The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1454. {Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.} BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905. PRICE THREEPENCE.

GEO. PAYNE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT

(Near the Post Office).

A Splendid New Stock now showing of everything in the Watch and Jewellery line, including Dress and Engagement Rings and Keepers, Links, Studs, Brooches, Gent.'s Gold and Silver Chains, Medals, Lockets, Green Stone Pendants, etc.; Gold Heart and other Charms, Fob Chains, Muff Chains, Collar and Front Studs, Gold and Silver Bangles of every description, Nickel Silver and Gold Watches, Necklets, Scarf Pins, &c.

IN RINGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

We show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and the designs and finish cannot be beaten. Five-stone Diamond Half-Hoop Engagement Rings, 70s., 90s., £5 10s., £6 10s., £8 10s., £10 10s., upwards. Diamond and Sapphire 5-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 60s., 70s., 80s., 90s., £6 10s. upwards. Diamonds and Rubies, and Diamonds and Opals, 5 and 7-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 45s., 55s., 65s., 80s. upwards. Gipsy Set Dress or Engagement Rings, 17s. 6d., 25s., 30s., 45s., 55s., and 70s. each.

Band Rings, plain, 9s. 6d. to 30s.; with Stones, 12s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 25s. to 50s. Massive Band Rings, with Diamond and two Sapphires or Diamond and two Rubies, 90s. each. Gent.'s Single-stone Opal, Garnet, Ruby, or Sapphire Rings, 17s. 6d., 20s., 25s. to 30s. Buckle Rings, 25s. to 45s.; with Real Diamonds, 50s. Ladies' 5-stone Half-hoop Real Sapphire Rings, 70s. Wedding Rings and Keepers from 10s. to 40s. Best Watches imported in Nickel and Gun Metal Cases, 20s. and 22s. 6d.

RELIABLE WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY

REPAIRS

—AT—

PAYNE'S.

JEWELLERY REPAIRED, ALTERED, OR MADE TO ORDER.

STONES RE-SET OR MOUNTED.

GEORGE PAYNE,

JEWELLER,

STURT STREET,

(Two doors from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM.

Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Opposite the State School,

HILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.

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

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

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

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.'

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

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

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

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

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

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 12, 1905.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

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

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

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

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

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

Justices' Fixtures.

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

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 35, Farringdon Road, London, England.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	...	3 and 4.50
Ballarat ...	...	8 and 4.50
Geelong ...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla ...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

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

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

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

English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan	9
Waterloo	9
Waterloo S., ...	9
Main Lead, ...	9
Chute	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring	9
Lake Goldsmith ...	9
Stockyard Hill ...	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

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

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

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

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

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

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

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

SAVINGS BANK.

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

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

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

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

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

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

Of you dry to do pecunia mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere ish dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can sometimes shenerally always make der advertising come right away quick off, all der year rount, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

To avoid Indigestion

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—It needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will SPEEDILY GIVE RELIEF. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

To Cure Sick Headache

Sick headache means an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. BEECHAM'S PILLS have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause, and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes,

Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills.)

NOTICE.

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

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

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-heads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

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

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

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

NEWSPAPER LAW.

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

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

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

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of Honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33 Farringdon Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES, ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS, MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c., PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS, SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.

Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Spring and Summer, 1905-6.

COUGLE'S

DRAPERY & BOOT EMPORIUM.

NEW GOODS THIS WEEK.
NEW MILLINERY.
NEW BLOUSES.
NEW DRESSES.
NEW LACES.
NEW MUSLINS.
NEW PRINTS.
NEW CLOTHING.
NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

Everything New and Up-to-date. Come and have a look. You will not be importuned to buy.

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

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, 19th October, 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.

Furniture Sales held every Third THURSDAY.
FURNITURE STORED FREE OF CHARGE.

When in Ballarat during the South Street Competitions, do not fail to inspect
RICHARDS & CO.'S
NEW AND LOVELY EXHIBITION
Of Hight-Art Photographs.
It is one of the Attractions of Ballarat, all the Latest and most Up-to-date Ideas now being exhibited.
Our Beautiful SEPIA PRINTS are Perfect Gems,
BRIDAL PHOTOGRAPHS.
Our Studio has become famous for Bridal Portraits,
Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets, the latest, kept at the Studio.
ENLARGED PHOTOS, from any old or faded photo, in the newest Solid Art Wood Frame, 20/- each,
RICHARDS & CO.,
STURT STREET,
Ballarat.

A CARD.
CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.
Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

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.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 8TH OCTOBER, 1905.

Church of England—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and Trawalla, 3 p.m.—Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr R. Thomson. Main Lead, 11 a.m.; Middle Creek, 2.30 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Shirley, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Raglan, 3 p.m.; Waterloo, 7 p.m.—Beaufort Gospel Band, Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr. Brown.

CAMP HOTEL,
BEAUFORT.
The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.
Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.
FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-
Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-
First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.
The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.
—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—
M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
REGISTERED DENTIST,
AND
DRUGGIST,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.
In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the
DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.
Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.
HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist
HAVELOCK-STREET, BEAUFORT,
May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.
Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine, ether, chloride of ethyl, laughing gas, &c.
NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics' Institute),
BEAUFORT

A. N. A.,
BEAUFORT BRANCH.
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.
Syllabus Item.—Debate, "National Defence."
All meetings open to the public.
J. M. CARROLL, Secretary.

Credit Foncier.
LOANS TO FARMERS
IN SUMS FROM £50 TO £2000
at 4½ per cent. for 30½ years,
WITH OPTION OF PAYING OFF ALL OR PART ANY HALF-YEAR.
LOANS made on Security of FREEHOLD or Crown Leasehold; may be used to pay Debts or CROWN RENTS; Part Purchase Land; Purchase Stock; Implements, Seed, etc.; to Make Improvements; to Work and Carry on the Farm, etc.
Apply for Forms at any Post Office or Savings Bank, or by Letter to
THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL
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29 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.

DR. LEE-WILSON,
D.M.D., D.D.S., L.D.S., S.C.D.A.,
DENTIST,
Of 204 STURT-STREET, BALLARAT (near Hospital),
VISITS GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, BEAUFORT, on the FIRST and THIRD SATURDAY in every month. Hours—12.30 till 5 p.m.
PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS, Fillings, etc., with LAUGHING GAS and all LATEST METHODS.

Birth.

McDONALD.—On 2nd October, at "Burnside," Middle Creek, the wife of John McDonald—a son.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1905.

The rainfall at Beaufort this week amounted to 86 points.

Owing to the Ballarat show falling on Messrs Dixon Bros. & Halpin's regular sale day at Beaufort, the date of their next monthly stock sale has been altered to Thursday, 26th inst., at 2 p.m., and on the same afternoon a horse parade and special sale of horses will be held. Entries are invited.

Messrs Macleod & Booth, in conjunction with Messrs Dixon Bros. & Halpin, are instructed by the Ballarat Trustees, Executors and Agency Co., Ltd., to offer for sale by auction, on Wednesday, 18th inst., at 2.30 p.m., at Dixon Bros. and Halpin's auction rooms, Beaufort, in the estate of the late Mr Andrew Gillespie, the well-known freehold property at Stockyard Hill, containing 654 acres 2 roods 18 perches, with improvements.

A man named Thomas Collins, aged 32 years, and employed by Mr Charles Tomkins, brickmaker, Beaufort, was driving a horse and dray on the back road to Raglan on Wednesday, when the horse bolted, and Collins was thrown out. One of the wheels passed over his right leg, fracturing the bone below the knee. The sufferer was attended to by Dr. G. A. Eadie, of Beaufort, and then taken by train to Ballarat, and admitted into the hospital.

A very interesting debate was held in the lodge-room, Societies' Hall, on Wednesday night, between teams representing the Beaufort branches of the A.N.A. and I.O.R. respectively. The subject of debate was, "Is the 'White Australia' policy best for the Commonwealth?" There was a good attendance, principally ladies. The Rev. J. Butler Johnstone acted as judge, and Mr Nichol was voted to the chair. Mr E. J. Muntz opened for the I.O.R. in the affirmative, whilst Mr H. H. Menzies (A.N.A.) replied for the negative side. The other speakers were—affirmative, Messrs N. Davey, E. Buchanan, J. M. Prentice, and Rev. R. Yeo; negative, Messrs A. Nicholson, J. M. Carroll, J. W. Bartley, and R. A. D. Sinclair. The interest of the debate was well maintained, and although little new light was thrown upon the question, it was evident that several of the speakers had studied the subject very carefully. The judge awarded the palm to the negative side for superior form and manner; the affirmative side had, however, advanced stronger arguments, which, presented more clearly, would have secured their advocates the victory. The usual votes of thanks brought a very pleasant evening to a close. Mr Nicholson, as president of the A.N.A., announced a debate for next Tuesday, on the subject of "Our National Defence."

"LINSEED COMPOUND." The "Stockport Remedy," for Coughs and Colds. Give immediate relief.

On Tuesday night, at the Societies Hall, Beaufort, Mr. F. Barley, lecturer for the British and Foreign Bible Society, gave a very interesting and instructive address on "The Making of a Bible," which he illustrated with a large number of excellent lantern views. The magnitude of the society's work was impressed very forcibly upon the audience, whose undivided attention was held by the lecturer throughout. The Rev. J. Butler Johnstone presided. During the evening the following solos, illustrated by lantern views, were very creditably rendered:—"The Better Land," Mr B. E. Carthew; "The Holy City," Mr N. Davey; "Ora Pro Nobis," Miss Kean; "The Little Her," Mr J. R. Wotherspoon. The Rev. R. Yeo moved a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer and the singers, which was seconded by Mr R. Thompson, Mr Barley replied. The collection was liberally responded to by the large attendance. Mr Barley repeated his lecture at Middle Creek on Wednesday night, when Mr Pickford presided. Mr J. McDonald sang "The Holy City," and "Out on the Deep," Miss McDonald acting as organist. The vote of thanks was moved by Mr Pickford and seconded by Mr Dann, the former stating that it was one of the best addresses of its kind that had been given in the hall there. The collections, after payment of expenses, realised over £4. The hope was expressed that Mr Barley would make his visit to the district an annual one.

Messrs D. Stewart, R. Kirkpatrick, and other residents of Stockyard Hill, having petitioned for the establishment of telephone communication between Beaufort and Stockyard Hill, the Deputy Postmaster-General replies that he is directed to inform them that full enquiry has been made, and it is considered that the circumstances do not warrant the Department in incurring any expenditure in erecting a telephone line between the places named.

Under the will of the late Mr Charles Campbell, of Lang-Kal-Kal, Trawalla, which will be lodged for probate shortly, the Melbourne public charities have been devised the sum of £3,000. The amount is to be divided among twelve of the institutions, each receiving £250. There are no personal legacies. The estate is valued at about £300,000, and Mrs Campbell and Mr L. N. Hoysted, M.R.C.S. (son-in-law), are the executrix and executor respectively, in conjunction with the Trustees, Executors, and Agency Company Limited.

The monthly meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute committee was held on Tuesday evening. Present—Mr S. Young (president), Dr. G. A. Eadie, Messrs C. J. C. Baker, J. Jackson, H. Schofield, D. F. Troy, M. J. N. Breen (secretary), and G. H. Cougle. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The secretary reported that the ordinary credit balance was £14 17s 8d, and the billiard table balance was £10 8s 9d. Next week they would be able to pay another £10 off the billiard table loan, reducing the debt to £40. The following accounts were passed for payment:—Shire of Ripon, 10s; E. J. Hellings, 7s 6d; Hawkes Bros., £1 4s 3d; H. and R. Schofield, 17s 3d; E. Schlicht, 9s; librarian, £3 6s 8d. The tender of J. B. Tompkins, at £6 7s, was accepted for painting the building; the only other tender received being that of W. Edward at £6 16s.

PAIN IN THE STOMACH.
There is no need of being annoyed by pain in the stomach. A dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy will promptly relieve you. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Ballarat Live Stock Market.

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—272 head came to hand for to-day's sales, 55 being stores, about one-half consisting of quality ranging from good to prime, remainder middling and useful descriptions. There was an average attendance of the trade; notwithstanding competition lacked the briskness of the previous week, prices for all trade descriptions ruling slightly easier. Stores met an active demand at satisfactory prices. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £11 10s to £12 10s; extra, to £13 7s 6d; good, £10 to £11; useful, £8 to £9; good cows, £7 to £8 5s. Calves—12 penned, which sold well, best to 67s. Sheep—1750 was the number penned to-day, the quality generally comprising middling and useful descriptions, a small proportion ranging from good to prime. There was a fair muster of buyers, and as the yarding was a light one competition accordingly was brisk, showing an improvement on last week's values, more particularly as regards quality. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 24s to 26s; extra, 29s to 31s 3d; good, 21s to 23s; useful, 18s to 19s; prime crossbred ewes, 21s to 23s; extra, to 24s; good, 18s to 19s; prime merino wethers, 20s to 24s; good, 20s to 21s; useful, 15s to 18s; a few shorn crossbred wethers, 18s 3d to 22s 6d; shorn merino ewes, to 11s 9d. Lambs—1093 of this season's drop to hand, a fair proportion being good and prime, balance principally useful, a few inferior. Though competition was not so keen as at last sale, prices remain unaltered. Prime, 15s to 16s; extra heavy, 17s to 19s 9d; good, 13s to 14s; useful, 11s to 12s; inferior, from 9s 6d.

District Sales.—By Messrs Macleod & Booth—94 merino ewes, with lambs at foot, for Mrs Cook, Beaufort, 15s to 19s 3d.

Mining News.

Yield obtained on Monday:—Carmichael and party, 18dwt.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sam Slick Amalgamated Co.—Jaensch and party's tribute, 31oz. 4dwt.; Morris and party's tribute, 30oz. 18dwt.; Last Chance, 5oz. 4dwt.; Carmichael and party, 9oz. 17dwt.; Sitting Hen, 1oz.; sundries, 10oz.

A great deal—far more than is generally suspected—depends on the success of the many dredging ventures which are now starting or operating in the Ballarat district (says the "Echo"), and it is highly gratifying to note that the Russell's Flat at Carngham, is more than up to the expectations formed in regard to it. As a result of eight weeks sluicing, the Russell's Flat, with the yield announced on Monday (123oz.) has returned 206oz. of gold. They have just finished their second paddock, and as the fortnightly expenses do not exceed £110, there has been a profit for the eight weeks, of nearly £400. The barge was to have been shifted on Wednesday, and a start made with the third paddock on Thursday.

A very successful flotation is reported by Mr J. M. Barker of the Electro-Hydraulic Co., Carngham. Negotiations were only entered into with the Ballarat syndicate a few days ago, and despite the existing depression, all the 20,000 shares offered to the public have been taken at 10s, 2s on allotment and the balance at 1s per month. £10,000 will be placed to the company's credit, and 10,000 fully paid up shares are being reserved for the contributing shareholders, and will be allotted to them when the 10s per share has been paid. The remaining shares go to the original promoters, but are not marketable until 10s per share has been fully subscribed to the public.

Sam Slick Amalgamated Co., Beaufort.—Company stopped No. 2 bore at 163 feet on wash; will commence sinking to-day (Saturday) on No. 1 bore. Lienson and party—Engaged blocking up No. 1 shoot in outside ground; commenced an intermediate reef drive; same in 12ft. Yield, 14oz. 10dwt. Morris and party—Cutting up wash at Nos. 1 and 2 shoots of payable quality. Yield, 25oz. 9dwt. Other parties have obtained 2oz. 12dwt. from shallow prospecting. Full yield, 42oz. 18dwt.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—No 1 rise—East of cockloft extended to 20 ft.; pegged south off east; extended 12 ft.; drive carrying 2 ft. rough wash; fair prospects; good stream water. Pressure, 21 lb.; pumps, 10½ strokes.

CLARKE'S B. 41. PILLS.
A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex. These famous Pills also cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. Free from mercury. Forty years' success. Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.

Riponshire Council.

MONDAY, 2ND OCTOBER, 1905.

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

The minutes of the previous meeting, as type-written, were confirmed.

From Society for the Protection of Animals, soliciting donation, and also co-operation in the matter of securing a suitable honorary agent in any town of village in the district where there is at present no accredited representative.—To be considered with charitable vote.

From Coghlan, Bosse & Co., forwarding account sales and cheque for £15 3s, in connection with sale of horse.—Received.

From Secretary for Lands, stating it has been decided to temporarily reserve allotment 73P, parish of Trawalla, as a site for water supply purposes.—Received.

From Postmaster General's Department (per Hon. T. Skene, M.H.R.), intimating that a requisition for increased accommodation at the Beaufort post-office was received from the Deputy Postmaster-General on 13th July, and was forwarded to the Department of Home Affairs for approval. Inquiry is being made as to the delay in submitting the requisition in the case.—Received; and Mr Skene to be thanked for his action, on motion of Crs. Slater and Douglas.

From Registrar, old-age pensioners, pointing out, relative to the case of an old age pensioner named David Esplin, that the Government can do nothing towards remedying the evil complained of. If Esplin is agreeable to go into a benevolent asylum steps will be taken to secure his admission, and the property will be sold if the pensioner will consent to the sale of same.—The secretary said this was an answer to his letter. The position was that it was rather unwise to build a w.c. without some condition as to its removal, otherwise the Government would claim it when the building was being sold. In answer to Cr. Flynn, the secretary said that nothing had been done in the meantime, except obliging Esplin to clean up his place. Cr. Lewis remarked that the council could not spend money on private property. Cr. Flynn said that was never intended. But the council had power to burn the place down, if they so wished. If the place was a menace to the community, why was it allowed to go on? The President suggested leaving the matter in the hands of the health inspector. Cr. Flynn would like to know if Esplin had been asked if he would go to the Benevolent Asylum. The secretary said not by him, but the health inspector had said that Esplin was not willing to go. Cr Flynn moved, and Cr. Douglas seconded, that the letter be referred to the health officer. The mover asked if every householder in Beaufort did the same thing, what would the council do? It was childish of those who were talking the way they were. If the Health Act did not give them power to do it, what would they do supposing half or even a proportion of the householders did as Esplin was doing? The secretary said the council would compel them to put their place in order, but in this case they could not take the breeks off a Hielanduan. If the council put a place up there was not the slightest fear of Esplin paying for it. Cr. Flynn—Haven't the council power to remove him? The secretary—The council can condemn the place and pull it down, or have the man sent to gaol; but they did not want to do that. The President—We have an inspector. It is his duty to attend to it, and let him do so. The motion was carried.

From S. Young, applying, on behalf of Beaufort Football Club, for use of Park on 20th September, with right to charge admission thereto.—Granted by the President and secretary. Cr. Flynn asked for a return by next meeting, showing the number of days on which the Park had been closed to the public, to see whether they were keeping within the condition laid down by the Government, and not with any wish of retarding the Football Club.

From Municipal Defence Association, forwarding a circular embodying the objects of this league, and drawing attention to rating of Unimproved Value Act 1905, especially to sub-section E, clause C, which proposes to revolutionise the whole method of valuation.—Received; the secretary informing Cr. Flynn that this was not part and parcel of the Municipal Association.

From Municipal Association of Victoria, stating that council's motion that a reward be paid for destruction of pups as well as grown foxes will be placed before the association at its next meeting.—Received.

From same, forwarding copy of Pure Food Bill.—Received.

From Secretary for Lands, asking for a statement as to the number of stock at the present time grazing on the Lake Goldsmith reserve, and the names of the several owners and the number of head each owner pays for.—Information to be supplied, on motion of Crs. Slater and Lewis.

Postponed letter from Municipal Association of Victoria, notifying annual session on 18th and 19th October, with request to appoint one delegate to attend the meeting:—Cr. Flynn was strongly of opinion that it was only a waste of money sending a delegate, having noticed from the reports of councillors who had previously attended the conference that country municipalities were altogether outvoted by what seemed to be a combination of town delegates. That was his own experience, and also the experience gained from others. He thought that if country municipalities refrained from being represented it would show that the country representatives were alive to it and saw how it was being carried on. He was not in favor of sending a delegate, as he did not see the use of it. Cr. Slater considered it a very useful society. The President asked for a motion. Cr. Flynn moved that no delegate be sent, which was not seconded. Cr. Roddis moved that the President be appointed to represent this council. One motion to be placed before the association was in connection with trying to make the fox bonus apply to cubs, and, while he was not in favor of wasting money, he thought they had a right to send a delegate. Seconded by Cr. Slater. Cr. Flynn said that if he were in order he would like to add that it was useless to submit any motion to the conference that had not been recommended by the executive. They had sent motions before which had fallen through. The President said that was perhaps true, but they had then put this one on. Cr. Flynn said that might have been so on account of its being so clear. He had brought this matter forward some years ago, because he thought the Act was simply a skin-buyer's bill. Now the country party were following it up. The motion was carried.

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

From Harold Liddelow, Trawalla, complaining of the entrance to the school and residence being in a terrible state through a swamp and pool from the roadside drainage, and asking for something to be done to remedy it.—Referred to engineer, with power to carry out the necessary repairs, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Slater.

From Secretary for Mines and Water Supply, stating that owing to the scarcity of water, and consequent need on the part of applicant J. Bass for dredging lease at Snake Valley to conserve it to the utmost extent, the probabilities are that the small quantity of water likely to escape from the workings will do no material injury to interests lower down the stream.—The secretary stated this was in reply to a letter sent in January last. There had been no reply to the letter sent at last meeting. He read a further letter from those complaining at last meeting, to the following effect:—

From G. Morcombe, J. Whitla, and R. Aisbett, Snake Valley, stating that since their last complaint re Russell's Flat Dredging Co. of pollution of creek running through their property, the company seems to have made no serious efforts to abate the nuisance. They asked whether any reply had been received from the Mines Department, re samples of water and sludge forwarded from the council after last meeting.—The President asked if the council thought it would be a good thing to send a wire. Cr. Douglas thought they should do something in face of that complaint to-day. The sludge was damaging their property, and would do so more as the summer advances. The company was still carrying on work, and had obtained £500 worth of gold (123oz.) on Saturday. Cr. Slater said that in view of the complaint at last meeting the sooner it was stopped the better. Cr. Douglas believed the company was making sludge dams to try and remedy the evil. Cr. Roddis said he lived close to the dredge, and after last meeting went down to see it. The manager there had 13 men employed in banking the sludge back. He could not now say whether the company was making every effort to remedy the evil, as he had not been there since. The people complaining knew more about it than he did, as the sludge was running through their property. Cr. Flynn moved that the council telegraph the purport of that letter to the Mines Department, telling them the council is sitting, and asking for a reply. The engineer said the inspector for mines had promised to give the matter his attention, and that he had also mentioned it to a member of the Sludge Board, who also promised to give it his immediate attention. Seconded by Cr. Slater, and carried. Subsequently a telegram was drafted by the engineer, and submitted to the council, and, with a slight alteration, approved of. Later in the afternoon, after the council had adjourned, the secretary received the following reply:—"Inspector instructed report on dredge operations. Lessees informed lease covenants must be strictly complied with, or lease will be forfeited. Anderson, Secretary Mines."

From P. C. Audas, St. Kilda, re resolution passed by council to grant surplus water from race to the applicant obtaining the lease, stating that lease was to be issued to him, the other applicant having withdrawn. Mr Mitchell intended visiting the ground with him about the middle of September to decide on site for the first plant, and asking council to pass a formal resolution granting them the water before they proceeded with the building of the dredge.—Cr. Flynn moved that the recommendation of the engineer be carried out, and that he be empowered to enter into any contract he thinks fit with the company for the right to use the water. Seconded by Cr. Slater, and carried.

REPORTS.

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

1. I would be glad if council would give some consideration to schedules of work for coming year, with a view of arranging complete schedules at next meeting. 2. The work asked by Mr Wotherspoon could be done by lowering pipes a few inches; by this means all stagnant water could be drained from flat. I find that the road encroaches a few feet on Mr Wotherspoon's property, and as he has kept fence back, the work asked for might be done. 3. With the exception of two contracts, let last meeting, all contracts for the year are nearing completion. 4. I am busy with work of revision of valuation, and hope to have this completed by next meeting.—Received. Clause 2—Adopted, on motion of Crs. Lewis and Slater. Clause 3—In answer to Cr. Flynn, the engineer said the small contract at McLeod's bridge would be finished in the next ten days.

The treasurer (Mr E. J. Muntz) reported that £230 1s 2d had been received and banked since last meeting, that £369 6s 6d had been paid away during September, that the bank balance now stood at £16 5s 6d, as against £155 10s 10d at last report, and that the credit to the vermin destruction account was £3 7s 6d.—Received and adopted; the secretary stating that as there were unpresented cheques the actual credit balance at the end of the financial year was £2 10s; and the President stating that as a deficiency was expected, it was very satisfactory to have a credit balance.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee:—

Mrs Hill, £1 10s; G. Carver, 15s; Country Fire Brigades' Board, £2 7s 10d; Australian Alliance Co., fidelity guaranteed, secretary, £3; J. Blay, 10s; A. Parker, £3 1s 6d; J. B. Cochran, £3 16s 6d; Empire Co., 15s 8d; Keystone Offices File Co., 12s 6d; Cr. Sinclair, 1s, quarter's moiety president's allowance, £13; W. G. Stevens, £5 1s 8d; G. French, 6 6d; postage advance to secretary, £5; C. Wright £16 13s 10d; A. C. Welsh, £8 13s 9d; F. Williams, £2 2s; J. Whitla, 10s; D. D. Cameron, £2 10s; salaries, £39 11s 8d; treasurer, £5; J. Whitfield, £8 8s; T. Buchanan, £8; C. Ball, £7 13s 4d; T. Broadbent, £4; W. Ingram, £1 15s; W. Buchanan, £2 1s 3d; A. L. Trengove, 7s 6d; W. Bennett, £2; W. Dawson, 12s; T. Nugent, £8 8s; R. J. Fitridge, £2 13s 4d; A. Morrow, £5; T. Greenbank, £8; J. Freeman, £14 12s 6d; D. Madden, £7; E. C. Eyres, £3 8s 2d; T. Cleveland, £2 6s 8d; J. Gillespie, £8 8s; T. Meehan, £7 6s 8d; R. Ward, 17s 3d; H. M. Stuart, £4 13s; B. A. Stewart, 8s 3d; S. George, £8; J. George, 15s. Contract payments—H. F. Watkin, £56; J. Carmichael, £13.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

As the appointment of returning officers was omitted at last meeting, Cr. Lewis moved, and Cr. Roddis seconded, that the newly-elected councillors, viz., Crs. Sinclair (North), O'Shaughnessy (East), and Stewart (West) be appointed returning officers for their respective ridings. Carried.

In reply to Cr. Flynn, the secretary said no reply had yet been received from Mr Cussen with reference to the V at Middle Creek. Cr. Flynn said he was glad of that, as the opportunity would be afforded of adding to the case submitted for a legal opinion. He found that what was commonly known as the Ararat length of the V had been constructed at the request of the Ararathshire Council, who had paid to Mr John Jess £50, he thought, for the right to put the drain through his property, and also to construct a crossing to his place on that side. That having been omitted, he thought the case had been put rather unfavorably for Ripon shire, and that in good faith Ararathshire should have put this in the case submitted. If new officers had been there he could have understood it better. He moved that the secretary be instructed to write to Ararathshire with a view to having the matter mentioned by him included in the case submitted to counsel. Seconded by Cr. Roddis, and carried.

The secretary mentioned that the receipts for the financial year ending 30th September amounted to £5118 19s 9d, and the expenditure to £5116 9s 9d, leaving a credit balance of £2 10s. Councillors would remember it was considered there would be a debit balance. They had started the year with a debit of £308 9s 8d, so that there had been some leeway to make up. About £77 was owing on contracts, as against between £50 and £60 last year. There was also certain outstanding money of the general rate; out of a possible £3014, £2974 had been paid, leaving £40 owing. In the North Riding £941 had been paid out of £970, leaving £29 owing; in the East Riding £796 had been paid out of £807, leaving £11 owing; and in the West Riding all the general rates had been paid. In 1904 the sum of £204 was paid in sanitary charges in the North Riding as against £203 16s 10d in 1905, of which £160 3s 10d was current and £43 13s arrears. The water rates had also been very well paid up; £357 3s was paid in 1904, and £401 6s 11d in 1905. The return asked for by Cr. Roddis at last meeting with regard to the Lake Goldsmith reserve showed—Receipts, £26 8s 11d; expenditure, £22 10s; making a loss of £3 18 11d.

Cr. Douglas, referring to Grenvilleshire's motion on the Municipal Association's business sheet, to urge upon the Government the desirability of bringing all reserves under the provisions of the Unused Roads and Water Frontages Act, thought it as well for the council to give an expression of opinion for the guidance of their delegate. The executive committee had recommended the bringing of all reserves not required for public purposes under the Act, and he thought they should support that, moving accordingly. Seconded by Cr. Roddis.

Cr. Flynn said if the executive recommended it it would go through. The engineer said there were a great number of reserves leased from the Lands Department, the money from which went to the Government, and not to the shire. He thought that was a more important matter. Cr Flynn said that was a matter for the State Parliament.

The motion was carried.

Cr. Slater said he would like to see all municipalities compelled to destroy noxious weeds. Crs. Lewis and Roddis agreed with him, considering it useless for one man on the boundary of a shire to cut thistles, whilst this was not done in the adjoining shire.

The council resolved to support the Shire of Rutherglen's motion on this subject, making the destruction of noxious weeds compulsory.

The council rose at 12.5; the business having been transacted in three-quarters of an hour, and Cr. Lewis congratulating the President on the "Lightning meeting."

Correspondence.

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

TO THE EDITOR, "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Sir,—Re Cr. Flynn's statement in your issue of 30th ult., I think I made my position fairly clear on the platform in the recent North Riding contest, and I do not now intend to be drawn into a newspaper controversy concerning municipal matters, which should properly, and do, receive attention at the council table. There is, however, one matter which is of importance to the ratepayers of the North Riding, and upon which I have received so many enquiries that I think it necessary to offer some comment. Cr. Flynn states that "on August 5th, 1903, Cr. Sinclair moved, in accordance with notice of motion, that the sanitary pan charge be 26s per annum, to which I moved an amendment that the charge be 22s. This was seconded by Cr. Sinclair, and carried." How does this statement compare with the following extracts from the minute-book, which is available at the shire offices for the inspection of any ratepayer? And in the light of the comparison would it not be fair to judge of the accuracy of the whole of his statement?—Minute-book, 1st June, 1903 (2 months before Cr. Flynn's alleged date):—"Pursuant to notice, Cr. Sinclair moved, *and Cr. Flynn seconded*, that the resolution of the council fixing the sanitary charge at 22s per annum in Beaufort be rescinded as from 1st October, 1903.—Carried. Pursuant also to notice, Cr. Sinclair moved, *and Cr. Flynn seconded*, that the sanitary pan charge in the township of Beaufort be 20s per pan per annum, payable quarterly in advance, commencing on 1st October, 1903.—Carried." It will be noticed that there is no mention here of tenders. The "tendering era" did not commence till after August of the same year (2 months later). And again from the minute-book of 3rd July, 1905:—"Pursuant to notice, Cr. Sinclair moved that with a view of ascertaining if a reduction can be made in the annual sanitary charge in Beaufort, the secretary prepare a statement of the financial position of the system and supply a copy to each councillor. Seconded by Cr. Flynn, and carried." Minute-book, 7th August, 1905:—"Cr. Sinclair, pursuant to notice, moved, and Cr. Lewis seconded, that the charge for the Beaufort sanitary service be reduced to 18s per pan per year, payable in equal instalments quarterly in advance; such reduction to commence from 1st October, 1905.—Carried." From the foregoing it will not only be seen with what care ex parte statements must be received, but also that I have been continually closely watching both the interests of the Beaufort ratepayers on the one hand and the whole of the North Riding ratepayers on the other. I may say that as regards these alleged offers to "carry out the work in a satisfactory manner for 13s per pan per annum," I do not think think that even if officially received the council would be at all inclined to favorably consider them, as I find that the present contractor did not, during the year just closed, receive more than 11s 6d per pan for the work. The comparisons of cheaper services instanced by Cr Flynn are not admissible, as the single pan system (the old kerosene-tin system formerly in vogue in Beaufort) cannot be in any way favorably compared to the double pan system. Other conditions are also by no means parallel.—Yours, etc.,

R. A. D. SINCLAIR.

SUFFERERS from sciatica should not hesitate to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

The STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

PART 6.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

He did not know, and it is not our business to say, just how long he lay there. He awoke at first with a dull throbbing pain in his head. He was conscious of a terrible thirst. Half stupefied, yet knowing he was where he ought not to be, he sat up and looked around him.

Gradually, as his blood circulated more freely, the pain in his head decreased, and his senses became more acute.

He found that he was in a very small room that had evidently been formed after the house was built, by running a partition of thin and narrow wooden strips across the end of a larger room.

The purpose of this little room—the original purpose—was not apparent. It may have been to provide an extra bed or dressing room. Its present purpose was clear—it was his prison.

The room was about six feet in width and about ten in length. The wooden partition ran along one of the long sides, and in this there was a small door.

At one of the narrow ends there was a window.

Wallace sat for some time on the floor before he gathered strength enough to rise. The blow on his head had deprived him not only of consciousness, but of strength as well.

There was absolutely no furniture in the room. It was, however, carpeted with a thick, firm fabric.

After a time he rose to his feet, shook off the momentary dizziness, and began a more extended examination of his prison.

He was really ill enough to be in bed, but excitement and the sense of impending danger kept him up.

He did not know that Monroe was dead. He had last seen Monroe sitting quietly at a table drinking wine and waiting for his supper.

He first tried the door in the wooden partition. It was locked. He then went to the window. It opened upon a small narrow court.

The building opposite was almost devoid of windows. There were two or three little openings on the court for ventilation, but nothing to be called a window as windows go.

But leaning from his window and looking down he saw that there was a similar one underneath it in the same house. It opened, no doubt, from a room similar to the one he was in, or similar to the one that existed before the wooden partition was put in.

The window was there, but it conveyed no thought of escape to his mind. He had not as yet begun to form any plan of escape. The ground was far below him—the paved court, from which no exit was seen, except through the lower stories of the abutting buildings.

He turned from the window and leaned against the wall in deep and troubled study.

Where was Monroe? That was the first question he asked himself. It was clear that the plan to rescue him from the police station was simply to bring him again into the hands of the enemies of the prince. The plot had succeeded, as far as he was concerned, but where was Monroe?

No suspicion of the American entered the head of Wallace. He believed that Monroe had been duped by the pretended police agent. He hoped that Monroe had been more fortunate than he and had made his escape.

In that case the best thing that could happen was for Monroe to confess his share in the plot to the police and have them come to recapture him.

Terrible as was the uncertainty of his fate in the hands of the police, his situation as a captive of the plotters was worse.

But would Monroe confess? Would he betray himself to the police and destroy his position in Parisian society?

While Buckford thought out all these perplexing questions he became suddenly conscious that voices could be heard through the wooden partition.

He bent himself to bring his ear to the keyhole of the door.

"Undoubtedly both Americans are dead," said one voice. "The poor dupe who did our work so well has been discovered in the brewery court and taken to his home. Well, the police will

"He has not moved."

have a fine hunt for the murderers. But this will simply be another great mystery for Paris to ponder over. These police! They are but cheap fools at best."

"Let's take a look at this one," said another voice. "I have somehow come to consider this fellow a dangerous enemy. He seems at least to care little for life. It is the man who is willing to die who lives through everything."

"Bah! He has fallen into difficulties at every step. Why, even Vandal's little act was attributed to him."

"Yes, but he was caught in the very house with the corpse of M. de Bullion."

"It was a most fortunate circumstance that Vandal gave him the purse."

Buckford's breath came fast now. These words meant much to him. They proved that the man who had given him the purse, the man who had had most to do apparently with the plot against the prince, was the man who killed M. de Bullion.

"Well," said the other, "Vandal is a Parisian and knows a thing or two."

The footsteps of the two speakers were now heard close to the little door. Buckford, remembering the remark, "Let's take a look at this one," lay down on the floor and assumed a position nearly like that in which he had before been lying.

A key sounded in the lock, and the door opened.

"He has not moved."

No one came near him. One glance sufficed to prove to the two men that he had been lying in that position since he had been brought to the room.

The door was again shut and the lock clicked.

Buckford slowly opened his eyes to make sure no one had remained in his room. He saw no one and sprang to his feet and applied his ear at the keyhole again.

His heart was heavy, for he realized now that Monroe had been killed. This brought vividly to his mind the danger in which he stood, and his nerves became stronger as he drew himself together and resolved to combat this brotherhood of crime with all the skill and energy he possessed.

He heard the voices again.

"What time did his highness say he would be here?" asked one.

"Oh, you cannot limit his highness to a moment. Casparin is the most uncertain of men. But he will be here soon, no doubt."

So there was another highness in the game. Buckford was using his ears and brains now as he had never used them before.

This Casparin, whom they called his highness, could not be the Prince of Deneslia, against whom they had plotted.

Monroe had told him who the Prince of Deneslia was. He had described the beauty of the Princess Marie Alexia. Buckford was more than ever resolved to defeat the plot against them.

"It is unfortunate that Vandal was shot," said one of the voices. "That American did some damage before we got him."

"Yes, but it was lucky he did not kill Vandal. The other did not matter so much."

"Good!" said Buckford to himself. "I am glad I killed one. I wish I had killed Vandal. I may have another crack at him yet."

Another step was heard outside and then another.

Buckford now turned his head to get a peep through the accommodating keyhole.

He saw but a small portion of the outer room. It was well furnished, had a table and chairs in the center, and in the chairs sat two men. One of these was the man he had shot, Vandal, and the other was one of the two who had been previously talking.

In another portion of the room, hidden from Buckford's sight, were two more, one who had been there before and one a newcomer.

"Well," said a voice, "our game has been spoiled in Paris. That dashed American by his meddling has aroused the police. We cannot do a thing now until the prince leaves Paris." The voice sounded familiar to Buckford. The person speaking was the pretended agent of police.

"Then your highness has not given up the idea?" said the voice of Vandal.

"Given it up?"

A harsh voice followed the words.

"Did you ever know Casparin Rockmillive to give up an idea until he had made it a success?"

Buckford thrilled again. So this speaker was Casparin Rockmillive. The incognito of the Prince of Deneslia was the Count of Rockmillive. They were, then, relatives of each other. The plot against the Prince of Deneslia was beginning to take shape and substance. Buckford had heretofore been working against a vapor of suspicion. Now he was gaining a substantial knowledge of what the plot involved.

"My illustrious brother and sister have already determined to leave Paris and return to Deneslia," said the voice of Casparin. "They will undoubtedly take up their residence in the palace at Trolle, the capital, until the birth of the heir."

"And it is this event that your highness must prevent?"

For a moment there was silence.

"I am not prepared to say," came the slow, steely voice of Casparin Rockmillive, "that I wish particularly to destroy my sister-in-law, the Princess Margaret. Had I been the heir to the throne of Deneslia instead of my brother I would have been the husband of Margaret Granville, but the mighty ambition of the American heiress rose even to the throne itself, and she took my more fortunate brother. Yet, even to accomplish my designs and win the throne of Deneslia for myself, I will sacrifice her. But I prefer, as I had already made clear when the bungling Reber brought that American in to spoil our plan, I say I prefer to kill—that is, get rid of the prince while I am yet heir presumptive. There is yet time to accomplish this. I had supposed to find it easier in Paris, where these things are done without difficulty as a rule, than in Trolle, where the energetic Duvally has his myrmidons at all times on the alert.

"I know now, however, that the work cannot be done in Paris. We must wait till we reach Trolle. Then Duvally himself must go. And with him out of the way, we can easily reach the prince."

Buckford became more and more absorbed. He now felt a national interest in the affair. He was fighting now not only for the life of a prince and princess, but for the inheritance of the child of an American girl.

He remembered now when Margaret Granville, one of the most beautiful and richest of American girls, married Prince Charles of Deneslia. He was not then the ruling prince. The match was a love match, the wedding a quiet one, and Buckford had thought little of it at the time. And now he was listening to the brutal details of a dreadful plot against his fair countrywoman. His fists clenched, his teeth were set firmly together, and he lost even his last lingering regret that he had become involved in a case that so seriously threatened his life.

"I will get out of this alive," he said, "and I will meet this wonderful Duvally, and between us we'll see what can be done."

"I suppose, then, your highness," said one of the men, "that we are now released from all connection with the case. If so, what about our reward for what we have endeavored to do?"

There was a low sarcastic laugh from Prince Casparin.

"It is not the rule usually," he said, "to reward failures in matters of this kind. Nor is it advisable to have several sets of confidants in various parts of the world. I have laid before you all my plans and have named the several rewards you may expect if I am enabled by your assistance to make myself the ruling prince of Deneslia. I think, gentlemen, it will be much better for all concerned for you to go with me to Deneslia and there carry out the plans that have been interrupted here."

"Trolle is not Paris," said one. "We would not have the assistance of the brotherhood, who do our bidding without even wishing to know the object."

"But I have willing servitors in Deneslia," said Casparin. "They are not, I think, as shrewd as my Parisian friends, but they will do in emergencies. I wish, however, to confine the secret to us four. It is enough. Four men who know the truth will be enough for me to carry when I come to the throne."

"Then if we attempt that which is far more dangerous and difficult than what we agreed to do," said Vandal, "it is right that our rewards should be increased accordingly. For myself, I have seen the Princess Marie Alexia. If you become ruling prince of Deneslia, I should desire to become your brother-in-law. One does not assassinate his brother-in-law so quickly as an outsider."

"But in the case before us it is the brother," said Casparin, with a cruel laugh. "What you ask is impossible. I know that Marie is the fairest girl in all Europe. But her hand must go to Russia. In the plans I have mapped out for the future greatness of Deneslia I have absolute need of Russian assistance and backing. Why can you not be content with the wealth and position I have offered? And, as for a lovely bride, there is one who is second only to Marie. That is Adria Volner, the fiancee of Bosso Duvally. She is a beauty after the same style as Marie and will suit you as well."

"I suppose I must be content," said Vandal. "Then I am to receive a million francs, a high position among your advisers and this beautiful Adria Volner for a bride?"

"Yes, and these, our two able friends and aids, shall each receive a half million francs and their pick of Deneslian beauties if they wish to marry and settle in my country."

"That is a fair offer," said one. "What do you say, Reber?"

Buckford started. One voice had all along seemed strangely familiar, but the exciting circumstances made it impossible to recall where he had heard it. It flashed upon him.

Reber was the man who had met him on the bridge and introduced him into this circle of fascinating cutthroats.

"I think it is fair," said Reber. "But that face of yours, friend Robello, would not be pleasing to the young Deneslian beauty."

"Let my face alone!" growled the man called Robello, and Buckford made a mental note.

"Now," he said, "I know the four plotters by name and three of them by sight. Vandal and Reber I have met. That is Robello sitting with Vandal, but his back is toward me. However, he must be ugly, or Reber's remark is pointless. And the fourth is Casparin, brother of the Prince of Deneslia. And what a quartet of precious scoundrels! They at the bidding of this rascal Casparin will assassinate the prince before his heir is born in order to put Casparin on the throne of the little country. And not only the prince, but an American woman and a beautiful princess are in danger. Come, Buckford, you have work to do. And the first thing to do is to escape from this place. How the devil is that to be done, I wonder?"

His soliloquy was interrupted by another step and a heavy German voice.

"Well, Monshure Mein Herr," said the voice, "I did that job well. Is it not so?"

"Yes, but you must not come here. You must keep away from us," replied Casparin.

"Ho! That is not so easy. Then where am I to get the money on which to live? I must no longer be seen in the stables of the prince! I am not to see you! What then, the river?"

"Go to the devil!" growled Casparin. "It is most fortunate that there are French gentlemen to help me. I would not want a band of German aids. But come. You did my bidding that time and duped the two Americans almost as well as I duped one. I will pay you as I agreed, but stipulate that you depart. Leave Paris, and do not go to Deneslia."

"Oh, then, that is not bad," said the German, rattling a well filled purse. "There is Germany."

"Yes. Go there, for God's sake!" said Casparin, and the others laughed.

Between Buckford Wallace and the four members of this band there were many scores to be settled. But just then Buckford was at a most serious disadvantage.

"I must now leave you," said Vandal. "I have business with Mme. du Barry below."

"Then you need not hurry, for Mme. du Barry is in the room beneath this lying down with a severe headache," said Casparin. "Instead come with me, and I can promise you an afternoon of real amusement."

"I accept," said Vandal. "The Prince Casparin is admittedly a connoisseur in pleasure—and beauty."

"But what about that meddler," asked Robello, "that supposed suicide that Reber insisted on employing to do some work which we should trust to no one? What about him?"

"I did what I thought was best," said Reber doggedly. "I saw the fellow about to jump into the Seine. Men who are ready to do that can always be used in our way. But this fellow was different from any I have seen before. Anyway, he's dead."

"Is he in that room?" asked Vandal.

"Yes. We just looked at him. He is dead enough."

"Well, leave him till tonight. One last night, one this. He will be found in the brewery yard tomorrow, and the police will have another mystery to unravel."

With a laugh they left the room.

Buckford's brain had not been idle. Even while he listened he was studying how to turn what he heard to his advantage.

He could not get out of the room by way of the door. Even if he knocked down the partition he would arouse the house, and the outer door would no doubt be found locked.

"Well, if this Mme. du Barry is below with a headache I'll have to make it ache a little more," he said.

He went to work on a sudden plan at once.

With his quick eye he glanced from his window and measured the distance to the next. It was a building of low ceilings. The drop was not great.

A leader ran down from the roof within reach. He tested it and judged that it would hold his weight.

Craning his neck, he saw that the window of the room below was open. Mme. du Barry wanted air.

He leaned out, grasped the leader firmly, swung from his window and

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed. "Who are you?"

slid neatly and quietly into the room below.

A woman of heavy build and exceedingly masculine appearance lay on a bed asleep. The key of the room was in the door. Buckford stepped to it to make sure it was turned.

Then he shook the woman and woke her.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Keep quiet, madame," he said coolly. "I am an agent of police. I have come to your house to look for a missing prisoner."

Mme. du Barry turned pale and shivered.

"Mon Dieu! The police! I do not know where your prisoner is!"

"I believe you, madame," said Buckford, with unexampled calmness. "I certainly believe you. But now let us talk about something else."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KIDNAPING OF MME. DU BARRY.

MME. DU BARRY'S face became whiter still. It was evident in a moment to Buckford that there were subjects the mention of which she dreaded even more than that of the missing prisoner.

"Oh, monsieur, have mercy!" she wailed. "I am but a poor, weak woman!"

"Madame," said Buckford sternly, "your history is one of crime. I shudder even when I look at you and think of the misery you have caused in this world."

"Alas! It is not all true. I am not so bad as they say."

"Heaven! If you were but half as bad! Oh, madame, I assure you we know you well, but even the police do not think you are quite as bad as your enemies would declare."

"Enemies! My enemies! Have I enemies, then, who denounce me to the police?"

Buckford laughed easily. He saw now that he was gaining ground.

"Enemies! Madame, I have learned more in three days from your friends than I ever hoped to know."

"My friends! Name them! Tell me one secret of mine which my friends told the police, and I will assist you in any work you want—that is, monsieur, of course, with an eye to my own safety."

Better and better.

"Why," said Buckford, "do you happen to know a M. Vandal? Well, I got from his own lips a portion of the story of the murder that was committed in your house last night."

"Mon Dieu! That Vandal! And he is to become my husband!"

Buckford laughed long and low—a meaning, insinuating laugh.

"My dear madame," he said, "pardon my rudeness, do, but it seems incomprehensible that a woman of your intelligence should be so easily gulled. Vandal to become your husband! Why, it was but a short time ago I overheard a conversation between him and your other friend—shall I call him simply Casparin?—about a young girl of Deneslia he was to marry."

"Vandal!"

"No other. It was as a reward for service done for Casparin. The girl is young and beautiful."

"Oh, oh! This is too much! It is well sometimes to receive visits from the police. They learn everything."

"We do that, indeed," said Buckford. "And M. Reber? You know him well?"

"Reber! That fool! He muddles things. He got a fool of an American mixed up in an affair that"—

"I know—the prisoner who escaped and came to your house."

"Alas, he did come, I admit, monsieur! But I swear I do not know at the present time where he is."

Buckford leaned forward and in his most impressive manner said:

"But I know, madame. The plans of your friends have not all succeeded. I have been through your house, madame, and the prisoner is gone."

Madame heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Good! Then I am not under arrest?"

"Not for that."

"Oh, oh! Then I am still—I am"—

"Madame, listen to me. We do not start out with only one charge in our guns. We are ready at any moment to turn from one quest to another, as circumstances demand. I came here to find that prisoner. I learn that he is gone. Now, I have other matters to attend to, and it will be greatly to your advantage, madame, to follow my advice."

"I am ready, monsieur," said Mme. du Barry, with a shiver. It was impossible to foretell what advice this inscrutable agent of police might give her. But—there was that murder in her house, and how many other crimes there is no guessing.

"Madame, you are a true Frenchwoman, I believe?"

"Ah! Am I not! All for the honor of France."

"Ah, France is indeed safe when her honor rests in such hands! Then know, madame, that this Casparin, who assumes a title to which he has no right, is really a spy in the service of Germany."

"Mon Dieu! Is it so? Then Vandal is"—

"Quite true, madame. M. Vandal is acting in accord with a spy and of course is subject to the law."

"Then seize him, monsieur. Oh, that serpentlike scoundrel! He claimed, monsieur, that he loved me."

"I wonder that he did not, madame. It would have been one virtue among his hideous faults."

(To be continued.) 1,476

"THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE."

A NOTARY'S STORY.

It all happened so oddly and strangely that I, Antoine de Lancy, a public notary in the city of Montreal, in the Dominion of Canada, can only give a general and not a detailed account of certain peculiar circumstances which culminated in an important event of my own life.

I may state that all marriage contracts in Canada are made out by a notary, and it is because the personages in the following narrative are curiously mixed up with a contract that its facts came to my knowledge.

One afternoon, Arthur Tremont, an old friend and client of mine, called on me. In every sense I was very partial to Arthur, for he was a bon garcon, a genial sort of fellow; not filled up with a sense of his own importance in the world, but deferential and urbane to everybody. I had never tested his friendship, but I knew if he could have done me a good turn, even to the extent of lending me fifty dollars, he would not have been found wanting.

On this particular afternoon he was even more genial than usual; in fact, his jaunty, smiling manner was very apparent. He came up to me, and after shaking hands in his wonted hearty style, said:—

"My dear Antoine, congratulate me; I am the luckiest man alive."

Of course I was sufficiently astute to know what he meant—he had become an engaged man.

Though a bachelor, I am not a stoic in affaires de cœur, and therefore I wished him joy with all the heartfelt feeling that I could infuse into words.

"And Dora is such a sweet girl," he continued, "so beautiful, so disinterested."

"Any money?" I cautiously asked.

"What do you take me for?" he replied. "What does money matter? How could I have a mercenary thought about her? I am surprised at your question. How can there be sordid considerations with a love like mine, for a girl like Dora?

I wisely then held my tongue as he expatiated on the perfections of his inamorata. I suppose all lovers are effusive under similar circumstances; therefore, I never interrupted his glowing tirade, and afterwards took his instructions about the marriage contract.

A week elapsed, and it was ready for the signatures, when one morning Arthur made his re-appearance at my office.

To my great surprise, and even consternation, he walked with a dejected, listless step, all his buoyancy of spirit having left him.

"O Antoine!" he said, "it is all over."

"What's all over?" I asked.

I knew something must have happened to upset him, but I never suspected the truth.

"She has proved false and heartless. She has thrown me over."

"Thrown you over?"

"Yes, for Bertie Twining, that young London swell who came over here for a little hunting and fishing. It is reported he has two thousand a year, and I daresay his money has made her false. I can never understand how a girl like Dora could be so mercenary and false! Oh, Antoine! I am wretched about it."

I did what anyone would do for a friend. I made excuses for Dora; I philosophised about women generally; I poured all the balm I could on the troubled waters.

I am not a boastful man; I never parade my own virtues, but I shall always feel a sense of pride when I assert that I never charged my friend for my loss of time in drafting that incomplete marriage contract.

A few days later, Bertie Twining, also one of my clients, called on me. His dress was comme il faut; he looked as if he had just been turned out of a bandbox.

"I wish you to do a little business for me," he said. "I want you to make out a marriage contract. Do you know that I consider myself the luckiest man alive; my fiancee is so beautiful, so disinterested."

The very words that Arthur had used! The situation was embarrassing and not pleasant. How could I make out that contract? And yet if I refused, the business would fall into someone else's hands. I am by no means a mercenary man, but why should I throw away a ten dollar fee?

