Misses Feibenthal and Skeen. This was one of the best items on the programme. Another capital number was the song, "Japanese umbrellas," by six senior girls, and so admirably was it rendered that deafening applause resulted and gave a good exhibition of sword drill, J. Gilligan, their instructor, Mr Meadows, and the boys had to give the drill again before the audience were satisfied.

Mr Cowley heartily thanked the excellent support given to the entertainment. He also thanked the parents for the great assistance afforded by sending their children in so admirable a way before them. He also expressed his indebtedness to the members of the staff for their assistance, and especially Miss Bourne, who had prepared the greater part of the performers, and all for the manner in which she had brought the children forward. Mr Cowley also thanked Cr. Flynn for presiding, as well as members of the Board of Advice for their attendance.

Cr. Flynn, in a few well-chosen sentences, expressed the pleasure derived from the entertainment and the gratitude of the parents towards Mr Cowley and his staff for the trouble taken by them in bringing the children to such a state of perfection. He also stated that the object of the entertainment was to raise funds in order that the teachers could supply the necessary apparatus in connection with the education of the children and also to purchase material to provide sports and pleasure for the children.

Mr Cowley mentioned that Admiral Brides had very kindly sent a cheque for £1 towards the fund. Between 40 and 50 children, under the conductorship of Mr Cowley, then pleasingly rendered three songs, entitled "White gladness balls," the parting year, "The ploeg-ghoy," and "Winter school song"; the part singing being particularly good. Miss Cowley manipulated a pianoforte selection in first-class style, followed by the National Anthem. On the proposition of the Chairman, a very hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr Cowley and his staff for the really excellent entertainment provided.

The total receipts amounted to £8 7s 6d, and the expenditure to £1 17s 6d, thus leaving a credit balance of £6 10s 1d.

We learn from the "Ararat Advertiser" that Mr Wm. McMahon, who for a term of over three years has filled the position of Inspector in connection with the Education Department, has received notice of his transfer to Buntings, where he succeeds Mr H. Ingham. The latter, an old Ararat resident, has been appointed an Inspector of factories. Mr McMahon's friends will regret of his removal with regret, which will be tempered by the fact that it brings him closer to the department, he has also been urbane and kindly in his dealings with those over whom he had to exercise a watchful eye.

CLARK'S 41 B. PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional diseases of the Urinary Organs, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Back, Pains, from Mercury, Chlorurets and Patent Medicines, Fevers, Headaches and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Beaufort United Common.

The managers of the above Common met at the secretary's office on 20th 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 to credit, £39 13s 6d; cash in hand, nil; fees received to date for current half-year, £32 8s; unpaid fees due on stock registered, £7 11s; making the total assessment to date, £39 13s 6d.

From the herdsman, reporting that 5000 sheep and 75 head of cattle passed through the common since last meeting; that the time had arrived for laying out pens for rabbits, as the grass is drying up very fast, and they will now readily eat phosphorated wheat or toxa when laid. I estimate the assessment of stock for this current half-year will be about the same as for the previous half-year, viz., about £48.

The reports were received, and it was resolved that in view of the decreased number of stock now depending on the common, the herdsman's percentage on fees collected be increased on and after the 1st February, 1905, from 50 to 75 per cent. It was also resolved that the herdsman lay poison on the common for the destruction of rabbits, and that toxa be used for that purpose. The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, £20; secretary, £10.

The meeting then adjourned. Ararat and Stawell Mining Board. A meeting of the above Board was held at the Board room, Ararat, on Monday, when there were present—Messrs J. B. Burton, Holly, McDonald, Williamson, Hodgkiss, Browne, Gairnie, Bath, and Humphreys.

In the absence of the chairman (Mr Barle) owing to illness, Mr Humphreys was voted to the chair. From Secretary for Mines forwarding copy of the Mines Act 1904, records of the geological survey of Victoria, and the return of the gold yield of Victoria for the quarter ended 30th November.

From the Secretary for Mines, asking to be supplied with particulars of the Common under the control of the Board, and of Commonage dams, together with the positions of same. At this stage the Board adjourned for the customary ten minutes, and on resuming, the question of whether another meeting should be held this year before it becomes defunct was discussed. After a long deliberation, it was decided to leave the matter in the hands of the clerk, who was empowered to call another meeting should anything crop up necessitating consideration by the Board.

From the Secretary for Lands, requesting reports upon the following applications for land:—No objection—S. Young, sale of allotments; D. Troy, 1r, Beaufort; E. E. Campbell, 1s 0r 6p, Skipton; Joseph Barber, 1s 0r 6p, Skipton; and section holding, Langi-kal-kal; R. Nothman, 1r, Beaufort.—Abridged from "Ararat Advertiser."

SUED BY HIS DOCTOR. "A doctor here has sued me for twelve dollars. Fifty cents, which I claimed, was excessive for a case of cholera morbus," says E. White, of Coachella, California, U.S.A. "At the trial he praised his medical skill and medicine. I asked him if it was not Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy he used, as I had good reason to believe it was, and he would say under oath that it was not." No doctor could use a better remedy than this in a case of cholera morbus; it never fails. Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Messrs F. Beggs, M. Flynn, and G. Topper, J.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday, when renewals of gold buyers' licenses were granted to E. W. Houghby, W. E. Schlicht, C. Tucker, senr., and J. R. Wotherapoon.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF HAMPTDEN, BEAUFORT DIVISION. THE Ratepayers' and General Electors for the above Division—A.D. 1904-5—are now charged, and copies may be inspected, free of price, until the day appointed for revision—the 2nd day of February, 1905—at my office, and every Post-office within the Division, and at the offices of my deputies as follows, viz.:—Linton, Preston Hill, Baglan, Skipton, and Waterloo. C. W. MACHIN, Registrar. Beaufort, 22nd Decr., 1904.

A MEETING of the West Riding Ratepayers' Association will be held in the Stoney Hill State School on WEDNESDAY evening, at 8 o'clock, to take into consideration the possibility of the Lake Goldsmith Water Reserve being leased, and to formulate a scheme by which this may be prevented. T. WARD, J.P., Convenor. P. CUSHING, Secretary.

L. BRAVO, Excise Officer, Tobaccoist, 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.

THE... Xmas. Number OF THE "Riponshire Advocate," Fifty-six pages of Pictures and Reading Matter. In order to afford subscribers and others an opportunity of sending this interesting production to their friends, A Limited Number of EXTRA COPIES may be purchased. Either at this Office or at Mr Cochrane's News Agency. Price SIXPENCE Each.

ARARAT ATHLETIC CLUB.

GRAND CARNIVAL, JAN. 2nd, 1905. RECORD ENTRIES for all Events, including leading Riders and Pedestrians in the State. Grand BAND CONTEST. SPECIAL TRAIN from Beaufort, Returning Same Evening. EXCURSION FARES. Full Particulars all Stations. D. B. MORRIS, Joint H. S. MILLER, Secs.

GLEGG & MILLER, ARCHITECTS, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT. Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT. Wishes to thank his numerous customers for past favours, hoping for a continuance of same, and wishing them all a Merry Xmas, and a Happy New Year, with health and prosperity. He has just opened up a large assortment of choice Toys, Xmas and New Year Cards, Fancy Goods, and Fancy Goods, at very Moderate Prices. Come and see.

Wm. C. PEDDER, WHEELWRIGHT & BLACKSMITH, BEAUFORT. BEST IMPROVED APPLIANCES AND MACHINERY FOR CUTTING TIRE, and all other branches of work, which will be done on shortest notice. WHEEL-REPAIRING and TYRE-CUTTING a SPECIALTY. Thirty-six years' experience of all branches of the trade. THE ONLY PRACTICAL WHEELWRIGHT CARRYING ON BUSINESS IN THE DISTRICT. Prices as low as possible consistent with good work. Horses as usual carefully shod.

Here's Your Chance. OUR MR. E. H. ROGERS WILL OPEN Sale and Sample Room, NEILL-ST., BEAUFORT, From 23rd inst. NOTE.—GREAT VARIETY OF XMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS...

Any Order you may favor him with will receive our best attention. Yours faithfully, Lincoln Stuart & Co. Proprietary Ltd., General Outfitters, Household Furnishers, &c., &c., Flinders Street, Melbourne.

Special Lines from all Depts. PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS. Cameras from a few shillings. Up-to-date AMATEUR OUTFITS at all prices. MANUFACTURERS OF "AUSTRAL" DRY PLATES & PRINTING PAPERS. The Best on the Market. Importers of Edison Photographs and Records. Optical Lantern Goods. Illustrated Catalogue sent free on Application. 260 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE. WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER.



OLD FATHER XMAS. Is making Hawkes Bros.' Store His Headquarters for To-day in BEAUFORT.

