

# The Riponshire Advocate

9 MAY 1905

### SHARE ADVOCATE."

to Advertisers.

the inconvenience caused by...  
to our employees.  
also requested to send  
us early.

### PRICE

has started  
BUTCHER in premises in  
STREET, BEAUFORT

### LAST DAYS!

A CHANCE TO WIN  
for 1s. £1,000  
(NET VALUE)

### 8 Hours Art Union

A CHANCE TO WIN  
for 1s. £1,000  
(NET VALUE)

### 37th ANNUAL GALA

ART UNION,  
on Building, Melbourne,  
SATURDAY & MONDAY  
APRIL 22 & 24.

### LAST DAYS

A CHANCE TO WIN  
for 1s. £1,000  
(NET VALUE)

### 1st Prize £1,000

(NET VALUE)

### BRAVO,

ser, Tobacconist, and  
cy Goods Depot,  
STREET, BEAUFORT,

### C. PEDDER,

right and Blacksmith,  
the public of Beaufort and  
strict for their patronage during  
and to intimate that he is still  
present at the same old address,  
STREET, BEAUFORT.

No. 1432 (Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne,  
for transmission by post as a newspaper)

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1905 PRICE THREEPENCE

### A SALE OF MAGNITUDE

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### JEWELLER

GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER  
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### COMPARE PRICES

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### WATCHES AND JEWELLERY

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### REPAIRS A SPECIALITY

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### FIRST-CLASS WORK

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### FUNERAL REFORM

Established 1860.  
A. H. SANDS  
UNDER TAKER,  
Opposite the State School,  
NORTH STREET, BEAUFORT.

### A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer  
and Picture Framer.

### ARD NICKOLS &

STERFIELD  
W. EDWARD NICKOLS,  
and General Commission-  
Agents,  
ARABAT, and PITMILL,  
CHESTERFIELD, AUSTRIA.

### MONEY TO LEND.

SALES CONDUCTED in any  
part of Victoria.  
and prompt returns.  
NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD,  
Auctioneers.

### 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  
except in the cases to which it  
is specially invited. It is always  
ready to accept orders for the printing  
of notices, and to print them in  
the most efficient manner, and at the  
lowest possible cost.

### Support LOCAL INDUSTRY.

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### GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,  
"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

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### To our Readers and Patrons.

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Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire of Ripon, by J. B. COCHRAN, Stationer and Printer, Beaufort.

## WHEN WINTER'S WINDS WHISTLE

They call to mind the leading fact that we should

# WINTER SHOW 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.

The coming Winter Season introduces several Smart and Inexpensive Novelties.

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. Loans negotiated. Money to Lend on Land.

### MONTHLY STOCK SALE,

## Thursday, 18th May, 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manure. Special Potato Manure. SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE. FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—Live Stock and Vehicles Insured.

### GAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietors wish to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that this 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.**

Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

First-class Groom always in attendance. Shabbling, Poles, Horses, and Vehicles on hire.

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

— A TRIAL SOUGHT —

MURKIN, Proprietress.

### Mr. J. W. HARRIS,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST.

#### DRUGGIST.

31 HAYLOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession, the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Every care is entered in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Finest and British Pharmacopoeia Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Beaufort, prices, sent to all parts of the State by post. Mail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

**HARRIS' ANEMIA MIXTURE,** an excellent and invaluable remedy.

**BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.** Homeopathic Medicines. Horses and Cattle Medicines.

Mr. J. W. HARRIS, B.S.,  
**Surgical & Mechanical Dentist.**

HAYLOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

May be consulted daily from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m. with special attention to dental and mechanical work.

**ENTIRELY NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS AT QUITE COMPELLING PRICES.**

NOTE THE ADDRESS—  
HAYLOCK STREET,  
BEAUFORT.

### TAKE ADVANTAGE

when in Beaufort during the Easter holidays, of the opportunity to have an up-to-date photograph taken at

## RICHARDS & CO'S, PHOTOGRAPHERS

OF BALLARAT.

We take two distinct positions of each other.

**BRIDAL PORTRAITS.**

Richardson and Co.'s Bridal Portraits have become world-famous.

Bridal Veils, Bouquets, Wrappets, and Buttons always kept at the Studio.

The Artists' Prints as done by Richards & Co. are taking the place of all other styles.

## RICHARDS & CO., 23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

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

BEAUFORT.

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

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

## A. N. A., BEAUFORT BEANCH.

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

Agitation—Nominations of Officers. Lectures (continued), Dr. A. G. Jackson. All meetings open to the public.

W. T. HILL, Secretary.

### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

**SUNDAY, 7th MAY, 1905.**

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.; Middle Creek, 2.30 p.m. — Ven. Archdeacon Tucker.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Main Road, 1.45 p.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.; Clayton, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeatman, 7 p.m.—Beaufort Gospel Band.

**WEDNESDAY, 4th MAY, 1905.**

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.—Rev. R. Yeatman. 7 p.m.—Mr. Robt. Thompson. Lecture, 11 a.m.—Rev. R. Yeatman, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan.

## Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

### SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1905.

**Measur Stevenson, Esq.,** of Beaufort, with the successful tender for the erection of the Blithvale wharf, the contract price being £2000. Six tenders were received.

**Dr. H. R. Hamilton, Esq.,** of Beaufort, son of Mr. Andrew Stevenson, of Baglan, while chopping wood, fell on his foot. Dr. A. G. Jackson, of Beaufort, put in four stitches. The patient is recovering.

**MISS MCGOWAN, of 23 years'** (pious) edification, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Bronchitis.

A wedding couple for 21 a side has been arranged between Edgar Broadbent, of Beaufort, and Samson Nixon, of Waterloo, at Halpin's sale-yards, this (Saturday) afternoon. Breadth is commencing Nixon, in a few weeks.

The death of James Lenson, a lad nine years of age, and son of Mr. Charles Lenson, of Waterloo, occurred, we regret to say, on Monday last, after a brief illness. The remains were interred in the Waterloo Cemetery on Tuesday. The funeral was largely attended, the teachers and scholars of the State and Sunday schools presiding.

Mr. W. Todd, of Beaufort, near 22 in the Easter Stakes, 500 and 400 yards, seven shots at each; 10; in the Prythos Stakes, 700 yards, seven shots; 10; in the Open Teams' Match, 500 yards, seven shots; 3rd in Citizen's Match, 400 yards, five shots, with a score of 32; and was fourth with 162 in grand aggregate for two days for a gold medal, won by H. J. Quayle with 168 out of a possible 175.

For Children's Coughs at Night.  
**WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.** Is. 6d.

Meagre information concerning the death of Mr. Jenkin Williams, owner of the Man of Kent hotel, Snake Valley, was received on Tuesday morning, by cable message. Mr. Williams had been travelling at Johannesburg had proved fatal. The deceased, who left Snake Valley two years ago for South Africa, was engaged in mining pursuits, and leaves a widow and 6 children.

**"LANSING COUGHS,"** The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

A case of fern stealing from one of Australia's beauty spots was before the City Court on Tuesday morning. Mr. T. D. Baines, officer in charge of Mount Cook State Forest, stated that he had great trouble in preventing people from sneaking off ferns from the forest, and that if the practice was not put a stop to the chief beauty of the forest would be destroyed. He had found M. Welsh, a carrier, of Raglan, in possession of 13 ferns, valued at 13s., and his costs in connection with the case had been expensive, though his department had instructed him to request the court that the fine should be imposed. Welsh was fined 6s., and ordered to pay £1 13s 6d costs.

**On Wednesday** the pupils of Miss Eliza Linton, daughter of Mr. Thomas Linton, farmer, of Snapper, and Mr. William Riley, of Erambee, were celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Ararat, by Very Rev. Father O'Hara. The bride, who was given away by her father, was accompanied by Miss Margaret Linton, a bridesmaid. Miss Linton, who is a native of Beaufort, was married to Mr. William Riley at the four o'clock train on route for their honeymoon.

**For Bronchial Coughs take**  
**WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.** Is. 6d.

At the monthly meeting of the Snake Valley Mechanics' committee, held on Monday night, a communication was received from the secretary of the Ripon Shire Council, intimating that if the flagpole in front of the Mechanics' Institute were not made safe within 14 days it would be removed by the council's surveyor man on 17th inst. The flagpole, which is 50ft high, was erected by the late Mayor, J. W. Todd, in 1888, and has since been the property of the Mechanics' committee, and the shire council repudiate ownership. One member of the committee drew attention to the fact that the flag was flying at half-mast much more frequently than from the top. After a debate of two hours and a half during the committee decided to leave the pole to the surveyor, an offer of half-price for the flag being rejected. On the ground that no owner could be found.

**"LANSING COUGHS,"** The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

Mr. G. B. Thomas, of the Ballarat Flour Mills, who has been ill in health for some time past, has so far recovered that he was able to leave on Wednesday by the Adelaide express, with the object of taking a visit to the old country. His many friends will be glad to hear that he is now well, and the cause of his complete recovery is health.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in the Methodist Church, Beaufort, on Wednesday, 29th ult., by Rev. R. Yeatman, between Mr. Robert Wilford Welsh, son of Mr. Robert Simpson Welsh, of Trawalla, and Miss E. Linton, daughter of Mr. E. Linton, of Snapper, and Miss E. Linton, of Snapper, as bridesmaid.

**For Chronic Chest Complaints,**  
**WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.** Is. 6d.

The fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort and Snapper district of the Young Men's Association was held in the Lodge room, Societies' Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst., and 25 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Sixty pay amounting to £7 was passed for pay. Three new members were elected. After the business was over, the D.P., Bro. J. E. Loft, presented Bro. R. Welsh, who was leaving for West Australia, with a travelling rug on behalf of the lodge, and in doing so spoke in very high terms of the work of the lodge, and of the excellent quality of his remarks were endorsed by the A.D., Bro. McDonald, and J.P.A., Bro. Banks. Bro. Welsh feelingly returned thanks. During the evening harp music was contributed by Messrs. McDonald, R. Welsh, E. Kirkpatrick, T. Thomas, Henry Cartwright, H. Stuart, and J. Hardy; the D.P., Bro. Loft, acting as accompanist. The gathering dispersed after singing "He's a jolly good fellow" and "And Lang Syne."

On Wednesday afternoon, the young men of St. John's Church of England choir and a few of Mr. Reg. Welsh's closest companions met together to say good-bye, and wish him success on the eve of his departure. Mr. R. E. Cartwright, on behalf of his choir, presented him with a pocket watch as a token of their respect in which he was held by them. Mr. Welsh, who was touched by the presentation, thanked them very much for the kind things said of him, and for the useful present, which he would always remember his committee with pleasure. Mr. R. E. Cartwright was the captain of the junior footballers.

**Mr. Thea. Colfield,** of Erambee, has reported to the police that on Sunday or Monday last he had a valuable horse, which was grazing in his paddock, shot by a rifle. Senior Constable Nicholson is now in possession of the rifle.

**WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE** for Coughs and Colds, never fails. Is. 6d.

Mounted Constable Theo. Dealey, who has been stationed at Beaufort for about a year and a half, was the first to see the thief of the Wickliffe station, and is leaving Beaufort this week.

While bird-nesting at Snake Valley, James Watson, aged 11 years, fell a distance of 8 feet, and his right arm was broken at the wrist. Donaldson, of Linton, reduced the fracture.

Dixon Bros. and Halpin (per Mr. W. E. Halpin, auctioneer, Beaufort) report having offered by public auction at the farm of 238 acres, situated at Tourville, near Clunes. After some spirited bidding it was passed in at £9 17s 6d per acre. It is expected that a private sale will be effected.

**COMMUNICATED:** "The Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

**HOW MR. DEW CURED HIS COULD.**  
**MR. M. DEW,** publisher of the Hawthorn and Cambwell "Gleaner," at Hawthorn, Victoria, says: "With the beginning of last winter, I fell a victim to a severe cold, causing an attack of bronchitis, leaving in its train a persistent, irritating cough, which annoyed me for several weeks. I heard of numerous cases, similar to mine in which relief had been effected by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the trial of a bottle resulted in great improvement. After further use, I was completely cured from the irritation which had distressed me for so long. Profiting by this experience, I always keep a bottle of this remedy handy in the house. For sale by J. B. Wortman & Co., Merchants, Beaufort."

#### Presentation.

On Friday evening, 29th ult., a most enjoyable social was held in the Beaufort Presbyterian Church, with the combined object of saying farewell to Mr. McLeod, who has been assistant in the Beaufort charge for the past 13 months, and at the same time to welcome Mr. R. Thompson, who takes up the work hitherto carried on by Mr. McLeod. The Rev. R. McGowan presided, and representative of the community, all of whom were present, and on the occasion of the charge were present, as well as a goodly gathering of the Beaufort congregation.

The Chairman, in thanking Mr. McLeod for his valued assistance in the work of the charge, remarked that while they parted with regret from Mr. McLeod, they were glad to know that he was now at liberty to devote himself entirely to his studies in the Theological Hall without having to preach as well. He wished him every true success.

In welcoming Mr. Thompson, Mr. McGowan said that Mr. Thompson had been for many years an earnest and appreciated Christian worker. An session of the Ballarat Church in Ballarat, he had done his duty in the work, and also in street preaching in Ballarat, and there were few pulpits around Ballarat district that had not been occupied by Mr. Thompson. His (Mr. McGowan's) first Christian training had been under Mr. Thompson, who was in every way a worker whom God acknowledged and honored in his work. He gave up a lucrative position in Ballarat to take up the Beaufort work, and although at Beaufort charge had no voice in his appointment, the decision of the Home Mission Committee in sending him here heartily commended with the desires of those in this district who knew Mr. Thompson's worth. He welcomed him, and trusted that his work would be honored here as it had been elsewhere.

Mr. McGowan then, on behalf of the committee and a few friends and well-wishers, presented Mr. McLeod with a purse of sovereigns, as a memento of his work in the Beaufort charge, and on behalf of the people of the charge wished him "God speed" in the future.

After others in the meeting had spoken both to the farewells and the "welcome," Mr. McLeod thanked everybody present who was present, for their support of him during his sojourn in Beaufort—where of his own choice, he would like to have stayed much longer, and also for their tangible gift, so generously given.

Mr. Thompson also returned thanks for what he termed the splendid welcome accorded him; and at some length laid down the lines upon which he hoped to work in Beaufort district. He said a high compliment to Mr. McGowan's worth, and asked for the indulgence of the people in his fitting feelings in himself during his term among them.

During the evening, piano solo, violin solos, songs, and recitations were pleasantly rendered by members of the choir and the congregation, ably assisted by friends; and at the close, which ended with the singing of hymns, the choir were presented by the ladies of the congregation, were presentation.

Mr. McLeod preached his farewell sermon to a large congregation on Sunday evening last, and on Monday morning left for Melbourne, where he enters the Theological Hall to further pursue his studies.

Mr. Thompson's commencement sermon was on Sunday morning. [Communicated.]

#### Fortunate Escape.

##### AN ARTIFICIAL LEG CUT OFF.

The work of putting in cattle-pits, or "gates" at the Lawrence-street crossing has not been completed without an accident occurring. Mr. John McCarthy, the gatekeeper, had a remarkably narrow escape from being killed on Tuesday evening. The 5.15 p.m. mixed train from Ballarat to Stawell, reaching Beaufort at about 6.50, had just arrived at the Beaufort station, and being a long train it had run past the standard and passenger could alight on the platform, after which it was necessary to look the train, to permit of the engine taking water. McCarthy, following his usual custom, had closed the railway gates, and was standing on the platform, when he heard the train moving, and looking around saw that it was backing towards his gate. He is slow of movement, having lost a leg in a railway accident, and in hurrying to open the gates, slipped and fell from the platform, his head being struck by the artificial leg being across the rails. The train struck the leg of the double gate, which was smashed, and as it rebounded, it struck McCarthy on the head, inflicting a severe injury. McCarthy was not badly hurt, but his leg was badly bruised. A portion of the train passed over his artificial leg, smashing it off a little above the ankle. McCarthy had his injuries attended to by Dr. A. G. Jackson, and was removed to the Ballarat private hospital, where he is progressing satisfactorily.

#### Riponshire Council.

Monday, 1st May, 1905.

Present—Crs. Douglas (resident), Slater, Sinclair, Roddis, Flynn, Beggs, Lewis and Stewart.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

From Secretary Ballarat Orphan Asylum, expressing pleasure at the acknowledgement of his complaint reduced donation as being just, and stating he was extremely obliged to the shire secretary for his kindness in the matter. Secretary-Works returned reply.

From Dr. A. G. Jackson, reporting that the work of the committee, and that tenders may be called, for submission to the Department before acceptance.—Received.

Comments by E. G. Fitzgibbon, the chairman, upon false statements and misunderstanding with regard to the constitution, finances, and proceedings of the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works.—Taken as read.

From Dr. G. A. Eadie, reporting that Clarence Nichol, Beaufort, was suffering from diphtheria.—Received.

From Dr. A. G. Jackson, reporting that Joan McKerrall, Waterloo Road, was suffering from typhoid fever.—Received.

From Public Health Department, again urging council to take the necessary steps to have cowkeepers, dairymen and purveyors of milk registered in accordance with council by-law, and to have their premises regularly inspected; also inviting attention to clause 16 of regulation 10, and 18, 1904, forwarding a copy of section 2 and 3 of Act 1718 and a draft clause for a by-law re same.—In answer to Cr. Flynn, the secretary said he thought the registration fee was 2s 6d. Consideration was deferred to enable the secretary to look into the matter and report at next meeting, on motion of Cr. Sinclair and Flynn.

From same, acknowledging receipt of annual reports for 1904 of the council and officers of health, asking what council propose to do with reference to Dr. Donaldson's suggestion to have a pan service at Snake Valley, and with regard to Dr. Jackson's remarks as to (1) the need for improvement in the drainage, (2) the need for a proper system of collection and regular removal of rubbish and garbage; and (3) the necessity for preventing horses, cows, and geese wandering about the town and polluting the street with their excretions. The board would also be glad to learn that the Council is fully alive to the importance of the matters mentioned in Dr. Donaldson's remarks on phthisis, and that active measures are to be taken in the direction indicated.—Secretary to supply the information, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Beggs.

From Shire of Ballarat, asking if council has any objection to forego its share in the control of the reserves on the shore of Lake Burrybrook which it wishes to have transferred to the Shire of Ballarat, the joint control of Lake Burrybrook to remain as it is at present. The Ballarat Shire Council would be pleased to withdraw from any control over the reserves which are situated within the boundaries of Riponshire at any time when requested to do so. In the event of the above proposal being accepted, the Ripon Council, Ballarat Council asked for a document stating that the Riponshire Council is prepared to abandon any share of the control of the reserves of Lake Burrybrook which are situated within the boundaries of Riponshire.—Held over till after lunch.

During the luncheon adjournment the North Riding councillors met and submitted a report which was practically adopted in compliance with the request of Ballaratshire, and this report was adopted on the motion of Crs. Roddis and Slater.

From Secretary F. Landa, stating that application has been made to the Lands Department for the right to depasture on the Lake Goldsmith reserve, and asking for council's views on the matter.—To be deferred, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Roddis, the subject being already appointed a hereafter.

From Sir A. J. Pascoe, M.L.A., forwarding letter from Secretary Victorian Railways, re Lawrence-street crossing, and stating the Commissioners are still of opinion that girds should be put in, and have therefore advised the council of their decision to make the crossing an open one, as originally intended.—Received.

From same, as follows:—"Adverting to previous correspondence and to the interview which my Commissioners had with representatives of your Council at Ballarat last month, in regard to the proposal of the Department to substitute cattle-pits for the gates at the Lawrence-street railway crossing, I am now directed to inform you that in accordance with their recommendation the Commissioners have revised the matter and again satisfied themselves that the crossing is suitable for the change. It has therefore been decided to have the gates removed, and in finally arriving at this decision, the Commissioners feel sure that with the exercise of ordinary care on the part of persons using the crossing, no fear of accidents need be apprehended.—Received.

From same, acknowledging receipt of council's letter on same subject.—Received.

From D. S. Oman, M.L.A., stating he had been advised that the Railway Commissioners have finally decided on the removal of Lawrence-street gates and substitution of cattle-pits in place thereof.—Received.

Cr. Flynn remarked that so much had been said on this subject that it was almost unnecessary to say anything further; but since last meeting he thought it wise to write to the secretary and ask him to get photographic views of the locality near the crossing to send with the report and resolution adopted at last meeting, but unfortunately, he had found a difficulty in getting the photographs. It struck him as a strange thing that the metropolitan press had been muffled by giving them early morning trains so that the Commissioners could carry out their desire without any regard to the people, who were really, however, the railway and depended on them to carry them on. Only last week a man had been killed through one of these open crossings. He wished to point out that the country was in a perilous position through reports of proceedings in regard to municipal matters that had struck him with regard to the reports of the deputation on de-centralisation.

#### WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE DOCTORS ARRIVE.

If it is a case of colic or cholera morbus give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and you will have no need of a doctor. For sale by J. B. Wortman & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

From G. O. Laidley, Esq., asking if they would allow him to have a wire-netting gate permanently erected across back road from Rigan and running through his land so as to connect the boundary line of wire-netting fence enclosing his land.—To lie on the table for a month, and engineer to report. The engineer said the matter should have been dealt with 10 years ago when the wire-netting fence was erected.

From Shire of Ararat, in reply to letter suggesting a conference of councillors re Middle Creek Eads, stating that Ararat Council will be pleased to meet Ripon's on 4th inst. and talk over matters at luncheon.—Cr. Flynn thought it would be as well for the engineers to be possessed of the facts, and moved that the two engineers be asked to meet on the ground, and that Araratshire be acquainted that Riponshire proposed to meet them on 4th June, at 2 o'clock; and that the engineer accompany the councillors to Ararat. Seconded by Cr. Slater, and carried. Crs. Beggs, Sinclair and Flynn, with the engineer and secretary, were appointed as the deputation to wait upon the Araratshire Council, on the motion of Crs. Flynn and Lewis. [Araratshire have since consented to meet on the 4th June, at 2 o'clock; and that the engineer accompany the councillors to Ararat. Seconded by Cr. Slater, and carried. Crs. Beggs, Sinclair and Flynn, with the engineer and secretary, were appointed as the deputation to wait upon the Araratshire Council, on the motion of Crs. Flynn and Lewis.]

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PROFESSIONAL BROTHERS

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

PART 4.

CHAPTER IX.



THE indisposition of Mr. Goddard was of short duration, but the attacks became more frequent after my first visit to Dr. Squires, and I was occasionally called upon to carry notes for him which announced the breaking of engagements. There was nothing serious about his complaint except that he appeared weak and languid and unable or unwilling to attend to his social duties. He would spend the day at such times resting on the bed or couch either smoking gloomily or closing his eyes in a listless, doleful manner. He would get up in this way for hours without moving a muscle, but he was not asleep. The slightest noise would arouse him. He would merely open his eyes and ask, 'What's the matter, William?' Then without even waiting for my reply he would close them and relapse into his former languid condition.

By this time I was considerably attracted to him and it gave me as much anxiety as a relative to see him slowly going into a decline. The dread of the inherited disease intensified my feelings for the man. I had no faith in Dr. Squires, but I could offer no good substitute.