Accordingly, for the second time I jotted down particulars for the contract.

Another week elapsed, and whilst again waiting for signatures to my surprise, Twining again called on me—alone.

He was got up, as usual, with all the care imaginable.

Having exchanged the usual greetings, he asked me in a cool and collected manner to destroy the contract and make out another.

"What!" I exclaimed in wonder.

"Well, you see," he replied, "I made a mistake. My engagement with Miss Dora Deane is broken off, and Emma Dotson has promised me her hand. Please, then, insert her name in the contract."

I was literally dumbfounded at the turn matters had taken. Had Dora not jilted my friend I should have felt inclined to have kicked Twining out of the office, for having to all appearance proved himself a consummate scoundrel in breaking faith with the young lady to whom he had plighted his affections. As it was, I considered a just Nemesis had overtaken Dora. A young lady who plays fast and loose with a good man's love deserves in her turn to be deserted. Accordingly, I did not scruple to make out marriage contract number three.

I was not sufficiently intimate with Twining to be too inquisitive, but afterwards learnt that Twining had thrown over Miss Deane for the sake of Miss Dotson's wealth. Unfortunately or fortunately, I have never believed implicitly in unadulterated, disinterested love, and I can't help it if my melancholy assertion offends the thousands of gushing young ladies who may favour this story by their perusal. At any rate, the facts I have related tend to prove my theory.

Weeks and months passed, and the episodes which necessitated three marriage contracts faded from my mind, when suddenly a circumstance happened to strangely revive them.

I was spending an evening at a friend's house when the hostess introduced me to a young lady. Now, I am not a person to be easily impressed, and I have always flattered myself that I can keep my emotions under rigid control. I must say, however, that this young lady at once exerted a fascinating influence over me. This may be a foolish confession on my part after what I have written; but after all, I am only human. At first I did not quite catch her name, and therefore I conversed with her without knowing it. When, however, I discovered that she was the identical Dora Deane of my unfinished marriage contracts, I experienced a shock, and yet—must I own it?—she did not on this account inspire me with any antipathy. Of course, this arrant coquette and cajoler ought to have made me cautious; instead, her captivating ways destroyed caution and subdued me. It never occurred to me that I was doing my best to follow in the fatal footsteps of my friend I did not reason at all about the matter. I merely yielded to the temptation of enjoying her fascinating society.

After a while she said, "I am glad to have met you."

I assured her the gladness was mutual. What else could I say?

"And do you know why?" she asked. "I see you don't know why; let me tell you, then. I want to speak about a contract you once made."

I thought I had heard the last of these dreadful contracts, and here was one of the chief parties to one actually raking them up! "Never mind the contracts; it don't matter," I replied.

"But it does matter," she answered rather earnestly. "I know poor Arthur was your friend, for he mentioned your name frequently."

Poor Arthur! What did she mean by poor Arthur? Surely she was not pitying him for her own heartlessness. This was a stage aside which I thought, but did not express.

"Had he been alive to-day, we should have made it up," she continued.

So Arthur was dead, and I had not heard of his death, and it was strange that the said tidings should have proceeded from the woman who had deceived him.

"He must have told you all about me, and how I behaved to him," she said.

I answered, "Yes."

"You were his best friend," continued Dora, "and I want to right myself in your eyes. We quarrelled over the instructions of the contract which he gave me to read, and I said unkind, impulsive words to him, which ended in a rupture of our engagement; and out of pique I accepted the attentions of a fool, and when that was broken off, it was too late—too late, and I have been a miserable woman ever since, and——

I have not a distinct recollection of what she said next. I only know I rose equal to the occasion by trying to comfort her, and this may have been followed by a little lovemaking on my part, particulars of which need not be set down here.

It must not surprise anybody, then, that I shortly made out a fourth marriage contract, which was duly signed and attested by both contracting parties, and I also do not mind informing my readers, of course on the strict Q.T., that I really consider myself "the luckiest man alive."—"Harlequin"

ASKING PAPA.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

Young, brave and intelligent, Ferreol's principle of life was to be astonished at nothing. Moreover, he lacked for nothing. At Paris he encountered Angele! He loved her, and told her so. She listened. He mentioned marriage.

Angele was as good as pretty.

"Have you a family?" asked Ferreol.

"A father, yes?"

"Where is he?"

"Brest."

"What doing?"

"Refitting vessels."

"I will go at once, then," said Ferreol calmly.

"Why?"

"To demand your hand. I love you—you love me. You do love me?"

"Yes."

"Good. The train leaves at eight this evening. At eleven to-morrow I land at Brest. Thirty minutes later arrive at the dock; see your father; ask him the question; receive consent at 3 p.m.; take the train back, and the day after to-morrow, at seven in the evening, say to you, 'Angele, thou art mine!'"

She blushed, smiled coyly, and softly murmured, "Go then!"

Ferreol took a hansom; the driver was drunk. It did not astonish him. In the waiting-room his trunk was stolen. Nothing astonishing in that. Then the train ran off the line. Pooh! child's play! Ferreol had his nose half broken. Ridiculous obstacle!

Briefly, it was not till the third day after his departure from Paris that Ferreol arrived at Brest, and swift as a startled zebra, he rushed through the Rue de Siam.

"The ship-refitting shops?"

"Rue de Penfold, third building on the left."

He took it at top speed to make up for lost time, to presently halt before a building on which was the magic word,

REFITTERS.

Before him was a door. He knocked, entered, perceived a gloomy hall, a dingy camp-bed, on that camp-bed a sailor smoking a cob pipe.

"Monsieur Kenezek?" said Ferreol civilly.

"Yonder; or maybe, below."

"Then I'll go and find him at work."

"Thou, my chicken?"

"Why not?"

"It would be——"

"Bah! no phrases! Speak to Monsieur Kenezek I must, on business that admits of no delay, and I will speak to him at once, if I have to go to the bottom to do it."

The sailor rose instantly, shifted pipe and quid from right to left, and cried out admiringly:

"Thou too, then, art of the craft, my chicken?"

Ferreol comprehended nothing, but his principles dictated his answer:

"Yes," said he, turning with decision.

"Come on, then. Two steps away only, but you'll dress yourself here."

Dress himself, and here? Anyone but Ferreol would have let escape him at least a gesture of surprise. But he—never! After all, to present himself to a future father-in-law, perhaps it was more expedient to assume a black coat.

"So be it!" replied he.

The sailor moved a step to the door, but stopped thoughtfully, turned, unhooked from the wall a greasy placard, and with a mumbling "No humbug this, you see!" began to read and to question Ferreol as follows:—

"You are not in a state of intoxication, are you?"

"I!" said Ferreol, indignantly.

"And—more than an hour since you've eaten?"

"Three hours, precisely."

"You are not in a perspiration?"

"Dry as a fish-bone."

"And your health is good?"

"Sound as cast-iron."

"Nerves and temper calm and equable?"

"As an oyster at high water."

"Good. All as it should be. Hurry!" said he, "begin; undress yourself."

Ferreol, up to this date, had asked no one in marriage, but sharpe as he was, he never supposed that this act—important, it was true—would be accompanied by such formalities.

One of those, however, whom nothing amazed, he did not flinch, but proceeded to strip himself.

Decidedly obscure in this closet, Ferreol was reduced to conjectures, smell, and feeling; still it was distinctly an undervest, and other things, and shoes that the sailor drew from a locker and laid before him.

"With these," said he, "you can defy the perspiration."

"In truth I can!" said Ferreol, covering himself with the articles, which exhaled a singular odour of tar.

"Push each button of the pelerine into the corresponding hole of the collarette. Adjust the copper valves and turn the screw-nuts. Close the latter till the joining of garments, pelerine," etc.

It was long, but Ferreol was patient, and said only:

"You are sure I shall find Monsieur Kenezek there?"

"Certain sure," responded the sailor grinning, "he can't get away."

Presently they reached a jetty advancing into the bay. At the end of it the round crown of a building, from which at a shout from his conductor, came running a second sailor, who placed himself without a word behind Ferreol's back.

"All ready?" said the first.

"All ready," responded Ferreol.

"You see the slate and the pencil hung to your side?" queried the other again.

"Slate and pencil both," assented Ferreol amiably.

It was the last word he spoke.

Click! clack! rattle!

The helmet was over his head, bolted to his shoulders, the screw-nuts hard and fast.

At last a flash of enlightenment! Blinded, stifled, one single instant nature rebelled against his principles. Too late, however, and protestations inopportune.

For now he felt himself lifted, carried a pace, suspended in space; then a strange sensation of cold mounting from feet to waist and from waist to shoulders.

He opened wide his eyes and through the helmet's "peepers" saw a fish flit past him.

Preliminaries decidedly not commonplace!

He continued to descend with relative activity

A monster advanced to meet him. It seized the slate and scratched upon it. Ferreol read, "I am Kenezek. Who are you?"

The moment was solemn. They must come to an understanding somehow. The situation had grown unique. "I am Ferreol," responded he on the slate. "Live at Paris. Income a thousand a year. Love Angele, your daughter, and have the honour to ask her hand in marriage."

"Marry her if you like. I——"

"Consent?"

"Consent? Yes. Good riddance, too. But quick, get off: I've work to finish."

Ferreol shot aloft.

"If I'd have been you," said the sailor above "I'd have waited ten minutes. Kenezek quits work, you know, every day at five o'clock."

Ferreol looked at his watch. Ten minutes to five.

"No," said he, "a man like me never waits a minute."

And he promptly returned to Paris.

"To marry the charming Angele?"

No. Fifty odd hours later in returning, the charming but impatient Angele had married the other fellow.

And Ferreol was not surprised at that.

First Burglar: Bill, yer never 'ears of anyone sayin' a good word for a housebreaker. They never takes into consideration that we're obliged to be out in all kinds o' weather, an' that most of our work has to be done while lazy folks is sound asleep in their beds.

Causes of Trouble.

A good deal of the trouble of this world arises from the fact that some folks like to have gardens, while others prefer to keep hens.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

SQUAW MEN IN ALASKA.

A writer states that at Lake Lebarge he met an Englishman who was taking his wife and three children for a trip to Five Finger Rapids. His wife was a squaw, and her face was painted black as were also those of the children. I never did find out the reason these squaws have for painting their faces black. Some say it is because they think it makes them more beautiful, and still others claim that it is a preventive from mosquitoes. We became quite friendly with this Englishman. He was taking his family to visit some of his wife's people. He had just received news from England that the death of three persons had made him heir to a noble title and quite an inheritance, but to enjoy its possession, &c., of course, he would have to return to England. "Of course," said I, "you are going at once?" He looked round at his family and said, "Well, I can hardly take them with me, and I'm too fond of them to leave them here, so I think I'll stay here myself and let the other fellow enjoy my property over there." This was all said with a degree of pathos which was almost sublime, and yet I could not help picturing to myself the sensation that that squaw wife would make at some reception held among his titled friends if she were to enter au naturel as we were looking at her then. I think something of the same thought must have passed through our friend's mind, for, hastily murmuring "What might have been," &c., he looked suspiciously like shedding a few tears, bade us a hurried farewell, and gathered his small family and belongings together, and proceeded on his way. There are many white men in Alaska married to the Indians. They call them squaw-men.

PIANO-ORGAN DOCTORS.

Barrel-organs are liable to many disorders which require the services of a clever mechanician. Exposure to rain and frost effects their harmonious interiors in quite as great a degree as they do the human body. An ordinary jobbing clockmaker is seldom of much service, so that in the districts where these melodious portables are mainly gathered together there is a decent living to be made as an organ doctor. These worthies are usually Germans or Italians, and have been trained in the musical instrument trade; and, judging by their tidy and prosperous appearance, it seems that there is plenty to do. Almost every organ requires overhauling at least three times a year, besides remedying such little defects as a missing spike on a cylinder, or a screw misplaced by severe jolting, mishaps which occur very frequently. The lowest fee taken by these organ doctors is one shilling, and this is only charged for the most trifling repairs; and the highest something over a sovereign. Considerable skill and good tools are necessary, for it would never do to have a really valuable instrument—as is the modern piano-organ—interfered with by the amateur, costing, as the best of them do, over £50. The old squeaky hurdy-gurdy, which is so rapidly disappearing, was a terrible nuisance to mend—in fact, seldom survived a severe shock.

DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY.

"John," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, as he was about to start down town, "I want you to step in at Nickle and Whooper's on your way and buy me six yards of ribbon like this sample. Be sure to get exactly the same shade, for those shop-girls are so lazy and indifferent that they will give you the first thing that comes to hand if you dont' watch them closely, and then they are never willing to rectify their mistakes. Besides, I must have the ribbon this evening, for I want to use it the first thing to-morrow. Now don't send that stupid office boy of yours to get it; he would be sure to blunder. You needn't tell me you haven't time either. It won't take you a minute to run in there, and you won't have to hunt all over the place looking for the ribbon counter, for I'll tell you exactly where it is."

"Oh, I know where it is," interrupted John. "That's where that pretty little brunette is. I can find the place all right. Don't worry about that. And I won't forget it either. Six yards did you say?"

"John," said Mrs. Brown, in freezing accents, "you need not trouble yourself. I don't believe you would be able to match the ribbon. Besides, I want to see that pretty shop girl, so I think I will attend to the matter myself."

HOW INSECTS HIDE.

How many have ever noticed the skilful way in which many insects disguise themselves when in danger from some larger animal or bird? Probably you have all observed that the caterpillar "plays dead" when he is disturbed and that many insects choose for their homes some tree or shrub whose bark or foliage match themselves in colour.

There is a certain variety of moth, quite common around elms, which fixes its wings so that they closely resemble spots or lichens on the bark of the tree and can only be detected by a trained eye. Another moth, whose principal colours are pink and yellow, arranges itself on the blossom of a primrose so as to wholly escape notice. In the East Indian Islands there is a spider which reposes on the upper side of a large leaf in such a shape that it perfectly resembles decayed matter.

A hunter in tropical regions tells of seeing a cricket pursued around the trunk of a tree by a lizard. Suddenly the insect settled itself in a small depression in the bark, spread out its wings slightly and flattened itself so that the lizard actually crawled over it and went away without ever knowing what had become of it.

An antique looking table, which was declared to have crossed the Atlantic in the Mayflower, lately came into the possession of a Hartford family. It was exhibited to a guest, who closely examined the brass handles on its drawers, and found that they were held in place by brass screws made in Providence less than two years ago.

One Room to Let.

The Boarding House Proprietor—I notice the boarders have all cleaned their plates pretty well.

One of Them—Goodness gracious They needed cleaning bad enough.

Wanted It Back.

"Say where's dat nickel I gib yer w'en I wuz callin on yer sister!"

Identified.

Mrs. Darley—I wonder what sort of a dog a cur of low degree is that the poet speaks about.

Mr. Darley—A cur of Lo degree must be an Indian dog.

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THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
The sister in her need;
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed.
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrowings of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do.
Lose not a chance to waken love;
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angels' voices say to thee,
"These things can never die."

ALICE WHITELEY.

A PLEA FOR THE USELESS.

One of the most delightful articles it has been our lot to find in the magazine world for some years is that contributed to the May "Cornhill" by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, Head Master of Persse Grammar School, Cambridge. It is entitled "A Plea for the Useless."

"Amongst all the useless matters which cumbers my memory," says the writer at the outset, "is a scene described by John Ruskin, I forget where; it would be useless to look up the reference. He describes a labouring man digging turnips. The labourer is bent and bowed, his face weatherbeaten, his hands horny; he gazes upon the earth, in which he digs, and produces turnips. About him stands a company of persons more or less elegant, clad in broadcloth or tweed, some with shining tall hats and frock coats, some with white ties, others with wigs and coronets, but all holding out hands and begging for turnips."

"The labourer, with gloomy impartiality, casts up his turnips into this hand or that, and the winners retire to eat them. At the close of the day if he is lucky, the hungry crowd has left him perhaps half a turnip for himself. This, says Ruskin, is a view of human life, which is all built upon turnips. Your poet may make immortal verses, your parson may preach inspired sermons, your financier may float companies by the score your schoolmaster may do wonders by the heuristic method; without turnips they all starve, and the work of their brains is as useless as pieces of eight to Robinson Crusoe on his island."

This, it is admitted, is a humiliating view for those, like the writer, whose lives are spent in the schoolroom. But what, he proceeds to ask, has been the lot of the "useful" nations? "The Phoenicians and their brethren the Carthaginians in particular had an eminent sense of the useful. But is it not strange how little they have left behind? These famous merchants and traders borrowed the alphabet from Egypt, a most useful invention, and passed it on to us; they grew immensely rich, waxed fat and lusty, and their legacy, to the world is a series of worked-out tin mines and gold mines, with the memory of their unique remedy for inefficiency—crucifixion of the inefficient. But this remedy proved to be unsuitable to modern needs, and a pension is generally substituted. The example of these nations, then, seems to have been singularly unfruitful. In truth, the world has paid more attention to one or two freaks of Nature in them then to their sterling usefulness. . . . . But of all the useless nations which ever cumbered the earth commend me to the Jews and the Greeks. They were useless in different ways, each in its way unique. . . . . As for the Greeks, from the days of Homer to the fall of Constantinople, they were all mad. The first we hear of them is that, although they were perpetually quarrelling among themselves, they all banded together to besiege Troy, because somebody's wife had ran away. A ten year's war for a woman. Think of the wounds and deaths, think of the taxes, think of the turnips they might have grown at home. Then Homer puts it all into verse, and for hundreds of years the whole Greek world could find nothing better to do than to sit still and listen to the minstrels reciting this useless tale. No wonder their philosophers wasted their days and nights trying to find out the origin of things, in reducing the universe to one element— earth, air, fire, or water—in chopping logic and devising inextricable dilemmas. No wonder Plato used up bundles of parchment in describing a State which never possibly could exist. No wonder Aeschylus and Sophocles prided themselves on composing plays in a style of language that no one ever spoke, about persons who never existed, to be acted by men in masks and robes which were a product of their own invention. There is some use in a play like "Charley's Aunt." Not only does it show what courage can do under difficulties; but it also fills the author's pocket, and gives honest employment to many worthy persons who otherwise might have been in the workhouse. But so far as I know, the hundred dramas of Aeschylus or Sophocles never brought their authors one single obol."

After passing in review several "useless" things—things "useless," that is to say, from a purely business point of view, such as wives and families, going to church, and reading poetry—Dr. Rouse asks: "Which could we best do without—the useful or the useless, the fleshpots or the poetry? When you come to think of it, a body may be healthy and comfortable with very little; of course, the fleshpots cannot be dispensed with wholly, but we can do without all but the bare necessities of life, and yet be happy. But give me all the comforts of life, all the luxuries of wealth, and take away my mind—what am I? An imbecile, fit only to brood behind cage-bars. And the mind is not fed by quails and ortolans, nor by strict attention to business methods, nor by making money, nor by social success; it is fed by aspiration and hope. That is the preacher's commonplace, but I will tell you how I know it to be true. A few years ago an old schoolfellow of mine suddenly wrote to me a charming letter, giving a London address. I was glad to hear of him again, and sought him out: and I found him in London, where he is at the present moment—how he came there does not matter, except that the story is all to his credit—living in a garret and selling newspapers in the street. It was a bitter cold day when we met. My friend had neither overcoat nor gloves. I asked him to dine, but he declined: he neither smoked nor took wine. What he wanted was a long talk about universal peace and brotherhood; he believed himself to have found out the secret of that. When I left my old friend that afternoon, I envied him. He is the happiest man I know. And this is what comes always before my mind when I hear people talking about education. We are told in every paper, from the "Times" to the "Daily Mail," even by the weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, that the great problem of the day is how to keep our trade. No, that is not the great problem; but how are we to keep our souls alive? A difficult question; but whatever the positive answer may be, thus much is beyond controversy—seeking for the useful can do no good to our better part, but it may do harm. The problem of education is not to teach a boy to earn his living, but to show him how he may avoid spoiling himself while he earns his living—that is, our eyes must be bent and kept upon what is, for all commercial purposes, absolutely useless.

"How delicately Plato brings out this truth when he shows the difference between the true artist and the false. The false craftsman or practitioner works for his wage; he belongs really to the guild of wage-earners, nothing else. But the true artist in every calling works for the supreme end of his art, whatever that may be. If a wage comes with the achievement, that is an accident, and belongs to a different art, which has become mixed up with his. In proportion as his eye is fixed on the wage, he swerves from his proper end. Those happy Greeks show us the way to work. Fancy your successful business man, with Plato's fortune, set down in the suburbs of Athens. He would have made a corner in olive oil at once, and put placards on the Parthenon. But Plato never tried to earn money at all. Having enough and to spare, he spent his time in spinning that glorious tissue of imagination, which one may call philosophy and one poetry, but which is certainly as useless as the rainbow. Even the ordinary middle-class man had that spirit in the great age of Athens. That noble old man Cephalus, whom we make friends with in the "Republic," was just the same. The city was the same in its public life. Once only in history had Athens plenty of money to spend, and she used it to create buildings of the most perfect beauty which the artist ever conceived; not electric trams. The very towers and forts of the Greeks were beautiful; their very tomb-stones were beautiful. All in that glorious land was beautiful in that glorious age; the perfection of all art and the perfection of every type of literature was either there first invented or there to be seen: the perfection of all that is useless. Merely to read of this wonderful race inspires one with their spirit; love for the beautiful, aspiration after the ideal, the untiring search after truth which will be satisfied with nothing less than truth. Something of the same spirit you will find elsewhere; in the best souls there is always some measure of it. But nowhere since the world began will you find any race of men who had it as a natural gift, save among the Greeks. . . . . Civilisation of mind exists only by virtue of what the Greeks have given us, and we can drink it in only at the fountain-head. . . . . A few can still drink at the fountain-head, and if the number is not largely increased we may get trade or we may not, but our money will do us no good. We shall be a nation of animals our ideal of happiness a glorified Bank Holiday, our life a triumphal procession from one public-house to another."

A MAN WHO WAS SHOT.

What it feels like to be murdered is graphically described in Miss Ella D'Arcy's "Modern Instances." Underhill, a young American, has lost a large sum at a gambling table, but in Sir Julian Garve (an impoverished baronet), who holds the bank, recognises a card sharper he had met at Saratoga. Sir Julian meets him or the shore in the evening, acknowledges that he was cheating, and expresses, with a pathos that arouses Underhill's sympathy, his despair at his position:—

"There's but one thing left for me to do," said he, looking at him with sombre eyes, "and that's to shoot myself. Don't you see yourself it's all that remains for me to do?"

Underhill's quick brain envisaged the man's whole life, the infamy of it, the pathos of it. He recognised the impossibility of living down such a past, he foresaw the degrading years to come. He knew that Garve had found the only solution possible. He knew it was what he himself would do in the same hideous circumstances. Yet how could he counsel this other to do it? This other, for whom his heart was wrung, for whom he felt warm sympathy, compassion, brotherliness. Oh, there must be some other way.

While he hesitated, while he searched for it, Garve repeated his proposition. "There's only one thing for me to do, shoot myself, eh? Or," he paused—"shoot the man who's found me out? I might, for instance, shoot you?"

Underhill was conscious of a smart blow on the ear. He started back, looking at Garve with surprise. For the fraction of a second he thought Garve had really shot him. . . . but that was absurd. . . . . a little blow like that! Yet, what then did he mean by it? Garve stood staring across at him, staring, staring, and between the fingers of his right hand, which was falling back to his side, was a glint of steel. Motionless in air between the two men hung a tiny swirl of smoke.

"Is it possible? Is it possible?" Underhill asked himself. And all at once Garve seemed to be removed an immense way off; he saw him blurred, wavering, indistinct. Then it was no longer Garve; it was his father, over whose shoulder appeared his mother's face and Annie Laurie's. . . . . He tried to spring to them, but his legs refused to obey him. He dropped to his knees instead, and all thought and all sensation suddenly ceased.

The body sank over into the sand.

In case you have chickens, get on friendly terms with your neighbours as soon as possible, because you don't know how soon your hens may get into their garden.

Hoskins: "I don't object to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after."

Wilkins: "I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too?"

If cupid would drop his bow and arrows and get a gun, we might hear of more marriages.

FACED DEATH FOUR TIMES IN TWO MINUTES.

A most remarkable escape from death is reported from Ohio, on the Baltimore and South-Western Railway, where a man named Madden, in less than two minutes, escaped from death by fire, from mangling under a train, from destruction in a terrible fall, and from drowning.

According to a Chicago paper, what happened to Madden was this. His clothes caught fire while he was cooking his dinner, he started to run across a bridge so as to get down to the water of the creek below, was caught in the centre of the bridge by an express train, leaped on the railing, was shaken from it, fell 60ft. into the water, was swept over a falls 40ft. into a torrent of water, and was dragged out by a man who was fishing in the pool.

Madden was tramping towards his native town to pay his old Dayton-St. friends in the west end of Cincinnati a visit, and, after plodding across the Lees Creek bridge, he decided to build a camp fire and warm up his meal. The creek flowed along 60ft. below the bridge, and after shooting rapidly under the railway structure, the water leaped from a sheer precipice into the whirling pool, forming one of the most picturesque waterfalls in that beautiful section of the southern Ohio hills. Madden tried to get down to the creek from the west side of the bridge, but was unable to reach it because of the precipitous drop of the banks, so he built his fire alongside the railway line, and, lighting his pipe, sat down on the grass to wait until it burned down to a bed of coals before starting to warm up his lunch in his tin can and enjoy the feed.

Whether he dropped into a half-doze or not Madden does not remember, but the first thing he knew his clothes were on fire. He leapt to his feet threw off one coat, but found that the fire was burning in the other garments. He was wearing three coats, two pairs of trousers, and other clothes, and he realized in an instant that he must reach the water in order to put out the blaze. Also it flashed across his mind that he could not get down to the pool from the west side of the bridge.

Beating frantically at his burning clothes to put out the fire that was already scorching his flesh, he turned and started to run across the ties of the trestle bridge.

As he reached the centre of the bridge the warning shriek of a locomotive whistle startled him into stopping, and forgetting his peril by fire, he stood in the centre of the track and watched as if entranced the swaying front of the Royal Blue flyer from the east rushing down upon him at 60 miles an hour.

There was just a second left to act, and Madden, forgetting that his clothes were burning, acted. The driver saw Madden standing on an iron railing, 12in. wide, as the engine rushed past, and thought him safe.

But the terrific suction of air caused by the flyer caught Madden as if he were a dead leaf. For an instant he resisted, then, whirling round and round, he was spun from his precarious foothold, and, turning over and over, he fell towards the rushing water below.

In 40 weeks out of 52 in a year the fall would have meant instant death on the bare rocks below; but luckily for Madden, the water of Lees Creek was high. He fell into the onrushing torrent 20 feet from the brink of the falls.

The plunge extinguished the fire in his clothes, and Madden had escaped three deaths only to face the fourth. He arose to the surface just as the rushing water whirled his body to the crest of the fall. Like a man shooting the chutes, he came down with the water, seemingly coasting on the upper surface of the water, and alighting feet first, was sucked down under the whirling water of the deep pool.

He came to the surface as if his body had been propelled from the depths by some great force. Half a minute later when his body swept round the whirlpool, he was dragged from the water, and lay panting and exhausted on the grass. When he came to he said he did not remember a thing after trying to hang on to the bridge rails.

THE COMING OF AERIAL TORPEDOES.

Experiments have recently been made at Long Island, New York, with a novel projectile which is not fired from a gun, but from a tripod, and resembles a rocket in its chief features. The term "aerial torpedo" has been often employed as descriptive of a large projectile containing a charge of wet gun-cotton or rather high explosive, and numerous patents relating to such a weapon have been taken out by Maxim and other inventors.

The torpedo under mention, however, is self propelling in the sense that it carries its own lifting charge, which is contained in a brass cylinder at its lower end. The contrivance is thus described:—"At the upper end is a load of steel shrapnel and high explosive. Several hundred steel shrapnel bullets are used. They are cast in strips and arranged about the inside of the casing, while in the centre are three sticks of dynamite."

The bullets and dynamite are all encased in plaster of Paris. A percussion cap at the upper end of the cylinder explodes the cartridge when the projectile strikes an object. The time fuse passes up through the centre of the cylinder between the sticks of dynamite. The projectile is arranged to be fired like a rocket from a tripod which may be raised or lowered to different angles, and thus regulate the distance the torpedo will cover. This may also be governed by varying the quantity of lifting charge in the cylinder. In one of the tests a small charge was used, so that the action of the projectile could the more easily be followed. The rockets in this case covered only a quarter of a mile, while with full charges they would have covered a mile or more. The tests were very successful, the rockets exploding when striking the ground, tearing large holes in the sand and scattering bullets over a large area.

The hats worn by Korean State functionaries have brims of enormous dimensions, about three feet across, and are required to be made of clay. The reason for this is that some years ago the then Ruler of Korea was annoyed at the habit of whispering that prevailed at Court, and so decided upon compelling his couriers to wear hats that would make it somewhat more difficult to put their heads close together and exchange confidences.

HOW THE MORNING COMES.

Cheery, cheery,
Out of the dreary
Dark there glows
A tint of yellow, a purple gleam,
A shine of silver, a brazen beam,
A flush of rose;
The darkness, meanwhile, flying, gone;
Thus does the morning dawn.

Creeping, creeping,
Daintily peeping,
Hates the light,
Through the window to see where lies
The little girl with the sleepy eyes;
Glistens bright
With every joy to find the place
Where lies her dreaming face.

Drowsy, drowsy,
A little frowsy
Gold-locked head
Turns on its pillow, yawns, and winks;
Lifts from its pillow, peeps, and blinks;
Turns into bed;
Then with a slow, reluctant shake,
Is almost wide awake.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE AVENGER.

BY JAMES GRAY WADDELL.

A few years back, residence at the Australian gold-diggings was by no means the best passport to an extended sojourn upon the earth, owing to the cheapness of which life was held by the heterogeneous and turbulent crowd who flocked thither in search of fortune. In the event of a difference of opinion, men who carried a summary and unanswerable argument at their hip pockets were little likely to waste over words. There were two at Bulonga Creek who, in spite of constant friction and never-ending discord, had hitherto most unaccountably failed to appeal to this drastic method of settlement. They were Stodge Morton and Tom Swail. Both belonged to the bully class, and each regarded himself as cock of the walk in the camp. The clashing of their pretensions was therefore unavoidable that sooner or later one of the rivals would eccasion the funeral of the other. It was always a moot point amongst us which of the two would be principal, and which mourner, when the final and long-expected clinch brought about that interesting ceremony. Swail was as fine a shot as ever pulled trigger. He could fire down the neck of a whisky bottle and knock the bottom out at fifteen yards, and do it four times out of five. Morton's abilities did not run to fancy work of that sort, but he was a streak of lightning on the draw, and the man who tempted into showing slickness would be obliged to keep his regrets for another world, for he would certainly be granted neither time nor opportunity for their indulgence in this. We sized it up that if it came to a ceremonious stand-up affair at fifteen yards Morton was as good as defunct before the preliminaries were arranged, but that in the event of a bullet being required as a smart clincher to an argument, it was a million to one on Swail's resigning for all time.

A double interment was, of course, always a possibility, but however gratifying it might have been to the camp it was too vague and nebulous a conception upon which to rear a superstructure anticipate, and if anything I fancy Morton's sudden demise would have aroused the least amount of regret. Swail, it was believed, had made fewer saints in his time than Morton by a small minority, and he had at least once in his life showed that he possessed a soft side to his nature, though he revealed it in a peculiar way which probably not another living soul would have imitated. He was out in the bush one day, and came upon the unusual spectacle of a young snake engaged in violent altercation with a couple of murderously-disposed jackasses. The fledgling was getting decidedly the worst of it; in fact it was nearly at its last kick when Swail interfered on its behalf, prompted thereto by some quixotic, and one would have said utterly misplaced, feeling of sympathy for the vanquished. Perhaps he took it into his head that the snake might be sufficiently influenced by gratitude to himself to become a genial companion, if a somewhat curious one. However forlorn a hope this may have appeared, the experiment was void of risk, as the snake was non-venomous. He took it back to his shanty, doctored its wounds, and generally played the good Samaritan to his ugly portege.

Curiously enough, and to the surprise of everyone, the snake proved to be by no means lacking in gratitude. It settled down quite contentedly in Swail's quarters, and showed a devotion to its rescuer which unless I had seen it I would not have believed. I had frequently heard of the possibility of taming snakes, and had hitherto regarded it with scepticism, but there was no denying Swail's conquest. His pet, which he cherished with the appropriate name of Satan, became in the course of time so docile that it used to follow him about like a dog, allowing, of course, for locomotive differences. Wherever Swail went that long, sinuous form shadowed him. When he was working it lay coiled up near by, basking in the sun, varying the monotony of existence by an occasional rat-hunt along the creek. At the little saloon, where we wound up the day with the inevitable nightcap, and perhaps a hand at cards, Satan was always in evidence along with his master, who never neglected to have a bowl of milk—somewhat scarcer than gold—provided for the edification of his strange pet. It was creepy to see the reptile crawl round him and up to his face—rubbing its ugly head affectionately against his cheek in a most unsnake-like manner possible. Swail enjoyed the distinction which such exhibitions conferred upon him, perhaps the more that they placed Morton decidedly in the background. The latter viewed Satan with scrowling enmity, and would have made short work of him had not such a matter entailed possibilities of an exceedingly dubious and sinister nature. However slick a man may be in producing his gun, it is an advantage of which at a crutial moment he may be robbed by untoward fate, and Morton knew well that if Swail drew a bead on him first he was done.

When the long-expected flare-up between them did finally take place, it was dramatic in every way, and gruesomely so in the sequel. The usual crowd had collected in the saloon one night, Morton and Swail amongst the number, the latter with Satan in close attendance. One of the boys had got hold of a month-old Sydney newspaper, and as news of the outside world filtered but rarely into Bulonga, he had a roomful of appreciative listeners as he retailed the contents. There was one item of news in particular which held our attention, representing as it did the high-water mark of gold-seekers' luck the realisation of which, in a personal sense, is the feverish and ever-dominating hope in a digger's life. It was about a young Englishman named Guy Faramore, who had landed at the diggings five years before with hardly a cent to his credit, and after a contineous run of bad luck, had struck it rich down Baragoot way only six months ago. The story made us green with envy, for he was now homeward bound with a cool half million in his pockets.

"Why, boys," broke in the gruff voice of Morton, "I'm blest if that ain't the identical young spark I was pards with four years ago down at——." He caught himself up sharply. "Blamed if I remember now where it was," he added carelessly, with a short laugh, and somehow we gained the distinct impression that in an unguarded moment he had let slip something which, in his own estimation, should have remained a secret.

Swail, who had been lounging against the bar watching Satan suck up the last drops of milk from his bowl, became suddenly keen and alert.

"Where was it ye said ye parded with Guy Faramore?" he asked, with a curious intentness.

The boys in the immediate vicinity of Morton and Swail lounged away in a casual, but by no means dilatory fashion. It was a significant movement, which invariably took place on the rare occasions when the rivals began an interchange of remarks.

"I didn't say nowhere," growled Morton. "I said I forgot, and anyhow, what the devil is it to you?"

"It ain't anythin' to me," answered Swail drily, "but it might be to you if Guy Faramore happened to be around. Listen, boys. Two years ago, when passin' through Kangar Town, I met a man o' the name o' Guy Faramore. It's an uncommon name, and yo may go bail on it there ain't two men diggin in Australia under that tally. Well, I got talking with him, and comparin' notes, and one of the things he told me was that a year after he come out, when workin' down at Mogatoo Dip, he got bilked by his partner, who toted off with three months takin's, and left him without a stiver. The skunk's name was Sam Barty, and the youngster was keepin' several ounces of lead handy against the time o' their next meeting."

With the palpable exception of Morton, none of us so far had guessed his drift. Morton's face was as white as death, with hell writ large all over it, and his right hand had dropped to his side, the fingers twiching ominously. The crowd in the room edged away still further in the direction of security, thereby showing due appreciation of the enhanced possibilities.

"What the blazes 're ye drivin' at?" snarled Morton.

"Well, boys," went on Swail, ignoring the question, "Up to the time I met him two years ago, Faramore had never had but one partner—mark that, he had never had but one partner—this Sam Barty at Mogaroo Dip. He told me if I ever met a chap with an anchor tattooed on his chest and the initials of his name, S.B. over the flukes, I was to look on it as the devil's hoof-mark and fight shy o' dealin's with the skunk. Now, boys, d'ye see what I'm gettin' at? I reckon It's the duty o' the man that says he was Guy Faramore's partner to show that he ain't got any such mark on his hide."

"I'll see ye to blazes and further before I do, curse ye!" shouted Morton truculently.

"Then," rapped out Swail, "if ye ain't got such a mark ye're a liar, and if ye have ye're Sam Barty himself, and a cursed sneak-thief."

The man who gives another choice of epithets such as "liar" and "thief" without shooting simultaneously—especially if, that other is a streak of lightning like Stodge Morton—has as good as completed the journey to Kingdom Come. Swail was the thousandth part of a second too late in getting his shooter up to the level, but in the urgency of the circumstances that unappreciable atom of time was the equivalent of eternity, and Swail paid for it with a bullet through his brain. Of course Morton was justified. No man is obliged to produce evidence to convict himself; neither, in defalt of such evidence, is it incumbent upon him to submit quietly while "liar" and "thief" are crammed down his throat. Our sympathies were with Swail, to whom, however, they were now no manner of use, but we had no ground of complaint concerning Morton's action.

As Swail tumbled down in a heap, Morton faced round on us, his eyes blazing with fury, the smoking revolver gripped menacingly in his hand.

"Anyone else want to prove my name ain't Stodge Morton?" he shouted, in a voice hoarse with passion.

We showed no undue eagerness for the task. He had the drop on us, and it was perfectly plain that inquisitiveness anent the tattoo mark spelt certain disaster to one or more of us as the price of Morton's quietus. It was a question, too, whether the affair was any business of ours, and in any case the bare testimony of Swail's story seemed to us insufficent ground for action.

There was one dissentient from this non-retributive view. Satan glided over to the huddled form of his dead master, discovered his loss, and promptly coiled himself up on the floor with head gently swaying and eyes glittering venomously, as though meditating on the requirements of the situation. He came to a decision and acted upon it with startling suddenness. Uttering a loud, savage hiss, he uncoiled with the velocity of a snapped spring, and launched himself full at Morton, who, still awaiting developments, was well within striking distance. Morton threw out his revolver hand, not to shoot—there was no time for that—but instinctively to ward off this utterly unexpected attack. The snake's jaws encountered his wrist and closed on it like a vice, the sharp needle-like fangs almost meeting through the flesh. Morton yelled with pain, and his revolver clattered to the floor. Then there was a lively scene and an exhibition of sulphurious language, which completely nullified our preconceived notion of the limit of human expression, and our knowledge of forcible rhetoric was fairly profound. Morton cursed and swore like a fiend out of the pit, battering and tearing wildly at his assailant with his free hand, but Satan hung on like grim death, and Morton's struggles, with a six foot weight of snake glued to his wrist, only tended to the further laceration of that member. At last his presence of mind came back to him. With his left hand he dived for his revolver, but Satan proved himself as wily as the devil, whose emissary some of us began to believe he was in reality. He was not bullet proof, and evidently knew it, for he dropped Morton's wrist like a live coal, and streaked for the open door. Morton blazed away the the five loaded chambers of his revolver with the speed of a Gatling gun, but he was using his left hand against a wriggling snake—as elusive a mark as a falling raindrop—and Satan was gone like a flash, evidently unharmed.

"Blast that snake," yelled Morton. "If I don't send him to blue blazes before the night's out, my name ain't Stodge Morton"—an alternative uttered hastily in evident forgetfulness of the doubt already cast upon his title.

He dashed from the room and vanished in pursuit—a somewhat hopeless task considering the darkness, and Satan's clearly demonstrated ability for taking care of himself. We felt that anxiety on his account was at present needless, and our faith in him was quickly justified. Morton returned in about ten minutes, spouting expletives well up to the lurid standard he had so recently established. His retributive expedition had been distinctly unsuccessful, and his wrist was paining him badly. One of us took compassion on him, and doctored it in amateur fashion, after which he departed to his shanty breathing forth frightful and sanguinary vengeance against the snake, to be accomplished on the forthcoming day.

We put Swail underground in the morning. Morton did not assist at the ceremony, which seemed to us somewhat tactless considering that he himself had been instrumental in forcing it on, though at the same time it was indisputable that Swail's own responsibility was by no means a negligible quality. Up to mid-day he was not in evidence in camp at all and Satan was likewise unsocially disposed. We looked for the latter at Swail's shanty, but he was not to be found, and we concluded that the death of his master had snapped the bond which united him to civilisation and that he had gone back to a state of nature.

When mid-day arrived without any sign of Morton, we began to look at one another, and to wonder if the snake's bite had brought about consequences. Though Satan was a non-poisonous specimen, it was quite conceivable that his bite, like that of any other unclean-feeding reptile, might produce deadly results. At length some of the more curiously-inclined amongst us went down to his hut to investigate. We found the door fastened on the inside, and no amount of banging and shouting awakened a response from the inmate. Eventually we burst open the door, and found a sequel to the previous night's tragedy—a sufficiently ghastly sequel, too.

Morton lay on the floor—lifeless, a red-dyed knife clutched in his hand, whose fierce convulsive grip even death had not relaxed. Tightly coiled around his throat in a deadly, strangling embrace, was Satan—dead also, his life let out by a frightful gash close to the head.

We were all pretty tough, but that sight made us shiver. It bore staggering testimony to the snake's capacity for love and hate, gruesomely demonstrated in this terrible vengeance on his late master's slayer.

There was little difficulty in piecing up the story of that deathly struggle Morton must have been attacked when in bed and off his guard; on such a basis only could his appalling fate be explained. We judged that Satan had by some means managed to conceal himself in the hut, probably beneath his enemie's bunk. Then, emerging silently from his retreat in the darkness, he had locked himself with lightning-like rapidity round the unsuspecting man's throat. In a last fleeting moment of consciousness Morton must have made a dash for his knife and inflicted the wound which ultimately—but not before it got in its own ghastly work—proved fatal to the snake.

From that day we viewed the snaky tribe with considerable increased respect, and the man who scouted it as void of intelligence and certain other qualities usually attributed to the higher forms of life only had little chance thereafter of gaining a respectful hearing at Bulonga Creek.

As the tattoo mark alluded to by Swail was duly discovered on Morton's body, we were constrained to admit that the latter's display of seemingly righteous indignation was not unnatural, being evidently founded upon a sound basis of guilty self-knowledge.—"Weekly Telegraph."

TWO QUARRELSOME IRISHMEN.

The Irish Christmas party has become famous the world over, and last year at Mr. O'Hea's gathering our representative overheard the following deliciously characteristic dialogue:—

Mr. O'Grady had just left the dancers, and had sidled up to Mr. Flynn:—"Sthep outside, Mister Flynn," he said. "'Tis afther askin' ye a few questions I'd be."

They adjourned. Outside, Mr. O'Grady continued:—

"It's the foine backyarrd we hov here, wid plenty av room. And now ye'll plaze be tellin' me, as bechune man and man, did ye ivor say anythin' forninst the character av mesilf or Mistress O'Grady?"

"As bechune man and man," said Mr. Flynn quietly, "Oi niver did say anythin' derogatoory to yersilf or Mistress O'Grady; but"—taking off his coat—"Oi intind to!"

THE WEIGHT OF A CROWD.

Attention is called by the "Scientific American" to experiments at Harvard University which seem to demonstrate that engineers usually underestimate the maximum loading caused by dense crowds on bridges, floors and platforms. Forty men, averaging 163lb. in weight, placed in a box 6ft. square, caused an average pressure of 181lb. per square foot on the floor. An engineer has estimated the weight per square foot on floor of the densest crowds on the New York elevated railways at only 45lb., but since the Harvard experiments the opinion has been expressed that the maximum loading on the elevated cars and platform may be nearer 181lb. than 45lb. This applies to other close-packed crowds.

Of all the feathered tribe the frigate bird can fly the longest without resting. One has been known to fly for a whole week night and day without repose. The frigate bird can feed, collect materials for its nest, and even sleep on the wing. The spread of its wings is very great, and it can fly at a speed of ninety-six miles an hour without seeming to exert itself very much.

The largest serpent ever measured was a Mexican anaconda, which was found to be 37ft. in length.

The whale has a thicker skin than any other animal.

BONES FROM THE SEA.

DOGGER BANK THE LAST REFUGE FROM THE NORTH SEA.

In the days when Great Britain and Ireland were one—geologically, not politically—and were part of the continent of Europe, when the Irish Sea, the British Channel, the English Channel, and even the North Sea were merely fertile valleys, various prehistoric beasts had a vast field on which to roam.

Edward Martin, in an article in "Knowledge," describes how these lands became submerged, and how, when the great North Sea plain sank beneath the waves, the Dogger Island, as it may be called, was the last to go.

Here the wild animals would naturally congregate as they were driven gradually from their haunts by the ever advancing sea, and here they were all finally entombed when their last resting place disappeared.

And now it is a common thing for the trawlers on the famous fishing-ground, which is all that remains of the island, to catch among the fish a bone or two which originally formed part of an antediluvian animal.

Indeed, the skeletons are said to be so numerous on the Dogger Bank that scarcely a trawl is brought up which does not contain a bone or a tooth of one of the ancient inhabitants of the submerged island.

BEEHIVE AS INCUBATOR.

An Ohio bee farmer has, by repeated tests, demonstrated that a setting of eggs may be successfully hatched within an ordinary behive as the incubator. As more than a dozen eggs can be cared for at a time, it is claimed that one hive can be made to do the work of eight hens, and also produce 100lb. of honey annually.

This farmer, who had previously used an incubator, one day while handling a swarm of bees observed that the temperature within the hive was similar to that of his incubator. His supposition was later verified by placing a themometer in the hive, and comparing the temperature with that of the incubator. Thereupon he placed 20 eggs in the upper section of the hive, separating them from the working apartments of the bees by a cotton cloth. Around the sides a cushion made from a quilt was placed, and over the eggs another cushion. Eighteen of the 20 eggs were hatched.

Some men think without talking and some talk without thinking.

Nearly all married men are great inventors—of excuses for coming home late.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Mosquitoes, it is said, were unknown in Switzerland until the completion of the St. Gothard Tunnel.

In the County of London nearly 14,000 shops where women are employed have a staff of over 36,000 female assistants.

About 2,000 vessels of all kinds disappear in the sea every year, carrying down 12,000 human beings, and involving a loss of about £20,000,000 in property.

Before the introduction of hops into England from Flanders, about 1524, ale was the name exclusively applied to malt liquor: the word beer was gradually adopted at a later period to describe liquor brewed with an infusion of hops.

The annual output of coals from the mines of India is nearly 3,000,000 tons.

According to bakers people eat 20 per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

Among the new Paris laundry regulations is one which makes it compulsory for all laundry girls to wear indiarubber gloves while at work.

China and Japan are pre-eminently the seaweed eating nations of the world. Among no other people are seaweeds so extensively eaten and relished as food substances.

Barbers and barber's shops in Manila are by stringent law constrained to display scrupulously white coats, clean hands, the best soap, and sterilised instruments. From time to time the police make a round of the town, and arrest all razor-wielders who are not complying with the by-law.

In turbine steamers there is a marked absence of vibration, while the position low in the hull of the machinery gives great stability, and in men-of-war making better protection possible, and affords facilities in manoeuvering.

The most striking feature of the mud-fish is the possession of lungs as well as gills. On the approach of the dry season, in its natural haunts in Central Africa, it hollows a chamber in the mud and enters upon a rest extending over many months, during which time it is without access to water, and breathes only air.

Knife-money, a species of ancient Chinese currency, was associated with the state of Ts'i, one of the most powerful of the early sub-divisions of the Celestial Empire, which came into power B.C. 1122, and was subdued by the rival State of Ts'in, B.C. 224.

An experienced dog-dealer can completely alter the appearance of a dog. For instance, a fox terrier should have ears that fall forward close to the cheek, but sometimes a dog that is good in all other points will have ears that turn back. The dealer attaches weights to the ears, or even waxes them down to the dog's cheeks for a time. Of course, all traces of such treatment must be removed before a show.

The heroic courage of the Japanese soldier is explained by competent observers as being in some measure inspired by ancestor worship. The Japanese warrior venerates his ancestors, and seeks to live so that he may be a good ancestor to his descendants. Cowardice on the battlefield would mean, in his belief, that his spirit would have to wander about disgraced, and that his name would be erased from the roll of his family.

1478.

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

It is true that many contract colds and recover from them without taking any precaution or treatment, and a knowledge of this fact leads others to take their chances instead of giving their colds the needed attention. It should be borne in mind that every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality, makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold and paves the way for more serious diseases. Can you afford to take such desperate chances when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds, may be had for a trifle? For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Beaufort Police Court.

THURSDAY, 5TH OCTOBER, 1905.
(Before Mr W. Dickson, P.M.)

John McDougall, junr., was charged with being drunk and disorderly in Livingstone-street, Beaufort, on 26th September. Defendant said he was ill and had taken too much whisky. It was the first time he had been locked up.

The P.M. remarked that from his own observation it should not have been.

Defendant had been arrested after leaving the court on 26th Sept., and was admitted to bail at 11 o'clock next morning. The P.M. said he would treat him as a first offender and give him the chance that most people get. He would be discharged, but must not come before him again.

McDougall was then summoned to show cause why he should not pay his arrears (£26) of contributions at the rate of 5s per week towards his father's old-age pension, or receive a sentence of imprisonment. He said he could not pay anything. The P.M. said the last time McDougall was here, he was sober in the witness-box, but before he (the P.M.) left the town he saw him (McDougall) down the street as drunk as he could be. He would reduce the arrears to £5, and ordered that sum to be paid in 14 days; in default, to be imprisoned for one month.

McDougall—Thank you; I will do my best to pay it.

Thos. Sands v. Jno. Phillips.—Goods sold and delivered, £2 13s 4d. As defendant had not given 48 hours' notice of his defence, and plaintiff was not present, Mr S. Young applied for an adjournment till 24th instant, which was granted; the P.M. advising defendant (who said he did not owe all the money, and that Mr Sands would not come out to him when he went to see him) to see Mr Young in the meantime and effect a settlement.

William Welsh was summoned by the clerk of petty sessions to show cause why he should not pay his arrears of £6 10s (at the rate of 2s 6d per week) towards his mother's pension. He said he had paid £6, and that when the order was made against him he did not expect to have to pay it if he were out of work. He found a house for his father and mother. He had been out of work since 1st Sept. last year (when he left the Sons of Freedom Central at Raglan) till the week before Easter. He was now getting 8s 4d a day, and averaged 5½ shifts a week. He was married and had two young children. He had ceased paying on 8th Sept., 1904, and paid up to 26th Sept., 1904. He could not possibly pay any hing in the last six months, as he had just got out of debt, and could not say for a fortnight whether he would be able to keep his present job, as men were to be put off if the yields did not improve. He paid 6s a week house rent. The house his parents were living in in Ballarat was his wife's, which he gave to her when they were married six years ago. It was on Crown lands, and was worth about £40. His father's pension was paid by a son-in-law. He had come from Stawell.

The P.M. told him it was a pity he hadn't sent £1 instead, with an explanation.

Witness said a policeman had advised him to attend. He was £4 or £5 in debt when he got into work again. He had paid the rates (£3 6s) on the house his parents were living in.

The P.M. said that was for defendant's wife. He had paid everybody but his country, having been six months in work and done nothing. He asked defendant to make some offer.

Defendant asked why he should be the one out of nine in a family that was called upon to pay.

The P.M. said these things often happened.

Defendant said it would be better for him to have the pension withdrawn, and let his parents come and live with him. Would he then have to pay the arrears?

The P.M. said he expected so. It was a very small sum.

Defendant replied that it was a lot when one had not got it.

The P.M. said he would adjourn the case for a month, and defendant could consider it.

Defendant said in his present position he could not see his way clear to pay the arrears, and if he got out of work in a fortnight he would not be able to pay any of it.

The P.M. adjourned the case till the 24th inst., remarking that if word came that the pension was withdrawn the summons would also be withdrawn, and defendant need not attend. He would be given a chance to pay up the arrears—say 2 or 3 months—and if he paid any of the money no proceedings would be taken against him in the meantime.

Mrs Maher, widow of the late licensee of the Farmers' Hotel, Beaufort, who has been carrying on the business since the death of her husband, applied for a renewal of the license. The P.M., on ascertaining that the will had been proved at £450, said that if the estate had only been £200, the widow would have been entitled to a renewal of the old license. She had obtained permission to carry on for six months, and should get a transfer application through from the executor (Mr F. W. Rogers) to herself on the 24th inst.