WE want to go one better than WISHING you a Merry Xmas. We want to help make it so, and a visit to our Store to-day will help to make YOU AND US HAPPY.

"What shall I buy for a Xmas. Present?" is a much-asked question. No need to worry over that this year, for we have spent weeks in carefully selecting the choicest little Nick-nacks for Xmas and New Year Gifts. Our chief object has been to combine Usefulness, Ornamentation, Cheapness.

LADIES will find our FANCY Department replete with all those dainty little things that are looked for at this season. Delicate Perfumes; Fancy Soaps; Chaste Silverware; Purses; Mirrors; Watches; Glassware and Ornaments in profusion.

GENTLEMEN will find "just the thing" in the way of presents; and for their own use a splendid selection of Smoking Outfits; Shaving Requisites; Pocket Books; and Sporting Materials of every description.

Hawkes Bros., Beaufort, are the appointed FATHER XMAS.

The Riponshire Advocate

No. 1414

Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

PRICE THREEPENCE

RAVO,
Tobacconist, and
Goods Depot,
BEAUFORT,
HAWKING, 6d.
DREN, 3d.
guaranteed. Cleanliness
of Press, Tobacco, and
PEDDER,
and Blacksmith,
public of Beaufort and
to inform that he is still
at the same old address,
BEAUFORT,
mechanics and up-to-date
prepared to execute any
with promptness and
for as possible, consistent
ship. Horses as usual

L NOTICE.
public of the support
past 15 years, I beg to
take the
Age Hotel,
Beaufort,
is the very
ers in Stock.
of public patronage.
on and after Saturday,
travel from 1.
ways in attendance.
W. JONES.
and Insurance
Co.
lished 1859.
THE NATIONAL COMPANY.
at Beaufort and Hay
at Curzon. Rates,
of London.
John McDonald,
MIDDLE CREEK.
Pack in Chambers,
BOBT. J. SPARKOW.

Make you Mad
Newspaper has not arrive
of course it does.
to the clients of
COCHRAN,
GENT, &c., &c.
BEAUFORT.

Businesses of Straight Deal-
Attention; combined
of Stocks of Con-
Garden Seeds, &c.
not here, where the good

NG WOOL
LES.
1894-1905.
HAGUE & Co.
Wool Sales as usual
during the coming
aid special attention

WAREHOUSES,
the storage of Wool.
ROOMS
and unequalled in
per display of Wool.
joining right at the doors.
SONS' CLIPS
personal attention, and no-
is sold under fullest

CAL CONSUMPTION
other markets in the
best ruling in the colony,
and Processes rendered
ings after sale.
Selling Brokers only.
Practical English and
Colonial Experience in

if required, directly on
into store.

at leaves
vel.

ET.
FRAMED DISC,
work done.
Leads Everywhere

N DISC
the Orchard Cultivat-
ion. Simple and eas

DOT,
vers, Small Orchar-
Extension Princip

OGUES.
ER.
ORY,
ND BOORT.

DIXON BROS.
at the Office of

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.

GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.

3 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
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FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.

GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.

COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY

AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

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,
NELL STREET, BEAUFORT.

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 notices,
things 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. I give you value in return
for your printing order

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 mar-
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."
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
Purifier, the world-famed Blood Purifier and
Restorer. This medicine is 40 years' popula-
rity, and is to-day more popular than ever, the
reason of this being undoubtedly because this
wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—
cleanses 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,
BLIGHT, BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA, SPOTS,
EIGHTH POISON, BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS, PIMPLES,
SKIN AND BLOOD
DISEASES, OF ALL KINDS,
IT IS A SAFE AND PERMANENT REMEDY.
It is the only real specific for Gout and
Rheumatic Pain, as it removes the cause from
the Blood and Bones.
NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste
and warms the system from anything injurious to
the most delicate constitution of man, from
infancy to old age, and the Proprietor solicits
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,
Chichester, 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 for
your wonderful Clarke's Blood Mixture. —June
18, 1904.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD
LEGS AND ABSCESSSES
Mr. James Waring, of Gray Court 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's treatment
and, not getting much better, I went to an out-
patient to the local hospital for five weeks.
The doctor then told me I should have to
have my leg amputated. I was very much
worried, and I was told that I should have to
undergo two operations if I got a little better.
Before I had done 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 ointment I was completely cured. I have
waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out
again, but, thank you, they have not. I have
written to the local hospital, and in the popular
weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It
certainly is 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."

IMPURETIES 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 is a curative agent and restores it
to its normal condition. This is a good testimonial
to the efficacy of the medicine. In the popular
weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It
certainly is 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."

Ask for
Clarke's Blood Mixture,
and beware of worthless imitations and sub-
stitutes.
RE MINING LEASES.
It is notified for general information
that applications 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 ROARSSES.—
All suffering from irritation of the throat and
hoarseness will be greatly 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,
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 L. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S.A.
European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London,
England.

GENERAL PRINTING
AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,
"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

Daily.	Closing Office.
Melbourne	8 a.m.
Ballarat	8 and 4.50
Geelong	8 and 4.50
Traralgon	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 p.m. Sundays.
Middle Creek	11.50 Tuesdays, and
Murtoa	11.50 Thursdays.
Banagon	11.50
Reg. mail and p.p., 30 minutes prior.	
English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 9 p.m. every Wednesday.	
Daily	a.m.
Raglan	9.15
Waterloo	9.15
Wabool	9.15
Main Lead	9.15
Chute	9.15
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
Mering	9.15
Lake Goldsmith	9.15
Stockyard Hill	9.15
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	
Kurambene	12.45
Shirley	12.45
Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.	

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Traralgon.—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 Banagon, 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, Mering, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Kurambene and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

TAKE
BEECHAM'S
PILLS
To avoid indigestion
That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs 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 over-taxed 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. 1d. (60 PILLS) and
2s. 6d. (126 PILLS).

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, Furled Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.
We have resolved to REDUCE THE SUB-
SCRIPTION TO "THE RIPONSHIRE
ADVOCATE" (with which is published
14-column supplement containing well-selected
reading matter) to 3s per quarter, after
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 greater scope for extended usefulness
than any other journal or newspaper within a
given radius of Beaufort.
We take this opportunity of thanking our
patrons for past favors, and will respect-
fully 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
complete as possible. In all depart-
ments, in fact, we will aim at improvement,
and, therefore, we kindly appeal to the
public for increased support.

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; and also that your
business is sufficiently important to
stand advertising. If you are in busi-
ness you cannot afford to do without
advertising, as it is too much of an
admission to the world at large. Ex-
tract 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 advertise, give the
newspaper your cards, notices, bill-
boards, 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.

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DEADLY BOOKS,
DRAPERS' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SORBET & DINNERS TICKETS,
&c., &c.,
PRINTED IN FIRST CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Offices:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"
OFFICE.
BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS
LINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT
DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.
Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

J. B. COCHRAN, News Agent. BOOK
to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district
that he is Sole Agent for the Argus, Age,
Sydney, Australian, 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,
that advertisers will give him their support.
Advertisements received for all Melbourne and
Ballarat papers. By sending through local
agents, advertisers save postage. Note the
address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT
DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and en-
couragement that is given by the popu-
lar to local enterprise and industry. Every
venture is to a more or less extent speculative,
but each, while aiming at the success of the
Promoter, must offer certain returns to the
wider support is necessary to achieve certain
advantageous results on both sides.
(Therefore)
Support Local Industry and Local
Enterprise.

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. Agents
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 some-
thing 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 has 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 marry-
ing, 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 impor-
tance 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 discon-
tinuance 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 direc-
tion, 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 news-
paper 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 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 advertis-
ing 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 enter-
prise.

A country paper kindly supplies this
beautiful simile:—"You might as well
try to stamp an elephant with the
thumb of a soap-suds as attempt to do
business and ignore advertising."
LORLAIN.—FOR THE TREAT AND BREATH
—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline"
applied on a wet tooth-brush produces a
pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the
teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens
the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to
the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a
delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes
all unpleasant odours arising from decayed teeth,
or tobacco-smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline"
is not composed of water of Honey and a sweet
essence is delicious to the taste, and therefore
is a discovery of the age. Of all Chemists
& Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33 Farring-
don Road, London, England.

To our Readers and
Patrons.

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
of the welfare of this district it has a claim for
a considerably greater amount of support, and
has a greater scope for extended usefulness than
any other journal or newspaper within a given
radius of the Shire Office.