Left to myself a great deal, I took to reading the books which I found in Mr. Goddard's study. Most of these were medical treatises. Evidently the man had tried to make a study of his complaint and had collected all the literature possible upon the subject. These books were handsomely bound and copiously illustrated, but they were too technical for my limited understanding. Nevertheless I frequently found myself turning over their leaves and aimlessly reading paragraphs here and there.

One day I was engaged in this idle amusement when I happened to open the book at a chapter headed, 'Poison and Their Administration.' I had not read many lines before I suddenly closed the book with a bang. An idea had occurred to me that fairly startled me. I was instantly positive that I had at last a clue to the sickness of Dr. Squires' mystery.

The doctor was slowly poisoning Mr. Goddard while pretending to help him to ward off an inherited disease. This accounted for the peculiar languid condition of my master at certain intervals. After every dose of the insidious poison he was made weak and listless. Each attack helped to break down his naturally rugged constitution. It was merely a question of time before he would succumb to the poison instead of to any mythical disease.

Confronted by this thought, I was uncertain for a time just what to do. My first impulse was to go to my master and tell him my suspicions so he could be placed on his guard, but as my life has never been guided by impulse I soon dismissed this from mind.

Besides, I had nothing but my suspicions to reveal—not a single fact to prove anything. It was my duty to collect facts and then to confront the doctor with them. He was determined to put my master out of the way and gain the hand and fortune of Miss Stetson. I was equally determined to thwart him in his little game. The stakes were high for him, and I knew that he would play a cunning, skillful hand, but as he would suspect no danger from me I had the advantage of working secretly and without much fear of discovery.

A professional burglar has a little of the detective spirit in him, and I soon found myself enjoying the scent with all the keenness of an experienced officer of the law. I had hunted detectives before, dogged their tracks, penetrated their disguises and followed up little clues that they left behind in their work, but all in the interest of crime. Now, however, I had turned reformer and was legitimately pursuing a criminal whose evil goal had been directed toward the destruction of one whom I had learned to like. It was no ordinary man that I had to fight against, and this gave more zest to my undertaking.

I discovered that my master had a night appointment with Dr. Squires about once a week. These appointments were irregular. Sometimes they were early in the week and, again, in the middle or the end. Evidently the doctor told him each time when to come again.

Upon reflection I was satisfied that there was a strange coincidence between these weekly night calls and my master's periodical attacks of languor and sickness. Almost every time after he had met the doctor at night he had been in bed a good part of the following day. This convinced me that the poison was administered at the doctor's office and was not intrusted to his patient.

This conclusion was reached one day when I was considerably dejected. I had been working up the case for nearly a week, and everything seemed to point to the fact that I had made a mistake in my reasoning. I could discern nothing in my master's actions. On that very day I had managed to secure the medicines my master was in the habit of taking, and carrying them with me to the city, I had them analyzed by an expert chemist.

I was so confident that poison was contained in some of them that I was greatly surprised and perturbed when he told me that they were composed of harmless herbs and oils. 'You mean to say there is no poison in any of them?' I asked in astonishment. 'None whatever,' he replied. 'I did not believe he understood his business and probably said as much. I took them to another chemist and sent \$5 more just to have a correct

analysis made. The same conclusion from this man convinced me that I was mistaken. I walked home, dejected and baffled. The doctor was too shrewd for me, and he had scored the first victory. Nevertheless I was not discouraged. I reasoned with sense that the man would not adopt ordinary methods to poison my master. He was too shrewd for that. Then I thought of hypodermic injections, which might be administered while in his office.

It was while speculating upon the possible methods of giving him poison that I reached the conclusion that my master's night visits to the doctor's office were for everything. It was at these meetings that the harm was done. I would be present at the next meeting or I would relinquish all claim to the possession of abilities of a certain order necessary for success in my line of work.

CHAPTER X.

UT in the meantime, by mere accident, I discovered the secret which had been hid from me by the fatal illness. It happened in this wise: One afternoon when I was free for a few hours I strolled down the road toward Dr. Squires' house, habit generally drawing my footsteps in that direction. I was intent upon no particular purpose. I was merely walking along for the change. I frequently like to get off by myself and lie down in the woods or on the green grass and think. I am a great lover of nature. The birds and grass and flowers always appeal to me.

When alone in the woods, I will watch the birds by the hour, finding more enjoyment therein than in the company of man, or an array of busy matters will amuse me for half a day. I would not hurt one of these insects for anything or permit them to be disturbed in their work, and yet I have raised my hand against my fellow creatures, partly in self defense, it is true, to wound them or to take their lives if necessary.

On this particular afternoon I walked down the country highway for some distance, and then, attracted by the song of a wood thrush, I concealed myself in a thick clump of bushes and listened. The bird could not see me, and for a long time I lay there with my eyes half closed listening to the sweet music of the dainty singer. I did not know how long I remained there entranced by this private concert, but suddenly the bird hushed its song and flew away.

The noise that had frightened her came from the hoofs of two horses, which were cantering down the road at a rapid pace. I peered through the leaves of the bushes at the riders, and instantly all my gentle thoughts fled. The spell of the bird was no longer upon me. All my evil, crafty nature returned. The approaching riders were Dr. Squires and Miss Stetson.

No dozen paces from me a small stream bubbled up from an underground spring, and it was quite customary for riders to give their horses a drink at this place. A wooden trough had been sunk into the ground to receive the water and to form a drinking vessel for the beasts. I was consequently not surprised when the two drew up their horses just in front of me and led them to the spring. The doctor dismounted and held the horse while they drank in the cooling draft. The two had been engaged in conversation, and I judged that she had been trying to extract his secret from him.

'I do not consider it an honor to keep your work so secret until you have completed your journey,' she was saying. 'Then all the world will know it, and there is no special interest in it for me.'

'But I have promised to tell it to you before any one else hears of it,' the doctor answered.

'How long before—one day or one hour?' There was a look of annoyance in his face at her reply.

'Any number of days beforehand, you wish,' he answered.

'Well, then, I wish to hear it now,' she replied quickly, a bright smile reinforcing her words.

'Woman's impatience,' he muttered. 'It has caused half the trouble in the world.'

'That is unkind. I don't like such reflections upon my sex.' 'Nothing personal was intended, Miss Belle. I was merely uttering my reflections aloud.'

'Well, please don't do so any more.' The doctor watched the horses drink for a few moments and then, leaning against the saddle of his black steed, he said: 'Can you keep the secret if I divulge it to you?'

'I am limited in funds, but managed to get along by living near them. I could not exist in the same house with them. The thought of it nearly stifled me. But I could live near them and help them and in time perfect my discovery.'

'My secret is already out, Miss Belle,' he added after a pause. 'I am devoting my time and life to the discovery of a positive cure for leprosy, that most dreaded of all diseases that ever scourged a wicked world. I am on the right track. In fact, I have about perfected it, so that I will be ready to announce the results to the world in a year. There is only one thing that bothers me. I am experimenting with this continually.'

'Experimenting with whom?' 'The words were so hollow and unnatural that I turned my eyes from the doctor's face to that of Miss Stetson. I was startled at the sight. Her face was livid—paler than that of any corpse. A look of horror shone from her eyes.

'Whom are you experimenting with, Dr. Squires?' she repeated in the same strange voice. 'With—why—my dear Miss Belle, have I divulged any family secret?' stammered the doctor. 'Did you not know? I thought your father knew that you knew that.'

'That Charles had leprosy in his eye?' 'That he was a leper?' she said slowly. 'Your father knew it; his father knew it; Charles knew it when he met me. I understood that both families made no secret of it among themselves.'

'No, I never knew what the disease was. Father never told me. Oh, can it be possible?' She swung in her saddle, and if the doctor had not been so pale and haggard he would have fallen to the ground. I could hardly contain myself. The news nearly made me desperate. This accounted for everything. I was all wrong in my conclusions. The doctor was, after all, a good man, holding the secret of my master's life in his possession and trying hard to help him.

'You must let me give you some warning, Miss Belle,' the doctor said as he stretched her in the saddle. 'Discretion is a moment, and let me bathe your forehead.'

'No, thank you, doctor. It will be all right in a moment. The suddenness of the news startled me.' 'I know it, I know it, and I was a brute to tell you. I should have been more thoughtful. I shall never forgive myself. But, Miss Belle, believe me, I thought you knew it all. He should have told you of it.'

'No, no, I am glad he didn't. How could I have been the same to him? How can I in the future?' She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

'Don't go on so, my dear Miss Belle,' the doctor said in a low, winning voice. 'There is hope for Charles yet. You forget that I am close upon the great discovery of the cure. If it succeeds, I can drink and eat as well as my fellows, and I shall be a new man, free from all taint of leprosy.'

'But you could not eradicate the germs of the disease from his body; they might not show themselves in him, but in future generations they would come out.'

'We can only hope for the best,' he replied. 'Who can tell what medicine may not accomplish? It has done wonders in the world already, and there are new worlds that it is conquering every day. We must look forward hopefully for results that it would be daring to predict now.'

His words were intended to be encouraging, but she did not raise her head. From the slight shuddering of her delicate body I knew that she was sobbing.

'Do not yield to this weakness, Miss Belle,' he added a moment later. 'I tell you I will cure Charles. I can do it, and I will do it. If not for his sake, I will do it for yours.'

A faint smile was visible through her tears as she looked at him and answered slowly: 'You are good, doctor, to sacrifice so much for either or both of us. Cure him by all means for his sake, not for mine. I could—no, I could never marry him; I would be afraid.'

What would be the result? Mr. Goddard would go away to some foreign country, and after grieving over him for a time Miss Stetson would yield to the importunities of Dr. Squires and marry him. This was the climax of the tragedy, which, after all, would prove a tragedy only to my master, and it made me more faithful in my devotion to the unfortunate man. This decided me to stay by him until the time should come when my expectations would be fulfilled. Then I would return to my old ways. Meanwhile I was leading an honest life and making the money which I spent.

I had become quite efficient in my duties, and was trusted in many ways that never fell to the lot of my predecessor. I was more than Butler—I was my master's confidential secretary in many respects. But there were some aspects that he would not reveal to me. More than this, I was made plain and one was the drug case and sorrow brought him so much care and sorrow. After hearing the truth from Dr. Squires' own lips my attention was drawn more closely to Mr. Goddard's appearance. I watched his languid manners, his pale face and all the symptoms of disease that he showed during his periodical fits of sickness.

More than this, I read up all the medical books about leprosy and then watched for the signs to an excited imagination these were readily visible.

About this time Miss Stetson and the doctor took lunch at the house again, and my attention was called to the matter by an incident that greatly affected all of us. I had not seen Miss Stetson since that afternoon when I was sent to the wayside brook. She was paler than usual, and her manner was nervous and excited, especially when Charles was near her.

During the progress of the lunch I caught her studying the hands and face of her host on every occasion when his eyes were turned away from her. I could not at first understand the reason for this, but as I could not see her face I made up my mind to do so.

The doctor, as usual, was the life of the party and kept the conversation flowing freely from one to the other, never being at a loss for words. Nevertheless there was an uneasiness in his manner which seemed very unnatural. My master alone appeared to be unaffected by his usual and normal cheerful looks about leprosy and the medical books about it.

When the conversation langued a moment, he suddenly rubbed the back of one of his hands with the palm of the other and said: 'Doctor, I think I must have run up against some poison ivy or sumac in the woods, for I'm sure that my hands and face are poisoned.'

'Very likely, very likely,' the doctor said quickly, but with a little tremor in his voice. 'There is a great deal of it around, and one of your nature would be very susceptible to it.'

'My hands and face itch terribly, and blotches are breaking out on my face and forehead,' Mr. Goddard continued.

I looked at Miss Stetson. She was staring at my master with horror written all over her face. The hand that held her fork trembled so that she had to put it down.

'See these red spots on the back of my hand. Are they not the result of poison? And over my eyes and forehead. They seem to be breaking out all over.'

'Probably, Charles. I will investigate after lunch,' the doctor said hurriedly, glancing toward Miss Stetson.

For the first time Mr. Goddard turned his eyes toward her. Feeling that she was attracting attention, her servant would never start the strain no longer. She had been thinking as I had—that the brown spots were the first and earliest symptoms of leprosy. We both knew just enough to be carried away by any symptoms that resembled those which indicate the beginning of the dread disease.

'Belle, what is the matter? Are you ill?' Mr. Goddard had hardly spoken these words before she dropped her hands and fainted. She would have fallen to the floor had I not caught her in time. They deposited her on a couch and rubbed her hands and moistened her brow with water. She slowly recovered consciousness.

'The ride to Campmeetin.' 'I was long about campmeetin' time, with an' sence Sally was a-god—well, I loved that I would go! So I thar come up of Betsy—a creature true an' tried—' An' headed fer campmeetin' with Sally by my side of ease.' She never looked so sweet to me in any time of place. The red rose warn't a picture 't the rose on her face! An' the white sidelong glance, the thought that come with this: 'Them arms was fer a nothin', an' God made them lips to kiss!' We rid past boomin' medders, an' seen 'Sweet Ella's' arrayed in livin' green an' riven of delight. But I was sorry fer Sally, an' said, with many a sigh: 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stan' an' see a-widder eye!' An' Sally—she was haterin', an' I tol' her that that dear little girl o' hers seemed An' fonger day by day; 'At a lookin' at me as sennin' as you please; 'An' that you be carried to the skies on downy wings of love!' That teachin' your heart a lesson, but I tol' her that I'd not live always, an' I asked not from over in a brief moment. An' then she said she'd have me!—an' I shou'd, full an' free: 'An' a lookin' at me as sennin' at me, that saved a wrate like me!' —Frank L. Stanton, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE

By Elizabeth Cherry Walls.

BERTHA DUNN, leaning out from a fourth-story window to enjoy the sunset and river breeze, chanced to see one man murder another in an alley below.

It was over in a brief moment. A sound, inarticulate, and sudden, caused her to turn her eyes from the unfathomable sea of amber, opal and mother of pearl across the shining river. She saw two men, both clearly defined in the ambient glow coming in from the streets between two buildings. They struggled a moment and then there was a sudden double flash in the right hand of one. Then the other man fell, and Bertha gasped, horror-stricken, at one huddled heap lying alone where two forms had been writhing madly.

The shock of it photographed on her brain the face, the form, the uncovered head of the real murderer. She would know him if she met him among a thousand others. Then the horror of it came home to her.

She, Bertha—Dunn, the shyest and the meekest of all the teachers in the Tenth ward school, had witnessed a murder. She would have to appear in court, to testify, to explain, to identify.

She closed her lips very resolutely. No one must know it from her. God had such matters in His hand, not man. She closed the window softly and went about getting her frugal meal and shaking hands but a firm determination not to give away.

It was a courageous thing to do, but Bertha had a deal of courage. Some 50 miles away in the deep green country, her invalid and widowed mother and sister lived upon her salary—that is, all she could spare. This made her live in a small, high-up room and alone—that her economies be not known. It was in the highest rest hour after school that Bertha had seen and witnessed the tragic fate of the unknown.

Long she sat in thought over her cup of tea. Bertha had that rare thing, a conscience, and she weighed the matter carefully. The deed, the motives, who the man with the reddish hair might be—these things haunted her dream and broke her sleep. She was glad when morning dawned and she could go to her school.

But first she bought a morning paper to see if the murder had been discovered. There it was in big, black headlines! A mysterious murder of an unknown man, a well-dressed stranger, in whose pockets was nothing by which to identify him. And, as she read, Bertha Dunn realized with a shudder that the murderer, also, had been well dressed and that the double flash in the sunlight had been a great jewel on the hand that drove home the shining knife.

The police were making every effort to get a clue to the murder. So Bertha, in her deep green country, near her door that afternoon. Had she seen any people in the alley the day before? Did she know anything of the murdered man? To which questions Bertha was able to give a shy negative. She trembled to think that they might ask her if she had seen the murderer committed, but they did not, and she went up the stairs very thankful.

The little teacher bought papers the two next mornings and read them over her desk before the school bell rang. The third day she read with a wildly beating heart. The identity of the murdered man had been discovered. He was one of the city's retired capitalists, a man of wealth, cultured and travelled. He was supposed to be in New York, and it was only by accident that she knew it. The face of the murderer man had been so badly slashed, probably after death, and his rendered identification difficult. Now the chase was on. The city was roused, the murderer must be found, and money was plenty.

Bertha closed her little red mouth firmly, and went about with a white face. 'Dag' had been into a courtroom? She would rather die a hundred deaths. In those days she had troubles of her own. Her sister, the one who kept the family together down in the country, wrote of the mother's increasing weakness and need of luxuries; of the need of books and clothing for the boys, and the delicate Jenny must have new fashions for the late autumn. Bertha reduced her own food to the least possible quantity and sent the money home that should have purchased her three meals every day. Suddenly something happened. When Bertha, weak from fasting, dragged up the stairs one evening and unlocked her door with a large white envelope lay upon the floor. It was addressed up and fell lazily. It was a bundle of crisp bills and a slip of paper upon which was printed only four words: 'The reward of silence.'

That sum meant to the half-starved little woman sick with the clamor of life in her ears and with six souls dependent upon her exertions? The next day she read an announcement of a thousand-dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or the information leading to it. Then she understood. But her lip would not separate as her need ached to testify for \$10,000. However, the notice had a curious effect. She decided to use the other money, a little at a time. She went to the post office and sent a generous remittance home, although not enough to excite any suspicion. This quiet little woman was not without much shrewdness. She felt that any change in her circumstances would excite suspicion among those who still watched the neighborly hood. So she continued her frugal life, only once in awhile allowing herself a warm meal in a down-town restaurant. The rest of the money she sewed into the hem of her school gown and went about without any anxiety concerning it. It must last a long time. In a month's time, during which the search for the murderer was unavailing, Bertha found another white envelope on the floor and the same income. She wondered how it came there, how anyone knew of her knowledge, who it was that commanded so much money and whether this was the end of it. Bertha knew she was not silent for the money, but she would be silent with the money.

Then an arrest came, the arrest of a relative of the murdered man. Bertha had not calculated on the effect such news would have upon her. In her soul burned the truth—the knowledge that a glance would tell her the truth. She was in a fever. An innocent man might suffer. Her clear duty shone before her and on the afternoon of the examination Bertha Dunn, pallid and grave, worked her way into the much-crowded courtroom, packed with spectators.

Unaccustomed to the scene, she did not even locate the prisoner, but she failed to find, within the room, the man of the dark red hair, the peculiar attitude, the long, lithe arm, the haughty indifference of the crowd. She had hurried down after her school hours and simultaneously wandered about the city half a long time, too shy to inquire her way inside. There had been a number of witnesses examined and now the judge and several lawyers were consulting together in low tones. Suddenly the group fell apart and a stern voice sounded through the room: 'The prisoner will stand up.'

Bertha could not see for the crowding forms pushing before and beside her. She struggled under one man's elbow and emerged, hatless, to hear the rest of the judge's words: 'Arthur Kirby, you stand committed to jail without bail for the murder of Kincaid Homerson!'

But upon the silence that followed the last word broke in a woman's cry: 'Hel O, no, he did not murder the man, he!' Then arose the wild sounds of men shouting and women weeping with joy. And the little school teacher was swept to the front and questioned. She never once swerved. That was not the man nor anything like him. She knew that. As to the real murderer, she might or might not know him, but this young man—he was nothing like him. He was innocent, because she had seen the real murderer, and this was not him at all.

Why had she not spoken? Because she was unable to do any more than save the innocent. Think of it—a flash of steel in a moment of time, two forms in a sunshine shaft, then a body on the ground. And she—alone in a great building with few tenants and night coming on. The prisoner was discharged. Detectives and officers plied Bertha with questions. But she was reticent. She had saved the innocent; she would not betray anyone else.

As she entered her humble home after nightfall she was conscious of a presence on the stairway behind her. As she fled to the security of her room a hand detained her in the darkness. 'Good and wise little woman,' said a deep voice, 'you shall never be forgotten in all the years to come. That man cruelly treated and deserted my sister years ago. He deserved ten deaths. You shall take her place in my care—although you may never see me. I am going away now. God help and bless you!'

Bertha felt a warm kiss on her hand. A moment later the street door slammed.

ANN TAYLOR. 'Ann Taylor was a seamstress who, Did woman's rights espouse, She woe she'd knit her stockings new She'd also knit her brow, The thread of her discourse so long She never was known to drop; Eyes stitches in her side, she strove, Would never make her stop. She'd buttonhole you, hem and sew And spin you to the fact. And sticks with the point you saw Of her address and tact. Wool gathering often went her wise, And 'tween 't' was a year, And out you shoot and give 'er 't' is, 'If worried she would dare. She'd sip and eat her suet's worth And baste each one you'd quote; And say that the machine she'd smash If it could only vote. She sowed now many faces that the town gathered wide its weeds. They tried to mend her ways and be The sew lace man's most needs.'

NO ANGLE NEEDED APPLY! 'I promise you one thing,' said the beautiful maiden, as she hung to his coat lapel. 'I will give you this, that when I am your wife I shall study your comfort.'

'You will, my darling?'

'Ah I won't I?'

'And in what way, my sweetheart?'

'Well, I'll never bake bread myself, but always get it from the baker's shop.'

JAPS STUDY EXPLOSIVES.

Probably no eastern nation is more strongly represented than are the Japanese in the English annals of science and more particularly in literature on chemistry. They possess an undoubtedly strong faculty for original research and they combine this faculty with a sharp-sightedness as to the possibility of practical application of the fruits of research. The Japanese chemist, in fact unites the power of originality of the English chemist and the practical intuition of the German. At the University of Tokio practical study is much favored and splendid facilities for work are provided in the laboratories and workshops.

There are several distinguished Japanese chemists who are fellows of the English Chemical society and who were elected to the fellowship on account of the excellence of their contributions to original science. Many elaborate papers involving long and patient laboratory investigations are printed in full in the transactions of the society. The Japanese chemists discuss with a freedom which astonishes the western chemists all the modern abstruse theories bearing upon atomic theory, the constitution of matter, the theory of dissociation, and so forth. They write powerful dissertations on the views advanced by such esteemed thinkers as Ostwald, Arrhenius, Kelvin, Thomson, Lodge, Crookes and Ramsay, and have offered valuable criticisms on the methods of systematizing and compiling atomic weights adopted by western chemists.

Chemistry, of course, is a powerful weapon in war and there can be little doubt that among other things which have so far contributed to Japanese successes is a sound knowledge of explosives, their composition, action and behavior under a variety of conditions. When there is no longer any need for the implements of battle, and may that soon be, the same subtle insight which is so remarkable a feature of the Japanese intellect may turn with equal success to the application of science to peace pursuits.

SETTING THE CLOCK AHEAD

It is a common thing to find the clocks in nine out of ten households either 15 minutes or half an hour fast, and should you happen to be in a hurry or mention the fact that you have to be going, you are at once reassured by the fact that you have no cause to hurry, as the clock is so much ahead of the time, says the New York News.