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Stockyard Hill.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

Spring weather has set in at last, the temperature being mild and warm, which ought to encourage growth in the grass and crops, which are very backward, more especially the former.

Shearing operations will be in full swing in this district next week. Shearing machines have been installed at St. Enoch's.

A threshing machine will be at work on the Hill next week, when all the old hay in the district will be put through, the rise in the price of oats no doubt being the cause.

"Bunny" has been having a bad time here lately, and it is years since the whole of the district was so clear of this pest. In one paddock over 300 were killed one day last week, while another 9 acre paddock adjoining accounted for 150 odd.

The first sale of property in this district for 6 or 7 years will take place next Wednesday week at Dixon Bros. & Halpin's auction rooms, Beaufort, when the estate of the late Mr Andrew Gillespie will be submitted to public auction. Owing to the keenness of the residents to secure more land when the chance arises, there is not much chance of any new blood being brought into the district. No doubt the fact of the property being leased for three years from 1st March last will kill a lot of outside competition, and thereby materially affect the sale.

Mr Forster, who has been assistant minister here for about 12 months, was tendered a farewell social in the Streatham Hall on the 22nd ult. During the evening he was presented with a purse of sovereigns, the presentation being made by Cr. D. Stewart. The secretarial duties were efficiently carried out by Miss Kate Stewart.

THE DEALER KNOWS ITS VALUE.

A merchant always aims to please his customers and when he finds that an article has genuine merit, he never hesitates to recommend it. Mr M. Links, a storekeeper at Carcoar, N.S.W., says: "I never fail to recommend Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, because I know it is good." You make no mistake when you buy this medicine. Dealers all over the country will tell you the same thing. It has been in constant use for thirty-five years and is undoubtedly the safest and best medicine on the market for pain in the stomach, diarrhœa and dysentery. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Snake Valley.

On Monday, a little girl named Mary Simister was attacked by a dog and badly bitten about the hands. The girl was driven to Linton, and received medical treatment at the hands of Dr. Lindsay.

Influenza is just now very prevalent in this district, and a number of the inhabitants are laid up.

The wet week has delayed shearing operations in this district, and no wool so far has left the stations. Consignments are expected to be received at the Linton railway station early in the week, and the wool traffic should be in full swing within the next fortnight.

The Education Department have decided to erect a new infant room at the State school. The present one is too small and very old.

Whilst working in the vicinity of the Golden Star mine at Canico, Mr George Knight unearthed a fox with five whelps.—*Courier.*

Messrs. Nickols & Chesterfield, under instructions from the Ballarat Trustees, Executors, and Agency Co., Ltd, will submit to public auction, on Saturday next, 14th inst., at 1 p.m., on the premises, junction of Leichardt and Havelock streets, Beaufort, freehold dwelling-house, furniture and effects, in the estate of the late Matthew White, miner, deceased.

RHEUMATIC AND GOUTY AFFECTIONS.

(By "Origin.")

The unnatural retention of uric acid and other urinary and biliary poisons in the blood produces a group of complaints which inflict upon humanity long continued suffering and intense pain. The most common of these complaints are rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica and neuralgia. The kidneys and liver are the organs upon which nature has imposed the task of extracting from the blood certain matter which is being continuously manufactured in the body, owing to the wasting of the tissues. It is as necessary to life that the wasting of the tissues must proceed uninterruptedly as it is that the substance of the body must be regularly renewed by the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe. It is equally necessary to health that the waste matter should be expelled from the body continuously, for its presence in the blood entails disease or death.

The treatment of rheumatic and gouty affections by the outward application of liniments, ointments and embrocations is seldom productive of much lasting benefit; They may afford temporary relief in some cases, but they do not reach the seat of the disorder. The only way in which health can be permanently restored, and pain permanently removed, is to take measures to ensure the regular action of the kidneys and the liver. When these organs are performing their allotted task naturally and freely, the uric acid, and other urinary and biliary poisons, pass from the system through the ordinary channels, and any suffering caused by the presence of such poisons in the blood is at an end.

Owing to its specific action, Warner's Safe Cure, every moment during the past twenty-five years, has been demonstrating its remarkable power of restoring the kidneys and liver to health and activity. Warner's Safe Cure not only cures Bright's Disease, and other specific diseases of those vital organs, but rheumatism, gout, gravel, stone, bladder troubles, indigestion, biliousness, anæmia, impure blood, and all disorders caused by the retention in the system of urinary and biliary poisons, speedily yield to the influence of the medicine, simply because of its healing and stimulating influence upon the kidneys and the liver. Cures thus effected are permanent, simply because they are natural.

A simple test to make as to whether the kidneys are healthy is to place some urine, passed the first thing in the morning, in a covered glass, and let it stand until next morning. If it is then cloudy, shows a sediment like brick-dust, is of an unnatural colour, or has particles floating about in it, the kidneys are weak or diseased, and steps must immediately be taken to restore their vigour, or Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or some of the many manifestations of uric poisoning will result.

Board of Advice.

The newly-constituted Board of Advice for the School District of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon held a meeting at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Saturday afternoon; Messrs G. Topper, R. A. D. Sinclair, D. D. Cameron (acting correspondent), and A. Parker being present. The acting-correspondent stated that he had received a letter from the Education Department, notifying the election of Messrs Topper, Cameron, Parker, Sinclair and Cougle as members of the board, and asking him to convene a meeting for the appointment of a chairman and a correspondent. Mr Sinclair proposed that Mr Parker be re-elected chairman; but Mr Parker declined, stating that he had held the position for several years, and thought the honor should go round. Mr Topper was then elected to the position, on the motion of Messrs Sinclair and Parker. Mr Topper moved, and Mr Sinclair seconded, that Mr Cameron be re-elected correspondent. Carried. Truant Officer Cooks wrote, asking for the wishes of the board in the matter of enforcing the Truancy Act.—The old course to be pursued, viz., that recommendations for prosecutions be first submitted to the board for approval, on the motion of Messrs Sinclair and Cameron. Mr Cooks also forwarded a return of the average attendances at the undermentioned schools for the June quarter, as follows:—Beaufort, 230; Middle Creek, 48; Mount Cole Flat, 17; Chute, 33; Waterloo, 170; Sailor's Gully, 15; Trawalla, 42; Raglan, 113; Main Lead, 36.—Received. From T. Williams, head teacher, Main Lead school, asking for a few loads of gravel to be spread in school grounds.—To be attended to. From H. J. Richards, head teacher, Middle Creek school, stating that if board would pay half-cost (28s.) of fencing in ¾ of an acre of the school-grounds, he would have it erected and bear the remainder of the expense.—To be referred to Department, with a recommendation that work be done. From same, stating that the Department had agreed to supply a tank, if the board would arrange for a stand to be made.—Work to be done. From Rev. J. B. Johnstone, applying for permission to give religious instruction in the Beaufort school once a month.—From Rev. R. McGowan, making similar application, on behalf of himself and assistant, for the whole of the district.—The correspondent stated that the Rev. R. Yeo had also made a verbal application to him.—Mr Parker said he was opposed to the applications, because he was afraid that the granting of these requests would mean getting in the thin end of the wedge for a more general system of religious instruction in State schools, thereby impairing the secular teaching. It was no part of the State's duty to impart religious instruction to children—that duty should devolve upon parents and Sunday schools. Mr Sinclair said he could see no objection to granting the applications if the instruction were given after school hours, and the children were not forced to stay. Mr Parker suggested that consideration be deferred till the Education Department was communicated with, to see whether there were any departmental regulations on the subject. The correspondent said he had been furnished with a copy of the new regulations. That referring to religious instruction was read as follows:—

1. (*a*) With the view of affording facilities for giving religious instruction in State schools by persons other than State-school teachers, half-an-hour may be set apart for the purpose on one or two school days in each week. The time for such instruction, when, with the approval of the Minister, it is to be given in the morning, shall be from 9.15 to 9.45 a.m. When, by direction of the Board of Advice, and with the approval of the Minister, such instruction is to be given in the afternoon, the time shall be from 3.30 to 4 p.m. where the afternoon begins at 1.30 p.m.; and from 3.15 to 3.45 p.m. where the afternoon meeting begins at 1.15 p.m.

(*b*) Notwithstanding anything contained in regulation XIII. (school hours and time table), in schools in which religious instruction is given in the afternoon, the afternoon meeting shall begin on days on which such instruction is given at such an hour as will allow of not less than two hours being devoted to secular instruction before the time fixed for religious instruction.

2. No child will be required to attend for religious instruction unless his parent or guardian has signified in writing his willingness to allow his child to receive such instruction.

3. During the time when religious instruction is given in any school, no secular instruction shall be given to children not attending the classes for religious instruction.

4. On days of inclement weather, the religious instruction, unless it is given during the last half-hour of the afternoon meeting, shall be omitted in schools in which there is no adequate outdoor shelter for the children and the accommodation is not such as to admit of the children who do not receive religious instruction being drafted into rooms other than those in which such instruction is being given.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Whenever a proposal to give religious instruction is made to the head teacher of a school, he should suggest to the proposers that the application in the matter should be addressed, if the instruction is to be given before the morning meeting, (*i.e.*, from 9.15 to 9.45 a.m.), to the Minister of Public Instruction, or, if after the afternoon meeting, to the Board of Advice for the district in the first instance. In any case, the head teacher should at once report the matter to the Department, giving the following information:—1. The names of the voluntary teachers, and the name of the organisation under which the work is to be carried out. 2. The days and hours of instruction proposed. 3. Any other information it may appear advisable to furnish. Teachers should exercise the greatest care and vigilance in carrying out the direction in clause 2 of the above regulation, that "no child will be required to attend for religious instruction unless his parent or guardian has signified in writing his willingness to allow his child to receive such instruction." Teachers are required to give out, when requested, such printed forms as may be sanctioned by the Minister to enable parents to signify their willingness that their children shall receive religious instruction. The forms on which parents have signified their willingness should be carefully preserved for production if required. Under no circumstances are any forms which have not received the Minister's sanction to be used. The head teacher must keep a record of the names of the children whose parents have signified in writing that they wish their children to receive the instruction, and should furnish the person giving the instruction with a copy of such list. When religious instruction is given before the commencement of the morning meeting, teachers should assemble the children receiving such instruction and march them into the room or rooms set apart for them. Teachers should ascertain and keep a record of the number of children actually present at the lesson on each day on which the instruction is given, the length of the lessons, and the number of them given and omitted.

Mr Parker said that as it seemed by this regulation that permission to give religious instruction could be obtained from the Minister for Education, whether the board sanctioned it or not, and care had to be exercised that the instruction was only given to those children from whose parents a written consent had been obtained, he would withdraw his opposition, as he did not think he could reasonably object to the applications being granted under the stringent conditions laid down. It was unanimously resolved to grant the applications in accordance with the regulation. The correspondent was instructed to write to the Department, asking the amount of grant available to the board for the year. The correspondent mentioned that Miss Cochrane, head teacher of the Sailor's Gully school, had applied to have some trees fenced off.—To be referred to Department, with recommendation that work be done. Mr Parker moved that the correspondent apply to the Department for a copy of the new regulations for each member of the board. Seconded by Mr Sinclair, and carried. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

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

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and bronchitis.

SOMETHING IS WRONG

Your head aches, you feel dull and generally miserable, perhaps you are billious, your system needs cleansing, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the work is done. They are easy to take and prompt and pleasant in effect. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

BEAUFORT.

SALE BY AUCTION, on SATURDAY, the 14TH OCTOBER, 1905.

Freehold Dwelling-House, Furniture, and Effects.

On the Premises, Junction of Leichardt and Havelock Streets, Beaufort, at one o'clock.

In the ESTATE of MATTHEW WHITE, late of Beaufort, Miner, deceased.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD (Mr. Chesterfield, Auctioneer) are instructed by the BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, and AGENCY CO., Limited, to submit to public auction, as above, all that valuable Freehold, situate at the Junction of Leichardt and Havelock Streets, being Crown allotment 1, of section 59, containing 39 perches, in the town and parish of Beaufort, on which is erected a six-roomed Dwelling, with out-Kitchen, securely fenced, and in the heart of the township.

Also all the Household Furniture and Effects, comprising Chairs, Tables, Fender and Irons, Pictures, Lamps, Kitchen and Cooking Utensils, Crockery and Glassware, and a large quantity of useful Sundries.

Sale to commence at One o'clock sharp, on SATURDAY, the 14TH OCTOBER, 1905.

Terms for Freehold at sale; terms for effects, cash.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

Wednesday, 18th October,

AT DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S AUCTION ROOMS, BEAUFORT, AT 2.30 P.M.

MACLEOD & BOOTH, in conjunction with Messrs. DIXON BROS. & HALPIN, instructed by THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS and AGENCY COMPANY, Limited, in the ESTATE of the late Mr. ANDREW GILLESPIE, will offer for Sale by Auction, as above, the well-known FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situated at STOCKYARD HILL, county of Ripon, containing 654 acres 2 roods 18 perches, as under, viz.:—

241a. 3r. 8p., part of C.A. 5, section 12, parish of Yangerahwill.

180a., Crown allotment 4, section 12, parish of Yangerahwill.

157a., part of C.A. 5, section 14, parish of Yangerahwill; and

75a. 3r. 10p., part of C.A. 5, section 12, parish of Yangerahwill.

The land is subdivided into four paddocks, well watered, and sheep-proof. The improvements consist of a well-built w.b. and stone House, containing eight rooms; also five-stall Stable and loose-box, Dray, Implements, and Woolsheds, and everything that is necessary for thoroughly working the estate.

The property is leased to Messrs. Kirkpatrick Brothers for three years from 1st March, 1905 (with the exception of a small portion leased as a school reserve to the Minister of Education for seven years from 20th November, 1899. Is for positive sale, and the auctioneers have every confidence in recommending it to intending buyers.

Stock Sale and Horse Parade.

THURSDAY, 26TH OCTOBER, 1905.

AT DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S SALEYARDS, BEAUFORT.

OWING to the Ballarat Show falling on the same date, DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S monthly STOCK SALE will be held in their yards, opposite the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on THURSDAY, 26th inst., at 2 p.m.

On the same afternoon a HORSE PARADE and SPECIAL SALE of HORSES will be held. Entries invited.

A GENERAL MEETING of the STOCKYARD HILL COURSING CLUB will be held at the Hotel next WEDNESDAY night. All members are requested to attend. A. M. HANNAH, Hon. Secy.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—A CALL (the 29th) of Twopence (2d.) per share has been made due and payable at the registered office; Lyttlard-street north, Ballarat, on Wednesday, 11th October, 1905.

A. J. PEACOCK, Manager.

FOR SALE—Good useful BUGGY; can be used as single or double-seated. Also light BUGGY POLE. WM. C. PEDDER, Wheelwright, Beaufort.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons SHOOTING on MAWALLOK after this date without permission will be PROSECUTED for Trespass.

GEORGE LEWIS, Manager.
Mawallok, June 9, 1905.

PURE-BRED Buff Orpington EGGS for SALE, at 5s. per dozen. Apply to C. WRIGHT, Beaufort.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),

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

BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD.

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

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

Every attention, and prompt returns.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

IF you require Goods forwarded, Furniture removed, Parcels delivered, Conveyances for Picnics, go to

J. A. HARRIS.

Orders received and attended to for trucking Live Stock, Produce, &c.
Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.

Agent for Broadbent Bros.; Permewan, Wright & Co.; McCulloch & Co.; Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co.; and National Mutual Life Assurance Co.

Yes! Yes!!

Business is Increasing every week! Simply because "Quality, Civility, & Cheapness" IS THE MOTTO AT

GEO. PRINGLE'S

SPOT CASH GROCERY,

NEILL STREET.

Agent for Geo. Smith, Seedsman, Ballarat; Dr. Sheldon's Cough, Rheumatism, and Digestive Cures; and London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company.

RODOX

RABBIT POISON.

An Efficacious Preparation of Phosphorus ENTIRELY SAFE IN HANDLING, And will not Ignite.

2/- per 2½lb. TIN.

Manufacturers and Proprietors:
ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists, Melbourne.
STOCKED BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST.

SHEARING SEASON, 1905.

Hawkes Bros.'

GREAT STOCK

Is Now Ready.

We have every Requirement for the Proper Handling of the Wool from

THE SHEEP'S BACK

TO THE WOOLPACK.

Our Goods are Bought in Large Quantities from the Manufacturers only, for Spot Cash; and Imported by ourselves; thus we are able to offer them at

Prices that Sweep Aside Opposition.

Run a critical eye down our Shearing Price List (which we have sent you), and figure out what you can Save by Buying from us.

Transact your Business where
Facilities are Best,
Qualities are High,
Goods are Many,
Prices Right.

HAWKES BROS.,
THE
IRONMONGERS.

KIDNEY DISEASE CAN BE CURED.

From Mrs. Ada H. Pearce, 5 Grant Street, Ballarat East, Vic., February 16th, 1905.

"For the benefit of others who may be suffering as I did from kidney complaint, and its attendant agonising pain, I give my experience of the curative properties of Warner's Safe Cure. I suffered from my kidneys for nearly thirty years, and no one can have any idea of the agony I went through during that time. Being the mother of a large family I kept up as long as it was possible for me to do so, but, at last, I was brought so weak and low, and was so near death's door, that myself and my family had little hope of my recovery. I suffered intense pain in urinating, and my urine contained a large quantity of ropy matter, which analysis showed to be pus, albumen, and tube casts. Sometimes urination was frequent, and at others suppressed. My strength left me, and I became exhausted, owing to the great bodily pain and sleepless nights. During the years I suffered I tried many remedies. Doctors could give me no relief. They could do nothing for me. As a last resource, Warner's Safe Cure was given to me, and it gave me relief almost immediately. I continued to take Warner's Safe Cure, in conjunction with Warner's Safe Pills, for some time, and continuously improved until all the symptoms I have described had disappeared. I am now in the enjoyment of good health."

From Mr. P. Burns, Bootmaker, 162 Bourke Street, Sydney, N.S.W., March 7th, 1905.

"Having caught a severe cold, which I unfortunately neglected, it ultimately developed into kidney complaint. I suffered excruciating pain in the back, down my right side, and, at times, in the region of my heart. I also had periodical attacks of piles, which gave me great trouble. I obtained the advice of a doctor who prescribed for me, but the medicine did me no good. On the advice of a friend, who had derived great benefit from taking Warner's Safe Cure, I decided on giving that medicine a fair trial. I bought a bottle, and, as I found that it was doing me good, I continued to take it, and soon became strong and free from pain, and was able to get about my work as well as ever. I feel that it is my duty to recomend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering in a similar manner."

From Mr. F. H. Davies, 11 Ada Street, South Fremantle, W.A., October 27th, 1904.

"Two years ago I suffered terribly from pain in the small of the back, which was so severe that I could not stand upright. A friend of mine, who had suffered in a like manner and was cured by Warner's Safe Cure, advised me to take that medicine. I did so, and began to feel better after taking the first bottle. In a very short time all the disagreeable and painful symtoms disappeared, and I was quite cured. I have had no return of the complaint, and can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to all sufferers from kidney troubles."

From Mrs. Mary Gordon, Second Street, Bowden, S.A., December 3rd, 1904.

"For a long time I suffered unceasing pain, almost torture, from chronic pain in my back, head and sides. I was under the treatment, for several months, of one of the leading physicians of the city, who said I was suffering from kidney disease, and treated me accordingly. Month after month went past and I gradually got worse and weaker each week. Seeing that the course of treatment and medicine was doing me no good, he, at last, decided that it would be necessary for me to undergo an operation in order to effect a cure, and, if I did not consent to that, he could do nothing for me. At that time I was in such a weak and helpless state that I felt sure an operation would only hasten my death, so I decided to consult a herbalist, who I had been told was very clever. After a short consultation, he said that I was suffering from an abscess in the stomach, and that he could cure me for a sum which it was beyond my means to pay. My husband, who had just got some work in the country, sent me some money and advised me to buy some Warner's Safe Cure, and take a course of it, as he had heard it well spoken of. I got some of the medicine and commenced to take it at once. In a few days I began to feel better. I continued to take Warner's Safe Cure, getting stronger each day, until I was quite cured. The pain and weakness all left me, and I was once again able to do my household work. I am quite convinced that Warner's Safe Cure saved my life."

From Mr. Joseph Mudkins, Burn Street, Invermay, Launceston, Tas., October 10th, 1904.

"Fourteen years ago I was cured of dropsy by taking Warner's Safe Cure, and had no return of the complaint until July last, when my feet, legs and eyes were so much swollen with dropsy that I was laid up in bed. I took Warner's Safe Cure again, and am thankful to say that I am now on my feet again. I might also state that I have taken several vials of Warner's Safe Pills. I heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure and the Pills to anyone suffering as I did from dropsy."

From W. H. McGlew, Esq., J.P., Springside, Smith's Mill, W.A., November 11th, 1903.

"Seventeen years ago I was suffering with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. I was treated by two doctors, and by them was given up as incurable. They had been attending me for some time, and finally decided that it was impossible for me to recover, and told me that I must prepare for the worst. The announcement came as a great shock to me, and more to my wife and family, who were greatly distressed. At the time my head and body were in an alarming state, being swollen right up to the eyes. I had difficulty in passing my water, which was of a dark red colour. I had a vague feeling of unrest and tenderness in the kidneys; I suffered from extreme wakefulness and gradual failure of strength also, as I was not able to keep anything in my stomach. The fact that I am alive today is, however, proof that doctors are not always correct when they tell you you are going to die. I did not give up hope myself, and was determined to live as long as possible. Providentially, about this time, one of Warner's Safe Cure pamphlets was placed in my hands, and in it I read a letter from someone who had suffered from the same complaint, and had been cured by taking Warner's Safe Cure. I at once decided that, as the doctors said they could do no more for me, I would give Warner's Safe Cure a trial and see if that would do me any good. I sent immediately for a supply of Warner's Safe Cure and a vial of Warner's Safe Pills, and commenced taking these medicines without delay, keeping strictly to the diet rules given, which I believe to be most important, in order that the medicine may do its work without hindrance. I did not at first inform the doctors that I was taking Warner's Safe Cure, for fear that they might object to my doing so. After taking a few bottles I began to feel better, and this gave me faith to continue. The swelling in my head and body went down gradually, and the urine, which I previously had some difficulty in passing, now came from me freely, to my great relief. I continued to improve in health, gaining strength each day. The doctors were delighted at my rapid and almost miraculous recovery, but when I informed them what medicine had produced the result, they would scarcely believe me. In a few more weeks I had quite recovered my normal strength, and have since had no return of the complaint, and am in as good health to-day as ever I was in my life. To prove that this is so, agents for Insurance Co.'s have offered to insure my life for any amount."

A treatise containing full particulars and valuable diet directions will be sent, post free, by H. H. Warner and Co., Ltd., Australasian Branch, Melbourne, Victoria.

A man was too stingy to pay for a local newspaper, and as he could not get along without it he sent his little boy to borrow a paper from his neighbour. In his haste he ran over a 16s 6d box of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a guinea pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran out, upset a £1 churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole lot. In the hurry she dropped a £10 set of false teeth. The baby being left alone, crawled through the spilt cream and into the parlor, ruining a brand new £5 carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the groom, the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts. And all this happened through the downright stinginess of one man.

'LINERED COMPOUND,' "The Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1905—1906.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

Will hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual Every FRIDAY during the Coming Season. They would call special attention to their

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES, built expressly for the Storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS splendidly lighted, and unequalled in the Colony for the proper display of Wool.

☞ Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS CLIPS receive special personal attention, and a lot, however small, is sold under full market value.

A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION of Wool than any other market in the Australian Colonies.

☞ *Charges.*—The lowest ruling in the Colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered *invariably three days* after sale.

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

☞ *Forty-one years'* practical English, Continental, and Colonial experience of the Wool trade.

Cash Advances, if required, direct on receipt of produce into store.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,

AUCTIONEERS,

Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance, and Financial Agents,

38 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH,

Opposite Cathedral Church.

EDMOND DOEPEL (26 years with Messrs. Cuthbert, Morrow, and Must).

W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.

AUCTION SALES of LAND, HOUSES FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the shortest notice. Property for Private Sale or to Let entered in our register free of charge.

Properties Purchased for Clients. Valuations for Mortgage and Probate purposes made by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, official valuator to the Ballarat Diocese, the National Mutual Life Association, and leading investors of the city.

Agents for Absentees. Estates Managed and Wound Up.

MONEY.—Trust and other Moneys to Lend on Mortgage at lowest rates, and first-class Investments found for Capitalists free of charge.

Local Secretaries National Mutual Life Association. Shipping Agents for the Canadian Australian Steamship Company, in connection with Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Tourist Route of the World. Niagara Falls *en route*. Fares to London, L35 to L66.

ARCHITECTS.—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates for all descriptions of buildings prepared by our Mr. W. E. Chandler, who has had a very wide architectural experience.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER

(Late R. M. West & Co.),

38 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH.

District Representative—JOHN McDONALD, "Burnside," Middle Creek.

TO STAND AT MIDDLE CREEK THIS SEASON,

And Travel the Surrounding District,

The celebrated Roadster Stallion,

BLARNEY STONE.

Stands 16 hands 1in. high. Is a very fast Trotter.

BLARNEY STONE'S dam, Talkative, by Talk of the Ring, by Lucifer, dam, Mermaid, by Fisherman; Talkative's dam, Nanny the Knitter, by The Peer, dam, Vixey, by War Hawk.

BLARNEY STONE'S sire, Treaty Stone, bred by Mr. Henry, Tipperary, Ireland, imported by Mr. Rea, by the celebrated Old Victor; dam by Uncas, one of the best sires in England. Bachusan, by Uncas, was the best hurdle racer of the year in 1887, winning the Welter Race at Curagh. Treaty Stone took first and Champion at Tatura Show, and first at Numurkah and Nathalia Show in 1890. In 1891 he was again awarded first prize at Numurkah and Nathalia Show. Treaty Stone has obtained numerous prizes since at various shows.

BLARNEY STONE has proved himself a sure Foal-getter, and his stock in this district show to be of real good quality.

Terms—£2 10s. Cash; or, Guarantee, £1 Cash and £2 5s. when Mare proves in foal.

For further particulars apply—

J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

Another Bad Liver!

A State of Misery and a Happy Release.

The Case of Mr. WALTER WILMOT.

A disease is none the less to be dreaded because it is not immediately fatal. If it saps the energy, undermines the strength, leaving the mind a prey to the most miserable forebodings, so making life a misery and a torment, is not that as bad as death itself? A living death without the peace and tranquillity of the grave. Such a malady is disease of the liver, that veritable scourge of the Australian people, and the experience of Mr. Walter Wilmot, a well-known business man, of 442 Drummond-street, Carlton, Melbourne, fully bears out our conclusion. Interviewed by a reporter, Mr. Wilmot related his story of suffering:—

"My trouble dated a few years back, and was brought on, as I think, by my sedentary occupation and lack of proper exercise. I began to feel low spirited, down in the mouth, to lack energy, and suffer from chronic diarrhœa. As time went on these symptoms increased, and failed to yield to ordinary remedies or the prescriptions of our doctor. I get that way at last that often I had to knock off work for two or three days together. I was fit for nothing, a misery to myself and everyone I had to do with."

"In what way did you suffer, Mr. Wilmot?" enquired the reporter.

"My head used to swim and go round and round with a giddy feeling as though I was intoxicated, and I would have to lie down till the spell passed away. I lost my appetite altogether, food did not seem to have its proper taste and became offensive to me. When I did eat, as often as not, half an hour afterwards I would vomit up the entire meal. Or, there would follow a sense of weight and oppression in the pit of my stomach as though a lump of undigested dough was resting there. When I went to bed at night I could seldom sleep for more than a couple of hours, then I would keep awake restless till morning. At times I had horrible dreams, nightmare they call it, when all kinds of terrible visions tormented me, fantastic cruel things that I could not have thought of in my waking moments to save my life. Sometimes when I woke at night it would be with a fluttering pat, pat, pat of the heart; or I got the same trouble in the daytime on resting. My back was the seat of my most severe pain, right up between the shoulders and down lower across the kidneys. These pains crippled and bent me, and made me fit for nothing. My skin lost all its freshness, got murky and dull, and finally as yellow as a Chinaman's. Big black rings formed round my eyes and my sight lost clearness of vision. My eyes got dazzled, and things seen were smirched as though I wanted spectacles. My temper was affected and became frightfully irritable. I often think now with regret with what my poor children had to put up with in the shape of cross words at that time. At the least thing they did I snapped at them. My mouth used to taste nasty and be so dry that I could hardly part my lips. In the morning it would feel as though I had been drunk overnight. Cramping pains took me in the legs like the twinges of rheumatism, in fact I thought I suffered from that complaint. My hearing was often affected by a drumming sensation in the ears, a little beating sound that would come and go without any reason that I could understand. I think those are all the symptoms I can tell you of, for I have not got words to picture the wretched state of my mind. I did not care what happened me, and when I laid down I felt as though I never wanted to get up again, and I had no hope at all of ever getting better. I gave myself up as done for and booked straight for the graveyard."

"What did the doctor say, Mr. Wilmot?"

"Oh, he said it was my liver that was wrong, and ordered me medicine that I got from the dispensary, but for all the good it did me I might have drawn and drank so much water from the tap. Then I tried other remedies—pretty well everything I had heard of—till at last I came across an advertisement in the paper of the virtues of Clements Tonic for complaints like mine. I bought a bottle of Clements Tonic, and as a last resort gave it a trial, and from the very start I knew I was on the right track. My appetite came back, I was quite hungry, my food did me good without pain or discomfort. I slept easily at night without dreams or heart fluttering, and the day after first taking Clements Tonic I was able to return to work without the despondent lassitude that had held me down so long. The pains in my back went away, the giddiness in my head, and the eyes and ears were as sound as ever; even the cramping rheumatism in the legs disappeared, and in all ways I was made as sound and well again as I could reasonably wish to be. You may guess, after that, what my opinion is of Clements Tonic. I have recommended it right and left to those I know, and in my brother's case, who suffered as I did, and who I advised to take Clements Tonic, a cure as wonderful as my own resulted, as speedy, as certain and complete."

"Your case would look well in print, Mr. Wilmot."

"If you think so, you can put it there. A good thing wants to be made known, or how are sufferers to hear of it? So publish it as much as you like."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, WALTER WILMOT, of 442 Drummond-st., Carlton, Melbourne, in the Colony of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a False Declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Walter Wilmot

Declared at Carlton, in the Colony of Victoria, this 28th day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, before me,

THOMAS FOLEY, J.P.

A Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the Colony of Victoria.

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., &c.

BEAUFORT.

Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Civility and 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.

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

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION,

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

BRONCHITIS.

A *Sydney Stock* and Share Broker expresses Gratitude and Appreciation of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

It proved a Most Effective Remedy for a severe attack of Bronchitis.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—I lately had a severe attack of Bronchitis, and, acting on the advice of a friend, obtained a supply of your Bronchitis Cure. I am pleased to inform you it has proved a most effective remedy, causing me to feel grateful to you for furnishing such a valuable medicine to the public. May you meet with the success you so well deserve. I place this communication at your service, and remain, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

HENRY FRENCH,

Stock and Share Broker, 95 Pitt-st., Sydney.

ASTHMA.

A Five Years' Case.

At times very bad indeed.

Quickly and completely Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

Mr. Hearne, Dear Sir,—For five or six years I was troubled with asthma, at times very bad indeed. I was very ill just after Christmas, so sent to the local chemist for a bottle of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I took the first dose on going to bed, and was not troubled that night. I finished the medicine, and have not had a touch of the asthma since. I tell everyone about it.

M. MURRAY,

Postmistress, Pampoolah, Manning River, N.S.W.

HAY ASTHMA.

A Severe Attack Relieved in Ten Minutes by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

The effect was wonderful.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—About three weeks ago, while in the vicinity of musty chaff, I gradually felt a difficulty to breathe. My nose began to run, and to all appearances I was developing a severe attack of Bronchitis or Asthma. At last I could stand it no longer. I then tried your Bronchitis Cure, and its effect was wonderful. In less than ten minutes I was all right again. Such a result, and so quick, astounded me. This is no exaggeration. I am pleased to say.—Yours truly,

S. H. MAYO,

Meredith, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

A *Sydney* Resident Suffered for Over Sixty Years.

So bad he dared not stir.

Relieved in a few minutes by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Would give £50 for the same benefit rather than suffer.

Mr. W. G. Hearne,

Dear Friend,—Chronic Bronchitis I had from birth, and I am now 66 years old. Some time back I contracted Asthma, and for months I was so bad that any remedy that had previously relieved smothering was of no use to me. I was so bad that I dared not stir, and spent the worst night I ever had. When in a consultation Mr. March, J.P., of Balmain, Sydney, kindly told me that a friend of his was using your Bronchitis Cure, and that it was good. So my sister bought me a bottle of it, and in a few minutes after taking the first dose I could breathe a little. The next day I was better, and kept getting better every day. To day I am better than I have been for the last seven years. I took the medicine as directed, six bottles, and it cost me less than £1. I would give £50 for the same benefit rather than suffer as I did. Please make what use of this letter you think fit. If by so doing it would only cause one to get rid of this fearful complaint.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CANHAM,

308 Curtis Road, Balmain, Sydney.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

Its Efficacy in Chest Complaints Testified to by a Grateful Victorian.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony in praise of your invaluable Bronchitis Cure. I have used it for the last three or four years, and its efficacy I have fully proved in common colds, severe colds, croupy coughs, and other similar chest complaints. I have given it to infants a few weeks old, young children and adults of all ages, and have never known it to fail in relieving at once, and rapidly effecting a cure with a few doses. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and they have fully proved its wonderful curative properties. I feel very grateful to you for a chest medicine so valuable, and cheap enough to be available to any one. Trusting its present popularity and sales will be doubled, I am, yours very gratefully,

EDWARD JONES,

Mount Bruno, Mokoan, via Glenrowan, Vic.

BRONCHITIS.

An English Lady so ill that the Doctor held out no hope.

Was given Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and it effected a Complete Recovery.

Mr. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Not long since, I had occasion to visit the old country, and before leaving Melbourne, purchased a bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, which I took with me. When I arrived in Leeds, I found that my niece, Miss C. Matthews, was suffering from a very severe attack of Bronchitis, in fact, she was so bad that the family doctor held out no hope for her recovery. She was then given Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, according to the direction on the label, and I am very pleased to say that it effected a complete cure.

R. J. MATTHEWS,

c/o Allan & Co., Collins-st., Melbourne.

ASTHMA.

A Sufferer 73 Years of Age Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist.

Sir,—I am thankful to say that the medicine you sent for Asthma has had a wonderful effect. I have not taken all the Bronchitis Cure, as I did not need it; therefore I send you my hearty good wishes for your future success. I myself will, for the benefit of others, make it known to all I know. I am 73 years of age.—Yours truly,

JOHN BRAY,

Alliance-street, Clunes, Victoria.

BRONCHO-PNEUMONIA.

Two Severe Cases Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Kindly forward without delay another small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure. The bottle I had from you has cured two of my children, but I do not feel safe without it in the house. I have also recommended it to my friends. I lost a fine little girl, three years of age, from Influenza and Broncho-Pneumonia. I really believe if I had had your medicine my child would not have died, for the other two, a boy five years old, and a baby eight months old, were suffering exactly in the same way, and it acted like magic on them; in fact, a small bottleful cured both of them; so trusting you will forward it without delay.—I am, yours, most gratefully,

(Mrs.) E. D. WARD,

Casilis, via Swift's Creek, Gippsland, Vic.

NINE MONTHS' SUFFERING.

Relieved by one dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and Cured by two bottles.

Mr. Hearne, Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice and tried other remedies, without avail. I tried yours and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles, I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES ASTBURY,

Dergholm, Victoria.

ASTHMA 25 YEARS.

Immediately relieved by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir, I have been a martyr to Asthma for about 25 years, and have tried almost all known remedies for the complaint, and have been under the treatment of leading Physicians throughout the Australian States. I determined to try no more, but let nature take its course. Two years ago I was advised to try your Asthma Cure but laughed at the idea. However, by the persuasion of a very old friend, 3 weeks ago I commenced the first bottle of your treatment. Almost immediately I found that I had made a mistake by not taking it before. I am now about half-way through the second bottle, and so much do I feel relieved that I take this opportunity of sending this testimonial along for you to make whatever use you may think fit. I intend continuing your treatment, and I trust that before I have finished the third bottle I shall be able to write to you that I am perfectly cured. I am pleased to say the effect has been wonderful.

Yours very gratefully, PHIL HANN,

33 Camden St., Balaclava, Victoria.

CONSUMPTION.

Patient Recovering.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—We purchased some time ago 12 bottles of your Bronchitis Cure, and can unhesitatingly say that it has given great relief from the intolerable throat irritation that my daughter experienced. Previous to using the Bronchitis Cure she would have two or three attacks nightly, but now she can sleep through the night, and on wakening simply clears her throat from phlegm. She had a slight attack of Consumption, but seems to be recovering, though of course slowly.—Yours gratefully,

G. MACKIE,

Kaimate, Taranaki, New Zealand.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—Small Size, 2s. 6d.; Large Size, 4s. 6d.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor,

W. G. HEARNE, CHEMIST, GEELONG, VICTORIA.

FORWARDED BY POST TO ANY ADDRESS WHEN NOT OBTAINABLE LOCALLY.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

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

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway timetable:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54; and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m., has been discontinued.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc. All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

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

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

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

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

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

J. Holdsworth,

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER,

BEAUFORT.

Golden City Store. **W. A. McNAMARA,** Golden City Store.

27 Bridge Street,

BALLARAT.

For Good Buds Tea, 9d lb.
" Best 1 A Sugar, 14s 6d Bag.
" Best Coffee, 1s 6d lb.
" Best Loose Cocoa, 8d lb.
" Best Jams, 6lb Tins, 1s 4d.
" Best Flour, 15s 6d Bag.
" Best Cough Balsam, 6d Bottle.
" Best Eucalyptus, from 4d Bottle.
" Best American Axes, 3s 6d.

For Brushware of all kinds.
" Kettles, Saucepans, &c.
" Crockeryware.
" Lamps and Glasses, &c.
" Latest Combination Graters, 6d.
" Patent Medicines.
" Dolly Dyes, all Colors, 3d.
" Dr. Sheldon's Medicines.

Golden City Store. **Dairy Produce Bought.** Golden City Store.

STRATHMILL WHISKY.

West Australian Government Analyst says:—

"Strathmill is a genuine matured malt whisky."

"Bull Dog" LIGHT ALE

(Best English).

ABSOLUTELY Free from Sediment.

Local Agents:

Wotherspoon & Co.

Beaufort & Buangor.

ROBERT PORTER & Co LIMITED — BULL DOG — LONDON & LIVERPOOL — BRAND

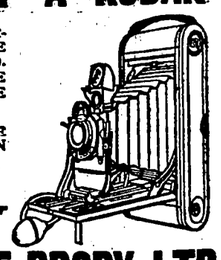
THE COST OF A KODAK

DEPENDS UPON THE PURCHASER'S CHOICE. IT MAY BE ANYTHING FROM 6/- UP TO £50. BUT WHATEVER THE COST, THE QUALITY CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED ON.

KODAK PICTURES CAN BE DEVELOPED AND PRINTED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

DEALERS SUPPLIED.

Sole Agents in Australia for Kodak Limited.



BAKER & ROUSE PROPY. LTD.

"The Block," 284 Collins St., Melbourne, And at Sydney, Brisbane & Adelaide.

A SURPRISE TO BEAUFORT.

J. B. COCHRAN is now prepared to supply good sound FIREWOOD, Sawn, in 16 lengths, at Seasonable Prices, delivered or arranged for at the Mill, Raglan Road, Beaufort. Orders left at the Shop will be punctually attended to.

'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

WM. C. PEDDER,

Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

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

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT (next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage. Small Goods a Speciality.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of *The Ripon shire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence street, Beaufort Victoria.

PUBLIC LIBRARY 16 OCT 05 VICTORIA

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1455. | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1905. | PRICE ONE PENNY.

GEO. PAYNE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT

(Near the Post Office).

A Splendid New Stock now showing of everything in the Watch and Jewellery line, including Dress and Engagement Rings and Keepers, Links, Studs, Brooches, Gent.'s Gold and Silver Chains, Medals, Lockets, Green Stone Pendants, etc.; Gold Heart and other Charms, Fob Chains, Muff Chains, Collar and Front Studs, Gold and Silver Bangles of every description, Nickel, Silver and Gold Watches, Necklets, Scarf Pins, &c.

IN RINGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

We show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and the designs and finish cannot be beaten. Five-stone Diamond Half-Hoop Engagement Rings, 70s., 90s., £5 10s., £6 10s., £8 10s., £10 10s., upwards. Diamond and Sapphire 5-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 60s., 70s., 80s., 90s., £6 10s. upwards. Diamonds and Rubies, and Diamonds and Opals, 5 and 7-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 45s., 55s., 65s., 80s. upwards. Gipsy Set Dress or Engagement Rings, 17s. 6d., 25s., 30s., 45s., 55s., and 70s. each.

Band Rings, plain, 9s. 6d. to 30s.; with Stones, 12s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 25s. to 50s. Massive Band Rings, with Diamond and two Sapphires or Diamond and two Rubies, 90s. each. Gent.'s Single-stone Opal, Garnet, Ruby, or Sapphire Rings, 17s. 6d., 20s., 25s. to 30s. Buckle Rings, 25s. to 45s.; with Real Diamonds, 50s. Ladies' 5-stone Half-hoop Real Sapphire Rings, 70s. Wedding Rings and Keepers from 10s. to 40s. Best Watches imported in Nickel and Gun Metal Cases, 20s. and 22s. 6d.

RELIABLE WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY

REPAIRS

—AT—

PAYNE'S.

JEWELLERY REPAIRED, ALTERED, OR MADE TO ORDER.

STONES RESET OR MOUNTED.

GEORGE PAYNE,

JEWELLER,

STURT STREET,

(Two doors from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM.

Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Opposite the State School,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.

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

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

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

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.'

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

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

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

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

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

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

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

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

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

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

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

Justices' Fixtures.

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

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

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. A.M.	P.M.
Melbourne	8 and	4.50
Ballarat	8 and	4.50
Geelong	8 and	4.50
Trawalla	8 and	4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 30 minutes prior.

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

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

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

English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan	9
Waterloo	9
Waterloo S., ...	9
Main Lead, ...	9
Chute	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring	9
Lake Goldsmith ...	9
Stockyard Hill ...	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

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

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

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

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

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

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

SAVINGS BANK.

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

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

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

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

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

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere iab dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, alder year round, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

To avoid Indigestion

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will SPEEDILY GIVE RELIEF. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

To Cure Sick Headache

Sick headache means an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. BEECHAM'S PILLS have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause, and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes,

Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills.)

NOTICE.

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

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

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, billheads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Sold by Medicine Vendors everywhere.

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

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

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

NEWSPAPER LAW.

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

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go.

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

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

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of Honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33 Farringdon Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"Subscribers and Advertisers"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contract set, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Caragham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either "boost" or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker;

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.

Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Spring and Summer, 1905-6.

COUGLE'S

DRAPERY & BOOT EMPORIUM.

NEW GOODS THIS WEEK.
NEW MILLINERY.
NEW BLOUSES.
NEW DRESSES.
NEW LACES.
NEW MUSLINS.
NEW PRINTS.
NEW CLOTHING.
NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

Everything New and Up-to-date. Come and have a look. You will not be importuned to buy.

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

Havelock-Street, BEAUFORT.

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, 19th October, 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.

Furniture Sales held every Third THURSDAY.
FURNITURE STORED FREE OF CHARGE.

When in Ballarat during the South Street Competitions, do not fail to inspect

RICHARDS & CO.'S

NEW AND LOVELY EXHIBITION

Of Hight-Art Photographs.

It is one of the Attractions of Ballarat, all the Latest and most Up-to-date Ideas now being exhibited.

Our Beautiful SEPIA PRINTS are Perfect Gems.

BRIDAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Studio has become famous for Bridal Portraits.

Veils, Wreaths, and Bouquets, the latest, kept at the Studio.

ENLARGED PHOTOS, from any old or faded photo, in the newest Solid Art Wood Frame, 20/- each.

RICHARDS & CO.,
STURT STREET,
Ballarat.

CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

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

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.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 15TH OCTOBER, 1905.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Waterloo, 7 p.m.—Mr Thompson. Lexton, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Main Lead, 1.45 p.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Raglan, 7 p.m.—Raglan Gospel Band.

CAMP HOTEL,
BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

FIRST CLASS BEDS, 1/-
Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

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

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

Mr J. W. HARRIS,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
REGISTERED DENTIST,
AND
DRUGGIST,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

United Ancient Order of Druids

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

L. A. JAENSCH, Secy.

Credit Foncier.

LOANS TO FARMERS
IN SUMS FROM £50 TO £2000
at 4½ per cent. for 30½ years,
WITH OPTION OF PAYING OFF ALL OR PART ANY HALF-YEAR.

LOANS made on Security of FREEHOLD or Crown Leasehold, may be used to pay Debts or CROWN RENTS; Part Purchase Land; Purchase Stock; Implements, Seed, etc.; to Make Improvements; to Work and Carry on the Farm, etc.

Apply for Forms at any Post Office or Savings Bank, or by Letter to

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL
OF
SAVINGS BANKS,
29 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.

DR. LEE-WILSON,

D.M.D., D.D.S., L.D.S., S.C.D.L.

DENTIST,

OF 204 STURT-STREET, BALLARAT (near Hospital),

VISITS GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, BEAUFORT, on the FIRST and THIRD SATURDAY in every month. Hours—12.30 till 5 p.m.

PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS, Fillings, etc., with LAUGHING GAS and all LATEST METHODS.

In Memoriam.

LOFTUS.—In affectionate memory of our dearly loved daughter and sister, Annie, who died at Beaufort, 11th October, 1904.

Our loved one at rest.

—Inserted by her sorrowing parents, J. and J. Jackson, brothers and sisters.

LOFTUS.—In loving memory of Annie, my dearly loved wife, who died 11th October, 1904.

—Inserted by her sorrowing husband, F.L.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1905.

Rear-Admiral Bridges, R.N., of the Trawalla Estate, is generously donating prizes of £2, £1, and 10s to each of four district schools, viz., Beaufort, Waterloo, Trawalla, and Nerring, for the best essays by scholars on Lord Nelson. The essay is to be of not less than 500 words, having special reference to Lord Nelson's life of devotion and strenuous effort to do his duty to his king and country, despite bad health and physical infirmities, and including a short account of what he actually achieved for the Empire, and the lessons to be learnt therefrom and remembered by his countrymen. Each essay is to be signed with an assumed name, and the schoolmaster to have the list of the assumed names with the real ones, so that the judges will not know who has written the essay. At least one-fourth of the scholars attending the school must compete, or no prize will be awarded, and the judges are empowered to withhold all or any prizes, if in their opinion the essays are not worthy of a prize. The essays are to be sealed and handed to the head teacher on 24th inst. for submission to the judges. They must be written only in the school under the teacher's observation. The Admiral has appointed the following judges, with Mr E. W. Hughes as referee:—Beaufort, Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon and S. Young; Waterloo, Messrs M. Flynn and H. M. Stuart; Trawalla, Messrs A. Parker and G. H. Cougle; Nerring, Rev. R. McGowan.

To Mr Thomas R. Oddie, of Chepstowe, one of the few original shareholders of the "Ballarat Star," who are still living, that journal is indebted for an interesting note, in which he mentioned that he was the first one to take "The Star" in bulk to the Fiery Creek (now Beaufort) diggings. He took the first parcel on a pack horse, leaving "The Star" office at 9 p.m., and arriving at his destination at day-dawn, four hours before a messenger of the Melbourne "Herald," who left with him, but lost his way, and the two parted company. The "Herald" messenger did not arrive till 10 a.m. Mr T. R. Oddie took part in the election of the first members of the Ballarat Council, and in many and various movements for the improvement and advancement of Ballarat. He was one of the first gold-buyers in town and country—not a very safe business in those days.

Messrs. Nickols & Chesterfield, under instructions from the Ballarat Trustees, Executors, and Agency Co., Ltd., will submit to public auction, on Saturday, 14th inst., at 1 p.m., on the premises, junction of Leichardt and Havelock streets, Beaufort, freehold dwelling-house, furniture and effects, in the estate of the late Matthew White, miner, deceased.

Owing to the Ballarat show falling on Messrs Dixon Bros. & Halpin's regular sale day at Beaufort, the date of their next monthly stock sale has been altered to Thursday, 26th inst., at 2 p.m., and on the same afternoon a horse parade and special sale of horses will be held. Entries are invited.

Messrs Macleod & Booth, in conjunction with Messrs Dixon Bros. & Halpin, are instructed by the Ballarat Trustees, Executors and Agency Co., Ltd., to offer for sale by auction, on Wednesday, 18th inst., at 2.30 p.m., at Dixon Bros. and Halpin's auction rooms, Beaufort, in the estate of the late Mr Andrew Gillespie, the well-known freehold property at Stockyard Hill, containing 654 acres 2 roods 18 perches, with improvements.

Some weeks ago we (Ararat Advertiser) stated that Mr Simpson, of Messrs. Simpson and Pricke, auctioneers, of Ballarat, met a number of farmers at Wickliffe Road and inquired if any were prepared to take blocks of good, arable land, and stating he was desirous of receiving suggestions as to the terms and conditions under which they would take land. It now transpires that the land to be made available is Blythvale Estate, at Streatham. The land is clear plain of good quality, ready for the plough, and situated within a reasonable distance of a railway, but should the Linton line be extended, or that suggested by Mr Bent, from Leigh Road through to Lake Bolac, be constructed, railway facilities would be brought close to the land. We understand that a number of tenant farmers from Wickliffe Road purpose taking advantage of the opportunity of getting on new land.

Amongst the appointments of municipal auditors for the year, we notice that of Mr John Smith, of Horsham, for Ripon-shire.

In our advertising columns will be found particulars of a cheap excursion train which will run to Ballarat on Saturday, October 28th, in connection with the grand champion brass band contests there. The fares are low and the rail tickets admit to the band contests at half price. The local agent is Mr D. F. Troy, Neill-street, Beaufort.

The State Premier cannot see his way clear to raise the old age pension maximum from 8s to 10s per week, but he is favorably disposed towards modifying present legislation to allow a pensioner to earn 5s per week, without any deduction being made from his weekly allowance. At present pensioners are permitted to earn up to only 2s per week without such deduction.

The State Government has decided to donate £250 toward the exhibition of Australian products, promoted by the A.N.A.

Mr S. George, of Main Lead, had the misfortune to lose a valuable draught mare on Thursday. The animal was running about in a paddock, and got staked in a fence, a projecting stick penetrating the mare's chest, and causing her death in a few minutes. About a week ago Mr George refused £35 for the mare.

A serious accident befall Mr John Leishman, chairman of directors of the Birthday Tunnel mine on Thursday, when about to enter upon an inspection of the underground workings. He descended the shaft with Mr L. Hansen, mine manager, intending to alight at the No. 3 level. When the cage reached the plat, Mr Leishman was endeavouring to open the gate prior to stepping out when, after being lowered about 2 feet, the cage suddenly shot upwards. Mr Leishman fell, and his legs, dropping over the edge of the cage, were badly bruised and smashed against the side of the shaft before the cage could be stopped 200 feet above the No. 3 level. Then two hours were absorbed in the task of extracting him from his terrible position. After treatment at the surface Mr Leishman was driven in to Ballarat, and was operated on by Drs. Scott, Hardy, and Cussen. Both legs were broken at the knee.—[Mr Leishman is the chairman of the board of directors for the Sons of Freedom Junction Company, Raglan.]

Electors are reminded in the "Government Gazette" that the triennial general renewal of electors' rights for the privilege of voting for candidates for the Legislative Assembly must be made before November 1st next. Holders of electors' rights (including public servants) issued before or on November 1st, 1905, must obtain renewed rights not later than the date mentioned, or they will be disfranchised. Electors' rights for the Legislative Council must be similarly renewed, and each applicant is required to provide himself with a stamp (sixpence) for the payment of the right.

The chief commissioner of police (Mr O'Callaghan) some time ago gave permission to those members of the force who had seen service in South Africa during the war to wear the ribbons of their medals while on duty. During the last week all the members of the force who won such distinctions have affixed to the left breasts of their tunics the ribbons from the clasps of the medals. So much has been said about the class of men who came back from Africa and joined the police that the men are glad of the chance of differentiation from the other members of the force. The public will now be able to pick out the "returned contingenters" at a glance, and judge whether they deserve the unpleasant things that have been said about them. Constable E. Starkey, of Beaufort, is wearing the ribbons of his coronation, distinguished service, and S.A. war medals. It will be remembered that Trooper Starkey was recommended for the Victoria Cross for bravery shown in saving a fallen comrade under fire.

