

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1427

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

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905

PRICE THREEPENCE

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
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GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
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FROM THE POST OFFICE.
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GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

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

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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-famous 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, SCURVY, ECZEMA, SKIN POISON, ULCERS, SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES, IT IS A SAFE AND PERMANENT REMEDY.

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex. Infants to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSSES.

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Huggly, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much relief, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should go to get inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a letter before I had been out of hospital a week. I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and, after taking the medicine for four pots, your name was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famous Blood Mixture,' I have never had any more. I have ever been in my life. You can make what you ever use like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—I 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 cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clarifies the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition. This is a good testimonial in the 'Riponshire Advocate' for a popular medicine, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have been able to devise, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

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

Ask for
Clarke's Blood Mixture,
and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

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

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J.S.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday, Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherpoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridge. Fourth Tuesday, Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be 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, 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 Stampground each box.—Prepared by JOHN L. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S.A. European Depot, 55, Farringdon Road, London, England.

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 p.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 8 p.m. Sundays.
Middle Creek, 11.50 (Tuesdays, and	
Murtoa, 11.50 (Thursdays.	
Buaparoo, 11.50	
Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.	
English mail notice by telegraph.	

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan	... 9
Waterloo	... 9
Murtoa	... 9
Main Lead	... 9
Chute	... 9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
Nerring	... 9
Lake Goldsmith	... 9
Stockyard Hill	... 9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	
Euraubeeen	... 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 daily at 7 a.m., 12.50 and 8.40 p.m. From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Buaparoo, 8.30 a.m. daily.
From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—3.30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake G. Idsmith.—4.30 p.m.
From Eurabeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.
From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

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

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

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

SAVINGS BANK.

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

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another trade-which ad-
I see there be, he mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.
To such a man the noisy din
Of trade may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass him heed his dingy door,
For 'tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.
The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad, displayed
Careless sore for rest than worldly gain
And passages but gives him pain;
I treat lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unthought except by men he owes.
And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispele
The quiet that he loves so well,
And mark his grave a wreath of moss
Place on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."
—Morrimer Grace Brown.

DON'T COUGH.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivalled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge gives ease—two or two at bedtime cures rest. Sold everywhere in this, 13/6d. each.

Advising you, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to slide a hill down without snow. Besides there is these differences: ven you don't get some show you gant make 'em; but you can sometimes shenerally always make der advertising come right away quick off, all der year round, mit some moneys.

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 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 Vendors everywhere.

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

STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC., Neill Street, Beaufort.

DENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

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

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible.
5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncolled for, "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.
6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution. Talk about it wherever you go. Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business. If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so. If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman. Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

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

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of honey and a sweet serum, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 55, Farringdon Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore, Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

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

"The Riponshire Advocate" is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, 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 journals within a given radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation of the Riponshire Advocate is Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate," PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurabeen, Buaparoo, Middle Creek, Shirley, Traralgon, Shirley, and Carracunga.

With every issue of the Paper is given A FOURTEEN-COLUMN SUPPLEMENT,

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business." And another writer has said—"He who in his 'biz' would rise, Must either 'bust' or advertise." And advertisers cannot do better than make the Riponshire Advocate the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker; Printer and Publisher, LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

Cougle's



Grand Display of EARLY AUTUMN GOODS.

New Millinery... New Dress Materials. New Jackets... New Flannel Blousings. New Dress Trimmings... New Blouses, &c.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER.

HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 20th April, 1905.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept. FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/- Mails a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

Mr J. W. HARRIS, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST, DRUGGIST.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, E.D.S., Surgical & Mechanical Dentist. HAYWOOD STREET, BEAUFORT.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

GLEGG & MILLER, ROBERTS, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

RICHARDS & CO.'S, PHOTOGRAPHERS OF BALLARAT.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS. Richards and Co.'s Bridal Pictures have become world-famed.

RICHARDS & CO., RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE Riponshire Advocate, Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1905.

Mr J. R. Wetherston & Co. have shown us a letter received from the Acting Deputy Postmaster-General.

Mr Philip Russell, of Mawell, who has been living in Scotland for over a year.

A stock containing about 30 odd tons of hay, the property of Mr Edward Pant.

Mr Austin returned thanks for the kind way in which the toast had been proposed.

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The Beaufort Show.

The 32nd annual show of the Beaufort Agricultural Society was held on Wednesday last, and passed off successfully.

Mr Walters thought he ought, like Mr Anderson, to have "done a speech."

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Important Position.

It was very pleasing to him to see a young fellow like Mr Hannah coming forward in this way.

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Four bushels perennial rye grass.

First, 10s; second, 5s.—No entry. Extras: Fodder for cattle, maize and millet—C. H. Taylor, recommended.

Four bushels perennial rye grass. First, 10s; second, 5s.—No entry.

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Horses and Cattle.

Judges: Draughts—Messrs S. Calvert and W. Walters. Thoroughbreds—Mr J. W. T. Anderson.

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Swine.

Judges: Messrs J. Eastwood and D. F. Troy.

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Judges: Messrs J. Eastwood and D. F. Troy.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Judge: Mr W. King.

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Judge: Mr W. King.

Judge: Mr W. King.

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Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, likely a continuation of the show report or a list of exhibitors.

A COMMONPLACE WOOING.

By E. H. FEIGLER.

She was tall and thin; she walked with a perceptible lameness, and one hand was crippled; but her smile was so bright, it almost transfigured the plain face and made you forget her infirmities.

She had been a wife, but four months when her husband died, leaving her only with a few pieces of furniture, that had to be sold to pay the expenses of his illness and death.

Then she went from door to door trying to find work. The limping figure and crippled hand were not suggestive of efficient labour, and despite her assurances that she was well and strong, she found no one willing to employ her.

One evening she stood before the open door of the music room. She knew the inmates were unlike her—their lives stained and scarred with sin and shame—but she was tired, hungry, and a little bit discouraged.

She rang the bell and told her tale to the matron, who believed every word of it and made her welcome. She was once before so useful, so helpful, they wondered how they had ever done without her.

A dozen times a day "Sarah" was called to do something no one else could do. She went upstairs and down, cared for the babies, made appetizing dishes for the sick, and encouraged the despondent, remorseful ones.

When her own child was laid in her arms a sweet content filled her heart and shone in her face. The joy of motherhood increased her hopefulness and dispelled all her fears for the future.

Those who had pitied her ceased to do so. As she grew strong she talked about getting work. The matron intimated that it would be hard to find anyone to employ her with her child.

"But if I work for very little," she said, "and promise he will not hinder me, surely some one will give me a place." Finally a place was found, and she went to it gladly.

A big box lined with cretonne and padded in, and was easily pushed out of the way. The big kitchen took on a homely air, with its fresh curtains, shining linoleum, and polished stove.

Watson, the man hired to keep the lawn in order, came in one day to get a drink and noticed the change. Everything was in order.

Sarah, in a neat gingham dress and big apron, was taking rolls from the oven and turning them out on the table to cool.

"You handle them pans mighty quick," he said. "That's because I've done it so often. Will you give me one of them?" and she handed him a hot roll.

"That I will, and glad to get it." He had a shrewd, honest face and a glance that seemed to take in everything.

As she moved quickly from one thing to another, he said: "You have to work pretty hard here, don't you?"

"I don't have much playtime," she answered, playfully. "I should think not."

She was so cheerful and uncomplaining, it was easy to impose upon her, and gradually the work increased.

She rose early in the morning, and it was late at night when she crept into the little room off the kitchen, often too tired to sleep.

It may have been late, but over-work or the constant fear that neglect would be followed by dismissal that wore on her nerves and caused her to drop a kettle of boiling water and spill its contents partly on the baby as he lay in the box.

After that the work had to wait till she cared for the little sufferer. Watson found her one morning holding the baby in her lap and holding his face with a cooling liquid.

Despite her gentleness, it moaned and cried piteously. She crossed the kitchen and stood by her. "What's the matter with the little one?" he asked.

She lifted the cloth and showed the burned, blistered face. "That's pretty bad," he said, "but he'll get over it, and not have a mark either."

"But it hurts me to think it was my carelessness that did it," and her tears began to fall.

"You poor thing," he said, "you must stop your fretting, you're worked and worried almost to death."

He stooped and picked up the broom that had fallen on the floor, and then continued, half-compassionately, half-ironically: "When I get some money I'm coming to take you away from here."

"Don't talk nonsense to me," she said, and, rising quickly, laid the baby in its bed.

That summer was intensely warm, the house was full of visitors, and the work was heavy. Sarah's lameness was more noticeable, her face thinner. She sometimes thought of Watson: He was working in the country, and she seldom saw him, but she remembered that he had pitied her—he really seemed to care that she worked so hard.

It may have been because he was in her thoughts that she was not surprised to see him at the door and hear him say to her: "Hello, youngster! You ain't making so much fuss as when I was here before."

"Oh! he's all right, and has not got any marks neither." "I told you he would not have any. I told you something else at the same time. Have you forgotten what it was? Are you ready to go with me?"

he answered, proudly. "She turned again to the baby. "I just can't get over that chair." Mr. face was radiant. She moved a little towards him. "I'm going to be very happy here."

"So am I."

THE END.

CAPTURE OF ST. PEDRO.

No one studying, however lightly, British Naval records of the last century might marvel at the spirit which to-day imbues her fighting sons of the sea. They spring from a magnificent stock which has left a dear and unequalled legacy of noble deeds to spur and inspire them.

Prominent among these deeds was the dramatic capture of the St. Pedro, by the boats of the Comandante Pedro, by the glorious days of prize money in the navy—when the humblest Jack Tar was wont to swagger ashore with a small fortune lining his pockets, and wondering how he was going to spend it all.

The good ship Comandante had done a brisk trade in prizes, and she still had a few looting large in her vision when one day she arrived in the neighbourhood of Grand Canaria. A young Lieutenant who had an intense desire to do something glorious on his own account, was, at his own earnest request, entrusted with the task of entering the harbour under cover of night, with a picked force, and seizing any ships there—a most perilous undertaking, for the harbour was guarded by powerful batteries.

But though they made a complete circuit of the place, and passed right under the forts, not a ship could they find, and they returned considerably crestfallen.

Picture then, this ambitious young fellow's disgust and dismay on reaching the deck of his ship with the dawn of another day, to have the very ship he was in quest of pointed out to him, lying so close under the batteries that he had evidently been mistaken for an integral part of the fort. The captain declined to permit another attempt, as there was now a much surer chance of effecting a surprise, but so terribly cut up and dejected did the lieutenant seem that, a couple of nights later, his superior yielded and again three boat-loads of armed men paid a nocturnal visit to the harbour.

They were scarce fifty yards from their objective when the moon burst from between dark clouds, disclosing a sight that staggered the bravest. The deck of the vessel was alive with soldiers and seamen, armed to the teeth, and hourly awaiting their coming. To the young officer who had so eloquently pleaded the cause of this second expedition the moment was an awful one. What should he do? Fly from death or into its very jaws? "Pull for your lives, men!" The order rang strong and clear, and the steady rattle of musketry fire in the teeth of a galling musketry fire the boat crews clambered on board head-fore, and the young officer, who, however, was instantly precipitated overboard with a bayonet wound in the face, but, being an excellent swimmer, he regained the deck again by no means better off than when he jumped overboard.

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THE JAP AT HOME.

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" appears the most interesting description of the Japanese daily life by Mr. R. B. Shakespear, who has lived among our allies for many years.

"First, on a semi-sacred throne, sits the Emperor," says the writer, "his feet raised high, and his hands resting on his knees. He is surrounded by a host of courtiers, and the monarch of any other country—for patriotism is so intense, that every Japanese would feel honoured if he were permitted to sit in his behalf. Then come the royalties, nobility, and aristocracy; and, very much intermingling with at least one or other of these, the chief officers and military and naval, army and diplomatic service. After these come a very small middle class, and then a large population devoted to agriculture, shopkeeping, and minor manufactures, accompanied by a host of coolies or labourers.

"The descendants of the Sanuria try first to get into the army, navy, and, failing both, they enter the Government service, and as a last resort join the police. Therefore, the best blood and the best brains are in Japan, to a greater extent than in any other country in the service of the Government."

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DOCTOR QUOGS.

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There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we will—Shakespeare.

"Are matches made in Heaven?" queried Quogs.

"Parlour matches?" queried I.

"Matrimonial," quoth Quogs, "I solemnly swear," quoth I, "Solemn nonsense!"

"If marriage is predestined, then every intermediate step is likewise foreordained. The bill and cooing of every moonstruck Jack and Jill, or that it meddles with the mating of Tom, Dick or Harry with Nannie, Hannah or Jeannette? Absurd!"

Now Quogs—Doctor Quogs—was arguing from a viewpoint altogether personal. He was an engaged man, having, by successful wooing, won the love of the fairest Ballarona in the land; and this success so elated him that he was unwilling to allow even Heaven a share in his happiness or to doubt the prospective union with the wealthy and charming Miss Pentlove. Besides Quogs was a scientist, never hatched a wild theory, and we all know how apt Quogs was to limit a man's philosophic views to ordinary causes. This may be straining a point, but I see no other reason why Dr. Quogs should ignore the fact that his fiancée is a veritable demurely denied marriage to be of celestial appointment.

The doctor was a homely man, so date, rather than called a lady's man. What Miss Pentlove could see in him nobody could imagine. And his name! What woman in her every-day senses could calmly entertain the idea of being married to a Quogs!

That consideration alone should have inspired Quogs with a humble belief that Heaven helped him.

Self-sufficiency often errs. In diagnosing his own case, Dr. Quogs failed to include Aunt Peggy. Aunt Peggy was a family relic. She was a Pentlove pensioner-at-large, but mostly fixated in the Zentlow manor, near James street. A kinder hearted, gentler mannered old lady never lived, nor one less likely to interfere in private matters. Nevertheless she was a very capable and resourceful arrangement and nearly breaking her heart.

The affair was booming. All things seemed delightfully propitious. The doctor was naturally a little nervous, but he was about to interview the lady's father and inform him of his intention to assume forthwith the responsibilities and obligations of a son-in-law. Quogs was a happy man; and on the morrow Mr. Pentlove was to be made happy or miserable as he might choose or refuse to become a son-in-law.

It was a stormy night. The doctor was impatiently expecting her. Aunt Peggy was a patient, but with a certain design and broodery of anxious waiting. The door-bell rings. Miss Pentlove assumes a grace attitude, while Aunt Peggy—thoughtful soul—disappears through a side door while Dr. Quogs enters from the street. The doctor, with his countenance aglow with the eagerness with which on wings of love, he flies down to Cupid's bowyer—to wit, that cosy parlour on St. James street.

Among Aunt Peggy's inseparable belongings was an immense crimson pin cushion, always garnished with pins and needles in brilliant array, and which she used to sew up the corners of the door-bell rings. Miss Pentlove assumes a grace attitude, while Aunt Peggy—thoughtful soul—disappears through a side door while Dr. Quogs enters from the street.

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FIGHTING ABOARD A BURNING SHIP.

British Naval annals will hardly show a more gallant and to the same time, more frightful struggle than that which took place between the frigate Quog, armed with thirty 12-pounder guns, and the French frigate Surveillante, with forty 16-pounders. The nature of the encounter was due to the fact that the Quebec was fighting French and fire at the same time. For four hours the two ill-fated frigates remained in a deadly combat, their yards rubbing together; then at last the French frigate sickened to death of the awful struggle, and parted in silence, except for the groans that came from the brave fellows on her gundecks; but the gallant Quog, though her guns were still spitting out defiance, could not gather the fruits of her victory. Her masts had snapped over, and a terrible suspicion was settling like a pall upon her heroic crew that the fire which had some time before broken out on board was getting beyond their control. The two ships had now drifted some distance apart, and, excepting that now and then a cannon roared forth, fired by the action of the flames, all sounds of strife were lost. The horrible rend and crackle of burning wood as the frigate ate a devastating course through the ship. Already men, with faces disfigured with blood, were crawling over the deck, and soon the officers, every one of whom were wounded, followed their example, leaving their wounded comrades to lie; stoically awaiting the awful explosion which would launch him into eternity. He had been deaf to the most earnest entreaties to quit the doomed ship, and not until the flames erupted from the neighbourhood of the magazine did some of the brave spirits leave him, preferring the mercy of the sea. At six o'clock some of the few survivors, who had been picked up by their late enemy, saw him an unrecognizable noble figure, thrown out into strong relief as a great flame burst brightly through the port of the vessel, and a mighty roar. The gallant ship Quebec was a thing of the past.

BRASS BANDS TO BANISH BEETLES.

It is said that if music is played under a tree infested with caterpillars it causes them to fall stupefied to the ground.

The greater majority of insects dislike music. Several years ago a very well known French naturalist found that by playing on a loud brass instrument for a few nights he could rid the house of all the crickets and black beetles. Owing to their dislike to the sounds the pests would leave the house and take up their abode in a more quiet and peaceful establishment.

Everyone who keeps bees knows that the banging of tins, or the blowing of horns causes them to get stupefied when they are swarming and renders them easy of capture. Swarms of locusts, it is said, can be prevented from alighting by the sound of music, and in the Sudan the natives invariably protect their fields by blowing horns and beating tom-toms when these pests are on the wing.

One of the surest ways of warding off the mosquito when you are at the seaside is to



Best fruit cake. Prize, 5s (presented by Mr D. F. Troy).—Mrs McKeich. Collection of fancy work. First, £1; second, 10s.—Mrs D. Stewart, 1; Miss Vera Halpin, 2. Tea cosy. First, 5s; second, 2s 6d.—Miss Stewart, 1.

Yes!!

Beaufort Police Court.
Tuesday, 28th March, 1905.
(Before Messrs. W. Dickson, P.M., and G. Topper, J.P.)
D.B.M.
W. P. Schlicht v. Jas. Chapman.—Goods sold and delivered, £2. Order for

The P.M. asked Fenrose why he continued to stay there, and the latter replied that they had gone a long way for a day's shooting, and that was the reason why they did not take any notice of the boundary rider.
The P.M. said it was a pity they had gone so far. If they were well-known

Skipton.
The rain which fell at Skipton on Thursday week was very welcome, as many of the tanks were empty, and the water obtained from the reservoir is hardly fit for domestic purposes. A movement is on

WOOD-CHOPPING CONTESTS, RAGLAN, EASTER MONDAY.—Notice Chop (15-inch logs), for choppers who have not won prize money. £3, 10s, and 5s; also special prize of 5s for best chopper, live by placed men. Open Handicap Wood-chop (18-inch logs). £2, 10s, 16s, and 10s. Nominations—Novice 2s, Open 3s—close 15th April, and must be accompanied by...

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.
By C. B. WILKINS.

casting himself on the footstep, Harry said, softly:
"For the ninth time, Edie, will you marry me?"
As he spoke he laid his fingers gently on her folded hands. She snatched them quickly away, and though not

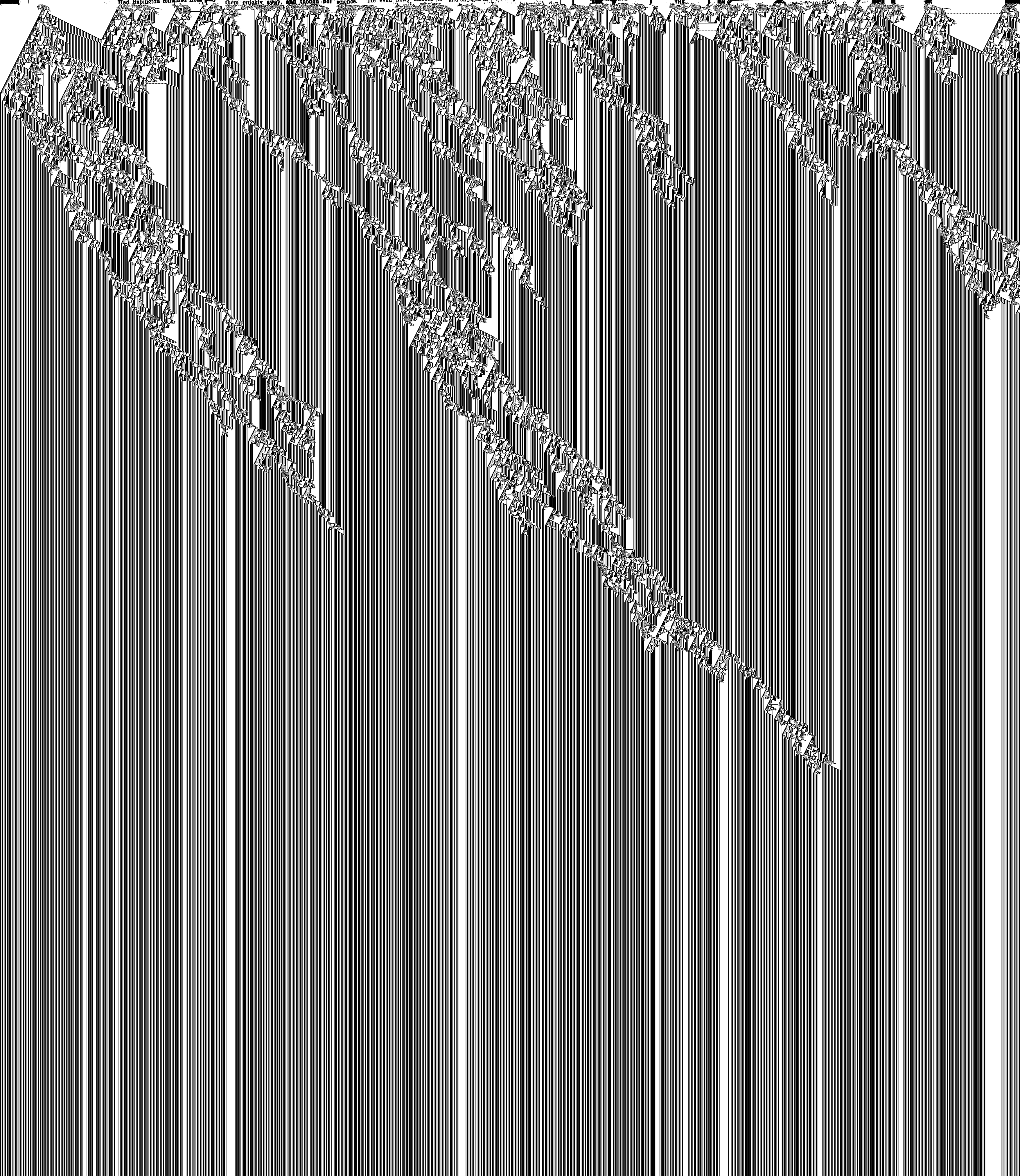
ington's case was one of the most interesting he had ever experienced, and was developing exactly as he had expected. Its history would make a valuable addition to pathological science. Harry was not interested in science. He even hotly refused to

Cricket.