The Circulation
of the
Riponshire Advocate
is
Steadily Increasing,
And the Proprietor, recognizing the increased
support in this direction, will use his utmost
endeavour to merit and sustain the patronage
accorded him by giving the Latest possi-
ble Local and General News, and the most in-
teresting 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, Burrenbeen, Banagon, Middle Creek
Shirley, Traralgon, Skipton, and Curraghan.
With every issue of the Paper is given
A FOURTEEN-COLUMN
SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an
Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Agricultural Intelligence,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
&c., &c., &c.

Business Men, Read
It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—
"What steam is to machinery, adver-
tising 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 a
Riponshire Advocate their announcement.

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,
DEADLY BOOKS,
DRAPERS' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
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Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Drapery, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

COUGLE'S

UP-TO-DATE Filled with New and Up-to-Date STORE. Goods.

When you want anything in

DRAPERY,

COME TO US.

Our GOOD VALUE is our Best Friend, as it speaks our Praises louder than Words.

Ladies, Inspect. Ladies, Inspect.

OUR STOCK OF MILLINERY, BLOUSINGS, DRESSES, &c. THIS IS THE BEST PLACE FOR CHOICE GOODS. Our Prices are the Lowest.

LATEST NOVELTIES, NEWEST GOODS, In All Departments.

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

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER, HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

Highest Prices given for Produce of all kinds. Money to Lend on Land. Loans negotiated.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 19th Jan., 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure. SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE. FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—Live Stock and Vehicles Insured.

COMMERCIAL.

MELBOURNE PRODUCE MARKET. Thursday. Wheat, 3s 4d. Oats—Prime milling, 1s 5d; foot, 1s 2d to 1s 3d; stout white, 1s 5d. Hay—Manner, 2s to 2s 10s; chaff, 1s 3d to 1s 4s. Chaff—Prime, 1s 4d; good, 1s 3d; inferior, 2s. Bran, 9d. Pollard, 11d. Barley—Malt, 4s; medium, from 2s 6d to 3s 10d. Straw, 2s to 2s 6d. Onions, 2s to 2s 4d. Potatoes, 2s 6d to 3s 6d. Flour, 10s.

BALLARAT DAIRY PRODUCE MARKET. Thursday. Messrs McGreor Report. Butter—Prime factory prints, 9d to 10d; lump, 9d 3/4; separator, 9d 1/2 to 1s; dairy, 6d to 6d 1/2. Cheese, 4d to 5d. Bacon—Sides, 6s to 7s. Lard, 4s. Eggs, 8d. Honey, 3d to 3d 1/2.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits. TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

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

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 ALTERNATIVES 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.

PHOSPHOL EMULSION (Finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda).

A Very Valuable Remedy for DISEASES OF THE CHEST, MINERS' COMPLAINT & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

A Free Sample Bottle will be sent upon receipt of 4d. to cover Postage.

Obtainable of all Chemists. PRICE, 2s. BOTTLE. ROCKE, TOMPKINS & CO., Flinders St., Melbourne.

RICHARDS & CO'S. NEW EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY

It is a Revelation. Their World-famed Reputation as ARTISTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY SPLENDIDLY SUSTAINED.

Our New Colored Spring Study has won the admiration of all. Two Distinct Positions taken of every Sitter.

RICHARDS & CO., 23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

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

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

Every care is ensured in the preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical, Throat and Ear, and in the Dispensing Department.

HARRIS' ANEMIA 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.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—H A V E L O C K S T R E E T BEAUFORT.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelery having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept. FIRST CLASS BEDS, 1/- Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1905 (New Year's Day). Church of England.—Saturday, 31st Dec:—Worship service, 11.30 p.m. Sunday, 1st January, 1905.—Middle Creek, 2.30 p.m.; Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Main Lead, 1.45 p.m.; Clute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7.30 p.m.—Rev. R. Yer. Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr. C. Walcott, Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr. Barr, 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.—Rev. R. McEwan.

THE Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

Thirteen points of rain fell at Beaufort on Monday.

A committee meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club is to be held at the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening next, to settle accounts connected with the Boxing Day sports and also with general business.

Persons having accounts against the Club are requested to send them to the secretary without delay.

LINSEED COMPOUND, "The Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years' experience.

The Ararat Athletic Club have received record entries for all events at their sports carnival on New Year's Day, 2nd January, including nominations from leading cyclists and pedestrians in the States.

There is also to be a grand band contest. The people of this district will be given an opportunity of attending the sports, as a special train leaves Beaufort in the morning and returns at night.

The fortieth grand annual demonstration in aid of the Carriage Widows' and Orphans' Fund takes place in the Carriage Recreation Reserve on New Year's Day, Monday next, and no doubt will be patronised by a large number from the Beaufort district.

There is an attractive programme of 14 events, comprising foot-racing, cycling, horse-racing, tug-of-war, &c. Entries for all events, except cycling and tug-of-war, will be received up to within half-an-hour of competition. There is also a ball at night in the Mechanics' Hall.

LINSEED COMPOUND, "For Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis."

An extensive bush fire (says the Courier) broke out within half a mile of the township of Snake Valley at noon on Wednesday, and, fanned by a strong westerly wind, made rapid progress towards Mr. Senton's farm, entering his paddocks and burning several chabots of fencing. Being checked in its progress towards Messrs. Leeman, Davies, and Quilliam's homesteads, and Constable Brown, with 40 residents, had considerable difficulty in making a save. The wind changed to the south, and the fire crossed the Skipton road into Messrs. Lewis's paddocks, sweeping on towards Messrs. Kelly Bros' dwellings. The men worked like Trojans, and succeeded in driving it back. The fire is now burning towards Linton, and a considerable area of grass, fencing, and fire-wood has been burned.

LINSEED COMPOUND, "Of 38 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis."

The streets of Beaufort were crowded on Xmas Eve. The various shops had made special provision for a rush of business, and storekeepers seemed to do a very good trade. It was nearly midnight before the shops closed—sure sign that business was brisk.

A very successful sports meeting was held in the Park on Boxing Day under the auspices of the Beaufort Athletic Club, and a large number of people also delighted themselves by picnicking at Mt. Cole, both on Boxing Day and Tuesday.

Others obtained sport by fishing and shooting. We are pleased to report that no accident of a serious nature occurred to mar the pleasure of the holiday season.

The funeral of Mrs. Thos. Buchanan, whose death was reported in our last issue, took place on Saturday, and was largely attended; it remains being interred in the Beaufort Cemetery. Messrs Geo. Hellyer, Wm. Eyckens, John Stewart, and John Parsons acted as coffin-bearers. The Methodist burial service was conducted by the Rev. R. Yeo.

Mr. A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort, carried out the mortuary arrangements.

The death of Mr. John Michael Smyth, an old age pensioner, of Main Lead, from senile decay, occurred on Saturday. Deceased, who had followed the occupation of a mine as long as he was able, remains were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Saturday evening; the Rev. R. Yeo reading the burial service, and Mr. A. H. Sands carrying out the funeral arrangements.

The death of Mr. Thomas Hehir, farmer, of Sider's Gully, from consumption, occurred on Saturday last, at the age of 53 years. The funeral took place on Sunday, the remains being interred in the Beaufort Cemetery.

The coffin-bearers were Messrs Jas. Rodgers, M. Kelly, John Hehir, Wm. Green, and W. J. Green. Mr. Green read the burial service. The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. Sands.

Next Sunday (to-morrow) will be New Year's Day, but the general holiday will begin on Monday, that day and Tuesday being public and bank holidays. On Monday all post-offices will be closed to the public at noon, and there will be only one delivery—that in the early morning—by letter-carriers. Country mails will be received and despatched as usual. Money-order business will be transacted from half-past 9 a.m. till noon, and from 7 till 8 p.m., except those offices which ordinarily close at 6 p.m.; they will not be open from 9 a.m. till noon, but will be open from the evening. On Tuesday, January 3rd, all post and telegraph offices will be open to the public, and business transacted as usual. Money-order offices will be open from half-past 9 a.m. till noon.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

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

The secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a donation of £1 towards the Club's Boxing Day sports from Mr. P. Lewis, of Blythovale.

THE "ANTHROPOLOGICAL PILLS" of Mountain Flax, are generally acknowledged to be the best of their kind. The usual committee meeting of the Rugby Branch A.M.C. will be held on Saturday night last. Present: The president (Mr. W. G. Davis) in the chair, Messrs P. Padfield, H. Bannet, W. D. Smith, and A. Stevenson (secretary).

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. It was resolved to nominate Mr. J. Fraed as general secretary of the A.M.A., and Mr. W. R. Rowe as President of the A.M.A. for the next twelve months. Mr. W. G. Davis was announced as the branch's delegate to the accounts were passed for payment. £1, £2; T. Tompkins £1; hall rent £1; Secretary, 15s.