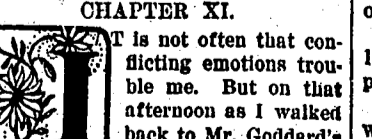
Has it ever occurred to you why clocks are usually put ahead. Some physicians have said that it is due to laziness, for it is such a satisfaction to the lazy man to find when he has to get up at seven in the morning and strains his half-closed eyes to look at the clock, that it is a little fast.

Said a watchmaker when asked about the subject: 'Yes, it is a peculiar thing with most people to put their clocks fast, and while there may be some satisfaction in it when it comes to doing a little longer, there is really no advantage in it, for when you wake up, say, at six and glance at the clock and it registers six the fact remains that it is a half hour fast. While this may make you feel easier, knowing that you still have 30 minutes to doze, I confess I don't see much advantage in it. 'Why not have the clock right? It is the same thing in the end. 'Suppose railroads were to put this into practice, how many trains do you think people would miss thereby? This putting clocks fast is really only a pleasant form of deception which people like to practice on themselves, but it does more harm than good.'

No trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Hence can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us.

Let a man go home at night, wearied and with the bells of the day, and how soothing it is to find a bed of good disposition. It is nothing falling on his back. He is happy, and the cause of life are forgotten.

Mother (to married daughter): Why, what's the matter, Clara? What are you crying about? Clara: Henry is so awfully cruel (sob); he is getting worse and worse every day (sob). What do you suppose he said just now? He told me I must get rid of the cook; he couldn't stand her cooking any longer (sob). And he knows well enough that she hasn't done one bit of cooking for a fortnight, and that I have done it all myself! Boo-boo! boo-boo!



It is not often that affecting emotions trouble me. But on this afternoon as Mr. Goddard's house I experienced the strangest contradiction of feelings. One moment I thought I would pursue the tragedy no further, but decamp immediately and let my master work out his own fate. After all, he was nothing to me, and he probably cared less for me than I did for him. But the next moment I would bare a

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DIANA'S INHERITANCE.

HER BIRTHRIGHT.

BY HEDLEY RICHARDS.

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

PART 4.

Mrs. Russel hesitated, and her son replied: "The papers were taken out of a drawer in my mother's room while she was asleep; the drawer was locked and the key, on a bunch with others, was under her pillow. In the morning the keys were there, but the papers had disappeared."

"I am very sorry, ma'am, but as you think me capable of doing such a thing perhaps I'd better leave." Mrs. Russel raised her head quickly, and Martin looked disturbed.

"We don't suspect you, Royce; but the affair is a mystery," said the latter.

"Royce, I hope you won't think of leaving me," exclaimed Mrs. Russel.

"No, ma'am, not if I've misunderstood you; and perhaps, ma'am, I might be allowed to suggest what might be at the bottom of the mystery?"

"Certainly Royce, we shall be glad to hear your theory. As my mother said, it is a mystery to us."

"Well, sir, I don't like saying it, but don't you think it looks as if my mistress is a somnambulist?"

"Don't you think it could have done it, as you say, Royce?"

Mrs. Russel looked astounded and Martin was amazed. After a minute he asked:

"Have you ever known your mistress walk in her sleep?"

"No, sir; but it seems to me it is the only explanation of what has happened."

"At any rate it is a novel explanation. You may go, Royce."

When she had departed Martin turned to the girls, saying:

"Either that woman is a clever hypocrite or she is innocent."

"Oh, Martin, I believe her explanation is a true one. When I was a girl I frequently walked in my sleep, and as far as I was concerned the same thing occurred two or three times, and on each occasion I had been very much excited. I expect the matter had preyed on my mind and the habit returned."

"Then you think you hid the papers while you were asleep?" said Martin.

"I am afraid I did. Oh, if I only knew where I had put them!"

"It is a confoundedly awkward affair. I expect I shall have to find out where the girl is hiding and make love to her," he said in a gloomy voice.

"She is a very beautiful girl," said his mother.

"What care I how fair she is, if she won't take my love? My choice would be Katharine Spender; but if these papers are lost I cannot afford to please myself, so you may expect to see me very soon at Avondale Hall."

CHAPTER VII. A MEETING.

"So this is your young friend, the vicar told me he met you yesterday," said Mrs. Corbett, wife of the vicar of All Saints' Bromhead. I made up my mind to call on you soon and I do, but really I've had such a lot to do."

"I'm very pleased to see you," replied Miss Gerald, who liked the vicar's pleasant, talkative wife.

"I knew you would be here in the morning. And how do you like Bromhead, Miss Caine?" she said, glancing admiringly at Diana.

"I think it's a quaint old town, and the country round is lovely," said Diana, who looked very much happier than she had done the night three weeks ago when she had sought refuge with Miss Gerald.

"Yes, it is a charming country, and has some lovely residences, Bromhead Court is a beautiful place, although it is not so large as the Oldfield Hall. Sir John Oldfield's residence; and, of course, Avondale Hall is the grandest. By the way, Mrs. Spender called to see me yesterday afternoon. I hadn't got my things unpacked, but she said she felt she must drive over as soon as she heard I'd got home. She's quite made up her mind to have a companion; she says she's so miserably lonely when the judge goes on circuit. You see, Katharine won't be so sociable with me as she is with her stepmother—and the grand nurse doesn't like her to spend too much time in the nursery. It appears she has been telling the judge about her loneliness, and she's chattering about it at present," said Miss Gerald.

"Dear Miss Gerald, I should so like to get this post. I would do my best to please Mrs. Spender. I think I'm naturally bright and happy," Diana said with a smile.

"You'll be a great help to her, I should say," said Miss Gerald, who looked surprised.

"I didn't think you would require anything of the kind," she said.

"Diana doesn't; she knows I want her to stay with me. Besides she has a fortune, only it isn't available at present," said Miss Gerald.

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"I can't expect you to explain my own life to me," said Miss Caine.

"Then my first words to Miss Caine must be thanks. I am very glad to see you and I hope you and my wife will get along together."

"I should have liked to have seen you at the time," said Miss Caine, "at the same time studying her face."

"I didn't expect you till tomorrow," said his wife.

"Nor did I expect to come, but it was impossible to go on with the case as one of the witnesses was ill. I should have had to wadges as well down from London by the train I got into. He had ordered his carriage to meet him, so he brought me as far as the lodge gates; he wanted to drive up to the house, but I wouldn't let him. I was to come over and dine with us to-night, and he has promised," said Mrs. Spender.

Diana happened to be looking at Katharine, and she saw her face flush and her eyes brighten when her father named Sir John Oldfield.

"What now, we'll go and look at the boy, then afterwards I should like some tea," said Mrs. Spender as she drew his wife towards the door.

Katharine threw her head back scornfully, and as the door closed after them she said:

"It's perfectly ridiculous the fuss they make over Roy. Not that I'm in love with him, because his advent here has made very little difference to me. The estate is entailed in the male line. Now, if like Lord Avondale's daughter could inherit it, I should have hated the boy just as I do."

"That's all very well, but your father's savings would make very little difference to me. My stepmother said you had a fortune, but there was some difficulty about it. Is it a legal dispute?"

"Are you likely to lose it altogether?" Katharine, looking intently at Diana.

"Oh, dear no, I don't think so—at least I hope not," Diana replied, thinking of the rose diamond.

"I should think you'd have it," she should hate to be poor. Her father had not a penny for her own," said Katharine, with contempt.

That evening Diana dressed herself with unusual care. Not only had the master of the house returned, she expected her guests, but a girl's instinctive desire to look nice, she took pains with her toilette, and when she turned from the long mirror, which reflected a slim figure, dressed in a soft, clinging black robe, and shivered her beautiful face in contrast, while her face appeared more lovely than usual, she drew a little sigh of satisfaction.

As she entered the drawing room she became aware that the guest had arrived and was talking to Mrs. Spender. He looked round and said to her, "Remember, Sir John Oldfield, had been her companion on a boat, coming across from Ireland. She saw that he knew her, but she was determined not to let the others know they had met before, as it would be difficult to explain, and he enlightening Sir John, as to her name, so when Mrs. Spender introduced the stranger, as Sir John Oldfield, she bowed, and he, seeing that she did not wish the others to know they had met, was careful not to show his interest."

"Then you will come soon. Can you be ready by Monday? I will send a party for you in the pony carriage."

So it was settled, but when Mrs. Spender had gone, Diana turned smilingly to Miss Gerald, saying:

"I don't know what my stepmother would have said if I had gone with the one bag that she brought here. I daresay she would have thought I had a scanty wardrobe."

"I'm glad you are so pretty well supplied now. But if there is anything you require you must let me know. Remember, the rose diamond makes you an heiress. By the way, would you rather take it with you to the Court?"

Diana shook her head.

"I would rather leave it with you. I lost the papers, so I won't risk losing the other things I received from my grandfather."

"I am glad you like the Court, Miss Caine. You don't know how much happier your coming has made me."

The speaker was Mrs. Spender, who had placed a couple of easy chairs near a low bay window at one end of the drawing room, and having invited Diana to take one, had seated herself in the other.

"It is such a comfort to have some one to talk to. Of course, there is Katharine, but she always makes me feel that she is condescending when she talks to me. You know, she never forgets that she was born a rich woman; her mother was an heiress, which she only was because of her father's money. I often hear her indignantly denounce the poor beggarly daughter. I often wonder here would be if I asked them to live on the plain food we had at the vicarage. But I was very happy," she added, with a faint sigh, then she asked, "And I am happy now when I see you. I know some people think I married him for his money, but it is not true. I have never regretted that I became his wife; he is such a good man. But you will see him to-morrow."

Diana smiled.

"At that moment the door opened, and a tall, stately girl entered. Her features were classical in their regularity, but her brown eyes had a hard expression. Her jet-black hair was fashionably dressed, and although she gave the impression, in spite of her barely twenty years, of being very much a woman of the world."

Seating herself on a lounge she said:

"You never get tired of doing fancy-work, Miss Caine?"

"Sometimes, and then I read; but after all, it is more sociable to work and chat."

"Then I prefer being unsociable," said Katharine, as she opened a book.

"I don't think you will find them all too broad-shouldered men who looked verging on fifty was standing in the doorway."

"Hugh!" exclaimed Mrs. Spender, kissing her, then drawing her arm through his, they advanced.

"Well, how's the boy?" he asked, and Diana liked his tone and the tender way he regarded his wife.

"Roy's splendid. Only nurse does not like me to go much to the nursery."

"Poor little woman," he said; "then passing by his daughter, who held out her hand languidly, he inquired, "How are you Katharine, submitting rather ungraciously to his kiss."

"Much as usual," she replied, submitting rather ungraciously to his kiss.

"Hugh, this is Miss Caine. I told you about her. I cannot tell you

how much happier I am since she came," said Mrs. Spender.

"Then my first words to Miss Caine must be thanks. I am very glad to see you and I hope you and my wife will get along together."

"I should have liked to have seen you at the time," said Miss Caine, "at the same time studying her face."

"I didn't expect you till tomorrow," said his wife.

"Nor did I expect to come, but it was impossible to go on with the case as one of the witnesses was ill. I should have had to wadges as well down from London by the train I got into. He had ordered his carriage to meet him, so he brought me as far as the lodge gates; he wanted to drive up to the house, but I wouldn't let him. I was to come over and dine with us to-night, and he has promised," said Mrs. Spender.

Diana happened to be looking at Katharine, and she saw her face flush and her eyes brighten when her father named Sir John Oldfield.

"What now, we'll go and look at the boy, then afterwards I should like some tea," said Mrs. Spender as she drew his wife towards the door.

Katharine threw her head back scornfully, and as the door closed after them she said:

"It's perfectly ridiculous the fuss they make over Roy. Not that I'm in love with him, because his advent here has made very little difference to me. The estate is entailed in the male line. Now, if like Lord Avondale's daughter could inherit it, I should have hated the boy just as I do."

"That's all very well, but your father's savings would make very little difference to me. My stepmother said you had a fortune, but there was some difficulty about it. Is it a legal dispute?"

"Are you likely to lose it altogether?" Katharine, looking intently at Diana.

"Oh, dear no, I don't think so—at least I hope not," Diana replied, thinking of the rose diamond.

"I should think you'd have it," she should hate to be poor. Her father had not a penny for her own," said Katharine, with contempt.

That evening Diana dressed herself with unusual care. Not only had the master of the house returned, she expected her guests, but a girl's instinctive desire to look nice, she took pains with her toilette, and when she turned from the long mirror, which reflected a slim figure, dressed in a soft, clinging black robe, and shivered her beautiful face in contrast, while her face appeared more lovely than usual, she drew a little sigh of satisfaction.

As she entered the drawing room she became aware that the guest had arrived and was talking to Mrs. Spender. He looked round and said to her, "Remember, Sir John Oldfield, had been her companion on a boat, coming across from Ireland. She saw that he knew her, but she was determined not to let the others know they had met before, as it would be difficult to explain, and he enlightening Sir John, as to her name, so when Mrs. Spender introduced the stranger, as Sir John Oldfield, she bowed, and he, seeing that she did not wish the others to know they had met, was careful not to show his interest."

"Then you will come soon. Can you be ready by Monday? I will send a party for you in the pony carriage."

So it was settled, but when Mrs. Spender had gone, Diana turned smilingly to Miss Gerald, saying:

"I don't know what my stepmother would have said if I had gone with the one bag that she brought here. I daresay she would have thought I had a scanty wardrobe."

"I'm glad you are so pretty well supplied now. But if there is anything you require you must let me know. Remember, the rose diamond makes you an heiress. By the way, would you rather take it with you to the Court?"

Diana shook her head.

"I would rather leave it with you. I lost the papers, so I won't risk losing the other things I received from my grandfather."

"I am glad you like the Court, Miss Caine. You don't know how much happier your coming has made me."

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PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR HORSES.

SHOULD FIRING BE ABOLISHED.

A well-known veterinary surgeon and horse dealer, interviewed on his new method of training horses, has given us some novel and interesting information.

This is the age of physical culture, and now that it has been applied in every way possible to the development of human beings, it is just beginning to be applied to the better development of horses. The training of our horses—particularly the racing horse—has all along been unscientific and done in quite the wrong way.

The most important parts of the horse's limbs, you know, are the tendons. They are the business of the pulling up the different limbs, and if anything happens to them they very often mean that a valuable horse is rendered useless. Now, the object of the new physical training method is to make these tendons as strong as possible.

The fore legs almost entirely consist of bones and tendons. If you look at a horse's knee-joint, for instance, or from the fetlock to the knee to the back of the leg, you can see these tendons stretched with age and hard work, and are, therefore, "fired." That means that a hot iron is applied to them; and that causes them to contract. It has always been a doubtful question as to whether "firing" is of any permanent benefit.

The physical culture method, however, while it has not yet proved to be permanent in its curative value, has been found without doubt to make the tendons stronger, stiffer and fitter for work in every way.

The method consists mainly in working the horse's legs in a backward and forward motion at the joints, much in the same way as you would exercise your arms by set physical culture rules.

Such a method I should mention to you for developing, the legs of horses are the electrical and rubbing treatments.

In the one or two cases in which I have tried these methods on animals under my care the results have been most surprising. No doubt many people may think it unnatural to treat animals with such exercises. It is true, of course, that nature knows best how to treat her creatures. But it must be remembered that the work we do in the case of do is not natural either, and we must try and adapt the horse to the work we want him for.

As an example of that, although the horse is admirably fitted by nature for galloping, nature forgot that he must gallop sometimes with a weight on his back. That is just what breaks a horse down and jars his legs, and it is for that reason that race horses are always ridden at exercise by light weights, so that the concussion may be as light as possible.

It is precisely over this matter that the opinions of those who believe in the English and American systems of jockeyship differed. It is now generally accepted, however, that the forward seat on the withers must throw very great weight on the horse's forelegs, which are the least suited to bear the weight.—"Science Sitings."

RUNAWAY.

There were kind masters in the days of slavery, as is illustrated by the following story, which is known to be quite true.

A well-to-do farmer in one of the best counties of Tennessee possessed a large number of slaves, and among them a negro about his own age.

He was a very industrious servant, and exemplary in his behaviour, and ceasing during the winter, he was sent to work in the fields, and the first appearance of frost. At this period Sam was always seized with an uncontrollable desire to run away. It occurred as he was out, and like a fever, as it were, and he was like a dancer, could only be treated by change of air and locality. Sam declared that he "just couldn't help himself," and it became a settled and understood arrangement that he should go to work in the fields, and if he could do so, and that his neighbours should send him some potatoes on a small escapade, his old master asked him on one occasion, when the matter was under discussion:

"Sam, do you really enjoy running away?"

"Oh, yes, Mars' John," said Sam, "I do. Hit's de mos' fun in do wurl! Coon-huntin' ain't nohowers to hit."

"Well then," said his master, "let me know the next time you take motion to stroll with you, and I will try it as well myself."

Sure enough, in due season, Sam came up, saying:

"Old Mars, de time's mighty night when I 'bleeged to lile out. Ef you gwine wile you, be better be git'in' gwine for when de time comes I got to go quick."

"Old Mars" kept a bright look out, and when Sam started he was on hand.

"They had a delightful time. They fished, they caught some possums, and hunted the ground-squirrel, and the nooks of the forest, all of which Sam knew well.

"Old Mars" had never enjoyed a summer so much. In fact he had more pleasure than he had for many years in the past. He was so glad to see Sam, and not less to his own, when the season came again, the fit of restlessness seized him as strong as ever, and he ran away himself.

MAKE POTATOES OF RADISHES.

Nothing is easier when you know how, than to turn a radish into a potato. A French scientist does know how, and he has been telling the Academy of Science at Paris how to set about it.

You take a young radish and cultivate it in a glass rotator, after a process invented by Pasteur in a concentrated solution of glucose. The radish stalks develop plants radially in its cells, and the distinctive taste disappears, and the radish acquires practically the same consistency, flavour, and above all, nutritive qualities as the potato.

There are about 40,000 different varieties in England and Wales.

NEW YEARS THOUGHTS.

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

Another year has gone, and let us not bring us new years, with horrors and miseries.

We live at a critical time, and time for the great work of the world every day. The war produces in the minds of men, as does the storm in nature, a wholesome change in this that a movement which ordinarily exists unnoticed becomes visible. This is a critical time and it is necessary to consider all actions twice before carrying them out.

All the struggles of the press, not only of the Russian press, but also of the foreign or revolutionary, against the existing and ruling order are sterile.

It is just the same as to cut the top of weeds—they will grow only still more vigorously. They should be pulled out root and branch, and this only the spirit of true religion, which is equal and invincible is able to do.

It seems to me that you have only to listen to the voice of your own heart to find out what to do. If you believe in God and his laws and hear and soul, you are not in doubt how you are to act.

Read the tenth chapter of Matthew twenty-sixth to thirty-fourth verse. There it is clearly told what the man should do who believes in God and his laws. And if you are in the orthodox church, then you had better renounce God, because this shows that you only care for things of this earth.

Then you will at least be honest, and neither I, nor anyone else has any right to condemn people who have no faith.

But I do condemn, and every honest man must condemn, those who lie and who pretend to have faith while they have none. It is the hypocrites whom Christ Himself denounced.

One of the most important motives in all human activity is suggestion. It is a great power for good when used in the right manner, but it becomes one of the most terrible forces for evil when it is used to prompt to selfish thoughts and evil deeds, as it is always used by government and church.

Evil persons have combined with the idea of God so many lies and falsehoods that honest and sincere persons unconsciously have become used to defend themselves against it. They are like travellers who having had several times at hostlers and inns, and having heard of others of whom the same thing has happened, dare no longer seek refuge and decline the hospitality offered them for fear of being deceived, thus continuing to travel until their legs can carry them no longer.

This is what has happened to our young people.

During the last few months I have been busy reading every day selections of the best and most elevated thoughts of our greatest thinkers, not only Marcus Aurelius, Epicurus, Xenophon, Socrates, Hindu, and Chinese philosophers, but also more recent authors, as Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, Lessing, Kant, Lichtnerberger, Schopenhauer, Channing, Parker, Ruskin, and Amiel.

During the last two months I have read neither newspapers nor magazines, and as a result of these daily studies I have been shocked, more and more, not by the ignorance which exists in society to-day, but by the fact that the people are not interested in the rich heritage left us by those great minds we read newspapers, Zola, Maeterlinck and Ibsen.

Oh, how I should like to change this—to wipe out this terrible condition which is far more terrible than volume.

We should spend our lives here not thinking of or fearing, but looking death squarely in the face. Then life becomes valuable, solemn, useful, and happy.

In the face of death it becomes impossible not to work with all our might, since death may put an end to our work at any moment, and to the man who works thus his life becomes full of joy and he loses the fear of death which poisons the lives of so many people.

The fear of death diminishes as your life becomes more useful, and when it becomes all it should be, that fear has ceased to exist.

BUTTERFLIES.

MOST SACAGIOUS CREATURES IN THE INSECT WORLD.

The many curious gifts of the butterfly have been frequently noticed and commented upon, and they are worthy of all the comment they attract, perhaps more, for butterflies are the most sagacious creatures in the insect world.

WAR OF

destruction considered by... the cause of... crowded... in the near... field of bat...

flowers... his develop... cactus. Mr... will not fade...

flowers... his develop... cactus. Mr... will not fade...

flowers... his develop... cactus. Mr... will not fade...

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IF THERE IS A SINGLE THING IN DRESS GOODS THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT, IT CANNOT MATTER MUCH TO YOU???

We have something just as good. We will sell you a dress if you choose. You may take it home with you if you wish, and keep it for a week.

If you find that there is another dress in the wide, wide world that you would rather have than ours, bring ours back and get your money. You cannot be better treated than this.

LADIES' JACKET'S AND RAIN COATS.

But two propositions—but each one a giant in value and quality, and at the same time a dwarf in price.

CHILDREN'S COATS.

Any mother can spend an hour delightfully looking through our variety of Garments for the winsome little ones. In many cases we sell you the finished garment for less than the bare material would cost.

SELECT NOW.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS. BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

Yields obtained on Monday last... Daughters of Freedom, 100c. 50c; Carl Michael and party, 20c. 70c.

Beaufort Sanitary Rate.

Just as the business of the Riponshire Council was concluding on Monday, it was... Beaufort Sanitary Rate.

We have something just as good. We will sell you a dress if you choose. You may take it home with you if you wish, and keep it for a week.

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Beaufort Police Court.

Whether he did or did not know that the... Beaufort Police Court.

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Preliminary Notice.

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HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT.

SALES are all the rage; but as we have no "out of fashion" goods or "over-priced" stock to clear, we are NOT having an Ironmongery Sale but during the merry month of May we will clear out a few specially priced lines, which we do not intend to stock again, prior to our own stock-taking, which will soon be NOW ON!

We are dressing three large counters on our ground floor with these useful household goods, on the 1st May. If you are early, you will get some of the bargains; if late, you will miss them, for the prices will not leave them long with us. HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT.

"BLAINE, A TRAGEDY."

A Drama For the Stage, Which Will Be Enacted in New York.

An American playwright has been for some time engaged in the composition of a drama of contemporary life in which the chief character is to be a famous American statesman, now deceased.

The title which he has chosen for it is "Blaine, a Tragedy." It certainly looks like bad taste to dramatize, at least in this generation, the career of the American hero named, but the author maintains that he can do it infelicitously and in such a way as to dignify his subject, as the life of Mr. Blaine was full of dramatic material, and as there were scenes in it which would be especially forcible for a drama of real life.