ARARAT ASYLUM v. BEAUFORT.

The Beaufort cricketers visited the Ararat Asylum grounds on Saturday last, and engaged in a friendly match with the

FENCING AND GATES
SAFE — STRONG — CHEAP



Cougle's * * *



Drapery Emporium.

Grand Display of EARLY AUTUMN GOODS.

New Millinery...
New Dress Materials.
New Jackets...

Mr. Bodey, veterinary surgeon, may be consulted at Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, Monday.

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

Lambing season has commenced in the Snake Valley district, but unless rain falls shortly there will be a great loss to sheep breeders owing to the shortage of green feed.

This week's "Leader" contains a view of Beaufort and six views connected with the Beaufort show.

LINESEED COMPOUND, Trade Mark of Key's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

There were no magistrates in attendance at the Beaufort Police Court on Thursday, and the court was adjourned by the clerk till Tuesday next. A debt case was listed, but it had been settled out of court. There was also listed a garnishee case in which Mr. S. Young appeared for the judgment creditor.

LINESEED COMPOUND, the "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years' proven efficacy.

The Minister of Mines, the Hon. D. McLeod, is determined on a general all-round reduction of the price of timber to consumers and saw-millers in the State Forests. He has visited the forests at Beaufort, Inglewood, Emu, St. Arnaud, and other places, and has given special attention to the question of varying distances to markets, the railway rates, the character of the timber, and the question of inter-state competition.

With regard to the question of sawwood he has decided to abolish the "top" of the tree, and has arranged to have the timber cut in a way that will give the sawmiller the maximum amount of sawwood.

Mr. James Grant, farmer, of Raheen, met with an accident yesterday. He was driving home from Beaufort, and when about half-a-mile out of the town, his horse slipped, and he was thrown violently out of the trap on to the road, with the result that the side of his head was very badly lacerated, the skull being high lacerated and fractured. He was picked up in an unconscious condition, and was taken to Dr. G. A. Radie's surgery, and had his injuries attended to. Mr. Grant is 86 years of age, and is suffering from shock, he is in a very critical state, and is for all to be removed to his home.

Messrs. Nicholson and Chesterfield, auctioneers, Beaufort, report the sale of Mrs. Slater's cottage, Burke street, Beaufort, to Mr. W. G. Gledhill, at £110. The same auctioneers notify that they will hold a clearing sale of freehold land, stock, household furniture, &c., on Wednesday, 26th inst., on premises, Walsley road, on account of Mr. W. Gledhill, who is leaving for Scotland.

LINESEED COMPOUND, Worthy of mention.

On the occasion of the recent visit to Beaufort, Hon. D. McLeod, Minister of Mines, promised to supply a geological plan, showing the Leedon and Avon deep lead systems (which embrace a portion of the Beaufort district), together with a map of the parishes, to the local Mechanics' Institute, on condition that the committee got them mounted. The office was gladly accepted, and the maps having been received, were mounted at a cost of 6s. and hung in the billiard room. For reference purposes the maps should prove of great value to the community.

The local committee and public committee met at the Mechanics' Institute on Monday

Riponshire Council.

MONDAY, 2nd APRIL, 1905.

Present—Cra. Douglas (President), Slater, Sinclair, Roddis, Flynn, Beggs, Stewart, and Stevenson.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Cr. G. Lewis, apologising for being unable to attend the meeting.—Received.

From Cr. A. R. Slater, promising to attend bush fire conference in Melbourne on 28th inst.—Received.

From Cr. G. A. Roddis, notifying that conference to bush fires from photograph rabbit poisoning would be held in Melbourne on 28th March.—Received.

From Secretary Town Board, Zeehan, Tasmania, asking for permission of experience with "Best" light for street lighting.—Received; the secretary stating he had applied that the shire had not had the light sufficiently long to give a definite opinion, but their experience showed there was room for improvement.

From Acting Deputy Postmaster-General, stating that application for alterations in post and telegraph building at Beaufort is now in the hands of the Department of Home Affairs; also

McGrath's, which comes up to his house. Bradshaw has three pigs on his land (about two acres), and sometimes these pigs sleep against McGrath's house.—Received, and copy to be forwarded to McGrath, on motion of Cr. Sinclair and Roddis.

From City of Bendigo, inviting council to appoint one or more delegates to a conference at Melbourne on Tuesday, 18th inst., to prepare for a large deputation to wait on the Hon. the Minister of Railways and Railway Commissioners, and to ask parliamentary representatives to assist, the following day, to urge matters of decentralisation concerning railway workshops, the discontinuance of the present preferential railway rates, with substitution of a more equitable general classification, and that increased facilities for travelling between country centres be afforded.

No action taken, on motion of Crs. Beggs and Sinclair, who considered it was a political matter, and should not be touched by the council.

From Emily De Graaf, Waterloo, applying for remission of rates, as she was unable to pay them at present, owing to the death of her late husband, and having a young family to keep.—Referred to North riding members, the secretary stating the rates had been paid this year, and that the writer must have meant to ask for a refund.

From Country Fire Brigades' Board, notifying that probable expenditure of Western Fire District had been estimated at £520 for year ending 31st Dec., 1905.

Cr. Sinclair contended that this was altogether a different case, as it was a local charity, the same as the Ballarat Hospital and the Ararat Hospital. He thought it was a fair resolution, and that it would show the committee of the Orphan Asylum that the council was not antagonistic to it. The motion was then put and carried unanimously.

APPOINTMENT.

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

(1) In conjunction with the shire secretary, I have considered the complaint of Mr. O'Dowd, and now recommend that no action be taken. (2) Plans and specifications of works under special Government grant have been prepared and forwarded for approval. (3) Inspected Smith's bridge, and found it in good order. I have called for tenders for renewal. (4) It would cost approximately £25 to pitch drain near Coles, Snake Valley. (5) Good progress has been made during the month with contracts started; details are submitted separately. I have called tenders for a number of new works, returned to this meeting. Received. Clause 1.—In reply to Cr. Sinclair, the engineer said he preferred to give his opinion to the North riding members rather than publicly. The clause was adopted. Clause 2 and 3.—Received. Clause 4.—Referred to North riding members, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Beggs; the engineer, in answer to Roddis, stating that 120yds. would be the extent of the drain.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee:—Mrs. Hill, £1 10s. 6d.; Carter, 10s.; Country Fire Brigades' Board, 25s. 6d.; Annual and Jubilee, £5 13s. 3d.; D. J. Cameron, 12s. 6d.; J. Whittle, 27 10s.; J. G. Keating, 12s. 6d.; C. Wright, 29 12s. 6d.; W. G. Stevenson, 12s. 6d.

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wrong binding**

Difficult to read

Mr. J. W. HARRIS, B.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAYDOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.
May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Teeth fitted accurately & vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
Painstakingly with cocaine ether chloride & nitrous oxide, laughing gas, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
14 VIOLET STREET,
(Next Mechanics' Institute),
BEAUFORT.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,
Barrister and Solicitor,
Proctor and Conveyancer,
BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.

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

GLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

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

Marriage.

WILLIAMS—DICKMAN.—On Tuesday, 28th March, 1905, at the Main West Church, by the Rev. R. Yeo, William Holman, second son of William Williams, to Annie, eldest daughter of William Dickman, both of Main West.

Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1905.

The rainfall for the week amounted to 4 1/2 points.

Whilst driving towards Carngham in a dog-cart, in company with her daughter, Mrs. Thomas, of Snake Valley, was thrown on to the roadway with considerable force, owing to the horse stumbling, and the wheel passed over her chest. The horse continued at a smart rate, and the reins falling to its heels, Miss Thomas jumped out, and hurrying back to her mother, found her to be bleeding profusely from a wound in her head.

Bonnington's Irish Moss
To Cure a Cough or Cold.
ONCE TAKEN, NEVER RETURNS.

THE

Mr. J. W. Harris, B.S., is a member of the Victorian Dental Association, and is a member of the Victorian Dental Association, and is a member of the Victorian Dental Association.

Mr. Samuel Young, Barrister and Solicitor, is a member of the Victorian Bar, and is a member of the Victorian Bar, and is a member of the Victorian Bar.

Glegg & Miller, Architects, are members of the Victorian Institute of Architects, and are members of the Victorian Institute of Architects, and are members of the Victorian Institute of Architects.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

The Japanese, after expelling the Russians, occupied the villages of Toulush, Benavenging, and Santakou, in the vicinity of Chantou, which they afterwards disposed of to the British.

The total trade of the United Kingdom in 1904 was £71,000,000; that of Germany was £27,896,000; and that of the United States was £26,549,000.

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THE LEGEND OF THE MOUNT EDGEcombe PARK.

BY ETHEL LOUISE NICHOLS.

In the Southwestern corner of England, where the peninsula juts out into the Atlantic, the Earls of Mount Edgecombe for numberless generations had lived and died and been gathered to their fathers within the family vault in the side of the limestone cliff, upon which the Duke of Devon's past carved their emblematic white horse, which still shows with startling distinctness far out at sea, but which, near at hand, presents the appearance of an irregular white field against the darker background.

The Earls of Mount Edgecombe Park had always been typical fox-hunting, wine-drinking English squires, blissfully ignorant of the science of the world outside their park, but which by a disposition from the same source had overtaken their evil kinsman instead.

When the happy pair reached the castle, a scene ensued. We will pass over that part of the legend, and tell in a few words the story of Lucretia's awakening from the trance which had been mistaken for death.

Just as the shades of evening had enveloped the surrounding scenery in a deep gloom, two roughly-dressed men approached the rusty gates of the vault. To pick the time-worn lock was the work of a few seconds and the gates were pushed open. The lid of the casket was removed, and there lay the fair Lucretia.

The rays of the rising moon penetrating the entrance, fell across her as she lay, and showed the gleaming brooch and necklets, and finally the rings that adorned her fingers. In an instant necklets and brooch were snatched from her body and now the rings attracted the attention of the ruffians. One handsome emerald ring, set with their own names, and finally the one the men whipped out of a fever, and attempted to cut off a finger.

Riding as the crew flies straight up the mountain side, the brave girl sought the main road, over which she knew those who were imperilled would seek to escape. Before she reached the point of view, the hot winds burned her cheeks and she heard cries of distress.

THROUGH A SEA OF FIRE.

WILD RACE WITH A WAVE OF FLAMES.

At Cascade, on the Colorado River, in Western Texas, recently the elements combined to produce one of the most appalling scenes ever witnessed by a crowd of amazed and frightened people.

A cedar bark burns as if the trees were soaked with oil. When the fire spreads, it is soon growing beyond human control. The people of the Cascade saw the skies clouded with smoke, through which they could see streaks of red, and, realizing what had happened, they collected on the bank of the river to look on in fear and amazement.

That's dangerous," said an old fisherman. "What does it mean?" "I can't tell you, but it's the sign of one who's been nagged," Her sweetheart, Keenan Spidron, is lying in a hunter's hut over there suffering from a sprained ankle. But don't you fear; she is as brave as her old daddy and she is riding Moonbeam, the fastest nag in the valley.

TO RESCUE HER CRIPPLED SWEETHEART.

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THE INCREASE OF MURDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

According to "McClure's Magazine" there are at the present time in the United States four and a half times the number of murders per 1,000,000 population that there were in 1881.

A MONKEY LAUNDRESS.

Monkeys are, as we know, the most imitative of all the lower animals, and sometimes this propensity gets them into trouble. A correspondent affords the following experience of a London lady with a pet monkey.

IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

An eminent French literary man, inordinately proud of his recently published Cabinet Minister, had spent a delightful afternoon viewing the picture galleries and art treasures of his host.

FATE'S LITTLE JOKE.

BY HELEN TYSON.

Howard Pierce, manager and junior partner in the real business head of Calder, Calder & Pierce, was a quiet man. He had a habit of coming to the point abruptly and clearly without waste of time or words.

SATAN APPEARS AS THE VILLAIN IN A DRAMA.

The "New York American" reports an interesting attempt that has been made at the famous Benedictine monastery of Maria-Laach to revive the ancient mediaeval mystery plays.

BENEDICTINE MONKS REVIVE THE ANCIENT MEDIAEVAL MYSTERY-PLAYS.

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BLUCHER WANTED TO HANG NAPOLEON.

LETTER OF THE FIELD MARSHAL SHOWS HE PLANNED TO HANG THE CORSICAN.

We learn from the "New York American" that a most interesting letter by the famous Field Marshal Blucher has been discovered in the private archives of a Polish family, whose ancestors acquired possession of the document during the war that followed Napoleon's retreat in France and Europe, the courier carrying Blucher's letter, being caught by a detachment of French troops.

ENTERING DIAMOND MINES.

It is quite the thing in visiting the gold mines of the West to don suitable clothes for the trip and go to the mines. Visiting a diamond mine is a different matter.

OTHER LANDS.

The effect of radiated heat on the nerves which control the small blood vessels of the skin makes the face flush. These tiny vessels, which are normally in a state of moderate contraction under exposure to the heat, relax and become distended with blood.

WATER DIVING.

It may be a surprise to most people to learn that the old-fashioned method of finding water by means of a forked stick has not gone out of use before the scientific experts, engineers and analysts. A recent exhibition of this was given in England by a Mr. Thompson, who is a farmer and breeder of sheep on a large scale.

WOMEN AS GAMBLERS.

There is much consternation among religious circles over reports that women in high life are becoming gamblers in playing bridge. Whether these reports are exaggerated or not there is certainly much truth in the statement that the gaming instinct is being fostered by this modern game.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

There are 195 parishes in Scotland under a public-house.

SMOOTH-FACED RUSSIANS ARE VERY UNCOMMON.

Smooth-faced Russians are very uncommon, nearly every man wearing a beard.

ALGERIA IS THE ONLY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD WHERE THE HORSES OUTFNUMBER THE HUMAN BEINGS.

Algeria is the only country in the world where the horses outnumber the human beings.

TWO MOTOR-CARS ARE TO BE PROVIDED FOR THE FREE USE OF THE TENANTS OF SOME FLATS NOW BEING ERECTED IN PARIS.

Two motor-cars are to be provided for the free use of the tenants of some flats now being erected in Paris.

AN OCTOPUS, MEASURING ELEVEN AND ONE-HALF FEET FROM TIP OF TIP OF ITS TENTACLES, ATTACKED A DIVER IN CAPE TOWN HARBOUR RECENTLY.

An octopus, measuring eleven and one-half feet from tip of tip of its tentacles, attacked a diver in Cape Town Harbour recently. Knives and hatchets had to be used to cut the tentacles of the monster away from the diver.

A RUSSIAN TIMBER DEALER HAS DISCOVERED A VALUABLE MINE OF OAK.

A Russian timber dealer has discovered a valuable mine of oak. It exists in a river of South Russia, in layers three or four feet deep, scattered over one hundred and fifty square miles.

A FARMER AMAZES HIS NEIGHBOURS BY KEEPING APPLES, PEARS, PEACHES, ETC., IN THEIR NATURAL STATE FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

A farmer amazes his neighbours by keeping apples, pears, peaches, etc., in their natural state for several years. He now has apples and grapes grown in 1901 which can hardly be distinguished from this year's produce. He recently explained his method of preservation, which is very simple. He merely selects well-developed fruit with good stems, picks it carefully, and seals the end of the stem by growing to the fruit. Then he wraps the fruit in perfectly dry paper in a piece of dry wrapping paper and lays it away in a moderately dry and cool cellar.

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A QUANT LITTLE SERMON.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water.

POTATOES AND PATHOLOGY.

That "also serve who only stand and wait" potatoes is the obvious moral of a story told of the great German scientist, Rudolf Virchow.

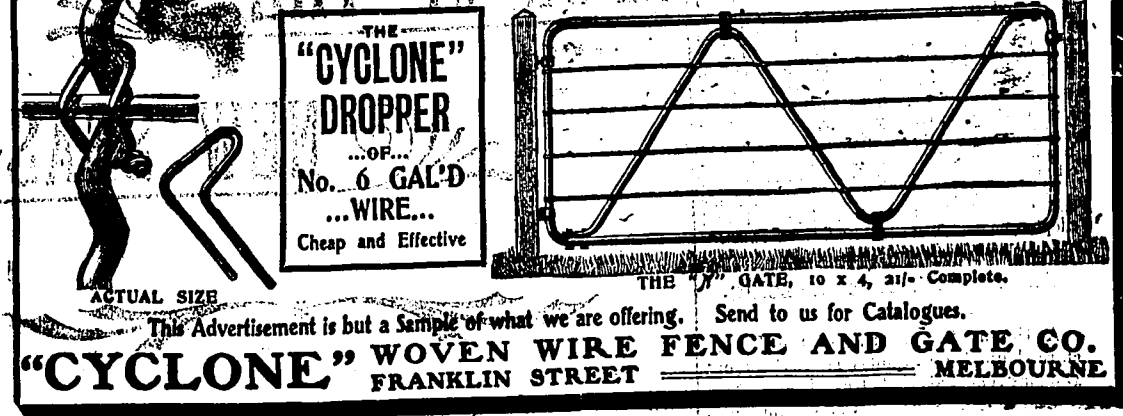
WHEN THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN GROWS OLD.

Age sets in imperceptibly when the vital forces begin to flag, and some men are twenty years younger than others.

BEAUFORT WHITE.

The above clubs played a match at Chute on Saturday last, and resulted in a draw.

FENCING AND GATES SAFE STRONG CHEAP



The Advertisement is but a sample of what we are offering. Send us for Catalogue.

HOW BAD HABITS ARISE.

Bad habits in the home are not always traceable to parental defect and laxity. Thus in the matches parable the elder brother is a hard, unappreciative, unfriendly, complaining man.

THE MODERN HINDU.

There is no fallacy more misleading than that which describes the average modern Hindu as sluggish and indolent.

ILL-MATED COUPLES.

Why do so many marriages entail unhappiness? Only of course, give a definite answer, but there are some general facts that account for marital disagreements.

MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS.

There are many people who have paid the lack and "imagine" that their kidneys are affected, while their only trouble is rheumatism of the muscles.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT TRACK

Here is a Safe Leader. The Case of M.T. J. HOLLAND. (By Special Reporters.)

LAXATIVE

NEW IDEAL PURGATIVE For all Liver, Kidney and Hemorrhoid Troubles.

£1,000 for 1s. £1,000

Melbourne 8 Hours' Art Union. Acknowledged to be one of the most genuine of all the Art Unions of the world.

A DOG CATCHER CAUGHT.

A black French poodle was trotting down Fifth Avenue, N.Y., on a breezy, bright afternoon, with a fine, straight young woman.

WOULDN'T GIVE DRY BREAD.

An artist who was on a sketching tour, coming upon a piece of scenery that took his fancy, opened his book and began to sketch it.

FACTS ABOUT THE HANDS.

Long fingers and short palms denote persons who are apt to worry themselves and others over the most unimportant trifles.

Middle Creek Farmers and Property Owners' Association.

A meeting of the Middle Creek branch of the Farmers, Property Owners and Producers' Association was held in the Public Hall on Thursday, 30th ult.

CONSTIPATION

For constipation there is nothing quite so nice as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway timetable: A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m.

DRUIDS' 37th Annual Gala

And Art Union, Exhibition Building, Melbourne, Easter Saturday & Monday (April 22 & 24).

SUPPHER.

For a sweetish or bitter pasty taste in the mouth, few new doses of sulphur are so good for chronic diarrhoea.

CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation. Tiptoe walking symbolises surprise, curiosity, discretion, or mystery.

EVERY-DAY BLESSINGS.

The accustomed things are usually accepted as a matter of course. One seldom stops to think of the beating of his heart, which causes the blood to flow through his body.

PHOSPHOL EMULSION

The following are the police magistrate's permanent arrangements in the Ballarat district.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

The following are the police magistrate's permanent arrangements in the Ballarat district.

Bonnington's Irish Moss

For Shabbon Gold and Children's Relief.

W.M. C. PEDDER

Wheelerwright and Blacksmith, Beaufort.

ENERGY IS NECESSARY.

Many men fail to get on in the world because of their lack of mental energy.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Magistrate: "You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What have you to say?"

GAME BACK.

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and may be cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

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Bonnington's Irish Moss

For Shabbon Gold and Children's Relief.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"

Notice to Advertisers. Owing to the inconvenience caused by advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY morning, applications will not be made until the following issue.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS), Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents, BEAUFORT, ARAHAT, and PITFILL.

"Jim" said an honest coal dealer

"Jim" said an honest coal dealer to one of his men, "Jim, make that ton of coal the shortest."

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The Riponshire Advocate

No. 1429

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

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1905

PRICE THREEPENCE

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.
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DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
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FROM THE POST OFFICE.
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FROM THE POST OFFICE.

GENUINE SALE—
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GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business is generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper man "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature. Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him; you don't believe us.

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRY,
AND
SUBSCRIBE TO THE LOCAL PAPER,
THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

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

3s per Quarter
It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement
Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR Plain and Ornamental JOB PRINTING
Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

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

ADVERTISING ALWAYS PAYS.

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

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 spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

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 today more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, BLOTCHES, ECZEMA, BLACKHEADS, ULCERS, SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES, IT IS A SAFE AND PERMANENT REMEDY.