Mr. Donald Thomson, Commonwealth Minister for Home Affairs, states that he is completing arrangements for the appointment of two Commissioners to make a redistribution of the seats in the House of Representatives. The Minister added that the question of the Federal capital will be dealt with at the Hobart Conference of Premiers, and in the meantime he wished to say nothing to aggravate the difficulty existing between Mr. Thomson leaves for Melbourne next Thursday.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling out, use THE MEXICAN HAIR RESTORER. For its wonderful effects on every case of Grey Hair, thinning hair, or falling out, see the original advertisement, which is sent free on request. It makes the hair grow again, and restores its natural color, without leaving the greasy or sticky smell which is so common to all hair restorers. It is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

Stockyard Hill.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.) The scholars attending the local school were entertained by Cr. D. Stewart on Thursday, 22nd inst., the occasion being the breaking-up of the school for the Christmas vacation. A goodly number of parents and friends were present, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. After the foot-racing, skipping, and other events provided for the amusement of the children had been run off, the prizes won by the pupils of the school for their work were presented by the Rev. Mr. McQueen, who referred eulogistically to the work performed, giving great praise to the teacher, Miss McDonald, for the good results obtained. He also made reference to the passing of the Closer Settlement Bill, remarking that with that measure given effect to, no doubt the attendance at schools would be increased. Mr. G. A. Dunnet proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart for the great interest taken by them in the school, as evidenced by the good things provided. He added that this was not the first time Cr. Stewart had treated the children present on behalf of Mrs. Stewart and himself for the way in which the vote of thanks had been accorded, said that when he determined to allot the different ridings of the shire, he thought that so far as the West Riding was concerned, a treat to the school-children was most appropriate, and he was perfectly satisfied with the result. The way the children appeared to be enjoying themselves reminded him of his own school days, which were the happiest of his life. He also impressed on the attention the necessity of paying strict regard to their duties, so as to grow up good men and women, fit to take their place in the battle of life. In concluding, Cr. Stewart hoped there would be increased attendance in the coming year, and that prizes would always be available for the children. Three cheers were then given by the scholars for their teacher, Mr. McDonald, of Skipton, in responding on behalf of his sister, said he felt that the kindly things said about the school work would be greatly appreciated by Miss McDonald. The proceedings were brought to a close by a vote of thanks to the Rev. Mr. McQueen for presiding. The catering was in the hands of Mr. Flowers, of Beaufort, and was everything that could be desired.

A meeting of the ratapayers was held at the Stockyard Hill School on Thursday evening, 22nd inst., for the purpose of considering the Lake Goldsmith question. A motion was submitted that the meeting adjourn to the Stockyard Hill Hotel, but was ruled out of order. After a heated and acrimonious debate, Mr. G. A. Dunnet moved that a petition of ratapayers be drawn up in opposition to the proposed rate, and that the petitioners guarantee to destroy all vermin, noxious weeds, etc. Seconded by Mr. T. Ward, and carried; only five ratapayers voting. The meeting, which was anything but a representative one, several times got out of hand, some of those present evidently thinking that a public meeting would have been more appropriate, owing to the lack of interest taken by the majority of the West Riding ratapayers. We understand that a petition in favor of leasing the lake is being warmly taken up.

Cricket.

TRAWALLA V. BEAUFORT. A match was played at Trawalla on 17th inst., and resulted in a victory for Beaufort by 66 runs. Trawalla scored 138 to Beaufort's 74. In the 2nd innings Trawalla scored 34 runs. Appended are the scorers:—Trawalla.—D. Ferguson; run out, 3; S. Baldwin; E. Lilley, 0; Liddell, 0; J. Pearce, 40yds.; 3. Three starters. Won heat—A. C. E. Baker, 5; E. Lilley, 1; J. McGrover, 0; B. James, 0; B. Hill, 0; W. O'Connell, 0; E. Tibot; 0; 1; total, 18. Beaufort.—C. Troly, 0; b. McCracken, 0; P. Baker, 0; McCracken, 9; E. Tromp, 0; McCracken, 4; E. Baker, 0; Ferguson, 0; N. Davey, 0; McCracken, 8; S. Young, 0; B. Hill, 0; Ferguson, 3; V. Hardy, 0; b. Ferguson, 13; E. Lilley, not out, 28; byes, 2; total, 74.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

BOXING DAY SPORTS.

The thirty-second sports carnival under the auspices of the Beaufort Athletic Club, in the Park on Boxing Day, was the most successful held in our history. In prizes, notwithstanding a reduction in prize, the programme was of an attractive nature that the competitors were larger and the attendance of the public much larger than in previous years. The receipts amounted to £59 11s 6d, and although this was an increased membership probably accounted for an additional 150 people at least. The attendance could not have been much less than 2000 people. Mr. D. S. Oman, M.L.A. for Hampden, was among the spectators. The various cycling and pedestrian events were of an interesting nature, while the wood-chopping contests evoked the greatest enthusiasm, and formed the leading attraction of the sports. Then, again, the splendid exhibition of Scotch bagpipes, under the leadership of Messrs Peter Spaulding and J. Richardson, and W. Martin's playing of the bagpipes, delighted a large portion of the spectators. Several enthusiastic national dancing solo gave exhibitions of their Terpsichorean art. The various circus and Mr. Johnson's shooting and trap shooting side-shows. The various officials worked hard to ensure the success of the meeting, and they showed their determination in a marked manner to keep the sports pure. Conditions of racing were rigidly enforced, and for refusing to take a lap when twice called upon to do so by the referee (who recommended disqualification), a cyclist named R. Kelsey, of Terang, narrowly escaped securing any of the prizes (£13) for the Two-mile Race, and although the rider explained that he had intended to race to the goal, he was not allowed to do so. The referee, Mr. W. G. Davis, was in front of him to make room for Driver in his attempt to make a start, and his statement was borne out by independent witnesses, he was mulcted in a fine of £5 for his disobedience, and this amount was deducted from the stake. In the same race one of the heads had been run off, and the competitors were behind the time limit placed upon them by the referee. On the next occasion their time, however, was slower than the first, and was allowed to pass. The track was in capital order, thanks to the care exercised by Mr. W. G. Stevens; in fact, riders from all over the district were in their prizes, and stated the track was one of the best they had ridden on in the country. Just before the conclusion of the sports a most shower fell, and in the track for racing the bicycles skidded, and several competitors fell. All of them were able to remount except L. G. Walker, of Camberwell, who was thrown on his head and sustained slight concussion of the brain. Luckily he soon recovered, and was able to get home the following morning. This race was rather ludicrous, for no sooner did some of the riders remount than their wheels skidded again, and they were brought to the ground. Even those who managed to finish came a "cropper" after passing the winning post. The rain was just sufficient to make a puddle of oil on the track, and for the race started no one had any doubt that the track was unfit to ride upon. During the afternoon the Beaufort Brass Band, under the conductship of Bandmaster A. Prout, played a pleasing programme of music, and the forty events of the programme were rapidly run off. In several instances winners were forced to sign a declaration that they had not received any assistance before they received the stakes. Cr. E. Collier was appointed to referee the 22yds. Handicap, and the fourth man in his heat (W. Graham) was allowed to run in his stead. The president, Mr. H. M. Stuart, proved himself a thorough sportsman, and the satisfaction of knowledge that largely the duties of referee were recorded nominations and membership, while the handicappers, Messrs. W. Gibson (cyclist), R. G. Kirkpatrick (pedestrian), and J. Freeman (woodchopper) can take the credit for the magnificent success of the sports. Mr. W. G. Stevens, of E. C. Baker, 5; E. Lilley, 1; J. McGrover, 0; B. James, 0; B. Hill, 0; W. O'Connell, 0; E. Tibot; 0; 1; total, 18. Beaufort.—C. Troly, 0; b. McCracken, 0; P. Baker, 0; McCracken, 9; E. Tromp, 0; McCracken, 4; E. Baker, 0; Ferguson, 0; N. Davey, 0; McCracken, 8; S. Young, 0; B. Hill, 0; Ferguson, 3; V. Hardy, 0; b. Ferguson, 13; E. Lilley, not out, 28; byes, 2; total, 74.

Append a details of the various events:—Royal Race, under 15 years, quarter-mile, 7s 6d, 5s, 2s 6d.—W. Thompson, 1; J. A. Clarend, 2; A. Topp, 3. Eight starters. Won by about two yards. Time, 62 1/2 sec. One-mile Distraction Bicycle Race, 14s (for 1000 yards in a radius of 20 miles)—1st, 23; 2nd, 21. First heat—A. C. E. Baker, 60yds., 1; J. Pearce, 40yds., 2. Three starters. Won heat—A. C. E. Baker, 130yds., 1; W. Naylor, 80yds., 2. Four starters. An easy win. Time, 2 min. 12 1/2 sec. Final. A. C. E. Baker, 1; J. Pearce, 2. Upon the whole being run for the last lap, Pearce jumped away with a good lead, and Driver soon overhauled him and half-way round Pearce was overruled to open up and allow Driver to get the inside running. The race did not seem to have been to his merits.