"Is there any manager in New York," we asked, "who would bring out your tragedy?" "I do not know, but there is a manager in Chicago who will bring it out if it suits him."

"Do you not fear that there would be a storm of popular reprobation if you should make your chief character resemble the original?"

TOO BAD.

A Modern Young Woman Who Was Formerly Obsessed in Her Career.

It was a perfect October day. Nature had bestowed the golden and brown tints. The panorama which it presented as I rode my wheeling the wooded road was one of sublime grandeur.

"How's your boy Joems getting along down to Boston?" inquired a Centerville resident of Mrs. Peter Biotka, familiarly known as "the Widow Peter."

"A brilliant scheme," he replied. "The man who guides the ship of state and keeps it from the shoals and helps it through the treacherous sea when the wild whirlpools roll, the man who writes an epic poem or builds a stately dome, a man who makes two gross spears grow on only one spear 'growed' in the soil, who builds a system up of philosophic thought, the man who conquers mighty hosts and brings their force to naught—these men are great, supremely great, but greater far than these is he who, running a furnace that will neither melt nor freeze—New York World."

CLARK'S B. PILL is warranted to cure in either sex, all kinds of constipation, indigestion, biliousness, headache, neuralgia, migrain, rheumatism, etc.

FORAFORE AND PATHOLOGICAL.

That "they" also were who only stand and "talk" states is the obvious moral of a story told of the great German scientist, Rudolf Virchow.

The Hindoo is working great changes in the industrial and social life of the Hindus. The Hindu who has adopted the Christian faith has won the approbation of the ruling class, and is a man of domestic life in the rules of conduct which he prescribes to himself for observance in society.

CHARACTER IN WALKING. Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation. Tip-toe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discretion, or mystery.

EVERY-DAY BLESSINGS. The common thing is usually accepted as a matter of course. One seldom stops to think of the beating of his heart, which carries the blood to flow through his body.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Slipston.

The progress of the "Mechanics' Institute" building fund met on Saturday evening, Mr. A. R. Slater, president.

BEAUFORT MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. A meeting of the committee of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute was held on Friday evening.

WOULDN'T GIVE DRY BREAD. An artist who was on a sketching tour in the neighbourhood of a ploughman, took his gun, opened his book, and began to sketch it.

Middle Creek. The monthly meeting in connection with the Middle Creek branch, A.N.A., was held on Friday evening, October 21st.

COMMERCIAL. BALLARAT LIVE-STOCK MARKET. Tuesday. Fat Cattle—235 cases to hand for today's sale, fully one-third consisting of quality ranging from good to prime.

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LAXATIVE. NEW IDEAL PURGATIVE. For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, etc. MANUFACTURED BY THE LAXATIVE CO. LTD.

Snake Valley. During Saturday night five valuable dogs belonging to Messrs W. B. Baker, W. Wright, and Corrigan, were poisoned by some person who had evidently thrown baits into the owners' yards.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases. The Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant shall enter in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed.

Notice to Advertisers. Owing to the inconvenience caused by advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue. In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employers.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

The following are the police magistrate's permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr. Dickinson, unless otherwise engaged:

F. G. PRINCE. Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER. Auctioneers, Antiques and House, Land, Insurance, and Financial Agents.

J. A. HARRIS. In thanking his numerous customers for past patronage, he desires to ensure that he has prepared a FURNITURE YARD, and is prepared to remove Furniture to any part of the country at exceptionally cheap rates.

Mrs. MULLINS, MIDWIFE. LATE OF CASTERTON. HAS taken Mr. Mullin's house (near East Street) at Ballarat, and is prepared to receive and attend upon all cases of Midwifery.

W. EDWARD, Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier. NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including advertisements for various goods and services.















# The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1434

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1905

PRICE THREEPENCE

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE. A SALE OF MAGNITUDE. A SALE OF MAGNITUDE. A SALE OF MAGNITUDE. A SALE OF MAGNITUDE. A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.

GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER. GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER. GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER. GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER. GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER. GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.

2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET. 2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET. 2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET. 2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET. 2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET. 2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET.

FROM THE POST OFFICE. FROM THE POST OFFICE. FROM THE POST OFFICE. FROM THE POST OFFICE. FROM THE POST OFFICE. FROM THE POST OFFICE.

GENUINE SALE—GENUINE REDUCTIONS. GENUINE SALE—GENUINE REDUCTIONS. GENUINE SALE—GENUINE REDUCTIONS. GENUINE SALE—GENUINE REDUCTIONS. GENUINE SALE—GENUINE REDUCTIONS. GENUINE SALE—GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

SEE THE WINDOWS. SEE THE WINDOWS. SEE THE WINDOWS. SEE THE WINDOWS. SEE THE WINDOWS. SEE THE WINDOWS.

COMPARE PRICES. COMPARE PRICES. COMPARE PRICES. COMPARE PRICES. COMPARE PRICES. COMPARE PRICES.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY. WATCHES AND JEWELLERY. WATCHES AND JEWELLERY. WATCHES AND JEWELLERY. WATCHES AND JEWELLERY. WATCHES AND JEWELLERY.

AT SALE PRICES. AT SALE PRICES. AT SALE PRICES. AT SALE PRICES. AT SALE PRICES. AT SALE PRICES.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY. REPAIRS A SPECIALITY. REPAIRS A SPECIALITY. REPAIRS A SPECIALITY. REPAIRS A SPECIALITY. REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

FIRST-CLASS WORK. FIRST-CLASS WORK. FIRST-CLASS WORK. FIRST-CLASS WORK. FIRST-CLASS WORK. FIRST-CLASS WORK.

GEORGE PAYNE, WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER. BALLARAT. (See down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)

Address—

GEORGE PAYNE, WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER. BALLARAT. (See down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM. ESTABLISHED 1860. A. H. SANDS (Late Wm. Baker). UNDERTAKER, Opposite the State School, RANGITIKEI, BEAUFORT.

Make you Had. Make you Had. Make you Had. Make you Had. Make you Had. Make you Had.

DCHHRAN. BEAUFORT.

W. NICKOLS & CO. GENERAL COMMISSIONERS. BEAUFORT.

CONDUCED in any... L&CHESTERFIELD.

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 in generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper man "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature. Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for £3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis £1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him; you don't believe us.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Purifier 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

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE THE BLOOD FROM ALL IMPURITIES, from whatever cause arising. SCROFULA, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, STY, DYSPEPSIA, BRUISES, BLOOD POISON, PIMPLES, SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES OF ALL KINDS.

Support LOCAL INDUSTRY, AND SUBSCRIBE TO THE LOCAL PAPER.

TRYED 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 a case of severe rheumatism and had 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, King's-road, N.E., writes: "Gentlemen, I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your '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 spending one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an irritation of the skin by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I immediately bought a bottle, and I am now completely cured. I am now able to follow my employment, and my skin is as smooth as a baby's. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case.—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES.

Mr. James Waring, of Clay Cotton Lodge, near Rugby, writes: "It is with great pleasure that I wish to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for two months. The doctor then told me I should have to go into hospital before he could do anything for me. I was told that 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' was a good remedy, and I bought a bottle, and I am now completely cured. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case.—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPUITIES IN THE BLOOD.—We have seen many letters from people who have suffered from skin and blood diseases, and who have received benefit from Clarke's Blood Mixture. This is a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition. This is a good testimonial from the Family Doctor, and is published weekly, which goes on further to say: "It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science has yet 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 applications for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the lands are 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 attached to Mining Leases.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under: Second Tuesday, Messrs F. Beggs, J. H. R. G. Witherspoon, and Messrs A. H. Bridges, Fourth Tuesday, Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Fuggs.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat, and hoarseness, will do well to get at the almost immediate relief afforded by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' These famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' pills are sold with 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' pills. These famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' pills are sold with 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' pills. These famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' pills are sold with 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' pills.

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

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE. BEECHAM'S PILLS. Possess the following qualities in a high degree: They Strengthen the Stomach, They Regulate the Bowels, They Purify and Enrich the Blood, and they give tone to the whole Nervous System. They contain no drugs of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficial, and pure. They will restore you to health if you give them a chance. BEECHAM'S PILLS are perfect in every way and plentiful in quantity; they are sold everywhere, in Boxes, labeled 1s. 1/2d., containing 50 Pills, and 2s. 6d., containing 100 Pills. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence. LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS. MAIL TIME TABLE. Daily. Closing Time. Melbourn, 8.30 a.m. Ballarat, 8.30 a.m. Geelong, 8.30 a.m. Traralgon, 8.30 a.m. Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior. Mails Inward. Arrive Daily. From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Traralgon.—12.30 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 Traralgon, Swallow, Middle Creek, and Mitta.—5.30 p.m. daily. From Ballarat, Swallow, and Bunyip, 8.30 a.m. daily. From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m. daily. From Stoney Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m. daily. From Burambene and Shirley.—4.30 p.m. daily. From England.—Weekly, 1.30 p.m.

Notices. P. J. O'SULLIVAN, SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER. A Large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Repairing neatly and promptly executed. The Advocate Office, Beaufort.

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

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.

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."

THE ADVOCATE'S OFFICE. ADVERTISING. ALWAYS PAYS.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

JOHN HUMPHREYS COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT. ACCOUNTANT ETC., NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

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WHEN WINTER'S WINDS WHISTLE BE WELL CLAD WINTER SHOW 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.

The coming Winter Season introduces several Smart and Inexpensive Novelties. 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 Blousings. IN THE MANTLE DEPARTMENT many other pressing needs of Winter are supplied.

MACINTOSHES. New, Gray Three-quarter Jackets. Real Up-to-date GOLF BLOUSES. WE ARE GLOTHIERS 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.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 15th June, 1905.

COMMERCIAL. BALLARAT LIVE-STOCK MARKET. The Cattle - 326 head - to hand for Friday's supply. First-class cowboys of quality ranging from good to prime; a small proportion useful; balance only middling descriptions.

THE WOODS AND ADMIRATION OF THE PUBLIC. The Kinship Being and Wonderfully Clear Photographs of the World-famous BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS RICHARDS & CO.

BRIDAL FORTNIGHT. To have earned a world-wide reputation for our successful Bridal Portraits. Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets, the latest, kept at the Studio.

RICHARDS & CO. THE LEADING AND FASHIONABLE BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS. 311 STURT STREET.

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

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits. TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

A. N. A. BEAUFORT BRANCH. Meetings at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETY'S HALL.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES. SUNDAY, 21st MAY, 1905. Church of England - Beaufort, 11 a.m. - Lay Help, Middle Creek, 11 a.m. - Travalla, 11 p.m. - Beaufort, 7 p.m. - Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Methodist Church - Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. - Lay Help, 11 a.m. - Beaufort, 7 p.m. - Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Presbyterian Church - Beaufort, 11 a.m. - Beaufort, 7 p.m. - Rev. A. J. Pearce.

THE Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1905.

The Premier has directed attention to the matter of outside employment of prison labor, his utterances having been made in connection with the opening up of the country by constructing roads for settlers who have but poor means of communication with centres, and who are almost shut in by their forest-bound sections.

The project works of the State Government and the words of its mouth, spoken through its servant, Mr. Bent, at Hotham, last week, in respect to the municipal subsidy, are not in agreement with the Premier's statement that the Government proposed to reduce the rate of the municipal subsidy from 10s. to 8s. per head.

The Premier's statement that the Government proposed to reduce the rate of the municipal subsidy from 10s. to 8s. per head, is a very important one, and one which will be of great interest to the public.

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It is held that the only statistics, and the only figures that can be accepted as statistics, are those which are supplied by the census, and it is in this respect that the 1901 census, which will still retain the right to her 38 members, and would not be in the position of having to do with one less.

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Sixty-two penalties have been imposed by the Customs department for omitting to put duty stamps, two of which were people of Beaufort being amongst the number fined.

Telephone communication has now been established on the condenser system between Beaufort, Ballarat, and Melbourne, and would not be in the position of having to do with one less.

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A very old bible has passed into the possession of the Rev. J. Hoeking, Fitzroy. Its date is 1608, and it is known as a "brother's bible," because in the third chapter of Genesis, verse 7 reads, "Then they saw that they were naked, and they covered themselves with fig leaves, and made themselves breeches."

State Governments ignored accounts rendered by the Postal authorities for telegrams despatched last year, consequently all Government messages must be prepaid in future.

There has been a remarkable development in connection with the Kaiser's recent speech at Weimar, in which he referred to the Japanese as the " scourge of God," like Attila and Napoleon. The Kaiser's remarks were published in several German newspapers.

In expressing his opinion on some "staple" matter suggested to the Legislative Council, Mr. Carrall, the Hon. Member for Beaufort, pointed out that not only alcohol, but also pure distilled water in certain circumstances a nerve poison, and so is oxygen at a pressure of four atmospheres.

We have been shown a copy of the Address Australia, containing portraits of Messrs J. M. Carrall and W. T. Hill, president and secretary respectively of the branch A.N.A., with the following descriptive matter: "President J. M. Carrall, Beaufort branch, is a native of Bungally, near Brisbane, and joined the Association in 1897, and has occupied various offices in the branch, and for two years secretary."

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A movement is on foot in the country districts, as the outcome of a public meeting held at Yarram, to petition the Public Works Department for an amendment of the Water Frontages Act, so as to allow occupiers of frontages taxed under the Act to purchase the same where such frontages are not required for public use.

At present a licence fee is charged on the area so reserved, and which is pointed out in many cases absolutely worthless for watering purposes. It is contended that the fact of such frontages abutting on the land induced many to acquire it in the first place, as they thought the frontage would not be used, and the settlers had spent large sums of money in clearing them.

The Banningshire Council was asked to co-operate in the petition on Thursday. Mr. Fiken remarked it was a very serious matter. The new Act was harsh and unfair. Mr. Finken, however, did not see the question in that light, and declared: "If a settler has the use of the frontage, surely to goodness it is not too much to ask him to pay rental for it." It was decided to take no action in the matter. - Courier.

"EFFECT COMPOUND" of 83 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c. The balance sheet of the last A.N.A. meeting shows that the expenditure amounted to £3213, and that there was a loss of £158, half of which is to be made good by the committee and half by 148 guaranteeing branches.

The takings for admission to the fête amounted to only £837, as compared with £1423 last year. The expenditure incurred by federation during April amounted to £23,214. Altogether £17,800 out of the total of £22,314 was paid in Victoria. The states were debited with the expenditure in the following proportions: New South Wales, £8,198; Victoria, £6,748; Queensland, £3,938; South Australia, £2,078; Western Australia, £1,357; and Tasmania, £1,008.

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure. An awful tragedy occurred on the railway at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, last week. The night express crashed into a wrecked goods train which was on the track, and which had on board a lot of dynamite. This was exploded, both trains caught fire, and twenty passengers were roasted to death, while many more were injured.

Fredrick H. Gray, the ex-actor of the Bendigo branch of the Bank of Australasia, has been committed for trial at the Supreme Court, Bendigo, 13th June, on charges of embezzling sums of £14,125 6s, on 22nd February, and on 11th April sums of £96 10s and £100. Accused, who received his defence, was allowed bail in his own surety of £100 and one surety of a similar amount. He has also been committed for trial on general deficiency charges relating to £2,100.

The Director of Agriculture states that the introduction of a light dressing of phosphoric acid manure, wheat has been profitably grown on land formerly considered too poor for the purpose. The Department of Agriculture is making an effort to extend the wheat area. Ten acre plots have been established at Stawell, Longwood and other districts on the edge of the northern plain, and also in some of the lighter soils of the south. Three years ago most of the Victorian wheat was grown in the Central and Western districts, and in parts of Gippsland, but as the soil began to show signs of exhaustion, the process began to fall, the southern wheat grower was displaced by the northern selector. There are signs, however, that much of the old land is eminently suited for wheat growing, and, if the present level of prices is maintained, it will rapidly come back into cultivation.

Last year nearly 2½ million bushels were grown outside the northern wheat areas - an increase of 25 per cent on the previous year - while the average yield per acre was nearly the same as in the previous record year, 1903-4, namely, 15 bushels as against 16½ bushels.

The Stockport "Bandy" for Coughs and Colds. The "tired feeling" in the big cities of Australia, where there has been so much overcrowding at the expense of the rest of the continent, is believed by Mr. Reid to be making itself manifest in socialism. In an address at Lismore the Prime Minister went on to say that men who would not go into the country, and "graft" had conspired the bright idea of putting everything right by sharing the farms of those who had "grafted." The census of Australia showed that there were 1,640,000 people who must be said to be workers. Of that number 900,000 were employed in the means of production, in distribution and exchange there were 400,000 workers, and the remainder were domestic servants and people who worked in their own homes. These figures, he contended, revealed the significance of the socialist's aim. People might call that sort of thing socialism if they liked, but he called it pure robbery. In reply he said that he had called him a "boodler," Mr. Reid replied that what it was the fellow had earned who was the real "boodler."

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure. The three estates purchased by the Government for closer settlement are now being surveyed. The Kiewa property (4000 acres) will be made available probably next month. Wynns (30,000 acres) will not be ready till about September. Mania (10,000 acres) will also be available by September.

At the burial of a Chinese resident at Ararat on Saturday, silver coins were given to every one who attended the funeral, with the wishes of the deceased's friends for future "good luck."

Bonnington's Irish Moss. For Coughs, Colds, and Whooping Cough. It is a natural product of the sea, and is of great value in the treatment of all the above complaints.



PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

PART 6.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

At last I was actually in the doctor's house, but whether I would find what I wanted was another question.

This gave me the two upper stories all to myself, and I began my investigation with an easier mind.

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that I possessed a secret which made me the equal of either my master or the doctor in power.

CHAPTER XVI.

KNOWING beyond doubt how the double dealing of both my master and Dr. Squires, I found myself coming to a decision with Miss Stetson.

As soon as the runaway, felt the collision against his side he turned sharply to the left and ran into the gutter.

My own animal was so startled by this unexpected procedure that it was with difficulty that I checked his head.

was, but after running about half a mile he cooled down so that I could control him.

When she finally sat up, on the grassy bank and said that she was all right.

"No, Ellen, there is something," I said, "I wish you would tell me how I can repay you."

"All right, I shall remind you of it some day," she said.

When I was finally satisfied in gloating over the stolen goods, I began to think of returning.

an instant, and with long, sweeping strides he slowly overtook the runaway.

Inch by inch and then foot by foot we overhauled the nearly spent horse ahead.

Realizing that I could not check the runaway by grasping him by the bridle, I decided to make a desperate effort to dismount the rider.

My master left the house at the usual time and proceeded to walk leisurely toward the doctor's.

Shortly after midnight I roused myself to action. The time was approaching when I must prove my skill.

It was a full hour before the door opened. Then by the aid of the moon I cautiously watched, listening and anticipating some unknown danger.

Never did a detective shadow a criminal with more intensity than I did my master that night.

I smiled at the trick and waited quietly for him to replace his shoes.

"Papa," said Penelope, turning suddenly from the piano, with a pretty blue plying on her cheeks.

"All right, I shall remind you of it some day," she said.

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At last I was actually in the doctor's house, but whether I would find what I wanted was another question.

At last I was actually in the doctor's house, but whether I would find what I wanted was another question.

the basement. Once there I heard the slight rattle of silver and caught the flash of my dark lantern.

I decided that it would be better to let him finish his job and then confront him with his booty in his hands.

As a professional burglar myself I knew the alarming nature of that click of a revolver.

At almost the same moment I heard a door open and a loud voice exclaim: "Stop or I'll shoot!"

I waited and listened, expectantly and anxiously. The members of the house were evidently assembled in the hall.

"No, Ellen, there was no mistake. I faced him in the hall and could have shot him dead.

"Papa," said Penelope, turning suddenly from the piano, with a pretty blue plying on her cheeks.

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HOW THEY FOUGHT AT BALACLAVA. In the Nineteenth Century Sergeant J. W. Wightman, late of the 17th Lancers, has a spirited article on his experiences in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

We had not broken into the charging place when poor old John Lee, my right-hand man on the flank of the regiment, was all but smothered by a shell.

As a professional burglar myself I knew the alarming nature of that click of a revolver.

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CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM BOYS' ESSAYS. Tom, a Board School boy, gives an account of the Zoological Gardens:—"Of all the animals in the world, the Zoological Gardens is the most," he says; and he goes on to describe the lion, "which isn't quarter as big as the elephant, and hasn't got no trunk."

The lion is yellow, but not as yellow as in the picture-book but the Board geve me." The lion's imaginary complaint at having to live in "this blooming cage" is good; and Tom describes how he nearly cried because when the lion roared it was not like thunder and lightning at all.

He thought foxes were as big as calves; nor was this fox nearly as big as a calf. It looks as if it would be silly, but can't. William on politeness is almost equally good.

At almost the same moment I heard a door open and a loud voice exclaim: "Stop or I'll shoot!"

I waited and listened, expectantly and anxiously. The members of the house were evidently assembled in the hall.

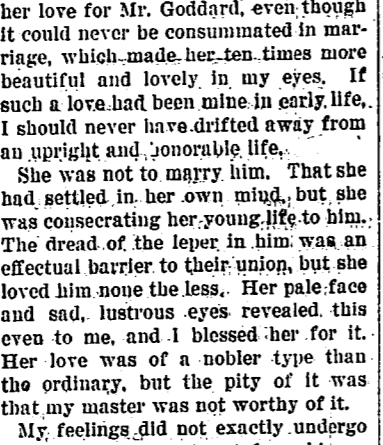
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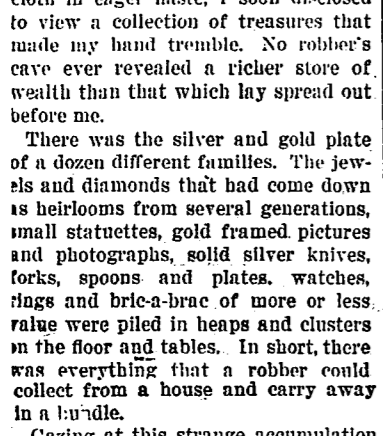
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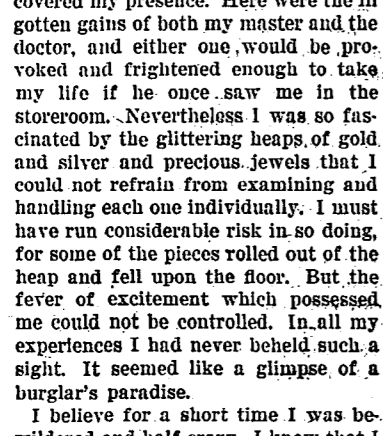
I partly dragged her to the back of my own horse.



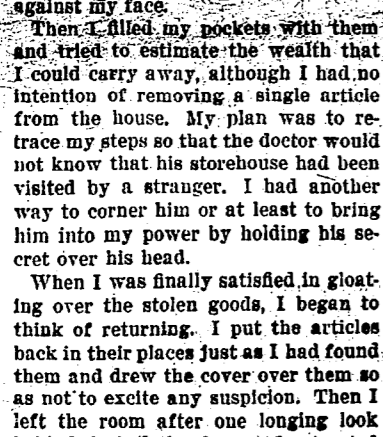
I soon disclosed to view a collection of treasures.