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

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate of constitutions, 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, 45 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr. W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 40, Essex-street, Kenton, N.W., writes:—"Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horse-dealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who told me that he was being cured of an eczema by using a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I bought, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being discharged from several years' treatment. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSSES.

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

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 cure for a great number of highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition. This is a good testimonial from the Family Doctor, the popular medicine weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

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

Ask for **Clarke's Blood Mixture**, and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

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

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

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

GENERAL PRINTING AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.
MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.
Daily. Closing Time.
Melbourne ... 8 a.m. 4.50
Ballarat ... 8 a.m. 4.50
Geelong ... 8 a.m. 4.50
Traralgon ... 8 a.m. 4.50
Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.
Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays).
Stawell ... 11.50 8 p.m. Sundays.
Middle Creek, 11.50 Tuesdays, and
Mortoa ... 11.50 Thursdays.
Bungaree ... 11.50
Barnham ... 12.45
Shirley ... 12.45
Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.
English mail notice by telegraph.

Daily. Closing Time.
Baglan ... 9
Waterloo ... 9
Waterloo S. ... 9
Main Lead ... 9
Chute ... 9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Nerrig ... 9
Lake Goldsmith ... 9
Stockyard Hill ... 9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.
Barnham ... 12.45
Shirley ... 12.45
Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.
Traralgon—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat daily at 7 a.m., 12.20 and 8.40 p.m.
From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Mortoa—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Bungaree, 8.30 a.m. daily.
From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Baglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
From Stockyard Hill, Nerrig, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.
From Eumboola and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.
From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
10, Esplanade, Beaufort.
Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.
From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.
From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.
9 a.m. till 3 p.m.
G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another trade ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.
To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For 'ho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.
The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad, displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
To such light friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsuspect except by men he owes.
And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the tower above his head
A chump who wouldn't advertise."
—Mortimer Crane Brown.

Don't Grieve.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "K.E. TING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivaled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge alone gives ease—one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold everywhere in this, 12s. 6d. each.

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 is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the inflamed membrane, relaxes the bowels, and allays the feverishness, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

TAKE **BEECHAM'S PILLS**
To avoid Indigestion
That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but not more than BEECHAM'S PILLS will give. 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. 1/4d. (66 PILLS) and
2s. 6d. (108 PILLS).

H. COOKE, NEWSPAPER BOOKSELLER and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the Argus, Age, Herald, Star, Courier, Melbourne's Weekly Bulletin, Riponshire Advocate, Leader, Weekly Times, Australasian, Australian Journal, Sportman, and all other Australian Journals, kept in Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agents advertisements—new postage—Note the ad rate—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.
Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT
ACCOUNTANT ETC.,
10 Hill Street, Beaufort.
Debts and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Agency: Business of all kinds attended to.

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

P. J. O'SULLIVAN, SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER
SNAKE VALLEY.
A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock. All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged. Repairs neatly and promptly executed. Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.
We have resolved to reduce to the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s. per quarter, on the trust that this concession will be arguable advantage.

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 the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness given radius of Beaufort, than any other newspaper in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible.
5. The court has decided that it is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncollected for "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.
6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS.
You want to see the local paper a successful institution. Talk about it wherever you go. Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business. If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so. If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.
Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber, but is too mean to support local enterprise.

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

FLORISSINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BRUSH.—A few drops of the liquid "Florissine" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odors arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Great Tooth Paste," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest "tooth-restorer" of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot: 35, Abchurch Lane, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons

THE PROPERTY OF A DISTRICT depends chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every year there is a more or less of speculation, but each, while aiming at the success of the promoter, must offer certain returns to the whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore, Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

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

"The Riponshire Advocate" is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts and notices of the Shire of Ripon and the ONLY NEWSPAPER That is Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire.

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

The Circulation of the **Riponshire Advocate** is **Steadily Increasing**, and the Proprietor, recognizing the increased support in this district, will use his utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded him by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

"The Advocate," PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Waterloo, Eumboola, Bungaree, Middle Creek, Shirley, Traralgon, Slatton, and Carnarvon. With every issue of the Paper is given a **FOURTEEN-COLUMN SUPPLEMENT**, containing an interesting Serial Tale, Amusing Anecdotes, Pastoral News, Poultry Farming, Gardening Items, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Business Men, Read It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business." And another wiser said—"He who in his 'biz' would rise, Must either 'bust' or advertise." And advertisers cannot do better than make "Riponshire Advocate" the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker, Printer and Publisher, LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES. ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS. MINING SCHEMATA, REPORTS, &c. PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILDBEAR POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS, DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS, SOUVENIR DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c.

PRINTED IN FIRST CLASS STYLE AT MELBOURNE PRESS. Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

BOOKBINDING ON REASONABLE TERMS. MINING SCHEMATA, REPORTS, &c. DELIVERY BOOKS, &c. Printed on the Street Notice, as usual.

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DIANA'S INHERITANCE

THE LOST PROOFS OF HER BIRTHRIGHT

BY HEDLEY RICHARDS, Author of "Time, the Avenger," "The Haighs of Hillcrest," Etc., Etc.

PART I. HE COMES A-WOOLING.

"Your grandfather wants you, Miss Diana, darling. The speaker was a shriveled old woman, whose face wore a troubled look. The girl she addressed was standing on the hearth, leaning her elbow on the mantelpiece, and looking blankly at the speaker. She was tall and straight, with a lissom grace in every movement. Her face was fair, with a soft, creamy whiteness; just now it lacked the touch of colour that usually gave vividity to her beauty. As for her features, they were absolutely perfect. They gave her mouth which was a trifle too large for the canons of beauty. A pair of glorious blue eyes, which sometimes according to her mood, looked green, and a mass of reddish brown hair, that was coiled about the shapely head, made a charming whole.

"Is he better, Nanny?" "No, Miss Diana; there'll be no better for him in this world. The Lord have mercy on his soul, under the poor master had no warning, as wasn't likely, when the train went lurching into the other and just made his inside into jelly."

"Oh, Nanny, do be quiet," and the girl crossed the room and entered the passage, and, after some little distance, tapped at a door, when a voice bade her enter. It was a large room with two windows. Both looked into the garden, and beyond there was a wide stretch of country, while close under the windows, the crocuses grew in rich abundance.

On the old four-post bedstead lay a man whose face showed that he was suffering, in spite of the opiate that the doctor had given him. The face was drawn and grey, with pain, and the shadow of death. It was the face of a student, a recluse. Now it had the look of one who was suffering remorse, as though this suffering death which had come upon him had found him with some task undone.

As Diana approached the bedside, he opened his eyes and looked at her. Then they travelled from her to the man who stood at the foot of the bed, and he motioned to him to come nearer. "What is it, Mr. Cairne?" asked the doctor. "Leave us."

The words were spoken in an imperative tone, and Dr. Nolan left the room. "Come nearer," and his grand-father spoke in a low, hoarse voice, his hands by the bedside, saying: "Oh, grand-father, cannot any one cure you?" He shook his head, then said in a low, clear voice:

"Let me take that key out of your pocket—it is on that chair, then go to that bureau and unlock the top drawer." "Frowning in every limb she did as she was told, and when she had opened the drawer he said: "Take out a little wash-leather bag that is in one corner, and a small parcel wrapped in brown paper and addressed to you."

"In spite of the solemnity of the occasion, Diana felt a thrill of surprise. Lock the drawer and bring them here," said her grand-father, but the voice was feeble. "But that cord round your neck, and hide it and the bag. You must put the papers in safety, and not let any one see them. When I am dead go to Mrs. Sheppe, Monkshelston, Cheshire. There you may look at the contents of the bag and parcel. Tell her to lay the papers before you. The voice died away in a gasp, a strange change came over the man's face, and, full of terror, Diana ran to the door, calling, "Doctor, doctor!" then she went back to the bedside, and in a moment the doctor entered the room. There was a look of heart-rendering appeal in the dying man's eyes as the doctor bent over him.

in them; and now as they were fixed on the weeping girl, they expressed a man's passionate love—a love which if it was thwarted, might bring out the devil in him. At last he spoke. "You will make yourself ill, Diana."

"That doesn't matter. There is no one to care if I do," she said in heart-broken tones. She had loved her grand-father in quiet, tender fashion. He had lived very much among his books, and her life had been very lonely the last six months since her governess had left her, but looking back it seemed as though the past had been Paradise, and the future was full of uncertainty.

"I care very much, Diana. Do you think your grief is nothing to me?" he asked, drawing his chair nearer, and sitting down close beside her. "I don't know. I never thought of it," she said, raising her eyes and meeting the gaze of his, which were so full of passion that they revealed to her the fact that he loved her. She was very young—just eighteen—and had seen little of the world, and the knowledge that came to her made her face red with burning blushes, and she bent her head.

"Then do think of me; thinking of me as living to brighten your life. I could not save your grand-father, but I can ease you from all care connected with what has happened." Diana looked up at him gratefully. Dr. Nolan then took his leave, for a few hours. He returned after a day and stayed an hour, riding back to Dublin, with a well-satisfied look as though he had done his duty. He had both just now been his allies in his wooing of the lonely girl.

Three more days passed, in which Dr. Nolan surrounded Diana with love and care; then the afternoon looked green, and a mass of reddish brown hair, that was coiled about the shapely head, made a charming whole. "Is he better, Nanny?" "No, Miss Diana; there'll be no better for him in this world. The Lord have mercy on his soul, under the poor master had no warning, as wasn't likely, when the train went lurching into the other and just made his inside into jelly."

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Just then Nanny appeared, bringing a tray on which a dainty little supper had been laid. "We're going up to bed, Miss Diana, and then we'll be up by cock-crow. Then the work will be done before the gentlemen come; so if you'll just let the tray bide till morning. And Miss Diana, darling, don't be sitting up late; it's yourself you'll want the beauty sleep."

"All right, Nanny. I don't think I shall go to bed just yet; but see you get a good rest," said Diana, kindly. "Shure, Miss Diana, it's myself that's asleep before me head's on the pillow," said the old woman; and soon afterwards Diana heard them fasten the bolts and bars and go upstairs. Drawing the little table towards her she tried to eat some of the cold chicken. But she had no appetite, and she said raising her eyes and meeting the gaze of his, which were so full of passion that they revealed to her the fact that he loved her.

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WHY MAN IS SO SCARCE IN SPACE

BY PROFESSOR EDGAR L. LARKIN.

"It has been found out that the mind of man can be extended to any extent we may desire. Human beings are able to exalt themselves to any high estate, and their careers are entirely in their own hands." The heading to these notes about our possibilities of advance has made trouble. This is because some people do not know what the word "Mind" means. In the sense above used it implies the entire human species. The man cannot "expand his mind to any extent he may desire. But the man can, with his own hands, expand his culture equal to that now given to horses and cattle. The reason why the headlines are made permanent is due to the present marvellous expansion of mind displayed by the world's great mathematicians. In twenty centuries Man can so greatly expand his mind that all knowledge now in his possession will be as A B C.

All human beings are mere creatures of temperature. A slight increase or decrease in heat will affect them all. And the standing wonder of geologists and astronomers is how it is possible that the giant powers of nature should be so delicately balanced that a creature so frail as man could appear in the world. And the standing wonder of geologists and astronomers is how it is possible that the giant powers of nature should be so delicately balanced that a creature so frail as man could appear in the world. And the standing wonder of geologists and astronomers is how it is possible that the giant powers of nature should be so delicately balanced that a creature so frail as man could appear in the world.

People die with heat at times when the thermometer reaches 106 degrees F., but this is only half the temperature of boiling water. And they would all die at the freezing point, if it were not for the artificial warmth. Between death from cold and heat there is perhaps a range of about 100 degrees on the Fahrenheit scale. But a degree is a small thing. Our existence is precarious. To begin with, the chemicals making up our bodies have slight affinity for each other. The absolutely unknown entity, Life, causes them to hold together; but a little heat or a little cold will drive out the feeble mystery.

The sun must be tranquil that man may live at all. Thus, the solar surface is in a turbulent state, with explosions, jets and whirlpools of white hot hydrogen, helium and gaseous metals occurring all the time. They now keep us alive; but let the sun from any cause, internal or external, become more restless, and radiation by small amounts, then life would vanish from the earth. Or, let our sun, known to be moving with its retinue of worlds about fourteen miles per second, draw near any other sun, then we should be summoned to leave our planet. Of this, for the nearest neighbouring sun is twenty-five trillion miles away. Our sun is, however, moving in the general direction of the immense sun Vega. But the attractions of other suns will probably draw us away from our own.

It is known that dark bodies in space so far outnumber the shining ones that the latter are scarcely worth mentioning. Let our solar system draw near one of these whose surface might be anywhere from ten hundred or a thousand times greater than our sun. Then it would pull the earth into space at the absolute zero, or 461 degrees below freezing point on the Fahrenheit basis. A life would end. Our sun might be near any such body now, for all the planets, even Neptune, revolve around the sun on an exact time.

In order to find other human beings elsewhere in the stellar universe, we must live on the same size and mass as the earth, with about the same quality and quantity of air, and also water. And the humanised worlds must move around and be 93,000,000 miles distant from any other sun. These conditions would, no doubt, be hard to find. About one hundred and twenty-five million suns appear on photographs of the entire sky. Many are much larger and hotter, and some are much smaller and cooler. Our earth revolved at 93,000,000 miles distant from either class we could not live. Let the earth get within that distance of the mighty suns, Carapous, Sirius, Arcturus, or any other, and we should turn to steam. All wood on earth and plants would burst into flame.

MARCONI HAS RIVAL IN THE PERSON OF A MONK.

The greatest interest exists in scientific circles over the invention of a system of wireless telephone by a monk, Father Emilio de Carbagagne, of the monastery of St. John and St. Paul. Father Emilio has constructed the entire outfit himself, and in view of the excellent results obtained with his home-made instruments, he has every reason to suppose that the system can be perfected by professional instrument-makers. There is a terrace in the monastery garden. Father Emilio has placed four masts, forming the corners of a square, each side of which is four metres in length. A series of wires are joined in a white box placed upon a table at the centre of the square. A receiver for the voice, are two ordinary telegraphic car pieces. At a distance of about 260 metres, a set of masts, a table, box, etc. are installed.

A conversation can be readily carried on between the two stations the only drawback being a somewhat persistent sizzling noise which accompanies the voice. This, Father Emilio declares, will be overcome when non-induction instruments are at his disposal. He has been at work upon his invention for the last three years.

REGENT PLOT TO MURDER THE CZAR

Never had a Czar of Russia a greater escape from death than Nicholas II. about to abdicate, which we take from the "New York American Journal." And no escape of Nicholas was over bought at a greater sacrifice.

The little Princess Elizabeth, of Hesse, who was eight years old, was being kept by her father, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Cassel, at Darmstadt, the Duchess having separated from him owing to a series of humiliations which her dignity could not brook. The Duke, however, had confined to the Czar, and in response to Nicholas's invitation, not him at Skierwice, bringing with him his little daughter.

MADE A PET OF THE DOOMED PRINCESS. Princess Elizabeth, partaking of her father's gay disposition, charmed the Czar, who yielded readily to her pleading, and submitting to her caprices and pranks as though she were his own daughter. All this was observed with interest and pleasure by the Emperor of Germany and Austria, who participated in several grand functions given by the Czar.

After the departure of the imperial guests the usual forms of the palace were considerably relaxed. Except for his splendid retinue, the Czar lived like a country gentleman, surrounded by his game, his horses, and his dogs. He was, no doubt, glad of the freedom resulting from the relaxation of etiquette, and the little Princess was delighted—it was all the easier for her to have access to her uncle, the good natured Czar, who was so kind to her.

At dinner, wherever the guests may be, a Czar of Russia is always served first. One day the Czar, with the Grand Duke Ludwig and other guests were late home from the hunting. Dinner waited, and the little Princess, although she never began to dine by herself. She would wait for "Uncle Nicholas." When the host and his guests finally sat down she amused them by chiding the Czar for his sin of unpunctuality.

Amused by the child's chatter, the Czar was in the act of beginning on the plate of oysters placed before him by his special servant. The little Princess squirmed in her chair for a moment and then said: "Why, Uncle Nicholas, can't you see? You're keeping us all waiting!" In response to the laugh that rang round the table the Czar told Elizabeth both that as she was in a hurry he would yield to her right of precedence, and, with a gesture, he ordered the servant to place his plate of oysters before the little Princess, who bowed gravely and immediately turned to the table of oysters. The oysters, they saw the Princess turn suddenly pale, and then fall from her chair to the floor.

Suspicion was naturally directed to the Oysters. Palace officers were summoned to investigate, and every servant placed under surveillance. The Czarina's physician a few moments later pronounced little Elizabeth to have died from prussic acid. An examination showed that all the oysters on the table had been treated with this deadly poison. Of course this was recognised as an effort upon the life of the Czar, that only the martyrdom of the innocent child had caused to fail. The Czar's feelings may be imagined. No one was allowed to leave the Palace until after the removal of the bodies. The Minister of the Imperial Court and General of Cavalry, whom the Czar appointed as head of a commission, with unlimited powers to probe in any direction, however close to his own person so long as the plotters against his life and the murder of Princess Elizabeth were brought to justice.

It is characteristic of these plots within his own household against the Czar's life that the conspirators were not in the service of any of the branches of the Russian police, and seem powerless to penetrate these mysteries. The regular police and detectives seem able to learn very little about what goes on in the Czar's palace. The second class, composed mainly of the door-keepers of apartment houses in Russian cities seldom have under their surveillance persons doing imperial palace duty. The third section, so dreaded by political conspirators, composed of secret special agents, selected from all ranks of society, contains material well calculated to get to the bottom of palace conspiracies, as these agents are never allowed to reveal themselves as such. Their usefulness lies in their being well disguised in the guise of common employment. But whether, if a member of the third section be introduced into the palace as an official or servant, he or she may not find there a hand too strong to be sure of itself to be trifled with.

At any rate the world has never heard that the plotters against the Czar's life who accidentally murdered little Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Cassel in his stead were discovered, or even placed under suspicion.

MILLIONAIRES' CLUB GOES BANKRUPT IN LONDON.

SPECIAL CABLE TO NEW YORK AMERICAN AND JOURNAL.

Strange to say, the magic names of J. Pierpont Morgan, John Jacob Astor, Chauncey Depew, the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of Kintore, and the Earl of Craven, son-in-law of the Bradley Martins, on the committee list did not save the Atlantic Club from bankruptcy. The club was started two years ago with a flourish of international trumpets. It was intended as a resort for New York and London millionaires, with a leaning of the ancient British nobility. The initiation fee was £50, Ambassadors only being exempt from the fee. Polite gambling was to be permitted, but there was a rule that no member was to be permitted to lose more than 5,000 dollars a week in the club.

Apparently the millionaires, American and English, did not like the rule, and kept away from the club altogether. The syndicate behind the club failed, and now the promoters are being sued for a club laundry bill of £50.

GET RID OF VITALITY SAPPERS.

Debt is a great force waster, because very few men or women can heavily invest without worrying or being anxious. If you are so deeply involved that it is impossible to extricate yourself without going through bankruptcy, then take your bitter medicine at once, and start again, no matter who criticises or denounces you. Pay your debt in full afterwards, when you are free of it. Get rid of all vitality sappers. If you have taken an unfortunate step, retrace it as you can. If you have made a mistake, remedy it as far as it is in your power to do so; and when you have done your best let the thing drop for ever. Do not drag its skeleton along for ever with you. Never allow what is dead and should be buried to keep bobbing up and draining off your life capital in worry or vain regrets.

Do not do anything or touch anything which will lower your vitality. To understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned if one will give one's mind to it, but the former is an act some people never acquire. Rest necessitates change of scene and activities. Lounging is very of restful, and sitting down with nothing to do is simply to invoke weariness. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties, and to direct the thoughts into a new channel. The woman who is weary and heavy laden with cares finds relief in active employment with freedom from responsibility. The brain worker generally finds his best rest in playing hard. Rest may be found in many different ways, but it is quite a mistake to expect to find it in idleness.

WONDERFUL NEW TELEGRAPHY.

A new printing telegraph apparatus has been introduced by Messrs. Siemens and Halske. Telegraphic signs can be transmitted at the rate of 2,000 per minute. Only one wire is required for transmitting and receiving messages. The message sent is received in plain printed characters. The system has been tried over a distance of over 500 miles. The messages sent are written on a type-writer which instead of printing letters perforates holes in a paper ribbon. This ribbon is then inserted into a transmitter which sends the perforated despatch with incredible rapidity to the receiver at its destination. A disc with transparent letters revolves in front of the perforated ribbon at the receiving station, and by means of a small electric lamp each perforation or rather letter on which the electric light shines through the perforations is photographed on a ribbon of sensitive paper. The developing and the fixing of the photographed letters only occupies nine seconds.

AMERICAN WILL ROMANCE.

LAST WISH OF A MILLIONAIRE THWARTED. Mrs. Sarah Flower, wife of a physician, and daughter of the late Mr. Charles Lockhart, the Standard oil magnate, will receive £6,000,000 as her share of her father's estate, instead of £60,000, wherewith her father cut her off by his will. Her brothers and sisters do not approve of the will, and they have now agreed to contribute Mrs. Flower's proportionate share of the property. Mr. Lockhart left £30,000,000. His daughter incurred her father's displeasure because she married without his consent, and failed to consult him respecting the naming of her first child. The other members of the family thought that the quarrel had long since been reconciled, and were extremely surprised when they found that Mrs. Flower was only left a beggarly £60,000. Hence their decision to share the estate equally regardless of the testator's wishes. 1453.

HOW THEY MANAGED IT.

Clown enters: "Say, old man, been about the balloon accident?" Harlequin: "No; what was it?" Clown: "Terrible affair. Two men went up. Balloon burst, and they came down forewarned." Harlequin: "Why, how could that be?" Clown: "Well, you see, one came down a rushin' (Russian) and the other caught in the telegraph wire and came down a Role 12,000 feet."

THE TWO BEARS.

The cinnamon and the ginger bear. Both have jackets of shaggy hair. They live in a cage in the open air. And at them all day the children stare.