Driver won by a whistle, 2 min. 19 sec. Pearce was called before the officials and cautioned. FIRMEN'S ALARM AND RUSH, 120yds., £1 10s.—1st, 21; 2nd, 10. Captain R. A. D. Sinclair, 1; Lieutenant Grenadier, 2. Five starters. Won easily. Time, 23 1/2 sec. HANDBALL WOOD-CHOPPING CONTEST (18 in. green, measure 10yds., £10—1st, 27; 2nd, 23. First heat—B. Baker, 20 sec., 1; E. Crick, 10 sec., 2. Four competitors. Time, 3 min. 1 sec. Second heat—A. Anderson, 15 sec., 1; W. Connor, 25 sec., 2. Five competitors. Time, 2 min. 44 sec. Third heat—J. Kirkley, 15 sec., 1; P. McLaren, 30 sec., 2. Four competitors. Time, 3 min. 23 sec. Fourth heat—A. Anderson, 15 sec., 1; D. Howard, 20 sec., 2. Five competitors. Time, 2 min. 49 sec. Fifth heat—T. H. McCorkell, 10 sec., 1; J. J. Murphy, 15 sec., 2. Four competitors. Time, 2 min. 43 sec. 1st semi-final—K. Whelan, 1; Crick, 2. Five competitors. Time, 2 min. 59 sec. 2nd semi-final—McCorkell, 1; Anderson, 2. Five competitors. Time, 2 min. 26 sec. Final. Anderson, 1; Crick, 2. Four competitors. Time, 2 min. 20 sec. These events evoked a great deal of enthusiasm and the excitement was intense during the second semi-final. The chain round the enclosure broke away letting quite a number of men, women and children fall in the dust—to their discomfort. The final was won by Anderson by only a few blows. The time was taken from the first competitor starting, so that cutting his leg was 2 min. 15 sec. BEAUFORT SHEFFIELD HANDICAP, 130yds.—1st, 27; 2nd, 22; 3rd, 21. First heat—C. Eccles, 12 yds., 1; H. Brody, 9 yds., 2. Won easily. Time out taken. Second heat—T. Whelan, 10 yds., 1; W. Thompson, 9 yds., 2. A very close race; won by few inches. Time, 13 sec. Third heat—Dave Adams, 16 yds., 1; M. McGrath, 11 yds., 2. Won by three yards. Time, 12 1/2 sec. Fourth heat—J. C. West, 8 yds., 1; L. Bourke, 15 yds., 2. Won easily in 12 1/2 sec. First semi-final—Brody, 1; Whelan, 2. A close finish; won on the last lap by a inch. Time, 12 1/2 sec. Second semi-final—Bourke, 1; West, 2. Won comfortably. Time, 12 1/2 sec. Final. Bourke, 1; Whelan, 2. A capital race. Won by a yard in 12 1/2 sec. Two-mile Bicycle Race, £17.—1st, £13; 2nd, £3; 3rd, £1. 1st heat—R. Kelsey, 160 yds., 1; P. Hehir, 200 yds., 2. A close finish. Won by about a wheel. Time, 4 min. 37 1/2 sec. Second heat—P. C. Maurer, 140 yds., 1; E. F. Anderson, 100 yds., 2. Time, 4 min. 51 1/2 sec. Eight starters. Won by a length. Third heat—S. T. Perkins, 80 yds., 1; L. G. Walker, 120 yds., 2. Won by a length. Fourth heat—1; T. Clark, 2. Owing to the slowness of the previous race, the referee allowed the riders that a time trial should be run, so that time was exceeded by five seconds. The committee adopted his recommendation, and declared it a record. On this heat was re-run, when Perkins won with L. Walker, 180 yds., 2. The time was still slower, viz., 4 min. 59 sec., but as a better race was made of it, it was allowed to pass. 1st heat—A. C. E. Driver, 220 yds., 1; J. Pearce, 300 yds., 2. Won easily. Time, 4 min. 39 1/2 sec. Final. Kelsey, 1; Perkins, 2. A great finish. Won by a length and a half. Time, 4 min. 49 sec. The referee having twice told Kelsey during the progress of the race to take a lap without being obeyed, he advised the committee to disqualify Kelsey, who narrowly escaped doing so. The referee called upon Driver to move out to start his race, and this statement was borne out by some of the officials, as well as by Driver, the loser of the race. The committee was in the first prize race being deducted from ONE-MILE BICYCLE RACE, £11.—1st, £8; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. First heat—P. C. Maurer, 70 yds., 1; R. Kelsey, 80 yds., 2. Won by a length. Six starters. Second heat—1; G. Walker, 60 yds., 1; E. Anderson, 50 yds., 2. Won by a length. Third heat—S. T. Perkins, 40 yds., 1; E. F. Anderson, 30 yds., 2. Won by a length. Fourth heat—1; T. Clark, 2. Won easily. Time, 2 min. 30 sec. Final. Perkins, 1; Hehir, 2. Won easily. Time, 2 min. 17 sec. WOOD-CHOPPING CONTEST, £2.—1st, £2; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. First heat—P. J. Soren, 8 yds., 1; H. Brody, 13 yds., 2. Won by 10 yds. Five starters. Time, 23 1/2 sec. Second heat—J. Whelan, 20 yds., 1; M. McGrath, 15 yds., 2. Won by a length. Six starters. Won comfortably in 23 1/2 sec. A. Eccles refused to sign a declaration that he had not received any assistance, and was not allowed to start in the final. W. Graham, who ran fourth in the heat, being substituted. Final. Brody, 1; Thompson, 2. Won easily. Time, 2 min. 23 1/2 sec. This was a very closely contested event, Brody winning by only a yard. Time, 23 1/2 sec. HAND-FLUTTER, £8.—1st, £5; 2nd, £2; 3rd, £1. First heat—P. J. Soren, 8 yds., 1; H. Brody, 13 yds., 2. Won by 10 yds. Five starters. Time, 23 1/2 sec. Second heat—J. Whelan, 20 yds., 1; M. McGrath, 15 yds., 2. Won by a length. Six starters. Won comfortably in 23 1/2 sec. A. 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A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT PRESENTS!

Who can imagine it?

Every day of our business life we are THINKING HARD, and puzzling out the momentous question, as to how we can offer something OUT OF THE COMMON LINE to the discriminating taste of our customers.

At this time of the year you are probably on the look-out for something in the way of Presents. They must be uncommon and tasty, or you feel that you are not doing the best in the matter of selection.

BEEN TO ENGLAND.

We have imported something new in Fancy Goods and Novelties suitable for presents for Christmas, and we have the greatest confidence in inviting inspection—merely remarking that

Early Shoppers get the Best Selection.

BEEN TO JAPAN

for Chinaware and Novelties. Nothing gives more of an artistic effect to the Dining-room than fine Chinaware, and our collection is without a peer.

Before buying you should certainly inspect our stock. Nobody pressed to buy. All invited; only COME EARLY.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT

AND

BUANGOR.



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.

THE NEW HOARDING.

SIR,—Can you kindly inform me who are the proprietors of the building situated over the weighbridge, now used as a hoarding for advertising purposes? I have made enquiries on every hand, but the public generally do not know. Some say the public themselves own it, but surely, if such were the case, some of them would know something about it. Others say the Band own it, but that can hardly be, for they never use it. Even the man that winds the clock won't own it—says he wishes it was in Hong Kong. However, I would like to know, for I just now want to advertise a very special blend of White Elephant Whisky, and I guess that would be a fairly appropriate place for a placard. If you can put me in communication with the owners, I calculate I can make them a sound business offer for the right to close in the space between the ceiling and railing with advertising canvases, and let the top room as day sleeping apartments to the numerous travellers who prefer to sleep through these hot and dusty days, and "hump bluey" in the cool of evening.

Yours, in earnest, HUSTLER.

[We should advise "Hustler" to apply to the Shire Council.—Ed. R. A.]

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

'LINESSED COMPOUND,' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linesed, for Coughs and Colds.

'Senex's' letter received too late for publication in this issue.

SAFELY THROUGH DANGER.

LIFE IN JEOPARDY. NOW FRESH AND ENERGETIC AS EVER.

The Case of Mrs. M. RICKARD.

(By our Reporter.)