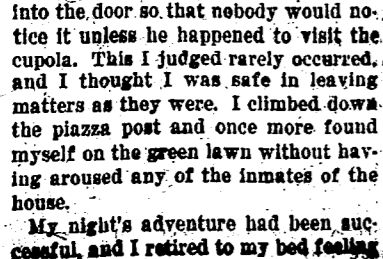
Upstairs room? I raised one end of the covering and started back in astonishment.



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Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "Bu on ity dw", "Any fully Gar In r garr wou", and "J. I T".



IF THERE IS A SINGLE THING IN DRESS GOODS THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT, IT CANNOT MATTER MUCH TO YOU???

We have something just as good. We will sell you a dress if you choose. You may take it home with you if you wish, and keep it for a week.

If you find that there is another dress in the wide, wide world that you would rather have than ours, bring ours back and get your money. You cannot be better treated than this.

LADIES' JACKETS AND RAIN COATS.

But two propositions—but each one a giant in value and quality, and at the same time a dwarf in price.

CHILDREN'S COATS.

Any mother can spend an hour delightfully looking through our variety of garments for the winsome little ones. In many cases we sell you the finished garment for less than the bare material would cost.

SELECT NOW.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

THE GARDEN OF THE EAST.

At the great events which occurred in the Holy Land nearly a hundred centuries ago...

Miners News.

The Siting Hen Company (General and party) near the Beaufort goldfields...

Snake Valley.

A public meeting, convened by the managers of the Carnarvon Company...

HOW MR. DEW CURED HIS COLD.

Mr. M. Dew, publisher of the Hawthorn and Camberton "Union," at Melbourne, Victoria...

BALLARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

A. M. Greenfield and Co. report—Wheat and other sorts for sale...

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STOCK-TAKING

SALES are all the rage, but as we have no "out of fashion" goods or "over-priced" stock to clear, we are NOT having an

Ironmongery Sale

but during the merry month of May we will clear out a few specially priced lines, which we do not intend to stock again, prior to our own stock-taking, which will soon be

NOW ON!

We are dressing three large counters on our ground floor with these useful household goods, on the 1st May. If you are early, you will get some of the bargains; if late, you will miss them, for the prices will not leave them long with us.

HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT

ACTS FROM BOYS' ESSAYS. A school boy, gives an account of the Zoological Gardens...

### The Girgaree Murder.

#### ARREST AND CONFESSION OF THE MURDERER.

In connection with the Waranga murder an arrest was made on Monday at Greta by Constable Green, which no doubt will terminate all further search for the suspected man James Edwards. Prisoner is identical in every particular with the description of Edwards, and he has been identified by a Benalla resident who has been shearing with him.

Constable Green was informed that a man resembling the suspect had been seen in the direction of Greta, and engaging a conveyance, he in company with the informant, Patrick McGrath, went off in pursuit. They came up with the alleged murderer at Greta North. When the constable first saw him he was sitting on his bag on the roadside. They drove past about fifty yards, when Constable Green got out of the vehicle and walked back, telling McGrath to drive back. While the latter covered the suspect with a revolver the constable arrested him. The man took matters pretty coolly and offered no resistance.

On Monday the prisoner, who first gave the name of "John Robinson," admitted that he was the man so eagerly sought for by the police, and said he murdered Skinner at Girgaree East while in a fit of temper. "Skinner," continued Edwards, "lost some money at the hazard (wo-up) school, and I started to barback him about it. Skinner got angry, and picked up a shovel to strike me. I dodged the blow, and picking up an axe struck Skinner one blow on the head. I afterwards mutilated the body in the manner in which it was found in the channel at Girgaree. After the murder I went on the spree, and while drunk sold Skinner's horse and dray."

Edwards was brought up at Benalla, and remained at appear at the Melbourne City Court on Tuesday, 23rd inst.

Detectives Burrett and Ward persuaded Edwards to write his name on a sheet of foolscap, and when he did so the signature of "James Edwards" was seen to be exactly like the signature on documents in possession of the police. Edwards made the confession in course of conversation with Constable Sullivan. He added that since he left Waranga he attended the Yarrawonga rifle matches, and has since been ploughing in New South Wales. He had his beard trimmed, but made no attempt to disguise himself.

"I am glad I have told the police everything. It has taken a load off my mind, and I seem to be able to breathe again. If I had only the pluck to tell the truth at the start, what a difference there would have been. I see now what I ought to have done, but it's too late. This was what James Edwards, who confessed to the murder of Wm. Skinner, near Tatura, last March, said on the journey from Benalla to Melbourne on Monday night. He also said that he was of having to roam on the face of the earth, hearing everyone talk about the murder, and whereabouts of the murderer. On Wednesday he appeared much calmer and more composed, as if he had thrown off his nervousness, and resigned himself to circumstances. He passed a good night, having, as he said, had a better rest than he had since the day of the murder, and he partook of a good breakfast next morning. As is usual with prisoners who, if convicted of any serious crime, can only look forward to a long term of imprisonment, or to execution, every care has been taken to prevent the man from taking his own life, and he is not left alone for a moment."

The Anglican Bishop of Melbourne, replying to a deputation which waited on him to protest against Sunday funerals, writes as under:—"I am sure that my clergy will gladly support the efforts you are making to discontinue Sunday funerals, excepting in those cases in which a medical certificate requires the burial to take place for sanitary reasons. The clergy are sufficiently engaged in their Sunday work to make a funeral upon that day more or less a fiction upon them. It is also in the highest degree desirable to see the rest of the people employed in the conduct of funerals, and my strong desire to see all funerals simplified as much as possible in the same direction. I hope, therefore, that the cemetery authorities will be willing to make regulations to meet your just and reasonable wishes." In England Sunday funerals have long been discouraged, and public opinion now supports their general discontinuance. Some change has taken place in other parts of Australia, and I shall be glad to learn that it has been established in Victoria.

It is said that the Tasmanian Treasury derives a revenue of about \$200,000 a year from the tax collected in connection with the sale of sheepskins. This was mentioned to the Postmaster-General (Mr. Sidney Smith) on Saturday, as a reason why he should not take further action to prohibit the delivery of letters addressed to persons who are suspected to be selling the agents for the sheepskins. "I cannot help that," Mr. Smith responded; "I have to carry out the Post Act, and I must do so. This Postmaster-General can prevent letters going through the post only when they are addressed to the wrong person. My powers do not extend beyond those letters," he remarked. "If applications for tickets are forwarded by other sources I cannot help it. As if he could help when he would be in a position to stop an applicant respecting the Post proclamation which is to be issued, Mr. Smith replied. "Not for a Russian soldier now held as prisoners of war by the Japanese number 60,282, or of a private of the 1st Brigade, 884 captains and subalterns, 8558 non-commissioned officers, and 50,700 of the rank and file."

### An Apostrophe to an Antediluvian.

#### By a Modern.

The speaker who viewed the preserved body of a man discovered in 1870, now exhibited in the British Museum, who is believed to have lived to be one of the antediluvian inhabitants of the earth, cannot fail to be thrilled with a strange emotion as he stands in the presence of this extraordinary relic of a far-by-gone age.

The complete preservation of the body is most astonishing and remarkable; his hair, curly skin and bright red hair, altogether different to the type of Egyptian during and since the reigns of the Pharaohs, having, in parts, retained their original tints in a most wonderful degree. "And as we contemplate this recumbent figure, perhaps we mentally apostrophize the sleeping form, as more and more we realize how age after age, epoch after epoch, has rolled by since that dim-faded era in the buried past when life too was a sentient, virile being.

Though apparently not more than about thirty years of age, perhaps he was several hundred years old; for we must assume that man in those days of longevity remained in the prime of life for centuries, and did not put on the mere and yellow leaf until perhaps he had attained to an age of seven or eight hundred years.

And if those eight centuries could see, and if that silent tongue could speak, how would we crowd round to hear the recital of the history of those far-off times. Perhaps he had conversed with Adam himself, and heard from his own lips the thrilling record which has been handed down through the ages to us his descendants. Perhaps he is one of the line between Adam and Noah, and we actually see before us our own ancestor. Or perhaps he may have heard that patriarch denouncing the evil ways of the earth, and threatening the great destruction which was soon to ensue. Or who can tell but that he was one of those who, during all those long years while the ark was being constructed, jeered and scoffed, and held the old patriarch up to ridicule and mocking derision; though, fortunately for him, he was not amongst those who were overwhelmed by the great catastrophe which engulfed the earth in destruction and ruin.

Or who could say—if it be permissible to give rein to the imagination; and to give to the figure of fantasy—that we are not in the presence of Cain; the murderer of Abel; or of Tubal-cain, the artificer, or even—starting thought—has that recumbent form before us is none other than Adam himself; that we are gazing at the very form of the first of the human race, that rebel whose fall has entailed such misery and such grinding sorrow and remorse upon untold myriads.

But no descendant of Adam dare lay the blame upon him if he fail to attain to the glory-land. For a loving welcome to those realms of splendour and regal sublimity is assured to all who will but accept the salvation offered by the Son of God; who on the cross made a full, perfect, and sufficient propitiation for the sins of all who will receive it.

### WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE DOCTOR ARRIVES.

If it is case of colic or cholera morbus, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and you will have a good doctor. For sale by J. R. Wormsley, 100, Victoria Street, Melbourne.

The details which have been received with respect to the terrible tornado which partially destroyed the town of Snyder, in Oklahoma territory, U.S.A., 125 of the inhabitants being killed and 175 seriously injured by the falling buildings, show that the wind, was of phenomenal violence. The tornado struck Snyder from the southwest, and cleared a track no less than half-a-mile wide in its progress north-eastward. The fury of the wind was such that not a single building was left standing. Boiler fittings and iron doors were carried for two miles, and books and documents were blown to the winds. The death toll was appalling. The fact also in the highest degree desirable to see the rest of the people employed in the conduct of funerals, and my strong desire to see all funerals simplified as much as possible in the same direction. I hope, therefore, that the cemetery authorities will be willing to make regulations to meet your just and reasonable wishes." In England Sunday funerals have long been discouraged, and public opinion now supports their general discontinuance. Some change has taken place in other parts of Australia, and I shall be glad to learn that it has been established in Victoria.

The Cunard Company's steamer Campania, a powerful armoured mail steamer, arrived in Melbourne direct from the Mauritius and other ports of the Indian Ocean, while at a distance of 2250 miles. This establishes a record for the successful trans-oceanic and receiving of wireless telegrams.

With 10,000,000 people, has only one hundred thousand and that with only 500 telegrams.

World's Great Papermill, No. 61000 in the District of Victoria, No. 61000 in the person of a youth named David Smith, 18 years of age, who has been employed for some time at a farm hand in the Wallace district. Smith has recently been working at Mr P. Linnane's farm.

A German professor of gymnastics maintains that deep breathing, as a means of clearing the lungs, together with the filling of the lungs, form a splendid method of curing consumption.

**Bonnington's Irish Moss**  
The Universal Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis and Asthma.

**PHOSPHOL EMULSION**  
A Very Valuable Remedy for ALL DISEASES OF THE BRONCHI, COMPLAINTS & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

**Bonnington's Irish Moss**  
The Universal Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis and Asthma.

### SOBRE MORTUOS.

#### By a Modern.

Prominent athletes throughout the country find that the best treatment for sore muscles after a hard day's work of any kind, is a hot bath at bed time, followed by the use of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Vigorously rubbed into the muscles, it relieves all aches and pains, and has become a favorite remedy, as it is safe, prompt, and does not produce any untoward effects. For sale by J. R. Wormsley, 100, Victoria Street, Melbourne.

In Southern China the air is so humid in summer that despite the fumes of heat clothes cannot be dried in the open air.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is one of the leading philanthropists in New York, said: "I have exhausted the library, the business, and I am now taking up the social sciences. I dislike to see men exchanging in football or things pertaining to the foot; I prefer to see head work."

For Bronchial Coughs take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

The women's franchise movement in England still fails to enlist the sympathies of the majority of the members of the House of Commons. "A bill to extend the franchise to women was introduced again last week, but the majority of the members of the House of Commons, and we eventually talked out of the House."

An extraordinary case of a daring and prolonged defence is reported from Vienna in France. An aged gamekeeper named Roy being charged with an infraction of the law, the police proceeded to effect his arrest; but he declined to surrender, and barricaded the doors and windows of his house, treating his would-be captors to a galling fire. Roy managed to make a successful resistance for ten days, during which time he shot several persons who had attempted to approach. The military were called out to assist the civil powers, and eventually the services of no fewer than 700 soldiers were requisitioned to surround the house. They made a breach by the explosion of a melinite charge, when the modern Florian was captured.

"UNLINED COMPOUND": The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

It is the hope of the Postmaster-General that the reduction in the postage due on postcards from Australia to Great Britain from 1d to 1d will date from July. This is the aim Mr. Sydney Smith has before him in his negotiations with the Imperial Postmaster-General.

A remarkable outbreak of homicidal mania occurred on Monday at the village of Hensel-Hemphill, in Hertfordshire. A man named Thomas Downing was residing in the local public house, the details of a case in which the chauffeur of Mr. Hildebrand Harnsworth, was charged with causing the death of a child by running over it in a motor-car. Downing became violently excited. He appeared to lose his reason, and made a savage assault on his wife and children with a hammer. The neighbours who came to their assistance met with the same treatment, and before he could be restrained he had nearly killed five persons.

The special number of the school paper for use in State schools through-out Victoria on Empire Day, '24 inst., will be published on Saturday to-day. It will contain a series of articles dealing with different phases of the development of the Empire. Teachers have been instructed that this issue is to form part of the ordinary reading matter for the year, and that, consequently, children are to be required to purchase it. As already announced, the school hours on Empire Day are to be limited to a morning session only, the children to be free in the afternoon to join in the celebrations arranged by local bodies.

While the benedict sometimes has to pay dearly for a wife, in at least one country it scarcely pays to remain celibate. In Argentina, the man who prefers single to duplicated bliss has to pay a substantial and progressive tax. If he has not taken a wife by the time he reaches his twenty-fifth birthday, he must pay a fine of 25s a month. The Exchequer, if at thirty-five he has not seen the error of his ways the fine is increased to 50s a month, and at this figure it remains for fifteen years. If at fifty he will keep from the altar, he is looked on as hopeless, and the fine is diminished every year until, at eighty, he is exempt.

"LITTLE ACQUAINTANCE" fills "the Mountains. As the "Acquaintance" is a young girl, she is the daughter of a well-to-do family. The King specially honored several of the Dogger Bank fishermen who distinguished themselves when the British fishing fleet was fired upon by Admiral Rojewsky's warships in October 1904. His Majesty has conferred the Albert Medal upon the gallant crew, saving "life at sea" of five of the fishermen.

So many claims have been made upon the Post Office Department owing to the negligence of employed staff, that Mr. J. R. Wormsley, the general manager, has informed the Post Office authorities that the department will not pay expenses incurred through the negligence of any of their staff.

### HOPELESS AFFECTION.

#### By a Modern.

It was his first year of wedded life, and he determined that as head of a household his first application should be a respectable one. All was arranged by his wife, and much to the surprise of the household, he had not over-looked the fact that the examiners furnish all blotting-paper and other stationery, and that none need be brought in by candidates. His scheme was not only detected, but he was unceremoniously expelled from the examination. That is the inevitable fate of nearly all such schemes.

"You are going to do what?" asked his mother-in-law, "in astonishment, while his wife, Matilda, stopped in the act of buttering her roll and looked at him with dismay.

"Going marketing," continued Hackett, chasing a kidney around his plate, all unconscious of the effect he had created. "I want to show you how to celebrate the day with a dinner that shall do honor to the occasion. And he garbled the captured kidney on its way to his mouth and gazed upon them patronizingly.

"Oh, you do, do you?" sniffed his mother-in-law, with a dangerous gleam in her eye.

"I have that ambition," said Hackett, nothing for the first time the effect of his declaration. "Is there anything wrong with it?"

"Why, Tom," commended his wife, "stop Matilda," said her mother-in-law. "I have a duty to perform here, and it shall be done. Now, sir, have you any reason to be dissatisfied with the food provided for you in this house?"

"Why," answered Hackett, "such a thing never—"

"Don't bog the question, but be a man and come out honestly with the dissatisfaction you feel."

"This is an error," exclaimed Hackett indignantly. "I have not—"

"Then, putting aside personal discontent," continued his mother-in-law, "let us get to the practical question. Have you ever purchased a turkey?"

"No, but—"

"Have you ever, with a view to the preservation of your teeth, studied the flexibility of a gobbler's breast bone?"

"Well, no, but then—"

"Did you ever, in the natural course of your life, try to select cranberries with any definite idea beyond berries with any definite idea beyond berries?"

"No, but I think—"

"Could you, by any stretch of the imagination, tell the difference between a root of celery and a cabbage stalk, or admitting you are gifted in this direction, detect the green nestling in the heart by the leaf?"

"I can't say that I—"

"Of course you can't. Nor have you the first idea or the remotest conception of what constitutes a digestible mince pie, domestic or foreign, and yet you would provide a dinner to do honor to the occasion."

"Oh, mamma, I am sure Tom did not merit it," sobbed his wife. "I'm sure he didn't. Did you dear?"

"No, my darling," brookingly replied Hackett, "I have been a brute."

"As long as you admit it I will say no more, but never again permit such insinuations to dominate your natural. A woman may have no rights, but her sex is entitled to some consideration."—New York World.

The discovery of the mine of the spider, the Orobora, quadriflorata, has given rise to a curious problem. This web is always spun on the principle and is of a peculiar basket shape, the peculiarity consisting in the remarkable adjustment that is exhibited between the strands of the web and the weight of the prey. But the peculiarity is a native of South America and, until lately, was unknown in England. It was introduced into Singapore, so that if the spider is truly a native of the latter place, it has evidently rapidly modified its spinning instinct in response to the slight change in the atmospheric conditions. However, and he declared upon a case established, but evidence must be produced that the spider and the plant were not introduced from the oriental region. Nature.

"With regard to mutton, a year-old mutton is now a thing of the past. Formerly people could not time unless a saddle of mutton was sent from 14-year-old sheep. Now the mutton sent to the table is from 18 months to 2 years old, and the younger generation are not sure that it is not preferable to the much prized 'year-old mutton.' The saddle is still considered the prime joint to serve."—Kansas City Times.

A modest man of the noblest works of God, a father—Thank you, old boy. Very few of them would have had the tendency of perception to adjust themselves to the appearance of a thing of this kind.

A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organ, either secret or open. These Anus Pills also cure Gleet, Pain in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. For free literature, send two stamps to the Proprietor, 100, Victoria Street, Melbourne.

CLARKE'S BLOOD PURIFIER

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

**Bonnington's Irish Moss**  
The Universal Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis and Asthma.

### CHEATING AT EXAMINATIONS.

#### By a Modern.

On the desk of A. W. Pellet, one of the board of examiners for positions in the postal service, there is a little appliance which favors very strongly of schoolboy tricks. A candidate for a clerkship had it in his possession and expected by its help to get a good mark in the department of "book delivery." This being considered of the highest importance, it is worth five times as many marks as almost any other subject. The little appliance consisted of an ordinary sheet of ordinary blotting paper, plain and innocent-looking on one side, but pasted over on the other side with a printed list of all the hotels, theatres, clubs, railroads of the city, etc., in the city. It would have made matters easy for the owner if he had not been caught, but he had overlooked the fact that the examiners furnish all blotting-paper and other stationery, and that none need be brought in by candidates. His scheme was not only detected, but he was unceremoniously expelled from the examination. That is the inevitable fate of nearly all such schemes.

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"No, but—"

"Have you ever, with a view to the preservation of your teeth, studied the flexibility of a gobbler's breast bone?"

"Well, no, but then—"

"Did you ever, in the natural course of your life, try to select cranberries with any definite idea beyond berries with any definite idea beyond berries?"

"No, but I think—"

"Could you, by any stretch of the imagination, tell the difference between a root of celery and a cabbage stalk, or admitting you are gifted in this direction, detect the green nestling in the heart by the leaf?"

"I can't say that I—"

"Of course you can't. Nor have you the first idea or the remotest conception of what constitutes a digestible mince pie, domestic or foreign, and yet you would provide a dinner to do honor to the occasion."

"Oh, mamma, I am sure Tom did not merit it," sobbed his wife. "I'm sure he didn't. Did you dear?"

"No, my darling," brookingly replied Hackett, "I have been a brute."

"As long as you admit it I will say no more, but never again permit such insinuations to dominate your natural. A woman may have no rights, but her sex is entitled to some consideration."—New York World.

The discovery of the mine of the spider, the Orobora, quadriflorata, has given rise to a curious problem. This web is always spun on the principle and is of a peculiar basket shape, the peculiarity consisting in the remarkable adjustment that is exhibited between the strands of the web and the weight of the prey. But the peculiarity is a native of South America and, until lately, was unknown in England. It was introduced into Singapore, so that if the spider is truly a native of the latter place, it has evidently rapidly modified its spinning instinct in response to the slight change in the atmospheric conditions. However, and he declared upon a case established, but evidence must be produced that the spider and the plant were not introduced from the oriental region. Nature.

"With regard to mutton, a year-old mutton is now a thing of the past. Formerly people could not time unless a saddle of mutton was sent from 14-year-old sheep. Now the mutton sent to the table is from 18 months to 2 years old, and the younger generation are not sure that it is not preferable to the much prized 'year-old mutton.' The saddle is still considered the prime joint to serve."—Kansas City Times.

A modest man of the noblest works of God, a father—Thank you, old boy. Very few of them would have had the tendency of perception to adjust themselves to the appearance of a thing of this kind.

A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organ, either secret or open. These Anus Pills also cure Gleet, Pain in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. For free literature, send two stamps to the Proprietor, 100, Victoria Street, Melbourne.

CLARKE'S BLOOD PURIFIER

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

**Bonnington's Irish Moss**  
The Universal Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis and Asthma.

### Important Applicants for Mining Leases.

#### By a Modern.

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

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed.

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

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the land for which application is to be made. As ten days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it is only a weekly, and not a daily issue. This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr. H. A. Adams, *Greenville Standard* (London), Sir:—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk Mr. Smythdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers (i.e. for tendering such advice) that the regulations relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply.

### Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway time-table:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11:20 a.m.; Traralgon at 12:2 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12:32, and taking its departure at 12:50. It leaves Middle Creek at 1:25, and Bunagar 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 8:39). On the return journey the express leaves Beaufort at 8:26 a.m. (arriving here at 8:20). The afternoon mixed train from Swallow to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Bunagar at 4:55 p.m., Middle Creek at 4:55, Beaufort at 5:30 (arriving here at 5:20), Traralgon at 5:54, and Ballarat at 6:9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Swallow on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:10 a.m. (arriving here at 8:50 a.m.) and leaving at 8:50 a.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5:15 p.m., Bunagar at 6:9, Traralgon at 6:56, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6:50), Middle Creek at 7:30, and Bunagar at 7:42. The morning mixed train from Swallow to Ballarat leaves Swallow at 6 a.m. instead of 6:15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Bunagar, 7:45; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8:37 (arriving here at 8:27); Traralgon, 8:50; Bunagar, 9:14. The 8:20 p.m. train from Swallow to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11:10 p.m., has been discontinued.