The cinnamon bear and the ginger bear. Make together a striking pair. They have a cave for a sleeping lair. But they're always out when the day is fair.

The cinnamon bear and the ginger bear. Enjoy the children who stand and stare. Nuts and apples are often their fare. Caught by the agile, expectant pair.

But children who feed them should never dare. To come too close to the railing. They surely would not desire to wear. Scars from the claws of the hungry pair.

The cinnamon bear and the ginger bear. The cinnamon bear and the ginger bear.

BOERS IN MEXICO.

The "South American Journal" states that the Boer colony at Santa Rosalia, Mexico, has obtained possession of an estate containing over 80,000,000 acres, for the benefit of Boers already in Mexico and the influx that is expected to follow. Farming, as applied to cattle will be carried on. The project is under the management of General Snyman. He has purchased a 30-horse-power traction engine which will pull a gang of ten ploughs and turn over an acre of ground in every mile traversed. Other agricultural machinery has been purchased to handle alfalfa satisfactorily. Under the terms of General Snyman's contract with the Government, he has to locate 50 families in the colony within the next three years, dating from January 1, 1904. General Snyman says he will fulfil his contract within three months, and will probably have to secure more land to accommodate Boers who desire to locate in Mexico.

WHAT IS A CARAT?

AN ANSWER TO AN INTERESTING QUESTION. The carat, of which there are 3168 in the new record diamond, is one of these weights that vary to some extent in different places, but, roughly speaking, 150 go to the ounce Troy. The diamond carat was borrowed by the rest of Europe from Spain who got it from the Arabs. At one time the carat was 1-144th of an ounce. As applied to gold, "carat" means simply a twenty-fourth part. 18-carat gold being gold in which 18 parts out of 24 are pure metal.

Mistress: "Here, Bridget, see how dusty it is under the bed." Bridget: "As applied to gold, 'carat' means simply a twenty-fourth part. 18-carat gold being gold in which 18 parts out of 24 are pure metal."

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The death-rate at Santiago de Cuba under Spanish rule was 137 per 1,000. Under American sanitation, it has fallen to twenty-two.

Oakum picking by female prisoners in H.M. prisons has now practically ceased. It has been their own garments and those of the male prisoners.

There are in London 200,000 human beings who have to subsist on food that falls far short of their dietary requirements for prison inmates, and 30,000 who are homeless.

Every hygienist knows and preaches that almost the sole cause of tuberculosis and pneumonia is the ill-ventilation and impure air of houses. They are these diseases. Many others are in part or indirectly due to the same cause. Uncleanliness is also a contributing source of morbid mischief against which even the most enlightened nations must still fight a long war.

England spends £1,000,000 annually in cabling to America (including Canada), £412,000 in cabling to Australia, £366,000 in cabling to South Africa, £200,000 in cabling to India, and another £300,000 in cabling to China, Hong Kong, and the East. John Bull puts his hand into his capacious pocket to the tune of £6,755 every day of the week except Sundays, to cable to his customers and clients and cousins over seas.

"The saying of Lao Tzu," the great Chinese philosopher, who was born 600 before Christ and 50 before Confucius, has just been translated into English by Prof. Lionel Giles, of the British Museum. They contain some utterances which remarkably anticipate the morality of the Sermon on the Mount: for instance: "Requite injury with kindness," and "Who would be good in the world he should be good in order to make them good."

The green matter in the tissues of a leaf is composed of two colours, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn the natural growth of the tree is retarded and oxidation of the tissues takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different aspects it takes on a yellow tint. The difference in colour is due to the difference in combinations of the original constituents of the green tissues and the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. Maples and oaks have the brightest colour.

Japan is a land without domestic animals. It is this circumstance which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows, there are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The carts in the city streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the pleasure carriages are drawn by men. There are no bull dogs, there are no sheep, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet—there are no goats, or mules, or donkeys. Wild animals there are, however, and in particular bears of enormous size.

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

CHAPTER I



CHAPTER I. HAVE a partiality for balls and receptions and invariably try to make it a practice to be in the vicinity of such affairs in progress.

In a general way servants are more careless on such nights about locking up, and the hostesses and her guests always bring out their best jewels and leave them loose on bureaus and mantelpieces after retiring.

One March night I waited until after 3 o'clock for one of these festivities to draw to a close. It was cold and raw outside in the shrubbery, and I grew impatient at the lateness of the guests in taking their departure.

I had been struck by the fine, handsome features of the man, but when he spoke in a well modulated, musical voice I was further puzzled. He did not look like one of my set.

"What kind of a truce do you want?" he asked. "You see I have you covered with my revolver and could kill you in an instant."

"But you fail to notice mine," I answered. "A very slight pressure of the trigger would send a bullet through your heart."

"I thought he turned a trifle paler, but his voice was steady and unquivering. 'I admit that and accept the situation. But tell me what terms you propose for your truce.'"

"Simply these: We should go into partnership at least for tonight. I have had as much trouble in getting into the house as you, and I have run just as much risk, but you got ahead of me and made a complete job. I admire the way you have done the work.

"Never mind that," he interrupted impatiently. "Stick to your terms and be quick."

"Well, to come straight to the point," I added, a little nettled at his abrupt ways. "I propose that we divide the plunder you have collected. For your extra trouble you take two-thirds and I one-third. Is that fair?"

unpleasant complications. When I passed from the kitchen into the dining room, I was greatly surprised not to find any solid pieces of silver.

Although disappointed, I made my way upstairs, hoping to find some loose jewelry at least on the bureaus. There were signs of the feast and entertainment all about the hall and rooms, but I was unable to find anything that appealed to my tastes.

It occurred to me that possibly the missing things were packed away in this room. I closed the door gently behind me and turned on the slide from my lantern.

As I did so I was suddenly startled by the bright ray of some light shooting out of the darkness. Instantly I grasped my revolver and directed my light toward the spot. The result of this movement was to produce a queer combination.

I saw that I was looking into the mouth of a revolver held in the hands of a man who was inspecting me with the aid of a dark lantern similar to my own. My own revolver was covering the place where his heart should be.

The discovery must have been simultaneous, for we both flashed the light of our lanterns into each other's face and gazed long and silently.

"Well," I said finally, unwilling to bear the strain of silence longer, "you seem to be ahead of me tonight, and I must congratulate you upon the neatness of your work. I haven't found a thing behind you."

"The man was not inclined to answer as would. I thought, being all these relies from their hiding places and show them to her guests."

"It was anticipation of a rich haul that kept me from giving up the job in disgust, for I was tired and exhausted with several nights' unlooky ventures, and my patience seemed sorely tried."

When the lights finally went out, I breathed easier and felt my courage returning. Everything promised to run smoothly. I had succeeded in disposing of the watchdog earlier in the evening and had discovered an unfashioned window opening into the parlour in the cellar, which I believed the servants would not think to lock so late at night.

CHAPTER II

GENERALLY I do not go long in the night, but on a house that I have noted for the police have an unpleasant way of arresting suspicious characters simply to cover up their inability to find a clew otherwise. It gives the impression that they are really doing something to capture the burglar. They are always so close mouthed, too, that people imagine they are working diligently on the track and that the arrested characters form a part of their deeply laid plan.

But in this case I overruled my better sense and decided to hang around the scene of my last conquest in order to satisfy a feeling that I was in some way to meet again the man who had so generously shared his spoils with me. True, he had found himself in such a position that something had to be done to buy me off; but as I thought afterward, he could easily have omitted me and escaped with all the plunder.

On the following afternoon I dressed myself in a spare suit of clothes which I always keep for an emergency and wandered out of the city limits toward the old fashioned mansion. As I approached it I caught a glimpse of an active little man who seemed to be inspecting the premises with great concern. Without hesitation I put him down as a detective, one of those half policemen whose shrewdness consists chiefly in following a trail that is as clear as daylight.

I felt no fear of him, for I knew that he was not the kind of man that could capture a professional. I knew that he would not distrust him of all suspects quicker than anything else. If he caught me sneaking about the neighborhood, he would very likely arrest me.

Passing near the front of the house where he seemed busily engaged in studying the broken shrubbery, I accosted him.

"Is this the house that was robbed last night?" I asked innocently, looking with interest at the place.

"No, but the people don't want to be stared at by every Tom, Dick and Harry in the country, so please move on."

I hardly noticed his last remark, so interested was I by the appearance of two men who were talking in the piazza. One was a beautiful young woman with a figure and face that would attract attention anywhere. She walked down the front steps and turned an instant to speak to her companion.

"But, handsome as she was, the man who followed her attracted me more, and for an instant I felt myself grow dim in her eyes. Fortunately for me the detective had turned to greet the young couple, and he did not see my sudden consternation."

I never forget faces that I have once particularly noticed. It is a part of my discipline to remember them. This one I had every reason to remember very well. Although I had only seen it by the aid of my dark lantern at night, I felt that I had somehow it belonged to my companion in crime.

CHAPTER III

HAD night I spent on the place of Charles Goddard and made myself as familiar with his family history as systematic pumping of the coachman would permit.

"An easy man he is to get along with," my informant volunteered. "He isn't the likes of him anywhere else in the country. An' the sweet misus is just as good. She's an angel, my wife says, if there ever was one."

"You mean the lady he's engaged to," I replied, "the one who lives over in the mansion that was robbed the other night?"

"Exactly. Miss Bellé Stetson, the only lady that's worthy such a man as my master."

"How long have they been engaged and where are they to be married?"

"Now they're engaged, I didn't say they were engaged, did I? And if they ain't engaged I couldn't say when they're goin' to be married, could I? Some say they're engaged, an' others say they ain't. How do I know who's right?"

"The man was only waiting to reveal more of the relationship between the two young people, and I catered to his natural weakness by encouraging him to proceed."

"Ye must be a stranger around these parts indeed if ye don't know what ye ask me," he continued, with a shrug of the shoulder in reply to my questions.

"I wouldn't be a-tellin' it to every one, but seein' ye're goin' to be one of the family I don't mind speakin' plain-like to ye."

"The man was only waiting to reveal more of the relationship between the two young people, and I catered to his natural weakness by encouraging him to proceed."

The Truant and the Shark

By P. Y. BLACK

"MI I'd like to see me!" The small boys looked at Master Wat with admiring eyes.

"You chaps can go and be taught by a burgher if you like, but not me."

"Won't your father lick you, Wat?" "Shut up! He's got no father, and his mother never licks him."

Wat walked off, with his nose in the air, and just around the corner he ran squarely into the schoolmaster, who was to take the place temporarily of the regular teacher, who had broken his leg. Wat snuffed impudently and would have walked past, but Jan de Jough put out a hand to stop him—put it out with diffidence, hesitatingly, almost as an inferior might do.

"It is time for school, Master Thoms," said he. "Am not going to school today." "An' how do you know that?" "Not tomorrow."

"May I know why?" Wat looked to one side and another, rather abashed, and then insolently at the young schoolmaster.

"White men," said he, "should not be taught by—by black men."

He ran away and did not see the flash of anger and sorrow that reddened De Jough's olive cheeks. The schoolmaster looked after him for a second and then slowly proceeded to open the school.

This happened in Natal, where are many men of different races—English, Dutch descendants, Portuguese, Malays, descendants of the coolies brought in old times from the East Indies as plantation workers, and Kaffirs. So there are many social ranks and grades. Wat was an English boy, brought out to the colony when a baby, and as the English rank highest in the country and never would think of mingling intimately with the other races Wat, being only twelve years old, had a rather exaggerated idea of his own high and his people's worth.

Jan de Jough was not a black man, though his skin was dark, like most Italians. He was the descendant of Dutch and Portuguese ancestors, who long ago had owned the country before the Englishmen took it as the spoil of war, just as America today has come into possession of the Philippines.

Mr. de Jough was downhearted. Most of the boys were of English parentage, and if Wat, their leader, rebelled he foresaw a falling off in attendance and the consequent loss of his first position, his first stepping stone. He was right. The boys, small as they were, were impudent and unruly, and Jan dismissed the school despondently.

but only half that distance from the rock on which he stood, lay on a reef the dark timbers of a recent wreck. Wat remembered hearing of a little bark rushing on the reef in a gale a month ago, but schoolmaster had prevented his going out to the cove until now. At once he was filled with the desire to explore, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the deeper outside waters and swam for the bulk. It did not take him long to cover the 200 or 300 yards to the wreck. When the vessel was wrecked, the monster waves, driven in by a landward gale, had broken over the reef, but now the sea about the dead ship was comparatively quiet, and on the lee side Wat had no difficulty in climbing aboard.

Here were new and exhilarating delights of the rarest sort. To explore strange corners, to stand waist deep—now the tide was out—in the skipper's own cabin and, poking about with fingers and toes, unearth strange things, worthless now, but interesting; to peep and pry with an excited heart in the hope that he might light upon a wonderful find—perhaps treasure overlooked by some previous explorer.

Although he knew all the crew had been saved, Wat suddenly felt lonely and afraid. He ran quickly up on the broken deck. He was startled to note how long by the sun his walk and his swim and his explorations had taken. Now he felt hungry, and he knew it must be long past time at his mother's house. Tiffin? He looked again at the sun and the shadows of the rocks upon the sea and calculated correctly that it must be 2 o'clock and school would be coming out in an hour.

Wat ran to jump overboard. His foot was on the broken rail, and his hands were raised to dive. In an instant he would have been in the water when he staggered back, white as flour, shaking at the nearness of his escape. Slowly, with lazy complacency, with hardly a flick of its great tail, there swam beneath the boy most leisurely a great shark. It moved about close to the surface, its dorsal fin sometimes above the water, like a sail, and its cold, cruel, vicious, hungry eyes stared up at the truant. Wat sank down, sick and faint.

He had been foolish, worse than foolish. Time and again he had been warned, with the other boys, about the sharks, which, though they did not actually infest these waters, are by no means rare. The cove was comparatively safe, but beyond it there was always danger. It was the old story of the wolf. "Shark" had been cried so often to young Wat that he paid little attention to it. Now he was trapped.

After a time Wat got up and looked cautiously overboard. The shark was not there, but when he ran to the other side it was there. The monster knew his meal was safely cornered. Round and round he swam, lazily and unconcernedly enjoying the warmth of the sun near the surface. Wat was unable to withdraw his eyes from it. It fascinated him as a snake does a monkey. Now and then the fish would roll over on its back, and then Wat would hide his eyes, shuddering at the sight of that hideous mouth and those gleaming teeth. Once, when the shark had been on guard for an hour or more, it paused at the seaward end of the wreck and then swam slowly outward. Hope sprang in the boy's heart, and he slipped quietly to the other end, intending to glide noiselessly into the water and strike out for shore. If he had done so, he might have got safely away while the shark continued to swim about, thinking its prey was still there, but Wat had not the great courage to risk it. He hesitated, and in another two or three minutes it was too late. The brute came back, and Wat fancied as it resumed its methodical watch that it looked up at him mockingly.

The truant grew hysterical with fear and horror. He was quite able to realize his position. If he swam seaward, he would meet a certain, cruel death, perhaps the most horrible of deaths. But the cove and the bulk lay far below the sea road, and between that road and the ocean were great masses of trees and jungle which shut out the sea from land passengers. Not once in a week perhaps might any one seek that secluded spot, while ships passed far, far out. Thus there was little chance of speedy help and an almost inevitable end by starvation and exposure, for, although the days are warm, the nights in Natal are often cold, and Wat was naked to all the chill winds of the sea.

When his hysteria grew uncontrollable, his moans and tears gave place to loud sobs, but still the placid gravity of the bulk swam round and round. The sobs at length ceased, and in their stead came loud cries which could be so shrill resounding shrieks. But the shark swam round and round till the truant was crazed, driven almost to madness by that relentless watch.

At length toward evening, when the sun was sinking fast, one piercing scream from Wat was answered from the beach of the little bay—answered by a long, full toned "Hello!" Wat ran up and down, jumping and throwing his arms in the air, shouting "Help! Shark! Help! Shark!" with all his strength and all his might. To the highest rock a figure ascended, the sun

shining fully upon it, and Wat recognized the humble student, the poor schoolteacher, Jan de Jough, whom he had so grossly insulted in the morning. The boy's heart sank.

"I called him a black man," he thought, "and he isn't, and I tried to break up the school. He'll go away and leave me to die, and nobody will ever know."

Still he shouted and cried and pleaded, and the schoolmaster, to his great joy, instead of going away, came along from rock to rock to a promontory where his rocks could be distinctly heard.

"I don't understand," cried De Jough. "Are you hurt? Can't you swim ashore?"

"A big shark is swimming around the wreck," yelled Wat, "and I can't get away from it! Oh, Mr. de Jough, forgive me and save me!"

The schoolmaster did not reply for a moment. He was startled. There was no small boat nearer than the harbor, and he would be six hours at the very least, and by that time it would be cold and dark, and Wat might get so crazed with cold and terror and loneliness—might jump overboard to swim ashore, when his fate would be awful. These things the master thought of in a moment, thought of something else for a moment, just the value of his own life, thought for not a single moment of that boy's attempt to raise a mutiny in the school, and the next moment he was stripped to the skin.

"Cheer up, Wat, my boy?" he shouted, as if Wat was a good comrade instead of an insolent pupil. "Keep a good heart. You coming?"

How could Mr. de Jough pass out if he could not pass in? He looked and saw the master on his knees praying, and Wat knelt also.

When De Jough rose up, he had a long blade open clasp-knife in his mouth and immediately dove into the water. The shark felt the vibration caused by that plunge and darted a vicious ray of light once on the alert. Wat still kneeling, watched with clasped hands and anxious eyes. The head of the master appeared, his strong arms striking out resolutely. A few yards he came, when the monster detected him and made a rush. For a moment Jan de Jough paused, then suddenly dived, and the next instant the shark leaped clear of the water and, sinking again, left behind it on the surface a great red stain. De Jough came up. Wat saw the enraged shark's fin near the surface, saw the gleam of its white belly as it turned on its back so that its hideous mouth could bite, saw Jan dive once more and then saw the great fish roll over in a mess of blood and slowly sink. Jan had killed the shark in its own element. Wat leaped then, with a glad shout of thanks, and in a short time was safe on shore.

"I thank you," he cried, clinging to the student's side, "and, Mr. de Jough, I was an awful cad to say that this morning. Lick me as much as you please, and I won't cry out. You can kill me if you like. I'm ashamed of myself."

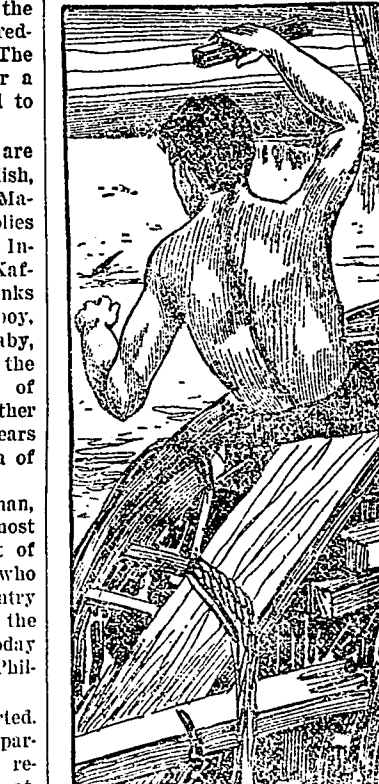
De Jough only pressed his hand and said, "We'll try to forget all that, Wat." "But, though I am not a black man and couldn't help it if I were, yet it was a black man who saved you from the shark."

"Because a Kaffir on the coast, a famous diver, taught me that trick, without which I could not have saved you. So, you see, Wat, it is unwise to sneer at any person of any race, black, brown or white, for it is more than likely that person may be able, knowing what you don't know, to be of service to you."

Wat bowed his head, abashed. "Mr. de Jough," he said after awhile, "I'm coming to school tomorrow, and—will the boys ride?"



"Excuse me, ma'am."



Wat looked cautiously overboard.



I saw that I was looking into the mouth of a revolver.

strange, almost inexpressible voices which seem to come from nowhere in the dead of night. I do not know that anybody has ever noticed them, but I have always fancied that they were like the breathing of the earth—if such a thing were possible—for they come in regular, rhythmic pulsations.

I went along the side of the house until I reached the basement window, and, finding it unlocked, as I expected, I softly opened it and looked in. I was not positive that the window opened into the parlour, but from the general appearance of things I felt reasonably sure it was right. Not to make any mistake or misstep in the darkness, I lowered my bag of tools until it struck something which gave forth a metallic sound. Swinging the bag back and forth, I succeeded in identifying the object as a tin pan.

As I was afraid to use my dark lantern outside, I lowered myself cautiously into the basement. Instead of the cool bit I found myself in the dairy room of the house. The odor from newly made butter, fresh milk and cream cheese gave me such an overpowering appetite that I had to satisfy it before I could go any farther. By groping around on the shelves I succeeded in getting a pretty fair supply of food—milk and cream in abundance, good cheese, several mince pies, some cake and cold meat.

"The night was early yet for my work, and I did not regret the time I spent in eating of that cold but tempting repast. I would have felt better had I discovered a bottle of good wine, but in its absence the fresh milk was a fair substitute.

"I did not like this part of the bargain, for I believe that every one should be placed on the same level in such a business and that one man should not set himself up to being better than another, but I finally assented, with the exception of one slight qualification: 'Not unless we happen to meet under similar circumstances again. Then I might recall to you this meeting.'"

"I don't think that is likely to occur," he replied firmly.

"Then in a firm, measured voice he added: 'Well, I'll trust you. I will give you one-third of all I have collected. I believe that you will keep your part of the agreement if I keep mine.'"

"There was honesty written in his face, and I would have trusted him to the extent of pocketing my revolver, but again he got ahead of me. I stood there covering him with my weapon half a minute after he had put his pistol in his pocket. A temptation to make him give everything to me under penalty of death seized me for an instant when I realized that he had placed himself in my power. But that same rich, musical voice suddenly recalled me to my bargain.

"Here, take this bag outside with you, and we will divide the thing where there is less chance of detection."