There is in most of us a feeling of gratitude that we have been brought safely through past dangers; but sometimes people forget the manifold mercies which have been extended to them. Not so, however, with Mrs. Marion Rickard, of No. 118 Lygon-street, East Brunswick, who stated to a reporter that by divulging the ensuing facts she would be rendering the best possible service to those whose lives are in jeopardy.

Pursuing her opening remarks, Mrs. Rickard said:

"Unfortunately for myself, I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, and I have had a lot of worry and a considerable amount of hard work in my time. So many adversities culminated in a complete breakdown of my health, I felt as if I wanted to work, but I had not enough strength to do it. I got very restless at night, sleeping only for short stretches, and waking up with a start from the dream world, as you could think of. When it was time to arise from bed I never felt inclined to do so, being troubled with a sense of weariness in my limbs, as if I had been walking about all night. My mind was equally overworked, for I was too tired to think of anything. I went on in this miserable state for a while, and then I was attacked with neuralgia in the side of the face. The tortures of this complaint were located in the face for a few days, but afterwards the pains shot up to the roof of my head, nearly driving me out of my mind. I am sure I was a trifle insane with agony at times, for I used to go about like one in a trance. My nights became more sleepless than ever, as I could do nothing save pace my room like a caged woman. It was impossible to eat any solid food, but what little milk diet I did take caused me no end of suffering. A cup of milk made me feel uncomfortably stuffed out, as though it had turned to wind, which I believe to be the case, for I used to belch for such a long time afterwards. Very often I vomited everything up, and though the nasty taste of the sour milk was always in my mouth. Besides losing nearly all my flesh, I got to look very old and haggard, and my eyesight was so bad that I could not read any newspaper.

The action of my bowels was very irregular, the consequences being that I had a white covering over my tongue, and an offensive breath."

"What did you get to cure those ailments?"

"Medicines and pills from my doctor; but they did not have the right effect upon me. They made me worse, in fact, because I got weaker and more frightened, besides contracting horrible sharp pains in the shoulders and in the small of my back. I tried medicines from chemists, but no good result. A little while longer and I would have died, my system was completely wrecked. It was Clements Tonic that pulled me out of danger, and I would never have regained my health if it had not been for that medicine. Everything else was perfectly incapable of curing me. But I had not quite taken a bottle of Clements Tonic when my neuralgia pains ceased, and my nervous system was built up by the same remedy. After that I slept soundly, and then my appetite came back. The pains in my body melted away by degrees, and I had no difficulty in keeping my food down. Clements Tonic did everything needful, even to brightening and strengthening my eyes, besides making my mouth and tongue sweet by restoring regularity. I was not long in getting quite stout again, and the invigorating effects of Clements Tonic made me as fresh and energetic as ever I had been. I was congratulated on all hands at making such a rapid and unexpected recovery, and my experience shows how greatly superior Clements Tonic is to all other medicines; as it cured my complaints when all other physics failed. I desire everybody to know these facts, which you may publish in any way."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, Marion Rickard, of No. 118 Lygon-street, East Brunswick, 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 in any manner my statements, which I give voluntarily, and without any constraint, 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.

Declared at Brunswick, in the State of Victoria, this second day of May, one thousand nine hundred and one, before me.

J. HOS. STRANGE, J.P.

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

Beaufort District Mining.

The total yield of gold in the Raulan division for the year, 1904, according to returns supplied to Mr. C. W. Minchin, mining registrar, was 8,650 z., a decrease of over 370oz. on the previous year's yield, the total of which was 9,022 z.

Two companies have ceased operations during the year, viz., the Sons of Freedom Central and the Barton Quartz companies. In the case of the Barton a local syndicate purchased the plant and have let the mine practically on tribute, so that the stones from the upper levels may be taken out. Several small crushings have averaged half an ounce per ton.

The Central Sons of Freedom drew their late in August, and paid £1 0s 10d in dividends since its birth in March, 1901. During its life gold to the value of £54,000 was won, and dividends (exclusive of the final one of 10d per share) totalled £27,558 5s, amounting to about 60 per cent. on the outlay of shareholders. In round figures, the sum of £24,863 was paid in wages, at the rate of about £300 a fortnight, and this money has been judiciously invested in the district since the closing down of the mine.

The tribute parties at work on the All Nations Consols lease have not done so well this year, having been engaged in prospecting and erecting machinery, but now that a lot of dead work has been done there is every likelihood of better returns being received. The Daughters of Freedom, a co-operative party of miners, at Main Lead, have also been struggling along on very indifferent yields.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION.—In January last, a contract was completed for the removal and re-erection of plant, which has been for. In March a contract was let to Mr. E. Booth for removal and re-erection of pumping and puddling plant for £1103. This is now completed, and there is only £273 owing to the contractor, and which will probably be liquidated at next meeting. A sum of £560 has been paid off the plant and machinery for the year, leaving a balance of only £75 owing, which will be paid early in the new year. The shaft has been sunk the required depth, and the level is 404ft. from the shaft, but it is expected that the gutter will be met with at a much shorter distance. The magnificent results achieved by the Sons of Freedom Central Company, on the same lead, and the fine prospects obtained by boring, afford justification for the strong faith in the venture, and the belief that the Junction will turn out another lease some dividend-paying mine is certainly warranted. The success of this mine means a new and brighter era for the mining industry in this district, and if, as is confidently predicted by practical men, the Sons of Freedom Junction turns out to be a successful venture, a very large area of auriferous country will be opened up, probably right down the lead through Eurambine and down to Ballyroan.

ALL NATIONS CONSOLS AND SAM SLICK LEASES.

We are indebted to Mr. N. Davey, mine manager, for the following report of work effected on the All Nations Consols and Sam Slick leases during the past twelve months:—

All Nations Consols.—Five parties of contractors have been engaged, with fair results. Nos. 1 and 3 parties have continued working on the tributary located by a company, with excellent results. No. 1 party, known as Tray's party, are now working ground at a depth of about 165ft., and are proving the wash to be carrying gold of good payable quality. Gold-winning was abandoned for four months of the year, in order to deepen the shaft to 175ft., so that the wash which dipped under-foot could be worked to an average width of 45ft., and from 6824 fathoms of wash treated, 957oz. of gold has been obtained.

No. 2 party, viz., Grant and party, after boring, proved a run of gold-bearing wash trending north, upon which a shaft has been sunk, and drives driven for 60 and 300 feet along the gutter, with payable results. The wash is now being stripped out to a width of 30 feet, and 145 fathoms of wash have been taken out for 140oz. 173dwts. of gold.

No. 3 party, viz., Adanthwaite and party, have been working on the south end of the same tributary with equally satisfactory results. Already the wash has been proved payable to a length of over 200ft., with good quality dirt being followed at both ends. Three hundred fathoms of dirt has been treated for 58oz. 11dwts. of gold.

No. 4 party, viz., Morris and party, have sunk a main shaft to 155 feet, and driven a reef drive 300 feet, which has been directed in order to command a run of wash which dipped away in 75 feet ground and yielded 86oz. of gold. The erection of an efficient winding plant in nearing completion, and there is every promise of compensation being awarded the shareholders early in the new year for their persistent effort, and generous outlay.

Other parties have of late been prospecting shallow ground, and have obtained about 10oz. of gold.

Altogether 1,127½ fathoms of wash have been treated for 1,695oz. 19dwts. of gold. Taking into consideration all that is developing work that has been effected, and the fact that the various parties are continuing to open up ground of a payable character, the prospects for the coming year should be bright and promising.

Sam Slick Coy.—The work done by Jaenech and party of contractors was opening up and proving a very valuable property. From a main shaft a payable stop of wash has been proved for 250ft. in length; the wash getting richer and wider as the ground deepens. In 90ft. ground the wash dipped under-foot and formed a basin, which is receiving the various gutters of wash known to exist in the lease. The wash here has been worked to a width of 150ft., and from 400 fathoms of wash treated 64oz. 3dwts. of gold has been obtained. A complete and efficient winding-plant has been erected, and a main shaft sunk to 50ft., and will be further deepened to 180ft., when a reef drive will be extended a sufficient distance to command and work the continuation of the wash. From a profitable mine, wider making a good and profitable mine wider. It is gratifying to know that both the All Nations Consols and Sam Slick Companies have decided to encourage the various parties by thoroughly

boring the lease; for it is believed that a number of new tributaries will be discovered, which will give life and permanence to the field. A suitable site for a main shaft will be chosen by boring, and will be placed in a position best suited to command and work the main Beaufort lead, which receives the network of tributaries proved to be emptying into the gutter on both sides. An opportunity will possibly be given to the local and district residents to assist in this work at a later date, and it is hoped that when the opportunity is given there will be an encouraging and ready response.

WATERLOO MINING.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.) The Last Chance Co.'s party, 9 shareholders, have been working profitably for the past 11 years, and during the last year obtained some very good returns; and although their operations are gradually drawing to a close, they anticipate payable results, blocking back, for another year.