The Railway Commissioners have arranged cheap rates for the conveyance to Melbourne of small consignments of country produce, the rates covering the cost of delivery to the consignees anywhere in Melbourne or the suburbs within a radius of six miles from the General Post Office. The rates are as follow:—To any place within the city—Up to 56lb, 3d; 2 cwt, 6d; 10 cwt, 1s; 15 cwt, 1s 3d, 20 cwt, 1s 6d. To places outside the city and within the six mile radius—Up to 56lb, 6d; 2 cwt, 1s; 10 cwt, 2s; 15 cwt, 2s 3d, and 20 cwt, 2s 6d.

The church at Carngham, which was the scene on Tuesday of the visitation made by the Ballarat Presbytery, is one of the most handsome and artistically designed sacred edifices to be found in Victoria outside of the metropolis. It is built in the Gothic style, on the model of the Scots Church, Collins street, Melbourne, and presents from the outside a very striking appearance, the neat tuckpointing and graceful architecture giving the structure a most artistic ensemble. The church was built by the late Hon Philip Russell, at a cost of £13,000, and stands as a monument of that gentleman's liberality. Its interior is in keeping with the outside and has been decorated and fitted regardless of expense. A magnificent stained glass window, which is placed over the entrance, has four panels with appropriate Scripture scenes depicted thereon. In the chancel three smaller stained glass windows add considerably to the beauty of the edifice. The lectern is a fine work of art, being richly wrought and sculptured, while a magnificent organ and handsome cedar pews are in harmony with the tastefully designed surroundings. In addressing the members of the congregation on Tuesday, the Rev. T. R. Cairns congratulated them on possessing such a fine church, and paid a high tribute of praise to the memory of the generous builder.—"Star."

SUFFERERS from sciatica should not hesitate to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Mining News.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sam Slick Amalgamated Co.—Jaensch and party's tribute, 14 z. 10dwt.; Morris and party's tribute, 25oz. 9dwt.; other parties, 2oz. 1dwt. 18gr.; Last Chance, 15oz. 6dwt.; Carmichael and party, 18dwt.; sundries, 10oz.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—No. 1 rise: South off east off cocklift extended to 20ft.; 24ft. rough wash; prospects fair; drive very wet, making progress slow; stopped temporarily. Started the north off east crosscut; extended same to 57ft. Pumps, 10½ strokes; pressure, 21lb.

Sam Slick Amalgamated Co., Beaufort.—Company sunk shaft to 10ft. in full size to another frame-set, which is being placed in position. Jaensch and party—Driven intermediate to 30ft; crosscutting and blocking up No. 1 shoot in high quality wash. Yield, 7oz. 18½dwt. Morris and party—Cutting up wash off Nos. 1 and 2 shoots, with payable returns. Yield, 17oz. 5½dwt. Other parties prospecting, with poor returns. Yield, 22½dwt. Full yield, 90oz. 6dwt. 6gr.

The rainfall at Beaufort this week amounted to 31 points.

Correspondence.

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

TO THE EDITOR, "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Sir,—In a letter that appeared in your issue of the 7th inst., above the name of "R. A. D. Sinclair," the writer of that letter would like to make his readers believe that I had wilfully endeavoured to mislead them; and proceeds to ask them to believe the extracts he quotes were the ones referred to by me. As a matter of fact they were not, and well the writer of that letter knew it. My statement disputed.—"Cr. Sinclair moved, in accordance with notice of motion, that the sanitary pan charge be 26s; to which Cr. Flynn moved an amendment, that the charge be 22s per annum"—is perfectly correct, with the exception that I gave Cr. Sinclair credit for having seconded the amendment. I see he did not; and the date should have been 1/4/'01 instead of 5/9/'03 (see minute book, page 91). That is the gravamen of the charge, on which Cr. Sinclair asks the public to discredit the whole of my statements. I am quite willing to put the whole of my public utterances and actions into one scale, with his in the other, and let the ratepayers judge whether his or mine are most reliable. Further, Cr. Sinclair goes on to say that "it will be noticed there is no mention of tenders; the tendering era did not commence until August of the same year." If he (Cr. Sinclair) will turn back to the 7th November, 1901, he will find that the contractor applied for an increase in his sanitary wages; that the North Riding members, in their report of the following month, could not recommend an increase in same. Why? Was Cr. Sinclair willing? Or was it because I urged that no increase could be made unless fresh applications or tenders were called? Will Cr. Sinclair truthfully answer? If he does, he will admit it was the latter. That was long before August, 1903, and no complaint has been made by the contractor since. Re the statement that the present contractor did not receive more than 11s 6d per pan per annum for the work.—Were it not for that statement, and the fact that I know the sanitary ratepayers would wonder where their money went, I would not again touch on this subject through the press. In the approximate statement submitted to councillors, 15/7/'05, the average annual maintenance is put down at £136; divide this by the number of pans, 210, said to be in use, and we get, not 11s 6d per pan as stated by Cr. Sinclair, but 12s 11d per pan per annum. That is paid out of the sanitary ratepayers' money, and it is immaterial to them who gets it. The following clause is usually inserted in sanitary contractors' agreements where the double pan system is in vogue:—"The contractor shall, from time to time as occasion requires, thoroughly repair, and if beyond repair, shall replace with a sound pan, cover, or rubber ring, every pan, cover, or rubber ring which may be worn out, defective, or leaky, at his own expense; and shall supply a suitable disinfectant of approved quality." The offer to do the work for 13s is intended to cover all expenses. The amount said to be collected during the last three years is said to be £205 per annum. Where does the £69 go? I append copies of the two returns supplied to councillors, and a comparison which I have made for general information:—

Approximation re Beaufort Sanitary System.—Estimated Annual Expenditure.

Capital invested—		
Lorry at £35, say 10 p.c. annual sinking fund (10 years)...	£3 10 0	
Pans and covers, £150, say 33 p.c., annual sinking fund...	49 10 0	
Dam and shed at depot, £46, say 5 p.c., annual sinking fund... ...	2 6 0	
Maintenance—		
Wages of contractor, at £2 per week	£104 0 0	£55 6 0
Commission on fees collected	20 8 0	
(General) tar, brushes, etc.	26 0 0	
		150 8 0
		£205 14 0

Estimated Annual Receipts (under present conditions).

Pans in use, 210 at 22s per year	£231 0 0	
Less uncollectable, from poverty, etc., 5 at 22s per year	5 10 0	
205 at 22s	£225 10 0	
Under proposed charge— 205 pans at 20s per year ...	205 0 0	
Estimated loss	£0 14 0	

Signed, J. M. CARROLL.
23/5/'05.

It will be seen from the above that the proposed reduction from 22s to 20s per annum would show a small loss, yet two years later, on the eve of Cr. Sinclair's election, when he wanted to make a further reduction of 6d per quarter, with the same number of pans in use and under exactly the same conditions of previous estimate, a profit of £25 per annum was shown, just sufficient to allow the reduction.

Shire Offices, 15/7/1905.

Statement of Finance re. Beaufort System, as instructed by resolution of 3/7/05 (for information of councillors).

Capital invested—		
Lorry at £35, say at 10 p.c.	£3 10 0	
Pans and covers, £150, say at 25 p.c....	37 10 0	
Dams and sheds, £46, say at 5 p.c.	2 6 0	
		43 6 0
Maintenance—		
Average annual maintenance for last 3 years	136 0 0	
		£179 6 0

Estimated Annual Receipts (under present conditions).

Pans in use, say 210 at 20s,	£210 0 0	
Less uncollectable, say 5 at 20s	5 0 0	
		205 0 0
Profit per year	£25 14 0	

Signed, J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.
Beaufort, 15/7/'05.

True Financial Position, Sanitary Service, as I make it out.

Capital invested—		
Lorry, £35, 10 p.c. sinking fund ...	£3 10 0	
Pans and covers, £150, less cost of 205 pans collected, at 7s 6d, £76 17s 6d—£73 2s 6d, at 20 p.c. ...	14 12 6	
Dam and shed, £46, at 5 p.c. ...	2 6 0	
Maintenance— 210 pans, say at 13s per pan per annum	136 0 0	
Gross income—	£156 8 6	
210 pans at 16s per pan, £168, less 5 uncollectable, £4	164 0 0	
Profit	£7 11 6	

From the foregoing estimate it will be seen that the actual outstanding capital on pans and covers is £73 2s 6d, not £150 as represented in official returns. The householders were compelled to pay for first pans; and that I have provided 20 per cent. to replace the worn-out pans, which would not be required if tenders were accepted, because the contractor would be bound to keep the stock up. Neither have I allowed any interest on capital invested, because I feel pretty sure it must be nearly paid up by this time, and it was clearly understood at the time the double pan system was introduced that no profit was to be made out of it; and although I have allowed 13s per pan for cleaning, disinfecting, keeping in repair, etc., I am pretty sure that if tenders were called the job would be taken for considerably less, because no contractor would openly offer the lowest price he is prepared to take a job at. I trust I have made the position fairly clear, and that it will not be necessary for me to again write on this unsavoury subject. Thanking you, Mr Editor, I am, yours, etc.,

M. FLYNN.

October 12, 1905.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Having heard from a friend that those of your cult are a patient and sympathetic race (he had not paid his subscription for years), I venture to pour into your ear the tale of a very few of my woes. I will not relate them in the order of their occurrence, for my mind is in somewhat of a whirl. Many, very many years ago, I sojourned in a township called Raglan, and there received much hospitality, and fell, through temptations and gross misrepresentation, into grievous affliction. The brothers of the church invited me to their meetings, and the sweet and tender pleadings of the Rev. One Sin converted me from veritable heathenism. I mind me well that on the same evening a young and very comely damsel appeared to be in great distress. I thought that she shed many tears. A fellow feeling (quite different to the feelings of a fellow) induced me to proffer to walk home with her. As we passed along the street a ragged urchin misquoted that fine poem "Excelsoir." He said, "Beware the double barrel gun!" and another answered him, "Beware the sharpened carving knife!" Very shortly afterwards a report obtained currency that I had been pursued by angry parents with the above weapons. It was in vain that I explained that the pellets had got into my calf when I was letting down the hammer of a gun, and that I received a flesh wound on the shoulder-blade when I was sharpening a knife to kill the widow's pig. The stiff-necked unbeliever but laughed at me, and immediately circulated a story to the effect that I was about to set up in the pork butchering and general grocery line. And if such an idea did obtain possession of one, be it noted that there were no bloodthirsty parents to hasten matters to a catastrophe. "But the best laid schemes," &c. There was "a fly in that ointment." This is a very tender sore, and I cannot yet bear to write about it. Some of the young men (and truly they were not distinguished for veracity) had told me that there were some wonderfully beautiful animals in the neighborhood; that they bore some resemblance to the leopard, but were very shy and timid, and not at all vicious. But as it is time to milk the cows and feed the remaining pig, I will reserve an account of what befell me in that famous hunt for another time, always supposing that you will allow me thus to vent my sorrows.—Yours truly,

SCARCELY PIOUS.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

Your head aches, you feel dull and generally miserable, perhaps you are bilious, your system needs cleansing. Take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the work is done. They are easy to take and prompt and pleasant in effect. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Jockey Club is announced for Tuesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, in the Mechanics' Institute, to fix the date of the annual races.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society takes place in the Shire Hall at 2.30 p.m. this (Saturday) afternoon.

The State Cabinet has appointed a committee of four members of the Government to enquire into the matter of land settlement and ascertain what areas in the State could be made available for that purpose.

RHEUMATIC AND GOUTY AFFECTIONS.

(By "Origin.")

The unnatural retention of uric acid and other urinary and biliary poisons in the blood produces a group of complaints which inflict upon humanity long continued suffering and intense pain. The most common of these complaints are rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica and neuralgia. The kidneys and liver are the organs upon which nature has imposed the task of extracting from the blood certain matter which is being continuously manufactured in the body, owing to the wasting of the tissues. It is as necessary to life that the wasting of the tissues must proceed uninterruptedly as it is that the substance of the body must be regularly renewed by the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe. It is equally necessary to health that the waste matter should be expelled from the body continuously, for its presence in the blood entails disease or death.

The treatment of rheumatic and gouty affections by the outward application of liniments, ointments and embrocations is seldom productive of much lasting benefit. They may afford temporary relief in some cases, but they do not reach the seat of the disorder. The only way in which health can be permanently restored, and pain permanently removed, is to take measures to ensure the regular action of the kidneys and the liver. When these organs are performing their allotted task naturally and freely, the uric acid, and other urinary and biliary poisons, pass from the system through the ordinary channels, and any suffering caused by the presence of such poisons in the blood is at an end.

Owing to its specific action, Warner's Safe Cure, every moment during the past twenty-five years, has been demonstrating its remarkable power of restoring the kidneys and liver to health and activity. Warner's Safe Cure not only cures Bright's Disease and other specific diseases of those vital organs, but rheumatism, gout, gravel, stone, bladder troubles, indigestion, biliousness, anæmia, impure blood, and all disorders caused by the retention in the system of urinary and biliary poisons, speedily yield to the influence of the medicine, simply because of its healing and stimulating influence upon the kidneys and the liver. Cures thus effected are permanent, simply because they are natural.

A simple test to make as to whether the kidneys are healthy is to place some urine, passed the first thing in the morning, in a covered glass, and let it stand until next morning. If it is then cloudy, shows a sediment like brick-dust, is of an unnatural colour, or has particles floating about in it, the kidneys are weak or diseased, and steps must immediately be taken to restore their vigour, or Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or some of the many manifestations of uric poisoning will result.

Ballarat Live Stock Market.

Tuesday.

Cattle—273 head was the number penned for to-day's sale, rather more than a fourth consisting of good and prime descriptions, balance chiefly nice quality light weights, with a few pens only middling. There was an average attendance of the trade, best pens meeting with brisk competition at prices showing a slight improvement on last week's values, whilst for other sorts the demand was not so keen, prices ruling somewhat easier. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £12 to £13; extra, £13 10s to £14 10s; good, £10 to £11; useful, £8 to £9; prime cows, £8 to £9 12s 6d; good, £6 10s to £7 10s. Calves—Only 7 forward, which sold well. Best to 75s. Sheep—A light yarding, numbering only 1861, came to hand for to-day's sales, about one-half being shorn; best descriptions were poorly represented, the bulk ranging from useful to good, with about 300 only in store condition. There was a fair attendance both of the trade and graziers, consequently all good and prime pens met a ready demand at prices showing an improvement on last week's rates; other descriptions unaltered. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 25s to 27s; extra, 29s to 30s 6d; good, 22s to 23s; useful, 20s to 21s; prime crossbred ewes, 22s to 23s; extra, to 25s 6d; good, 19s to 21s; prime merino wethers, 23s to 25s; good, 21s to 22s; useful, 16s to 18s; shorn crossbred wethers, to 17s 9d; shorn merino wethers, to 15s 1d. Lambs—1552 to hand, a fair proportion ranging from good to prime, balance middling and useful descriptions. Best quality was well competed for, last week's best rates being fully maintained for middling sorts; the graziers bid rather freely, effecting a clearance, though at a decline on late rates. Quotations:—Prime, 15s to 16s; extra, 17s to 18s 3d; good, 13s to 14s; useful, 11s to 12s; others from 8s 6d.

Wedding.

The Presbyterian Church, Skipton, was well filled on Wednesday, 27th September, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Evelyn Rowe, eldest daughter of Mrs and the late Mr J. J. Rowe with Mr A. Wilkie, son of Mr and Mrs D. Wilkie, of Skipton. Much interest was centred in the event, both bride and bridegroom being well known. The Rev. Finlay McQueen officiated. The Wedding March was played by Miss McQueen as the bridal party entered the church. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr J. Rowe, was prettily attired in white Indian silk, with fine Paris lace and bebe ribbon trimmings, wreath and veil, the latter being fastened with a spray of pearls, which, with a handsome shower bouquet, were the gifts of the bridegroom. There were two bridesmaids, Miss Beatrice Rowe, sister of the bride, in white Indian silk and lace trimmings, and Miss Janet Wilkie, sister of the bridegroom, who wore a white silk dress with Valenciennes lace trimmings. They wore pretty white picnic hats, and carried lovely shower bouquets, which with pearl brooches, were the gifts of the bridegroom. Mr D. J. Wilkie acted as best man. The church had been tastefully decorated by the girl friends of the bride, and among the decorations were the initials of the bride and bridegroom and a floral bell. The newly-married couple left the church amidst showers of rice and confetti for the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding breakfast was held. The Rev. Mr McQueen presided, and the usual toasts were honoured. Mr and Mrs Wilkie subsequently left for Ballarat en route to the metropolis on their wedding tour. The bride's travelling dress was a pretty blue cloth trimmed with floral lace, cream cloth and braid, hat to match. The wedding presents were valuable and useful.—"Star."

THE DEALER KNOWS ITS VALUE.

A merchant always aims to please his customers and when he finds that an article has genuine merit, he never hesitates to recommend it. Mr M. Links, a storekeeper at Carcoar, N.S.W., says: "I never fail to recommend Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, because I know it is good." You make no mistake when you buy this medicine. Dealers all over the country will tell you the same thing. It has been in constant use for thirty-five years and is undoubtedly the safest and best medicine on the market for pain in the stomach, diarrhœa and dysentery. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Pith of the Budget.

Estimated revenue (all sources), 1905-6	£7,145,753
Estimated expenditure, 1905-6,	7,133,516
Estimated surplus, 1905-6 ...	£12,237
Estimated railway revenue, 1905-6	3,500,000
Estimated railway expenditure, 1905-6	3,556,187
Estimated railway deficit ...	56,187
Actual revenue, 1904-5 ...	7,509,657
Approximate expenditure, 1904-5	6,982,673
Approximate surplus, 1904-5....	526,984
Estimated surplus, 1904-5 ...	162,947
Estimated revenue from Commonwealth, 1905-6 ...	1,907,914
Actual revenue from Commonwealth, 1904-5	2,017,378
Estimated revenue, other sources, 1905-6	5,237,839
Actual revenue, other sources, 1904-5	5,492,279
Interest on loans payable in London, 1905-6	1,691,619
Interest payable in Melbourne, 1905-6	218,103
Municipal endowment (same as last year)	50,000
Education Department expenditure, 1905-6	604,943
Allowance to Railway Department for carriage of grain at reduced rates, 1905-6 ...	50,000
Allowance to Railway Department for carriage of State Governor, Executive Councillors, and members of Parliament...	5,000
Accumulated deficits, June 30, 1904...	2,156,119
Repaid during 1904-5	197,000
Accumulated deficit, unpaid ...	1,959,119
Public debt, June 30, 1905 ...	51,763,766

Mining dividends not to be taxed twice.

Ten new railway engines, to be available for next grain season.

Truck supply to be largely increased.

Land scheme for the unemployed.

Lowest loan expenditure on record.

Local borrowing for conversions and new loans.

PAIN IN THE STOMACH.

There is no need of being annoyed by pain in the stomach. A dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy will promptly relieve you. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

The STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

PART 7.

CHAPTER VIII Continued.

"Oh, but you cannot know half! They would have killed that prisoner too. But then that makes little difference to him. You—oh, I forgot, monsieur, that I was talking to one of the police!"

"But you need not fear to speak. What were you about to say concerning the prisoner?"

"Why, it seems that he was as bad as his enemies. Why they want to kill him I do not know. But the police want him—oh, how the police want him! I saw it all this morning in the papers."

"So it has leaked out, has it? Have you the papers handy, madame? I left home early and have had little time to read this morning. There may be something in the papers to change my plans."

Eager to please this agent of police, who held she knew not how many secrets against her, Mme. du Barry hustled around the room and brought him that morning's copies of two papers.

Sitting near the door, so that the woman could not escape, Buckford found the articles referring to his escape from the depot and read them with a certain grim satisfaction and yet with dismay.

It was evident from the tone of the article in each paper that it had been practically decided that he was guilty of the murder of M. de Bullion. The articles had evidently been inspired by the spiteful police authorities who could not forgive an American for escaping from their celebrated Palais de Justice.

The connection of M. Monroe, the rich American, with the case was dwelt upon at length. His successful hoodwinking of Magistrate M. Senecal; his appearance at the depot in disguise; the entire plot as it appeared to the police—it was all in print.

An interview was published in which the American minister expressed his hope that his countryman was innocent. But there was nothing said about any vigorous effort in his behalf.

It was hinted that Buckford, desperate as he was known to be, having benefited by M. Monroe's courage and interest, had murdered him and robbed him to gain money to effect his escape from France and also leave behind no one who knew the secret of his manner of escape.

When Buckford read this, his lips pressed together white and thin.

A reward was offered for the recapture of the prisoner, dead or alive.

He would not escape again. The police would see to that.

As Buckford read and digested this article the whole force of the awful truth came upon him.

He was suspected now of two murders.

His escape from the Palais de Justice had so exasperated the authorities that he felt sure no appeal to them would lead to a search for the truth. Even if he was not executed for the murder of M. de Bullion, he would certainly suffer at the hands of the vengeful police.

The position of the American representative left no great hope that his country would act vigorously in his behalf. And he knew that nothing except the most vigorous action would avail anything.

The reward offered for his recapture was so large that no matter to whom he might show himself in Paris he was almost certain to be turned over to the police.

Monroe was the only friend he could have trusted, and Monroe was dead, and he was accused of murdering him.

He might, with a stupendous nerve and confidence in French justice, go to the prefecture and tell the whole story. But he had already told two stories at the prefecture, and both had been doubted. He had no wish to try again.

There was but one thing open to him—escape from France.

Then there came to him a longing for revenge, a great thirst for the punishment of the men who had brought this terrible disaster upon him.

And with this sentiment was mingled a strong desire still to aid the Prince of Deneslia, his American wife and the beautiful Princess Marie.

In his own extremity he did not forget them.

How was he to manage to encompass his own safety, elude the Paris police, bring the conspirators against the prince to grief, wreak just vengeance upon his own tormentors and finally secure such proof of his own innocence as would forever free him from the charges now lodged against him at the Palais de Justice?

With a watchful eye on the tigerish Mme. du Barry he pondered this momentous problem.

He could not go to America. Even if he reached there in disguise he could never resume communication with members of his family. And in America he could neither punish his own enemies nor defeat those of the prince.

He recalled the conversation on the upper floor. The quartet of rascals intended to follow the prince to Deneslia.

If he could reach Deneslia, he might, with God and fortune on his side, reach the prince in time to save him, punish his own enemies, and, with the assistance of so powerful an ally as the ruler of Deneslia would be, he might reestablish his integrity with the Parisian authorities.

To Mme. du Barry, sitting there panting with fear lest this police agent should, after all, turn on her and carry her off to the dreaded Palais de Justice, there was nothing unusual in the manner of the man who sat near her reading.

He seemed merely to be perusing an article containing police news of more than ordinary interest.

He did not act like a man who was reading his own death warrant.

His smile was not that of a man who was trying to cheat the guillotine of a victim.

"Madame," he said, laying the papers aside, "there is much in these articles that is of great importance to me, though to one not connected with the police they would seem simple enough. I find that my plans must be changed at once. I had thought of inviting you to take a drive with me to the prefecture to see"—

"Mon Dieu! I would never return!"

"But now I think of making a bargain with you. You already know how familiar I am with your affairs. I could, if I wished, place you in a cell within two hours. But on condition that you obey me explicitly I will for the time forget all I know that concerns you."

"Ah, monsieur! I thank you from my heart."

"Yes, you thank me, but do you agree?"

"Of course, monsieur! What else could I think of doing?"

"Good, then. Now listen! I can tell from reading these articles that the escape of the prisoner, the presence of Casparin in Paris, and a great plot against the security of France, are interwoven; hence, as you can perceive, madame, it is important to seize at once the conspirators against our government. When we have them, we shall have no difficulty in securing the American. Now for your part. You, madame, are a woman of splendid proportions. I think your garments would about fit me. So prepare me a complete outfit of clothing, and let it be of the newest you have."

"Ha, ha! Oh, is that trifling service all that monsieur requires? Indeed, monsieur could have my entire wardrobe for his generosity. I will transform monsieur into a fine madame in

"These articles are of great importance to me," he said.

a short time." She laughed gleefully as she spoke. She turned to a closet at one end of the room to bring the required garments.

"First, let me examine the closet," said Buckford.

He convinced himself that there was no hidden exit.

In leaving his chair and going to the door of the closet he missed witnessing a peculiar, indescribable smile that played for the moment on the face of Mme. du Barry.

In Mme. du Barry's mind there were flashing thoughts almost as rapidly as had been the case with Buckford's.

She had at no time doubted that he was an agent of police. She lived day and night in dread of these persecutors of her kind. She did not doubt his story that he had searched her house and found the prisoner gone.

But she did doubt his story that Vandal was intending to desert her. She had been Vandal's friend too long to doubt him now.

She cared little for Casparin, Reber or Robello. But she must save Vandal, her lover.

She was smiling at the simplicity of this agent of police. He was going to wear one of her dresses and track Vandal. She could describe the dress to Vandal, and the police agent would fall a victim to his own trap.

She took a new and somewhat gay gown from the wardrobe. At some new and convulsing thought her face twitched with ill disguised mirth. Buckford saw this.

At his command she continued to bring forth various portions of a woman's complete outfit.

He took off his own shoes and put on a pair of Mme du Barry's, which fitted very well, though pretty tight for a young man who loved comfort.

"Never mind," he said. "It will give me a mincing gait."

Mme. du Barry laughed.

"Now, madame, a small valise, if you have one."

Mme. du Barry had almost everything. She produced a valise.

Into this Buckford packed his coat, vest and such small items as collars, scarf, cuffs, all of which he still wore, as they had not been taken from him in the depot. They were, to be sure, much soiled and bedraggled. But he did not know when he might need them before he could purchase more, and he could easily wash them and iron them, not as a laundry sends them home, but at least clean.

Over his trousers he put Mme. du Barry's skirts. He then added a woman's vest front and a waist and fastened Mme. du Barry's little silk tie at his throat.

One thing was in his favor. He had neither beard nor mustache.

A slight growth of hair could be seen on his lip, but no more than Mme. du Barry's own.

Mme. du Barry, choking with laughter, since the affair had become so good a joke, exclusively her own, fastened some false hair to his head, first tying knots in his own to make a safe hold for the fastenings. A bonnet completed the disguise, though gloves, a fan and other accessories were all at hand.

In point of fact Buckford, after Mme. du Barry had added a hundred feminine touches that he would never have thought of, made a younger and handsomer woman than Mme. du Barry herself and with his fairer skin looked scarcely so masculine as she did.

"And now, madame," he said, "since your friend Mme. Delafouche, who has been visiting you, is about to depart for her home in another city, you will accept her invitation to accompany her for a short stay."

"Eh? What is that, monsieur?" she faltered.

"Pardon me, there is no monsieur here. I said come home with me, madame."

"Oh, but, monsieur—I mean madame—I cannot!"

"But you must!"

There was no mistaking the meaning in that voice. Without further remonstrance Mme. du Barry slowly began preparing for a journey that might lead her—she knew not where.

"You see, madame, I am not certain when our friends will return to this house. I do not intend you shall have the opportunity to betray me to Vandal."

Curses! He had seen that smile.

But still Mme. du Barry, even as she ruefully prepared to accompany him, smiled again.

They left the house, Buckford accomplishing a gait that was mincing enough to satisfy anybody who loved a mincing gait. He was a fascinating person to Mme. du Barry, who could scarcely keep from bursting into laughter at the sight of him.

But then Mme. du Barry knew the secret. To one who did not know, Buckford, or Mme. Delatouche, as he called himself, was nothing more than one of the stout, overdressed females so common in the French or any other capital.

Buckford's first act, so he planned, would be to go direct to the hotel of the Prince of Deneslia and, if that potentate had not already left Paris, tell him the entire story and ask his assistance. If the prince had departed, nothing then remained but to go to Trolle, the capital of Deneslia, as quickly as possible and before the plotters reached there, if such speed could be encompassed.

Buckford was about to call a cab when he made a movement that appeared ridiculous in a woman. He slapped the place over the right hand pocket in his trousers.

He had suddenly remembered that he had no money. Even that given him by Vandal was in the purse of M. de Bullion at the Palais de Justice.

"What is it, mon—madame?" asked Mme. du Barry, suppressing a strong desire to shriek.

"Madame," said Buckford, with some little show of annoyance in his tones, "I have just discovered that I came away this morning with no money. Now, it is well known that you have a bank account. Be kind enough, therefore, to come with me to the bank and draw a certain amount I shall name."

"Oh, the police have added robbery to their other virtues, it seems."

"No; this is a loan. I borrow the money, madame, and repay with interest. To refuse me, madame, will mean to walk into the Palais de Justice instead of the bank."

Madame shuddered at the mention of that place, which she fancied she had so cheaply escaped.

She groaned at the thought of losing money, but the alternative was worse. And the idea of police extortion was by no means new to her.

On the way to the bank Buckford was busy with his conscience, which had for the first time got into the affair.

"How far am I justified in going with this creature?" he was asking himself. "It is surely a dishonest act to take her money, yet if I live I can repay her, with good interest. My own life and the lives of three innocent persons and the apprehension of four rascals all depend on my having money. I must have it, and I will. If I am doing wrong, the circumstances must plead for me. And this woman is planning to betray me and is my enemy."

He smiled and continued:

"I will fight my enemies with their own weapons. I suppose both Casparin and Vandal have added to madame's wealth."

They reached the bank.

"How much, monsieur? Will a hundred francs be sufficient?"

"No; I must have a thousand."

"A thousand francs, monsieur?"

"Hush! There is a gendarme at the corner. If you do not obey me, I will have him arrest you as the accomplice of the murderers and robbers and spies against the government."

Mme. du Barry shivered and drew the money.

With the sinews of war in his possession Buckford felt stronger. He now called a cab and, remembering what Monroe had told him about the Prince of Deneslia, was driven to the hotel the prince had occupied in Paris.

He found the concierge in charge of an empty place.

"Madame," said the concierge in reply to Buckford's question, "M. le Count Rockmillive left here yesterday. I believe he is now on his way to Austria or Germany. Can I aid madame in any way?"

In an hour Buckford, with the still smiling but now bewildered Mme. du Barry, was at the terminal station of the Strassburg railway, where Buckford, but half knowing whether he was right or wrong, purchased two tickets for Strassburg.

"Now, madame," he said as the train started, "we are off upon our adventures."

Mme. du Barry glanced at the gay gown her companion wore, which had been presented to her by Vandal and which could be easily recognized by him, and smiled again.

In fact, Mme. du Barry was beginning to enjoy the whole affair and considered her thousand francs very well spent indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INN AT ONTRO.

HAD the scene of the plot we have pictured been in Deneslia instead of Paris it is doubtful if the brother of the ruling prince would have openly associated with creatures so low in the human scale as Vandal, Reber and Robello.

But Casparin was in Paris. His relationship to the noble prince was unknown except to the few rascals he had employed to do his work, and his own tastes were so near like those of Vandal and his associates that he found it not only convenient, but a source of pleasure, to be with them in their orgies as well as in their serious plottings.

It was therefore a quartet well pleased with its own component parts that rolled toward the house of Mme. du Barry that evening after they had enjoyed the treat promised by Casparin.

Of the four Casparin was the nearest sober. Reber and Robello, never having had the money to indulge in such roistering as Vandal lived in and Casparin loved, were the drunkest. Between them Vandal maintained a drunken, owl-like solemnity of countenance which would have been comical if the countenance had been intellectual. As it was, it was merely beastly.

"For one I am tired out," grumbled Reber, staggering up against Vandal and cursing him for not walking straight. "I am going to bed."

"Not quite yet," replied Vandal. "Do you forget the job we have on hand tonight? The body of the American must be got rid of."

"Yes," said Casparin. "That is why I came home with you. I must see that disposed of. We must have no bad breaks now. My brother is gone, and we must start within a few days."

"The sooner the better," said Vandal. "I shall not be sorry to earn that reward."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" added Reber and Robello.

"I have been thinking about that fellow up stairs there," said Casparin. "The police now have convinced themselves—brilliant police—that the American who escaped from the Palais de Justice murdered the American who helped him out. A little study would show them how absurd that theory is, but we are fortunate in having police to deal with who do not study. But now, if they find the body of this American in the same place as the other—or if they find it at all—what will be the result? They will know at once that both Americans have fallen among those who wished them out of the way. We do not wish to court an investigation now. We must hide that fellow where he will not be found."

"As to that, we might have done it before," said Vandal. "We can bury him in the cellar. But you had other plans."

"Yes, I know I did. I thought it would puzzle the police in a different way. I did not think they would prove so stupid as they seem now. It is better to leave them in their stupid error than to stir the mess all up again."

"I agree," said Vandal.

"I agree!" "I agree!" said Reber and Robello.

This delightful quartet reached the house of Mme. du Barry and stood outside looking stupidly—at least all but Casparin, who knew little of the place—at the windows, which were darkened, but which were usually ablaze with light till nearly morning.

"What is wrong here?" muttered Vandal. "Mme. du Barry must be ill. The house looks like a funeral"—

"It will be a place of a funeral soon," chuckled Reber. "That chap I found on the bridge! Ho, ho! He didn't know what was good for him. But, after all, what is the difference between the cellar of madame's house and the Seine?"

"Yes, what?" added Robello.

"Shut up," said Vandal roughly. "I tell you I don't like this. It means something."

Vandal, being a favorite of madame's and having use for her convenient house sometimes when she was out, carried a key. He opened the door. The hall was dimly lighted. A servant sat nodding in the hall.

"Hello, Francois! What is this? Where is madame?" asked Vandal.

Francois looked up sleepily.

"I don't know, monsieur," he said. "I have not seen madame since she went this morning to lie down with her headache. She is out, so much I know, for the cook, who was coming from the markets, saw her leave the house."

"And did she leave no word with any one?"

"Not a word, monsieur."

"That is strange. Well, sit up for madame. We are going up stairs. In a short time you may hear us moving about. We may even bring our own wine from the cellar. There will be no need of attending us. Do you understand?"

"I understand, monsieur."

Francois did more than understand. He rejoiced, for he was sleepy.

The four passed on up stairs. They entered the room in which they had held the conference overheard by Buckford.

"Get a light, Reber, while I unlock this door," said Vandal.

"Poof!" muttered Reber, moving about slowly to obey. "It is time we got that thing out of there. Poof! And it is not so very hot either."

"Yes, it is high time," said Robello.

Reber having found a lamp and lighted it, Vandal took his key from his pocket and opened the door. He stepped in with the lamp. The others followed him.

Vandal stood with the lamp raised above his head. The other three stood grouped around him gazing stupidly at him and at each other. Casparin was the first to recover his speech.

"There is something wrong here!" he said. "Some one has removed the body."

"Impossible!" blurted out Vandal. "None but Reber and myself have the keys."

"You are surely mistaken. The door was locked. Look! Has it been tampered with?"

Vandal handed the lamp to Reber and examined the door and lock.

"It is in order," he said. "I do not understand this—I swear I do not."

"Some one certainly has access to this room," said Casparin. "You told me you two held the keys."

"And so—that is the truth. I myself had this partition placed here. I put on that lock with my own hands. There were two keys with the lock, and I gave one to Reber. As I live, these are the only keys that will unlock this door."

"Then account for this mystery. We left a dead man locked in here. He is gone, and yet you alone could open the door."

"And we thought he was getting—ho, the window is open!" said Reber. "It was not so this morning."

"That is a still greater mystery!" said Vandal. "The window was locked on the inside. Some one has managed to come up and get it open and take out the American."

Casparin laughed—a long, low hissing laugh of anger and derision.

"I am beside myself with delight," he said. "I came from Deneslia to find men who were quick and shrewd in planning. I thought the French could excel in that. Why, we have plowmen in Deneslia who are better."

"What do you think, then?" asked Vandal.

"What do I think? My God! Are you still in the dark! What do I think! I know. The man you left in here was not dead. He recovered consciousness, climbed out of that window and made his escape. We now have him against us and at liberty. We might better have left him in the Palais de Justice. There was no certainty he would be believed."

"He must have escaped," said Vandal, having a thought only for the disaster.

"He must have escaped. Yes, he must surely have gone out of the window," said Reber and Robello.

"And of course, since you are so wise, you gentlemen," said Casparin, "you can associate his escape and the disappearance of your Mme. du Barry with each other."

"No, no! Surely not!" said Vandal.

"Surely yes! Was her room not under this?"

"Her room is there."

"Her room no longer, my friend. I fear you will find the lady dead in her room. It was not Mme. du Barry the cook saw leaving, but the American dressed in madame's clothes."

At this a horrified cry came from Vandal, and he rushed for the door. He led the way and the others followed him to the floor below. The door of madame's room was not locked. Vandal entered, expecting to see a most ghastly sight.

(To be continued.) 1,479

JOHNNY MAITLAND OF THE BLUES.

As the door of her cosy little morning-room opened, Ella, who had been peeping behind the window curtain, sank into her favourite hammock-chair, and became busily engaged with a complicated piece of fancy-work.

She looked demurely up at the sound of her father's step in the room, and nodded brightly.

"Ella, d'you know I've had a visitor?" asked the squire.

"Yes; I heard voices in the hall, papa. Who was it?"

Now this was a strange question for Ella to ask, for peeping behind the curtain, she had had a clear view of this same visitor striding down the avenue. But the squire did not know this, so he answered innocently enough.

"Little Johnny Maitland. Jack Maitland, of the Blues, I expect he calls himself; but Johnny's the name of the little popinjay. Pon my word, Ella, I've no patience with these young idiots from the barracks. Little Johnny's nothing without his pipe-clay and gold lace; and I had more than half a mind to tell him he shouldn't have some on such an errand without his war-paint."

"Why, what did he want, papa?"

"Ha, ha, ha! that's very good, Ella!" laughed the Squire, hugely tickled. "You couldn't have put it better, my girl. What did he want? Ha, ha! Only you, my dear. Modest, wasn't he? Captain Jack Maitland, of the Blues, requested permission to pay his addresses to Miss Ella Wetherell."

"Well?"

The squire stared at her in surprise, strode on to the rug before the fireless grate, took a coat-tail under each arm, and began to rattle the change in his pocket.

"Well?" asked Ella again.

"Well!" echoed the squire, with a growl of growing impatience. "I sent the fellow about his business, of course. You didn't need to be told that."

"Why didn't you refer him to me?" she asked, with the utmost simplicity.

Squire Wetherell made an arch of his shaggy brows, and his eyes glared ominously at his daughter from its shadow; but before he could speak a sudden thought seemed to strike him, for the storm-cloud passed away and his whole face became wrinkled with amusement.

"Ah, I take you, you rogue!" he chuckled. "You think I blundered the business and let the conceited young jackanapes off too easily. Why didn't I refer him to you? Ha, ha! Very good, Ella; a woman's tongue's like a razor, isn't it? It cuts deep and does more damage than a knock-down blow from the but-end of a pistol. Yes, yes, you're right; but I don't think I managed so badly. I don't think Johnny Maitland, of the Blues, will be in a hurry to call upon me again."

"You mistake me altogether, papa," returned Ella, quietly. "I have a great respect for Captain Maitland, and I am ashamed to think that he has been insulted."

"Respect for that young whipper-snapper, Ella? What on earth are you talking about? Surely you don't understand that the fellow wanted to marry you?"

"I feel very much honoured by his preference."

For a moment the squire was dumb with astonishment; and when he did speak, instead of bursting out in anger, his voice was plaintive with perplexity.

"But, Ella, the fellow isn't above five feet five—he really isn't; and his hands are as white and small as a lady's—one's afraid to touch them. Pooh! it's all nonsense!" exclaimed the Squire, shaking his huge frame and gathering together his scorn; "you can't care for Johnny, Ella, and you only pretend it to tease me. You know very well how I detest the whole lot of these tailor-made soldiers, who haven't so much as smelt gunpowder."

Ella rose. She was a tall, graceful girl, and the calm self-reliance of her expression gave evidence of a firmness at least equal to the squire's; but now she was resolved not to argue, so she put a hand on each of her father's shoulders, and looked up saucily into his eyes. He backed against the mantelpiece with a comical look of alarm.

"Now, Ella, you're going to coax, and I won't have it," he cried.

A merry peal of laughter told how well assured Ella was of victory if she chose to fight. But her mind was bent on peace, so she only said:

"Tell me what you said to Captain Maitland, papa."

"I told him that of all the ginger-bread soldiers, and conceited young"——

"Papa, it's very wicked to tell stories; and you know you said nothing of the kind," interposed Ella, with her finger on the squire's lips.

"Well, well, not exactly, you knew. Hang it all, Ella, if you will have it, I told young Maitland he'd never shown me the stuff he was made of, so I couldn't take his offer seriously."

"I knew it—I knew it!" cried Ella, clapping her hands. "You were never rude to a a visitor in your life. And now," she added, with an approving kiss, "let us go and pay Sinbad a visit."

"Yes, there's a good girl; that youngster has hindered me from going to the stables this morning. I say, Ella, what a pity it is you're not a boy! You might have won the steeplechase for me on Sinbad's back."

"But, papa, if I'd been more than five foot five I should have been too heavy a weight; and if I hadn't, I shouldn't be worth calling a man, you know."

The squire pinched his daughter's cheek; and then she slipped her little hand through his arm and they went off together to pay a visit to the stables.

Sinbad was led out into the yard, and he allowed Ella to stroke his velvet nose after he had eaten his usual morning lump of sugar from her hand. The squire paced round the pair and eyed the animal keenly.

"First-rate; couldn't be better—eh, Benson?"

"He's just perfect, sir," returned the trainer, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Bound to win, I say."

"Well, yes, he ought to," and Squire Wetherell stroked the glossy black side of his favourite. "There's that mare of the colonel's, though: what d'you say to her?"

"She'll go ahead like an arrow at first, sir; but there's no staying-power in her. I'll be bound Sir Richard Ferrar's little bay 'll get home before her."

"Little bay!" exclaimed the Squire. "Why, I thought Sir Richard had entered an ugly, raw-boned black—the demon he calls Black Bess."

"Black Bess is withdrawn, sir," answered Benson; there was no fear for her. But this new little bay—Red Lightning they call him—is altogether a different animal. If it wasn't for our man I should feel a little queer, I confess."

"Humph!" said the Squire; "and where is Banks?"

The trainer whistled, and a man dressed as a groom came lounging from one of the stables. He was an old man, wrinkled and wiry-looking, and far below the middle height; indeed, his shoulders were so round, and his legs so widely bowed with much riding, that he appeared almost a dwarf.

He touched his cap to the squire.

"Well, Banks, are you ready for to-morrow?" cried his master.

"Ay, sir, never readier," returned the little jockey, with a smile that puckered his face into a thousand seams. "Sinbad an' me together 'll show the field a clean pair o' heels, never fear, sir."

"How about the sunk fence in Shotover's four-acre?"

"He'll clear it like a bird, Squire. See how eager he is for the run, even now."

Sinbad was in splendid form; his coat shone like satin; his eyes were bright and clear; and as he shook his delicate head and danced all four feet off the ground he seemed scarcely able to bear the possession of so much stored-up energy.

"Well, take it easy to-day," said the Squire; "you'll both want all your strength to-morrow—eh, Benson?"

"Oh, all's well; we're bound to win, sir."

As Ella and her father strolled back to the house, the latter gave vent to his satisfaction:

"That little Banks is a perfect treasure; we couldn't do anything without him."

"He is scarcely five feet tall, is he, papa?" asked Ella, meditatively.

The squire shot her a hasty glance, and his lips twitched; but she looked so unconcernedly up into his eyes that he decided to take no notice of her question.

"Benson knows what he's talking about," he went on: "the thing's as good as settled."

But alas for the squire's premature triumph! That evening Benson brought him news which was destined to spoil his night's rest. Banks, in going to Sinbad's loose box to feed him for the last time, had found him in an unprecedented state of ill-temper; and approaching too near had become the victim of its sudden outbreak. Sinbad had unexpectedly lashed out behind, and the force of the blow had sent the little jockey spinning out of the box with a broken leg.

The squire was in despair.

"Will you ride him yourself, Benson?" he asked.

The trainer was nearly as tall as the squire himself, but as thin as a hop-pole. He felt painfully conscious of the figure he would cut on Sinbad's back, before all the great and the fair of Fellshire; but the case was desperate—the honour of the Wetherells was in his hands, and he rose valiantly to the occasion.

"Yes, sir, I'll ride him, if you wish it; but I can't be confident of success any longer. To tell the truth, now that Banks is out of it, I'm afraid of Red Lightning."

On the following morning Squire Wetherell and his daughter were sitting in the breakfast-room, when there came a violent ring at the front-door bell. Ella was stitching some ribbons on a little silk coat of black and lavender; and her father was chipping up a piece of dry toast, now and then glancing irritably towards the clock.

A footman entered and laid a card on the table; and before the first look of surprise had passed from the Squire's face, who should march into the room but little Johnny Maitland, of the Blues, dressed in "pink," as if for hunting, with immaculate cords and top-boots, all complete!

Ella fastened a bunch of lavender ribbons on a velvet jockey's cap with a tiny amethyst brooch, and then looked up with a bright nod. The Squire rose and bowed stiffly.

"Good morning, Miss Ella—good morning, squire," cried Jack, colouring like a girl. "I heard of your jockey's mishap——"

"Pray, how did you hear that, Mr.—er—Captain Maitland?" asked the squire, sharply.

Jack darted a quick glance at Ella, who said, sweetly:

"I had occasion to write to Captain Maitland's sister about the bazaar, papa, and I mentioned our trouble."

"Oh, you did. Well, sir?"

"Well, I beg you'll excuse me, Mr. Wetherell, if I'm taking a liberty," stammered little Maitland, "but I know how awkward it is to get a fresh jockey all in a hurry—I'm something of a rider myself, and—well, I thought—at least I hoped—the fact is, sir, I'm a light weight, you see——"

The little man came to a sudden pause, and at the sound of his last words Squire Wetherell burst into a hearty laugh.

"D'you mean that you're ready to try your luck to-day on Sinbad?" he cried.

"If you'll allow me. I don't think I can be much heavier than Banks."

"Well, it's very kind and friendly of you—er—captain, and I know Benson will only be too glad to give up the saddle to you. Come into the yard, and see what you can make of the animal. Ella you can follow with our knight's colours."

. . . . . .

Two hours later Squire Wetherell rode into the enclosure where all the horses entered for the Fellshire Steeplechase were gathered; and by his side rode Ella and Jack Maitland. Colonel Todhunter, of the —th, was there among the owners, watching the paces of his mare; and he could scarcely return the bows of the newcomers so great was his surprise to see the young captain peel and reveal the Wetherell colours. Benson was leading Sinbad gently up and down; but the Squire scarcely glanced at his horse; he was eager for a sight of Red Lightning. His trainer caught the restless glance of his eye, and guessing his thoughts, pointed out the bay with the ominous name. He was a smart-looking little animal, clean-limbed, and full of spirit, and the squire began to feel uncomfortable. He had staked something besides the Wetherell pride on the struggle.

A bell rang, and he rode out of the enclosure with Ella; and together they made for the hill which commanded a view of the whole course.

Scarcely had they reached their places, when the gate of the enclosure was thrown open, and the jockeys rode out and marshalled their horses into line.

The squire's eyes saw nothing but black and lavender.

"By George, the youngster rides splendidly, eh, Todhunter?"

The veteran twirled his grey moustache savagely.

"It's rank mutiny to fight against his own colonel," he grumbled. "If the boy wanted to ride, why didn't he tell me? He should have had the mare. Ha! there they go!"

The signal was given; there was a dull thunder of hoofs on the turf; and then a mighty shout rose from the crowd and drowned every other sound. Away—away swept the long line of horsemen, led by the colonel's mare, several lengths ahead; and a moment later a stiff hedge had weeded out all the incompetents. Hundreds of field-glasses were levelled, and a storm of voices shouted the names of the favourites. Blue, the colonel's colour, received most attention, though it was pressed hard by Sir Richard Ferrar's scarlet; and only here and there black and lavender was mentioned, for, strange to say, black and lavender could scarcely be distinguished apart from the blended rainbow hues of the ruck. A wide brook, guarded by hurdles, was crossed, and the field still remained unchanged, and a succession of fences and hedges only reduced the distance between the mare and Red Lightning. Presently the brilliant coats of the jockeys became mere spots of colour in the distance, and then disappeared behind a little wood. This wood was the turning-point; and every glass was turned to its other extremity, where the horses would appear on their way back.

There was a hush of intense excitement in the crowd; and then, apparently from the midst of the trees, there was a flash of scarlet, and Red Lightning appeared, covering the ground in splendid style. A couple of lengths behind came Sinbad, and the colonel's mare followed, a bad third. No attention was wasted upon the rest. The three favourites still had heavy work before them. A hedge, higher than any they had yet encountered, was just before them; but, one by one, the horses rose to it, and cleared it without changing their relative positions. It was a glorious sight to see the three horses speeding across the level expanse of Farmer Shotover's four-acre meadow; but the terrible sunk fence was yet to come; and the onlookers held their breath. This sunk fence was not more than five feet high, but immediately on the other side the brook ran its widest, and everybody knew that the race would be decided here. The horses were so near the hill now that the faces of their jockeys were recognisable, and Ella could not help admiring the calm resolution she saw in Jack Maitland's.

But see! Red Lightning rises to the sunk fence like a bird, and clears it with room to spare, and then—splash! The hind quarters of the little bay are in the water, and the jockey is out of the saddle pulling vigorously at the reins. A fierce struggle, and the bay is on dry ground again; the scarlet jockey is back again in his seat; and they are off just as Sinbad makes the leap and reaches the grass clear of the brook. Again the thunder of hoofs reaches the hill; again the shouts burst forth from the watchers. Sinbad's head is even with the scarlet jockey's elbow; ten yards farther and it is past it; twenty yards farther still and the two horses are neck and neck; and still the colonel's mare comes gallantly on behind. The shouts are once more quenched in the rising tide of excitement as the horses leap side by side over the last fence; and then Ella sees her knight of the lavender and black rise suddenly in his saddle and touch Sinbad lightly with his whip. As if all that had gone before had been mere play, the splendid animal shot forward a full length ahead of Red Lightning, and then another, and yet another, and a perfect roar of wonder and admiration rose from the hill as he bounded past the winning-post; and Johnny Maitland of the Blues won the Fellshire Steeplechase.

"He's a splendid little fellow!" cried Squire Wetherell.

Ella leant sideways from her saddle and whispered in his ear:

"Would he have won if he had been a six-foot Lifeguardsman, do you think, papa?"

"No, no; of course he wouldn't. I wouldn't have him an inch taller, my dear, so don't bother me any more. I must go and shake hands with him. And I say, Ella, if the captain asks me that question again, what am I to say?"

"I think you had better refer him to me, papa," answered Ella, with a blush.

And if you're not kind to him after seeing him ride like that, I shall consider I've just cause of complaint against you. D'you understand, my dear?" and the Squire rode down the hill, followed dutifully by his daughter.

After a little time the Captain did ask the same question again, and the Squire followed his daughter's advice; and as for Ella, she behaved so discreetly that nobody had any cause of complaint, and least of all Johnny Maitland, of the Blues—Albert E. Hooper, in *Old and Young* (abridged).

SOME THINGS HE KNEW.

An Offhand Query Answered Very Fully.

"Hello, Kilduff! Glad to see you!" said the affable man as he met an acquaintance on the street and shook his hand heartily "What do you know?"

"I am very glad to see you, too, Poindexter," said Kilduff in response to the affable man's greeting. "As to your query regarding what I know I may say that my stock of information is extensive and varied. It covers the realms of art, science, history, mathematics, geography, current events, and what not. For instance, I know that two and two make four; that Albany is the capital of New York; that William McKinley is president of the United States; that the Prince of Wales is heir apparent to the British throne that Admiral Dewey played smash with the Spanish fleet in Manila bay that the moon is approximately 240,000 miles distant from the earth that the first practical steamboat was made by Robert Fulton and made the run from New York to Albany on the Hudson as a trial trip that Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, that George Washington is buried on his estate at Mount Vernon, that George III was the English king at the time of the American Revolution, that Charles I was beheaded, that while Columbus is popularly credited with the discovery of America it is a fact that Europeans visited this continent long before the time of Columbus, and that"—

"I'm sorry Kilduff, but I happen to remember an important engagement and must leave you Ta-ta! Take care of your knowledge."—New York World.

Glad Anyhow.

"I beg your pardon I thought this was Mr Chucksley"

"I am Mr Chucksley"

"Then I am glad to find that when I thought I was mistaken I was mistaken in thinking I was mistaken."