"Have you been all over the house?" I asked in a little confusion.

"Yes, all over. There is nothing worth taking left."

He moved toward the door and started to open it. He turned an instant and asked: "How did you come in?"

"Through a cellar window," I replied. "A clumsy way when you could have entered by the front door."

"Do you mean to say—" I began. "See-s-h, don't speak now. I'm opening the door. Follow me."

I never felt the power of a man so strangely before. I attributed it to the fact that I was in the presence of a master who put my feeble accomplishments entirely into the background, and yet I had prided myself upon my successes!

We walked stealthily down the stairs and out of the front door to the lawn. He carried a pack larger than mine. When we reached the shelter of a clump of trees, we both stopped.

"It is getting late, and it will be light

EDGE

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J. R. THE U

HAS NO EQUAL. "From personal experience," says J. O'Brien, The Rock, N.S.W., "I know the Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is no equal for infants and young children. It is the most valuable medicine I have used for the most violent colic."

A WORD FOR THE GUERNSEYS.

A breeder of this class of dairy cattle states that he is at a loss to understand why the Guernsey for herself, as she is handsome, larger in size than the Jersey, the milk she produces is practically as rich as the milk of the Jersey or any other known breed, while the quantity she yields is far in excess of any other of the smaller breeds of cattle.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

There are plenty of instructions all ways lying about as to what women ought to do. It may therefore not give a few general hints as to what they ought not to do. Do not believe that everyone in the world is happier than you are. Do not insist on the fact that you never had any opportunities in life. Do not believe all the evil you hear, and do not repeat any of it, whether you believe it or not.

AGAINST HEAVY ODDS.

In what modern war have the forces been most unequaly matched? Sectioned by the number of troops employed on each side, the recent South African war answers the question, for during the greater part of it the British forces outnumbered the Boers by ten to one. But, deducting the men required to guard the lines of communication, and counting only those actually engaged at the front, this difference disappears.

SOME RUSSIAN CUSTOMS.

A long towel is used by Russian peasant mothers to support their babies. The infants have no special clothes, but are wrapped in a linen sheet, and the long towel, which fastens in a knot behind, and another passed from the shoulder under one arm, makes a sort of sling for the baby to lie in.

MAN O'REIL ON "WOMAN."

Some women appeal to our hearts, some to our passions, some to the highest instincts of our character, some to our follies and weaknesses. We should marry none except those who appeal to our reason.

RED-LETTER DAYS.

Birthday books are seldom of a quality to ensure constant reading, and a birth-book not at hand might as well be in the bush so far as reminding us of following is a better way which is not likely to fail.

TEETOTALISM MEANS BREAD AND BUTTER.

Paying a visit of inspection one day to a large school, an inspector found a teacher examining a class in the subject of teetotalism. One interrogation put them seemed for the moment a rare puzzle. The question was:— "What is teetotalism?"

SCENTS THAT AFFECT THE VOICE.

An eminent throat specialist has discovered that the perfumes of certain strong-smelling flowers are particularly dangerous to the voice. He specially mentions the violet, the rose, the lily of the valley, the narcissus, and the white lily.

LAME BACK.

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and may be cured by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm two or three times a day and rubbing the part vigorously at each application. If this does not afford relief, bind on a piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm, and quick relief is almost sure to follow.

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BABIES.

BY A BACHELOR UNCLE.

No one, of course, is going to say a word against babies at this late date. They are among the things that we can neither get along with or without, and, although they do not speak the language of the country when they arrive, and come in with as little baggage as a pauper emigrant, we all welcome them as desirable additions to our population.

CRUPE.

The first symptom of this disease is hoarseness. When Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, the attack can always be averted. Even after the croupy cough has appeared, it can be counteracted. This remedy is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. It contains neither injurious and can always be depended upon.

Skip-ton.

At about 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon we had a very smart shower of rain, which lasted about 10 minutes. This was followed by gentle rain during the evening. On Sunday night it again rained heavily for about two hours, and there were several smart showers on Monday, the total result being about 165 points.

MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS.

There are many people who have pains in the back and imagine that their kidneys are affected, and who are troubled by the aches of the muscles, which can be cured by a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, or by dampening a piece of flannel with the Pain Balm and binding it over the affected parts. A pain in the side or chest should be treated in the same manner and prompt relief is sure to follow.

DAIRYING.

Mr. W. H. Potts, Principal of the Hawkesbury Agricultural College, sums up the benefits of dairying thus: 1. It takes less fertility out of the soil than any other form of agriculture, and hence it is useful in following a well regulated system of rotation.

REFORMERS IN RUSSIA.

Reformers in Russia declare that the Czar will submit the question of peace or war to an assembly of 63 bishops at Moscow in May.

NEW WATER RESERVOIR.

A new water reservoir at Madrid suddenly collapsed and killed 300 people, including 235 workmen.

MR. JAMES GOSDEN DIED.

Mr. James Gosden died at the Napier Hotel, Williamstown, at the age of 103 years 6 months and 18 days.

THE STATE REVENUE RETURNS.

The State revenue returns for the nine months of the financial year show a substantial increase on the amount received in the corresponding period last year. The receipts this year for all sources for the nine months are £5,528,468, as against £5,367,389 for the nine months of 1903-4, an increase of £166,079.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or falling out, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RESTORER" for it will positively restore to every case Grey or White hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, and also promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF LIVERPOOL.

The municipal council of Liverpool, in view of the spread of the betting evil, has decided, by 29 votes to 23, to obliterate the turf betting news in the newspapers which are supplied to the public libraries and reading rooms it supports.

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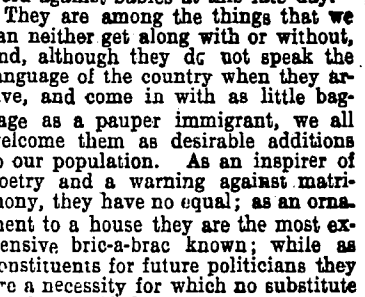
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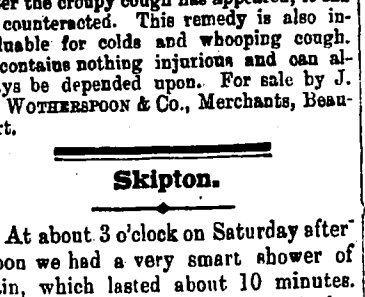
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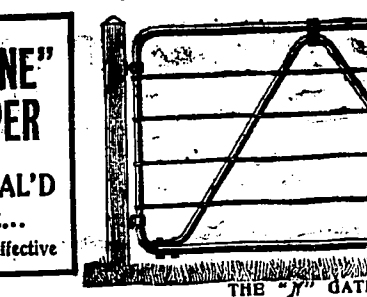
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No. 1430

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

BEAUFORT, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905

PRICE THREEPENCE

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
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GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
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2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
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FROM THE POST OFFICE.
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GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
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SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.

COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
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WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
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AT SALE PRICES.
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REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.
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FIRST-CLASS WORK.
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Address—
GEORGE PAYNE,
WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,
BALLARAT

2 DOORS DOWN STURT-STREET FROM THE POST OFFICE.

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.
A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker).
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
MELBOURNE, 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. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer
and Mixture 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 spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing cost.

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business is generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper man "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature. Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him? you don't believe us.

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRY,
AND
SUBSCRIBE TO THE LOCAL PAPER,
THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

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

3s per Quarter
It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement
Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR Plain and Ornamental JOB PRINTING
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

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

Clarke's Blood Mixture
IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.
It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ECZEMA, BLOOD POISON, ULCERS, SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES, IT IS A SAFE AND PERMANENT REMEDY. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the blood and bones.

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

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSSES.
Mr. James Warren, of Clay Coten Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"I will gladly testify that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for months, and not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife and I went 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, thanks to your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I was when I first began to use it. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

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

Ask for **Clarke's Blood Mixture**, and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.
RE MINING LEASES.
It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Justices' Fixtures.
The local J.P.s. 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 AFFECTIONS 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 the almost famous "Clarke's Blood Mixture." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchitis, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See the words "Clarke's Blood Mixture" on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. Exporting 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 Time.
Melbourne	8 and 4.50 p.m.
Ballarat	8 and 4.50
Geelong	8 and 4.50
Traralgon	8 and 4.50
Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes previous.	
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.
Bangong	11.50
Reg. mail and p.p., 24 minutes prior.	
English mail notice by telegraph.	

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Traralgon—12.20 p.m. daily, Saturdays, 10 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat daily at 7 a.m., 12.20 and 8.40 p.m. From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Murtoa—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Murtoa—8.30 a.m. daily.

From Westerton, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Eaglan, and Chute—4.30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. From Stockyard Hill, Nerrang, and Lake Goldsmith—4.30 p.m. From Luambien and Shirley—4.30 p.m. From England—Weekly.

TO AVOID INDIGESTION
That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** will **SEVERELY 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. 1/6. (56 Pills) and 2s. 6d. (108 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, Buck Skin, &c., &c.

NOTICE.
We have resolved to REDUCE the Subscription to "The Riponshire Advocate" (with which is published 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, and that this advantage will be argel taken advantage of.

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

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-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 or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a good newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

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 **BROWN'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 teeth break out as bright as a button. It not only cures the child, but the mother, as it relieves the pain, 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.

J. B. COCHRAN, News Agent, Book Seller, and Stationer, begs to announce that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus*, *Age*, *Herald*, *Star*, *Courier*, *Melbourne Punch*, *Sydney Bulletin*, *Riponshire Advocate*, *Leader*, *Weekly Times*, *Australian Australian Journal*, *Sportman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agents advertisers save postage. Note the old title—Next door to Wetherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS
COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT
ACCOUNTANT ETC.,
Neill Street, Beaufort.

Rents and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company. Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

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

NEWSPAPER LAW.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible.
5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.
6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS
You want to see the local paper a successful institution.
Talk about it wherever you go. Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.
If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.
If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.
Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.
A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soap as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

FLORINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Florine" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco-smoke. "The Fragrant Florine," being composed in part of honey and great care, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest discovery of the age. All Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot: 23, Farringdon-street, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

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

And he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.
"The Riponshire Advocate" is the Advertising Medium for all Contractors, and, notifications of the Shire of Ripon and the

ONLY NEWSPAPER
That is Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire, and of the welfare of this district it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journal within a given radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation
of the **Riponshire Advocate**
is Steadily Increasing.

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

"The Advocate,"
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sallor's Gully, Main Lead, Eaglan, Chute, Waterloo, Euranbuen, Bangong, Middle Creek, Shirley, Traralgon, Skipton, and Carnarvon. With every issue of the Paper is given a FOURTEEN-COLUMN

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

Business Men, Read
It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to 'business.'"
And another writer has said that—"He who in his 'biz' would rise, Must either 'bust' or advertise."
And advertisers cannot do better than make "The Riponshire Advocate" the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,
Printer and Publisher,
LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCHEMATA, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILL HEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS,
DRAPEES' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOURCES & OTHER TICKETS,
&c., &c., &c.

PRINTED IN FIRST CLASS STYLES 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 BOOKS,
DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.
Prepared on the Strictest Notice.

WHEN WINTER'S WINDS WHISTLE They call to mind the leading fact that we should BE WELL CLAD, WINTER SHOW OF DRAPERY IS NOW ON AT COUGLE'S.

Entirely New and Fashionable Goods at the most reasonable prices. IN MILLINERY we have the popular Decorative lines. We give you Style, Exclusiveness, Workmanship. Our prices are moderate.

These we keep in THE DRESS DEPARTMENT. Entirely New and Fashionable Goods at Quite Compelling Prices.

Full, Varied, and Fine Assortment in... Dress Goods, Dress Lengths, Flannel Blouses.

IN THE MANTLE DEPARTMENT many other pressing needs of Winter are supplied...

MACINTOSHES. New Grey Three-quarter Jackets. Real Up-to-date GOLF BLOUSES.

WE ARE CLOTHIERS and Gentlemen's Outfitters, and Mercers as well as Drapers.

IN BOOTS and shoes besides we stock the best and sterling brands.

Our Prices Spell Business.

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, 18th May, 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.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT. The above Hostelry 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, 1/2-Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-.

First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.

The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.

—A. HALPIN, Proprietress.

Mr. J. W. HARRIS, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST, BEAUFORT.

DRUGGIST, HAYLOOK STREET, BEAUFORT.

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

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

HARRIS'S ANEMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy. BOTTLED AND AMERICAN BOTTLED. Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr. J. W. HARRIS, B.S., Surgical & Mechanical Dentist, HAYLOOK STREET, BEAUFORT.

May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately & pleasantly at lowest prices.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Treat extracted painlessly with cocaine ether chloroform &c. Languages, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS.—HAYLOOK STREET (Next Mechanics' Institute), BEAUFORT.

THE Riponshire Advocate Published every Saturday Morning. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905.

The formation of an electoral alliance by a combination of the Victorian Employers' Federation, the Australian Women's National League, the Farmers' Property-owners, and Producers' Association, and the Reform League, was perhaps the most important matter that was discussed at the annual conference of the Farmers' Property-owners' and Producers' Association last week.

Attention is directed to an advertisement elsewhere giving particulars of a creative clearing sale by Messrs. Nichols and Chesbrough at noon on Wednesday, 26th inst., on the premises, Waterloo road, Beaufort, of Mr. W. Finch's farm (269 acres), stock, implements and machinery, furniture, &c.

The Ballarat Gaol gates opened yesterday morning (says Tuesday's "Star"), and James Hilliard, more commonly known as "Dinky," was removed to the Town Court magistrates. Hilliard at once made his way to Ballarat East, and fell in with a few friends, with the result that at 2.30 in the afternoon he was quite incapable of taking care of himself.

Local and General News. Mr. John Louttit, the sexton at the Beaufort Cemetery, met with a nasty accident on Tuesday. He had been cutting wood on the flat near the All Nations mine, and while returning home at dinner time, carrying the axe in his hand, he tripped and fell, the axe being under his right arm, which received a severe wound just above the wrist.

"LINSER COMPOUND," The "Stockport" Remedy, for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief. Despite the strong protests made by the Riponshire Council, and the decision arrived at by that body, that the Riponshire Commissioners would be held responsible for any fatality that occurred, men are now engaged in substituting oil-cups for the railway gates at the Lawrence-street crossing.

At the last meeting of the Ararat-shire Council, the following district correspondence was dealt with.—From M. Fay, Middle Creek, drawing attention to the bad state of the creek on the water reserve adjoining his land. The creek was not fit to take the flood water away. He cut his portion nine years ago, and had been suffering from the flood water ever since, and had lost his crop through the flood. Councillors who visited the place some time ago said something should be done, but so far no action had been taken.

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By an advertisement in another column it will be seen that Mr. J. Humphreys has undertaken the Beaufort agency for Messrs. Griffith & Allen, one of the largest firms of patent attorneys in Sydney and Melbourne. All information required by inventors in any line to patent their invention will be supplied by Mr. Humphreys on application.

The annual meeting of the Skipton Football Club was held on Saturday. The following officers were elected.—President, Mr. H. M. Elder; vice-presidents, Messrs. A. McLeary, D. Madigan, C. Cairns, W. Bradshaw, H. Jarr, E. A. Wise, and J. Teit; secretary and treasurer, Mr. A. Wilkie. The balance-sheet showed an expenditure of £43 4s 10d, leaving a credit balance of £5 6s 11d. The Lands Department is issuing a settler's guide to Victoria. This contains explanatory articles by the experts connected with the Lands and Agricultural Departments, these dealing with the selection of land, water conservation, the timber of Victoria, the education policy of the State, the various destructions, and railway freights.

A public meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton, on Saturday evening, to consider the erection of a new hall. A committee of 12 was appointed to procure plans for a hall to cost about £200, and submit them to a meeting to be held later; and Messrs. Angus and Slater were instructed to inspect a hall at Aseot. The committee have reported that the amount of £200 is insufficient for this being a donation from Mrs. R. Cairns, of Carraballa.

The recent reduction in postage on letters from Australia to the United Kingdom has apparently caused some confusion. The Postal authorities have issued a notice to the effect that the reduction in postage from 2d to 1d applies only to letters for England, Scotland, Ireland, and the contiguous British Islands. The postage on letters for the British Colonies and other countries has not been reduced.

A congregational meeting of St. John's Church of England, Beaufort, was held at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday evening; Rev. A. J. Pearce in the chair, and about 25 adult members present. The chairman explained that the object of the meeting was to inform the congregation as to what had been done by the committee with regard to the new Sunday-school building. Seven teachers had been recruited, and the school was to be opened on Monday, 25th inst. After some discussion, Miss Sinclair moved—"That the members of the congregation be requested to contribute towards the debt on the new Sunday-school." Seconded by Miss Andrews, and carried. Mrs. Jackson offered to contribute £10 towards the debt, and Mr. Sinclair promised to supply the remainder.

A grim and appalling discovery made at Kona, Kise, in North-west Victoria, furnished the tragic conclusion of a search for a trunk, which had been deposited in a furniture shop, was found on being opened to contain the bodies of three human beings. The corpses were those of a woman and two children. They had been packed tightly into the trunk, but bore no external marks of injury. The trunk had been hermetically sealed with glue and mattedboard, and had lain undisturbed for six weeks in the furniture repository. The remains were subsequently identified as those of the wife and children of a chemist's assistant named Arthur Devereux. This man had resided with his family at Hosken, a village on the Midland railway line, a short distance west of Kona, Kise. Devereux was arrested at Coventry, in Warwickshire, in connection with the dreadful affair.

Settlement on Western Australian lands, which has shown a considerable advance in recent years, has been largely due to the advertising efforts of the State Government (says the Age). The western State has been glowingly described by pamphlet and lecturer—sent forth at the expense of the Government—as a veritable Garden of Eden, where English immigrants, Victorian farmers disgusted with the red-tapeism of the Lands department, and intending settlers are welcomed with outstretched hands and placed in contact for life on the best lands of the State. But the Immigration Commission, which is now taking evidence in Western Australia, with regard to the condition of the settlers and the prospects for additional immigrants, has brought to light many instances of failure on the part of long experienced farmers, who have thrown up their selections in disgust. The case of Mr. Henry Moore, an English farmer, who settled near Bunbury—Sir John Forrest's own district—should be weighed well by Victorian agriculturalists whose thoughts might be wandering towards the delusive West.

Electors are reminded that the supplementary lists of electors' rights for the Legislative Assembly close on 1st May prox. These lists are revised in the month of August, and become rolls on 1st September following. It should also be borne in mind that as this is the triennial renewal year, any rights in possession of electors bearing date of issue earlier than 2nd November, 1904, expire on 1st November this year, and therefore must be renewed. The electoral officers say that electors invariably lose their applications for renewal to the last week, and consequently cause a rush at the offices of registrars and deputies. Application for renewal can be made any time between now and 1st November. Rights issued up to and inclusive of 1st November next, hold good until 31st November, 1908. Simultaneous with the appearance of the green grass and the mushrooms after the late rains, the Wimmera weather prophet publishes another manifesto "to the farmers and graziers south of the Dividing Range." Fourteen years ago Mr. John Hurrell, natural scientist, made the prediction that the weather would be unusually dry, and that the next summer would be moderate, and that there would be a greater rainfall than during 1904. He would not advise sowing on low-lying land, such as river flats, as there will be a wet, cold winter, but a good spring.

The first symptom of this disease is hoarseness. When Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is taken at once the child becomes hoarse, the attack can almost be averted. Even after the cough has appeared, it can be counteracted. This remedy is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. It contains nothing injurious, and can always be depended upon. For sale by J. R. WORTERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

COAGULINE. A Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Mr. D. S. Oman, M.L.A. for Hampden, was amongst the visitors to the Wickfield Road sports meeting on Tuesday. Messrs. Dixon Bros. and Halpin, auctioneers, Beaufort, report the sales of the following properties.—Mr. J. Freeman's cottage and 18 acres of land, to Mr. J. Holdsworth, at the very satisfactory price of £400; Mr. J. Creelman's house at Trawalla, to Miss Allan, Trawalla, at £100.

At the Skipton Police Court, for the quarter ended 31st March, 28 cases were dealt with—15 for being drunk and disorderly, 4 for obscene language and behaviour in an insulting manner, 4 for careless use of fire, and 4 for willfully killing native game during the close season.

"LINSER COMPOUND," for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis. A public meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton, on Saturday evening, to consider the erection of a new hall. A committee of 12 was appointed to procure plans for a hall to cost about £200, and submit them to a meeting to be held later; and Messrs. Angus and Slater were instructed to inspect a hall at Aseot. The committee have reported that the amount of £200 is insufficient for this being a donation from Mrs. R. Cairns, of Carraballa.

The recent reduction in postage on letters from Australia to the United Kingdom has apparently caused some confusion. The Postal authorities have issued a notice to the effect that the reduction in postage from 2d to 1d applies only to letters for England, Scotland, Ireland, and the contiguous British Islands. The postage on letters for the British Colonies and other countries has not been reduced.

A congregational meeting of St. John's Church of England, Beaufort, was held at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday evening; Rev. A. J. Pearce in the chair, and about 25 adult members present. The chairman explained that the object of the meeting was to inform the congregation as to what had been done by the committee with regard to the new Sunday-school building. Seven teachers had been recruited, and the school was to be opened on Monday, 25th inst. After some discussion, Miss Sinclair moved—"That the members of the congregation be requested to contribute towards the debt on the new Sunday-school." Seconded by Miss Andrews, and carried. Mrs. Jackson offered to contribute £10 towards the debt, and Mr. Sinclair promised to supply the remainder.

A grim and appalling discovery made at Kona, Kise, in North-west Victoria, furnished the tragic conclusion of a search for a trunk, which had been deposited in a furniture shop, was found on being opened to contain the bodies of three human beings. The corpses were those of a woman and two children. They had been packed tightly into the trunk, but bore no external marks of injury. The trunk had been hermetically sealed with glue and mattedboard, and had lain undisturbed for six weeks in the furniture repository. The remains were subsequently identified as those of the wife and children of a chemist's assistant named Arthur Devereux. This man had resided with his family at Hosken, a village on the Midland railway line, a short distance west of Kona, Kise. Devereux was arrested at Coventry, in Warwickshire, in connection with the dreadful affair.