Busher's co-operative party, 8 shareholders, after considerable prospecting, proved the lower portion of their ground to be valueless, and are now engaged blocking back, obtaining very fair returns, the last machine yielding 10 z.

In Baxter's Gully, Vale and party, 4 men, have just bottomed a shaft on wash 60 fms. obtaining moderate prospects. Balaclava Bros., adjoining, are sinking a shaft, expecting to bottom on wash in a few days. Jones and Sons, higher up the lead, have been working for some time with varied results, the wash proving very patchy. At present they are making a living.

At Travalla, the Last Chance Extended Co. are putting down a series of borings to locate deep ground and payable prospects. So far each bore put down passed through wash containing a little gold, the deepest bore being 120ft.

In Reef Gully, Robertson and party, 4 men, have sunk a shaft 80ft., and driven a short distance from the wash, from which they obtained fair prospects.

At the head of Cockney's Lea, Waugh and party of 4 discovered a quartz reef about 120 yds. wide, and 100 yds. in the stone. They are taking out a trial crushing of a few tons to send to Ballarat for treatment. [Since this was in type we have been informed that a crushing of 6 tons yielded 8 oz.]

In the shallow alluvial, Smith and party are doing fairly well, obtaining 5dwts. and 10dwts. in some troughs. A few individual miners are prospecting the ranges, loaming, etc. Occasionally a patch of a few ounces is found which creates a little stir, but up to the present nothing of any continuity is discovered. At King Charles's, Stevens and party, 8 men, are having a very trying time. They have done a considerable amount of prospecting with very poor results, but hope in the near future to discover payable wash.

Woolfine and party are sinking near the Swamp, and have erected a whim. They expect to open out on wash shortly.

The following are the reported yields for the week ending Saturday last:—All Nations Consols—Troy and party's tribute, 5oz. 1 dwt.; Grant and party's tribute, 4oz. 10 dwt.; Adanthwaite and party's tribute, 5 oz. 6dwt. 6grs.; Sam Slick Co.—Jaenech and party's tribute, 18oz. 1dwt. 18grs. Daughters of Freedom, 6 oz. Last Chance, 9oz. 7 dwt. 9gr.; Bushers Co., 11oz.; sundries, 12 oz.

EASY TO TAKE, PLEASANT IN EFFECT.

When troubled with constipation try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and produce no griping or other unpleasant effect. Sold by J. E. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Cargham Sports Handicaps.

NEW YEAR'S DAY. F. Hendy, 1 mile, 10 yds. 2 miles, 20 yds.; J. McEvelan, 45, 90; J. Pratts, 70, 130; C. Presser, 70, 130; W. Alfwood, 80, 150; N. Shields, 80, 150; T. Piggally, 85, 160; T. J. Keane, 90, 170; T. Lewis, 90, 170; H. Woodward, 100, 200; A. Orchard, 95, 180; B. Gough, 100, 200; E. Fahy, 110, 220; J. D. P'Arcy, 110, 220; J. Connell, 110, 220; T. Driver, 100, 200; E. Keating, 120, 240; T. J. Keane, 120, 240; J. A. Hunter, 120, 240; M. J. Donnelly, 125, 240; F. Franklin, 120, 240; W. J. Donnelly, 130, 260; A. Listbarger, 130, 260; W. Brazner, 130, —; J. E. Morrissey, 130, 260; R. S. Eastman, 130, 260; A. W. F. McDonald, —, 260; A. McKerrall, —, 280; W. Naylor, 140, 280; J. Mehan, 140, 280; A. Ramsay, 140, 280; E. H. Dawson, 140, 280; W. Hickey, 140, 280.

Electoral District of Hampden, Beaufort Division.

[THE Ratepayers' and General Lists for the above Division—A D 1904—are now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision—the 2nd day of February, 1905—at my office, and every Post-office within the Division, and at the office of my deputies as under, viz.: Linton, Errolton Hill, Laglan, Skipton, and Waterloo.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar. Beaufort, 22nd Dec., 1904.

NELSON PR-VINCE—BEAUFORT DIVISION.

[THE General List for the above Division is now printed, and a copy may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision, the 18th January, 1905, at my office, and at every Post-office within the Division.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar. Beaufort, 29th Dec., 1904.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A MEETING of the Committee of the above Club will be held at the MERCHANTS' INSTITUTE on WEDNESDAY evening next, 4th January, 1905, at 8 o'clock. Business: To settle accounts connected with Boxing Day sports, and general. A PARKER, Secretary.

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, 9th January, 1905, for the following works:—

Contract 279.—Supply of Ironmongery to the Shire for a period of twelve months.

Contract 280.—Supply of Timber to the Shire for a period of 12 months.

Contract 281.—Supplying 150 cub. yds. blue-stone maintenance metal on the Ballarat, Crughan, and Beaufort roads.

Contract 282.—Construction of two Manoir Pipe Culverts on the Snake Valley and Smythesdale road.

Contract 283.—Forming, draining, &c., parish of Baglan.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton; Grayhound Hotel, Snake Valley; and Shire Hall, Beaufort.

E. J. MUNTZ, B.C.E., Shire Engineer. Shire Office, Beaufort, 30th December, 1904.

A CARD.

GLEGG & MILLER, ARCHITECTS, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT. Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

J. B. COCHRAN,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Wishes to thank his numerous customers for past favours, hoping for a continuance of same, and wishing them all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, with health and prosperity. He has just opened up a large assortment of choice Toys, Xmas and New Year Goods, Furnishery and Fancy Goods, at very Moderate Prices. Come and see.

OUR MR. E. H. ROGERS

WILL OPEN

Sale and Sample Room,

NEILL-ST., BEAUFORT,

From 23rd inst.

Special Lines from all Depts. . .

NOTE.—GREAT VARIETY OF XMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS . . .

Any Order you may favor him with will receive our best attention. . .

Yours faithfully,

Lincoln Stuart & Co. Proprietary Ltd.,

General Outfitters, Household Furnishers, &c., &c., Flinders Street, Melbourne.

Baker and Rouse

PROV. LTD.

Largest and Most Complete Stock of

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS

In the Commonwealth

Cameras from a few shillings

Up-to-date AMATEUR OUTFITS at all prices

MANUFACTURERS OF

"AUSTRAL" DRY PLATES & PRINTING PAPERS

The Best on the Market

Importers of Edison Phonographs and Records Optical Lantern Goods

Illustrated Catalogue posted free on Application

260 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER

Furniture

OF EVERY KIND.

800 DISTINCT PATTERNS.

.. PICTURES ..

AN ARTISTIC SELECTION.

Crockery,

IN DELICATE DESIGNS.

Linoleums,

A GREAT VARIETY.

Anything

You

Require,

Have it.

We

Can

Supply.

Fenders,

WITH FIRE-IRONS TO MATCH.

Glassware,

A Dainty Show.

Dinner and . . .

. . . Tea Sets,

NEW SHAPES & COLORS.

Wire Mattresses,

COOL AND RESTFUL.

Bamboo Blinds,

ALL SUN-PROOF.

The Ironmongers, BEAUFORT.

THE HAND UPON THE LATCH

By E. C. KENTON. "It's a dark day, Barnabas. A very dark day." "It is nothing of the sort. You always take such a gloomy view of things, Barnabas," grumbled the small farmer, Barnabas, as he uttered up his overcoat, which was turning green with age, preparatory to going out to the dogcart waiting for him at the door.

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 it that does not feel the miseries of others? Mr. George James Field, of No. 18 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."

WHAT IS CORAL?

More than wonderful, and differing from every gem or stone used in similar ways, is coral in production and growth. It might be called a sea-fern or fruit, solidified and marvellously coloured by the actions of Nature, and by the same unrivalled expert, moulded and curved into graceful branches and sprays. It grows, however, in various forms; besides the branching, tree-shaped, in flat, rounded and dome-shaped masses, and there are no less than 1,500 species of coral. A traveler who could not speak of coral as either a sea-fern or coral, despite its strong resemblance to the latter, as it is actually the product of a little aquatic animal known as the polyp, and altogether one of the most interesting and interesting workers in Nature's class.

PROMPT PEOPLE.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end, without study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moment drop between. It is wonderful how prompt people contrive to manage their days; it is as if they nicked up the moments which the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have a many things pressing upon you, and you are not sure how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it confronts one in a mass, it is easy to vanquish if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father," he replied, "was a prompt man; when I had anything to do, I would do it. There is the secret—the magic word 'Now!' Make sure, however, that what is to be done ought to be done, and do it—no matter how small the thing may be, and you will find it a good proverb; but don't do it till you may regret.