"Hey?"

"I say when I thought I was mistaken I was mistaken in thinking I was mistaken, and being mistaken in thinking I was mistaken when I wasn't mistaken. I was glad to find I was mistaken when I thought I was mistaken, because I wasn't mistaken—or rather, I was mistaken when I thought I was mistaken, and so I couldn't have been mistaken—well, at any rate, I'm glad. Looks as if we were going to have snow, doesn't it?"

Anticipation.

"Now," said the man who had administered the knockout drops, "we might as well relieve him of his watch and chain and diamond pin and his cash."

"Yes," replied his companion. "When he wakes up, he ought to feel greatly relieved.

Merely a Contributor.

Editor—You say you have written for all the leading periodicals, but I don't seem to remember seeing your name

Contributor—Yes. I've written for them all, but to tell the truth they haven't accepted any of my work!

His Solicitude.

"Who captured that prisoner?" asked one officer

"That's not the question," answered the other, who had absorbed some exaggerated impressions from recent events "What we're waiting to find out is who captures the glory."

Western Enterprise.

Stranger (in Dugout City)—It doesn't seem as if this place could have 20,000 population, as you report.

Resident—Waal, it ain't got quite that much ordinarily. You see we took the census the day the circus was in town.

AND THE CURTAIN FELL.

The sweet village maiden in white
muslin clad.
Had suffered through six moving
scenes of the play
Pursued by a yellow gloved villainous cad
Who consumed cigarettes in a cynical way.
'Twas amazing how fresh she came
out of the fray,
No cat could survive such close
grapples with death,
Tough work it was putting her out of
the way.
As the Bad Man discovered, and
swore 'neath his breath.

At last came a scene that had often
inspired
The gods of the gallery to whoop
and hurrah.
Locked up in a house that the B. M.
had fired
Unconscious the beautiful heroine
lay.
The red fire burned bright, and it
certainly looked
That unless fireproof she'd consume in the flame,
That the ruffian would triumph, her
goose would be cooked,
When, crash! through the window
the rescuer came.

The lady was portly, of opulent
charms,
And the slender young man who
that night played the part
Could hardly encompass her form
with his arms
To bear her away—or make even a
start.
The moment was tense, the predicament grim,
When a gallery god blandly the
hero addressed:—
"Sure, don't you go breaking yer
back with her, Tim;
Just take what yez can, an' come
back for the rest!"

WHALE MILK SERVED WHILE YOU WAIT.

DEVICE PERFECTED FOR MILKING SULPHUR-BOTTOM COWS PENNED IN AN INLET ON NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.

Not the least of the triumphs of scientific methods in the utilisation of natural resources is forecast in an announcement just received from the Balena whale fisheries that Professor Muller has succeeded in domesticating fifty sulphur-bottom cow whales, and has perfected an apparatus for milking the cetaceans.

The yield of milk from a full grown whale is from five to seven hogsheads a day. The milk is sweet and rich in nutritive and medicinal qualities. It possesses a pleasant and distinctive flavour which those who have tasted it pronounce superior to any known product of the lacteal variety. Chemical analysis shows that the Milk of the sulphur-bottom whale is rich in the fats and proteids which give to cod liver oil its value as a food.

Professor Muller's experiments with whales, which have been carried on for several years, have resulted in many remarkable discoveries in the line of using parts of the carcasses which have hitherto gone to waste.

He has devised a process of curing and preserving the meat, which has always been thought worse than valueless. This meat, which compares favourably in texture and flavour with the average beef, will soon be put upon the market.

Professor Muller has invented a process for making leather from the intestines, pleural sacks, heart coverings and other membranes of the whale, which, when tanned and finished, are of greater durability and finer texture than any known leather. The whale leather furnishes single pieces of greater dimensions than can be procured from any other animal. It is possible, according to the inventor, to obtain from the intestines of a full grown sulphur-bottom a strip of leather 800 feet in length and 3½ feet wide. From the pleural lining a piece of leather 25 feet in diameter can be obtained.

Processes for grinding the mammoth skeletons into bone meal for fertilizer and converting the gristle and cartilage into glue and other products are among the minor inventions of the expert.

But the greatest triumph attained by the professor lies in the domestication of the cow whales.

The whales are still abundant in Newfoundland waters, but under the old system of killing them for their oil and casting the carcases adrift, it was a question of a few years when they would become so rare as to make their pursuit unprofitable. It will now be for the interest of whalers to capture the young whales and keep them alive, because of the promise of richer reward.

Professor Muller several years ago made up his mind that the difficulties in the way of domesticating the whales were only those which arose from their size.

He looked about him until he found a suitable inlet—a salt water lake about an eighth of a mile across connected with the sea by a strait about fifty feet wide. He made a gateway of iron bars by which the strait could be closed. Late in the fall about two years ago, a herd of whales was sporting in the offing, and it was noticed that there were several young heifers in the herd. By careful work ten of these heifers were separated from the main herd and driven through the strait into the lake.

Then began the work of taming them. They were watched and studied until their favourite food was learned. This was a peculiar kind of kelp or rockweed which grows in abundance in about twelve fathoms of water off the coast. Large quantities of this rockweed were gathered and stored.

Twice a day the food was put outside, where the young whales could get it. Within a month they had learned to come to the feeding place for their meals. Within another month the creatures were tame.

The problem of teaching them to permit the operatives to milk them was quite difficult. An apparatus was devised to do the work, but when an effort was made to try it there was trouble at once. It was necessary to drive the whales up on the flats at low water to do the milking, and it has been this part of the work which absorbed the attention of the professor for more than a year.

Patience in the face of discouragements finally conquered. The first captives learned gradually to go of their own accord to the milking ground. The herd has been increased a few whales at a time until it now numbers fifty, and it requires the services of a staff of sixty men to carry on the daily milking.

If, as is now believed, the whale milk is of rare medicinal value and proves a palatable substitute for cod liver oil, large possibilities are visible in the new industry of whale culture.—"N. Y. Herald."

WIND STILL INVINCIBLE.

BRITISH AIRSHIP'S FINE FLIGHT ENDS IN A WRECK.

THRILLING STORY OF A MOMENTOUS TRIP

The much-discussed and long-delayed experimental trip of the Barton Rawson airship took place from the grounds of the Alexandra Palace, and after a spin lasting an hour it only remains to tell that the difficulties surrounding the conquest of space are not yet entirely overcome.

Apart from the fact that the aerial leviathan did not return to the Palace grounds, as originally intended, the ascent must be regarded as fairly satisfactory. It was the wind alone that compelled Dr. Barton and his adventurous little crew to make the descent in Essex, blowing as it was at the altitude in which the airship would necessarily travel at a velocity of 30 to 40 miles an hour.

At a quarter-past 5 Mr. Gaudron, the aeronaut in charge, gave his final order before going aboard. "Hold tight till she rises," he said, "and then look sharp away." Amid cheers he ran up the rope-ladder to the deck. The crew of four took up stations, Mr. Rawson, who is an engineer, taking the helm. Suddenly the propellers were set in motion and going with intense velocity emitted sharp reports like a machine-gun. "Let her go!" shouted Mr. Gaudron; and as the little army of men did as they were bid, the huge airship rose gracefully like a bird to the strains of the National Anthem and the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd.

As the "vessel" rose higher and higher the reports of the propellers could be heard

LIKE DISTANT ARTILLERY,

and the crew could be seen for some time moving about the decks as the altitude reached was not at first great.

When fairly clear of the Palace roof the "ship" was turned about several times, and appeared to be under the most perfect control. The airship heading for the wind, sailed away at a comparatively slow pace, the height being gradually increased from the ground. Soon the "vessel" was at a great height, and then suddenly commenced to drop, amid the intense excitement of the crowds who were watching. But the descent was as beautiful as that of a bird, and was but part of the programme. More than once the "ship" stood with her head to the wind, but no attempt was made to force a passage, and finally, turning, the aerial monster was lost to view, and dropped, about an hour after the ascent.

The decent caused great excitement amongst the inhabitants, and not unnaturally, for the balloon was 180ft. long and 40ft. in diameter, while the car below, which was composed entirely of bamboo, is 127ft. long and 18ft. high, and had a deck running from one end to the other, varying in width from 2ft. to 8ft. The total weight of the ship was about 14,000

In the process of inflating the balloon some 600 carboys of concentrated oil of vitriol and 50 tons of iron borings were used. The work was carried on continuously day and night for six days.

THE AIRSHIP WRECKED.

An enterprising representative of the "Daily News" tells an exciting story of what followed after the descent:

"As the ship lay there, on a perfectly even keel, Mr. Gaudron and Mr. Rawson, in a moment of forgetfulness, joined Dr. Barton in the bow of the airship, where the latter was busy receiving the congratulations of the garden party. This sudden shifting of the weight upset the equilibrium, and the stern of the airship rapidly rose in the air, the gas in the ballonet rushing aft the more she inclined upward. In another three seconds she would have been standing on end, when the gas would in all probability, have blown the end of the balloon off and sent 14,000lb. of hull and machinery toppling over amongst the crowd.

"With presence of mind deserving of great commendation, Mr. Harry Spencer, who remained in the stern, grasped the "ripping gear" with which the ship was fitted and tore the balloon open from end to end. Once the rip started the imprisoned gas did the rest, and with a noise comparable only to that of a dozen rockets being fired at once, what remained of 200,000ft. of pure hydrogen was liberated, and the vessel sank back to the earth.

"As the ship fell she

CRASHED OVER ON HER SIDE,

starting the stern motor from its bearings, and smashing the starboard aft propeller off close to the boss. In less time than it takes to describe the huge ballonet had fallen over. The wreckage enveloped the aeronauts, but these struggled clear in a moment, and the party were able to congratulate themselves that no personal injuries had resulted. As the hull lay across the furrows it was twisted and strained

LIKE A BROKEN WICKER BASKET

the wiring at places being either broken or flapping slackly in the wind at others as tight as piano string. The engines were the only parts that received no damage, and these were removed at once and the rest of the ship left behind for firewood."

The "Daily News" representative had a talk with Dr. Barton on the golf links near, and in the course of the conversation the inventor said:

"I am perfectly satisfied with the way the ship behaved. Personally, I do not grieve at the loss, because I should never have sailed her again. One thing the voyage proved to me—the ship was too large and the rudder too small. I am more than pleased with the way in which she behaved all through, and I think she more than complied with the War Office conditions, although, of course, that the contract is "off." The subsequent accident had nothing to do with the descent.

Josie, a bright three-year-old, had just paid his first visit to the barber's. He looked very dissatisfied upon his return, and his mamma asked him the reason.

"I don't like my hair combed this way, all in little curls," he said.

"How do you wish it?" queried mamma.

"Why, I want it like Uncle Tom's. I want it in two slices."

RISKS RUN BY PAINTERS TO GET "ATMOSPHERE."

In their desire to faithfully portray on canvas unfamiliar scenes, painters have sometimes not only undergone long and arduous journeys but have also run the risk of losing their lives while in search of realism.

The hairbreadth escapes which Mr. Holman Hunt, the painter of religious subjects, who was one of the founders of the pre-Raphaelite movement, has experienced while searching for realism in Palestine and Egypt are some of the most remarkable on record. Mr. Hunt has painted most of his work in Palestine, and at one time built for himself a house and studio outside Jerusalem.

The artist first aroused the antagonism of the Jews by trying to obtain a model for his picture, "Finding Christ in the Temple." It was noised abroad that he was a church missionary who wanted to convert the Jews, while the ignorant believed that he had the sinister design of baptizing the portraits, in order that this might have the effect of Christianizing the originals. This led the rabbi to declare that all who entered Mr. Hunt's house would be excommunicated.

The artist thereupon abandoned his idea for a time and went to a remote end of the Red Sea in order to paint that famous picture "The Scapegoat." The country was in a very disordered state at the time; in fact, Mr. Hunt very often had to work with rifle in one hand and brush in the other. He had two hairbreadth escapes from fanatics before he returned to Jerusalem, and then found that through the influence of a friend the rabbi's interdict had been withdrawn, so that he was able to proceed with his abandoned Temple picture.

One of the greatest painters Russia has ever produced, Vassili Verestchagin, probably risked his life for the sake of art more than any other artist. It was as a war painter that Verestchagin first won name and fame, his military pictures being of a most realistic and striking character. The artist left nothing to imagination, and he took part in General Kauffman's Asian expedition and fought in the Russo-Turkish War in order to gather materials for a great series of landscape and military paintings.

Once in Central Asia he was with a party of forty troops when they were surrounded by a horde of Tartars, and he was obliged to take a rifle and fight for a week before the detachment was relieved. On another occasion he was painting the figure of a dead man on a battlefield when the engagement grew so hot that he had to leave off his work and fight for four days before he could paint in the legs, So realistic is Verestchagin's art that when his pictures of the Russo-Turkish campaign was exhibited at Berlin the Emperor forbade his soldiers to see them.

The well known English battle painter, Mr. Caton Woodville, has, like Verestchagin, gone direct to the seat of war on more than one occasion for the purpose of getting local colour and realistic effects for his pictures. Mr. Woodville went through the Egyptian war in 1882, and the Turkish war of 1878 solely for the purpose of studying realism, and the artist has himself confessed that he would never have been able to faithfully portray military scenes had he not done so. During the campaign Mr. Woodville often ran the risk of being injured by the enemy's fire in order to watch the bursting of a shell, for instance, or the effect of the smoke hanging over the firing line.

Meissonier, the famous French figure painter, once described how he risked being almost frozen to death in his endeavour to obtain realism for one of his pictures. He has been asked how he managed to get such a vivid picture of the snowy road, trampled by horses' feet and marked with deep wheel ruts, in his famous painting of Napoleon. The artist explained that he had waited for a heavy fall of snow and then gone to work on a piece of country lane near Paris. He had to begin at earliest dawn, as he was afraid the light would fail or the snow go before he could get a proper impression.

It was such a bitterly cold day that the man whom Meissonier had employed to drive up and down with an old gun carriage refused to work after a time, and the artist was obliged to finish the driver's task himself. Then to get the requisite brilliancy of hard frozen Russian snow he was obliged to powder the road with salt, and considered himself fortunate to escape at the end of the day with only a badly frozen ear.

THE HAY BOX.

A HINT FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

We are indebted to Germany for the invention of the hay box—one of the simplest of labour-saving contrivances. It is based upon a simple scientific fact, namely, that however fiercely the fire may burn, water can never exceed 212deg., its boiling point. Once boiling-point is reached all that it needed for cooking is long continued exposure to heat. This is where the hay box comes in.

Hay is a very slow conductor of heat, and the hay-box is simply an air-tight chest, in which the vessel, with its boiling contents, taken direct from the fire, is placed in a nest of hay, covered with a cushion stuffed with hay, the lid of the box hermetically closed, and then left for the requisite number of hours to "work out its own salvation."

It is important to know that the vessel's contents must be at boiling point when transferred from the fire to the hay box, and also that the lid must not be removed once the vessel is in the box, and that the lid itself must fit as closely as possible. Food that requires long cooking—such as soup, meat, vegetables, stewed fruits, and puddings—may all be treated by this economical method. When not in use the box should be left open, the pillow hung in the air, and the hay changed as found necessary—generally about once a fortnight.

Adaptability is always ready; is never taken at a short; is the great lightning change artist, and often turns hopelessness into victory.

Adaptability is the ability to adapt yourself quickly to unexpected conditions.

Miss Stocksanbons: "I thought I saw the baron come in. Where is he?"

Mr. Stocksanbons: "He has just had an interview with me; and at present he is in the libary trying to figure out whether he loves you or not."

1479.

CATS AT TEA.

Miss Tabby had a visiter—
A cat of high degree—
So she issued invitations
For cats to come to tea.

Then ev'ry cat for streets around,
I'm sorry to confess,
Began to plan and wonder how
They really should dress.

Then on that sunny afternoon,
All up and down the street,
The favoured cats moved softly on,
And, oh, they looked so sweet.

Miss Fluff was dressed in snowy white
Miss Kitty Cat in brown,
Miss Manx, though dressed so beautiful,
Had no tail to her gown.

The robe of Mistress Tortoiseshell
Was wonderful to see.
She told her very dearest friends
'Twas made in "Gay Paree."

Miss Tabby, all in black and white,
Received her guests with ease.
She introduced them to her friend,
And tried her best to please.

The guests around the table sat
As happy as could be,
And softly purred the latest news
While they enjoyed their tea.

While all was going pleasantly
As anything could be,
A tiny little mouse stole in—
A frightened mouse was he.

Down sprang the guests and hostess, too,
Nor for one moment pause!
Soft purrs were changed to sharp meows
And velvet toes to claws.

Poor mouse! He felt his time had come,
But, still, he ran so fast,
He left Miss Tab and friends behind
And reached his home at last.

The cats, enraged, began to fight,
As fierce as fierce could be,
And many cats, quite minus fur,
Returned home from that tea.

THE LITTLE BOY.

BY C. JOYCE.

Dearest Nan—What a rose-coloured world it is! My liver is not out of order; I am only happy—"Happy" with a capital H. You ought to warm towards me now, though my need of sympathy has already been demonstrated by rejecting a waggon-load of gowns and a season at the "Pier."

But oh! how glad I am I did it! Being up here with old clothes and common-sense boots is the most delicious thing in the world. Just now every heartbeat is thankgiving for the joy of living.

It isn't hard to diagnose my case—the birthday of my life has come. Don't be vulgar and remind me it arrived on several other occasions. This time it has come to stay—for the summer at least.

He is a Boy—only sixteen years old—so young he lets his soul shine through his eyes. You cannot guess how fair a sight it is. I have let go at a tremendous rate. Now, don't scold; I mean to pull up before I reach town. Living examples are horrors to me. But, Nan, you should see him. He has the shyest, tenderest smile in the world. This doesn't sound exciting I know, but the moonlight up here, has changed my angle of vision.

Send me full reports of your heart-smashing progress, and don't forget your faithful

Mildred.

Dear Nan—This attack of virtuous vertiga made me laugh; but since you brand me "warranted to damage," I will humiliate you, likewise your alarms, by confessing that the Little Boy has scorned me—cast me off—for seven whole days. A sophisticated beauty of 17 has been his haven of refuge.

Don't you love my honesty in acknowledging such complete rout? This, too, after your flattering arraignment of my attractions. Was it really worth while to abuse me?

I am growing dissatisfied up here. The end of my rainbow was a fiasco. The Pots of Silver and Gold theory exploded. But life is good. I shall walk a dead level this summer and come home to you with the heart of an archangel, though I'll probably be too pasty for digestion.

Mildred.

Dearest Nan—Basking in sunshine has given me pen paralysis. These long silent weeks I have loafed—and loafed— and loafed. And yet this has been my red-letter summer, Nan, though it's made me whimsical. And aren't dreamers the wise men? I have found the philosopher's stone, and being practical means being miserable.

Your ambrosial fills me with envy. The Little Boy is back. His defection lasted 15 days. Being a philanthropist I received him with open arms. Since then his whole horizon has been filled by my unworthy self. But he hardly feeds on rose leaves. Can you blame me? A Man would not have roused my resentment; but for a Boy—a Little Boy—to presume to repudiate me!

Now, don't have another moral spasm, Nan. The gallery of saints is too far from base.

Knowing me is as bracing as a tonic for that Boy—if I have a heart like a cockle-shell Don't grieve—some day I'll shed this outer skin and shoot into Heaven like a rocket,

Mildred.

Dear Girl—The sword of Damocles has fallen! The Little Boy is gone! Gone to the War! This is gospel, I assure you (does its tragedy impress you?); though I don't suppose he will get any farther than Chickamauga. Yesterday's mail brought me a paper with the mention of his enlishment; so that by this time he is undoubtedly girded in his regimentals. I hope he will not need a tubbing as much as the fellows we saw in Camo last spring.

I can fancy the horror in your eyes—you Pharisee?

As if you hadn't impressed on me all summer the folly—the criminal folly—of loving a Boy. Me, a woman of 25, with a record of seven seasons behind me!

The climax came when Jack Stivetts ran over on Thursday night. You know how Jack and I rush things periodically. For about two hours I quite forgot the Little Boy's existence. Then Jack went home. The moon was shining as it never shone before. My little world shut in between these hills was calm and beautiful. As I turned, the Little Boy stood in the doorway. My conscience smote me. For a week I had been as disagreeable as possible; and yet, the sackcloth and ashes I heaped upon him for his own sake.

"Are you a ghost?" I asked with startled laughter.

For a moment he looked at me—I shall never forget the pain of it.

"You have broken my heart," he said; and that was all.

The next morning he was gone.

And so the chapter ended.

Had he been five years older, or I five years younger, the result might have been different.

A little while ago I was a bird whose wings were full of sunshine to-day I feel as if the bottom had dropped out of the Universe.

Oh, Nan! you don't know the joy of being perched on a hill-top, the wind beating your hair into a tangle too happy to care that your gown is worn and your boots too big. The gladdest gladness of all my life has been crowded into the past three months. And now! My liver is out of gear. I am going away for a few weeks, and will write you from the wilderness

Mildred.

Dear Nan—Just as soon as you read this you are to pack your box and come. You told me once if I ever needed you to send. I need you now as I never needed anything, or anybody in my whole life. This funny old world has proved too much for me. It has broken me as I swore it never should.

I long to go out into the highway and byway—to plunge into struggle and strife, turmoil and crash—anything to drown the memory of myself.

The paragraph I send means the Little Boy. He was in camp only 10 days when he took the fever. His mother wired me, but I had left. When word reached me it was too late.

* * * * * *

If you are flesh and blood, come to me.

The city chokes me. I cannot face brick walls in winter.

Oh, Nan! he told me I had broken his heart! Heaven save me for what I have done to my own!

Mildred.

MACHINE-MADE PIE IS THE NEWEST.

AN APPARATUS WHICH TURNS OUT THE "SUCCULENT DAINTY."

Lovers of pie will rejoice to learn that a new era has set in for its unlimited production.

It is a far cry from the pies "mother used to make" to a product made by machinery, but this has been accomplished.

The pie machine is long and narrow, being about 10ft. by 20 inches. One man and three boys constitute the operating force, turning out 16 to 18 pies a minute. An electric motor furnishes the power, while a gas jet keeps the forming dies warm.

Suspended over the machine is a tank, which holds a sufficient amount of filling for 400 pies. An agitator revolves within and keeps the fruit from packing at the outlet.

After "paste" for crusts has been properly mixed it is weighed and cut into proper sized pieces by a dough divider. A tray full of lumps of dough for bottom crusts is placed at one end of the machine and another tray containing lumps for top crusts at the other end. At the rear is a stack of plates, automatically fed by a rachet. A magnetised arm swings around, picks up a plate and places it on a die made to receive it. A piece of dough is placed on the plate and the next movement brings it under a die which forms the lower crust. Then the fruit is deposited from the tank and the plate moves forward. By this time another lump of dough has been flattened out and stamped with an initial, such as "L" for lemon, while an automatic bellows blows a puff of flour over the dough to keep it from sticking.

The next movement brings the filled pie and this upper crust together, an operator being stationed to adjust the top cover if necessary. Then the covered pie comes under the edging die, which cuts off all scraps, and the pie passes forward on an apron, which leads to the oven. One motion succeeds another with such regularity that the finished pie is passed to the oven almost before one can grasp the idea of the machine. With no fuss and little noise the empty plate starts at one end and passes off the other end of the machine, a finished pie, ready for baking, in less than four seconds.

IN THE PICTURE ONLY.

A famous lawyer was once engaged as counsel for the defence in a murder case, which case looked hopeless. No evidence was submitted for the prisoner, and, believing that the case was won, the prosecuting counsel made only a few remarks in conclusion.

Then the lawyer for the other side began in a quiet, conversational tone. No reference was made to the murder, but he drew a vivid picture of a pretty country cottage, a loving wife preparing supper, three ruddy-faced youngsters looking up the road to see father coming home to supper.

Suddenly the speaker stopped, drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed in a tone which startled the whole court-room:

"Gentlemen, you must send him home to them!"

A roar of applause followed, and one old juror blurted out:

"We'll do it, sir, we'll do it!"

The advocate sat down, and the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal.

The prisoner, with tears streaming down his cheeks, wrung his counsel's hands. But between his sobs he managed to say:

"No other man could have done that. Why, sir, I have no wife nor children!"

COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE HIM.

He was cycling through a quaint, old-fashioned village, when suddenly he was thrilled by the sound of a feminine cry, followed by the muffled tones of a man's voice. He quickened his pace, to find a woman holding on to the handle of a cottage-door like grim death, while from within it was evident that somebody was endeavouring to force it open.

"Give me a hand, mister," she cried. "I daren't let him come out!"

The cyclist dismounted, and by adding his strength to that of the woman's the door was kept closed.

"Your husband, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes," was the breathless reply.

"He's got one of his crazy fits on to-day."

"Well, I should think you ought to be pleased to let him get out."

"Not till this policeman's passed," panted the woman. "You see, Bill's very nasty with policemen when he's like this, and this one's too valuable to lose. I do his washing."

REIGNING MONARCHS WHO ARE SAVING.

MANY KINGS AND QUEENS ARE ECONOMICAL AND CAREFUL IN INVESTING THEIR MONEY.

It will no doubt astonish a large number of people, says London "Answers," to learn that kings and queens, like people of moderate means, who have the gift of prudence, are, with few exceptions, as economical as is consistent with their high position, and every year put by some portion of their savings for a rainy day. Better than anybody else, perhaps, monarchs know that it is money makes the mare go, and that to spend all their income as they get it is just as great a folly in themselves as in their subjects.

The modern king is as a rule a very practical gentleman. Of some it is not too much to say that they do not place implicit confidence in the nation of which they are the head. Of nearly all of them it is certainly true that they do not put all their eggs into one basket.

Every year the present Tsar and Tsaritsa of Russia intrust a large portion of their private savings to the British and French national banks. Alexander II., grandfather of the Emperor Nicholas, was economical in a high degree, and the money he saved is said to run well into four millions sterling. By his will he left legacies to various members of the imperial family which swallowed up a third of his vast fortune, the remaining two-thirds being given to a lady of the court who had wedded the sovereign without mounting the throne. As this lady was not of the royal line it was impossible that she could be recognised as Empress, and the legacy of two-thirds of the monarch's fortune was the compensation Alexander accorded to his morganatic spouse.

Alexander III. during his comparatively short reign, also saved a considerable fortune, and this he left by will to the present Queen Alexandra, at the time of his death Princess of Wales.

King Leopold of Belgium is one of the largest rubber and ivory dealers in the world. He is also one of the cleverest of financiers, and knows his way about all the bourses of Europe.

King George of Greece is also an old financial hand. He speculates largely in agricultural products, follows carefully all the fluctuations of the financial markets, and is assiduous in putting his money into good things.

The late Empress of Austria placed on deposit two-thirds of her allotted revenue. She was very economical, and kept as few servants about her as possible. She constantly revised the accounts of her husband and succeeded in making important reductions in his expenses. The Bank of England received her savings, and there is a curious story about the refusal of her beneficiaries to pay the British succession duties, a refusal which gave the governors of the Bank a great deal of trouble before the matter was adjusted.

The monarch who has the least confidence in the financial stability of his own country is the Sultan of Turkey. He declines to trust any Turkish bank with a farthing of his savings. The fattest part of his fortune—and it is said to be not small, despite the fact that his country is in a chronic state of bankruptcy—is deposited in British banks. In Paris they say that every quarter a special messenger, flanked by a suitable escort, leaves London for Constantinople to carry to the Sultan the interest on his deposits.

THE RAINMAKER.

A MODERN MIRACLE MAN FROM AMERICA.

Another scientific wonder from America! Professor Charles M. Hatfield professes to be able to make rain—not in the old-fashioned way by discharging cannon, but by the evaporation of chemicals in a chimney.

"These chemicals," he says, "have an irresistible attraction for moisture, and will pull it in from the Pacific Ocean, or anywhere else it may happen to be, to the place where his chemicals are evaporating."

Hatfield established his "rain-making" plant at Altadena, some 20 miles from Los Angeles, and one heavy downpour swept away a bridge in Los Angeles and reached out across the country, drenching for the first time in years the parched deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. The professor now wants "the contract for watering the desert of Sahara."

Australia, not to be behind America, has a scheme for "sucking down pure air from the upper levels of the atmosphere."

ADDS TO HEIGHT BY MECHANICAL MEANS.

COLORADO PROFESSOR INXENTS METHOD FOR INCREASING MAN'S STATURE ONE TO FIVE INCHES.

An invention now in use in the University of Colorado makes it possible for any person to increase his height one to five inches, quickly by a harmless method. Experiments have been conducted secretly the last three years under the supervision of Professor David B. Cropp and Professor Fordyce P. Cleaves. Professor Cropp is physical instructor at the university, while Professor Cleaves is connected with the scientific department.

The process is simply to stretch the backbone and increase the chest measure until the patient has attained the increase he wishes.

Mechanical force is applied to the body while in a vertical position. What distinguishes it from other methods of physical exercise is that in its application to the body it draws the extremities away from each other, while the ordinary way was to drag the shoulders and body down to the feet. The apparatus gives a thorough massage of the abdominal regions of the body, thereby aiding stomach and bowel difficulties. In short, it is asserted that the opperation of this apparatus constitutes an entirely new line of treatment for many diseases and disorders.

Professor Cropp, who invented the apparatus, was five feet eight inches tall, with a chest measurement of thirty-nine and one-half inches. Now he is five feet ten and one-half inches tall and measures forty-one inches around the chest. Tabulated statements in nine other cases show gains approximating those made by professor Cropp.

THE ORGAN CACTUS.

CURIOUS PLANT OF THE MEXICAN DESERT.

Since Mr. Luther Burbank, the plant wizard of Santa Rosa, California, has developed a thornless cactus that can be eaten as food, every man in Southern California who owns desert land is beginning to study the possibilities of this once much-despised plant.

Already one species, known as the organ cactus, has been utilized in Mexico and in certain parts of Southern California. It makes a picturesque and very effective hedge, and grows so tall it affords a shade during the greater part of the day. In the San Gabriel Valley, not far from Los Angeles, there are a few hedges composed of the organ cactus, but they are not so successful as they are in the more arid regions of Mexico. Those in Mexico often attain a height of 18ft. to 20ft., and at a long distance a hedge looks like a stockade. The Californian hedges, however, are thick enough to answer all purposes, and the owner of one declared he was willing to graft any other kind of cactus on the tall organ stems if this process would ensure good food.

HOW TO FIGHT INSECT PESTS.

In the last report of the Agricultural Department of Western Australia some interesting particulars are given of the work of Mr. George Compere, the travelling entomologist. His special cult is pests and their parasites.

He believes that every insect pest has its parasite, as, according to the moralist, every evil has its remedy. In the pursuit of this principle Mr. Compere enjoys the unique distinction of being in the joint service of the Western Australian and Californian Governments—a form of union for commercial and agricultural purposes which cannot but commend itself to the advocates of union between the United States and the British Empire.

Mr. Compere's duty takes him into many lands. He has to go, indeed, wherever he can find the original home of the insect pests whose ravages inflict such immense loss upon the farmer and the fruit grower.

According to the Western Australian report, Mr. Compere has succeeded in finding parasites of various vine scales, of the cabbage moth, and cabbage aphis, and of the codlin moth, that most destructive of all insects in the orchards of the world. He has also discovered a valuable beetle (Styphalinidae), whose avidity for maggots of every kind, particularly blow flies, is phenomenal. Whether these parasites will do all that is claimed for them the future only will tell, but certainly the progress of the work in which Mr. Compere is engaged should command the attention of all who are interested in agriculture and fruit growing.

A FLYING SNAKE.

CURIOUS REPTILE WITH WINGS.

A most remarkable and uncommon "flying snake" was recently captured and killed at Berry Plain, near Comorn, Virginia, and has attracted wide attention.

The curious reptile was first noticed flying about in the air, presenting the appearance of an ordinary snake attached to a strange looking bird.

As far as is known, it never once descended to the earth, and crawled on the ground after the manner of snakes, but it would occasionally alight in trees and catch such birds as best suited its fancy.

It was finally killed, and proved to be five feet long and about 1in. in diameter of body. It had wings of good size covered with feathers.

The invalid called in his lawyer, and said:

"I wish to explain again to you about willing my property——"

The attorney held up his hand reassuringly.

"There, there," said he, "leave all that to me."

The patient sighed resignedly.

"I suppose I might as well," said he, turning upon his pillow; "you'll get it any way I"

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To brighten oilcloth or linoleum, wipe with a cloth wet in kerosene.

Wooden spoons and those of enamel ware are a kitchen necessity. They save the silver and plated ware.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water and render them as pliable as new.

The footplate of a sewing machine, which is the metal plate under the needle, should be taken off occasionally, so that the fluff which has accumulated under it may be removed.

Enamelled ware may be scoured with safety by the use of finely-powdered pumice stone. A few drops of ammonia in a pail of water will perform the ordinary cleansing.

To keep bright grates from rust, make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a brush smear it thickly over the polished surface. This is a simple way of keeping the grates and fireirons of an unoccupied house free from injury for months.

Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with a rag, then scour with a cloth or paper sprinkled with salt.

A rack for spoons, ladles, skimmers, dippers, and other things constantly needed in the cooking of food, if hung or fastened near the stove, will prove a great convenience. And if such article has its own hook, and is always hung on it, it may be reached for "without the eyes."

Ink stains on linen are always a source of worry, so I need make no apology for recording the following method which may be relied upon to remove such stains: Procure from the chemist a small quantity of liniment of iodine and hyposulphite of soda. Now sprinkle a few drops of liniment on to the stain, and allow it to soak through. Get a large crystal of hyposulphite of soda, and dip it in water, then rub it on the article till all colouring matter disappears and the ink with it. This process is recommended principally for linen.

1479.

Ballarat Presbytery.

The monthly meeting of the Ballarat Presbytery was held on Tuesday at Carngham, on the occasion of a visitation to that charge. The Ballarat delegates, who were in attendance, drove out in the morning, and on arrival were entertained at lunch by the Rev. R. Robertson and Mrs Robertson, assisted by the ladies of the congregation.

In the afternoon the Presbytery meeting was held in the vestry. The moderator, Rev. F. McQueen, occupied the chair, and amongst those present was the Rev. R. McGowan, of Beaufort.

An application for annual grant to the Home Mission Fund from Raglan was received, and further consideration was held over until next meeting.

The quarterly reports from the Raglan and Waterloo Home Missions were read and received. The reports of the delegates to the quarterly committees were received and adopted.

The Rev. T. R. Cairns urged on delegates the necessity of the various charges interesting themselves actively in supporting the movement for the purpose of collecting funds to erect a memorial to the late Mrs Margaret Whitecross Paton.

A letter was received from the Rev. G. S. Moorehead, asking for a sum of £70 as assistance to the Sustentation Fund at Windermere. On the motion of the Rev. R. McGowan, seconded by Rev. A. H. Moore, that the sum requested be passed for this year, but that the matter be further considered next year, when a visitation will be made to the charge referred to.

Mr D. McKenzie mentioned that news had arrived in Ballarat of the death in New Zealand of the Rev. William Campbell, who had formerly been well known in the Ballarat district, and had been one time stationed at Carngham. Mr Campbell had been held in the greatest veneration and esteem in Victoria, and he moved that a letter of condolence be sent to the son of the deceased clergyman. The motion was seconded by Mr Clarke and carried.

CONGREGATIONAL VISITATION.

When the business had been concluded the members adjourned to the church, where the visitation was made.

The proceedings commenced with a hymn, sung by the congregation, after which prayer was offered up by the Rev. W. R. Cunningham.

The Moderator then shortly addressed the congregation on the object of the visitation, which, he explained, was made in accordance with the traditions of the church, which required that the members of the governing bodies should go to all the charges, and make themselves acquainted with the needs and position of the latter. In visitations such as the present the congregations could realise the value of the organisation of the church, and that no matter in what far-back they were their well-being was watched by the members of the Presbytery.

The Rev. T. R. Cairns put the usual questions, which were satisfactorily answered by the Rev. R. Robertson, the minister in charge, and also by Mr Clarke, on behalf of the session, and Mr J. S. Douglas, representing the board of management.

Mr Cairns then delivered an address. He congratulated the congregation on the prosperity of the charge. It was very pleasing to find that the congregation was free from debt. This state of things was greatly due to the generosity of the residents of the district, and particularly that of the late Hon. Philip Russell. The handsome church was indeed a magnificent monument to his memory, and was a lasting record of his faith and loyalty to the cause of religion. But the congregation must not remain content with what it had done, and it would be unfortunate if they were content to live on their past good record without continuing to manifest the same spirit in the future. The Church of God existed for the spreading of the knowledge of God, and the building up of the spiritual life of the people. They were free from financial obligation, but they could never be free from the moral obligation to help their minister in his good work. The attendance on the Sabbath was fairly good, but he thought every man and woman in good health should regularly attend the church on God's day at least once. They had a good start, and there was none of that harassing financial worry to prevent them doing their best to promote their religious welfare. Communion with God had the power of lifting one up and stimulating one's spiritual life, and there was nothing better for a congregation than to meet often for prayer and for the outpouring of the spirit of God. The workers of the church should often talk about God, and should also frequently raise the question whether they were doing enough for God. Their minister would do his best to discharge the share of the work that rested on his shoulders, but the congregation must help him, must do their share, and do what they could for the advance of God's cause. It was possible for everybody to do something, and there was great comfort in this, that God did not measure everyone by the same standard, and that everyone was judged by his capacity. Let them remember, and take as their motto, "Excelsior." There was always room to improve and to go onward. He hoped to shortly have a further opportunity of addressing them at more length, and in conclusion would urge them to make the coming year the best in the history of their church. Mr Cairns closed his address by paying a high tribute of respect to the memory of the late Rev. William Campbell, who was some 25 years ago in charge of the Carngham Mission, and who died recently in New Zealand.

After the visitation the members of the Presbytery reassembled in the vestry, and appointed the Ballarat ministers and the Rev. J. Smiley a sub-committee to draft a finding with regard to the visitation.—Abridged from "Star."

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

It is true that many contract colds and recover from them without taking any precaution or treatment, and a knowledge of this fact leads others to take their chances instead of giving their colds the needed attention. It should be borne in mind that every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality, makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold and paves the way for more serious diseases. Can you afford to take such desperate chances when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds, may be had for a trifle? For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

The appointment of Mr J. B. Box to the vacancy on the County Court bench is a popular one with members of the legal profession.

Fresh as Apple Blossoms . . .

Is our New Season's Selection of Dress Goods . . .

And they are almost as Cheap as if they had been grown.

*

This Season we are making a

Dress Goods Sensation!

We have put in the Largest Stock of Dress Goods ever bought by us, and such Low Prices were never before coupled with such Excellent Qualities . . .

*

WE HAVE SOMETHING FIT FOR . . . EVERY FANCY . . .

Up-to-date and unlike what is usually seen.

YOUR DRESS IS HERE . . .

LET US

. . . HELP YOU to SELECT IT.

*

GOOD MILLINERY NEWS . . .

A Matchless Collection of Fashion's Creations for Spring and Summer wear at specially Attractive Prices.

Style and Originality . . . Pretty HATS and BONNETS with Grace and Dash are here. . .

All are Welcome to Inspect—Buyers or not.

In these days of Spring Preparations nobody should miss seeing our Splendidly Assorted Stock of Fashionable Goods.

WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

Beaufort Police Court.

TUESDAY, 10TH OCTOBER, 1905.

(Before Rear-Admiral Bridges, Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon and G. Topper, J.s.P.)

John Baker, a swagman, was charged by Constable Starkey with making use of insulting words in a public place, Neill street, Beaufort, on 9th inst.

Defendant said he did not remember it, as he was the worse of drink.

Constable Starkey deposed that at about 8.20 o'clock last night he arrested the prisoner, who was in company with three other men, and made use of very strong language to him; the words complained of being written on a slip of paper and handed to the Bench.

Defendant pleaded for leniency, stating he had a job to go to-morrow at Mawallok shearing.

Senior-constable Nicholson read three previous convictions against defendant for drunkenness this year at Beaufort, and stated that this man was a complete nuisance: that he came to Beaufort and thought he had nothing to do but to get drunk.

Upon the chairman (Rear-Admiral Bridges) stating that it was a bad record,

Defendant asked to be given a chance and he would clear out to the work he had to go to.

In reply to the Bench, Constable Starkey said that the insulting words were used in Neill-street in a public place, and that there were people about at the time.

The chairman announced that the Court had decided, in view of the three previous convictions, it was really no good to give Baker a chance. He would be fined £4; in default one month's imprisonment. The Bench refused to grant him time in which to pay the money.

George Richards (alias John Viney) and William M. Kerr were then charged by Constable Starkey with being drunk and disorderly in a public place, Neill-street, Beaufort, on 9th inst. Both pleaded guilty; Kerr hoping the Bench would overlook it and give him a chance, as he had work to go to, and was very sorry for what had happened.

Constable Starkey said these men were together at about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when he gave them half-an-hour to clear out of the town. He saw them again at about 8 o'clock, and arrested them. These two were not using bad language.

Senior-constable Nicholson said that one of them had been convicted at another place, but as it was some time ago he did not wish to bring it against him.

A fine of 5s. each, or 12 hours' imprisonment, was inflicted; an appeal for time being refused.

William Peter Schlicht sought to recover from George Grant Harrison the sum of £9 10s, that amount being due on a promissory note. Mr S. Young appeared for plaintiff.

Defendant admitted the debt, but said he could not pay it in a lump sum. He was willing to pay so much per month. He had to pay rent for a shop and house, and wages to a boy, and having only started business a fortnight ago at Lexton, had no money in hand.

Mr Young stated that Mr Schlicht objected to defendant having any further time. The original summons had been issued on 25th July for rent, and defendant came to him and promised to pay in a month, but he had let it go on till now without paying anything. He asked for a verdict, with costs.

Defendant said he called at Mr Young's office and made an offer, which was not accepted; Mr Young wanting £3 down, all he had.

Mr Young said the offer was only 2s 6d a week. The debt had been owing for months before July, and the Court had no option but to give a verdict.

The Bench thought it would be serious to sell defendant up.

Mr Young replied that they could not sell him up unless he was worth a certain amount, and he was entitled to his tools of trade and furniture.

The chairman asked defendant if he could give some security that would be satisfactory to Mr Young.

Defendant said only that he was entitled to £100 from his father's estate in March next, and, when asked if he would be willing to assign the amount of the debt from his share of the estate, said he could not see his way clear to do so, having written to the Executors Company at Melbourne about it, and receiving no reply.

The chairman said the Bench were hesitating to give an order with distress, to see if defendant could not make some offer that would be agreeable to Mr Young.

Defendant said he could not pay more than 2s. 6d. a week.

The Bench did not see how they could do anything else but give an order for the amount claimed, with costs, in default distress; defendant being advised to arrange terms of settlement with Mr Young.

Mr Young's application for 28s. 6d. costs was granted.

Snake Valley.

The funeral of Mr James Kelly, of Snake Valley, took place at the Linton Cemetery on Thursday, and was largely attended. A number of brethren from the M.U.I.O.O.F. Lodge marched in front of the hearse. Cr. A. C. Roddis and Messrs W. Coates, E. Rowe, B. Lewis, P. Kilfoyle, G. Bass, J. Whitla, and R. Farquhar were pall-bearers, and the coffin-bearers were Messrs T. Lewis, T. Nunn, C. Hall, jun., and J. Stewart. The Rev. Father J. Barrett conducted service at the grave, and Bro. W. Coates read the lodge service.

At Wednesday's sitting of the Police Court, before Mr W. Dickson, P.M., William Nunn was proceeded against by the Riponshire Council for removing a tree on 15th March from the roadside. Senior-constable Nicholson prosecuted, and the defendant—who pleaded guilty—was fined 40s and 13s costs.—"Courier."

SCHEDULE A.—[CLAUSE 4 (b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Herbert Rose; "Sawpit Gully Gold Mining Company."

Full address of each applicant — Burke Street, Beaufort.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—About 80 acres; on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—None.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—Sawpit Gully, half-a-mile south of Jonathan's Gully, Beaufort.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—As soon as lease is granted.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—Beaufort water race.

Nature of proposed mining operations. If boring, sinking, or mine-opening operations proposed, state time each stage is likely to occupy, and estimated expenditure under each head—Hydraulic sluicing the surface and quartz veins if discovered.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work in quartz or alluviums—Both.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

General remarks—Water race protected everywhere.

Place and date—Beaufort, October 13th, 1905.

Signature of Applicant — HERBERT ROSE.

SCHEDULE A.—[CLAUSE 4 (b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—William Lascelles; "Golden Mount Gold Mining Co."

Full address of each applicant—352 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—About 90 acres; on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—One residence area to be excised; part on lease.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—North and adjoining Beaufort Cemetery; Ballarat road on eastern boundary.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On granting of lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—None.

Nature of proposed mining operations. If boring, sinking, or mine-opening operations proposed, state time each stage is likely to occupy, and estimated expenditure under each head—Hydraulic sluicing surface and quartz veins if discovered.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work in quartz or alluviums.—Both.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

General remarks—Safe distance kept from all fences.

Place and date—Beaufort, October 13th, 1905.

Signature of Applicant — WILLIAM LASCELLES.

SCHEDULE A.—[CLAUSE 4 (b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Walter Johnston; "No. 2 Extended Gold Mining Company."

Full address of each applicant—Raglan.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—Thirty acres; both on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—John Lancey, E. Lancey, M. Lancey, E. Neil, P. Padfield; all of Raglan.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—South of the Extended Gold Mining Company, Raglan.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—No.

Nature of proposed mining operations. If boring, sinking, or mine-opening operations proposed, state time each stage is likely to occupy, and estimated expenditure under each head—Boring and sinking.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work in quartz or alluviums—Both quartz and alluviums.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

General remarks—Nil.

Place and date—Beaufort, 10th October, 1905.

Signature of Applicant — WALTER JOHNSTON.

FOR SALE, three DRAUGHT HORSES and one two-horse WAGGON. Apply, W. FRUSHER, Waterloo; or W. HALPIN, Beaufort.

Preliminary Notice.

DIXON BROS. & HALPIN will sell on 1st November, Mr. Gunn's LAND, consisting of 26 acres; also his Effects. Particulars in future issue.

IMPOUNDED at Beaufort. Alderney Bull, FB near rump. If not claimed and expenses paid, to sold 11th November, 1905.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB.

A GENERAL Meeting of the above Club will be held in the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on TUESDAY evening next, 17th inst., to fix date of annual Races.

W. H. HALPIN, Hon. Secy.

CHEAP EXCURSION — STAWELL TO BALLARAT—for the Grand Champion BRASS BAND CONTESTS, on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28TH. Return Fares from Beaufort—1st, 4s. 9d.; under 12, 2s. 6d.; 2nd, 3s. 3d.; under 12, 1s. 9d. Rail tickets admit to Band Contests at half-price (6d). See handbills. Train leaves Beaufort at 9.55 a.m. Return leaves Ballarat at 10.50. Tickets (available 1 month) from Mr. D. F. Troy, Neill Street, Beaufort. W. D. HILL, Gen. Sec., Ballarat.

BEAUFORT.

SALE BY AUCTION, on SATURDAY, the 14TH OCTOBER, 1905.

Freehold Dwelling-House, Furniture, and Effects.

On the Premises, Junction of Leichardt and Havelock Streets, Beaufort, at one o'clock.

In the ESTATE of MATTHEW WHITE, late of Beaufort, Miner, deceased.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD (Mr. Chesterfield, Auctioneer) are instructed by the BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, and AGENCY Co., Limited, to submit to public auction, as above, all that valuable Freehold, situate at the Junction of Leichardt and Havelock Streets, being Crown allotment 1, of section 59, containing 39 perches, in the town and parish of Beaufort, on which is erected a six-roomed Dwelling, with out-Kitchen, securely fenced, and in the heart of the township.

Also all the Household Furniture and Effects, comprising Chairs, Tables, Fender and Irons, Pictures, Lamps, Kitchen and Cooking Utensils, Crockery and Glassware, and a large quantity of useful Sundries.

Sale to commence at One o'clock sharp, on SATURDAY, the 14TH OCTOBER, 1905.

Terms for Freehold at sale; terms for effects, cash.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

Wednesday, 18th October,

AT DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S AUCTION ROOMS, BEAUFORT, AT 2.30 P.M.

MACLEOD & BOOTH, in conjunction with Messrs. DIXON BROS. & HALPIN, instructed by THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS and AGENCY COMPANY, Limited, in the ESTATE of the late Mr. ANDREW GILLESPIE, will offer for Sale by Auction, as above, the well-known FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situated at STOCKYARD HILL, county of Ripon, containing 654 acres 2 roods 18 perches, as under, viz.:—

241a. 3r. 8p., part of C.A. 5, section 12, parish of Yangerahwill.

180a., Crown allotment 4, section 12, parish of Yangerahwill.

157a., part of C.A. 5, section 14, parish of Yangerahwill; and

75a. 3r. 10p., part of C.A. 5, section 12, parish of Yangerahwill.

The land is subdivided into four paddocks, well watered, and sheep-proof. The improvements consist of a well-built w.b. and stone House, containing eight rooms; also five-stall Stable and loose-box, Dray, Implements, and Woolsheds, and everything that is necessary for thoroughly working the estate.

The property is leased to Messrs. Kirkpatrick Brothers for three years from 1st March, 1905 (with the exception of a small portion leased as a school reserve to the Minister of Education for seven years from 29th November, 1899. Is for positive sale, and the auctioneers have every confidence in recommending it to intending buyers.

Stock Sale and Horse Parade.

THURSDAY, 26TH OCTOBER, 1905.

AT DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S SALEYARDS, BEAUFORT.

OWING to the Ballarat Show falling on the same date, DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S monthly STOCK SALE will be held in their yards, opposite the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on THURSDAY, 26th inst., at 2 p.m.

On the same afternoon a HORSE PARADE and SPECIAL SALE of HORSES will be held. Entries invited.

Licensing Act 1890.

Notice of Application for Transfer of License.

WE, FREDERICK WILLIAM ROGERS, of Pretty Tower (the executor under the will of Denis Maher, deceased), the holder of a Victualer's License for the house and premises known as Farmers' Hotel, situate at Beaufort, in the Licensing District of Beaufort, transferror, and RACHEL MAHER, of Beaufort, proposed transferree, do hereby give notice that it is our intention to apply to the Licensing Court for the said Licensing District, on the twenty-fourth day of October, 1905, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, at Beaufort, for a transfer of the said license from the said Frederick William Rogers to the said Rachel Maher.

Given under our hands this seventh day of October, 1905.

F. W. ROGERS, Transferror.
RACHEL MAHER, Proposed Transferree.
Witness—SAMUEL YOUNG, Beaufort, Solicitor for the Applicants.

TRUSTS ACTS.—Creditors, next of kin, and others having claims against the estates of the deceased persons hereafter mentioned are required to send in particulars thereof to The Ballarat Trustees, Executors & Agency Company, Limited, of Camp Street, Ballarat (the administrator of the estate of Matthew White, deceased), on or before the 11th day of November next.

Names.	Usual Residence.	Occupation.	Date of Death.
Matthew White,	Beaufort,	miner,	27th July, 1897.
Phoebe White,	Beaufort,	widow,	19th June, 1905.

Dated this 10th day of October, 1905.
MARK LAZARUS, 42 Lydiard Street, Ballarat, Proctor for the said Executor.

PURE-BRED Buff Orpington EGGS for SALE, at 5s. per dozen. Apply to C. WRIGHT, Beaufort.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),

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

BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

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

Every attention, and prompt returns.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

IF you require Goods forwarded, Furniture removed, Parcels delivered, Conveyances for Picnics, go to

J. A. HARRIS.

Orders received and attended to for trucking Live Stock, Produce, &c.

Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.

Agent for Broadbent Bros.; Permewan, Wright & Co.; McCulloch & Co.; Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co.; and National Mutual Life Assurance Co.

Pringle's for TEA!

A FEW CASES ONLY!

A Beautiful China Cup and Saucer GIVEN AWAY for every lb of "SUNRISE" TEA Purchased. Price, 1/6 per lb.

GEO. PRINGLE, SPOT CASH GROCER, NEILL STREET.

SHEARING SEASON, 1905.

Hawkes Bros.'

GREAT STOCK

Is Now Ready.

We have every Requirement for the Proper Handling of the Wool from

THE SHEEP'S BACK

TO THE WOOLPACK.

Our Goods are Bought in Large Quantities from the Manufacturers only, for Spot Cash; and Imported by ourselves; thus we are able to offer them at

Prices that Sweep Aside Opposition.

Run a critical eye down our Shearing Price List (which we have sent you), and figure out what you can Save by Buying from us.