Settlement on Western Australian lands, which has shown a considerable advance in recent years, has been largely due to the advertising efforts of the State Government (says the Age). The western State has been glowingly described by pamphlet and lecturer—sent forth at the expense of the Government—as a veritable Garden of Eden, where English immigrants, Victorian farmers disgusted with the red-tapeism of the Lands department, and intending settlers are welcomed with outstretched hands and placed in contact for life on the best lands of the State. But the Immigration Commission, which is now taking evidence in Western Australia, with regard to the condition of the settlers and the prospects for additional immigrants, has brought to light many instances of failure on the part of long experienced farmers, who have thrown up their selections in disgust. The case of Mr. Henry Moore, an English farmer, who settled near Bunbury—Sir John Forrest's own district—should be weighed well by Victorian agriculturalists whose thoughts might be wandering towards the delusive West.

Electors are reminded that the supplementary lists of electors' rights for the Legislative Assembly close on 1st May prox. These lists are revised in the month of August, and become rolls on 1st September following. It should also be borne in mind that as this is the triennial renewal year, any rights in possession of electors bearing date of issue earlier than 2nd November, 1904, expire on 1st November this year, and therefore must be renewed. The electoral officers say that electors invariably lose their applications for renewal to the last week, and consequently cause a rush at the offices of registrars and deputies. Application for renewal can be made any time between now and 1st November. Rights issued up to and inclusive of 1st November next, hold good until 31st November, 1908. Simultaneous with the appearance of the green grass and the mushrooms after the late rains, the Wimmera weather prophet publishes another manifesto "to the farmers and graziers south of the Dividing Range." Fourteen years ago Mr. John Hurrell, natural scientist, made the prediction that the weather would be unusually dry, and that the next summer would be moderate, and that there would be a greater rainfall than during 1904. He would not advise sowing on low-lying land, such as river flats, as there will be a wet, cold winter, but a good spring.

The first symptom of this disease is hoarseness. When Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is taken at once the child becomes hoarse, the attack can almost be averted. Even after the cough has appeared, it can be counteracted. This remedy is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. It contains nothing injurious, and can always be depended upon. For sale by J. R. WORTERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

COAGULINE. A Transparent Cement for broken articles.

For the first time in the history of the Fiery Creek Lodge of Freemasons, an official visit was paid on Wednesday night by the M.W.G.M. Bro. Sir A. J. Peacock, who was accompanied by several Grand Lodge officers. In addition to an exceptionally large number of local brethren, there were about a dozen visiting brethren, including W.M.'s and P.M.'s, from Ballarat lodges. The M.W.G.M. took part in the degree work of the evening. On the conclusion of the business, a banquet was held in the lodge-room. The W.M., Bro. E. J. Muntz, presided, and, in suitable terms, proposed the health of the M.W.G.M., which was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm. M.W. Bro. Sir A. J. Peacock made an eloquent response, and greatly enlightened the minds of the brethren as to the vast extent of the charitable work done by the order. Several other toasts were appropriate to the occasion, were all honored, and as harmony was maintained by various singers and reciters, a very pleasant time was spent.

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COAGULINE. A Transparent Cement for broken articles.

In Honour of Thor. (By a Banker.)

In the early days of Britain the principal ruling power appeared to be mainly vested in the Druids, or priestly caste. We are accustomed to regard these hardened, white-robed and oak-leaf wreathed bards as having been a brotherhood of poets and musicians, whose time was principally occupied in playing wild tunes upon a primitive harp, or in singing unmelodious choruses in praise of the sacred mistletoe. Contemporary authority, however, and more especially the evidence of Julius Cæsar, reveal them to have been positive monsters of cruel malignity, reveling in the blood of their fellow-men, and with pitiless and remorseless brutality insulating vast hecatombs of their fellow creatures under circumstances of the most inhuman and revolting savagery.

At times they would construct an enormous wicker representation of the figure of a man, into which they cast a score or more of writhing, struggling victims. A huge mass of faggots was now built up around the figure, and soon the shrieking mass of men, women, and children were slowly consumed until at length the entire structure collapsed, its dead and dying human contents falling into the blazing furnace beneath.

But perhaps more intensely pathetic and mournful was the scene on, it is believed, each Mid-summer day, when these barbaric arch-priests celebrated the annual sacrifice of a maiden in honour of Thor or Odin. We can dimly gather from the meagre descriptions of the ceremony exactly some indistinct idea of the cruel ritual which accompanied this barbaric rite. Robed in white, with her long golden tress hanging down her back, the fair young girl, who had but recently been torn from her parents, led in procession by the relentless Druids beneath the lofty trillition into the great circle of huge monoliths towards the sacrificial holed stone placed in the centre of the temple. Rude choraf music, accompanied by many harps, drew the agonised shrieks of the young victim, who now stands trembling by the side of the fatal stone awaiting the moment when the rays of the rising sun glint through the further trillition and impinge upon the strange gnomon.

And now the sacrificing priest, who has been standing at some distance watching for the first red ray, which his brazen sword around his head, and with an unearthly cry rushes towards the frightened girl and plunges his weapon into her breast. It is impossible to describe the further savagery which took place; suffice it to say that whether it were in the worship of Thor, or of Kronos, or of Thor, the cruelty perpetrated in the name of so-called religion were beyond measure atrocious, outrageous, and repulsive.

But how utterly different is the pure and holy Christian religion. For ever those who would attain to the glory of the her after have but to lives godly life, and to make one that is truly again: thus on high has been blotted out in virtue of the sacrifice of the Son of God. And whosoever will may go to Him, and with all confidence may claim that gracious pardon.

MISTAKEN DIAGNOSIS. There are many people who have pains in the back and imagine that their kidneys are affected, while their only trouble is rheumatism of the muscles, which can be cured by a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, or by dampening a piece of flannel with the Pain Balm and binding it over the affected parts. A pain in the side or chest should be treated in the same manner and prompt relief is sure to follow. For sale by J. R. WORTERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Cricket. BEAUFORT v. GOLDEN CITY. The above clubs played a friendly match in the Park on Saturday, resulting in a victory for the home team by three wickets and 36 runs. The visitors (who batted for 36 runs. The visitors who batted for 36 runs. The visitors who batted for 36 runs.

Golden City. Hore, c and 1 Davey ... 23 Saker, b Young ... 15 Anderson, run out ... 17 Kennedy, st. Tromp, b Davey ... 9 Morgan, st. Tromp, b Davey ... 2 Dillon, b Tyrrell ... 1 Prout, b Tyrrell ... 0 Kirby, b Tyrrell ... 2 Stubbs, b Tyrrell ... 0 Tippet, not out ... 0 Sundries ... 4 Total ... 65

Seven wickets for ... 35 Bowling Analysis.—Dillon, 3 for 15; Morgan, 1 for 29; Stubbs, 1 for 28; Kennedy, 0 for 17. "LINSER COMPOUND," The "Stockport" Remedy, for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

DIANA'S INHERITANCE.

THE LOST PROOFS OF HER BIRTHRIGHT.

HELDY RICHARDS, Author of "Time, the Avenger," "The Haighs of Hillcrest," Etc., Etc.

PART 2.

"Mrs. Sheppey" said he, "Why she died a month ago, and the house standing empty. Dear-a-me! Was she anything to you?" he said, noticing how pale the girl had turned.

CHAPTER III. A GEM.

About half past seven that same evening Diana went to the door of a modest-looking residence about a quarter of a mile out of Bromhead. She had tried to get a cab, but she could not get one. As she stood waiting, a considerable delay she accepted the porter's offer that he should carry her bags, and she handed the larger one to him. Having accompanied her up the gravel walk, and ringing the bell, deposited the bag at her feet.

and had a more genial manner than of old, and she exclaimed: "How well and happy you look! I'm afraid I must have worried you a great deal or you would not look so much better."

CHAPTER IV. OF VALUE.

"So you have got back, mother. The speaker was a tall, aristocratic man of about thirty-five. "Yes, I had quite a comfortable journey. Sit down, Martin. I will have a chat," said Mrs. Russell. "All right; your dressing room is one of the cosiest rooms in the house."

REMEMBER YOUR FAULTS.

In speaking of a person's faults, Remember those with homes of glass. Should seldom throw a stone. If we have nothing else to do, Remember, that point begin. But talk of those who sin, 'Tis better we should think of home. We have no right to judge a man Until he's fairly tried; Should we not like his company, We know the world is wide. Some may have faults. Ah, who has none?"

MORE POWERFUL THAN AN EMPRESS.

THE GIRL OWNER OF GERMANY'S BIGGEST INDUSTRY.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF MISS BERTHA KRUPP.

Probably the "New York Journal" points out no other woman in the world is so financially rich as the young heiress of Germany's famous gunmaker. Certainly none holds in her hands the future prosperity of so many individuals.

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RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

During the Boer War "Blackwood's Magazine" was fortunate in its contributor, "Linsman." In the Russo-Japanese War it found a successor in "Q," who gave an account of the running of the blockade at Port Arthur.

HARATINA THE WOMAN SOLDIER OF PORT ARTHUR.

This is the story of Haratina, alias Haraton, Karotkevitch, the Russian woman who was the first to enter the trenches while the Russo-Japanese War was in progress. Stories of Russian heroism have been written and decried so often that one hesitates to tell another. Some day it deserves full credence.

WHEN THE TIGRESS CRIED.

In the days of the sailing ships it was quite a nice holiday for a baby tiger, as often happened, to be sent from India to England. Inhabited by playful and harmless as a kitten, the cub was sure to be made a fuss of, and soon became the pet of passengers and crew.

WONDERFUL BALLOON VOYAGE.

LONDON TO PARIS BY NIGHT.

M. Jacques Faure and his cousin, left the Crystal Palace in a balloon one Saturday evening, crossed the Channel and landed at St. Denis, just outside Paris, without a mishap.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The ships of the world are insured for a total of 950 millions of pounds. The dew that is annually deposited on the surface of England is equal to 5in. of rain. The German war fund is six millions in gold, and has been lying untouched since 1874.

COVENT GARDEN FLOWER MARKET AND BOW-ST. POLICE-STATION.

When the sound of the last lumbering omnibus has died out in the distance and the long string of rubber-tired handbikes has vanished, then Covent Garden Flower Market, and the Bow-st. Police-station, are the only things left in the world.

THE WORRY WRINKLES.

It is not always age that makes these disagreeable furrows across our foreheads, and round our eyes. There are some grandmothers whose faces have hardly a wrinkle, and some granddaughters whose brows are as seamed as they might be at sixty.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR'S CHOICE.

"I was very sleepy as a cat," The little scholar said, "I would not care to take a nap in any other's bed."

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HAS NO EQUAL.

"From personal experience," says J. O'Reilly, The Rock, N.S.W., "I know the Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is no equal for its immediate relief from the most violent pain."

WY AND HUMOUR.

"He was a beautiful dog," said the visitor, doing her best to offer sympathy. "It must be a real bereavement to have lost him. Can't—can't you take his remains to a taxidermist?"

While the Union troops were marching through a Maryland town during Lee's invasion some of the stragglers broke into a bakery; and as one of them issued forth, bearing a loaf of bread on his bayonet, an Irish soldier cried out, "Liftin' it! Liftin' it! He's jabberin' there goes a man with the staff of life on the point of death."

Farmer Tibbets: "Hang that cow! I always have to club her fore I can make her stand still. Little nephew (from the city): "Is that the one that gives the whipped cream?"

The eye of a little Washington miss was attracted by the sparkle of the dew at early morning. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter I thought it was."

"Look here. The grass is all covered with perspiration."

Two Irishmen met in the market place at Waterford. One seemed in great distress, and the other sympathetically inquired the cause. "Och," was the reply, "my poor son has got wounded in the Transvaal."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the other, "and what part of him might that be?"

"Och, my boy!" said the first, "it's your own son."

"She must be, or she could never understand the language my wife talks to her."

Cause and Effect.—Florrie: "Yes, I sing in the church choir; but there is an awfully small congregation."

Marie: "Then why don't you stop singing?"

Extinguished.—"And you say he is an old flame of yours?"

"He used to be; but he is no longer."

"How is that?"

"Papa came in one day and put him out."

Another Hint.—"I believe you would stand before a mirror all day changing dresses."

Wife: "You don't give me the chance. I have not got the dress to do it."

A gentleman in Ireland having built a large house, was at a loss to do with the rubbish. His steward suggested him to have a pig dug large enough to contain it.

"And what," said the gentleman, "shall I do with the earth which is dug out of the pit?" To which the steward replied, "Have the pig made large enough to hold it all."

"Mrs. Smith's got a dog that likes me," said little Emily, coming home from a visit with her aunt.

"How do you know he likes you?" her mother asked.

"Cause he tasted of me!" answered the little girl.

The servant of a naval commander, an Irishman, one day let a tea-kettle fall into the sea, upon which he ran to his master, "Arrah, an' pass your honour, can anything be said to be lost when you know where it is?"

"Certainly not," replied the officer.

"Why, then, by St. Patrick, the tea-kettle is at the bottom of the sea."

"Helen," said Mr. Whykins, "what's the difference between a woman and an umbrella?"

"The difference," she answered serenely, "is that a man isn't afraid to take an umbrella with him wherever he goes, and that he doesn't try to conceal the fact that it's above him when the real emergency arrives."

Off in His Accounts.—Mrs. Rambo: "Absolom, are you a good accountant?"

Mr. Rambo: "At the office they think I'm somewhat above the average."

Mrs. Rambo: "You couldn't give a very good account of yourself when you came in at three o'clock this morning, that's all."

AN OLD TEAMSTER'S MAXIMS.

As driving a horse is something that almost everyone has to do, even in this day of electricity and steam and bicycles, the proper way to drive is a matter of universal interest, and the following maxims, which are the words of an old driver, will be found good for men as well as for the animals.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

A MARTYR OF FASHION.

The greatest example of martyrdom cited is that of a celebrated actress. Two years ago, driven to desperation by seeing her beauty compromised by the advance of years, she decided to have her skin of her face completely changed. She found doctors who undertook the performance of this strange operation, which extended over seven weeks of uninterrupted suffering.

A WEDDING IN THE LAND OF THE SHAH.

A lady, writing from Tabreez, thus describes a Persian wedding. On the day after my husband's guests here, I arrived at the home of my uncle, where I lived. When I heard of their coming I went away to the vineyard. To appear a little bashful and timid on such occasions is accounted a virtue. I did not return home till the evening, and as I retired to my room, I could see the guests, most of whom were old men, with long, flowing beards, sitting on the floor and talking to each other.

ILL-MATED COUPLES.

Why do so many marriages entail unhappiness? Only one cause to each particular case is it possible to give a definite answer, but there are some general facts that account for marital disagreements. Money and temper are the two chief causes.

FOUR WEDDINGS AND ONE HUSBAND.

One of the most remarkable things I have ever heard of in my life is a woman who has just been married for the fourth time to the same husband. Seventeen years ago, when she was a girl of sixteen, she married him, and after three years they came to the conclusion that their tempers did not accord, so being Americans, they were divorced.

FACTS ABOUT THE HANDS.

Long fingers and short palms denote persons who are apt to worry themselves and others over the most trifling matters. Short-fingered people are impulsive, and seldom enter into detail over anything. They are quick to anger, and their mood is made or lost by a word.

CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation. Tip-toe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discovery, or mystery. Tiresome feet are often found with the misers' walk, and is represented as stooping and noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps.

EVERY-DAY BLESSINGS.

The accustomed things are usually accounted a matter of course. One seldom stops to think of the beating of his heart, which causes the blood to flow through his body, or of the process of breathing, which takes in the oxygen necessary for life.

WINKLES IN THE HEART.

It is not always age that makes these disagreeable wrinkles across our foreheads and around our eyes. There are some grandmothers whose faces have hardly a wrinkle, and some granddaughters whose brows are as wrinkled as they might be at sixty.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Magistrate: "You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What have you to say?" Prisoner: "Habitual thirt, your worship."

LAME BACK.

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and may be cured by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm two or three times a day and rubbing the perspiration out of the pores. But if it does not afford relief, bind on a piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm, and quick relief is almost sure to follow.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM. For Coughs and Colds. It is 28 years' proven efficacy.

WHEN THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN GROWS OLD.

Age sets in indefinitely when the vital force begins to flag. Some men are twenty years younger, both physically and mentally, than other men of the same age. We may take it (says "Health") that a man does not begin at any set and fixed period, but the periods of life, but it is influenced by that subtle agent known as vital force.

POTATOES AND PATHOLOGY.

That "they also serve who only stand and—peel potatoes is the obvious moral of a story told by the great German scientist, Rudolf Virchow. During the Franco-Russian war, a young English girl was visiting the wife of a professor, who helped much to nurse the wounded soldiers.

THE MODERN HINDU.

There is no fallacy more misleading than that which describes the average Modern Hindu as sluggish and inert. The Hindu caste system is becoming more and more a perfect hive of industry, from the looms of the lovely Cashmere uplands, down to the rice and cotton fields of Timbivilly, and the tea, coffee, and opium gardens of the Annamites, the Travancore country and Malabar.

WOULDN'T GIVE DRY BREAD.

An artist who was on a sketching tour, coming upon a piece of scenery that took his fancy, opened his book and began to sketch it. The sketching was done by a farmer and his wife came to the door of the house to watch him.

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CHARACTER IN WALKING.

Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation. Tip-toe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discovery, or mystery. Tiresome feet are often found with the misers' walk, and is represented as stooping and noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps.

EVERY-DAY BLESSINGS.

The accustomed things are usually accounted a matter of course. One seldom stops to think of the beating of his heart, which causes the blood to flow through his body, or of the process of breathing, which takes in the oxygen necessary for life.

WINKLES IN THE HEART.

It is not always age that makes these disagreeable wrinkles across our foreheads and around our eyes. There are some grandmothers whose faces have hardly a wrinkle, and some granddaughters whose brows are as wrinkled as they might be at sixty.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Magistrate: "You are charged with habitual drunkenness. What have you to say?" Prisoner: "Habitual thirt, your worship."

LAME BACK.

This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and may be cured by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm two or three times a day and rubbing the perspiration out of the pores. But if it does not afford relief, bind on a piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm, and quick relief is almost sure to follow.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM. For Coughs and Colds. It is 28 years' proven efficacy.

FENCING AND GATES SAFE STRONG CHEAP. THE "CYCLONE" DROPPER. No. 6 GAL'D WIRE. Cheap and Effective. This Advertisement is but a Sample of what we are offering. Send us for Catalogues. "CYCLONE" WOVEN WIRE FENCE AND GATE CO. FRANKLIN STREET MELBOURNE.

TRUTH UNVARNISHED! No Fairy Tales Needed. The Case of Mr. J. BROOKE. (By a Special Reporter.) How many people are there in Glenferrie who have not heard the story of a poor fellow who was to be married to a rich girl, but who was to be disappointed by the girl's father's death.

LAXATIVE NEW IDEAL PURGATIVE For all Liver, Kidney and Hemorrhoid Troubles. Recommended by the World's Best Physicians. All Chemists and Store-keepers. LAXATIVE 1s. MANUFACTURED BY THE LAXATIVE CO. LTD. PER BOX. BUDAPEST HUNGARY V. DRUMMOND-STREET.

LAST DAYS! LAST DAYS! FOR A CHANCE TO WIN £1,000 FOR 1s. £1,000 (NET VALUE). Melbourne & Hours' Art Union. Acknowledged to be one of the most genuine of all the Art Unions ever held.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases. Applicants for leases within the district covered by The Riponshire Advocate are invited to peruse the following notice. 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 no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed.

DRUIDS' 37th Annual GALA AND ART UNION. Exhibition Building, Melbourne, EASTER SATURDAY & MONDAY (APRIL 22 & 24). GOLDEN PRIZE, £1,000. SILVER PRIZE, £500. BRONZE PRIZE, £250. 1st Prize, value £1,000. 2nd Prize, value £500. 3rd Prize, value £250. 4th Prize, value £125.

CONSTITUTION. For constipation, there is nothing quite so nice as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels without any disagreeable effect. For sale by J. R. WORTHESPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Railway Time-Table. The following is the local railway timetable:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Traralgon at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.25, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Bunung at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.59). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Beaufort to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Bunung at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20). A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell every week day at 6.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m.) and leaving at 6.55 a.m., and every week day at 5.15 p.m., Burrambool at 6.9, Traralgon at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Bunung at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Beaufort, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Bunung, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Traralgon, 8.50; Burrambool, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m., runs every week day.

STATUTORY DECLARATION. I, JAMES BARON, of 105 Glenferrie-road, Glenferrie, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and devoutly declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and conscientiously believe the same to be true and correct, and that 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, in that behalf made, and for the purposes of the said Act.

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. Bunung—9 a.m., 4th Monday. Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday. Carungah—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday. Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday. Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday. Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Tuesday. Snytheedale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday. Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD (LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS), Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents, BEAUFORT, ARARAT, and PITFHELD. MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer. MONEY TO LEND. AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE STATE OF VICTORIA. Every attention, and prompt returns. W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

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Advertisement for a business or service, including contact information and details. Includes text like 'A. H. S. Cabinet Makers and Mctur' and 'A well-assorted Timber, Picture and Window Glass'.

WHEN WINTER'S WINDS WHISTLE... BE WELL GLAD... WINTER SHOW OF DRAPERY... IS NOW ON AT COUGLE'S.

Entirely New and Fashionable Goods at the most reasonable prices. IN MILLINERY we have the popular Decorative lines. We give you Style, Exclusiveness, Workmanship. Our prices are moderate.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER, HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 18th May, 1905. Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manures.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT. The above Hostelry 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.

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

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RICHARDS & CO'S, PHOTOGRAPHERS OF BEAUFORT. We take two distinct positions of each sitter.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

Religious Services, SUNDAY, 30th APRIL, 1905. Church of England—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

THE Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1905.