GIVE AND TAKE.

When one member of a family has better ideas than the other, he needs to be things should be done, he needs to be a guard upon his spirit that he does not make himself a fruitful cause of household content. Suppose your notions are better, and you are accordingly well, you have to reckon with the fact that one fact may be that the other members of the household do not recognise the superiority of your ideas. If you are set upon a little tact and patience will serve well, and you are accordingly well, you have to reckon with the fact that one fact may be that the other members of the household do not recognise the superiority of your ideas. If you are set upon a little tact and patience will serve well, and you are accordingly well, you have to reckon with the fact that one fact may be that the other members of the household do not recognise the superiority of your ideas.

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 on 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 of 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.

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. W.M. C. PEDDER, Wheelwright and Blacksmith. Hops to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is 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 all orders entrusted to him with promptness and with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod. SPECIAL NOTICE. In thanking the public for the support accorded me for the past 41 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. New Zealand Insurance Co. Established 1859. PREMIER COLONIAL COMPANY. Dwellings, Farm Buildings and Stock. Stocks Insured at Current Rates. Prompt Settlement of Claims. Local Agent—John McDonald, MIDDLE CREEK. Beaufort Branch—Frank in Chambers, Lydell-street. ROBT. J. PARKER, Local Manager. Say! Don't it Make you Mad To find that your Newspaper has not arrived to time? Of course it has. This does not happen to the clients of J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, &c., BEAUFORT. Reliability and Promptness; Straight dealing with Gentlemen and Attention; combined with Large and Well-assorted Stocks of Stationery, Toys, Books, Garden Seeds, etc., are always to be found here, where the best things are many. 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 unexcelled in the colony for the proper display of Wool. Railway and Shipping right at the door. FARMERS' CLIPS receive special personal attention, and lot to lot, however small, is sold under full 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 Colonial and Colonial Experience in the Wool Trade. Cash Advances, if required, directly receipt of produce, as stored.

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. Bunyip—9 a.m., 4th Monday. Bunyip—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday. Carriagham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday. Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday. Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday. Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday. Kalena—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday. Scarceale—Noon, 3rd Thursday. Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday. Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday. Snytheedale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

TOMBOY. TOMBOY is a brown or black pony foaled in 1889, stands 14 hands high, with a heavy mane, and plenty of bone, and is a fast trotter in saddle or harness. His sire, BRIGLIAM YOUNG, is a jet black, with a long, flowing mane and tail, standing 15 hands high, possessed of great strength, and is a very fast trotter; he has taken over 100 first prizes, including the grand champion prize of Australia at the Melbourne Exhibition of 1887, and the grand champion prize at the Geelong show in 1888. TOMBOY's dam, MAGGIE, was by Mr. G. GEORGE, the well-known pony of Mr. Bell's, late of Penrith, and which was bought by Mr. Lee, of Ipswich, about nine years ago, and who has been bred from him ever since. Sir George's opinion of the highest prices of any sire coming to the Colours, TOMBOY's grand dam was by a Welsh pony, owned and bred by Mr. Ware, of Barrowfield. All manes removed or sold to be paid for as if they were bought from a distance, with plenty of grass and water. TERMS—£25; £1 to be paid when mare is stined, and the remaining £1 is when mare proves in foal. Guarantees as per agreement. H. W. JANSSEN, Traralgon.

BLARNEY STONE. STANDS 16 HANDS 1 INCH HIGH; IS A VERY FAST TROTTER. BLARNEY STONE'S dam, Talkative, by Talk of the Ring, by Lord's Ham, Normandy, by Fisherman; Talkative's dam, Nancy the Knitter, by the Peer, dam, Vixen, by War Hawk. BLARNEY STONE'S sire, Treaty Stone (by Mr. Henry Thompson, Ireland, imported by Mr. Ross), by the celebrated old sire, dam by Uncas, one of the best sires in England. Uncas, by Uncas, was the best hurdler-racer of the year in 1887, winning the Walker Race at Curragh. Treaty Stone was imported to Australia at Tatura show, and first at Narrurk and Naitalis show in 1890. In 1891 he was again awarded the grand prize at Narrurk and Naitalis show. Treaty Stone has obtained numerous prizes since at various shows. BLARNEY STONE has proved himself a sure foot-gotter, and his stock in this district show to be of real good quality. TERMS: £2 10s Cash, or guarantee £1 at end of season and £2 5s when mare proves in foal. For further particulars, apply—J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

DARNLEY. DARNLEY is a beautiful dark bay horse, standing 16 hands 3 1/2 inches high, on short legs, with immense bone and muscle, a notably short, thick back, splendid sound feet, and plenty of fine silky hair in the right place, and possessing a most quiet temper. He was bred by that well-known breeder, Mr. J. J. Widdowson, of the Sire, BLUE RIBBON (imp., 1861, vol. 5, Clydesdale Stud Book); g. sire, DANLEY (222, vol. 1); g. g. sire, Moffat's Quarrier (139, vol. 1); g. g. g. sire, Lockfords Champion (440, vol. 1). DARNLEY'S dam, MAGGIE CLYDE, Everingham's Pride of Clyde (imp.), another H.A.S. winner. MAGGIE CLYDE won two cups, a work never beaten by a horse since, "Rags of Clyde" was champion of Ballarat and Stawell Shows for 8 years, and also winner of 3 silver cups, G. dam, Jess, by Gordon's Wallace; g. g. dam, Betty, by Calver's Redman; g. g. g. dam, Gipsy, by Hopbush's Merry Farmer; g. g. g. g. dam, Bell, by McLean's General (said to be g. g. g. sire of Drew's Prince of Wales)—all H.A.S. winners and champion sires, both in Scotland and Victoria. DARNLEY (222, vol. 1) won the second prize at the H.M.S. Show, Stirling, in 1873, as a yearling, and first prize at the Glasgow Stallion Show in both 1877 and 1878. He was also champion cup for stallions at the H.A.S. Show, Dumfries, 1878; second prize at the Royal Agricultural Society's show at Carlisle, England, in 1880; first prize at the H.A.S. Show in Glasgow, 1882, and special prize as the sire of the best family of five exhibitors; first prize and champion cup at the H.A.S. Centenary Show, Edinburgh, 1884. He was chosen to stand in the Rhine district of Westphalia for 10 guineas per mare for 3 seasons, '84, '85, '86, which clearly proved him to have been the best Clydesdale stallion in Great Britain. His dam, Kier Peggy (187, vol. 1), by Sanson—Alice Logan (741, a twin), was never beaten in her life. DARNLEY (222, vol. 1) is too well-known to need much comment, but as proof of his breeding he has taken the Stires Produce Stakes in Melbourne for two years, 91 and 92, with his two grandsons, the Laird of Struan and Royal Blue; and when he left Scotland to go to Aberdeenshire. Marshall Keith, by Macdonald, got first at Grand National Show in 1891 and 1893, and was a descendant of the most aristocratic Clydesdale blood that has ever left Scotland, and it breeding himself a sire of the first water. Some of his stock have already topped the Bendigo market, making £42 at 3 years. Also at the Ballarat market a mare sold on March 20th, 1902, making £46—a record price for the progeny of a colonial-bred stallion. TERMS: £25; guarantee as per agreement. GOOD GRASS paddocks provided free of charge until manes are stined.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD. 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.

Nickols & Chesterfield. Auctioneers, Beaufort, and can supply all kinds of... Farm Implements, Manures, Oil, Bags, &c., AT LOWEST PRICES.

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W.M. C. PEDDER, Wheelwright and Blacksmith. Hops to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is 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 all orders entrusted to him with promptness and with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

SPECIAL NOTICE. In thanking the public for the support accorded me for the past 41 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. New Zealand Insurance Co. Established 1859. PREMIER COLONIAL COMPANY. Dwellings, Farm Buildings and Stock. Stocks Insured at Current Rates. Prompt Settlement of Claims. Local Agent—John McDonald, MIDDLE CREEK. Beaufort Branch—Frank in Chambers, Lydell-street. ROBT. J. PARKER, Local Manager. Say! Don't it Make you Mad To find that your Newspaper has not arrived to time? Of course it has. This does not happen to the clients of J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, &c., BEAUFORT. Reliability and Promptness; Straight dealing with Gentlemen and Attention; combined with Large and Well-assorted Stocks of Stationery, Toys, Books, Garden Seeds, etc., are always to be found here, where the best things are many. 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 unexcelled in the colony for the proper display of Wool. Railway and Shipping right at the door. FARMERS' CLIPS receive special personal attention, and lot to lot, however small, is sold under full 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 Colonial and Colonial Experience in the Wool Trade. Cash Advances, if required, directly receipt of produce, as stored.

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