Transact your Business where
Facilities are Best,
Qualities are High,
Goods are Many,
Prices Right.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE

IRONMONGERS.

GRAVEL and STONE CAN BE CURED.

From Mr. G. Lucas, tobacconist, Kapunda, S.A., 7th December, 1904.

"I have great pleasure in recommending Warner's Safe Cure to anyone troubled with gravel, knowing from personal experience what suffering one undergoes when once this dreadful complaint is contracted, and how it unfits him for the most ordinary duties of life. I suffered for a long time and was unable to get relief. My urine was thick and ropy, and at times full of dark coloured sediment; at other times it was of a green colour. I was almost afraid to drink anything, knowing the burning pains I would have to endure in urinating. I had a constant desire to pass water, and was unable to retain it for any length of time. My stomach was very irritable, my digestion bad, with little appetite, and sweats at night. I became seriously alarmed after trying many remedies without obtaining any benefit. A friend, living at Kapunda, who had been cured of the same complaint by Warner's Safe Cure, advised me to try it. I had very little faith, but I took his advice and commenced taking Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Safe Pills. After taking the first few doses I was greatly relieved, my water became less impregnated with foreign matter, and the pain while urinating decreased and gradually left me. I continued with the medicine, and after taking it for some time a large stone passed from me. From this time I improved in health. It is several years ago since I was cured. I am now in good health, and have not had a return of the complaint since."

From Mr. James Fabian, Newstead, Breakfast Creek Road, Brisbane, Q., 11th February, 1905.

"About two and a half years ago my little daughter, at that time six and a half years of age, suffered severely from kidney colic and paralysis. She lost the use of her arms and legs, and the pain was almost continuous. She could get no rest at night and kept all of us awake by her screaming from the pain. We had a doctor attending her for nine months, but his treatment did her no good. He told us he had not much hope that she would get better. I happened to read one of your pamphlets which was left at my house, and saw the symptoms of kidney colic described. I decided to give Warner's Safe Cure a trial. After my daughter had taken the first dose it seemed to give her ease and she went to sleep. We continued to give her the medicine until she had taken, in all, six bottles, and could see her improve with every bottle she took. It is over twelve months ago since she had the last dose. Warner's Safe Cure restored her to health, and she has not required medicine of any kind since. You can make what use you like of this letter, as I cannot speak too highly of Warner's Safe Cure in cases of kidney colic."

From Mr. S. J. Wadrop, Mount Barker, S.A., 3rd December, 1904.

"For several years I suffered excruciating pain in the region of the kidneys, hip and groin. I became so ill and weak that life became a burden to me, and it was torture to me to do any manual labour. I tried many medicines, but could obtain no relief that was permanent. I was then advised to take a course of Warner's Safe Cure, and, after taking a few bottles of that medicine, a large stone passed from me and gave me great and immediate relief. From that time forward my health continued to improve; I gained in weight and strength, the unbearable pain was entirely removed and I was once again in vigorous health and strength. The stone, which is of large size, I have preserved, and it can be seen by anyone who will call on me, and I shall have great pleasure in telling personally my experience."

From Mr. G. H. Robinson, Harbour View, Watson's Bay, N.S.W., 29th September, 1903.

"I have much pleasure in testifying as to the value of Warner's Safe Cure as, gradually, and without pain, it removed a stone from my kidneys, which had been accumulating for years."

From Mr. A. Spiers, 98 Moorehead Street, Redfern, N.S.W., 10th February, 1904.

"About six years ago I was a great sufferer from gravel and kidney trouble. My doctors said I had Bright's Disease of the kidneys. My sight, too, became very impaired. I tried Turkish baths and many other remedies without obtaining relief. I was in misery for at least 18 months when a friend advised me to give Warner's Safe Cure a trial. I did so, taking also Warner's Safe Pills, and in nine weeks I was a new man. I attribute my recovery solely to Warner's medicines, as I have not suffered in any way since."

From Mr. John F. Kennedy, Argyle Street, Parramatta, N.S.W., 22nd September, 1903.

"Some years ago I was attacked by great pains in the kidneys and bladder, accompanied by swelling in the groin. The pain was so severe that, even when lying in bed, I could scarcely bear it, whilst to walk across the room was agony. I was treated by doctors, off and on, for five years, and at last they told me that it was no use giving me any more medicine, but to take care of myself and to take plenty of nourishment. I was laid up feeling very bad when I happened to read one of your pamphlets. I sent for some Warner's Safe Cure and continued taking it for three months. After taking three or four bottles it brought gravel in great quantities from me, and I was soon able to get up and walk about after three months on my back. I am well known in Parramatta, and people were surprised to see the way I had improved after taking Warner's Safe Cure. I went to the chemist from whom I bought the medicine, and when I showed him the gravel it had brought from my system he said it was marvellous."

From Mr. James Grant, Grocer, 126 Young Street, Annandale, N.S.W., 12th February, 1903.

"Some ten years ago I was attacked by great pains in my back and groin, which at times were so severe that I almost screamed with agony. I was treated by doctors for fully five years, and also tried several patent medicines, but obtained no relief. I at last despaired of ever getting well again, but was recommended by a friend to try Warner's Safe Cure, as it had given him immense relief in a similar case. I followed his advice, and after taking the medicine for a while I passed a stone about three-quarters of an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide. I am pleased to say that after this stone had come away my sufferings were at an end, and I have not suffered in the slightest degree since. Many of my friends know of my case, and I always keep the stone I passed. I can confidently recommend Warner's Safe Cure in cases like mine, as I am thoroughly convinced that it saved me many years of agony, if not my very life itself."

A treatise explaining fully why Warner's Safe Cure cures gravel and stone will be sent, post free, by H. H. Warner and Co., Ltd., Australasian Branch, Melbourne, Victoria.

COAGULINE

"This is to be a great scheme," said the Premier, when announcing that the Minister for Lands (Mr Murray) had completed the draft of a bill to deal with the unemployed by placing them on small allotments of land. The proposal is to give each landowner £200 worth of land, and improvements and stock up to the value of another £200. The repayments will extend over a period of 30 years, and interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. will be charged. A director is to be appointed to show the men how to work, and one of the aims of the administration will be to assist the settlers in carrying out co-operative industries.

A man was too stingy to pay for a local newspaper, and as he could not get along without it he sent his little boy to borrow a paper from his neighbour. In his haste he ran over a 16s 6d box of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a guinea pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran out, upset a £1 churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole lot. In the hurry she dropped a £10 set of false teeth. The baby being left alone, crawled through the spilt cream and into the parlor, ruining a brand new £5 carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the groom, the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts. And all this happened through the downright stinginess of one man.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1905—1906.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

Will hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual Every FRIDAY during the Coming Season. They would call special attention to their

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES, built expressly for the Storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS splendidly lighted, and unequalled in the Colony for the proper display of Wool.

☞ Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS CLIPS receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.

A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION of Wool than any other market in the Australian Colonies.

☞ *Charges.*—The lowest ruling in the Colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered *invariably three days* after sale.

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

☞ *Forty-one years'* practical English, Continental, and Colonial experience of the Wool trade.

Cash Advances, if required, directly on receipt of produce into store.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,

AUCTIONEERS,

Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance, and Financial Agents,

36 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH,

Opposite Cathedral Church.

EDMOND DOEPEL (26 years with Messrs. Cuthbert, Morrow, and Must).

W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.

AUCTION SALES of LAND, HOUSES, FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the shortest notice. Property for Private Sale or to Let entered in our register free of charge.

Properties Purchased for Clients. Valuations for Mortgage and Probate purposes made by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, official valuator to the Ballarat Diocese, the National Mutual Life Association, and leading investors of the city.

Agents for Absentees. Estates Managed and Wound Up.

MONEY.—Trust and other Moneys to Lend on Mortgage at lowest rates, and first-class Investments found for Capitalists free of charge.

Local Secretaries National Mutual Life Association. Shipping Agents for the Canadian Australian Steamship Company, in connection with Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Tourist Route of the World. Niagara Falls *en route*. Fares to London, L35 to L66.

ARCHITECTS.—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates for all descriptions of buildings prepared by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, who has had a very wide architectural experience.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER

(Late R. M. West & Co.),

36 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH.

District Representative—JOHN McDONALD, "Burnside," Middle Creek.

TO STAND AT MIDDLE CREEK THIS SEASON,

And Travel the Surrounding District,

The celebrated Roadster Stallion,

BLARNEY STONE,

Stands 16 hands 1in. high. Is a very fast Trotter.

BLARNEY STONE'S dam, Talkative, by Talk of the Ring, by Lucifer, dam, Mermaid, by Fisherman; Talkative's dam, Nanny the Knitter, by The Peer, dam, Vixey, by War Hawk.

BLARNEY STONE'S sire, Treaty Stone, bred by Mr. Henry, Tipperary, Ireland, imported by Mr. Hen, by the celebrated Old Victor; dam by Uncas, one of the best sires in England. Bachussan, by Uncas, was the best hurdle racer of the year in 1887, winning the Welter Race at Curagh. Treaty Stone took first and Champion at Tatura Show, and first at Numurkah and Nathalia Show in 1890. In 1891 he was again awarded first prize at Numurkah and Nathalia Show. Treaty Stone has obtained numerous prizes since at various shows.

BLARNEY STONE has proved himself a sure Foal-getter, and his stock in this district show to be of real good quality.

Terms—£2 10s. Cash; or, Guarantee, £1 Cash and £2 5s. when Mare proves in foal.

For further particulars apply—

J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

CLARKE'S B. 41. PILLS.

A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs in either sex. These famous Pills also cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. Free from mercury. Forty years' success. Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.

THESE FACTS ARE SWORN TO.

Most Convincing Evidence.

The Case of Mr. W. DAVIDSON.

(*By a Special Reporter.*)

The colours were evidently fresh upon memory's palette when our representative saw Mr. William Davidson, of 695 Drummond-street, North Carlton, for he said, in answer to a question: "Yes, I remember quite well how long ago it is since I got better after ailing so long. It is just on a year, and yet it seems but yesterday since I was set free from my misery. You see, I had lost a good few of my teeth, and could not masticate my food properly, consequently, indigestion set in, and for a terribly long time I suffered severely, but I can safely say that I would have been out of my trouble long before if I had known about Clements Tonic at the start."

"Was that the medicine which ultimately cured you?" interrogated the scribe.

"Nothing else had anything to do with my recovery but Clements Tonic, and ever since I came out to the colonies from Aberdeenshire forty years ago, I have never met a medicine to equal it. I do not think anybody could have worse pains in the stomach than I had after meals, though it was little enough I ate, goodness knows; but it did not matter how light, or how small the quantity, the food seemed to churn up inside and all go to wind. The pains were fearful, and I used to get more agony in the chest, too, which made me feel as if a weight had got stuck there somehow. Upon my word I wonder how I stood it all, and to think that I was enduring it because of my want of knowledge concerning Clements Tonic! —like, I suppose, hundreds of others at the present day."

"Then how did you come to take that medicine?"

"By reading of it in the papers, which was simply a matter of luck that I did not pass it over, as I daresay I had often done before; but on that day fortune favoured me, as one or two of my friends also told me what they knew about Clements Tonic, and that decided me. I made my first purchase of that grand remedy, and heaven knows how thankful I am for so doing, as from that day the tenor of my life was entirely changed. Previous to this I had been a perfect martyr to headaches, and for the life of me I could not get anything like a night's rest. Going to bed as I used to, feeling fagged out and tired to the core, one would think I could have slept anywhere at a moment's notice, but not so. I rarely dozed off till very long after retiring, and when again I woke what were my feelings like? As if I had been slaving myself to death—weary, aching, and full of despair—with a bitter taste in my mouth and with my sight quite dimmed. There was so little strength in me, and so little activity, that I was hardly any use to myself or anybody else, and some days my loins ached so badly that I could scarcely move. About my shoulders I had pains which made it hurtful to move my arms or lie on my back, and you may rest assured that the long endurance of so many torments had a bad effect upon the nervous system. It seemed as if nature had made up her mind to let me see how many afflictions a man could have and still live, but I am sure such afflictions would cut a man's existence pretty short were it not for Clements Tonic, which proved itself to be the very thing to set me up again, and there is no denying the fact that I was in a very low state when I took on that remedy for the first time."

"During the past year has your health been really good?"

"Splendid. I could not wish it to be better, for I have been sleeping and eating well, and have been quite free from those pains which caused me such great distress. I am sure Clements Tonic easily beats every medicine I know of for headaches and the other pains I had, and in cases of nervousness it should be used by everybody. There is one thing more I wish to say, and that is that Clements Tonic completely restored my strength, and for being able to work well and enjoy life I have that wonderful remedy to thank."

"Will you state that publicly?"

"Decidedly. You can publish in any way you like all I've said."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, WILLIAM DAVIDSON, of 695 Drummond-st., North Carlton, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

William Davidson

Declared at North Carlton, in the State of Victoria, this 13th day of January, 1904, before me, FRANCIS ELLEMOR, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

The gold yield for September is 54,491 ounces, worth £230,502, being a decrease of 1057 ounces compared with September, 1904.

RODOX RABBIT POISON.

An Efficacious Preparation of Phosphorus ENTIRELY SAFE IN HANDLING, And will not Ignite.

2/- per 2½lb. TIN.

Manufacturers and Proprietors:

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Melbourne.

STOCKED BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST.

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., &c.

BEAUFORT.

Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Civility and 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.

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

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION,

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS! REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

"I have used Hearne's Bronchitis Cure with splendid results. Always keep it in the home for use. It acts like magic."
(Rev.) JAMES SMITH,
Methodist Parsonage, Dunkeld.
Formerly of Oakleigh, Victoria.

"I was a bronchial subject for nearly 40 years, but have found Hearne's Bronchitis Cure a perfect remedy."
H. EDHOUSE, J.P.,
Stawell Brewery,
Stawell, Victoria.

"Your Bronchitis Cure is a splendid medicine. It is the best medicine I have ever used for Coughs, Colds on the Chest, and Sore Throat."
(Mrs.) JOHN McKENZIE,
Warooa, Victoria.

"I suffered very much from Asthma for four years and tried lots of so-called cures, without deriving any benefit. I got a bottle of your Bronchitis Cure, No. 12, last Friday, and a bottle of your No. 2 Medicine, for obstinate Asthma, on Saturday. Since the first dose of your No. 2 Medicine, I have not had the wheezing at all."
V. CAMERON,
"Leongatha," Riversdale Road,
Hawthorn, Melbourne.

"Your Bronchitis Cure really acts like magic."
(Mrs.) E. L. SYMES,
Narracoorte Hotel, Narracoorte,
South Australia.

"As my purchases show, your remedies are increasing in sale. From time to time I hear people speaking about the good results obtained from them. Wishing you a very much enlarged sale and great prosperity."
JOHN. KING,
Chemist, Ballarat.

"I have purchased a small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure, and have only taken four doses, and am glad to tell you that I am cured."
J. WRIGHT,
c/o Mr. D. McLean,
Camperdown, Victoria.

"I was laid up for twelve months with Bronchitis, during which I tried many remedies, without success. I used two bottles of your Bronchitis Cure, and am now completely cured."
JAMES WILLIAMS,
Huntly Street, Elsternwick, Melbourne.

"It affords me great pleasure to testify to the marvellous effect your Bronchitis Cure has upon coughs and colds. I have proved its value in my own home."
F. W. BINNS,
c/o A. H. Massina & Co.,
"Australian Journal" Office,
Melbourne.

"For nine years my wife suffered from Asthma and Bronchitis. I tried various treatments for her, but none succeeded until I got Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. She found benefit from the first bottle, and three bottles completely cured her. This was nine months ago. She is quite well now, and has never had an attack since."
A. ORR,
Clonbinane, Sunday Creek,
Broadford, Victoria.

"The cough was just terrific, but your Bronchitis Cure acted splendidly."—Yours very sincerely,
F. C. GREEN,
State School, Rosebud, via Dromana,
Victoria.

"I feel truly grateful to you for your invaluable medicine. It is marvellous the good it did me."
ISABEL P. WILSON,
"Coanwood," Drummond Street,
Ballarat, Victoria.

"I am glad to tell you that I have been quite free from Bronchitis for the last two years, the result of taking your Bronchitis Cure."
W. UTTON,
7 Little Railway Street, Durban,
Natal, South Africa.

"I have used your Bronchitis Cure, and am pleased to say that it is without doubt, absolutely the best medicine on the market for coughs and colds."
A. E. ANDERSON,
Telegraph Office, Fremantle,
West Australia.

"My husband was cured of Asthma by your Bronchitis Cure, more than 12 months ago, and he has not had an attack since. I have now commenced to give it to my son, five years old, who has had a cold ever since he was born. I have only given him a few doses, and he is better already."
(Mrs.) W. J. WISHART,
Warwick, Queensland.

"Having used your Bronchitis Cure in my family at different times for years past, I wish to testify to the relief always afforded by it in colds on the chest, or any complaint arising therefrom."—Yours, etc., E. V. GODDARD,
19 Fitzgerald-st., North Yarra, Melbourne.

"Your Bronchitis Cure has a great reputation here. We sell more of it than of any other chest medicine we stock."
WILLIAMSON & CO.,
Windorah, via Charleville, Queensland.

"Your Bronchitis Cure is the best medicine I have ever taken."
D. WILLIAMS,
Hill-street, Lithgow, N.S.W.

"I can thoroughly testify to the wonderful efficacy of your Bronchitis Cure in a consumptive cough, it having relieved me when other prescriptions had no effect whatever."
T. LEWIS,
Kimbolton, via Wellington, N.Z.

"Your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure has been more to me than money can ever pay. I am quite free from Asthma now, and feel very grateful to you."
ISAAC S. TOSACH,
Virginia-street, Geelong.

"I have used your Bronchitis Cure myself, and have recommended it to others, with most beneficial results."
(Rev.) E. J. HENDERSON,
Gumeracha, South Australia.

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure."
ELLIOTT BROS. Ltd.,
Wholesale Druggists,
Sydney, N.S.W.

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects."
CHAS. WYBROW,
Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses."
P. F. MULLINS,
Cowle's Creek, Victoria.

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it."
D. M'DONALD,
Trinkey, via Quirindi, N.S.W.

"Your Bronchitis Cure is a wonderful medicine."
A. B. SIMMONS, J.P.,
No. 7 Renny-st., Paddington, Sydney.

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79. I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, having quickly cured us both."
R. BASSETT,
Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria.

"I suffered from Asthma for about fifteen years; was that ill at times could scarcely walk from one room to another; often had to sit up in bed part of the night. Tried doctors, patent medicines, and herbalists, without success; was almost tired of trying anything, when, one day, hearing about your Bronchitis Cure, I decided to give it a trial. I used five bottles of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure, with the result that the difficulty of breathing and distressing cough have all disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable medicine, and I recommend it to all my friends."
ELIZA LANGTON,
Wiseman's Ferry, New South Wales.

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once."—G. SEYTER, Bourke, N.S.W.

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me."
(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria.

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody."
S. STEELE,
Yanko Siding, N.S.W.

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial."
JOHN C. TRELAWNEY,
Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W.

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well."
H. HOOD,
Brooklands, Avoca-st., South Yarra, Melbourne.

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis."
A. ALLEN,
Osone House, Lorne, Victoria.

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine."
(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria.

"We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power." Signed by the Rev. Phillip SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and 59 other leading residents.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—Small Size, 2s. 6d.; Large Size, 4s. 6d.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor,

W. G. HEARNE, CHEMIST, GEELONG, VICTORIA.

FORWARDED BY POST TO ANY ADDRESS WHEN NOT OBTAINABLE LOCALLY.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

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

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway timetable:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m., has been discontinued.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc. All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

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

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

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

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

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

J. Holdsworth,

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER,

BEAUFORT.

Golden City Store. **W. A. McNAMARA,** Golden City Store.

27 Bridge Street,

BALLARAT.

For Good Buda Tea, 9d lb.
" Best I A Sugar, 14s 6d Bag.
" Best Coffee, 1s 6d lb.
" Best Loose Cocoa, 8d lb.
" Best Jams, 6lb Tins, 1s 4d.
" Best Flour, 15s 6d Bag.
" Best Cough Balsam, 6d Bottle.
" Best Eucalyptus, from 4d Bottle.
" Best American Axes, 3s 6d.

For Brushware of all kinds.
" Kettles, Saucepans, &c.
" Crockeryware.
" Lamps and Glasses, &c.
" Latest Combination Graters, 6d.
" Patent Medicines.
" Dolly Dyes, all Colors, 3d.
" Dr. Sheldon's Medicines.

Golden City Store. Dairy Produce Bought. Golden City Store.

STRATHMILL WHISKY.

West Australian Government Analyst says:—

"Strathmill is a genuine matured malt whisky."

"Bull Dog" LIGHT ALE

(Best English).

ABSOLUTELY Free from Sediment.

Local Agents:

Wotherspoon & Co.

Beaufort & Buangor.

ROBERT PORTER & Co. LIMITED BULL DOG BRAND LONDON & LIVERPOOL

EVERY GENUINE KODAK

Is an "Eastman" Kodak, and the *KODAK N.C. FILMS* are made to suit them only. Many Cameras are CALLED "Kodaks," but have no claim to the distinction.

The *SOLE AGENTS* in *AUSTRALIA* for all *KODAK GOODS* and *SUPPLIES* are—

BAKER & ROUSE PROPY. LTD.

"The Block," 284 Collins St., Melbourne, And at Sydney, Brisbane & Adelaide.

A SURPRISE TO BEAUFORT.

J. B. COCHRAN is now prepared to supply good sound FIREWOOD, Sawn, in 16 lengths, at Reasonable Prices, delivered or arranged for at the Mill, Raglan Road, Beaufort. Orders left at the Shop will be punctually attended to.

"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

WM. C. PEDDER,

Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

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

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT (next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Finest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage. Small Goods a Speciality.

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1456. | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1905. | PRICE THREEPENCE.

GEO. PAYNE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT

(Near the Post Office).

A Splendid New Stock now showing of everything in the Watch and Jewellery line, including Dress and Engagement Rings and Keepers, Links, Studs, Brooches, Gent.'s Gold and Silver Chains, Medals, Lockets, Green Stone Pendants, etc.; Gold Heart and other Charms, Fob Chains, Muff Chains, Collar and Front Studs, Gold and Silver Bangles of every description, Nickel, Silver and Gold Watches, Necklets, Scarf Pins, &c.

IN RINGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

We show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and the designs and finish cannot be beaten. Five-stone Diamond Half-Hoop Engagement Rings, 70s., 90s., £5 10s., £6 10s., £8 10s., £10 10s., upwards. Diamond and Sapphire 5-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 60s., 70s., 80s., 90s., £6 10s. upwards. Diamonds and Rubies, and Diamonds and Opals, 5 and 7-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 45s., 55s., 65s., 80s. upwards. Gipsy Set Dress or Engagement Rings, 17s. 6d., 25s., 30s., 45s., 55s., and 70s. each.

Band Rings, plain, 9s. 6d. to 30s.; with Stones, 12s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 25s. to 50s. Massive Band Rings, with Diamond and two Sapphires or Diamond and two Rubies, 90s. each. Gent.'s Single-stone Opal, Garnet, Ruby, or Sapphire Rings, 17s. 6d., 20s., 25s. to 30s. Buckle Rings, 25s. to 45s.; with Real Diamonds, 50s. Ladies' 5-stone Half-hoop Real Sapphire Rings, 70s. Wedding Rings and Keepers from 10s. to 40s. Best Watches imported in Nickel and Gun Metal Cases, 20s. and 22s. 6d.

RELIABLE WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY

REPAIRS

—AT—

PAYNE'S.

JEWELLERY REPAIRED, ALTERED, OR MADE TO ORDER.

STONES RESET OR MOUNTED.

GEORGE PAYNE,

JEWELLER,

STURT STREET,

(Two doors from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM. Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Opposite the State School,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.

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

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

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

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

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

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

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

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

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

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

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

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

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

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

Justices' Fixtures.

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

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

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

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

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

BEECHAM'S PILLS are perfect in quality and plentiful in quantity; they last longest, go farthest, and produce the best results. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, labelled 1s. 1½d., containing 56 Pills, and 2s. 9d., containing 168 Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

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

Registered mail and parcels post close 30 minutes prior.

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

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

Reg. mail and p.p., 30 minutes prior.

English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan	9
Waterloo	9
Waterloo S.	9
Main Lead	9
Chute	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring	9
Lake Goldsmith	9
Stockyard Hill	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen	12.45
Shirley	12.45

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

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.30 p.m. daily and 5.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat at 7 a.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

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

SAVINGS BANK.

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

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

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

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose,
Unsought except by men he owes.

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

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

NOTICE.

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

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

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, billheads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup is Sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Peside dere ish dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year round, mit some moneys. —Joseph.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

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

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

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

NEWSPAPER LAW.

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

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

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

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of Honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"Subscribers and Advertisers"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, &c., and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his 'biz' would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office :—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"

OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.

Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Spring and Summer, 1905-6.

COUGLE'S

DRAPERY & BOOT EMPORIUM.

NEW GOODS THIS WEEK.

NEW MILLINERY.

NEW BLOUSES.

NEW DRESSES.

NEW LACES.

NEW MUSLINS.

NEW PRINTS.

NEW CLOTHING.

NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

Everything New and Up-to-date. Come and have a look. You will not be importuned to buy.

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

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, 16th November, 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.
Furniture Sales held every Third THURSDAY.
FURNITURE STORED FREE OF CHARGE.

Why are
RICHARDS & CO.,
BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS,
So Famous?

FIRSTLY—Ballarat's climate is so suitable for good Photography.
SECONDLY—Richards & Co.'s Studio is specially built and lighted for Artistic Photography.
THIRDLY—Mr. Dearden, the Proprietor, takes every picture himself, sparing no pains or expense to secure the best results.
TWO POSITIONS.—We take two distinct positions of every sitter, and submit finished proof from each.
BRIDAL PORTRAITS.—Our Bridal Portraits have earned a world-wide reputation for their artistic finish. Bridal Veils, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Buttonholes, etc., kept at studio.
ENLARGED PHOTOS.—From any old or faded Photograph in the newest and most up-to-date mounting and framing, from 20s. each. Why give your orders to travellers when you can send direct to us.

RICHARDS & CO.,
Ballarat's Leading Photographers,
23 STURT STREET.

A CARD.
CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.
Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

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.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 22ND OCTOBER 1905.

Church of England—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (special sermons, Nelson Centenary); Main Lead, 3 p.m.; Waterloo, 3.30 p.m.—Rev. J. Butler Johnstone.

Presbyterian Church. — Trafalgar Commemoration services—Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan. Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr R. Thompson. Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Supply.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.—Mr. G. Ellingsen. Shirley, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr. Waldron.

CAMP HOTEL,
BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.
FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-
Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-
First-class Groom always in attendance.
Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.

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

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

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.
Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.
HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist
HAVELOCK-STREET, BEAUFORT.
May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine, ether, chloride of ethyl, laughing gas, &c.

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

A.N.A.,
BEAUFORT BRANCH
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.
All meetings open to the public.
J. M. CARROLL, Secretary.

Credit Foncier.
LOANS TO FARMERS
IN SUMS FROM £50 TO £2000
at 4½ per cent., for 30½ years,
WITH OPTION OF PAYING OFF ALL OR PART ANY HALF-YEAR.
LOANS made on Security of FREEHOLD or Crown Leasehold; may be used to pay Debts or CROWN RENTS; Pay Purchase Land; Purchase Stock; Implements, Seed, etc.; to Make Improvements; to Work and Carry on the Farm, etc.
Apply for Forms at any Post Office or Savings Bank, or by letter to
THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL
SAVINGS BANKS,
29 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.

DR. LEE-WILSON,
D.M.D., D.D.S., L.D.S., S.C.D.A.,
DENTIST.
Of 304 STURT STREET, BALLARAT (near Hospital),
VISITS GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, BEAUFORT, on the FIRST and THIRD SATURDAY in every month. Hours—12.30 till 5 p.m.
PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS, fillings, etc., with LAUGHING GAS and all LATEST METHODS.

The Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1905.

The announcement has been made that the scheme of General Booth to send 5000 immigrants to Australia has been abandoned by the promoter, and one of the reasons given is that there does not seem to exist a disposition on the part of Australia, as a whole, to accord such a welcome to the people who would be sent as would justify the promoter in proceeding with the scheme. The consideration of the proposal by the States showed that while population was wanted, there were no provisions for its proper reception, in that it could not be accommodated with the necessary land. The need for the revision of the land of the whole of the States was amply demonstrated, and as long as we cannot find land for our own people, it is a matter of absurdity to consider propositions of the nature of the one submitted by General Booth. Every Government is well aware that action is urgently required to make settlement on the land possible for all who wish to do so, and every Government just as consistently stands off and does practically nothing towards this much desired end. There is a decidedly "tired" feeling, which seems only to have sufficient energy to talk about our want of population. This is a threadbare cry by this time, but we still find those who will lift their heads back and send it forth like a dog baying at the moon. In our own State a weak attempt is being made to cope with the situation through the Closer Settlement Board, but the work is slow, and a number of people who would make splendid settlers are passed over. The tenant farmers, with the right to purchase their holdings, put in strong claims to the board, but that body was not satisfied that such cases were contemplated by the act, and they were left out. Then again the board found that there was another desirable class, for which it could do nothing, composed of men with assets, but without the requisite cash to pay for a homestead and the necessary fencing. It is regrettable that such classes like these should be excluded from assisting to develop Victoria and making homes for themselves. The board has made the suggestion that the latter class referred to should be the subject of some special provision to be made by the Minister. This is a practical proposal, and should be given every consideration without delay. In the course of the Budget speech, the Premier made some Utopian proposal for providing the unemployed with land and homes, but previous attempts to place the city out-of-work on the soil have resulted disastrously, and it would be a much more sensible idea to take steps to place those on the land who are anxious to go there, and who would be able to put it to the best advantage. The result would be that the national wealth and prosperity would be increased, in which case we would not hear so much of the unemployed question.

Local and General News.

A tiger snake, 3ft. 6in. long, was despatched by some boys in Bly's paddock, near the Beaufort Pound, the other day.

The friends of Mr Tom D. Bailes, farmer, Beaufort, will regret to hear that he is seriously ill with pneumonia and pleurisy.

There have been a good many business changes in Beaufort lately. Mr H. Schofield has now purchased a property at Geelong, and has disposed of his grocery business at Beaufort (which he has conducted for the past nine years) to Mr Donald McDonald, who has for about 14 years been manager of Messrs Wotherspoon & Co.'s grocery department. It is reported that early next year a certain hotel in Beaufort is to be demolished, to make room for a new drapery establishment. Notwithstanding the depression in mining, the consequent dullness of trade, and the difficulty of getting accounts settled (we speak feelingly on the latter subject), it is evident that some people have a very strong faith in the soundness of the town and district. Let us hope that Beaufort will soon experience a new era of prosperity.

As advertised elsewhere, there will be a Trafalgar Centenary service at Trawalla church on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. R. McGowan will preach on "Lessons from the Life of Nelson," Mr McGowan will preach on the same subject at Middle Creek in the morning and at Beaufort at night.

There are 40 cases of measles at Beaufort. Influenza is also very prevalent, and Senior-Constable A. Nicholson, we regret to say, is having a bad time of it.

Visitors from all parts of Australia and New Zealand, and visitors from other lands, are now daily reaching Melbourne to take part in the great Cup Carnival, opening on 4th November with Derby day. Flemington this year will be as brilliant as ever, and the gathering will include His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Northcote, the State Governors, the Admiral, and Lord and Lady Jersey, with their respective suites. Holiday excursion fares are being granted by the Railway Department, and the residents from this district are sure to be well represented in Melbourne during the racing festivities.

Messrs Macleod and Booth, in conjunction with Messrs Dixon Bros. and Halpin, submitted to public auction, at the rooms of the latter, at Beaufort, on Wednesday, under instructions from the Ballarat Trustees, Executors and Agency Company, Ltd., in the estate of the late Mr Andrew Gillespie, 654 acres 2 roods 18 perches of freehold land, known as Gillespie's farm, at Stockyard Hill. An additional 5 acres, which had been occupied for some years by the late Mr Gillespie, but for which there was no title, was also thrown in. The land is subdivided into four paddocks, well watered and sheep-proof. The improvements consist of a well-built w.b. and stone house containing 8 rooms, also 8-stall stable and loose box, and sheds. The property is leased to Messrs Kirkpatrick Bros., of Stockyard Hill, for three years from 1st March, 1905 (with the exception of a small portion leased as a school reserve to the Minister of Education for seven years from 29th November, 1899). There was a large attendance of farmers from the surrounding district. Mr Aitken, of Macleod and Booth, acted as auctioneer. He stated that the terms were one-fifth cash and residue to be paid within 28 days of the sale, the purchaser being entitled to the rents from the day of sale. The land would be sold subject to the leases, the rental from which was £212 4s per annum. Although the terms were strictly cash, the Trustees, Executors and Agency Company, Ltd., were prepared to advance three-fifths of the amount at 4½ per cent. interest. Mr W. P. Schlicht, of Beaufort, started the bidding at £6 an acre, and the price quickly went to £7 in 5s and 2s 6d bids. Then Messrs Kirkpatrick Bros. and Mr W. Lynch, of Lake Goldsmith, took it in shilling bids to £7 15s per acre, at which satisfactory price it was knocked down, amidst applause, to Messrs Kirkpatrick Bros. The total price realised for the land was £5,073 4s 11d. A few sundries, such as a sewing machine, writing-desk, etc., brought £7.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Jockey Club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, to fix the date of the annual races. Present—Dr. G. A. Eadie (in the chair), Messrs W. C. Jones, A. Parker, W. H. Halpin (secretary), A. Dickson, and W. O'Sullivan. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. The secretary read a circular from the V.R.C. relating to country racing, and stating that the following regulations will come into force on 1st January next:—All programmes to be submitted to the V.R.C. for approval when applying for dates; not less than £50 to be given for any one day's racing; not less than four races for horses of all heights in any one day's racing; no race shall be run under five furlongs, except for two-year-old horses, and one race of a mile or over must be provided for in each day's racing; no stake shall be less than £10 per race for horses of all heights; no stake shall be less than £20 for any jumping race; races shall not be run upon any course which is under seven furlongs in length. The chairman thought these regulations were very stringent. Mr Dickson considered that three parts of the country meetings would be unregistered. The chairman said the question was could not they run an unregistered meeting? Mr Dickson said they would not get as good an entry. The secretary stated that the balance to the credit of the club was £38 3s 6d, and that a small loss resulted last year, when the prizes amounted to £41. The chairman thought that with a loss on a meeting of £41, they would soon wipe out their credit balance if the prizes were increased to £50, for although it could not be argued that slightly bigger prizes would bring about a poorer financial result, it must be remembered that the district was in a very much worse state now. Mr O'Sullivan said a lot of people thought they would do better if the races were held on New Year's Day. The secretary stated that it was no use Beaufort holding races on the same day as Burrumbeet and Carngham, but that it would be better to follow Lexton, as last year, when they had good entries. Mr Parker mentioned that Ararat also held a small meeting on New Year's Day, which attracted a number of their patrons from Middle Creek and Buangor. He suggested that the races be held in March on a date to be fixed at a subsequent meeting. Mr Jones moved accordingly. Seconded by Mr Dickson, and carried. The secretary suggested that as Mr Dickson was a new member, the chairman might welcome him. Dr. Eadie said he was very pleased to welcome Mr Dickson, remarking that the club wanted a few more enthusiasts, as they had a hard struggle to keep the races up owing to the difficulties they had to contend with through the course being such a long way out of the town. The secretary was instructed to call a meeting early in January, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

The finances of the Fiery Creek Lodge of Free Masons are evidently in a healthy condition, for at the regular monthly meeting on Wednesday it was decided to purchase the building in Havelock-street known as Wotherspoon's brick store, for which £170 is to be paid, and by renovating and adding supper and ante-rooms at a further expense of about £280 or £300, to transform it into a handsome Masonic Hall. A committee, consisting of Wor. Bros. Muntz, Breen, Cougle, Eastwood, and Wotherspoon, were appointed to carry out the work; the first-named being appointed as architect. The work is to be put into the capable hands of Messrs Stevenson Bros. at once, and it is anticipated that the new hall will be completed early in the new year.

SUFFERERS from sciatica should not hesitate to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & CO., Merchants, Beaufort.

M. P. Barr, stationmaster, Beaufort, resumed duty, after a month's holiday, yesterday.

Tenders for grazing 1200 acres in Mount Cole State forest are advertised in another column.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club will be held in the Mechanics' Institute next Wednesday evening, to arrange annual Boxing Day sports and elect office-bearers for the ensuing year.

The Right Rev. W. S. Holland, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, is announced to visit the Lexton, Waterloo and Beaufort churches on Sunday, 19th November.

The rainfall (30 points) at Beaufort this week has had a beneficial effect upon crops, but has retarded shearing operations. All the stations in the surrounding district are now engaged shearing, but machine men are said to be scarce.

Several young fellows who appeared to have been drinking refused to go home when ordered off the street late on Saturday night, and upon one of the number putting up his hands to Constable Starkey, that officer made use of his baton. An arrest was also made, and the offender was let off with a fine of 5s on Monday morning.

A lad named Hector Carmichael, aged about 14 years, residing at Middle Creek, was yarding sheep at his grandfather's farm on Thursday, when one of them ran between his legs and upset him, with the result that both bones of his left arm were broken. His injuries were attended to by Dr. G. A. Eadie, of Beaufort.

With a view to altering the installation ceremony in 1906 from the month of November to the month of September, the election of officers of the Fiery Creek Lodge of Free Masons, which took place on Wednesday night, was for ten months only, and no change was made in the elective officers. Wor. Bro. E. J. Muntz was accordingly re-elected as Worshipful Master, Wor. Bro. G. H. Cougle, P.S.G.S., as treasurer, and Wor. Bro. W. G. Pedder as tyler. The installation of the W.M.-elect, and investiture of his officers, takes place on Wednesday, 15th November, at 5 p.m., and subsequently a social will be held in the Societies' Hall in celebration of the event.

Relative to the opening wool sales in Melbourne on Wednesday, the "Argus" states:—"As to prices, although they can hardly be said to have fulfilled the expectations of the most sanguine vendors, it is very satisfactory to be able to report distinct advances upon all kinds of wool offered compared with the opening sale of last year. We quote merino wools of good quality 10 per cent. higher, merinoes of medium quality 5 per cent., and merino lambs' 10 per cent. higher. Regarding crossbreds, the quantity offered was so small that quoting is difficult. On to-day's sale, however, comebacks and fine and medium crossbreds may be said to be 10 to 15 per cent. higher, and Lincolns 15 to 20 per cent. higher. It is to be remembered, however, that these comparisons are made with the opening sales last year, and that prices for both merinoes and crossbreds rose during last season considerably above opening rates. If to-day's prices, therefore, were to be compared with the highest rates of last season the rise would be much less."

There were nearly 40,000 income taxpayers in Victoria last year.

Arrears under the Credit Foncier system amount to only £65.

Our Christmas Supplement.

We have pleasure in announcing that we have again made arrangements for the publication in December of a handsomely illustrated Christmas supplement, consisting of fifty-four large pages of illustrations and letterpress. With a view to making the supplement a representative publication of all that is best in Australian art and literature, the services have been secured of Mr Percy F. S. Spence, the well-known Sydney artist, whose reputation stands as high in England as in Australia. Mr Spence's artistic work has appeared in "The Graphic," "The Illustrated London News," and "The Pall Mall Magazine." Mr Spence will, in addition to several halftone pictures in black and white, furnish a large cartoon, depicting "The Daughters of the Commonwealth," in circumstances and phases and under conditions possible only in the sunny South. This picture has been carefully engraved, and will be printed in colours. Amongst others who will contribute to the pages of the supplement will be the following well-known Australian artists:—George H. Dancey, the principal cartoonist of "Punch," Alek Sass, Maude A. Marquet, and G. H. Nuttall. The aim has been to make the supplement for this year thoroughly Australian in conception and execution. The subjects chosen for pictorial rendering will all be distinctively Australian, and will be the work of Australian artists. The reading matter will be varied and interesting, grave and gay, prose and verse, from the pens of well-known Australian writers; and the engraving, printing, and general get-up will be such as to make THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE'S CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT, 1905, a creditable and high-class specimen of Australian art, literature, and workmanship. Our regular subscribers will be presented with a copy gratis, and copies may be purchased at sixpence each. It will be a splendid advertising medium, and our representative hopes to be favored to-day, when calling on local business firms, with a good many orders for space.

Correspondence.

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

TO THE EDITOR, "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Sir,—I am pleased to see that Cr. Flynn admits (as far as he can be induced to admit anything detrimental to himself) the misstatements in his original letter, as pointed out by me; but as he has by his further statement only become more hopelessly mixed in facts and figures, the task of continuing to correct him seems to be so useless that I do not intend to try.—Yours, etc.,

R. A. D. SINCLAIR.

"S. Pious" has forgotten to sign his name to "Recollections," and consequently the effusion is held over until the error is corrected.

Trafalgar Day.

Sea, that art ours as we are thine, whose name
Is one with England's even as light with flame,
Dost thou, as we, thy chosen of all men, know
This day of days when death gave life to fame?

Dost thou not kindle above and thrill below
With rapturous record, with memorial glow,
Remembering this thy festal day of fight,
And all the joy it gave, and all the woe?

Never since day broke flowerlike forth of night,
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight
Made of the man whose life was like the sun,
A man more godlike than the lord of light.

There is none like him, and there shall be none;
When England bears again as great a son,
He can but follow fame where Nelson led;
There is not and there cannot be but one.

As earth has but one England, crown and head
Of all her glories till the sun be dead,
Supreme in peace and war, supreme in song,
Supreme in freedom since her rede was read;

Since first the soul that gave her speech grew strong
To help the right and heal the wild world's wrong;
So she hath but one royal Nelson born
To reign on time above the years that throng.

The music of his name puts fear to scorn,
And thrills our twilight through with sense of morn;
As England was, how should not England be?
No tempest yet has left her banner torn.

No year has yet put out the day when he
Who lived and died to keep our kingship free,
Wherever seas by warring winds are worn,
Died, and was one with England and the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

Ballarat Live Stock Market.

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—225 head came to hand for to-day's sale, fully one-half consisting of good and prime quality, remainder chiefly useful sorts. There was a fair attendance of buyers, and for best trade descriptions competition was animated, last week's best values being fully maintained, middling and useful qualities ruling slightly easier. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £12 to £13; extra, to £14 2s 6d; good, £10 to £11; useful, £7 10s to £8 10s; cows, to £7 5s. Calves—27 penned, including some very prime vealers, which sold well; best to £6 4s. Sheep—A light yarding, numbering only 1761, came to hand for this day's sale, a small proportion being good and prime, the majority consisting of middling and useful descriptions. The attendance of buyers was fully up to the average, and as best trade qualities were scarce competition for such was animated, prices ruling fully equal to the previous week, closing firm. The few store lots forward also met with brisk bidding from the graziers at full values. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 25s to 27s; extra, 28s to 30s; good, 22s to 23s; useful, 20s to 21s; prime crossbred ewes, 22s to 24s; extra, to 25s 6d; good, 19s to 20s; prime merino wethers, 23s to 26s; good, 21s to 22s; useful, 16s to 18s; prime crossbred wethers, shorn, 17s to 19s; extra, to 21s 3d; good, 15s to 16s; prime merino wethers, shorn, to 13s 10d. Lambs—1681 to hand, a fair proportion consisting of good to prime descriptions. The demand, especially for best pens, was active at fully last week's best prices. Useful sorts were a shade easier, whilst graziers' lots, if anything, improved slightly. Quotations:—Prime, 15s to 16s; extra, 17s to 19s; good, 13s to 14s; useful, 10s 6d to 11s 6d; others from 8s.

Cash v. Credit.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Attention has recently been drawn in the columns of the "Argus" to negligence in paying debts. This does not refer to persons who cannot pay what they owe, but to a large number of persons who are perfectly well able to pay their way, but are negligent in carrying out their financial obligations. Having plenty of the world's goods, if they think at all on the subject, they imagine that tradesmen and others are in the same blissful condition. Business men and others, to whom money is owing, are diffident about asking for their money, as some persons are so touchy, and there is a danger of losing their custom. This should not be the case, and persons who have received goods or services should pay for them as soon as possible after receipt. I heard of persons in a good position talking of "the impertinence of business people" asking for their money, or sending in accounts, writes "Growler" in the Maryborough "Advertiser." Well, if there is any "impertinence" it is on the part of those who hold money which belongs to other people. Why, for instance, should a man who delivers a load of wood at a house have to call several times for the price of it? He should be paid for it as soon as it is delivered, for many reasons. In the first place, the six or seven shillings which he expected to receive for the load might be required to purchase necessaries for his wife and family, or feed for his horse. As the money was not forthcoming he had either to go without his contemplated purchase, or go into debt for it. Again, his time is worth something, and he should not be called upon to give it for nothing in running after the price of his load. The few pounds owing to tradesmen may not seem much to the debtor, but it is of importance to the business man, and with other debts, if paid, save him from worrying about how to meet that bill when it becomes due. A short time since, in conversation with one of our well-to-do citizens, he said, "What do you think I owe my butcher?" I suggested, "Perhaps a fiver." He said, "I owe him over £40." Upon my expressing surprise, he told me if anyone asked how much he owed for meat he would have answered, "About £3." He went on to explain that he never bothered about these things till he was asked for money. I pointed out that probably the butcher did all the bothering; that the money owing would buy three or four bullocks, and might have been the means of getting the butcher out of a very tight corner at times. He said it had never occurred to him in that light, and in future he would make a point of paying his accounts monthly. Every one should make the same point and pay their bills monthly or oftener. If the tradesmen are annoyed put the blame on me.

The Railway Commissioners anticipate a deficit of £56,187 this year.

The Government has decided to set apart £3000 for improving the breed of horses.

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.

It is true that many contract colds and recover from them without taking any precaution or treatment, and a knowledge of this fact leads others to take their chances instead of giving their colds the needed attention. It should be borne in mind that every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality, makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold and paves the way for more serious diseases. Can you afford to take such desperate chances when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds, may be had for a trifle? For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Ballarat Show.

WOOL-SCOURING COMPETITIONS.

The following are the results of the wool-scouring competitions in connection with the annual show of the Ballarat Agricultural and Pastoral Society:—

RAMS.

Trustees late J. L. Kininmonth, Mt. Hesse	1
P. Russell, Mawallok	2
Rear-Admiral Bridges, Trawalla	3
P. Russell, Carngham	4
Trustees late J. L. Kininmonth	5
G. Russell, Langi-Willi	6
P. Russell, Carngham	7
Do.	8
Trustees late J. L. Kininmonth, Mt. Hesse	9
G. Russell, Langi-Willi	10
Do.	11
Rear-Admiral Bridges, Trawalla	12
P. Russell, Mawallok	13
Do.	14

5 EWES.

G. Russell, Langi-Willi	1
P. Russell, Carngham	2
Rear-Admiral Bridges, Trawalla	3
Trustees late J. L. Kininmonth, Mt. Hesse	4
Beggs Bros., Eurambeen	5
P. Russell, Mawallok	6

5 WETHERS.

Trustees late W. Lewis, Stoneleigh	1
G. Russell, Langi-Willi	2
P. Russell, Mawallok	3
P. Russell, Carngham	4
Rear-Admiral Bridges, Trawalla	5
Beggs Bros., Eurambeen	6
D. E. Stodart, Mooramong	7
Trustees late J. L. Kininmonth, Mt. Hesse	8

Buangor.

A highly successful tea meeting and concert was held in connection with the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, 11th inst. The eatables were provided by the ladies of the congregation, and a large number of persons assembled at the tables, which were presided over by Meadames Brebner, McLeod, McPherson, Green and Matheson, and Misses M. Stewart, E. Stewart, Brebner, Green, S. Stewart, L. McPherson and A. Lees. The concert, which followed, proved very enjoyable. Each performer was heartily applauded, and encores were frequent. The following programme was enacted:—Song, "The Better Land," Mr Carthew; song, "The Wood Nymph's Call," Miss Andrews; song, Mr Davey; song, Miss Jackson; song (illustrated), "Loch Lomond," Miss Brebner; song, "Do You Ever Sit and Dream," Miss Davis; song, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; song, (illustrated), "Tit for Tat," Miss Mason; piano solo, Miss Dunn; song, "The Deathless Army," Mr Carthew; recitation, "Legion of the Organ Builder," Miss Andrews; song, "Death of Nelson," Mr Davey; song (illustrated), "Blue Bell," Mr Maclean; song, "Quarrel and Kiss," Miss Davis; song, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; tableau, "Lovers and a Small Boy;" recitation, "The Bridal," Mr Stewart; dialogue, "Men's and Women's Rights," Mrs Matheson, Miss S. Stewart, Mr W. Lees and Mr J. McLeod. Votes of thanks were passed to the performers, of whom a large number had come from Beaufort. Great praise is due to the secretary (Mr J. McLeod) for his indefatigable efforts to make the celebration a success.

The committee of the local public hall are determined to so equip the institute as to make it second to none in the country. Their latest effort has been the addition of a grand piano, a Schwechten, of the largest made model. In order to defray the cost, a subscription list has been opened, and a series of entertainments is to take place. In this way, it is anticipated, the instrument will be paid for before long.

The local Cricket Club has commenced practice, and will endeavor to give a good account of itself in the forthcoming trophy matches. It is thought that a strong combination can be formed, as several excellent players, in addition to the old members, will be enrolled for the coming season.—"Ararat Advertiser."

The grass and crops in this district are very backward owing to the continued cold weather.

The Y.M.S.A. Club held its weekly meeting on Saturday evening last, when a most enjoyable and pleasant evening was spent. Messrs H. Matthews, C. Robinson and Bert. Neale filled the elocutionary part of the programme in good style, and the event of the evening—the debate on Compulsory Land Resumption—followed. Mr Jas. Gordon spoke in favor, and was supported by Messrs Neale and Robinson, and proved to the satisfaction and approval of the audience that such a clause is not only beneficial but necessary. Mr Ellingsen, with the support of Messrs W. G. Pickford and Bert. Neate, spoke well in opposition, but had to combat against such quantities of facts and figures brought out by the would-be resumption party that their task was very discouraging. On a vote being taken 19 voted in favor of Compulsory Land Resumption and 5 against, showing a grand majority of 14 for the resumers.—"Ararat Chronicle."

Skipton.

At a meeting of the Mechanics' Institute committee held on Saturday evening, it was arranged to open the new building on 10th November. A banquet will be held in the afternoon, and a concert and ball in the evening. The Minister of Lands, Mr Murray, has accepted an invitation to be present.

A team from the Skipton Angling Society will visit Ballarat on Friday to fish against a team from the Ballarat club on the Lake.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

Your head aches, you feel dull and generally miserable, perhaps you are bilious, your system needs cleansing. Take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the work is done. They are easy to take and prompt and pleasant in effect. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co, Merchants, Beaufort.

The STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

PART 8.

CHAPTER IX Continued.

He saw nothing but a bed, slightly rumpled, and articles of female clothing lying about.

"I own my mistake," said Casparin with a laugh. "The American has not killed madame. He has eloped with her."

Vandal cursed roundly and well. Reber and Robello shivered.

Mme. du Barry knew their secrets. Not a crime had been committed by either of them in years that Mme. du Barry did not know. And now she had gone with their foe—the American.

"We will follow them! I will kill them both!" cried Vandal.

"Take my advice and go to bed," said Casparin. "We can do nothing before daylight. There is nothing to fear at once, for the American will not give himself up to the police before he ascertains what fate they have in store for him. A reward of 5,000 francs is offered for his apprehension."

Reber slapped his leg.

"Good! It was worth 5,000 francs to us for him to escape. We will run him down and earn the reward!"

"My friend, you are quick to think, but you invariably think the wrong thing. We shall do nothing of the kind. We will run him down, but the police shall never see him."

"Oh, as to that, you are able to pay the 5,000 francs."

"And will. Now get some rest. We must be early astir."

They obeyed him, and early in the morning they were ready and eager for the chase.

It proved to be far from difficult to trace Mme. du Barry. She was well known in that quarter.

It was soon learned by persistent questioning on the part of Vandal that Mme. du Barry, in company with another woman, "beautifully dressed," had been seen on the street. No one knew the other woman.

Bit by bit they traced madame, and finally the clew led to the bank.

"It is surely an elopement," said Vandal. "She has drawn her money."

"Then they are on the way to America," said Reber.

The trail ended at the bank. It was in a quarter where no one knew Mme. du Barry They returned to the house much discouraged. It was imperative that the American be found before he had time to warn the Prince of Deneslia of the plot against him.