A good deal of the other side as regards land settlement in West Australia is now being placed before Victorian farmers and agriculturists, who might have been induced to form the opinion that the distant fields were verily green, after listening to the West Australian Government's land lectures and digesting the alluringly promising pamphlets.

The monthly meeting of the Riponshire Council takes place on Monday next. Ten new are invited to our advertising columns for special contracts.

It is notified elsewhere that the 510 and 515 p.m. trains, Beaufort to Beaufort, will run respectively on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

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The Beaufort friends of Mr George Thomas, miller, of Ballarat, will regret to hear that he is lying seriously ill at his residence, Elphinstone-street, Ballarat.

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PHOSPHOL EMULSION. A Very Valuable Remedy for DISEASES OF THE CHEST, WINKERS COMPLAINT & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

Political Labor Conference.

PLATFORM FURTHER AMENDED. LEGISLATION ASKED FOR. The annual conference of delegates representing the organizations forming the Political Labor Council of Victoria met on Easter Monday from 8 a.m. till after 11 p.m., when it completed its consideration of the suggested resolutions of the platform and other propositions submitted by the different branches.

Mr W. Dickson, P.M., is at present on annual leave, and his duties are being carried out by Mr H. M. Murphy, P.M. In the sugar districts of Queensland in 1902 there were 1521 growers, employing only white labor, who had a total of 36,083 acres under cultivation.

Mr T. E. Sande, a Beaufort sportsman shooting under the name of "Owen," against 20 others, at the Coleridge Club's big game match of £100 on Saturday, was the victor, having killed thirteen ducks and two geese.

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Bonnington's Irish Moss. The Universal Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, and Whooping Cough.

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DIANA'S INHERITANCE.

OR THE LOST PROOFS OF HER BIRTHRIGHT.

BY HEDLEY RICHARDS.

Author of "Time, the Avenger," "The Haings of Hillcrest," Etc., Etc.

PART 3.

"Of course, after that Beatrice was acknowledged as heiress. But she had not a happy life; her three children died, and she only outlived them a few years. Clarence Youville did not marry again, but he lived a very fast life. I don't think Lord Avondale ever felt quite sure that his son had married Miss Cairne, but I have always believed that he did. Of course the maid may have been paid by Beatrice to tell the tale she did; she was quite capable of doing a great deal to inherit the estate."

"Is that how it came to be Lord Avondale's heir?" said Lord Avondale. "Yes, you are the nearest kin after Beatrice, unless Lionel left a child," replied his mother.

"We won't anticipate such a contingency. But we will examine these papers after dinner; it is now time to dress," he said as he sauntered out of the room.

It happened that Mrs. Russel had forgotten that Royce, her maid, who was rather inquisitive, was in the adjoining room unpacking. The latter had noticed that her mistress had been disturbed about the contents of the little bag that had been left by mistake; therefore when Mrs. Russel began discussing the matter with her son, Royce had her ear to the keyhole of the door leading into the dressing room and did not miss a word of what she had just finished putting all in order before the conversation she was able to slip downstairs and appear in answer to her mistress's bell.

"Now mother, where is that bag with the wonderful contents?" said Royce following his mother into the dressing room.

"I'll fetch it," said Mrs. Russel, and she went upstairs, reappearing in a few minutes with the bag. Seating herself on the lounge at one side of the fireplace, she made room for her son beside her.

"Behind this lounge is a door that was kept locked. I remember that it has been a small passage leading into the adjoining room; this space was now unused, and formed a capacious cupboard. Royce, who was determined to know the contents of the parcel, had hidden herself in there, and kneeling down, listened attentively."

"I should have mentioned that the diamond and the certificate of marriage came with the letter; the one I enclosed in this parcel, the other I shall give you some day. Your grandfather is Lord Avondale of Avondale Hall, near Brougham, Yorkshire."

"I wonder why I have not taken steps to secure your rights, but when the news came you were but fifteen, and I knew there was no need to hurry—the estate could not run away. I was satisfied that my daughter had been honourably married, and I resolved to finish my book on antiquities before I placed the matter in a solicitor's hands."

"Perhaps it is foolish to write this, but something impels me. Your affectionate grandfather, John Kenneth Cairne."

"I was right; the girl is Lionel's daughter," exclaimed Mrs. Russel. "Well, you needn't let all the world know it," said her son, impatiently. "But she must have her rights," said his mother.

"Do you want me to be a mere nobody—a poor man all my days? My dear mother this girl had not been brought up to expect this inheritance and she won't miss it; but if I lose it now, by heaven, I promise you I will send me to the devil. Frounce, you will let the matter rest," he said imploringly.

"But, Martin, it would be dishonest and I resist to finish my book on antiquities before I placed the matter in a solicitor's hands."

"She will never miss it. Surely, mother, your hand is not going to strike me this blow?"

"His words moved her strangely. He had been a good son though she had not a good man, and she thought she could not be the one to deprive him of his inheritance."

"I won't say a word but no doubt the papers will be advertised for," she said.

"You won't have them, for I shall burn them. The girl evidently does not know the contents, as the seals had not been broken; so there is no danger of my being ousted. But I must go now; to-morrow I must see you and then burn them. Meanwhile lock the papers in the desk in your dressing room. They will be quite safe till morning, as no one knows of their existence, so there is no danger of their being tampered with; and as he spoke he went to the door and locked it. "After all, I think I had better leave them in the bag, and lock it in a drawer."

"I happen to have lost my heart to Katherine Spender. Of course if I were to marry her, I should be obliged to leave this estate I should choose the former."

"Unless the papers turn up it would be the wisest thing you could do; and even if we find them there, it will always be the danger of the truth being told, so you would do well to marry her, and let her be the one to take care of you."

"We shall see," was the quiet reply.

"A fortnight elapsed, and Royce, who had spent a few days at home after leaving the hospital, was able to return. Mrs. Russel hailed her coming with joy. She had found the household quiet, and very efficient. Moreover she was anxious to discover if Royce had stolen the papers."

"It is a comfort to have you back, but you will have to take care of yourself; you don't look at all well," she said, as her maid handed her a handkerchief as she went down to her room.

"I'm well, considering all things, ma'am. Did you say you were going into the country, ma'am?" she added.

"Yes; I'm going to stay at Avondale Hall. I've not felt very well, and the air suits me. No doubt it will do you good; of course I shall take you with me. Probably Mr. Martin will come soon after we get there."

"Yes, ma'am; it's a good thing the air suits you as the Hall will belong to Mr. Martin some day," said Royce, looking sharply at her.

"Of course my son will marry so he will not make much difference to me; then she left the room and Royce began putting away her mistress's things. At present she had not decided whether she was going to make terms with Lord Avondale or hand the papers to Mrs. Martin on condition that she received a pension as a deposit on her share of the estate, and she was in a place of safety and she felt the said anything to her. She had declined to think they would pay the best, because if she handed the papers to her, she would be ruined, whereas it was doubtful if the former would concede the news that he had a granddaughter. It was quite evident that her best policy would be to wait."

"On arriving at home she had a long chat with her sister, who acted as housekeeper to her father, then while the former was in the kitchen giving the servant a few instructions she slipped upstairs to a spare sheet of brown paper, she climbed on a chair and put them on top of a wardrobe where it was not likely they would be disturbed for a long time as the room was seldom used. When she went downstairs and spent a pleasant hour with her sister, leaving soon after dinner, she had to do by four o'clock. Having finished her shopping she was crossing the road, intending to take a short cut, when she was stopped by a man who was not far from where the Russels lived when she was a child. It was a horse that had become restive. The driver pulled up and she was policemen, aided by a gentleman who was close at hand, and as she remained unconscious she was taken to the nearest hospital."

"Now, Royce, never stayed out beyond her time so that when five o'clock came and she did not appear, Mrs. Russel sought her son and told him that she was beginning to feel seriously uneasy."

"Confound it, for she it is who must have taken those papers," said Martin in an anxious tone.

"A couple of hours elapsed and she was still missing, and she felt it useless thinking of going out that evening, but it was not until nearly nine o'clock that they heard anything of the missing maid; then her sister came to tell them that Royce had been in an accident, and was lying unconscious in the hospital."

"Doctors did not think she was seriously injured, but it would take a little while to recover from the slight concussion of the brain."

"I suppose your sister didn't happen to have brought a parcel of papers with her? I have lost some, and wondered if by any chance she had taken them by mistake," she said.

"No, ma'am. My sister is most exact. I don't think it likely she would make such a mistake, and she replied; and both mother and son felt assured she knew nothing of the missing papers. After her departure Mrs. Russel contrived to search her maid's room, but with no result. A couple of days later Martin entered the drawing room with a daily paper in his hand, and read the following advertisement:

"'Will the lady who travelled on March 30 from Holyhead to Chester return the bag containing the papers which was left by mistake? On hearing from her the advertiser will return the bag she took, containing vinaigrette, eyeglasses, Address D.V., Post Office, Bromhead, Yorkshire.'"

"'Brother! Why that is the little town near Lord Avondale's place is it not?' exclaimed Mrs. Russel; and her face was gleamingly bright."

"Yes; the plot thickens. I expect Miss Cairne has gone there intending to lay these papers before Lord Avondale, but having lost them she is now at home, and she is both in regard to her and to the case of the best-laid plans of men and mice," said Martin in a sarcastic voice.

"Oh, Martin, don't joke about it. Recall that a position we are in," said his mother sternly. "I don't see that we are in any great danger unless the papers find their way into his hands, when you can absolutely deny that there were any papers in the bag; you can admit taking the bag; it seems to me the best thing would be for you to go to Avondale Hall; then you will discover if this girl is in the neighbourhood, saying you are not feeling well, and she will be glad to see you, and ask whether it would be convenient to receive you. I don't think he cares much for either of us, but he is too polite to refuse your return, and she will be glad to see you. 'If I meet the girl she will know me,' replied his mother. 'Of course she will, and you must express regret for the loss of the papers. Say the bag was empty when you opened it. Altogether you must do your best to get some sympathy and get to know what she is after.' Mrs. Russel looked troubled.

"I don't like to do it," she said; then her face brightened. "You must come to Avondale and make your own inquiries. I won't matter at all, but she's a lovely girl, you couldn't do better."

"I happen to have lost my heart to Katherine Spender. Of course if I were to marry her, I should be obliged to leave this estate I should choose the former."

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"Yes; I'm going to stay at Avondale Hall. I've not felt very well, and the air suits me. No doubt it will do you good; of course I shall take you with me. Probably Mr. Martin will come soon after we get there."

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"Of course my son will marry so he will not make much difference to me; then she left the room and Royce began putting away her mistress's things. At present she had not decided whether she was going to make terms with Lord Avondale or hand the papers to Mrs. Martin on condition that she received a pension as a deposit on her share of the estate, and she was in a place of safety and she felt the said anything to her. She had declined to think they would pay the best, because if she handed the papers to her, she would be ruined, whereas it was doubtful if the former would concede the news that he had a granddaughter. It was quite evident that her best policy would be to wait."

"On arriving at home she had a long chat with her sister, who acted as housekeeper to her father, then while the former was in the kitchen giving the servant a few instructions she slipped upstairs to a spare sheet of brown paper, she climbed on a chair and put them on top of a wardrobe where it was not likely they would be disturbed for a long time as the room was seldom used. When she went downstairs and spent a pleasant hour with her sister, leaving soon after dinner, she had to do by four o'clock. Having finished her shopping she was crossing the road, intending to take a short cut, when she was stopped by a man who was not far from where the Russels lived when she was a child. It was a horse that had become restive. The driver pulled up and she was policemen, aided by a gentleman who was close at hand, and as she remained unconscious she was taken to the nearest hospital."

"Now, Royce, never stayed out beyond her time so that when five o'clock came and she did not appear, Mrs. Russel sought her son and told him that she was beginning to feel seriously uneasy."

"Confound it, for she it is who must have taken those papers," said Martin in an anxious tone.

"A couple of hours elapsed and she was still missing, and she felt it useless thinking of going out that evening, but it was not until nearly nine o'clock that they heard anything of the missing maid; then her sister came to tell them that Royce had been in an accident, and was lying unconscious in the hospital."

"Doctors did not think she was seriously injured, but it would take a little while to recover from the slight concussion of the brain."

"I suppose your sister didn't happen to have brought a parcel of papers with her? I have lost some, and wondered if by any chance she had taken them by mistake," she said.

"No, ma'am. My sister is most exact. I don't think it likely she would make such a mistake, and she replied; and both mother and son felt assured she knew nothing of the missing papers. After her departure Mrs. Russel contrived to search her maid's room, but with no result. A couple of days later Martin entered the drawing room with a daily paper in his hand, and read the following advertisement:

"'Will the lady who travelled on March 30 from Holyhead to Chester return the bag containing the papers which was left by mistake? On hearing from her the advertiser will return the bag she took, containing vinaigrette, eyeglasses, Address D.V., Post Office, Bromhead, Yorkshire.'"

"'Brother! Why that is the little town near Lord Avondale's place is it not?' exclaimed Mrs. Russel; and her face was gleamingly bright."

"Yes; the plot thickens. I expect Miss Cairne has gone there intending to lay these papers before Lord Avondale, but having lost them she is now at home, and she is both in regard to her and to the case of the best-laid plans of men and mice," said Martin in a sarcastic voice.

"I don't like to do it," she said; then her face brightened. "You must come to Avondale and make your own inquiries. I won't matter at all, but she's a lovely girl, you couldn't do better."

"I happen to have lost my heart to Katherine Spender. Of course if I were to marry her, I should be obliged to leave this estate I should choose the former."

"Unless the papers turn up it would be the wisest thing you could do; and even if we find them there, it will always be the danger of the truth being told, so you would do well to marry her, and let her be the one to take care of you."

"We shall see," was the quiet reply.

"A fortnight elapsed, and Royce, who had spent a few days at home after leaving the hospital, was able to return. Mrs. Russel hailed her coming with joy. She had found the household quiet, and very efficient. Moreover she was anxious to discover if Royce had stolen the papers."

"It is a comfort to have you back, but you will have to take care of yourself; you don't look at all well," she said, as her maid handed her a handkerchief as she went down to her room.

"I'm well, considering all things, ma'am. Did you say you were going into the country, ma'am?" she added.

"Yes; I'm going to stay at Avondale Hall. I've not felt very well, and the air suits me. No doubt it will do you good; of course I shall take you with me. Probably Mr. Martin will come soon after we get there."

"Yes, ma'am; it's a good thing the air suits you as the Hall will belong to Mr. Martin some day," said Royce, looking sharply at her.

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OLD SHOES AND NEW GOLD.

Can old shoes recover gold? Even the old alchemists, spite their beliefs in the possibilities of the Philosopher's Stone, would have scoffed at the idea of such a question. Yet the circumstance is almost a commonplace of present-day chemical engineering.

A great part of the world's supply of gold is recovered from its solution in cyanide of potassium, which has for its basis potassium cyanide, which is prepared by boiling together carbonate of potash, iron filings, and old shoes, clipped into fragments. Of course it does not follow that all prussiate of potassium comes from such a source. At one time much of it did, but other animal material such as horns, hoofs, or hides, may serve as well as shoes; whilst cyanide of potassium itself is recoverable as a by-product from blast-furnaces, as well as otherwise.

Without this additional source of supply, the demand for cyanide for gold production could not have been met, since the introduction of the process upon a practical scale about seventeen years ago.

To most people the gold recovery seems simple enough. You find a river bed with the metal present, and wash it out, as the miners of '49 in California and the early prospectors at Colorado did, with "cradles." That may be right for alluvial, or surface working, but for the hard rock, all back upon silver, even for gold, it depended upon these for gold.

At present it may be questioned whether 5 per cent. of the total production comes from them. Gold-mining now means delving deep into the earth, and recovering the precious stuff out, along with stones, often a deal dirtier and more prosaic-looking than coal. Its looks do not matter greatly, but unfortunately, much of such ore is what is termed refractory, that is, you may crush it and wash it, and you may even leach it, without inducing it to give up its gold contents sufficiently to pay you for your labour. Therefore, it came about that, until cyanide appeared, many mines were pitching away into the sea a great deal more of the material they were recovering from the material they were recovering. It says showed that the metal was there, but the proprietors had only great piles of rubbish to show for it. Nothing could have been more aggravating—until the chemical engineers came to the rescue.

Cyanide of potassium, being first cousin to prussic acid, is not a pretty poison to play with, but someone—the exact person is in dispute—discovered that gold was soluble in it. The rest was merely a matter of degree. The cyanide was used to process the refractory ores. The "refractory" ore to be treated is usually put first through the stamp battery to reduce to a size convenient for treatment. It is then tipped into wooden tanks, commonly what are called "leaches," in which the sludge of huge barrels, some of which are fixed. When these tanks are partially filled, a solution containing usually from a quarter to a half per cent. of cyanide is piped into them, and allowed to fill them up to the top, being kept from running out by a tap at the bottom of each tank. After the ore has been thoroughly saturated this tap is slightly opened and the solution is allowed to escape, carrying the gold which it has picked out from a leach tank. The latter is then where water is available in sufficient quantities, swept out of the tanks by a sluice in their sides.

Where water cannot be spared the waste ore must be dug from the tanks to prepare them for the next leaching.

Meanwhile, the solution has run off with the gold through the canvas filters. But, however poetical it sounds to talk of liquid gold, such a fluid has comparatively small value, and is held in the grip of a deadly poison, and it is necessary to rescue the metal from its clutches. This is accomplished by passing the solution through boxes filled with particles of zinc, preferably in the form of shavings, as such a shape offers the greatest extent of surface upon which the gold forms as a dark brown precipitate.

The zinc shavings are stirred occasionally to free them from this precipitate that thereupon falls through the boxes, with which the bottom of the leach tank is lined, and into another compartment, from whence it is carefully gathered as necessary.

It is then washed to free it from certain foreign matters, and roasted, after drying, to throw off any zinc which may be attached. When the residue is smelted—usually in plumbago, and smelted along with a flux composed of borax and soda—and the resulting metal is bullion averaging 95 per cent. pure gold. Some is left a amongst the zinc, but it is a very small proportion of the total, and its extraction, once in six months or so, constitutes the "clean up" of the gold mining reports.

How much of the whole of the world's gold output is thus recovered is difficult to say, but probably at least one-third is recovered available through treatment with poison procurable from old hoots and shoes.—A. Wallie, in "The Weekly Telegraph."

THE FRANKS OF SCIENCE.

PECULIAR CONJECTURES. SUGGESTED BY SOME AMAZING RESULTS.

Are the world and its occupants undergoing a process of transformation? Some amazing results recently accomplished by well-known scientists suggest that they are, and that the long expected miracle of the ages has begun, opening up a vista of evolution by human will that is simply staggering to the imagination.

Among the many things of vast ultimate significance (Professor Garrett P. Serviss points out in the "New York Journal") the beginnings of this transformation have been effected quietly and so suddenly that the world at large has been virtually unaware of what was happening.

On a farm at California, near Santa Rosa, one Luther Burbank has in the past few years caused new fruits, new flowers, new vegetables, to spring up under his hands, as if by the touch of a magical wand. At first the few who knew of his achievements were incredulous. But now the eyes of science have been widely opened, and Luther Burbank has been formally recognized as a modern wizard, and the stamp of the great Carnegie Institution has been put upon his work. He is to receive a subsidy of £2,000 a year for 10 years in succession, in order that he may devote all his skill, knowledge and time to the production of new forms of vegetable life.

And he is not entirely alone in his work, although he is unquestionably the leader. In France men have been pushing in the same line, and have succeeded in bringing forth new plant forms, the creation of which a few centuries ago would have caused the man who performed such wonders to be regarded as a supernatural being.

And on top of this comes a still greater wonder. The rebricated Professor Jacques Loeb, who two or three years ago astonished everybody by fertilizing the eggs of sea urchins and other creatures by artificial means, announces that he has succeeded in creating new species of animals, such as starfish, jellyfish, and producing from these creatures entirely new to the living world. This is a thing which has been regarded as utterly beyond the bounds of possibility.

CALIFORNIA WIZARD'S DISCOVERIES. The experiments of Professor Loeb are (says Professor Serviss) still in the incipient stage. He seems but to have put his hand upon the secret, and is not feeling cautiously, tentatively, and in a half-hearted way, cannot tell to what he may be led. But, at any rate, the beginning has been made, and the possibility of putting two unlike creatures together and blending them into a new creature, unlike both the original ones, has been demonstrated.

With the other branch of this thaumaturgic handling of life the case is different, simply because it has been pushed further on. Some of the things done by Burbank seem simply and purely natural, yet the evidences of their reality lie before us. Take a large, sweet, delicious seedless orange, for example. It is a contradiction of nature, yet it lies on our breakfast table, and gives us the very best idea of the possibilities of fruit.

Take again the marvellous white blackberry which Burbank has produced. From the rough, sour Lawson berry he has developed a great juicy fruit, as white as snow! It is virtually a new creation, a fresh device of nature, and something which nature has refused us, and which could only have been dreamed of until on that California farm suddenly it was brought into actual existence. It is a product of the creative imagination as much as a poem or a novel, and as such it is, "Let this thing be," and so.

The same is true of the long list of other new kinds of fruits, plants, and flowers that Burbank and a few others have produced. He has made the act of producing piercing spines and become a more formidable and beautiful member of the plant kingdom; he has produced many new kinds of apples, peaches, plums, and nuts, all larger, sweeter, more delicate than those made by nature and deprived of many of the objectionable peculiarities of the natural product; he has made lilies and roses grow to a gigantic size, and improved the splendour of their colours and the fragrance of their perfume; his possibilities of development are legion, and he is only beginning to scratch the surface of them.

A French experimenter has succeeded in producing a radish as big as a potato, mealy, nutritious, with a novel and delightful flavour, and deprived of the tongue-stinging quality of the natural product. One of Burbank's latest novelties is a flower of magnificent hue which never fades. Let a year in a dry room, its colours are as bright as when it flourished on its stem.

QUEER ANIMALS OF THE FUTURE.