The members of the Land Purchase Board have dealt with the offers of a number of estates submitted for purchase for closer settlement. They rejected four, the highest being 600 high priced. Consideration of seven others was deferred till next week, and one was recommended to the Cabinet for purchase if terms could be arranged. The Board had a long discussion with the surveyor-general, and arranged for the work of subdivision of the estates acquired to be pushed on as rapidly as possible. In the afternoon the members left for the north-east to inspect several estates placed under offer, and they are not expected to return to Melbourne till the end of the week.

The latest regarding the Tantanoola tiger is that a Trenchman farmer planted a heap with stripes to regenerate the terrible beast—that is, as near as possible to a resemblance—and turned it adrift to fight as the bandicoots who are robbing the potato fields thereabouts. For the information of those of the gentle public who do not know what "bandicooting" means, it may be stated that it is to root up potatoes and leave the stalks in original position with nothing underneath. The owner in consequence gets a disappointment when it comes to digging time.

**Bonnington's Irish Moss**  
The Universal Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis and Asthma.

**RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE**

Notice to Advertisers.

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

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees. Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor

### Police Magistrate's Fictives.

#### By a Modern.

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—10 a.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Thursday.  
Bunagar—9 a.m., 4th Monday, Bunyung—3:15 p.m., 3rd Friday, Glenelg—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday, Beaufort—12:30 p.m., Saturday, Heathcote—12:30 p.m., 1st Tuesday, Stiperun—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday, Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday, Sebastopol—3:30 p.m., 2nd Thursday.

**F. G. PRINCE**  
Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.  
(next door to Mr. T. Sande), and begs by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primeest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.  
Small Goods a Specialty.

**DOEPL AND CHANDLER**  
AUCTIONEERS,  
Auditors, Accountants, House and Fire Insurance, 33 LYDIA STREET SOUTH, Opposite Cathedral Church.  
EDMOND DOEPL (20 years with Messrs. Cuthbert, Morrow, and Muir).  
W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.

**DOEPL AND CHANDLER**  
AUCTION SALES OF LAND, HOUSES, FURNITURE, etc., conducted at the shortest notice. Property for Private Sale or to Let, on terms in our possession. Valuations for Mortgages and Probate purposes made by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, official valuator to the Ballarat Diocese, the National Mutual Life Association, and leading insurers of the city.  
Agents for Auctioneers, Estates Managers and Valuers.  
MONEY, Trust and other Monies to Loan on Mortgage at lowest rates, and first-class investments loans for Capitalists free of charge. Local Sharebrokers National and Colonial Bank, Australian and New Zealand Banking Corporation, in connection with Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Tourist Bazaar to London, 25th to 29th March.  
AGENTS—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates for all descriptions of buildings prepared by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, who has had a very wide architectural experience.

**J. A. HARRIS**  
In thanking his numerous customers for past patronage, he begs to intimate that he has purchased a FURNITURE VAN, and is prepared to remove Furniture to any part of the country at exceptionally cheap rates.  
Having had the services of the past 20 years of an experienced furniture packer, customers can rely upon safety of removal.  
Furniture and Shavings taken a specialty. Office at Railway Station (Opposite Bank, Melbourne, Wright & Co., McCulloch & Co.).

**Mrs. MULLINS, MIDWIFE**  
LATE OF CASTERTON,  
HAS taken Mr. Hall's house (next door to Mr. McClellan). Ladies accommodated in a separate building, furnished in a modern style, with all the latest appliances for the sick and convalescent. Address—Post Office, Beaufort.  
An experienced Nurse always on the premises.

**W. EDWARD, Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier**  
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.  
Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colours, Paperhangings, Window Glass, Yarns, etc., etc.  
All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Paints and Glass in stock.

**L. BRAVO, Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot**  
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.  
SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, CHILDREN, M.  
Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.  
A Good Assortment of Pipes, Tobacco, etc. Cheaply kept in Stock.  
**WM. C. PEDDER, Wheelwright and Blacksmith**  
Begs to thank the public for patronage and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 12 years, and intimates that he is carrying on business at the same old address, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute and order entrusted to him with promptness and dispatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual readily shod.  
Say!  
Don't it Make you Mad  
To find that your Newspaper has not arrived to time? Of course it does.  
This does not happen to the clients of  
**J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, &c., BEAUFORT.**  
Reliability and Promptness: Straight Dealings with Clients: Attention; Combined with Large and Well-Assorted Stocks of Confectionery, Toys, Books, Garden Seeds, &c., are always to be found here, where the good things are many.

**W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD**  
(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),  
Auctioneers and General Commission Agents, LAND and FIRE INSURANCE, BEAUFORT, ABBART, and ETTIHILL.  
MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.  
MONEY TO LEND.  
AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.  
Every attention, and prompt return.  
W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD Auctioneers.  
Printed and published by the Proprietor, GEORGE PARKER, at the office of The Riponshire Advocate newspaper, LAURENCE STREET, BEAUFORT, Victoria.



**WHEN WINTER'S WINDS WHISTLE**  
 They call to mind the leading fact that we should  
 BE WELL CLAD,  
 and the  
**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.

The coming Winter Season introduces several Smart and Inexpensive Novelties.

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 Blousings.

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. Loans negotiated.  
 Money to Lend on Land.

**MONTHLY STOCK SALE,**  
**Thursday, 15th June, 1905.**

Agents for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.  
 SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE.  
 FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—Live Stock and Vehicles Insured.

**COMMERCIAL.**  
**BALLARAT LIVESTOCK MARKET.**  
 Tuesday.  
 Fat Cattle—270 was the number penned for to-day's sale, about one-third comprising good to prime quality, a small proportion useful, and the balance middling and inferior descriptions. There was only an average attendance of the trade, and throughout the sales no option lacked the spirit of the previous week, prices for all descriptions showing a decline on late high rates. Quotations—Prime pens bullocks, 212 to 215 10s, old best, 214 to 217 10s, 210 to 212 10s; useful, 23 to 29 10s; best cows, 27 to 31; good, 28 to 29 10s forward, very small, though nice quality. Best selling to 40s. Sheep—4232 came to hand for to-day's sale (fully 2000 being very medium sized and others a fair proportion of the remainder ranging from good to prime. There was a fair attendance of the trade, whilst graziers were more numerous than usual, and, excepting for a few pens of extra fine descriptions, for which late rates were readily obtained, competition was very uneven, prices showing a slight decline on a week's value, a which a majority of grazier's lots were disposed of, prices had an average tendency. Quotations—Prime crossbred wethers, 28 to 29s extra, 28 to 29 10s; a few, 29s 3d; good, 28 to 29 10s; useful, 17s to 18s; prime crossbred wethers, 28 to 29s extra, 28 to 29 10s; useful, 15 to 17s. Lamb—222 to hand. Those suitable to the trade met a better demand at former rates, graziers operating freely for other descriptions. Prime, 18s to 19s extra, 18s to 24s; good, 18s to 19s; useful, 11s to 12s.

The following district sales are reported—  
 By Macleod & Co.—176 merino wethers, by Mr. A. E. Slater, Springbank, Ship on 12th inst. to 28s 2d; topping the market, averaging 18s; 58 combslocks for Mr. George Kelly, Glenholme, Stookyard Hill, wethers, 21s 9d to 27s 3d, averaging 26s 10d; extra, 28s 3d to 29s; averaging 28s 9d; 12 lambs for same owner, 14s 10d to 16s 11d, averaging 15s.

**GAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.**  
 The above Hotel, 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 Green always in attendance. Stabling Free. Motor and Vehicle on Hire.

The Proprietress trusts that with every attention combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.  
 —A TRUST SOLICITOR—  
 M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

**Mr J. W. HARRIS,**  
**PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,**  
 REGISTERED DENTIST,  
 DRUGGIST,  
 HAYLECK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Every care is exercised in the preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical, Veterinary and British Pharmacopoeia Preparations, the Purina, Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat, Prices sent to all parts of the State by post, retail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

**HARRIS' ANEMIA MIXTURE,** an excellent and invaluable remedy. ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BRANDS. Homoeopathic Medicines. Horses and Cattle Medicines.

**Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.S.,**  
**Surgical & Mechanical Dentist.**  
 HAYLECK STREET, BEAUFORT.  
 My consulting hours from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. (By special arrangement).

HARRIS' VITALENT is a valuable or gold tooth preparation.

**HARRIS' PAIN EXTRACTOR.**—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine, ether, chloride of thyl, laughing gas, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—  
 HAYLECK STREET  
 (Next Mechanic's Institute),  
 BEAUFORT.

The Wonder and Admiration of the Public.  
 The exquisite Beauty and Wonderful Clever-  
 Photographs of the World-famed  
**BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS**  
**RICHARDS & CO.**  
 Nothing to compare with these lovely Photo-  
 graphs has hitherto been seen.  
**THEY ARE SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.**

When in Ballarat, do not fail to visit our  
 Studio and inspect our latest works of art.

**BRIDAL PORTRAITS.**  
 We have earned a world-wide reputation for  
 our successful Bridal Portraits.  
 Bridal Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets, the  
 latest, kept at the Studio.

**RICHARDS & CO.,**  
 THE LEADING AND FASHIONABLE  
 BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
 Sturt Street.

**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.

**United Ancient Order of Druids**  
 THE 11th MEETING will be held in the  
 LODGE ROOM, SOCIETY'S  
 HALL, on TUESDAY evening next, at 7 1/2  
 o'clock sharp.  
 L. A. JARNSCH, Secy.

**RELIGIOUS SERVICES.**  
 SUNDAY, 29th MAY, 1905.  
 Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Main  
 Road, 2 p.m.; Waterloo, 3.30 p.m.; Beaufort, 7  
 p.m.—Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.—Mr  
 H. Liddell, Beaufort, 3 p.m. (Christian  
 Endeavour), Waterloo, 3.30 p.m. (Christian  
 Endeavour). Shirley, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3  
 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Church  
 of Christ, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Church  
 of Christ, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo.

**General Notices.**  
 THE FRIENDS of the late MRS. QUAK are  
 respectfully requested to follow her re-  
 mains to their last resting-place, the Beaufort  
 Cemetery, on SATURDAY, 27th inst., at 10  
 o'clock sharp. The funeral will be held at the  
 residence of the deceased, Mrs. John McNeill,  
 Main Road, on Saturday, the 27th inst., at  
 3 o'clock p.m.  
 A. H. SANDS, Undertaker, Beaufort.

**THE Riponshire Advocate**  
 Published every Saturday Morning.  
 SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1905.

16 points of rain have been registered  
 at Beaufort this week.

Whilst driving to work at Morris' tribune  
 mine in a gig, Messrs P. Morris and L.  
 Lilley were thrown out through the horse  
 bolting and upsetting the gig. They es-  
 caped with a few bruises.

A genuine buyer is wanted for 300  
 acre good cultivation, in this district.  
 Particulars wanted by Mr. Robert McDonald,  
 "Burraida," Middle Creek.

For Children's Hocking Coach at Night,  
 Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. In. 6d.

A concert in aid of the Beaufort State  
 School is to be held in the Societies' Hall  
 on Friday, 16th June.

Messrs. Dixon Bros. & Halpin will  
 offer for sale by public auction at Mr. J.  
 Freeman's residence, Beaufort, on Wed-  
 nesday next, at 2 p.m., sawmilling plant  
 and machinery, harness, furniture, stock,  
 &c. As Mr. Freeman is leaving the dis-  
 trict, the whole is for positive sale.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.  
 For Coughs and Colds, never fails. In. 6d.

On Sunday an old age pensioner  
 named Francis Graham died at the  
 Ballarat Hospital, after having been in  
 the institution for a fortnight. De-  
 ceased, who was 71 years of age, was  
 brought from Beaufort on the 14th  
 inst. by Constable Dealey, and was so  
 ill at the time that his death was  
 expected the same day. He, however,  
 rallied somewhat, but his vitality was  
 too exhausted to enable him to fight  
 against the disease which, with old age,  
 had overcome him.

A slight railway accident occurred at  
 Beaufort on 9.15 p.m. on Tuesday night.  
 A goods train to Ballarat was standing  
 on the No. 2 line, when a light engine  
 which was on the track or overlooked  
 road, having received the signal to go,  
 collided with the van of the train.  
 There was a very long line of trucks,  
 and when the brakes were released on  
 the train the van dropped back four or  
 five feet over the points (which were  
 clear when the engine was sent on).  
 Very slight damage was done. A por-  
 tion of the van was derailed, and an  
 axle box and a spring were broken.  
 Police-Inspector Steele, of Ballarat,  
 and two commercial travellers were  
 in the van at the time of the accident,  
 but were not in the least hurt. The train  
 was sent on to Ballarat without the  
 van, a truck being used instead, and  
 the local permanent way men had the  
 van back on the rails by 2 o'clock.  
 The main road being clear, there was  
 no disarrangement of traffic.

For Chronic Chest Complaint,  
 Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. In. 6d.

Messrs. Nichols & Chesterfield, auc-  
 tioneers, Beaufort, report having sold 269  
 pigs on the Waterloo road, on account  
 of Mr. W. Finch, at an average of 24 per  
 cent. The purchaser being Mr. J. H.  
 Hughes, of Beaufort.

Constable Dealey's successes at Beau-  
 fort in the Constable's Bark, a native of  
 Ballarat and a returned soldier from  
 South Africa. Mr. Starkey had been  
 stationed for a while at Warrackbeal, but  
 he came to Beaufort from Melbourne,  
 where he had been stationed for a month.  
 We understand that during the war  
 Trooper Starkey was recommended for  
 the Victoria Cross.

A little boy, a water-hole,  
 A little sap, upon my foot,  
 He sticks upon it, I reach a pole,  
 And pull him to the brink!  
 A little cot, a mother's care,  
 A little "cot," a smile, all there,  
 "Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,"  
 I declare!  
 It's just the stuff to drink!

The death of Emerson Ralph Ruther-  
 ford, the infant son of Mr. E. Rutherford,  
 of Waterloo North, occurred on 18th inst.,  
 at the age of seven months. The remains  
 were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery  
 on Sunday. Messrs. J. Luney, V. Nich-  
 olsen, J. Johnston, and J. Penrose acted  
 as coffin-bearers. Rev. A. J. Pearce  
 read the Church of England burial service.  
 Mr. E. H. Sande, undertaker, Beaufort,  
 carried out the mortuary arrangements.

The friends of Mrs. Agnes McCurdy, wife  
 of Mr. William McCurdy, and the third  
 daughter of Mr. Jesse Hokeworth, of Beau-  
 fort, will regret to hear of her death, the  
 result of a slight illness. Mrs. McCurdy,  
 the deceased was being attended for  
 some months, and collapsed under chro-  
 nic disease. Deceased was 84 years of age,  
 and leaves a widower and four young children,  
 besides her parents and brothers, who have  
 most kindly expressed sympathy  
 has been expressed for the afflicted relatives.

The death of Mr. Elmer Quoch occurred at  
 Main Road on Thursday, from senile decay.  
 Deceased, who was 84 years of age, was  
 well-known in the Avoca district, and had  
 been residing at Ballarat. He had  
 recently been living at Ballarat. He had  
 been the subject of very general sympathy  
 has been expressed for the afflicted relatives.

Through the economic strap of the en-  
 gine attached to a goods train from  
 Ballarat (which reaches here at half-past  
 10 a.m.) breaking on the Shirley cutting,  
 about three miles on the Ararat side of  
 Beaufort, on Thursday, the line was  
 blocked, and the midday Melbourne  
 passenger train delayed at Beaufort for an  
 hour and 30 minutes. The engine was  
 brought to a standstill, and the train  
 proceeded, and after the passenger train  
 had proceeded, a special engine obtained  
 from Ballarat took the goods train on to  
 Stawell.

The annual meeting of the Stookyard  
 Hill Football Club was held on Thursday  
 evening at Kirkpatrick's hotel. The  
 business of the previous year was reported  
 and the annual report was adopted. The  
 officers were proceeded with and resulted as  
 follows:—President, Cr. D. Stewart; vice-  
 presidents, Messrs G. and C. Lewis, W.  
 Lynch, A. R. Slater, W. C. Jones, J. Kelly,  
 E. Ward, and Andrew; secretary, Messrs  
 J. and R. Kirkpatrick; committee, Messrs  
 J. Kirkpatrick, D. E. Haanah, W. Lynch,  
 T. Mcenan, W. W. Anderson, and captain  
 and secretary. The election of captain and  
 vice-captain was allowed to stand over till  
 the next meeting.

A very great improvement is noticeable  
 in the lighting of the Beaufort street  
 lamps.

The will of James Russell, late of Carr-  
 ham, graver, was lodged in the Victorian  
 Probate Office on Thursday. Testator, who  
 died on 9th April last, left a will bearing  
 date 10th April, 1902. The total value of  
 the estate net of debts at 238,735 1/2s, plus  
 of 285,728 realty, and 223,083 pers-  
 onalty. Testator bequeathed to his widow  
 a legacy of £500, and an annuity of £200.  
 To his eldest son he bequeathed the property  
 known as "Carrham," and to his other  
 children, on their attaining the age of 21,  
 the sum of £10,000 each. The income from  
 the estate is also to be divided amongst his  
 widow and children.

For Bona-fide Coughs take  
 Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. In. 6d.

**Empire Day.**  
 Empire Day was allowed to pass  
 over without any demonstration in  
 Beaufort. The school children carried  
 out the programme set apart by the  
 Education Department, and the boys  
 saluted the Union Jack in the morning.  
 At noon they were free, and enjoyed a  
 half holiday. Bunting was flown from  
 a few business places in the town.  
 The weather was showery.

**WATERLOO STATE SCHOOL.**  
 The children of this school (writes a cor-  
 respondent), assembled as usual at school  
 and carried out a programme consisting of  
 lessons in geography, and addresses, read-  
 ing, recitation, and songs of an imperi-  
 al character. The singing of the  
 National Anthem and the saluting of the  
 Union Jack formed a prominent part of the  
 proceedings. Lilies and apple, kindly  
 donated by Messrs M. Flynn, J. R. Weber,  
 and Co., and Mr. T. G. Smith, were then  
 distributed. In the afternoon both scholars  
 and teachers engaged in games of football  
 and rounders. A pleasing part of the pro-  
 ceedings then took place. The senior girls  
 of the school provided refreshments and tea  
 and presented the children and teachers  
 being somewhat wet at times, tea was pre-  
 pared on Mr. Flynn's verandah, which  
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 Pumps and tanks are at work boring  
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 Yield obtained on Monday:—Daughters  
 of Freedom, 50n 16dwt; Carmichael and  
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**The Rurambreen Shooting Case.**  
 ALLEGED UNLAWFUL AND MALICIOUS  
 KILLING OF HORSES.  
 JAMES HAFFY COMMITTED FOR  
 TRIAL.  
 A SECOND CHARGE DISMISSED.

The Beaufort Court-house was crowded  
 on Tuesday, when James Haffy, a young  
 man 22 years of age, employed as a farm  
 laborer at Rurambreen, was presented on  
 remand on a charge of unlawfully and  
 maliciously killing a gilly, the property of  
 Hugh Caulfield, at Rurambreen, on 30th  
 April.

Inspector Steele conducted the pro-  
 ceedings, and accused was defended by Mr. S.  
 Young, at whose request all witnesses  
 were ordered out of court.  
 Herbert Leslie, a lad about 14 years  
 old, having satisfied the Bench that he  
 knew the nature of a gilly, deposed that he  
 was employed by Mr. Caulfield as a sheep-  
 boy at Rurambreen. At 11 o'clock  
 on Sunday, 30th April, I saw Mr. Hugh  
 Caulfield's chestnut gilly in a paddock. I  
 do not know whether it is known as Milne's  
 paddock. The gilly was then all right,  
 and was standing in the paddock.

Mr. Young—I could not say how far  
 I was from it, but I was standing in a  
 house at the other. It is a very  
 long paddock. It would be more than  
 100 yards, but I could not say if it would  
 be more than 200 yards. It was as far as  
 Harri's chemist's shop from here. I could  
 not see if there were any injuries on the  
 horse.

To the P.M.—I have been about a  
 month at Mr. Caulfield's, and knew the  
 horse for about five months. I did not  
 know its name. The last time I saw it was  
 on the Sunday morning, but I could not say  
 when I saw it before. I have seen the  
 horse 5 or 6 times in the same paddock on  
 other days beside Sunday.

Hugh Caulfield deposed: I am a farmer,  
 residing at Rurambreen. On 23rd May,  
 about 11 o'clock, I saw a horse go into  
 one of my paddocks known as Milne's.  
 I went there to see the horse. There were  
 two. I found the chestnut gilly dead.  
 She was lying in the south-east corner  
 of the paddock. I examined her, and saw  
 a mark on her forehead like a bullet  
 wound. The only sign of a struggle was  
 a pool of blood. I immediately told my father,  
 there are about 90 acres in this paddock,  
 which is securely fenced. There is a fence  
 between the two paddocks. The distance  
 from one fence to the other is about a  
 quarter of a mile. The paddock does not  
 contain very much timber. There is a  
 gully through it, but the paddock is fairly  
 level. It is a pasture paddock and could  
 be used as a milch.

Mr. Young—I am the owner of the  
 gilly, and am on the best of terms with  
 accused, therefore he could have no spite  
 whatever against me.  
 To Inspector Steele—The gilly is worth  
 about £10.

To the P.M.—Our defendant lives about a  
 mile away from our paddock. My grand-  
 father, and works about. I do not know  
 what he has done since he was a  
 child. (Mr. Young gave evidence of his  
 age.) He is over 20 to my know-  
 ledge. I last saw the gilly alive on Sat-  
 urday, 29th April. She was in the same  
 paddock with another horse. When I  
 examined the gilly on the Tuesday, I did  
 not get my hand near, so I cannot say  
 how long she had been dead. The body  
 of the gilly was burnt after Senior-  
 constable Nicholson saw it on the evening  
 of the 3rd May. I did not see defendant  
 about on the Sunday, so I was not out,  
 nor did I hear of his being about.