At the house they found a telegram from Mme. du Barry at Strassburg. It was addressed to Vandal:

"I am in Strassburg without money. Have been the victim of a police agent."

"What mystery is this!" demanded Casparin "Have the police regained possession of the American? He may be dead, after all. Come, things may not be so bad. We must go to Strassburg."

"To Strassburg? Why not send money to madame to return?"

"Such would be the thing if we were certain the man was dead. But we are in doubt. If he is alive, as indeed seems probable, he is either in the hands of the police or in Strassburg with madame. In the first instance, we must take ourselves out of Paris at once, and, in the second, we must get to Strassburg as soon as possible. You see we kill two birds with one stone. We must go to Strassburg."

The four were soon in a train bound for Strassburg. Vandal had the telegram from madame. It bore the name of no hotel. It had been sent from the railway station.

Having reached Strassburg they went no farther than the station to begin their search.

They found madame asleep on one of the benches with two infuriated employees angrily ordering her to sit up or they would call the police.

She opened her eyes, saw Vandal and leaped to her feet with a cry like that of a tigress.

"Oh! Ah! You have come, then!" she said. "Have you brought knives and pistols to kill a beast? Well, that is what you must do. I have sat here since last evening. I am nearly dead with loss of sleep and my awful hunger. For the love of the good God, get me something to eat."

Vandal obediently took her to the cafe, and she attacked her meal with the eagerness of the famishing.

"And now," said Casparin, "while you are eating, madame, please tell us what happened to you, and why an agent of police brought you here."

"Bah! Those police! I was asleep in my room. I woke to find a young man there. He ordered me to be quiet. He said he was an agent of police in search of a prisoner. He declared he had searched my house and was assured the prisoner was gone. I knew he had not found that little room up stairs where the—the prisoner was. Well, he then had other fish to fry. He was after some spies against the government. You were one, Vandal; you, your highness, were another. He commanded me to obey and threatened to take me to the Palais de Justice. You all know whether that would be agreeable. I obeyed. He made me dress him as a woman. Oh, I laughed when I disguised him! I gave him that fine silk gown you gave me, Vandal—that one with the flowers on it. Well, you will know that madame when you meet her. She has on that gown. Then we went to the bank. I drew a thousand francs, and he took it all. We came to Strassburg, and here I am. Where the agent of police is I do not know. When we arrived here, he told me to remain here while he went to engage a carriage. That was the last I saw of him or my thousand francs."

Reber and Robello gazed wonderingly. Vandal looked at Casparin for the solution of this great mystery.

"My friend, you have been badly sold," said the prince. "The supposed agent of police was no other than our prisoner. He climbed from his room to yours. He assumed the role of police to frighten you into obedience. He had no money, of course, just coming from the Palais de Justice. You kindly accommodated him with a thousand francs.

"He brought you here and left you without money in order to prevent your telling us until he had had time to escape.

"This matter is more serious than it seems. It proves that this American, instead of being, as we supposed, a youth who was easy to dupe, is shrewd and farseeing. He will be an enemy worthy of our steel."

"But undoubtedly he is now on the way to America," said Reber.

"Nonsense. One scarcely goes from Paris to America by way of Strassburg. He had but a thousand francs. It would not carry him there after his expense of bringing himself and madame here. He has gone to Deneslia. That, my friends, is where we shall find him—in Deneslia. And we must find him soon or our game will be knocked into rubbish."

"But what, then, of me?" asked Mme. du Barry. "Am I to starve or be dragged to Deneslia with you?"

"I think you had better go home. I will furnish you the money," said Casparin.

Pleased at this, Mme. du Barry took the money and the next train to Paris.

"Now, my friends, we must hurry," said Casparin. "That dog has a good start and will reach Deneslia before we do. But perhaps he will not be able to warn my brother. Now I will tell you my plan. You all know the way to Trolle. I must leave you here. I shall go at once to Deneslia, putting a bold face on the matter, as if I had been merely to Berlin on a pleasure trip. I shall be surprised to see the prince at home so soon. You, on the other hand, array yourselves in good clothing and go at once to my castle on the edge of the Green forest and announce yourselves as my guests, invited from Paris. I am well known in all parts of Deneslia and cannot be seen plotting with inferiors. As my guests you can go and come at will and in disguise carry our plans to execution."

"Good!" said Vandal. "Your castle on the Green forest, you told me, lies due north from Ontro, the border town."

"Yes. Any one can tell you."

So Casparin left his hired assassins and went on to Deneslia. They, in obedience to his commands, followed him there but little less rapidly.

They were well supplied with clothing, purchased at the large cities on the way.

There was as yet no completed railroad within the limits of Deneslia. Under the rule of the prince such improvements were rapidly being added to the public wealth.

At that time Ontro, situated just within the border, was the terminus of a new line from German centers.

Ontro, like small border towns in almost any country, was more or less lawless. Travelers rarely visited it. There were other gateways to Deneslia. Those who knew best rather shunned the little town of Ontro.

The houses were few and scattering. Prosperity seemed to be somewhat of a stranger.

There was but one inn and that far from imposing. Still they were hungry, and there was no diligence beyond Ontro before the following morning.

They went to the inn. They had been the only passengers in the train and were therefore the only new guests at the inn.

They were received with a great show of eager hospitality. They drank and ate and felt refreshed.

To pass away the time they dawdled in a room opening off the little public drawing room. This was a gaming room, and four men were playing at a huge uncouth billiard table.

Vandal and his companions stood looking at the game.

"Well," said one of the players after a time, "this is thirsty business. Have some good beer brought—do."

He spoke in the German tongue, though scarcely what would be heard in Berlin.

A bell was rung, and in a short time a serving girl came in and took the order.

"To the health of the good hausfrau!" they said and drank the toast.

As the waitress passed out the eyes of Vandal followed her. He suddenly nudged Reber and moved toward the door.

In the poorly furnished little drawing room a tall woman sat at a table with her head bowed in her hands. She was flashily dressed for such a place.

"That is our man!" whispered Vandal to Reber. "He has heard our voices and hides his head. I know that gown. I gave it to Mme. du Barry. Ah! It is the very same, for the patterns of the flowers are in my memory. Hush! I will make sure."

Reber and Robello, the latter of whom did not hear the conversation, stood in the doorway while Vandal walked to the woman.

"Madame, make me happy with a look at your face," he said, with a laugh, and, in a manner scarcely as polite as his words, he grasped her hair and bent back her head so as to see her face.

A truly feminine screech came from her, and she called a name. In an instant the astonished Vandal was on the floor, with the four billiard players on top of him, pounding him, kicking him and stabbing him in the stomach with their cues.

"Scoundrel!" yelled one. "French dog!"

"Call Robard!" shouted another. "Here is a rascal from France who insults the hausfrau!"

And while Vandal was being well thumped Reber and Robello, never very brave, fled from the place into the dark and unknown street.

CHAPTER X.

FOUR AGAINST ONE.

ROBARD, the man who kept the inn at Ontro, was a Deneslian who had married a Prussian woman. These worthy people were supposed to make their living keeping the inn. The inn at Ontro sheltered such travelers as chanced to come that way and were forced to remain overnight, a thing that no traveler knowing his business ever did.

The inn also sheltered a band of robbers and cutthroats, the chief members of which were the four billiard players that had jumped upon Vandal.

In response to the cries for Robard, that gentleman, a rotund and ruddy faced rascal, came puffing in.

"Here, here! What is the matter? Have you lost your senses?" he demanded. "Have you no sense whatever? Is this the place to knock down travelers and take their coin? Oh! You will hang out a sign next, 'Travelers Neatly Robbed Here!'"

"Shut up, you fool!" exclaimed one of the men who sat on Vandal's head. "We are not robbing this fellow. We caught him trying to rob you."

A loud laugh greeted this witty speech.

"Rob me! That fellow rob me! Did he take the silver?"

"Oh, no. He took nothing. But he was trying to rob you of the good hausfrau's smiles."

"Oh, oh! Such impudence! Have you not already killed the beast?"

"Not quite," said another of the gang. "I feel him panting under me. However, I think killing none to heavy a punishment. What do you say, Papa Robard?"

"Well, now, after all, I think we had better go slow," said a third. "The fellow has been severely punished. What did he do, after all, more than a dozen gallant gentlemen in Ontro have done? He simply admired our good Mother Robard."

"So! Well, it must have been the new gown. I tell you," said Papa Robard, "that gown is the thing to make the old woman look smart."

"It was the gown!" came a struggling strangling voice from under two men. "Let me up! Let me up! I can explain!"

"That is what I was about to say," added the former speaker. "Here we are thumping the life out of a man just because Frau Robard screamed. And where is she now? She fled from the scene. Give the fellow a chance to explain."

With evident reluctance they got up from Vandal's prostrate body, and he slowly and painfully got to his feet.

"The devil! You fellows are brave!" he said, with a puff and groan. "Four to one! Well, I must say it is not the way we do in France."

"Ho! France! I have been there," said Robard. "They don't give you a chance to explain there. The garrote; the robbery; the morgue!"

"Give the fellow a chance to explain, I say!" insisted the advocate of fair play.

Vandal staggered to a chair and begged for a glass of cognac. This was brought him, and after swallowing that and gathering his wits and energies he began his explanation.

"You see," he said, "I and my two companions were—where are they now? They deserted me in my need. Find the fools, I beg, or they will create a disturbance. They will run half way through Deneslia telling that I am being murdered here."

The one who seemed to be the leader of the gang was as much alarmed at this as Vandal seemed to be. He at once stepped outside and gave orders

"Here, here! Have you lost your senses?" he demanded.

to some hangers on to find the two strangers in Ontro and return them to the inn with every assurance of safety.

This matter having been attended to, Vandal resumed:

"You see, I and my companions came from Paris in search of a young fellow who had robbed us—that is, who had robbed a friend of mine of several thousand francs."

"What is this the fellow is saying?" asked Frau Robard, who had returned when quiet was restored. She did not understand French.

"I will speak German," said Vandal, who was quite a linguist in his way.

"You see I and my companions came from Paris in search of a young fellow who robbed a friend of mine of several thousand francs in money, some valuables and some fine clothing. We traced the rascal to Strassburg, and then from city to city and almost through Prussia. We lost the trail at last, but the direction had steadily been toward Deneslia, and, knowing that he had friends here, we believed he would make for this country.

"We knew that he left Paris in the disguise of a woman. He arrived at Strassburg in the same disguise. And now the mysterious part of it is this—that he wore a gown the counterpart of the one Frau Robard now has on. I am sure of this, and was so sure that the moment I set eyes on the gown I believed the wearer of it to be the thief.

"To make sure, I stepped up to the lady, and, thinking more than ever that I was right, rudely raised her head in order to see her face. Imagine my amazement and consternation when I beheld the sweet face of good Frau Robard. Oh, I assure you, gentlemen, it was a most grievous error on my part, and no one could regret it more than I did, especially when I felt your billiard cues ramming me in the stomach.

"Well, the evil is not so great, if the good frau can forgive me."

A look of great significance passed from Robard to the younger of the four, who was his son.

"And you say this fellow was a thief?" asked the elder Robard. "How much did you say he stole?"

It flashed into the mind of Vandal that the paltry amount of a thousand francs was not sufficient loss to cause three men to chase across Europe at an expense beyond that to recover it.

"Why, so far as we could ascertain," he answered, "the rascal took in money 12,000 francs, several diamond ornaments, ladies' jewelry and a fine gold watch."

Another flash of intelligence from old Robard to his son.

"Well, my friend," said the old man, "I can explain the matter of the gown very easily. There came to this inn from the train yesterday a young man who claimed to be a peddler. In fact, he had a valise, and in that valise he carried this gown, which he offered for sale. It took the fancy of my wife at once, and she made a bargain with him. She took the gown, he took the money, spent the night here and this morning departed."

"What sort of a man? How did he look?" asked Vandal.

"Oh, a young fellow. He spoke French, but I fancied he was more like those accursed English. He spoke also German to the wife."

"Smooth face, dark brown hair, good eyes?"

"The same. Evidently the same. Though a thief who steals like that would not own good eyes long."

"Oh, this fellow was a good actor. He can appear to be anything."

"He must be a marvel!"

"He is. Which way did he go?"

"Well, now, to tell the truth, I do not remember. I think he went on toward Trolle. At least he purchased a horse of me."

At this point the two frightened associates were brought in, and their eyes opened at seeing the man they had left at the bottom of a heap strug-

"But what, then, of me?" asked Mme. du Barry.

gling for life now at the top of the heap with the interest and attention of all concentrated on him.

"Our man has gone on toward Trolle," said Vandal. "Our friends here did not know they were letting a prize slip through their fingers. Why, there is a prize of 5,000 francs offered by the Paris police for the return of the man to them. Oh, you should have held him!"

Again that quick flash from father to son.

"I suggest," said Vandal, "that, now our explanation is complete and good will established, we drink the health of the Frau Robard and get some rest. In the morning we will continue our journey."

"I agree. I agree," said Reber and Robello.

In an hour the three were in bed, and a consultation was being held below between Robard and his son.

"Well, luck has at last come to us," chuckled the old villain to the younger one. "Twelve thousand francs, diamonds and a watch on him and 5,000 francs for returning him to the Paris police. But where is all that money? Six hundred francs only we found."

"Well, we took his purse, thinking that contained all his wealth. A peddler with 600 francs is a rare bird. But 12,000! Is he safe for awhile yet?"

"Well, I gave him a good dose. But, God, suppose I had killed him, as I intended at first, and lost that 5,000 francs! Oh, if those three wise Frenchmen only knew their thief was asleep in this house! Well, we would have to kill them. We must not lose this prize."

From this delectable conversation it will readily be gathered that only a portion of the story told by Robard to Vandal was true. Buckford, as will be remembered, gave Mme. du Barry the slip at Strassburg. He left Strassburg by the first train toward Deneslia and on the way managed to resume his natural appearance and placed the gown of Mme. du Barry in his valise.

Arriving at Ontro, he had seized the first opportunity to get rid of the gown and had presented it to the wife of his host.

She, pleased with the gaudy thing, accepted it.

Judging that a man who could give away a gown that was better than any his wife had ever had must have plenty of money, Robard had given the traveler a room into which he had a way of going by stealth.

In this room he and his son had crept after the unsuspecting Buckford was asleep and had drugged him heavily.

They had then proceeded to rifle his clothes, till, having found his purse, they had taken it, leaving him in his stupor while they thought of a way to either explain his loss satisfactorily or kill him if he made any fuss.

They had given him more of the deadly stuff than they intended, and he had slept all that night and all day.

But as has already been seen, Buckford had a constitution of iron and rallied from attacks that would kill ordinary men.

He rallied from the effect of the drug, at first slowly, with a bewildering sense of trying to recall where he was. Gradually his senses came back to him, and he remembered the inn at Ontro.

He felt somewhat ill, the natural effect of taking into his lungs the fumes of a stupefying drug.

He lay on his bed expecting some one to come to him. He knew that in any inn—any well regulated inn—when a guest slept too long there would be an investigation.

But the hours passed and no one came.

Buckford had a feeling as if he had been ill a long time. He knew that one day had elapsed since he came there, but knew not how many more.

The longer he lay there the better he felt. The strength was returning to his limbs.

He did not even feel the pangs of hunger.

He at last got out of bed and went to the door to call some one. He found it locked.

There was another door on another side of the room. He opened that. It led into a space now evidently used as a closet, but from which, on the opposite side, another door led somewhere. This he tried, but could do nothing save push, as there was neither knob nor latch.

While he was in the closet he heard voices.

"The fellow is the very devil for escaping," said a voice. "First he eludes us at Paris, then at Strassburg and now at Ontro. It is a pity old Robard did not hold him. That 5,000 francs would pay for the trouble."

Buckford's heart beat rapidly. He recognized the voice of Vandal.

"Has he gone to Trolle as a peddler?" asked Reber. "This is a strange game. Why did he sell the gown to that woman?"

"Oh, to get money to buy the horse, I suppose. But that was a gay story about his stealing diamonds and 12,000 francs. Well, I had to say something. Three of us would not chase across all Europe for 1,000 francs."

Buckford, panting in the closet, wondered what it all meant. Evidently they were under the impression that he had gone on toward Trolle. They had also been told that he had sold the woman the gown when he had presented it to her.

These things, together with his strange sensation of illness, made him suspicious. He stepped quickly back to his room and felt for his purse. It was gone.

(To be continued.) 1,480

THE BETTER PART.

FLORENCE DORMER stood at the open window of her morning-room looking out on the sunlit lawn, over which the shadows of a group of trees were lengthening.

By the time that they reached the window at which she stood she might hope to see another shadow, which was more than sunlight to her, being the forerunner of a substance, which, alas! made according to its presence or absence the sunlight and shade of her life. "Alas!" is written advisedly, for the shadow that ought to have thrilled her heart should have been that of the burly form of her husband; whilst the one that made her pulses thrill with joy was a much taller, slighter ombre, and moved more quickly towards her. It is the old story that is ever new to its hero and heroine. A woman dying of ennui, indifferent to her husband, weary of life, drifting into a flirtation, pour se désennuyer, and finding, when too late, that one can't play with fire without burning one's fingers.

She did not look much like a heroine of romance as she stood there, this woman with a somewhat impassive face, with small, clear-cut features. Heroines are, as a rule, beautiful; or, if not, they are downright ugly, though their plainness is always redeemed by a pair of startlingly lovely eyes. Now, Mrs. Dormer was only moderately good-looking, which the above-mentioned ladies are never allowed to be. Her eyes, though certainly pretty, being light grey with very black lashes, were not abnormally large; her face was almost insignificant; her figure was slight, girlish, and pretty; and, if a woman is the age she looks, Mrs. Dormer was only about 28. No one would have looked at her in a crowd; yet in a ball-room she could hold her own against far younger and prettier women.

She had been married for fifteen years, and, though she received an enormous amount of attention from the sterner sex, not a breath of scandal had as yet attached itself to her name. She was not very popular with women, nevertheless, that great safeguard against being "talked about." They could not understand the fascination that she exercised over men; could not comprehend that it might be briefly summed up in the word "indifference." It was true that she had many attractions, but this was her most potent charm. She smiled as sweetly on young Braithwaite, struggling to live on his pay, as on Sir Marmaduke Picton with his twenty thousand a year; and would leave both under the impression that she would just as soon have talked to old Miss Anstey, a spinster of some fifty winters, as to either of them.

This indifference had been the keynote of her life. Without being at all selfish, she had never taken much interest in her fellow creatures, and her heart had remained untouched until the fatal day when young Kenneth Scudamore came to take possession of his estate. He was the Dormers' nearest neighbour, and he struck up an intimacy with them at once—with the lady, at least. James Dormer had nothing in common with a youth of Scudamore's poetic temperament.

But his wife was glad to welcome the bright young face at The Willows. She was very much alone when in the country, and found the days long, devoted to reading though she was. She possessed one great charm, her face was an index to her thoughts, and Kenneth saw that she was pleased with his society, and gave her any amount of it. Florence treated him at first like the boy he was, listened to all his aspirations for the future, scolded him for the meaningless flirtations in which he indulged with the girls of the neighbourhood, received all his confidences—in fact, was to him an elder sister. This was during the first summer they met; then came a hiatus in their friendship, when Kenneth spent the winter in India. Poor boy! he knew not then what dimmed his eyes when they parted; nor did Florence for a moment imagine that her aggravated fits of ennui were caused by his absence. She would have laughed at the idea.

Nor even when they met again did either pause to question the reason of the wild joy that sprang up in his and her heart when their hands clasped. That second meeting had taken place a few months ago; it was a renewal of their intimacy, which began on the same old footing. Gradually, however, a change came o'er the spirit of it. The eyes that had met so frankly, and had so frankly smiled at each other across a room, were now averted in a crowd, only to speak more eloquently in the solitude à deux which grew more frequently daily. Kenneth's temper, naturally easy, became fitful; he would be moody and jealous if Florence bestowed smiles on other men; then proportionately lighthearted when she turned to him. One day, after some slight misunderstanding had been made up between them, Kenneth took Mrs. Dorner in his arms and kissed her. Then, terrified at his rashness, he hurried away, leaving Florence transfixed with emotions, in which a strange, sweet joy held the most prominent part. He did not return to The Willows for two days, and then he came in company with a friend. He and Florence hardly glanced at each other all the afternoon; the third party did all the talking; but as they were leaving, Kenneth said, in a casual sort of way:

"Will you be at home to-morrow morning, Mrs. Dormer, if I come for a game of tennis?"

And Florence assented.

If the young man had tried to avert a scolding he succeeded admirably. Mrs. Dormer met him just as usual, and not a word was said on the subject of that first kiss. A day or two later Kenneth ventured on a second, and did not turn and flee. This time Florence thought it necessary to reprove him, and then Kenneth flung prudence to the winds, and told her that he loved her madly, that he would leave the country if she wished, but that he could not keep silent any longer; for he could not remain near her and not give utterance to the feelings that overpowered him.

And Florence let him remain.

It seemed, after all, innocent enough, this flirtation or friendship—call it what you will. He was such a boy compared with her; nearly young enough to be her son, as she told herself, with a woman's defiance of arithmetic and logic. It had come about so gradually: first the daily visits, then even more frequent ones, a pressure of the hand—in fact, the regular chromatic scale of such affairs. Even now she could not bring herself to confess to her own heart that this youth was necessary to her happiness. She was a very proud woman, and it irritated her intensely to find how leaden the hours seemed until he appeared. And what a pang went through her if by any chance he did not come at all!

Her husband was quite unsuspicious. He was really fond of his wife in a way; but they had never anything in common, and James Dormer was one of those men who imagine that when he gives a penniless girl a luxurious home, plenty of pocket money, and pays her milliner's bills without grumbling, he has fulfilled the whole duty of a husband. He would have been immensely astonished, worthy man, had anyone suggested that he was not a model in that way, and it would not have entered his head to think that a little more sympathy with, and interest in, her pursuits would have made his wife more careless as to the admiration that she received from other men. For admiration had become second nature with her, though, as has said, she had never met one who had touched her heart till now.

It might have been Kenneth's great personal beauty that had taken her captive, or his absolute devotion to herself; but be it what it might, her heart was his. As he came across the lawn towards her, she thought for the hundreth time that he was a king among men. Tall, well-made, with perfectly classic features, and the most magnificent eyes that ever stole a woman's heart away, Kenneth Scudamore would have been a formidable rival to most men He certainly presented a remarkable contrast to old Dormer; as old Dormer's wife was fully aware.

"How late you are," said Florence, almost reproachfully, as the youth took her hand in his.

"What if I had not come at all?" asked Kenneth, looking keenly at her.

"Well, I suppose I should have survived the disappointment," she replied, trying to laugh; "but I should have been surprised."

"Come and sit under the lime-trees," said Kenneth, who had not relinquished her hand.

She had stepped out through the window to greet him, and he drew her gently towards him.

"Pray let go my hand, Kenneth," she murmured; "one of the maids may be looking out of the window."

He flung it away almost impatiently, and Mrs. Dormer looked at him in astonishment.

"I can't think what has come to you to-day," she said, as they walked across the lawn to where two lime-trees formed a natural arbour.

"I will tell you," said Kenneth, as he lifted a branch to enable Florence to creep under the shade.

This was a favourite retreat of theirs. They were as much alone there as in a desert, and many were the callers Florence had seen sent away from her door while she sat quietly under her leafy screen.

"You know what is the matter with me," he said—"you know that I cannot live without you. Every day I love you more and more; every day you seem farther from me. I mean to end this torture. I have had a letter to-day asking me out to India again, and if you will not come away with me, I will go out there and see if I can't get eaten up by a tiger or roll over a precipice—make an end of myself somehow or other—if you will not come away with me, Florry!"

She looked at him with her eyes full of tears. The tender way in which he uttered her name, his pet name for her—for to her husband and her other intimates she was always Florence—was irresistible to her. She let him put his arm round her and draw her head on to his shoulder.

"Will you come with me, darling, murmured the caressing voice.

There was silence for a few moments, only broken by the beating of two hearts and the murmuring of the bees in the lime-trees above. Then Florence drew herself away from the encircling arm.

"This is madness!" she said, wildly. "Kenneth, I can't do what you say. Think what you are asking me to do. To fling honour to the winds—disgrace myself—bring dishonour on a man who has always behaved well to me—make myself an outcast! I, who have always held my head so high until now. Never, Kenneth!"

"Then, after all, you do not love me," he said, sadly, though he still kept his arm round her. "You can let me leave you, Florry? For to stay here is impossible."

"Why impossible?" she argued, choking back her tears. "Why could we not always be dear friends? You know I love you, Kenneth; surely I am even now giving you a proof of that." And she tried to draw herself from him, but he held her as in a vice. "We can meet every day—we spend hours together—we are very happy as we are."

"I am *not* happy," he cried, impetuously. "Can't you understand what I feel, Florry? I hate your husband; I am jealous of him. I want you with me always. Oh, my darling, you say you love me! how can you resist me? Come away with me. He will get a divorce, and we can be married and be always happy together. I would worship the ground you trod on—I would be your devoted slave for life. You say you wish to travel. We would go round the world together. Life would be one long dream of happiness for us!"

And he pressed kiss after kiss on her lips.

"And, loving me like this, you would leave me?" murmured Florence, when he released her at last from his embrace.

"Loving you like this, *I must* leave you," was the reply, "unless you will do what I ask."

"Kenneth, I could not live without you."

"Then come with me."

Through that summer's afternoon he argued with her, he knelt to her, imploring her to have pity on him. He was passionate and tender by turns, and at last he wrung from her a promise to think the matter over.

"You will tell me when I come to-morrow," he said, as he kissed her at parting; "I can bear suspense no longer; I must end it one way or another. I shall not sleep all night, Florry, for thinking of you. When shall I come to-morrow?"

"Come at the usual time," she replied; "but I hope that you will be more rational than you have been to-day. You ask me to think it over. Will you think well over what you would feel if you were tied for life to a woman thirteen years older than yourself, a woman who could never take her place again among her more respectable sisters? Kenneth, try to be reasonable," she added, in a low voice, as they emerged from the shade of the trees, and shook hands in a conventional way for the edification of any prying eyes that might be looking out from the house.

But, as she walked towards the door, she felt that it was of no use now to ask Kenneth to be reasonable. He had got beyond that, and she knew that she must either lose him or forfeit her own self-respect. Could she bear to let him go? If she could not endure to be without him for a day, what would it be when she knew that he had gone from her for ever, that that sweet, caressing voice of his would never more thrill her very soul; that she would never again look into those wonderful eyes that went straight to her heart! What would life be to her without him.

On the other hand, to put herself outside the pale of Society, to feel that any well-conducted kitchenmaid would have the right for the future to despise her, would that be endurable? And if Kenneth tired of her, and cared for someone else? Mrs. Dormer was a woman of the world, and her illusions had long left her. She might love this youth passionately, more passionately than could a young girl, perhaps; but she had not a young girl's trust. It was not Kenneth Scudamore whom she doubted, but human nature.

She dressed for dinner as if in a dream, quickly dismissed her maid, and remained at her window looking out on the summer twilight. How happy she had been on the whole at The Willows! What luxury surrounded her; now easy her life had been made for her! And she owed all this to a man whom she was now about to deceive—a man who, so far as she knew, had been true and faithful to her, even though his manner had not been tender. She was about to bring dishonour on his name; she to whom the word dishonour had been an abstract idea, a thing that she had never dreamed could be brought near to her. A sudden revulsion of feeling came over her—she would try to have more sympathy with her husband and his pursuits. Her sins until now had only been of omission; she would remedy even that failing.

She knew that he had brought one or two city men down to dinner; there would be no time for a tête-à-tête after that. But it wanted half-an-hour to dinner, and Mr. Dormer was in his dressing-room. She could go in and talk with him. She rose impulsively, and knocked at the door.

James Dormer would have looked surprised at her entrance had his countenance been capable of expressing such an emotion. He was struggling with his tie before the glass. He was most particular as to his dress, and spent as much time in adorning himself as a pretty girl might.

"What is it, my dear?" he asked.

This was not a promising beginning. Now that she had come in Florence had not a word to say She murmured something about having come to see how he was getting on, which sounded absurd enough to her even before James asked if it were late as he glanced in an alarmed manner at the watch on his dressing-table.

"No, there is plenty of time," Florence went on: more steadily; "but I had finished dressing, and we are so seldom together alone that I thought I would come and have a talk with you."

"Anything happened to either of the ponies?" asked Dormer, suspiciously.

"No, no; there is nothing wrong whatever," laughed Florence, rather nervously. "Is it so wonderful my coming in here? I wish we could be more together, James—she was beginning, when, suddenly:

"Damn that laundress!" shouted her lord and master. "She starches my ties to such an extent that I can never make a decent bow of them. I wish you would tell Gibson, Florence, to ask her to be more careful; this is the third I have spoiled!"

"I will tell her at once, said Florence, leaving the room, uncertain whether to laugh or to cry at the prosaic termination of the episode.

But she did not run away with Kenneth after all. Over the agony of their parting we will draw a veil; but Florence remained firm, and has kept her place amongst the highly respectable matrons of Society. She made no sign; here was a nature to suffer and be strong. There was not much talk when Kenneth left and became a wanderer over the face of the earth; and not even the most gossip-loving spinster dared cast an aspersion on Mrs. Dormer, who looked as impassive as usual, and frankly expressed her regret at losing "so charming a neighbour as Kenneth Scudamore." She is the best-dressed woman in the county, the most sought after still; and her quiet, low voice is as attractive as ever, her laugh more frequent. Only in the silent watches of the night, when she is haunted by a pair of expressive melancholy eyes, she hears a voice muttering, "Can you resist me, Florry?" And, if she ever utters a prayer, it is that she may die before Kenneth Scudamore takes to himself a wife; may die before she can know that those eyes, that voice, are pleading to another.—*Family Fair.*

HAD THE PROOF.

Reporter Convinced the City Editor He Had Done His Best.

When "Lute" Nieman, editor of the Milwaukee Journal, was a reporter on The Sentinel in 1880 or 1881, he had the reputation, which was well earned and well deserved, of being the most ambitious and most persistent newsgatherer in the city. This is illustrated by an incident occurring during his "cub" days. Nieman was sent out at 11 o'clock at night to interview a politician who was hard to approach and harder to "pump" even under the most favorable circumstances. No one, not even the city editor, expected Nieman to get an interview with the politician, but there was one chance in a thousand that he would talk, so the trial was made. Nieman knocked all the paint off the front door and aroused the neighbors for a block in either direction, but the politician and his family slumbered on or pretended to slumber.

"I made a lot of noise at his house," explained the young man when he returned to the office, "but it was no use: he wouldn't get up."

"Did you ring the bell?"

"Did I ring the bell! I should say I did. I pulled the knob a hundred times and wouldn't have stopped when I did if I'd had more strength."

"Well," said the city editor, "go back to Blank's house and pull that knob again. Don't come back here without proof that you have made a good effort to arouse your man. We must have a talk with old Blank or evidence that we have exhausted every known means of getting him."

Fifty minutes later Nieman sauntered into the city editor's room with an old fashioned crockery bell knob and laid it on the desk.

"There," he said, "is proof that I've done my duty. The rest of it is on the stairs and out in the street."

Nieman had brought everything but the bell itself. When the wire was wrapped up, it was found to be about 120 feet long.

Clear Case of Self Defense.

"Didn't you steal that hog?" asked the rural justice.

"Well, suh, Mister Jedge, I mus' admit dat I outrun him!"

"And didn't you kill him?"

"Well, suh, he did run 'gainst de butt er de ax en got his death!"

"And you ate him of course?"

"Well, jedge, hit wuz this a-way: De weather wuz mighty hot, en arter he wuz dead hit look lak a pity ter let him sp'ile, so I des salted him down en smoked him, en de fire wuz so hot dat fo' I could tu'n roun' he wuz cooked done, en sezin him in dat fix dar wuz nuttin lef' ter do but ter eat him up! Hit wuz all done in self defense, jedge—all in self defense!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Joke From the Dock.

Judge—I won't have any more of these interruptions! Do you think I want to stay here all day on your account?

Prisoner—Why not, judge? I expect on your account I'll have to stay two years in jail!

His Impression.

"I wonder why it is," said the young woman, "that so many people lose their enthusiasm about keeping an autograph album after they reach mature years."

"Well," answered the young man, unconsciously assuming an air of superior knowledge, "you see, a book like that opens a great temptation to everybody from whom you have borrowed money to write, 'When this you see, remember me.'"

Anxious to Serve.

Mamma—Have you decided what to do in that matter?

Papa—I'm waiting to see which way the cat will jump.

Johnny (eagerly)—I'll make her jump!

In the Milky Way.

A dispatch just received from Judy's special commissioner in Armenia states that the hopes of reform are hourly diminishing He explains this fact by the dairying assertion that there are Kurds in the whey.

Perfectly Safe.

Old Gentleman (who is afraid to cross the trolley tracks)—Tell me, is it dangerous to touch the electric car rails with your foot?

Inspector—Oh, no, not unless you put your other foot on trolley wire, up there!

SOME ASPECTS OF SOCIALISM.

By Stuart Reid.

The world seems to be drifting towards Socialism under a dim impression that the times are out of joint, and that the only way to put matters right is to abolish existing conditions and to reorganise society upon new principles. There is nothing new in this vague unrest, but the general spread of education has inoculated the masses with ideas which originated in the dreams of speculative philosophers, and are now the common property of all.

The Republic of Plato and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More are equally impossible of realisation; but not more impossible than the dreams of Jean Jaques Rousseau, the ravings of Babeuf, or the conceptions of Fourier, Karl Marx or Lassalle. The ancient communists honestly sought after truth and followed out their theories to a logical conclusion. The modern socialist or communist is not so anxious to find out the true meaning of his theories as he is to deny the results which experience and deductive reasoning alike prove must inevitably follow from their enforcement. The old masters recognised that socialism and family life could not co-exist. Plato, in his Republic, puts into the mouth of Socrates the following remarkable statement:—"And so, Glancon, we have arrived at the conclusion that, in the perfect state, wives and children are to be in common; and education and the arts of war and peace are also to be common, and the best philosophers and the bravest warriors are to be their Kings." "That," replied Glancon, "has been acknowledged."

There is more than a suspicion of infanticide being a corollary of socialism, according to Plato, as he makes Socrates say, in another conversation—"The proper officers will take the offspring of the good parents to the pen or fold, and there they will deposit them with certain nurses who dwell in a separate quarter; but the offspring of the inferior, or of the better when they chance to be deformed, will be put away in some mysterious unknown place, as decency requires." And Glancon replies: "Yes, that must be done if the breed of guardians is to be kept pure."

Of course the socialists of to-day deny the necessity of this interference with marriage and the family—at least, some of them deny it; and, in any case, they cannot be held responsible for the views of Plato when discussing socialism, 2,000 odd years ago, with his disciples, in the garden of the Academia. But the denial by modern socialists of any desire on their part to abolish the marriage tie and family life, and their assertion that such abolution is not a necessary sequence of socialism, does not count for much. All the socialist leaders and thinkers, both ancient and modern, who have the courage of their opinions, recognise that, under socialism, the family is impossible; while it is equally obvious that, so long as marriage and the family are recognised institutions, socialism is impossible. The two institutions cannot co-exist, as they are mutually destructive. We must do the modern advocates of socialism the justice to admit that the majority of them denounce with horror any tampering with the sacredness of the family relation. But how the family is to be maintained under socialistic conditions is not so obvious. Under the existing social arrangements the head of the family is responsible for the children until they are of age; and such responsibility, although not to the same extent, continues to be felt, as a moral obligation, long after the legal responsibility has ceased. This binding tie, which is the essence of the family relationship, and is strong in all animals with the exception, perhaps, of fishes, which have a specially developed instinct suitable to their own conditions of existence, would be weakened if not destroyed by a socialistic system which made the State responsible for not only the good behaviour, but the sustenance of each individual member of the family. The father would have no more authority or consideration than his ten year old son or daughter. They would all alike be insignificant cogs in a huge piece of State machinery. Marriage and the family relation assumes a certain amount of responsibility for the offspring. Prudential considerations check the natural impulse to early marriage, and the unlimited increase of population. Under existing conditions of individual responsibility the population is kept within the margin of the food supply by the reasonable foresight which, on the average, actuates individuals before bringing children into the world. The average father and mother of a family have a reasonable hope of bringing up the children of the union in as good, if not a better, economic condition than they themselves enjoy. Without such reasonable anticipation the union of the sexes, in civilized communities, is indefinitely postponed. Even among savages a man must prove himself a warrior and a hunter of a certain standard before he is allowed to steal or capture a wife. Under socialism there would be no such restrictions. Every man, woman and child in the community, being assured of an equal participation in the wealth of the State, whether they or their parents helped to produce it or not, all prudential considerations would be ineffective in checking the increase of population. The human race would breed like rabbits. Not, of course, quite as fast as these rodents, whose increase, under the socialistic conditions which obtain in rabbit warrens, has been estimated at the somewhat portentous rate of 4,000,000 in four years from one pair: but the human increase, under the irresponsible social arrangements of the rabbit, would be quite fast enough to prove the correctness of the Malthussian theory that the population tends to increase in a geometrical ratio, while the food supply only increases in arithmetical ratio. The Malthusian theory may not be as scientifically accurate as a proposition in Euclid, but there is sufficient truth in it to prove that, without some prudential restriction to unlimited increase in population, famine would play a very important part in keeping a socialistic community within reasonable bounds. In default of the prudential considerations which existing social conditions enforce, socialism would have to rely upon famine, war and pestilence to limit the population. But as socialism assumes the cessation of war as one of its corollaries and a scientific attack upon disease as another, famine alone would be left as the break upon the unlimited increase of the socialistic population. This would mean periodical and immense catastrophes. The population would go on increasing, always keeping the numbers up to just within the margin of production of food, and when a time of scarcity came they would die like rabbits in a drought.

Certainly the socialistic state might prohibit marriage under a certain age (and, as a general prohibition of every individual desire for happiness or progress is part of the system, that would be only natural); but what the socialistic age for marriage would be is open to conjecture. The age of marriage is, on the average, regulated by the general prosperity, which is mainly a question of food supply. Under a socialistic government the strong and efficient worker would have no incentive to do more than the weak and inefficient. He would get the same reward and no more. He would do the same amount of work and no more. The pace, instead of being set, as now, by the strong and capable, would be set by the weak and incapable. The result upon production would be marked. The production per head under socialism would probably be about half of what it is under the spur of individualism. Then, if marriage is regulated by production, as it undoubtedly is, and if, under the individualistic system of production the average age of marriage is, say, 25, under the socialistic regime the marrigeable age would require to be fixed at, say, 40. But, under the rigid conditions of socialism, there would be no scope for averages arrived at by the play of individual volition. The law would require to be specific. Under socialism no man would be allowed to marry under forty years of age, although, perhaps, for obvious reasons the woman might be allowed to marry at thirty-five.

It is clear, then, that socialism, if it does not want to come to a sudden stop from universal famine, must regulate the age of marriage or establish a scientific system of infanticide as suggested by Plato in his Republic.

It is true that the ancient Peruvians may be cited as an instance of a people who contrived to maintain the institutions of marriage and the family under a partially socialistic system. But the ancient Peruvian socialism (which lasted for about 200 years, and crumbled to dust before the Spanish invaders of the sixteenth century) flourished because it was not socialism of the whole, but only of a part. The lower classes were compulsory socialists, and, really, slaves of the Peruvian Incas, nobility, and priesthood.

A socialistic community cannot exist without very strict laws administered by a powerful and intelligent governing class. The essence of all socialism is absolute tyranny. It was provided by law that every Peruvian should marry at a certain age. A lot of land was then assigned to him sufficient for his own maintainance and that of his wife. An additional portion was granted for every child, the amount allowed for a son being double that for a daughter. Thus, so long as there was sufficient available land to supply the necessities of the increasing population, no Peruvian need starve if he would work sufficiently hard to provide food for himself and his family. And it was not a matter of choice whether he worked or not. There were special officers appointed to see that he did work, not only for himself, but also for the State. This was a matter of necessity under the system. Upon the Peruvian laboring classes rested the whole burden of the State. The members of the Royal house, the great nobles, the public functionaries, and the numerous body of the priesthood were all exempt from taxation. The people, in fact, were slaves, probably not unhappy in their ignorance, but only contented because of the profundity of their ignorance.

The institution of marriage and the family certainly existed under the partially socialistic system of ancient Peru, where the people were dominated by a numerous, wealthy and powerful nobility and priesthood, with the Inca, who was revered as a God, as supreme ruler over all. The condition of the Peruvian people under Peruvian socialism was exactly on a parallel with the condition of the slaves in the Southern States of America when they were fortunate enough to be owned by a benevolent master.

Prescott, who seems rather favorably impressed with the benevolent despotism he describes, in his "Civilisation of the Incas," says:—"The great hardship in the case of the Peruvian was that he could not better his condition. His labours were for others, rather than for himself. However industrious, he could not add a rood to his own possessions, nor advance himself one hair's breadth in the social scale. The great and universal motive to honest industry, that of bettering one's lot, was lost upon him. As he was born, so he was to die. Even his time he could not properly call his own. Without money, with little property of any kind, he paid his taxes in labor. No wonder that the government should have dealt with sloth as a crime. It was a crime against the State, and to be wasteful of time was, in a manner, to rob the Exchequer. The Peruvian, laboring all his life for others might be compared to the convict in a treadmill, going the same dull round of incessant toil, with the consciousness that, however profitable the results to the State, they were nothing to him."

This is not a pleasant picture of the one great and successful attempt to run a community on socialistic principles, based upon the slavery of the masses and the apotheosis of the ruling classes. The rule of the Incas was, unquestionably, the most benevolent despotism that ever existed; and yet it failed to produce any better result than abject slavery for the great mass of the people and left them in a more hopeless condition than the negro slaves under the rule of a benevolent Virginian planter.

It may be objected that modern socialism, when it arrives, will be on totally different lines to the qualified socialism of ancient Peru—that it will be a true democratic socialism, not a bastard mixture of autocracy, priestcraft and slavery. That may be so. It is clear, however, that a complicated social machine will not run without some governing body to keep it going, unless the human race loses its reasoning powers and acquires in the place of reason, a socialistic instinct such as enables the ant and the bee to run their laborious communities. And even these humble insects have not solved the question of social equality, for the bees have queens, drones, and workers, while the ants have soldiers and slaves.

Until the time arrives, if it ever does arrive, when the human race loses its reasoning faculties, and acquires, instead of reason, the socialistic instinct of the ant and the bee, socialism can only be successful under a pure despotism, such as enabled the Incus of Peru to enslave an entire people under the guise of a paternal socialistic government. The very enlightenment of the people which makes them restive under the apparent injustice of modern social conditions, with the immense gulf between the very rich and the very poor, makes the Peruvian type of socialism impossible, and no other type has ever been partially successful in practice.

HER CHOICE.

The wife of a burglar was being examined by an eminent lawyer.

"You are the wife of this man?" asked the barrister.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" continued the lawyer.

"Yes," she answered.

"And how did you come to contract a marriage with such a man?"

"Well, it was this way," said the witness, sarcastically, "I was getting old, and had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer. What else could I do?"

DRAWING A CROWD.

A man suddenly rushed up to a rainpipe attached to a shop in a busy thoroughfare, and violently jammed his stick into it. A minute later sounds of squeaking pierced the air.

Several young ladies held their skirts and flew in an opposite direction, while men and boys crowded around. The man jammed harder and the squeaks grew louder. People came over from the other side of the road and carts drew up at the kerb.

"Stick ain't long enough, mister!" shouted a newsboy.

"Fetch a terrier," said another.

But the man with the stick was evidently deaf to all unsolicited advice. he was there to kill the rat, and he was going to do it all by himself, and in his own way.

"Let him come out, and then jump on him," said a bricklayer. "What's to stop him going right up to the roof?"

"Put your hand in and grab his tail."

"Take the big end of the stick."

"Blow smoke up the spout."

As soon as the pavement was crowded the man with the stick removed a peculiar whistle from between his teeth.

"Here you are gentlemen," he said. "Only a penny. The greatest mimic whistle ever invented. Imitate anything from a mouse to a elephant. Lots of fun for the little ones. Only a few left."

A QUAKER SOLDIER WHO WOULD NOT FIGHT.

When the question of courage is once settled, it hardly makes a difference what kind it is, whether it is on the battlefield or in the tent. In 1861, says "Lippincott's Magazine," the great grand-son of a Quaker who had settled on an island in Lake Champlain was drafted.

"It will be no use," said the young man. "I shall never fight. My mother taught me it is a sin. It is her religion, and my father's and their fathers'! I shall never raise my hand to kill any one."

The recruiting officer took no notice.

"We'll see about that later," said he.

The regiment went to Washington, and the Quaker boy drilled placidly and shot straight.

"But I shall never fight," said he.

Word went out that there was a traitor in the ranks. The lieutenant conferred with the captain, and all the forms of punishment devised for refractory soldiers were visited on this lad. He went through them without flinching, and then he was taken before the colonel.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer. "Don't you know you will be shot?"

The Quaker smiled a little. He had steady eyes and a square chin.

"That is nothing," he said. "Thee didn't think I was afraid, did thee?"

The prisoner went back to the guard house, and the colonel sought out President Lincoln.

"Why, that's plain enough," said the President. "There's only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can't kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men, wherever they are. Send him home."

So the Quaker went back to the island, to life and duty as he saw them, and his children tell the story.

The ownership of a Bible in Thibet is a matter for a municipality, since the sacred volume consists of 108 volumes of 1,000 pages each, 225 volumes of commentaries absolutely necessary to the understanding of the text, and several hundred volumes of revelations supplementing the Bible proper.

The Bible is printed from wooden blocks engraved by hand, and for the proper storage of these plates a special city has been built, each volume having a house to itself. One tribe of Mongols paid 7,000 oxen for a copy and furnished an escort and a dozen yaks for its safe transportation.

There are smaller volumes, containing the more important passages, which have a more general distribution, and there are few living who have read the entire Bible, even the lesser orders of the priesthood being familiar only with parts.

AN ESCAPED CONVICT'S TERRIBLE DEATH.

An Australian convict's attempt to cheat the gallows with its tragic result is described by a writer of popular fiction. A huge iron bell-buoy had been prepared for chaining to a dangerous reef off the coast, and it was almost ready for leaving the ironworker's yard. When the convict had escaped from gaol, and was looking for a place of concealment, he entered the ironworker's yard, and finding an open manhole in the side of the buoy, he climbed through it and concealed himself within. His hiding place was not discovered, but the iron door of the manhole was screwed on, effectually preventing his escape, and before he knew what had occurred, he was out at sea, anchored to the end of the reef, with the tongue of the signal bell clanging above him, and his iron prison swaying with the roll of the breakers. No one knew that there was a living man within the buoy, and he was left to meet his terrible doom. The story—for it is only a story—is one of a very powerful tragedy. 1480.

THE POLISH MARSEILLAISE.

(A Socialist Hymn Sung is Warsaw.)

The executioners have long shed our blood,
The little tears of the people are constantly flowing,
Yet the day of retribution will come;
We shall be the judges then.
We shall be the judges then.

Chorus.

Then higher, higher let us rise our song;
Our standard flutters above the throne;
It carries the thunderbolt of revenge,
the wrath of the people,
Sowing the seed of the future.
And its colour is red.
For there is workmen's blood in it.
For there is workmen's blood in it.

Though old miscreants, children of the night,
Would tie the broken thread,
Evil crumbles into ruins.
Good will live for over.
Good will live for ever.

Already the old order of things is tottering,
Its end is life for us.
Work shall be in common,
And the fruits of our work shall also be in common.
And the fruits of our work shall also be in common.

Together, brothers, to the ranks,
With one thought, hand in hand.
Who can stay the course of the stream?
Is there such a power on earth?
Is there such a power on earth?

Down with tyrants, down with oppressors!
Let the old evil world perish.
We will create a new life for ourselves
And a new order of things.
And a new order of things.

AN UNDERGROUND INTERVIEW.

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

One morning in October Harry Sanders, for seven months a reporter on the "Daily Enterprise," was sent to write up the new city waterworks for the next day's edition, so that the subscribers, enjoying the first glasses of the fresh supply at their breakfast tables, might at the same time read how that supply had been brought to them.

A letter from the managing editor admitted him inside the grille at the water company's office, and secured him an introduction to George Atterbury, the surveying engineer.

Although barely forty, Atterbury was one of the leading waterworks experts in the country. He was well-built and athletic. His duties being largely out of doors, kept him strong and healthy. When the reporter asked him to spare a half-hour, he consulted his note-book.

"I haven't time to talk now," said he, "but perhaps a little later I can do better still. The first part of the evening I'm going to inspect a part of the main line above Waterford station. How would you like to tramp with me through half a mile of pipe? The gate at the lake will be lifted at seven, but we'll have a full hour before the water is due at the station. After we get back I'll be at your service until eight-thirty; then I have an engagement."

Sanders welcomed the novelty of an underground interview with Atterbury. It would make good copy.

Accordingly at half-past five that afternoon, just as the first drops of a south-east storm were falling, the newspaper man joined the engineer on an outward-bound electric car. After riding thirty minutes they got off and took a wood-path for the Waterford station, two miles away across country.

As they passed through a thick growth of young birches, a projecting branch caught in Atterbury's watch-chain, wrenching his watch violently from his pocket. He rescued it and held it up to his ear.

"Hasn't jarred it a bit," said he. "It's going all right. You couldn't hurt that watch if you threw it from the top of St. Paul's. I dropped it face down once, and smashed the crystal to atoms, but it went on keeping time without varying a second."

The path now brought them to a deep swollen brook. As the crossing plank had been washed away they they spent some time in finding a place shallow enough to ford. Once on the other side, they made quick progress, and soon the light from the station window appeared ahead. By this time the rain was coming down in good earnest, and Sanders rejoiced that shelter was near.

Before opening the door, Atterbury pulled out his watch, drew an electric lantern from his inner pocket, and flashed the light upon the dial. The hands were together at twenty-seven minutes to seven.

"I've telephoned the lake to turn the water on at seven sharp, unless they hear from me to the contrary," said he. "I'm sure everything is all right, for Connors told me it was, and I've found every inch of the other eighteen miles just as he said it would be."

The two entered the station. After exchanging a few words with the watchman, Atterbury informed him that he was going down into the pipe on a short tour of inspection.

"Water turned on at seven, sir," said the station man.

"I know it." replied the engineer. "We'll be out by that time."

The man lifted the round iron cover of a manhole in the centre of the floor and dropped a short rope-ladder through the opening. Atterbury descended first, disappearing into the gloom. Almost instantly, however, the bright light of his electric lantern shone below. Sanders climbed down after him, and found himself in a circuliar brick tunnel, about six feet high. Atterbury tramped off to the west talking as he went.

It was cool and damp in the gigantic conduit. Water hung in drops on the bricks overhead, and trickled down the walls. Outside, Sanders knew that it must be raining heavily yet no sound of the downpour reached them. Except for their voices and the scuffling of their feet, everything was deadly still. It was a novel experience for the reporter, and he tried to memorize the descriptive phrases suggested by his surroundings.

Atterbury shot back abrupt sentences as he walked briskly on, flashing his electric lantern on the nicely fitted joints.

"Yes," exclaimed he, "it is an A1 job. Six feet in diameter, lined with best red brick, set in a backing of concrete reinforced with metal. Connor's men have been in our employ a good many years, but I never saw them do a prettier piece of work than this. That's what it means to have experts. Every man a specialist in his line, that's my motto. No matter if it's only shovelling sand or digging with a pick."

His words came back in hollow rumbling echoes to the man in the station. He inferred that Atterbury knew his own business best and that he was simply going a short distance in the pipe. Nevertheless, he began to feel uneasy as the minutes passed, and still the two did not appear. He put his head down and listened. Far away he heard the murmur of their voices.

The stillness impressed the two men as they walked on.

"It may be a hundred years before another man's foot may tread these bricks," said Atterbury, musingly. "We had to work night and day to finish the job in time. My company would have been obliged to forfeit a large sum for every twenty-four hours it was incomplete after twelve o'clock to-night."

He became silent. The pipe, which up to this point had been perfectly straight, here curved sharply to the left. The two rounded the turn, and Atterbury began talking again.

"This curve runs under Arlington Meadows. Here's where we cross under the railway line. Hear that rumble? train passing overhead. Must be a special. Next regular train is the express at quarter-past seven. Now we're right below General Smith's house. The water 'll run here at the rate of ten miles an hour. Think of it! Thousands of gallons a minute piling through here in less than half an hour. Quite enough now. Unhealthy place to be in then."

"Hark! What's that?" suddenly exclaimed the engineer, his voice rising almost to a shrick as he turned sharply on the reporter.