What is true of plant life applies to the animal kingdom as well. Professor Loeb and others are evidently working upon the key which will unlock this mystery.

We already know what can be done with domestic animals. The highest authorities in the world agree that equal miracles can be effected in the transformation of man himself. In breeding and crossing lies the secret. It took nature perhaps millions of years to change the world from the aspect it bore in the Age of the Great Reptiles to that it has to-day. Apparently lies in the power of man, guided by his imagination and by science, to produce perhaps within a few centuries, a change in the face of the world and in his living races as complete as any ever known.

There are two great stages in the production of tobacco. The first begins with the seed, but into the ground, and ends when the leaves are compressed into heads. The second begins when the heads are broken from about the solid mass of leaf, and ends when the finished article is offered for sale. In each of these stages there are many processes at which we must briefly glance.

The seed is sown in well-purified soil early in spring. If in a cold country, in a hot-bed—or, at least, in ground well warmed by generous manuring—so soon as the seedlings or green plants, like plants which appear which they do in about a week, they make rapid progress if not destroyed by the frost. In seven or eight weeks they are as large as crock pieces; now they are ready for transplanting.

The plants are allowed about three square feet each, so that about 1,600 plants go to the acre. The yield of leaves is generally about 800lb to 900lb.

The tobacco plant grows rapidly, and it is the leaves that are wanted, it requires care in picking. The stem is nipped off with the fingers, and thus stems and flower-buds are removed when necessary, that all the strength may go into the leaves. The leaves are three degrees of strength. The middle leaves are strongest, the top leaves are the weakest, and the upper leaves are the strongest. They are then gathered, and the upper leaf having now all the sap to themselves. Thus an equable crop can be obtained.

The tobacco farm must be kept free from weeds, and the crop watched continually. Thus it costs money to raise. And, again, a crop of tobacco exhausts the ground more than any other.

CURING TOBACCO. Next comes curing. The leaves should be wholly or partially dried. In cold countries they are hung up in sheds, and dried by artificial heat. They have next to be sweated, and are laid on the floor of the drying shed, and covered with matting. The leaves become warm and moist. They are frequently turned. After seven or eight weeks of this treatment, the leaves become of a warm, brown colour. Then comes the fermentation—one of the most important processes of all, as on its being properly carried out the flavour of the tobacco depends.

During the fermenting process—which we cannot describe in detail—the leaves are occasionally dressed. Some use cider, some weak acids, or very weak brandy and water, but the various dressings are trade secrets.

When dry enough, the leaves are packed in hogsheads 44ft. high, holding about 1,000lb each. The tobacco is pressed down by power, so that it becomes almost a solid mass.

THE SECOND STAGE. The tobacco now passes into the hands of the manufacturer. A hogshead of good tobacco is worth about £25, to which must be added the duty. In the factories the casing is removed, and the mass broken up into cakes, and ravelled out into leaves once more.

Wetting down is the first factory process. This is carried on in a cool cellar, where the leaves are tossed about and gently sprinkled with water until they become equally soft and elastic, like a kid glove. Two days are generally devoted to wetting. The middle stem of the leaf is now torn away, if this has not been previously done. This is termed "stripping." The leaves are now ready for the cutting machine. They are piled in the trough of the cutter, and turned under the rollers, compressed, and cut under the knife, and shears the tobacco into shavings. These a revolving drum carries forward. Some brands of the tobacco are now ready for sale, and are packed direct from the cutting machine; others have to be stored, and cured under the knife, and next spread on hot gas, and exposed to an air current.

SPINNING TOBACCO. For this the well-damped leaves go first to the spinning machine. They are shaped into continuous rope, pass under rollers, are wound on a spindle, and revolved, and are thus spun into a compact rope. Next the rope is spun into service, the coils, forming the well-known circular cakes from which the tobacco is cut for retail sale. It is when being spun that the spinner oils the machine, and the oil and 25 per cent. of water is used for pipe tobacco. This brief sketch will give the reader some idea, though but an imperfect one, of the amount of work necessary before he can fill his pipe.

NO SILVER ABOUT IT. A commercial traveller, who owned a very handsome gold snuff-box, of which he was inordinately proud, was one day seated in a railway carriage, where there were several men.

After a short conversation with them he took the snuffbox from his pocket, and handed it round to all present, with the exception of the Frenchman whom he thought was asleep.

But the Frenchman, not wishing to lose his pinch, said politely: "Will you please, monsieur."

The traveller looked very angrily at him, and said: "It's all pure gold, every bit of it."

The first expedition to the South Pole took place in 1567.

LONDON CLOCK TOWER HANDERS.

To every great clock on public buildings is attached a staff of at least two men; day and night, men. One or other of the men, too, is always on the tower, for the clanking, regulating, and general tending must be ceaseless to ensure absolute cleanliness and appearance and accuracy of record.

The lighting arrangements alone keep the men on the alert, for any failure in the due illumination of a large clock, even for a few minutes, usually causes an outcry.

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PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH



CHAPTER VI.

It was daybreak before I recovered from my fright, cleaned my clothes of the blood and dirt and returned to my quarters in the barn. John was not up yet, and when he finally came...

"You're always lucky. Now, if that had been me I'd tramped all the way an' never met a soul unless it was somebody to hold me up."

"I never have been in any of the stables, not in any of the barns, not in any of the houses entered since then."

"That's true," I reflected aloud. "Not at all. We expect the robbers any night here, an' that's why the servants all threaten to leave."

"John, I've got to make some change here," he said. "My butler has become frightened over the recent robbery and won't stay, and the rest of the servants are in arms too."

"Who's that coming, William?" he asked. "Miss Stetson, sir, and I think the man they call Dr. Squires. I've never met him, but from what John said I judge it is."

"Thank you, William," he answered. "The change will be agreeable to me. You will have quite a responsible position, and I will have to trust much to your honesty and tact until this burglar scare passes away."

"Certainly," he said, without hesitation. "How else could the robbery be committed with such success? Why, have you any reason to believe otherwise?"

He looked sharply at me, and my eyes wandered from his as I answered: "No, except that I believe a gang could not operate as successfully as one good skilled professional robber."

"That's the man of my business," laughed the doctor. "He exacts a fee for everything he gives. He won't even ride with us, Miss Belle, unless we swear to return and lunch with him."

"I could not hear the replies as they moved into the parlor, but I knew enough to convince me that my master was very sensitive about his jealousy of the doctor, and that not even to me would he admit it."

"I don't know that I sometimes fancy—I've seen your face somewhere before—that is, before you came into my employment."

"What sort of servants do you have here, Charles?" he broke out savagely when the dressing filtered down from his coat sleeve and the floor.

"By the way, Charles, you spoke of a friend of yours having a couple of Dane hounds for sale. Can I secure them for a nominal price?"

"No, certainly not. I attended them last week, and they had the best of it. You have two of the finest Danes I ever saw."

"You don't think he poisoned them?" asked Miss Stetson. "No, certainly not. I attended them last week, and they had the best of it. You have two of the finest Danes I ever saw."

make my word good you must get ready and go." "Well, I hadn't thought of going out this morning, but I will accompany you if you will both agree to come back here and take lunch."

"William, I want you to take a note for me around to Dr. Squires. I cannot keep my appointment with him this morning."

"I do not feel like writing," he said a moment later. "You can take a verbal message, William, can't you?"

"I simply bowed my head and made no comment." "And as modest as intelligent," he added, with a faint sign of a smile.

"Do you know that I sometimes fancy—I've seen your face somewhere before—that is, before you came into my employment."

"What sort of servants do you have here, Charles?" he broke out savagely when the dressing filtered down from his coat sleeve and the floor.

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about a week after the occurrence just related I was called into my master's room. He had not yet risen from his bed, and I knew by the pallor of his face that he was not as well as usual.

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"This time my proposition was accepted. The man shook his head affirmatively, pointed to the chair and then cautiously opened the door. I stepped in and made a move to take the seat, but I had no intention of staying in the hall after once gaining an entrance."

"Who is it that Charles has sent?" I stepped to the doorway and replied: "In his butler, but this copper colored servant of yours refused to admit me. I had to force myself in."

"I turned my back on the two and started for the door, but the words of the doctor called me back. He had perfectly recovered himself and had been waiting for a servant over a trivial matter."

"Come, come, don't get buffy," he said pleasantly. "Your sudden entrance annoyed me, that's all. What is the message that your master sends?"

"I looked at him through a pair of eyeglasses, his dark, searching eyes taking in every part of me, and for the first time since I felt uncomfortable under close scrutiny."

"Let me see. You are the man who spilled the salad dressing over me, aren't you?" He laughed heartily, as if the incident amused him.

"Well, well, this is the second time you have given me offense," he added finally. "Look out for the time being. I might not let you off so easily."

"I made the delivery of the message as gracefully as possible, while he was studying me to no particular purpose I was critically examining everything for a definite end."

"When I finally left, I had a pretty clear impression of most of the articles in the room. It was decorated and furnished in true oriental style. Sinks and rugs were scattered over the floor; tea-kettles and desks, looking like wood with miniature elephants of the same wood, were standing in corners and in the middle of the office; sandalwood ornaments, peacock feathers made into exquisite fans, Bagdad curtains and couches, Benares bronzes and spears and shields were placed in various nooks and corners to give the effect of an eastern scene."

CUPID'S DARTS. HIS GIRL. Her eyes are lovely; I won't tell. What her love-loveliness may show; Her braided hair becomes her well; In colour like—but ah, no! no! This is my secret—red or brown, It is the prettiest hair in town.

The Devil's Demise. By Snowden King. TWO HOURS ago Otis Macmanara had received the disappointment of his life—a woman's "no!"

He had been tramping the streets of Louisville ever since, smoking a number of cigars and wondering what he should do with the rest of his life.

Common sense kept whispering that Grace Langdon was not the only woman in the world, and that he, Macmanara, was young, handsome, and another time, and he knew it would keep to that same tune until life was put away.

"Did you speak to me?" Macmanara asked of a gray shadow leaning against a lamp-post. "I said it is warm in my home."

Macmanara laughed. "There is nothing so very novel in that fact, my good fellow; there are millions of homes tonight as warm as the tropics, in spite of the weather outside—my own, for instance, to which I am going now."

"Are you going?" It was not the question only; the voice had a soft, chanting cadence that fascinated Macmanara. "Well, yes, I am sure I shall start for home as soon as my car turns the corner."

"And I am as equally certain you will go with me." "Since you are so sure of it, will you tell me the name of the woman who has?"

Macmanara listened somewhat eagerly for the answer which came without hesitation. "I am the Devil."

a place where the rocks shelved over the bank it stopped suddenly. The Devil whistled, waited a moment then whistled three times in rapid succession. It seemed to Macmanara that the whole side of the cliff opened to them and gave forth a Night so dazzling in its brightness that he had to close his eyes. The Devil picked him up and carried him into a richly furnished room and put him down on a couch piled with cushions. There were ribbons, lace, satins and silks, in chairs, on tables, everywhere in elegant profusion and confusion, but what impressed Macmanara most and what he could hardly take his eyes from was a table in the center of the room on which was piled, as generously as pebbles on the beach, every known gem. Diamonds, rubies, opals and pearls threw a shade over their smaller sisters and tried hard to outshine each other in their fascinating glow and glitter.

"My angels are out to-night on other missions, but I shall do my best to entertain you, and shall be more sorry than I can say if I fail, and the Devil bowed courteously to his guest.

While he was speaking he placed a diamond scarf and opal ring on the table. They immediately began to sparkle a challenge to their rivals. What a familiar look they had on Macmanara's face! The Devil drew a chair close to the couch, picked up a guitar, and the last thing Macmanara remembered was hearing a rich tenor voice singing a popular melody.

The next morning when Macmanara awoke he was in his own room. The fire in the grate was burning cheerily, and through the open door he could see his valet preparing his bath. Outside the sun was shining brightly, taking away the snow as fast as it had fallen the night before.

"What a dream!" Macmanara thought, as he sprang out of bed. His clothes were hanging on the back of a chair, and there were dry rivulets where they had dripped the melted snow. He went through his pockets and his face fell. Yesterday he had drawn \$2,000 from the bank, having in his hand to go as far from Louisville as the money would take him. This morning there was not a dollar in his pocket—not even the little pearl-handled knife he had carried for years.

When he went down to breakfast his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, looked beyond him after saying good morning, evidently expecting to greet some one else. "How mistaken one can be, Otis," she said. "I expected you to bring company down to breakfast this morning, for when I heard you come home last night I was sure some one was with you."

"Maybe there was, and maybe there wasn't. What would you say, aunt, if I were to tell you I don't know?" "If you were anyone else but Otis Macmanara, I would say you were drunk, but as you are Otis I shall say you are poking fun at your old aunt."

When the papers were brought in Macmanara glanced over the headline of the Courier-Journal, as was his custom, and the following fastened his eyes: "AT THE MORGUE." Found drowned in the river at two o'clock this morning, the body of a young man of medium size, fair complexion and a blond mustache. A lace handkerchief marked "Grace" of the man that was found in the dead man's pockets.

"That's the Devil!" and with the exclamation Macmanara rushed for his hat and overcoat, leaving his aunt staring at him with open mouth. "Yes," the morgue keeper replied to Macmanara's eager questions, "the poor fellow was brought here at an early hour this morning. This handkerchief was the only thing about him that may lead to his identity, and that had only one chance in a thousand. If his sweetheart reads the morning paper, and of course she will, she will see his sweater's name, and she doesn't read them, he may go to his grave unnamed."

Macmanara examined the features of the dead man closely. It was his Devil—the night before, minus the black hair, in place of which there was a closely-cropped buzz cut. Macmanara's hand touched the morgue book, and he ran over Grace Langdon, who caught his arm and cried out: "Oh, Otis, it is really you, and you are not drowned, with my handkerchief in your pocket? I was going to the opera," the little lady explained, "and something got wrong with the horses, and we were leaving Chestnut street, and the coachman stopped to see what it was. My escort opened the carriage door for the same purpose, when I saw you and dropped my handkerchief to see if you would pick it up, and the way you pounced upon it kept me happy for the rest of the evening. I lost my opal ring, too, but I don't care, for it was always bringing me bad luck."

Macmanara thought of the ring as he had last seen it flash by the side of his seat. He had a table with thousands of other jewels, but he did not tell his wife-to-be of his adventure with the Devil. He asked instead: "Grace, why is it a woman will tell a man no, make him feel all this misery of hades, when in her heart she means yes?" "I don't know, Otis, unless it is to make him understand how much he cares and give him the pleasure of proposing over again," she answered, happily.

"I answered the Purpose," she said, "why you have your genealogical chart hung so high. Such things are extremely interesting, but no one can examine it where it is."

Here Mr. Poreine took him gently by the arm and led him to the library where they could be alone. "Heads in the Black Road," he explained, "was bound to have one of them things, and as we didn't have one right handy I just framed my prize greyhound's pedigree and hung it high."

While the Devil was speaking they were moving straight toward the river, and when they reached it he unlocked a skiff and invited his guest to step in. As the boat went edging down the river Macmanara wondered where the Devil had learned his stroke. The Falls City quickly faded from view—a mere speck in the distance. Macmanara had taken many a row on the Ohio, both as boy and man, but never any like this. An hour ago he was the most miserable man on earth, now he was perfectly happy; there was nothing left for him to wish for.

The boat was drifting now, and at last...



"Good morning, Charles."

on a grey, coal black steed on her right and my master on her left with his fine white Arabian mare. It was a spectacular sight to watch them, knowing as I did something of their lives. I wondered which she would select in the end—the black or the white?

Promptly at 2 they returned, a little fatigued by the ride, but jovial and in excellent spirits.

When the doctor came into the dining room, I scrutinized him carefully. He gave me no particular notice, and this left me to myself to examine him. My distant view through the fieldglasses had been pretty correct, but on closer examination he revealed the most distinct features of his face—his coal black, brilliant and restless eyes. These eyes never laughed, not even when he was conversing with me, and as I thought, sardonic. They seemed to repel and fascinate at once. They easily dominated everything that came under their sway.

He was talkative and lively to a degree, forming the life of the party, but the eyes that so attracted seldom took notice of me. An untraced sardonic smile came over his face as he turned to fathom their meaning, seized me. To accomplish this I spilled some of the salad dressing on his coat sleeve. He turned a wrathful look at me, and I had one long, steady gaze into those eyes. So intent was I that I forgot to be occupied by my mishap. The luckiest moment of my life had read the character of the man.

"What sort of servants do you have here, Charles?" he broke out savagely when the dressing filtered down from his coat sleeve and the floor.

"By the way, Charles, you spoke of a friend of yours having a couple of Dane hounds for sale. Can I secure them for a nominal price?"

"No, certainly not. I attended them last week, and they had the best of it. You have two of the finest Danes I ever saw."

"I succeeded so well in this ruse that I reached the piazza without being discovered. The bell, which I rang, echoed throughout the gloomy interior of the house so discordantly that it made one think of ghosts and departed spirits. I seemed to hear the scurry of footsteps, as if the bell had given the alarm to innumerable rats and mice, but a moment later I was satisfied that the noise was made by human feet."

The doctor's servant—a dark, dried up specimen of a mummy from India—glided toward the door, making the scuffling noise with his sandals. The man's eyes were small and beadlike, and his arms and fingers were long and bony, but they were nevertheless strong and active. He shuffled toward the door with an anxious look on his face. He was evidently disturbed by the thought that somebody had approached the house without attracting his attention.

He refused to open the door more than a foot and stood there making a guttural sound as if trying to ask my errand.

"I have a message for Dr. Squires," I said.

He shook his head and withdrew his hand. "Let me in, and tell the doctor I want to see him."

Again he shook his head and made an inarticulate guttural sound.

I was getting impatient at the delay and the man's stubbornness. Placing my hand on the knob of the door, I held it so that he could not slam it in my face.

"I tell you I have a message from Mr. Goddard, and I must see the doctor," I said in decided tones. "Will you let me in or must I force myself in?"

I could see that the man was in a quandary. He wanted me to stand outside while he went and told the doctor, but I had no intention of retiring. He motioned for me to remove my foot, but I answered him blandly: "Not until I see Dr. Squires. You may as well go first as last and tell him that Mr. Goddard has sent a messenger to see him."

Gradually the wrathful, beady eyes shifted from me to a seat in the hall. He was evidently deliberating upon the best step to take, and I could see the line of his reasoning.

"Let me start in a hall until you go and call him," I said, "or I will take that seat there and wait."

CHAPTER VII. HE visits Dr. Squires at my master's house were not as frequent as I could wish for my purpose, but this did not by any means argue that they did not meet often. On the contrary, I found that Mr. Goddard had almost daily meetings with the doctor in his office and that the latter was subtle in his manner and that the doctor was for the most part a course of treatment for the mysterious disease that had been inherited from past generations. Curiosity to know what this complaint was and what Dr. Squires was prescribing for its cure possessed me, and like my other fits of inquisitiveness I determined to satisfy it upon the first possible occasion.

CHAPTER VIII. I was sitting in the hall when I saw a man in a dark suit and a woman in a light dress enter the house. They were talking in low tones, and I could hear the woman say: "I don't know, Otis, unless it is to make him understand how much he cares and give him the pleasure of proposing over again."

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"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE." Notice to Advertisers.

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

F. G. PRINCE

Beys to indicate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

LAST DAYS' LAST DAYS!

FOR A CHANCE TO WIN £1,000 for 1s. £1,000 (NET VALUE).

Melbourne 8 Hours' Art Union

Acknowledged to be one of the best results of the Melbourne 8 Hours' Art Union.

The Great Event of the Year.

49th Anniversary, Eight Hours' Day, Grand Fete, Bazaar and Art Union.

SATURDAY, 8th, & MONDAY 10th April (Eight Hours' Day)

Public and Bank Holiday. The Eight Hours' Art Union.

140 Prizes, value £1,525. 1st Prize, value £1,000. 2nd Prize, value £150.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

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

DRUIDS' 37th Annual Gala and Art Union.

Exhibition Building, Melbourne, Easter Saturday & Monday (April 22 & 24).

LAST DAYS' LAST DAYS! FOR A CHANCE TO WIN £1,000 for 1/- £1,000.

A Fortune for 1/- - A Fortune for 1/-

£1,000 for 1/- (GREAT) £1,000 for 1/- (GREAT) £1,000 for 1/- (GREAT).

WM. C. PEDDER, Wholesale and Retail.

Beys to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years...

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, &c.

Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Clients and Attention; combined with Large and Well-assorted Stocks...

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD.

Notaries and General Commissioners, Auctioneers and General Agents.

MONEY TO LEND.

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

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

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

LAXATIVE NEW IDEAL PURGATIVE For all Liver, Kidney and Hemorrhoid Troubles. LAXATIVE 1s. MANUFACTURED BY THE LAXATIVE CO. LTD. FOR EXPORT.

War Notes.

The Japanese have been steadily working at the restoration of the fortifications of Port Arthur since the beginning of January...

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ENQUIRE OF YOUR NEIGHBOURS. They Will Convince You!

The Case of Mrs. A. WATERS. (By a Special Reporter.)

To those who stand hesitating on the dividing line which has not yet been crossed...

"Indeed, I was once overpowered with ill-luck, for in my time I have been troubled with rheumatism in the hands and arms...

"You are right, they would, and I can faithfully say that what assisted to make me more well still was the fact that my appetite had gone...

"Nothing whatever was capable of relieving my sufferings until I had recourse to Clements Tonic...

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WOMAN'S WORLD. MAKES A HAPPY HOME.

This is what a happy wife confided to the writer recently. The responsibility of marring a marriage rests almost entirely with the woman.

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The Use of Friendship.

There are many people to whom the abstract of friendship seems to be the abuse of it.

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WOMAN'S WORLD. THE QUEEN OF THE HOME.

She is not, of right, the tiny baby girl nor the brilliant elder daughter, but the mother.

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WOMAN'S WORLD. HAS NO EQUAL.

"From personal experience," says J. O'Reilly, The Rock, N.S.W., "I know that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is no equal for intestinal trouble.

"I am glad to hear you have benefited so greatly."

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