Thomas Caulfield deposed: I am a  
 farmer, residing at Rurambreen, and am  
 the father of Hugh Caulfield. From some-  
 time to the 22nd May, I went to  
 Milne's paddock about midday, and  
 found the gilly dead in the north corner  
 against Mr. Ball's property. She is the prop-  
 erty of my son. She was lying with her  
 head towards the west on her left side. I  
 examined the body and found a bullet  
 hole in the forehead. I did not notice  
 any marks of a struggle. My little  
 brother, who is about 10 years of age, and  
 who was present when the horse was shot,  
 said that he saw the horse in the paddock  
 on the 30th April. I did not see the  
 horse on the 30th April, but I saw it on  
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The children of this school (writes a cor-  
 respondent), assembled as usual at school  
 and carried out a programme consisting of  
 lessons in geography, and addresses, read-  
 ing, recitation, and songs of an imperi-  
 al character. The singing of the  
 National Anthem and the saluting of the  
 Union Jack formed a prominent part of the  
 proceedings. Lilies and apple, kindly  
 donated by Messrs M. Flynn, J. R. Weber,  
 and Co., and Mr. T. G. Smith, were then  
 distributed. In the afternoon both scholars  
 and teachers engaged in games of football  
 and rounders. A pleasing part of the pro-  
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man, but I cannot swear who he was. I  
 took no notice of his dress. I had not  
 reason for noticing the man. I cannot  
 remember seeing a shot fired that Sunday  
 afternoon. As I approached the paddock  
 I did not see the gilly, which I knew. I  
 did not notice the sheep or anything else  
 in the paddock. I have always been on  
 friendly terms with accused. I remember  
 having a conversation with Senior-const-  
 able Nicholson one day last week. I did  
 not see anyone kneel down and fire a shot  
 in Milne's paddock. I did not hear or see  
 a shot fired on 30th April, either by ac-  
 cused or anyone else in my remembrance.  
 The man I saw was about 200yds. from  
 me. It would be something over 100yds.  
 from the dividing-fence. He appeared to  
 be a young man. I did not know the man,  
 and cannot swear whether it was accused  
 or not. I will swear I have not told any-  
 one the man was accused.

To Mr. Young—I did not take any  
 notice of the man; it might have been  
 a stick he was carrying. I did not go close  
 to him, and it did not interest me.  
 To the P.M.—It was on this case that  
 I had a conversation with Senior-const-  
 able Nicholson at the police station, 5th May,  
 in relation to this case. I only noticed the  
 one article the man carried.

# PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

## CHAPTER XVII.

**T**RIED to catch a few hours of sleep that morning, but I had difficulty in losing consciousness. When I did forget myself in slumber for a brief time, unpleasant dreams disturbed me, and I awoke with a start. It was still early in the morning when I dressed and knocked at my master's door. He was stepping soundly, and I disliked to rouse him. But I was fearful lest he had been wounded the night before, and I could not leave the house on the mission I had in view until I had ascertained. I shoved his bedroom door open and entered the never locked it at night and asked him if he wished anything. "No, William; not yet," he replied in a sleepy voice. "I am very tired this morning and shall not get up until lunch time. Have a good lunch for me, and I will be ready."

His face was pale, but not more so than usual after his night visits to Dr. Squires. "There is nothing wrong with you this morning, I hope?" I ventured to remark. "No, William, except that I'm very weary and sleepy. Why do you ask?" He looked inquiringly at me, and I stammered: "Nothing, only you look pale. I thought maybe you were ill."

"No, I'm not sick—merely tired. Leave me a few hours' sleep," I closed the door softly, satisfied that he was unharmed. After giving directions to the servants about an early lunch for my master I left the house and started on a brisk walk toward Mr. Jaimson's house. It was essential that I should have an interview with him before he saw my master or talked to anybody about the previous night's robbery. He was at breakfast when I was ushered into the library. I insisted upon seeing him alone and immediately, urging the servant to report that my business was very important.

Ten minutes later he appeared in the library. He was a man past middle age, stout of figure and stern of feature. I realized that he was a man of considerable means, and one which he considered just. He bowed stiffly upon entering and said: "I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, I believe."

"I was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and I flattered myself that I would pass for a gentleman among strangers. 'No, sir, but that is not necessary,' said briskly and with the air of one of authority. 'I have come to talk with you about last night's robbery.' He started visibly and then said: 'Ah, I see! You're a detective!'

"I made no direct reply to this, but added: "I think the robbers who have recently been terrorizing the neighborhood will soon be cornered." He smiled again and said: "Possibly, I know something about that which may lead to important results."

"I know that," I answered, "and that's why I have come thus early to see you."

"Go on. I'm ready for anything." "First, then, what did you intend to do with this information?" "I hadn't made up my mind," he said doubtfully, taking a seat in an easy chair near me. "Well, you either intended to inform the police or accuse Mr. Goddard of the crime to his own face. "Yes, one or the other, but most likely the latter. Mr. Goddard's father and I were great friends. I should have to see his name stained with dishonor."

"I thought as much," I replied, "and it is to prevent you from making a mistake that I have called this morning. I know more about this matter than you do." "Probably, you seem to know all that I do. It's wonderful how you know it, for I swear I never mentioned the matter to any one except my wife, and she's seen nobody but the servants."

"But other eyes may have recognized the man," I said suggestively. "That's true, my never thought of that. Did some of my servants see him?" "Don't worry yourself," I interrupted. "The person who saw him will not mention it further. I've fixed all that."

"Well, well; so early in the morning, and you seem to have arranged everything before I could decide upon the first step." "It's my business," I added. Then continuing I said in a low voice: "But Mr. Goddard is not the only one concerned in these robberies. There is another and I think a more dangerous neighbor who is implicated in the crimes. But he is too wary to be caught easily. He directs the whole matter, but keeps in the background. He must be caught at least and punished if Mr. Goddard is to suffer. It would be a sin to let him escape and the lesser criminal punished."

"Yes, yes, of course—by all means." "Then we must work together. I've laid a plan by which I can prove the guilt of this other party. If you will work with me and do as I tell you, we can face him with his guilt in spite of all his skillfulness." "Anything that you think best. Propose your plan."

"Well, first, I want you to keep the matter strictly quiet and not mention it to a living soul that you recognized the burglar last night. Let the detectives work on the case as usual, but warn your wife not to commit herself. Is she brave enough to do this?" "Yes; Ellen is only too ready to shield Mr. Goddard. I cannot convince her that I was correct in recognizing him."

"So much the better. Let her continue to think so and pretend that you think you might have been mistaken. Then next Tuesday night I shall ask you and another person who is more interested in Mr. Goddard than yourself—Miss Stetson, in short—to accompany me to one of your neighbor's houses. He will be away that night, and I will show you some of the secrets of his little game that he conceals in his house. When he returns late at night, we can confront him with the crime. I shall then leave it to you and Miss Stetson as to what course to pursue. If we arrest the man, Mr. Goddard will have to be implicated; if we banish him from the place with the threat of exposure, we can shield Mr. Goddard and give him a fighting chance. That, in short, is my plan. Will you co-operate with me?" "With pleasure. It's an admirable arrangement. I believe we ought to give Charles another opportunity. I can hardly find the heart to have him arrested."

"Well, I leave that entirely to you and Miss Stetson." "And Miss Stetson will agree with me." I said nothing in reply, but after giving a few more directions I withdrew, promising to call for him on the evening specified to conduct him to the house of his unknown neighbor.

there busily occupied with my own thoughts, but as time passed I became restless and anxious to make a change. Not hearing any voices, I rose from my seat and walked quietly into the parlor to look at some of the beautiful pictures hanging on the walls. This liberty, I knew, Miss Stetson would not resent.

As I stepped into the parlor I heard the sound of voices proceeding from the library. I would have retreated to the waiting room if the voice of Dr. Squires had not arrested my attention. I could not resist the temptation to listen to him, for, knowing what he was, I thought anything was fair enough for him, and I played the eavesdropper.

The portieres between the parlor and library were drawn, and through their thick folds I could just catch the words of the two. "The first words of the doctor informed me that I had reached the place at a critical moment. "Miss Belle, you do me injustice to say that I do not like pleasant surroundings and that I am not like other men in my tastes. No man appreciates a home more than I do."

"I did not mean to insinuate that, doctor," Miss Stetson replied. "I merely said that I thought it so strange you should like to live in that old deserted home at night." "I do not like to live there. It was not a matter of choice with me. I was poor and had to in order to carry out my experiments."

"But couldn't you find more congenial quarters without going to any more expense?" "No, that is, none that would suit my purpose." "There was a short pause, then the doctor continued: "But, Miss Belle, my time in the old haunted mansion is short. I'm going to leave it. My fortune has improved, and I shall seek better quarters."

"Has your discovery proved successful so that you can realize some money on it?" she asked eagerly. "No, not exactly that," he stammered. "But I have been fortunate in another way. A distant relative has died and left his money to me. It is not much, but enough to keep me in comfort for the balance of my life. It will amount to about \$100,000."

"I'm so glad to hear it, doctor. Nobody will congratulate you more heartily than I, for I think you deserve it." "It is kind of you to say it," he said slowly. "But there is one other thing necessary to complete my happiness."

Another pause followed in which I could imagine their exchange of looks. "I would not mention this, Miss Belle, if I did not have your own word for it that you would never marry Charles?" "I would not mention it, doctor. Nobody will congratulate you more heartily than I, for I think you deserve it."

"Yes, very well." "He is a friend of yours, and I believe you would trust yourself with him after dark."

**CHAPTER XX.** MISS STETSON was considerably agitated and nervous when she finally appeared in the library. Her facial features were drawn and haggard, indicating the strain she had just passed through. When she entered, I stood before her as I said: "You must pardon me for telling you an untruth, but I could not do otherwise in the presence of your guest. I do not come with a message from my master, but with one from myself."

"She looked inquiringly at me and waved her hand toward a seat while she dropped wearily into another. "No; I will stand," I said, "until I find out whether my request will be granted."

"Your request? What is it?" "Her mind was still dwelling upon the interview that had just closed, and the purport of my words had hardly attracted her attention. "Oh, I see!" she added a moment later, with the faintest indication of a smile on her face. "You have come to ask me to fulfill my promise of the other day."

"Exactly," I said. "Well, what is it?" "As I told you then, it will seem very strange to you, and I now repeat to you what you told me in the end it will be for your own good. "Explain yourself," she said, showing more interest. "I do not like so much mystery."

"But, ma'am, it will be a mystery to you for some time yet. I cannot explain matters even now—not until my request is fulfilled." She looked at me with amusement and then added: "Well, go on. I've promised, and I'll keep my word."

"My request is this: I want you to accompany me to a certain house on next Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock sharp, where I will explain and show you things that will greatly alter your views of some of my friends."

"Why, sir, that is an absurd proposition," she said, rising, with some dignity. "Then you will not grant my request?" "I said quietly: "How can I under such circumstances?" "You promised."

"Yes, anything in reason. But you ask me to go to a strange house with you in the evening, and what assurance have I that—"

would at the last moment escape me, and dividing at all with him. I am a captain of such caliber. Shortly after dusk on Tuesday I proached the old mansion (I had made sure of the doctor's disappearance. I saw him get out of the house as soon as it was dark enough to conceal myself from view I approached the house and looked through the kitchen windows. The old Indian servant was alone and seemed to be busily engaged in cooking his supper. I had made sure of this I hurried around to the front piazza and began to climb the post which had once before served me a similar good turn.

Knowing the way well, I made quick work in climbing on the roof of the house, and I reached the cupola without mishap. Here I found everything just as I had left it during my previous visit. I opened the window without difficulty and proceeded to lift the trap door in the floor. The lock had not been tampered with, and nobody had ever been the wiser for my first visit.

In a few moments I found my way down the ladder and stood in the upper hall. The house was wrapped in darkness. This all helped to make my plan easier. I descended the front stairs noiselessly, and through the half open door I could catch a glimpse of the old servant. From this position I could measure his probable strength and powers. It was necessary that I should be able to cope successfully with him, and I was not going to run any risk.

For some time I watched his slow movements about the kitchen. He prepared his supper and ate it in silence. Then when he proceeded to wash the dishes I found that it was getting late, and for the success of my plan it would be necessary to expedite my matters. I purposely dropped a heavy book in the front hall and then glided quickly behind the office portieres. The noise, as I expected, attracted the old man from his work, and he came catlike into the hall, peering intently ahead of him.

He did not expect to find any one in the house. The noise sounded as if it proceeded from the front piazza. The old man glanced through the plate glass door into the room in which I was. I sprang out of the darkness and landed plump upon the man's back, carrying him to the floor by my weight. As we fell together I had grasped his two arms and held them securely locked behind him. For a moment he was so frightened by this sudden attack that he did not struggle, but when he felt me running a rope around his elbow and wrists he summoned all of his strength and fought desperately.

I had not underestimated his strength. He was thin and like, but powerful and sneaky. He was like a serpent in his wriggling, and I had the greatest difficulty in the world to hold him. We struggled and scuffled about the hall floor for ten minutes before I could take him. Once or twice I felt that the battle was going against me, but I renewed my efforts and finally pinned his arms behind him with the rope.

With his arms securely tied the man gave up the struggle and lay there panting and trying to speak. I saw that he was really dumb, although not deaf. He could not speak, but he could hear.

"Now, you'll remain until I call for you," I said. "If I catch you attempting to escape, I'll shoot you." I placed my revolver at his temple as I spoke to emphasize my words. He looked frightened and shook his head vigorously.

**CHAPTER XXI.** WAITED with feverish anxiety for Tuesday night. It was natural that I should have constant fear about the success of my little scheme. If either my master or Dr. Squires got a hint of my intentions, the game would be up and I would have to start in an easy matter, too, for I could not keep my secret. I had not been to my labor for nothing. It would be such an easy matter, too, for I had not been to my labor for nothing. It would be such an easy matter, too, for I had not been to my labor for nothing.

"I had not been to my labor for nothing. It would be such an easy matter, too, for I had not been to my labor for nothing. It would be such an easy matter, too, for I had not been to my labor for nothing. It would be such an easy matter, too, for I had not been to my labor for nothing. It would be such an easy matter, too, for I had not been to my labor for nothing.

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**SOME FACTS ABOUT MARRIAGE.** HOW that the silly season correspondent is airing his narrow personal experience in the daily press, and dedicating theories of world-wide application from them, it will not be unconstructive to consider a few actual figures with regard to the favorite, and, in fact, universally popular, subject just now under discussion.

It seems, unhappily, to be a sort of general truth that applies, not only to the nations of to-day, but to all those which have passed through material luxury and moral starvation to general destruction, that after a certain point the progress of what is called civilization is accompanied by a regular decrease in the precentage of marriages, until at length disregard of the institution on which the existence of society depends, leads to the final collapse of the social system.

These men are bewailing the comparative scarcity of marriage among the middle and upper classes of this country, may derive a certain amount of consolation from the fact that, so far as the ages from twenty to thirty are concerned, Great Britain stands first among the civilized nations of the world in percentage relation of married to unmarried.

In the United States alone there are over three million marriages each year, and in this country, many derive a certain amount of consolation from the fact that, so far as the ages from twenty to thirty are concerned, Great Britain stands first among the civilized nations of the world in percentage relation of married to unmarried.

That many of these latter are stranded for good, or at any rate have very little prospect of being able to get launched on the sea of matrimony, is proved by the mournful statistics which compel a man, any of these men marry after they are 30, nearly every one of them will choose a wife who is a good deal nearer 20 than 30, as the American man does not care for a wife whose thoughts and the conditions which he usually become by the little age.

That the American girl—and here I mean the educated, fairly well-to-do, and altogether unmanageable girl—who holds her own in the world is not only a success in business, but also a success in government and other offices. These are, of course, quite distinct from the vast army of girls and women who live by hand-me-downs.

In the United States and Canada there are no fewer than six hundred unmarried men over every thousand who have reached the age of thirty, while in Britain, not only are the conditions completely reversed, but the preponderance is on the other side, for here there are as many as seven hundred and sixty men and eight hundred and twenty women under every thousand of either sexes who get married between twenty and thirty.

At this rate it may be safely predicted that this effete old country will be able to see out two or three generations more on the present system, for an amount of material wealth will suffice to pay the tremendous penalty that Nature imposes on those who disregard her functions.

**SINGING MASTERS' SCIENCE.** SLOWLY—very slowly—but surely, a sense of humour is being developed in the medical profession. We are permitted nowadays to indulge in a little mild laughter at professors and learned persons if, by some rare chance they make themselves ridiculous. Our transatlantic brethren of the great Western continents are in the advance of this respect, a long way ahead of us. They have gone so far as the production of "Imaginary Conversations," in which members of one of the professions—medical or scientific—were made to cut very amusing figures in medical eyes. Here is one such conversation which is vouchered for by the *British Medical Journal*. The occasion is the return of a lady with her youthful daughter from a visit to one of several professors of singing, each of whom had been requested to teach the little girl's voice. The professor is nothing if not scientific, and the science of half a dozen singing-masters had bewildered the poor lady to such a degree that she had finally decided that her daughter should give up singing.

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Young—I don't say I didn't... it was a wild guess. I... the cartridge, and will believe... go off with pulling the trigger... M.: 'Don't point it this way... I can take out a cartridge without... the hammers. [The P.M.]... I have called you, my... I don't pull the trigger. I know... can be let down, but it will... a cartridge. From my... with the accused I would not... very intellectual. He did not... frightened of me. I did not... before he was arrested on the... ter his arrest on 6th and after... verbal statement, I said to... 'Do you wish to make a state... He said he did. I said, 'Any... you say will be taken down in... for or against you as the... but you don't need to say anything... I repeated this to a... Dearfoot in my office. Accused... I did wish to make a state... I say in the first instance be... You had better tell me... only questioned him in... I didn't care for anything... his own words. I told him... the truth after he made the... statement, which I did not... I did not see the too-mark... as referred to by Thomas Gaul... the ground had been over by... the ground near where the filly... and I think the rifle was... I think the bullet from the... and the horse, which I do not... after it was shot. It was... possible for the horse to be... from another portion of the... as I examined the ground... I think the rifle was... I don't know whether the... brain. After I opened the... the blood came through the... through the wound—perhaps... a corpse on the ground. I... the rifle will kill from 2000... I got the wound from the... very small puncture in the horse's... not half-an-inch in diameter;... The witness on the 7th I was... with Mr. Thos. Caulfield. I fired... 22 long, from his rifle, into... the set of horse, at a distance of... 15 yards, and the puncture... to the one I examined... ed. After being duly cautioned... not guilty... the defence, submitted... evidence of the witness... on good terms with accused and... bore him no grudge. Defendant... on shooting on the Sunday, and... 30 p.m., when it was getting dark... Mine's paddy. The hammer... ready for action, and thinking... get no more about shooting... of put it down, when the gun... was a very tricky one, and would... caught in or brushed against a... exploded. The statement made... could easily be explained. De... was seen the horse walking... it was all right. His first denia... lained by his inability to prosecu... Sunday shooting, and the state... to the police were really taken... threats. Defendant was now pro... of the witness to show that he... show that it was almost impos... this gun to kill a horse, and th... that he fired in two or three ways... was very dangerous to handle... ctor Steele quoted authorities to... that it was not necessary to prove...

M. thought this a question for a... consider. Chas. Halpin deposed: I am a... of Eur-sulwen. I know the rifle... and, which I formerly owned for 12... I sold it to Haffay about 18... I got it from... I hit the rifle with a 250-gr... 2 long, it will carry 250 yards... and short it will carry 100 yards... a bullet in it, witness said he... get it out without letting down... ner. It is dangerous to let the... down. He had often been out shoot... had often been out shooting... Defendant some time ago told... the rifle was dangerous when... and was liable to go by brush... the trigger of one of my coats with... the rifle... with touching the trigger... once when I was attempting to... the hammer. I was careful with... that I live in the district, where... was shot. It is a favorite plac... to me."

M. did not hear any shot... the 30th April... I stated that I have been in the... day, not thinking I would be... in this case. I was out shoot... defendant on two occasions in April... (23rd), but not on the 30th... the witness Nicholson and Constable... came out to my father's house... if defendant at once mentioning... to me about shooting horses, and... Kelly deposed: I am a farmer... at Eurambree. The rifle produced... to me I borrowed from defendant... September or October, 1903... to shoot a horse that had a leg... I fired the rifle myself at the... on a distance of about 20ft. Head... Two bullets struck him in... head and the third behind the ear... two shots only made the animal... having no effect, and he did not... I shot him behind the ear. It... similar cartridge to this. Haffay... to me. One bullet struck him... at the back of the horse's ear... said he did not intend to put... the bullet in the box. Defendant... declared me at the present time... decided me then committed for trial... of the case.

"Ah, I see! You're a detective!"

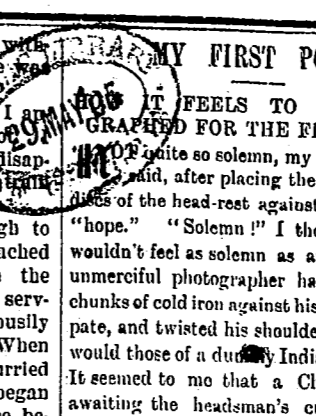
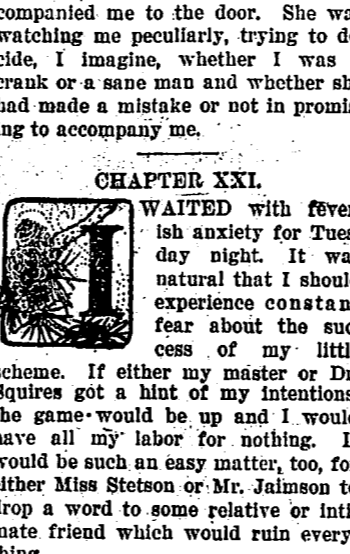
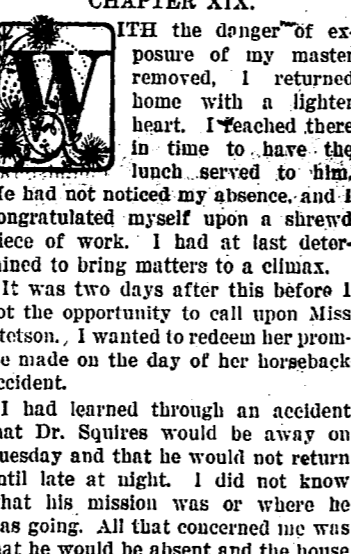
A look of suspicion entered his face... and, probably thinking that I was... merely leading him on, he asked: "If you know so much about it, please tell me who it was I recognized."

"Certainly. Tell me who it is in your ear."

I drew near to him and said impressively: "It was Charles Goddard whom you recognized in your house last night and at whom you shot."

The last expression of doubt left his face, and he could only add slowly: "Well, well, I don't understand how you found it out."

The man was completely mystified, as I hoped he would be, and I continued with a smile on my own face: "Now, if you believe that I know what I'm doing, will you enter into the details of my mission here this morning. For some time I remained seated



DIANA'S INHERITANCE.

THE LOST PROOFS OF HER BIRTHRIGHT.

BY HEDLEY RICHARDS,

Author of "Time, the Avenger,"

"The Haigths of Hillcrest,"

Etc., Etc.

PAINT 7.

"Well, Ben, I'm not sure that it's wise to tell you more until we are married. You see, once these papers are handed over to Mr. Martin it means a steady income and suppose you and I were to quarrel, there'd be two drawing it."

"I can see that, you don't love me, or you would not say so perhaps we'd better part. I couldn't bear to have a wife who distrusted me. I think it would send me to the dogs."

"Oh, Ben, I do trust you, and I'll tell you all you do not talk of parting," she said, almost weeping. It was too much for her, she thought of being deserted by her lover. "It was your own fault that I did; I'm not anxious to part from you," said Halcraft, with the mental addition of "not just now."

"Well, I'm going to tell you all, and though you don't think it, I spoke the truth when I said I could not tell you where the papers had gone."

"I don't understand you," replied her companion.

"No, it's hard to believe, but the fact is I don't know where I put the papers."

It was with the utmost difficulty that Martin restrained an exclamation of surprise, and the man at his side, who had been listening, could not remember where he'd put the papers. It hadn't affected his memory much in other ways, only it just seems to have blotted out what I did on that particular day. I've heard thinking I should remember but don't."

"I've heard of such things, and sometimes it's years before people remember the thing that's become a blank; but I should say the papers are at your home."

"I don't think so, I've hunted all over. Sometimes I've thought they were stolen when I was at the hospital. I should have felt sure of it and that the party who stole them had sold them to Mr. Martin. Only he seems so restless, and I know he is counting Miss Caine, though he's in love with Miss Spender. Of course if the papers came to light, Miss Caine would be his lordship's heiress, so it would be policy to marry her, but she won't have him," said Royce.

"You heard Mr. Martin read those papers? Can you remember the name of the church and where it was that Miss Caine's father and mother were married?" asked Halcraft.

"It was Saint something, but what I don't know, and it was in London," replied Royce.

"Then I can find it, and whether we get the papers or not, Mr. Martin won't have all his own way."

"I don't see how you are to spare time from your business to hunt for the registers in London," said Royce doubtfully.

"My dear, it will pay us, and I really think I ought to shorten my holiday and start at once. I will go back to London to-morrow morning."

"And what about me?" she asked.

"Oh, you'll know that I'm thinking of you, and as soon as ever I can I'll run down here. Good gracious! It's half past nine! Which way shall we go in?"

"Oh, as we're at the top of the bank, I'll go through the gate at the top of the garden. I suppose you'll go through the wood, and you won't be long away, Ben, dear?"

"No, I don't suppose it will take me long to find what you mean," said as they rose and went towards the gate.

CHAPTER XII. A GHOSTLY SPECTACLE.

When the sound of their footsteps died away, Martin rose, and leaving the arbour, walked a few yards on the soft, green turf, being careful to keep well in the shade of the trees, until finally he came to a stand behind a big beech tree, which effectually hid him. From this spot Martin was able to see into the house, and see Royce part with the man to whom she had been talking, and it was he who engaged the former's attention, so that before he turned away and began descending the steps Martin had his face photographed in his mind.

While he waited until Royce was out of sight his thoughts were in a perfect tumult. Only one idea seemed clearly defined, and that was that he must get rid of the man whom Royce had taken into her confidence, and there was but one way in which that could be effectually done—he must kill him; and Martin's thoughts flew to a revolver that lay ready loaded, in a drawer in his dressing-room. He had looked it in his pocket, and had noticed that it nestled the place and disturbed him with their eternal caw-caw, but now he would find another use for it and then he would run up to London and make away with it. Royce might suspect him, but he didn't think she would say anything on account of what she would lose. She was fond of money, and she would know that whatever she said, it would not restore her lover. No, Royce would prefer a comfortable spinsterhood to avenging her lover.

There was little fear of him being accused when he had done what was in his mind to do.

Having come to this conclusion, and the time being now nearly midnight, Martin made his way hastily to the house. Entering through the conservatory he went quickly to his room, and in a short time he was again in the park, with the revolver in his pocket. He knew the woods well, also that at that time there would be deserted. A little way from the arbour he had noticed that the wire fencing which separated the park from the wood was broken and he made for the gap. Descending the

bank in a slanting direction, but taking care not to make any noise, he reached the path which ran right through the centre of the woods. Only on one side there were not only monster trees, but a thick undergrowth, and at the other side the steep bank was so well wooded that at that time of night there was little fear of being seen. Nevertheless, Martin drew behind a big oak and looked both ways. The man had further to come than Martin. If he had walked slowly, he might not have passed that particular spot, but it was probable that he had passed it, so Martin went swiftly but cautiously forward, looking carefully ahead, and as the moon had now come out, he felt sure he would not only be able to spot his victim, but make sure of him. Grasping his revolver firmly, he went on and on, and there he stood, not in the least perturbed, until he came in sight of the gate at the end of the wood; then Martin paused.

Had the man gone up the wood instead of down? If so he would be on the high road a couple of miles further up. There were two routes from there to Bromhead, so it was useless to try and follow him and having come to this conclusion, he turned back, thinking over this new difficulty. Something in the man's voice and manner of speaking had assured Martin that he would be difficult to deal with. A woman like Royce he could have managed, but a man was different: there was no telling what he would do.

Thinking of these things, and still clutching the revolver tightly, Martin went slowly forward, and passing the back of the arbour, decided to ascend the bank near the little gate at which the lovers had parted. It was a good distance as the path curved in and out, but it would give him time to think matters over and decide whether it would be wise to tackle Royce on the subject.

By this time the moon was very bright, but Martin did not need it to show him the way. He knew every inch of the woods, as he had often visited at Avondale Hall, so he went forward, buried in his thoughts, until the tricking of water over stones warned him that he had come to the burn, a small stream which trickled out of the bank and across the path, winding in and out of the wood at the other side. Sometimes the burn rose almost to a little river, but that was in wet weather; now it was little more than a muddy pool. Still, Martin did not care to splash through it, but raised his eyes, intending to cross over the stones which lay on the path just there, when he stopped short in horror and surprise.

There, lying across the burn with his face turned upwards, was the man whom Martin had planned to murder. The moonlight shone on the face and half-open eyes, as if he had so recently studied in order that there might not be any mistake, that he might be sure to rid himself of the right man. And now he was dead—shot. There was no mistake about it; the red blood dyed his waistcoat and front, causing Martin to shudder. It was one thing to kill a man, but another to stand looking at him and taking in all the details of the ghastly deed.

"Who had done it? What man besides himself had reason to desire this man's death? Had he been driven in revenge, or did he stand in some one's path. It was strange that two people should at the same time, have decided to compass this stranger's death. Surely Martin remembered the revolver he held in his hand, the tell-tale weapon if it was found in his hand, and he thrust it into his pocket. Nor would it do for him to be seen there; he would climb the bank, and by skirting the fence for a little soon reach the gate at which Royce had parted from the man who now lay at his feet.

Having come to this decision, he ascended the bank, resolving not to mention the discovery he had made, but wait to see how matters shaped themselves.

The distant church clock was chiming the quarter to eleven, and Katharine Spender, who had waited by the lake-side a quarter of an hour, was inwardly raging at Dr. Nolan having failed to bring the appointment which she had made in her letter, was just going back to the house, when the door in the wall was quietly opened, and the doctor entered the park, turning to shut the door after him.

"I was just going home. I don't know how you dare keep me waiting all this time," she said imperiously.

"Surely I am not late," he replied.

"You are a quarter of an hour late, and I am not accustomed to be kept waiting by men," was the reply to the question which was asked.

"I think your watch is wrong, Miss Spender."

"What about the church clock? It has just chimed the quarter to eleven. You must be deaf if you didn't hear it," she said.

"I was very deeply absorbed in my own thoughts, so that is, perhaps, the reason why I didn't hear the clock chime. I am sorry I am so late, but I must confess to having loitered on the way while I considered what to do, but I can assure you, Miss Spender, I regret having inconvenienced you."

"Well, it's lucky for you that you were not any later, as I have some very important information to give you. Sir John has proposed to Miss Caine. I overheard the whole thing, and though she refused him I'm certain that she is in love with him, and it's only a question of time before she will consent. I'm puzzled why she refused him."

He laughed, a subdued, mirthless laugh.

"Diana refused Sir John because I should shoot him if they became engaged," he said.

"Sir John won't stop the marriage. Sir John will discover the reason, and it will be bad for you. He has the man to be threatened with impunity," said Katharine, with a certain amount of scorn in her voice.

"You seem to admire him very much, Miss Spender; but of course, I know you have your own axe to grind," she answered.

She turned her eyes on him and noticed how white and ghastly he looked.

"How awful you look, just as if you'd met a ghost or murdered your best friend! But you are right; I have my own ends to serve, or I should be helping you, or trying to help you, I should say, for so far as you've done nothing," she answered.

"No, the time for doing has come. Now that you tell me he has spoken I agree with you that before long he will win her, if he has the chance; but that is just what I am not going to give him," he replied sharply.

"What are you going to do? You had better be sharp about telling me as I want to get back home; I'm supposed to have gone to bed with a

headache," said Katharine, with a laugh. "Fresh air is the best cure for it. But to proceed to business, it is my intention to abduct her, and keep her under lock and key, until she promises to be my wife. I got a special licence so that once she gives in there need be no delay."

"And where can you take her to?" asked Katharine, pleased at the idea of her rival's removal.

"Batey, the landlord of the Wheat-sheaf, has a brother who farms about forty acres of his own land. These are an old house on it and he and his wife do all the work, except what a half-witted nephew does. Now, this place is six miles beyond Avondale Hall, and from one or two things I've heard I don't think Dan Batey is very particular what he does, so once she's packed, but he is very cautious, not to let her get a clue of his doings if they are likely to bring him unpleasant consequences. It is my intention to see if Batey and his wife will take care of her in the matter," she replied.

"You can trust me. When I want you I shall put two chalk marks in one corner of the door in the wall, and below the crosses I will put in figures the hour I want you to meet me from doing the terrible deed. As he has a law on him, he will be on the morning when he would ride over to Bromhead Court and ask Diana Caine to be his wife. He did not think she loved him—in fact he had the impression that she cared for Sir John; but it was necessary to like a girl who believed herself to be a nobody and penniless, would refuse him, and the prospect of becoming Lady Avondale."

Bruyed up with this hope he rode away shortly after breakfast, and on arriving at the house he found Miss Caine. He was conducted to the library by a footman, who then informed Diana that she was wanted.

"There must be some mistake. What can Mr. Russel want with me? Do you know?" asked Diana of Miss Spender who smiled as she said:

"You had better go and see, my dear," and Katharine laughed in a supercilious fashion as she said:

"Miss Caine seems to be in great request just now."

Diana ignored the remark and went to the library. Once or twice it had struck her that Mr. Russel seemed to be very friendly, then she had laughed at herself for imagining such a thing. So many he would be Lord Avondale, and she was likely he would pay her a special attention to a nobody such as she was; and Diana felt thankful it was so, as she cared only for the attention of one man.

Just as she had entered the library, she heard the door open and the papers that had been in the bag which Mrs. Russel had taken, and a wild hope that they had been found took possession of her. As they should have been, she exclaimed:

"Mr. Russel, have you come to tell me that your mother has found the papers?"

"The words were the most unpleasant she could have uttered, but he had sufficient command of himself to answer in a bantering tone:

"No, I don't believe those papers have vanished into thin air, or rather, dust and ashes. Probably the other lady who was in the carriage with my mother removed them under the impression the parcel contained a note, and in her disappointment burnt them."

Diana shook her head.

"I do not believe they are destroyed. I have such a keen desire to obtain possession of them, and I think if it were beyond recovery I should only have instinctive knowledge that it was no longer there."

"I am sorry I am not the bearer of news about those precious papers, as I very much wish to have some passport to your favour. Miss Caine, we have not known each other very long, but I have been long enough to make me wish to see you, and my wife. I need not tell you that I love you above all women; the fact that I ask you to be my wife must assure you of that. Diana will you mother's consent to become my daughter, so there is no obstacle to our happiness."

When he began speaking she had sunk into a chair, forgetting her enthusiasm about the papers. In her dismay she did not care to listen to a declaration of love when she could only reply in the negative, but as he took her hand and held it firmly in his, she said:

"I am very sorry you have said this, because I don't love you."

"Diana, I will wait for your love. If you will consent to become my wife I shall be quite satisfied. Will you consent to become my wife, or not?"

"No, Mr. Russel, I shall never love you, and I won't marry any man I don't love," she said so decidedly that Martin felt there was no hope; and his anger rose.

"You treat the prospect of becoming Lady Avondale very cavalierly," he said, rather curtly.

"A mere title would not influence me," she answered, quietly.

(To be continued.) 1459.

A 'NEW CHUM' STORY.

In the "back blocks" new arrivals are considered the legitimate butts of every joke that can be played upon them.

Recently, writes a Sydney correspondent, a coach-driver, backed up by his passengers, induced a young man newly arrived from England to believe that kangaroo wool was made in that district as letter-carriers, "they meet the coach," he said, "and I give them their masters' letters, and they put in their pouches."

The "new chum" was incredulous, but just then a great kangaroo hopped on the roadway right in front of him and stood for a moment.

"Nothing but kangaroo wool," said the driver, and the animal turning, disappeared in the scrub from which it had come.

The young Englishman is full of wonder at the strides made in so young a nation as Australia.

The Bank of England generally contains sufficient gold in 15th bars, to make 20,000,000 sovereigns.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN.

UNTOLD WEALTH ACCUMULATED IN FIFTY YEARS.

It seems practically certain that the richest man in the world to-day is Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, of Standard Oil fame.

Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company" (New York: McClure and Co.) is worthy of credit; then John D. Rockefeller is the most singular figure of the age.

The book in which his achievements are set forth is more exciting than most novels of adventure.

For thirty years this dauntless captain of industry has violated the laws that he might get into his own hands, so once she's packed, but he is very cautious, not to let her get a clue of his doings if they are likely to bring him unpleasant consequences. It is my intention to see if Batey and his wife will take care of her in the matter," she replied.

"You can trust me. When I want you I shall put two chalk marks in one corner of the door in the wall, and below the crosses I will put in figures the hour I want you to meet me from doing the terrible deed. As he has a law on him, he will be on the morning when he would ride over to Bromhead Court and ask Diana Caine to be his wife. He did not think she loved him—in fact he had the impression that she cared for Sir John; but it was necessary to like a girl who believed herself to be a nobody and penniless, would refuse him, and the prospect of becoming Lady Avondale."

Bruyed up with this hope he rode away shortly after breakfast, and on arriving at the house he found Miss Caine. He was conducted to the library by a footman, who then informed Diana that she was wanted.

"There must be some mistake. What can Mr. Russel want with me? Do you know?" asked Diana of Miss Spender who smiled as she said:

"You had better go and see, my dear," and Katharine laughed in a supercilious fashion as she said:

"Miss Caine seems to be in great request just now."

Diana ignored the remark and went to the library. Once or twice it had struck her that Mr. Russel seemed to be very friendly, then she had laughed at herself for imagining such a thing. So many he would be Lord Avondale, and she was likely he would pay her a special attention to a nobody such as she was; and Diana felt thankful it was so, as she cared only for the attention of one man.

Just as she had entered the library, she heard the door open and the papers that had been in the bag which Mrs. Russel had taken, and a wild hope that they had been found took possession of her. As they should have been, she exclaimed:

"Mr. Russel, have you come to tell me that your mother has found the papers?"

"The words were the most unpleasant she could have uttered, but he had sufficient command of himself to answer in a bantering tone:

"No, I don't believe those papers have vanished into thin air, or rather, dust and ashes. Probably the other lady who was in the carriage with my mother removed them under the impression the parcel contained a note, and in her disappointment burnt them."

Diana shook her head.

"I do not believe they are destroyed. I have such a keen desire to obtain possession of them, and I think if it were beyond recovery I should only have instinctive knowledge that it was no longer there."

"I am sorry I am not the bearer of news about those precious papers, as I very much wish to have some passport to your favour. Miss Caine, we have not known each other very long, but I have been long enough to make me wish to see you, and my wife. I need not tell you that I love you above all women; the fact that I ask you to be my wife must assure you of that. Diana will you mother's consent to become my daughter, so there is no obstacle to our happiness."

When he began speaking she had sunk into a chair, forgetting her enthusiasm about the papers. In her dismay she did not care to listen to a declaration of love when she could only reply in the negative, but as he took her hand and held it firmly in his, she said:

"I am very sorry you have said this, because I don't love you."

"Diana, I will wait for your love. If you will consent to become my wife I shall be quite satisfied. Will you consent to become my wife, or not?"

"No, Mr. Russel, I shall never love you, and I won't marry any man I don't love," she said so decidedly that Martin felt there was no hope; and his anger rose.

"You treat the prospect of becoming Lady Avondale very cavalierly," he said, rather curtly.

"A mere title would not influence me," she answered, quietly.

(To be continued.) 1459.

THE JEWS.

By Edwin Markham, in the "Israelite Alliance Review."

Once verily, O mighty Czar, your crown was justified, When from your place among the thrones your lifted spirit cried: "Let there be no more wars on earth, let weary cannons cease."

Well was it, ruler of the North, that Caesar should say "Peace!" But yet from Russia came a cry of souls that would be free;

A cry from the windy Baltic runs down to the Euxine Sea. It is the cry of a people, of a people old in grief, A people homeless on the Earth, and shaken as the leaf.

Listen a moment with your heart, and you will hear a fizar, There in your clear cold spaces under the great North Star—

There in your Arctic silences swept clean of base desire, Where the unseen watcher reaches up Around you is the vastness and the wondrous hush of snow, That you may hear their cry in the night, and let the captives go, Have they not kindly lineage, have they not pedigree?

Are they not wrapt in wonder, like the darkness of the sea?

They come out of the night of years with Asia in their blood, Out of the mystery of Time that was before the flood. They saw imperial Egypt shrink and join the ruined lands; They saw the sculptured scarlet East sink under the grey sands; They saw the star of Hellas rise and glitter before the flood. They saw the wolf of Rome draw suck beside the yellow stream, And go with ravenous eyes ablaze and jaws that would not spare, Snarling across the Earth, then, toothless, die upon his lair.

And have they not had grief enough, this people shrunken with chains? Must there be more Assyrias, must there be other Spains? They are the tribes of sorrow, and they have been fed before the flood. On brick-bat, desert-wells of hate and exile's bitter bread, They sang the elegies that tell the grief of mortal years: They built the tomb of Pharaohs, mixing the bricks with tears; They build up fair cities with no threshold for their own: They gave their dust to Nineveh, to Babylon their moan.

After tears by ruined altars, after souls in alien lands, After walling by strange waters, after lifting of vain hands, After cords and stripes and burdens, after ages scorched with fire, Shall they not find the way of peace, a land of heart's desire? Shall they not have a place to pray, a place to lay the head? Shall they not have the wild bird's nest, the fox's frugal bed? Men's eyes are on you, mighty Czar; the world awaits the word; The blood-splashed gates are open, and the rusted bolt has stirred!

WATER, AN ANTIDOTE FOR CHLOROFORM.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES AS GLOBE TROTTER.

Experimenting upon himself in the interests of medical science, George O. Martel, a dentist and drug expert of Haverhill, Mass., has, by an accident which almost cost him his life, likely to revolutionize accepted theories regarding chloroform.

Martel asserts that water is an antidote for the drug, and that he has proved this by repeated experiments.

Martel went to his office one morning to experiment. He seated himself at a desk with a pad and pencil to record the effects of the drug. He used a small sponge, saturating it and holding it to his nose while he inhaled the fumes. Then he drank several glasses of water and awaited the expected drowsiness.

To his intense surprise the drug had no effect on his senses. All he felt was a slight nausea, and when this was wearing away, he drank more water and almost immediately was himself again. He was jubilant over the experiment, as he says it bore out an idea that had been mooted by wishing the effect of the drug on patients.

He decided to experiment still further to find if the antidote was uniform. He inhaled more freely and rested his head on the desk to let the drug permeate his system. When he was almost overcome, he drank water. He got slowly to his feet, expecting that his strength would return, but, to his horror, he began to sink to the floor. He had made one discovery by accident, and another accident, following close, brought him close to death.

Martel lay on the floor, writing his sensations on the pad, which he had picked off the desk as he was falling. He was found almost dead a few minutes later by Dr. Sprull, his associate. Sprull came across Martel's flat on his face, with the sponge emitting deadly fumes.

The room was filled with the odor of chloroform, and Sprull saw the real cause of his friend's condition. Martel had neglected to put the cork in a large bottle—almost full of chloroform. The fumes rising and gradually filling the room had been more than Martel could stand.

Martel was revived, and when he recovered his senses he sobbed with grief, thinking that he had been deceived into supposing he had made a great discovery. It was his impression that when he inhaled the chloroform the second time. His joy was great when Sprull told him what had happened. He declared he had demonstrated to his satisfaction facts that would mark an epoch in the history of anesthetics.

Martel says that the instant he tasted water he felt the drug using its hold on his nerves, and that the system he drank the quicker was the system in shaking off the drug's influence.

He avers that his discovery will make it possible to bring any patient in safety from under the influence of chloroform.

The largest cattle ranch in the world is that of Don Luis Terrazas, in Mexico. Its greatest extent, from North to South is 150 miles, and from East to West, 200.

It contains about 8,000,000 acres, and upon its prairies, and mountains roam 1,000,000 cattle, 700,000 sheep and 100,000 horses.

The Terrazas homestead is undoubtedly the finest "farmhouse" in the world, for it cost \$200,000 to build. The marble with which it is lavishly embellished, was brought from Italy, and 100 European workmen and artists laboured for the fulfillment of the rich owner's idea of a home.

A hundred servants, gardeners, and farmers are quartered at "Quinta Carolina," which is the name of this sumptuous farm house, and scattered about the vast estate are more than 1,000 horsemen, riders, shepherds, and hunters.

The outlying stations or ranch houses are 100 in number, and each is the centre of activity for the surrounding divisions of the vast ranch.

The Terrazas ranch is the only one in the world that maintains its own slaughtering and packing plant, and its establishment in the city of Chihuahua, at the edge of the big farm, is the only enterprise of the kind in Mexico.

Every year 100,000 cattle are killed, dressed and packed in this plant, and in some years as many as fifty-thousand sheep have been handled in the same manner.

It is estimated that Terrazas's holdings in Mexico now aggregate over 15,000,000 acres, and he is easily the richest man in the Republic.

A wonderful statue adorns a public square in Yokohama. It is a seated image of the god Danabutsu, and its height is 63ft. The total weight of this great statue is 450 tons, 500lb, of which is pure gold.

The latest is the "ten course" shirt. It has a front formed of a pad of ten sheets of paper, and all the wearer has to do, when one is soiled is to tear it off, thus getting ten complete changes at little expense.

One of the most interesting railway trips in the world is that over the Oroyo Railway, which runs from Callao to the Goldfields of Cerro Pasco. It is considered one of the wonders of the Peruvian world. It is certainly the greatest feat of railway engineering in either hemisphere.

Since the opening of the London "Twopenny Tube," there are in the City police force some constables whose duty it is to follow the footways and staircases of the Bank Station to prevent any breach of the peace, just as constables in the ordinary way patrol the streets above. They go on duty and are relieved at the same hours as their brother officers.

Ants with long and powerful mandibles have been successfully used for making surgical stitches. The industry of Greek surgeons kept stocks of them, and upon the arrival of a patient suffering from a clean cut, the ants are brought into use. The edges of the cut are brought together with the fingers of one hand, while the ant held with a pair of forceps, is brought in close to the wound, with other, its mandibles biting through the flesh on both sides, and holding the edges together. As many as fifteen or twenty are sometimes used for a single cut, and they are usually left on for three or four days. Their removal is then far easier than the withdrawal of the wire ordinarily used for that purpose. 1460.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Alces exposed to radium for twenty days, in the experiments of Dr. Town, of Paris, lost the hair, and the hair grew again it was quite white.

In proportion to its size, Switzerland has more ins than any other country in the world. The entertainment of tourists has become one of the chief industries of the land.

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