His practised ear had caught a distant murmur. Sanders listened, and heard it, too. From far up the pipe echoed a low, swelling sound, half-way between the rumble of a train and the monotone of the surf on a sandy beach.

Louder and louder it came, gathering in volume. The two looked at each other with startled faces. Atterbury's cheeks grew pale. He snatched his watch from his pocket, and flashing the lamp-bulb on the crystal, inspected it closely. A cry of alarm broke from his lips. The hands were still together at twenty-seven minutes to seven.

How long had it been since the watch stopped? At seven the gate at the lake was bound to be lifted. Atterbury faced Sanders suddenly.

"Good heavens, man!" he cried. "The water's not more than a mile or so away, and coming down like a racehorse! We've got to run for our lives! If we're not out of this pipe in less than five minutes, they'll be fishing our bodies from the reservoir early tomorrow morning."

No further words were spoken between the two imperilled men. They raced at the top of their speed towards the open manhole in the station, a half-mile back.

The bricks beneath their feet were slippery. The air was close, and both were soon panting. But it would not do to stop. It was a far different progress from that leisurely walk a few minutes before.

Ah-r-r-r-r! Sound carried far through that narrow pipe. As the engineer ran, he could trace in his mind the course of the flood from the time the water-gate at the lake was opened. He seemed to see its first yeasty, bubbling onrush into the black tunnel that had been two years preparing for its reception. He could see it foaming down the long grade through Litchman's Valley, and then swerving to the left to parallel the course of the river for three miles, until it swung back again under Eyebright Hill, and came surging on beneath the meadows of Charing till it was nearly upon them. He seemed to see its spumy front, springing out of the darkness like a raging wild beast.

Nearer came the water. Louder grew the roar. It rang in their ears like the voice of doom. There was no hope no mercy. The pipe shut them in with its smooth, pitiless bricks. The engineer's face grew ghastly. He panted as he ran.

Sanders's foot slipped. Down he went in a sprawling heap, carried along for a short distance by his own impetus. The engineer stopped. In an instant his arms were under those of the reporter, and he helped him to his feet.

"Don't do that again!" he shouted, hoarsely. Again they ran on.

And now it was Atterbury's turn. He slipped and shot heavily forward. Sanders went into him full tilt, and was likewise capsized. The electric lamp was broken and extinguished by the catastrophe. Instantly the reporter was on his feet, ready to run on. But before he started he waited for the engineer. He could not see him in the darkness; but, even above the deepening sound of the flood, he heard a faint groan. He groped back and touched a heap of clothing. A sprained ankle had made it impossible for the engineer to stand upright unaided. Both realized what that might mean. Atterbury shouted, "Go on! Never mind me!"

But Sanders picked him up in his strong arms, and half-carried, half-dragged him rapidly along the pipe. Ahead a faint light glimmered from the open manhole. Close behind burst the increasing roar of the torrent. Could the reporter make the distance in time?

The rope ladder dangled in the opening. Above, the pallid face of the watchman looked down. Sanders dragged Atterbury to the foot of the ladder. The engineer's hands clutched the rounds, and he went up like a practiced athlete, barely touching his injured foot.

It was Sanders's turn now. Had he waited too long? There was no time to trifle with the rounds of hemp. Up he sprang and caught the edge of the manhole with his fingers.

As he leaped he had a glimpse of a confused turmoil of water, a foamy torrent shooting out of the blackness to overwhelm him. Something caught at his feet with a rush and roar and dragged them irresistibly down. But the watchman and Atterbury seized him by the wrists and swung him up through the opening; and in a second he was lying on the floor above, trying to recover his breath, while the station man slammed down the cover of the manhole, and screwed it on to keep out the flood that threatened to burst through.—"Weekly Budget."

A man's house is his castle—if his mother-in-law does not happen to be around.

Nearly all married men are great inventors—of excuses for coming home late.

The Turkish language is said by scholars to be the softest and most musical of modern times, being better adapted to the purpose of musical notation and recitation than even the Italian.

STUDYING MEANS TO GROW BACTERIA THAT AID PLANTS.

SCIENTISTS ALSO ATTEMPTING TO FIND PRACTICAL METHOD OF OBTAINING NITROGEN DIRECT FROM THE AIR.

Men of science long ago turned their attention to the air in the search for new supplies of nitrogen available as food for the plants. One of the problems of the chemical engineer is to ascertain how to take the nitrogen from the atmosphere and transfer it to the earth. Many ways for the task have been suggested and some have met with considerable success.

Scientists who are trying to aid the farmers by taking the nitrogen of the air and transferring it to the ground are making use of bacteria. There are good bacteria and bad bacteria, and the bacteria which comes to the aid of the crops may properly be counted among the virtuous. Farmers know that if clover is grown on a runout field it will enrich the soil. The scientist thought that this was because clover, beans and other leguminous crops were able to get nitrogen from the deeper parts of the soil, having long tap roots by which they are able to transport nitrogen compounds from the lower depths to the surface.

Small nodules on the roots of such plants were at first thought evidences of disease, but it was later discovered that they were largely made up of bacteria. To these bacteria is ascribed the fertilizing effect of the crops. The beneficial results are found to be due to nothing but the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen.

The men of science are taking the bacteria found in the nodules on the roots of the clover and simular plants and are inoculating seeds and soils, vaccinating the fields with microbes carefully grown and trained for the work.

One of the men who have helped along in this good work is an American, Dr. George T. Moore. Having made an important discovery, Dr. Moore gave a shock to experts of the patent department by taking out "Letters patent," and promptly assigned his rights thereunder to the American public.

Dr. Moore's discovery was patented a little over a year ago. He applied to the microbes with which he experimented a rule which is efficacious in the case of mankind. He made the bacteria work for the nitrogen which they wanted. The German method was to give the bacteria nitrogen in the culture medium, and as the bacteria had no work to do they soon deteriorated and lost the ability to shift for themselves in the scramble for nitrogen. Dr. Moore grew bacteria upon salicylic acid plates practically freed from nitrogen.

Only one season's crops have been grown since Dr. Moore's invention was put to practical use, but the results obtained from crops grown in poor soil when inoculated with these cultures have been little short of marvellous, besides bringing about a secondry effect of even more value than the first—that of enriching the soil for the next season.

Not only have inoculated crops of vetch and clover been made to yield eight to twenty times as much as before, but crops feeding upon a soil nitrogenized by the preceding plants have produced amazingly. Potatoes following crimson clover have gained fifty per cent. wheat following mellotus forty-six per cent. and oats following velvet beens three hundred per cent.

The methods of inoculation are extremely simple. The germs are sent out by the Department of Agriculture in packets which are small enough to be carried in the pocket, and yet do more work than several loads of fertilizer. To inoculate seeds they are moistened with a solution made by putting the contents of the packet in water. To inoculate soil a quantity of dry earth is moistened with the solution and is then mixed with a great quantity, which is spread on the ground, as is done with other fertilizers.

THE CENSOR'S "BLACKING OUT" IN RUSSIA.

The removal of objectionable articles or items from foreign periodicals in Russia is accomplished in two ways.

If they are long and bulky they are torn or cut out bodily. If they are brief they are blacked right out by means of a rectangular stamp, which is about the width of an ordinary newspaper column, and which is "cross-hatched" in such a way that when inked and pressed upon the paper it makes a close network of white lines and black diamonds.

The futility of this peculiar Russian method of enforcing ignorance is almost as striking as are its cool impudence and audacity. For reasons that are perfectly obvious, it does not accomplish, the object that its authors have in view.

As long as the Russian Government permits letters to come into the empire without censoral examination, the citizen of St. Petersburg or Moscow can write to a dealer in periodicals in Berlin, Paris, or London, and ask him to cut out and forward in a sealed envelope either a particular article that has already been "cavired," or all articles relating to Russia that may appear in any specified newspaper or magazine.

The "blacked out" articles have not only made their way into Russia but have there been translated and hectographed, and are now circulated from hand to hand throughout the empire. Many of them have even reached political exiles in the remotest parts of Siberia.

Some of them have brought disaster upon the recipients, and at least one Russian is now lying in prison for having them in his possession.

WATER AND VARNISH.

Varnished surfaces when exposed to wet turn white because the moisture is forced into the composition of the coating, and through this fine division reflects the light, precisely as does foam.

The varnish is broken up into layers and regains its transparency only when the water has been driven out through the application of oil.

The action of the water upon the varnish is almost precisely similar to the result gained in color photography when a sensitive emulsion is broken into layers of different densities and so reflects various colors. In the case of the varnish the action is almost uniform, and the result is a bluish white reflection.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.

A STORY FROM INDIA.

They had had words, and now a silence which neither intended being first to break held sway. But a couple of hundred yards would bring them to the bungalow home of the young lady, when a decidedly cool parting might be the beginning of a final estrangement. To increase the nonchalance he affected the man—an ex-Harrovian batsman—commenced, with the assistance of the stout stick he carried, a series of imaginary, off and on drives, cuts, and leg-glances.

They were now passing the edge of a scrap of jungle, when, probably irritated by the energetic swish of the stout Malacca, an immense cobra raised his ugly head above the vegetation, and prepared to strike. Gripping his stick firmly, and standing lightly balanced on both feet, in the approved fashion the ex-cricketer awaited the attack. Faster than the fastest ball that ever sped from wicket to wicket darted the wicked-looking head of the vicious reptile, straight at the horror-struck girl, whose bright dress presented such an attractive target.

Planting his left foot forward and drawing back his hands with the correct turn of the wrists, the ex-batsman, cool as when knocking up a brisk dozen on the playing-fields, struck the hideous head as it flashed to his right. The stroke was beautifully timed, and the next moment the gyrating body of the dead snake was hurled a dozen yards through the air.

What the batsman said to the wicket, and the wicket to the batsman, we will leave to the imagination of the reader.

MILK BLOCKS.

It is a remarkable fact that water may be made to assume apparently the solid form by adding 1 per cent. only of gelatine to it. The condition of water in a jelly resembles its state when absorbed by a highly porous substance, such as pumice-stone or sponge. In other words, the gelatine on setting forms a sort of fine spongy network, in which the liquid water is held captive by capillary forces. Gelatine is, in short, a very capacious carrier of water, and in those cases in which the conveyance of some liquids is inconvenient, the use of gelatine might afford an easy way out of the difficulty. Thus, by dissolving a very little gelatine in milk, the milk could be carried in solid blocks. Moreover, the milk would gain rather than lose nutrient value by the process.

If cupid would drop his bow and arrows and get a gun, we might hear of more marriages.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Thieves in Great Britain steal £8,000,000 worth of property every year.

The Belgians are the greatest potato-eaters in the world, and the Irish come second.

According to bakers people eat 20 per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

A Russian is not of age until he is twenty-six years old. Until that time, at least four-fifths of his earnings go to his parents.

Nearly two-thirds of the letters carried by the world's postal services are written, sent to, and read by English-speaking people.

In Arizona the cactus grows to an immense size, and there is one specimen—doubtless the largest in the world—which is 232ft. high.

An ocean liner during her trip from Southampton to New York consumes about 3,000 tons of coal, which costs on an average from £1,500 to £2,000.

The most expensive portion of the Royal wardrobe is the uniform and Royal robes; those which belonged to the King when Prince of Wales were said to be worth £15,000.

Every time the Prince of Wales goes to the play he pays the ordinary tariff rates for his Royal box. Indeed, he and the Princess have always been most scrupulous not to accept any so-called favours of this kind.

In the churchyard at a Welsh village there are four huge yew trees, and a large cavity in one of them, which is protected by a door, is used for storing the coal needed to heat the church during the winter months.

Strawberries are the latest aid to beauty. A crushed strawberry rubbed over the teeth will whiten them. A strawberry cut in two and rubbed over the face is an excellent remedy for freckles, summer pimples, and a generally defective complexion.

The Japanese language contains no fewer than eighteen synonyms for the personal pronoun "I," one for each class of people; and etiquette makes it unlawful for a person belonging to one rank in society to make use of the pronoun pertaining to another.

Tennis has always been a favourite pastime of King Edward since his days at Oxford and Cambridge, and in more mature years he has spent hundreds of happy hours at the modern variant of the old game on the lawns of Sandringham and Marlborough House.

A well-known lion-tamer has introduced electricity in taming his animals. When a wild lion or tiger is to be tamed, electric wires are first rigged up in the cage between the tamer and the animal. After a time, the tamer turns his back, and the lion invariably makes a spring at him; but, encountering the charged wires, receives a paralysing shock sufficient to terrorise it for ever.

The instruments the Salvation Army bandsmen use, if put at an average present value of £5, are estimated at £86,365. The music for each man to be complete costs £1 14s. 5., and the cost of the pouches in which to carry a usable quantity of that music, if put so low as 5s. each, means the outlay of £4,315. The Army's band property, taking into account the instruments, the music, the pouches, ect., represents about £100,000. 1480.

Tillage and Pasture.

A PURE MERINO STATION.

THE TRAWALLA ESTATE.

BY J. L. DOW, IN THE "LEADER."

As one approaches the mining district of Beaufort, after leaving Ballarat, in looking from the windows of the Adelaide express, a somewhat unprepossessing impression is obtained of the country in which is situated the Trawalla Estate, belonging to Admiral Walter B. Bridges. After leaving the train, however, and driving about three miles westward, a remarkable change in the contour of the country discloses itself. The cold, bleak, bare looking plains give place to undulating slopes and valleys, dotted with scattered specimens of the lightwood, honeysuckle and sheoak, with which the country was originally more thickly timbered. The purity of the merino sheep breeding on this property is the one thing that has been attended to from a very early period, but the general improvements, together with maintaining and still further increasing its wool and sheep reputation, is the work almost exclusively of the present proprietor. Of these improvements, not the least important is the tree-planting operations. In this direction, alone, taking into account the cold climatic surroundings of this part of the country, the value of planted timber in belts and groves, in the way of modifying the temperature, is particularly notable, not to speak of the additional advantage ornamentally in the added beauty to the landscape. Within this property are included the two notable Victorian topographical features of Lake Goldsmith and Mount Emu, both Crown reserves.

The earliest occupiers of Trawalla were Messrs Kirkland and Hamilton, who date from 1839, and an interesting account appears in "Chambers's Journal," of 1842, from the pen of Mrs Kirkland, under "Notes of a Resident in the Australian Bush," descriptive of how, after landing from Scotland, they came to this place, travelling with bullock and horse drays, and how she was greatly cheered, after all the hardships, by her servant Mary, upon sighting the Emu Creek, where they built their first hut, ejaculating, "Eh! but it's a bonnie place." The first hut is still in existence, as forming one of the bedrooms of the largely extended, commodious and comfortable station homestead which is now occupied by the manager, Mr H. M. Turner, since the building by Admiral Bridges of his new residence further up the slope of the rise. In 1841 Mr Kirkland sold to Mr A. Goldsmith (after whom the lake is called), who came out from England with considerable capital, bringing with him an English farmer, named Hatsell Garnard, as manager. Mr Goldsmith brought out with him the two famous entires, Cornborough and Hero, the former a thoroughbred, and the latter a Cleveland; also a very large collection of garden and field seeds, including lucerne. He stocked with the purest merino sheep obtainable, and established a herd of Hereford cattle. While this country has proved itself specially well adapted for developing the very highest results in the production of pure merino wool, its limited carrying capacity is gathered from some early notes describing that the grass only grew in isolated tufts with bare spaces between, and that the shepherding and yarding at night system that had to be adopted, pending the construction of fences, necessitated very light stocking. The carrying capacity of that time was estimated at about ten acres to a sheep.

The soil of the Trawalla Estate, excepting in patches, is not more than about third class agricultural quality, and the increased carrying capacity (now up to a sheep per acre) has been brought about by those classes of improvement devoted to thickening and sweetening the native grasses, which include multiplying the mileage of fencing, so as to bring about closer subdivision into more paddocks; water provisions, draining of the land both surface and underground, and tree planting. Mr Goldsmith's first studs were purchased from Messrs Riley and Barker, whose sheep were descendants of importations from the flocks of Herr Gadegast and Vom Schomberg. In 1853 Trawalla was purchased by Mr John Simson, whose wool from the beginning took a leading position in the market. Mr Simson, who lived at Trawalla with his family from 1853 to 1872, added considerably to the homestead, and took a great interest in gardening. The excellence of the wool and sheep attained during his time he ascribes as in the main part due to a ram purchased from Mr J. L. Currie, of Lara. Mr Simson's successor was Mr John Wilson, the first to start the drainage improvements, and he further experimented largely with artificial grasses. Upwards of 3000 acres were laid down with various mixtures of grasses, including lucerne, but the results were not permanently successful. Admiral Bridges, with the exception of a trip to Europe, has resided at Trawalla with his family since 1887 (the year that he acquired the property), and it is during his time that the work of improvement has been proceeded with to such an extent as to place Trawalla in its present leading position among the most notable pure merino sheep stations in Australia.

In addition to greatly increasing the number of the paddocks by closer subdivision, most of the old fencing has been replaced by new, and all the boundary fences have been wire-netted. The quantity of new fencing done, including boundaries and subdivisons, totals a little over 1000 miles. Taking into account the large proportion of wire netting, the cost of the fencing all through comes out at an average of £45 a mile, so that in this way an idea is obtained of the expenditure upon this item alone. In relieving the property from water, alike from the effects of heavy land and the swamps, the surface drains (plough and scoop work) aggregate a total of nearly 150 miles, besides a considerable proportion of underground draining in the worst places, while the tree planting in belts, varying from half a chain to a chain and a half in width, amounts to an aggregate of about 60 miles in length. This, it should be noted, is apart from the clump and grove plantations which are numerously established all over the property at the points best calculated to break the force of the prevailing winds. The trees of trees in the belts mainly consist of sugar gums and pines, with wattle, acacia, melaleuca and white thorn as filling up shelter nearer the ground. In water provision, the work of improvement is exceptionally complete. Every paddock has its supply mainly by means of dams, or by weir on the Emu Creek. Some of the dams may be more correctly described as hill constructed reservoirs, supplying several paddocks by pipes and troughs. The Emu Creek, which flows through the centre of the property, although a small and intermittent stream of itself, has been made to bank up large sheets of water along its course by concrete weirs of substantial character.

Those portions of the property formerly timbered, and on which a selection of the original trees have been conserved, are completely cleared from all grass-choking debris. The complete "picking up," in addition to the profitable character of this class of improvements, imparts to these sections a beautiful parkling appearance. The homestead surroundings, in their exceptional neatness and tidiness, are in keeping with the up-to-date character of everything about the place. The brick built men's quarters (a large number of men are employed), are replete with every requirement, while the stables, barns, stack sheds (about 300 acres are annually cultivated), the chaffcutting house, with its 16-horse power oil engine; the sheds for implements and vehicles, dairy appointments for a small herd of Jerseys, the sheep yards, the stock yards (about 700 cattle, mainly Herefords, comprising some of the best pedigree strains of that breed, being kept), and the wool shed, altogether present an object lesson in system and order. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is an all-pervading rule which, in this case, is really honoured in its observance. The impression conveyed throughout is one of judicious, but unlimited, expenditure, in order to have everything of the best. Telephone connection is established between Admiral Bridges' house and the manager's home, and the overseer's quarters, also with the wool shed and with the railway station master at Trawalla.

For the greater safety of the stud sheep, which have now reached 2000 in number, the smallest subdivisions are nearest the homestead, in order to have them under close inspection, while another feature is the stud sheep buildings, constructed on the latest lines for the accommodation of the choicest rams. To keep up to the highest mark in pure merino breeding means a very heavy continuous expenditure in the bringing in of new blood. One of the rams that has exercised a potent influence on the Trawalla sheep and wool was Density, by Squatter, bred by Mr H. S. Smith, of Harland Rise, Tasmania. Squatter's sire was by Golden Horn, whose pedigree goes back to the famous Sir Thomas. Next was purchased another good ram from Messrs W. Gibson and Son, of Scone, Tasmania, named Albert, by Prince Albert, dam a pure Scone stud ewe whose progeny turned out splendidly. With a son of this sire, Trawalla secured its first success in the scoured wool contests. Another notable sheep among the Tasmanian purchases was Dense Great Hero, whose grandsire was Duke of Wellington, by the famous President. Among the latest successes also has been Hercules, bred by Mr John Taylor, of Winton, Tasmania. Hercules was by Hero out of a Winton stud ewe, and the influence of these two latter mentioned rams have been particularly marked in improving the density and weight of the wool, while at the same time maintaining the length of staple.

Last year a Wanganelli ram was brought in as an experiment in the way of keeping up the size of the frame, while at the same time maintaining the fineness, density, and length of staple. The fleece weights of the stud rams run from 18lb. to 22lb. among the extra specials, and 15lb. to 19lb. among those being used with the first stud ewes. In last year's scoured wool competition in Ballarat, Trawalla was placed first and second for the rams among 16 competitors, representing the pick of the Western district, and first for ewes against 8 competitors. The fleece that obtained the first ram prize yielded 7lb. 8oz. 2dwt. scoured wool, valued at 21¼d per lb. for fleece wool, 19d for first pieces, 16½d for second pieces, and 13½d. for locks; while the five fleeces that were given first place in the ewes competition produced 30lb. 11oz. 5dwt. scoured wool, valued by the judges at 21¾d per lb. for fleece, 18½d for first pieces, 15½ second pieces, and 12¾ locks. In accordance with these results the Trawalla wool continues to maintain its leading place on the market, last year's returns, taking the lambs as an example, having secured 19d per lb. for super., and for first and second lambs 17½d and 12½d respectively. As an indication that the wool improvement is steadily going forward at Trawalla, Admiral Bridges mentions that during the period that he has had the property the increase of weight amounts to an average of 2lb. per sheep all round, and these results are attributed by him as being due to Mr Todd, who was manager of studs and flocks during the first six years, and after his death to the present manager, Mr H. M. Turner, during the past twelve years. As for prizes obtained at the shows, the space of this article does not admit of particularising further than that the awards amount to a total to date of 170 championships, first prizes, and other "places."

A call made at the wool-shed, where shearing is now busily proceeding, enables one to note how extreme is the care exercised at the sorters' table, yet fairly the whole of the clip, barring of course the pieces and locks, goes into one or other of the three bins marked "extra super," "super," and "first combing" respectively. The sheep being shorn were 6-tooth wethers from the ordinary flock, and the value of the extra super wool at present prices is not less than [illegible] shearing is done by an instalment of 24 [illegible] machines, driven by the oil engine brought up for the purpose from its location in the barn at the homestead.

It does not come within the scope of an article of this kind to go into a detailed description of the Trawalla residence, with its surrounding gardens and grounds, but it may be briefly noted that, although these cover an area of 25 acres, every inch of the ground is kept in the most perfect state of tilth. In one section every class of vegetable is produced, while a combination of flowers, shrubs, and trees in gorgeous profusion leading into lawns and conservatories opens up delightful views across a fine sheet of water, weired back on the creek, disclosing reaches of picturesque landscape extending for miles in every direction. Irrigation provided by one of the reservoirs, augmented by an auxiliary supply from the higher lands, together with a complete system of underground drainage, accounts for the prolific character of everything's growth, particularly in the masses of the larger trees, which, although only some sixteen years since planting, have all the appearance of an aged forest. Chasteness of design, dictated by artistic taste, is displayed in all the appointments alike within this beautiful residence and surrounding it without. How well adapted for producing the most pleasing interior effects are the Victorian timbers is shown in a very handsome staircase constructed of native blackwood, as well as by the use of indigenous woods in other decorative directions, and hours could be spent in examining the pictures and objects of vertu, Admiral Bridges in this connection having attained considerable eminence as a collector. Amongst the curios are several valuable relics that formed portion of Lord Nelson's cabin furniture on the Victory. As a concluding note mention should not be omitted of a church erected by Admiral Bridges on the Beaufort boundary of the property for the convenience of the family, the station workers and the surrounding farmers. This is an extremely handsome building, beautifully fitted and furnished, in which Church of England and Presbyterian clergymen officiate alternately, and these arrangements, together with the Sunday school conducted by Mrs. Turner, are very much appreciated by the surrounding settlers.

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And they are almost as Cheap as if they had been grown.

This Season we are making a Dress Goods Sensation!

We have put in the Largest Stock of Dress Goods ever bought by us, and such Low Prices were never before coupled with such Excellent Qualities . . .

WE HAVE SOMETHING FIT FOR EVERY FANCY . . .

Up-to-date and unlike what is usually seen.

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GOOD MILLINERY NEWS . . .

A Matchless Collection of Fashion's Creations for Spring and Summer wear at specially Attractive Prices.

Style and Originality . . . Pretty HATS and BONNETS with Grace and Dash are here.

All are Welcome to Inspect—Buyers or not.

In these days of Spring Preparations nobody should miss seeing our Splendidly Assorted Stock of Fashionable Goods.

WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

Mining News.

A three-head battery has been erected at the head of Brusher's Gully, Waterloo, by Messrs Jane Bros., of Clunes, with a view to testing a reef which has been prospected by Messrs Ballantyne Bros. A small crushing recently returned about 5dwt. to the ton. The main lode carries a good body of stone. Now that there is a battery on the ground, it is expected that the venture will prove remunerative. Brusher's Company, who were recently flooded out, and are unable to cope with the water, have decided to procure lifts. Lilley and party, having sunk a shaft on the northern boundary of the Daughters of Freedom lease at Main Lead, found the ground too wet to work without the aid of a whim.

The half-yearly meeting of the Sam Slick Amalgamated G.M. Co., Beaufort, is announced for Saturday next, 28th inst., at 12 noon, at George Hotel, Ballarat.

Sam Slick Amalgamated Co., Beaufort.—Company completed surface frame, and sunk the shaft to 18 feet in clay. Jaensch and party—Driven S.E. intermediate to 60 feet. Blocking back in S.E. off No. 1 shoot, with good returns. Yield, 30oz. 2dwt. Morris and party—Blocking up No. 1 shoot; crosscutting up. Nos. 2 and 3 in moderate quality dirt. Yield, 13oz. 7½dwt. Other parties secured 37dwt. Full yield, 45oz. 6½dwt.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—No. 1 rise: North off east to 81ft.; rough wash; prospects improving; fair stream water. Pumps, 10½ strokes; pressure, 20½lb.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sam Slick Amalgamated Co.—Jaensch and party's tribute, 71oz. 18½dwt.; Morris and party's tribute, 17oz. 5½dwt.; other parties, 22½dwt.; full yield, 90oz. 6dwt. 6gr.; Last Chance, 30oz. 11dwt.; Stevens and party, 16oz. 9dwt. 5gr.; Sitting Hen, 15½wt.; sundries, 10oz.

THE DEALER KNOWS ITS VALUE.

A merchant always aims to please his customers and when he finds that an article has genuine merit, he never hesitates to recommend it. Mr M. Links, a storekeeper at Carcoar, N.S.W., says: "I never fail to recommend Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, because I know it is good." You make no mistake when you buy this medicine. Dealers all over the country will tell you the same thing. It has been in constant use for thirty-five years and is undoubtedly the safest and best medicine on the market for pain in the stomach, diarrhœa and dysentery. For sale by Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Australia has no defence policy yet, although the fifth year from federation has now been nearly completed.

The Legislative Assembly's amendments in the Water Bill have been disagreed with by the Legislative Council.

It is estimated that since its discovery in 1851, Victoria has produced gold valued at upwards of £270,000,000. Last year's returns by this State ran into 821,017oz., valued at £3,284,000.

At the annual session of the Municipal Association which opened in Melbourne on Wednesday a recommendation from the Grenvilleshire that all municipal reserves should be included in the Act relating to unused roads, river frontages, etc., was generally approved of and adopted.

At the annual meeting of the Municipal Association of Victoria on Wednesday, it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Cr. Prendergast, M.L.A., "That the Premier be asked to request the Bush Fires Commission to enquire into and recommend for use some match that would lessen the danger of bush fires."

The Municipal Association of Victoria passed a resolution on Thursday, recommending the Government to oppose the private bill introduced in the Assembly, to amend the Local Government act of 1903, so as to admit of optional rating by municipalities on the basis of unremunerative value of rateable property.

Applications are being invited by the Chief Secretary from mechanics' institutes and free libraries qualified to participate in the special grant of £2500 under the Surplus Revenue Act towards building country mechanics' institutes. Those institutions who wish a special grant may obtain the necessary application forms from the Chief Secretary's office, and the list of applications will close on October 31st. This has nothing to do with the grant for the purchase of books, application forms in connection with which will be distributed to all institutes as soon as they are printed.

The total amount held to the credit of depositors in the various savings banks of the Commonwealth has grown from about £18,500,000 in 1894, to about £34,500,000 in 1905, the increase being £16,000,000, a certain proportion of which consists in the annual accumulation of interest.

A man was too stingy to pay for a local newspaper, and as he could not get along without it he sent his little boy to borrow a paper from his neighbour. In his haste he ran over a 16-6d box of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a guinea pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran out, upset a £1 churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole lot. In the hurry she dropped a £10 set of false teeth. The baby being left alone, crawled through the spilt cream and into the parlor, ruining a brand new £5 carpet. During the excitement the eldest daughter ran away with the groom, the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts. And all this happened through the downright stinginess of one man.

PAIN IN THE STOMACH.

There is no need of being annoyed by pain in the stomach. A dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy will promptly relieve you. For sale by Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

B. R.

Grazing Lands.

TENDERS will be received up to noon of Monday, the 30th October, 1905, for the right to graze on the undermentioned land from the 1st November, 1905, to the 30th June, 1906. The fee for above period and fee for licence must accompany each tender. Tender forms and full particulars may be obtained at the local Local Land Office.

Lot 14 (Block 9164).—1,200 acres in Mount Cole State Forest, parish Raglan, east of Elmhurst-road, recently licensed to C. C. Tucker.

J. MURRAY,
Commissioner of Crown Lands and Survey.

TRAWALLA CHURCH.

A TRAFALGAR CENTENARY SERVICE will (D.V.) be held on

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 3 P.M.

Subject—"Lessons from the Life of Nelson."

SAM SLICK COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—The Half-yearly GENERAL MEETING of shareholders in the above-named Company will be held on SATURDAY, 28th October, 1905, at 12 o'clock, in the George Hotel, Lydiard-street, Ballarat.

Business—
To receive reports and balance-sheets.
Elect directors and auditors.
General.

W. D. THOMPSON, Manager.
Exchange, Ballarat.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, on WEDNESDAY evening next, 25th inst., at 8 p.m. Business: Election of office-bearers; arrange for annual Boxing Day Sports; general.

A. PARKER, Secy.

H. AND R. SCHOFIELD, in thanking the public for their patronage, desire to intimate that they have disposed of their Business to Mr. DONALD McDONALD, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same patronage to their successor.

Stock Sale and Horse Parade.

THURSDAY, 26TH OCTOBER, 1905.

AT DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S SALEYARDS, BEAUFORT.

OWING to the Ballarat Show falling on the same date, DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S monthly STOCK SALE will be held in their yards, opposite the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on THURSDAY, 26th inst., at 2 p.m.

On the same afternoon a HORSE PARADE and SPECIAL SALE of HORSES will be held. Entries invited.

Preliminary Notice.

DIXON BROS. & HALPIN will sell on 1st November, Mr. Gann's LAND, consisting of 26 acres; also his Effects. Particulars in future issue.

CHEAP EXCURSION — STAWELL TO BALLARAT—for the Grand Champion BRASS BAND CONTESTS on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28TH. Return Fares from Beaufort—1st, 4s. 9d.; under 12, 2s. 6d.; 2 d, 3s. 3d.; under 12, 1s. 9d. Rail tickets admit to Band Contests at half-price (6d). See handbills. Train leaves Beaufort at 9.55 a.m. Return leaves Ballarat at 10.50. Tickets (available 1 month) from Mr. D. F. Troy, Neill Street, Beaufort. W. D. HILL, Gen. Sec., Ballarat.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD
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Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,
BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD
MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.
MONEY TO LEND.
AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.
Every attention, and prompt returns.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

IF you require Goods forwarded, Furniture removed, Parcels delivered, Conveyances for Picnics, go to
J. A. HARRIS.
Orders received and attended to for trucking Live Stock, Produce, &c.
Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.
Agent for Broadbent Bros.; Permewan, Wright & Co.; McCulloch & Co.; Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co.; and National Mutual Life Assurance Co.

Pringle's for TEA!
A FEW CASES ONLY!
A Beautiful China Cup and Saucer GIVEN AWAY for every lb of "SUNRISE" TEA Purchased. Price, 1/6 per lb.
GEO. PRINGLE,
SPOT CASH GROCER,
NEILL STREET.

Say!
Don't it Make you Mad
To find that your Newspaper as not arrived to time? Of course it does.
This does not happen to the clients of
J. B. COCHRAN,
NEWS AGENT, &c., &c.
BEAUFORT.
Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Civility and 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.

Victoria Racing Club.
CUP WEEK.
DERBY DAY, November 4. CUP DAY, November 7.
OAKS DAY, November 9. STEEPLECHASE DAY, November 11.
Large Entries. Accommodation for Thousands. Holiday Excursion Fares.
H. BYRON MOORE, Secretary.

SHEARING SEASON, 1905.

Hawkes Bros.'

GREAT STOCK

Is Now Ready.

We have every Requirement for the Proper Handling of the Wool from
THE SHEEP'S BACK
TO THE WOOLPACK.

Our Goods are Bought in Large Quantities from the Manufacturers only, for Spot Cash; and Imported by ourselves; thus we are able to offer them at
Prices that Sweep Aside Opposition.

Run a critical eye down our Shearing Price List (which we have sent you), and figure out what you can Save by Buying from us.

Transact your Business where
Facilities are Best,
Qualities are High,
Goods are Many,
Prices Right.

HAWKES BROS.,
THE
IRONMONGERS.

LIFE.

(By "Viva.")

No living thing, from man to a microbe, can exist unless it is continuously dying. It is not merely necessary for man to absorb nourishment in order to live; it is equally necessary that, simultaneously, some portion of his body, bone, blood, or tissue, must waste away and die. It is essential, also, that a balance be preserved in the two processes of replenishing the body and the removal of the waste or dead material which is constantly accumulating within it. An uneven action of either means disease. A total suspension of either means death.

Of course everyone knows that an adequate supply of suitable food, pure water and fresh air is requisite to build up the body, but, unfortunately, most people are not as well aware of the complicated action of the mechanism with which nature has endowed man for dealing with the used-up, dead and waste material always being produced within us, and which, unless regularly extracted from the blood and expelled from the body, must cause disease or death.

Upon the skin, lungs, kidneys and liver rests the main responsibility of removing waste matter from the system. The skin usually requires little attention beyond regular washing with good soap and water, and it will, in the form of perspiration, rid the body of a quantity of dead matter. A fit of coughing or a choking sensation will speedily call our attention to anything which hinders the lungs in their work of removing, in the form of carbonic acid, an amount of used-up material equivalent to eight ounces of pure charcoal every day. The kidneys and liver, on the other hand, are delicate organs, and it is often not until we begin to suffer from some serious complaint that we become aware that their action is impeded. Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Backache, Sciatica, Blood Disorders, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, General Debility, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles, Depression, Low Temperature, Anæmia, Bright's Disease, are all caused by disease, or indifferent action of the kidneys or liver, or both of those organs, permitting the body to retain urinary and biliary waste poisons which it is their function to eliminate from the blood and expel in a natural manner.

It will therefore be seen how important it is that the vigorous health and activity of the kidneys and liver should be maintained. A person suffering from one or more of the many complaints mentioned should not regard them as diseases, but should adopt the rational course of attacking them at their true source, by restoring a proper and regular action of the kidneys and liver, when, the cause of the disorders having been rectified, the waste matter which produces the trouble is removed and health ensues as a matter of course.

It was the comprehension of this fact which resulted in the discovery of Warner's Safe Cure. Certain medical men—being aware of the difficulty of treating the disorders referred to, and knowing that they were due to inefficient action of the kidneys or the liver, but being unable in most cases to accurately diagnose just which organ was at fault—set themselves the task of compounding a medicine which would act specifically upon the kidneys and liver alike. After long research they succeeded, and introduced the medicine to the world under the name of Warner's Safe Cure. This was about thirty years ago, and since then many millions of bottles have been sold, and millions of people have been saved from pain, suffering and death by taking a course of this invaluable specific for all kidney and liver disease and disorders arising therefrom.

RODOX

RABBIT POISON.

An Efficacious Preparation of Phosphorus

ENTIRELY SAFE IN HANDLING,

And will not Ignite.

2/- per 2½lb. TIN.

Manufacturers and Proprietors:

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO.,

Wholesale Druggists, Melbourne.

STOCKED BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST.

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AUCTION SALES of LAND, HOUSES, FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the shortest notice. Property for Private Sale or to Let entered in our register free of charge.

Properties Purchased for Clients. Valuations for Mortgage and Probate purposes made by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, official valuator to the Ballarat Diocese, the National Mutual Life Association, and lending investors of the city.

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ARCHITECTS.—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates for all descriptions of buildings prepared by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, who has had a very wide architectural experience.

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(Late R. M. West & Co.),

38 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH.

District Representative—JOHN McDONALD, "Burnside," Middle Creek.

TO STAND AT MIDDLE CREEK THIS SEASON,

And Travel the Surrounding District,

The celebrated Roadster Stallion,

BLARNEY STONE.

Stands 16 hands 1in. high. Is a very fast Trotter.

BLARNEY STONE'S dam, Talkative, by Talk of the Ring, by Lucifer, dam, Mermaid, by Fisherman; Talkative's dam, Nanny the Knitter, by The Peer, dam, Vixey, by War Hawk.

BLARNEY STONE'S sire, Treaty Stone, bred by Mr. Henry, Tipperary, Ireland, imported by Mr. Rea, by the celebrated Old Victor; dam by Uncas, one of the best sires in England, Bachusan, by Uncas, was the best hurdle racer of the year in 1887, winning the Welter Race at Curagh. Treaty Stone took first and Champion at Tatura Show, and first at Numurkah and Nathalia Show in 1890. In 1891 he was again awarded first prize at Numurkah and Nathalia Show. Treaty Stone has obtained numerous prizes since at various shows.

BLARNEY STONE has proved himself a sure Foal-getter, and his stock in this district show to be of real good quality.

Terms—£2 10s. Cash; or, Guarantee, £1 Cash and £2 5s. when Mare proves in foal.

For further particulars apply—

J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WOMEN AND HOME.

Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be overhead, the glowworm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is and for a noble woman it stretches far around her better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion; shedding its quiet light for those who are homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.—Ruskin.

JAPANESE AND ENGLISH.

What a vast difference there is between the prospects of a Japanese bride and an English one. It is very interesting to study the marriage customs of these fascinating little women; there is something so charming about them, one is compelled to acknowledge their fascination. How indignant our Scotch lassies would be if they were informed that a suitable husband had been chosen, and they must wed him without a question. But this is the case with the girls in Japan, and as they have known no other way, they obey unmurmuringly. How amazed they would be could they see the British maiden's freedom to choose for herself a future helpmeet; such a thing with them is entirely unprecedented. When it is thought well for a girl to marry, either her parents or relations arrange with the most suitable man for their daughter or kinswoman. He must be of good family, and be able to provide a home for his bride-to-be. There is no question of love between the Japanese bride and bridegroom. When love does come, it is after the ceremony, as they do not see each other until they meet on the marriage day. A prettier sight could not well be imagined than a little winsome Jap in her charming wedding costume and beautiful flowers. Contrary to our custom, the Japanese husband-elect provides the wherewithal for the bride's trousseau, and presents her with rolls of silk for the purpose of making sashes for her, a dried fish not unlike mackerel, and a dried shellfish. Each of these have a certain meaning—the sashes are meant to indicate a bound condition, the fish means the superiority of man and one who protects his wife, the shellfish is symbolic of a long life and a golden wedding. A lucky day is chosen for the wedding, and the presents then pour in from various friends and relations. But the most curious idea is the father not purchasing one single gown even for his daughter's trousseau, but he has to completely furnish the bridegroom's house, which is just the very opposite to our custom.

HER HUSBAND'S WILL.

It is not an uncommon thing for a wife to be entirely ignorant of the contents of her husband's will; it is only after his demise that she learns how he has disposed of what the lawyers term "his estate." It is still less common for a wife to have a voice in the proposed disposition of her husband's money; it is usually considered the proper thing for a man to deal with his estate as he pleases without reference to anyone, and he sometimes includes conditions that are onerous and to which the widow very unwillingly bows, for the simple reason that she cannot help herself.

Is this fair to the wife? Has she not a moral right, in many instances, to take part in the making of her husband's will? These were the questions urged recently by a wife, and her arguments in support of her contention were interesting.

With the legal aspect of the matter she had nothing to do; legally, he was not bound to consult her, and, on her side, she knew that if she had possessed money in her own right, she could dispose of it as she desired. So far, it seemed fair to both; but in this case the only money possessed by the couple was that which had been saved during their married life.

It was true that the money had been saved out of the husbands' earnings and had been banked and invested in his name, but the wife declared that the extent of the saving had been considerably increased by her. She had always striven to make home comfortable, and to obtain the maximum of happiness with a minimum of expenditure. By her careful household management she had secured her object on a smaller allowance than most of her friends; she had taken her share in the performance of every-day duties in the house, and had thus caused her husband less expense for servants, breakages, and general maintenance. Had she been so minded, she might have spent much more and her husband would have accepted this increased expenditure as a matter of course. In that event, his savings would have been less; hence, by logical reasoning, she had saved a fair share of the amount standing to his credit in the bank or in stocks, and, as a natural consequence, she had a moral right to have a voice in the disposition of the estate.

In the instance of which we are speaking, the husband recognised the truth of the argument, and crossed out the distasteful condition. This incident opens up a wide field of speculation. As a general thing, the wife has good moral grounds for insisting on taking part in the will-making, as she is the one who has to abide by the consequences.

DON'T WORRY.

Worry is a habit that grows very rapidly. The more it is indulged the stronger it becomes. When you discover that you are its victim, just stop and consider: Are you gaining anything from it? If so, what is the gain? Are you losing anything from it—health, strength, cheerfulness, the power of helping others, and the opportunity of doing the next best thing at hand? Whatever you do, don't say, "But I can't help it!"

FOR THE DOCTORS.

Passer: "Ah! good morning, Pat. How has your father been since I saw you last?"

Pat: "Niver a change, sor! He's loomberin' around wid the same owld complaint he's had these foive years."

Passer: "Does the doctor give him any hope?"

Pat: "No, sir! An' be jabers, Oi belave that's about the only thing he hasn't given 'im."

HAD STOOD THE TEST.

The fire of a legal examination is a hot one, but an accused person who stands its test doesn't often emerge with character the better established.

"Now, Johnnie, what is a rudder?"

"A stern necessity, sir."

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

BE LED NOT ASTRAY.

The Finger Post to Health

The Case of Mrs F. E. MARTIN.

(By a Melbourne Reporter.)

If anybody is undergoing a similar experience to that spoken of by Mrs. Frances Edith Martin, of No. 51 Sutherland-street, Brunswick, it will be well for that person to peruse these remarks and find comfort therein:—

"Until I came to Melbourne, said Mrs. Martin, at the commencement of the conversation, "my home was in Beechworth, and many a sorrowful day of suffering I put in in that town."

"I regret to hear that," the pressman remarked. "What was the cause of it?"

"Well, ever since I was seventeen I was a martyr to neuralgia—not continuously, of course, but it would come and go at very frequent intervals and nothing in the world could give me relief. Really, I used to think I would go out of my mind with it, and the worst of it was that I not only had to put up with the pain, but my constitution was being wrecked all the time. Gradually my health sank lower and lower, but it was not because I did not get any attention, as I was living at a doctor's house at the time, and I am sure nobody could get kinder treatment than I received. Unfortunately, though, all the kindness and all the medicine I had did not heal my troubles or ease my pain, and under such circumstances it was only right to assume that nothing existed which could cure me."

"But did you try anything after the doctor had failed to relieve you?"

"Oh, yes; I took all sorts of medicines, and I regret to say there was not one of them any good. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack, as people say, trying to find a remedy for my complaints, and at last, in a fit of despair, I gave up my fruitless search, and as I was suffering from indigestion as well you may tell how hard it was for me to conclude that even the door of hope was closed against me."

"Yes; I can quite understand your position, and did indigestion deal very severely with you?"

"Terribly, and when I think of how many poor souls there are who suffer as I did, and who are just as ignorant as I was as to what will cure them, I think it would be a crying shame if I did not tell them how well Clements Tonic served me even after I had despaired of ever being cured. Yes, and it was a nurse who was staying at the place where I was employed who advised me to take Clements Tonic, and from then till now I have never done thanking her for her kindness, as I dread to think of the miserable existence I would have led but for that reliable remedy. Why, I had only taken about a couple of bottles when the severity of my neuralgic pains had so decreased that they scarcely affected me, and by keeping on with it the dreadful sensations which lodged in my gums, and about my head, and then shot down my arm, died right away. I could have done anything in the world for the nurse who had put me in touch with Clements Tonic, I was so thankful, and when I found the same medicine was doing good to my digestion I looked out into the world with renewed interest, as though sadness and oblivion were left behind and I wanted to enjoy life again."

"That would be quite natural, seeing you little expected such a change?"

"Of course, and how happy I was to be able to eat my food heartily, for my appetite had been lost long ago, and what a blessing sleep was after missing it so long. And I used to have pains between the shoulders and a heavy feeling in the chest, together with terrible bouts of windy spasms after eating, but Clements Tonic did away with all those things, besides giving plenty of tone to my nerves, and really I used to be horribly nervous—afraid to move almost; but, thank heaven, those troubles were soon ended by Clements Tonic, and now I can go anywhere and do anything without the least fear. Yes, I am quite another woman—none of those despondent fits now, and I have far more energy than I had in my younger days."

"How long has your health continued so good?"

"Ever since Clements Tonic cured me, seven years ago, and I hope these facts will help many another woman. You can also publish them in any manner it pleases you."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, FRANCES EDITH MARTIN, of No. 51 Sutherland-st., Brunswick, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Frances E. Martin

Declared at Brunswick, in the State of Victoria, this 16th day of January, 1904, before me, B. EDELSTEN, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1905—1906.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

Will hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual Every FRIDAY during the Coming Season. They would call special attention to their

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,

built expressly for the Storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS

splendidly lighted, and unequalled in the Colony for the proper display of Wool.

☞ Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS CLIPS

receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.

A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION of Wool than any other market in the Australian Colonies.

☞ *Charges.*—The lowest ruling in the Colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered *invariably three days* after sale.

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

☞ *Forty-one years'* practical English, Continental, and Colonial experience of the Wool trade.

Cash Advances, if required, directly on receipt of produce into store.

CLARKE'S B. 41. PILLS.

A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs in either sex. These famous Pills also cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. Free from mercury. Forty years' success. Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION,

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

BRONCHITIS and PLEURISY.

A Severe Case Cured by Two Bottles of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After other treatment had failed.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong.

Dear Sir,—Some months ago in Sydney, I suffered from a severe attack of influenza, and was confined to my room for about a week, at the end of which time, feeling somewhat better, I got up and tried to transact my business as usual. But I got up too soon, for the very next day I had a relapse, and suffered tortures, from what the doctor told me was pleurisy and bronchitis. The pain from the former in my chest and shoulders was frightful, and for four long weeks I was confined to my bed under the care of a well-known Sydney doctor, and all the time his medicine gave me but temporary relief. The landlady of the hotel (the Cleveland), where I resided, told me of a medicine—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure—from Victoria, which had cured her of a bad attack of bronchitis and pains in the chest, and begged of me to try it. I did so, and, in thanks and gratitude to you, tell you that, after the second bottle, my cough had ceased, but what is more astonishing, the pains from pleurisy entirely left me, and in about a week I was able to attend to my duties as usual.

Yours faithfully, J. BRAHAM.

Melbourne "Punch" Office, Melbourne.

BRONCHITIS.

Child's Life Saved by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After the Case had been "given up."

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—We have to thank your Bronchitis Cure that we have one little boy spared to us, as we nearly lost him. After doctors had given him up, we saw the advertisement for your Bronchitis Cure, and gave it a trial, with the result above mentioned.—Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) E. GRANT,

c/o Mr. Harvey, Baker, Chiltern, Victoria.

Queensland Testimony.

From Brisbane Wholesale Chemists.

We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured in three doses.—We are, faithfully yours,

THOMASON, CHATER and Co.,

60 Queen-street, Brisbane.

BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA.

A Twelve Years' Case with Distressing Cough.

Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send by post to Copmanhurst a complete course of your valuable medicine, for obstinate asthma. The last medicine you sent to the cured one man that had a distressing cough for twelve years. Please find post office order enclosed for payment.—Yours thankfully,

WILLIAM CANHAM,

Upper Copmanhurst, via Grafton, N.S.W.

BRONCHITIS.

A Camberwell Resident Expresses Gratitude.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Your Bronchitis Cure has relieved my wife of a cough which followed on an attack of influenza. While I acknowledge that all good comes from the only source, ordinary gratitude bids me to offer my earnest thanks to you, through whom this particular blessing has come.—I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

GEO. S. CALDWELL,

Camberwell, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA.

A Fifteen Years' Sufferer.

At times almost impossible to get his breath.

When he coughed, blood came up.

Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I have been a sufferer from Asthma and Chronic Bronchitis for over 15 years. Last Saturday I was suffering from a very severe attack of it. The cough was terribly severe, and when I coughed blood came up. I found it almost impossible to get my breath. Every breath seemed as if it would be the last. My wife went to the chemist, and got a bottle of your Bronchitis Cure. I took a dose of the medicine, and in a few minutes got great relief. I rapidly improved, and in a few days was out of bed and walking about. I believe your Bronchitis Cure is worth its weight in gold to anyone who suffers from Asthma and Bronchitis.—Yours respectfully,

JOHN BLAIR,

Grafton Road, Warrnambool, Victoria.

ASTHMA.

Two Obstinate Cases Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

After other treatment had failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—It is with much thankfulness I write to let you know that I have taken three bottles of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I had previously suffered terribly from asthma for about 3 years, and had tried everything, and had advice, but without avail. I had been for a fortnight at a time without moving day or night out of my chair. If I went to bed I was not able to lie down. We came to New Zealand about 3 years ago from Tasmania. One of my uncles there suffered with asthma for a number of years till he took your cure about 5 years ago, and has never had the asthma since. I knew this, but it had passed out of my mind until reading your advertisement in some Tasmanian papers brought it to my memory. I told my husband, and he got your cure for me, which I have taken with completely satisfactory result.—Yours respectfully,

W. McCOMBE,

Mosgiel, New Zealand.

A Lady in London—A Martyr to Colds and Bronchial Asthma.

Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

The Doctor so interested that he carried off the empty bottle.

"Mr. Hearne. "Orange, N.S.W.

"Dear Sir,—I enclose for your own private perusal portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. ——, of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect Godsend to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any names to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of this letter you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me.

"I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was.—Yours faithfully, ——."

Extract from letter alluded to above:—

"You will be interested in hearing that I think the Bronchitis Cure really excellent. I was very bad when it arrived, and I immediately flew to it. That was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. Dr. —— is very much interested in it. He came yesterday, and carried off the empty bottle to find out if he could get a full one from a chemist who is in a large way here."

The names are withheld from publication, but will be supplied privately when desired.

A Seven Years' Case.

Expectorating Blood and Matter.

Completely Cured.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne.

"Dear Sir,—Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma, from which I have suffered for upwards of seven years, during which period I was scarcely ever free from coughs, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so distressing, that for nights in succession I had to sit up. I write to you this acknowledgment from a sense of duty, as in my case every other treatment had failed. For a year previous I had been getting very much worse, and at the time I obtained your medicine I was confined to bed, suffering from a most violent cough, expectorating blood and matter, and apparently beyond hope of recovery. The first dose of the medicine gave me welcome relief, and I steadily improved as I continued the treatment, until I became, as I am now, quite well.—Yours sincerely,

"H. Walker, Balmain, Sydney."

A Child Seven Months Old—A Sufferer from Birth.

Cured by a Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Kindly forward me a small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure as soon as possible, as I cannot speak above a whisper, owing to a cold. I had a bottle from you before for my little girl when she was seven months old. She had been suffering from bronchitis from her birth, and now she is three years old, and has not had a return of it since. It is a splendid medicine for bronchitis or colds of any sort.—I remain, yours truly,

Mrs. H. RAMAGE,

Violet Town, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS.

A Very Obstinate Case.

Cured through persevering in the treatment by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Having been a sufferer from Bronchitis for a number of years, and not being able to get relief from doctors, I started taking your Bronchitis Cure about two years ago, and have been taking it on and off ever since. I am happy to tell you that I now feel thoroughly cured, and I can bear testimony to its worth.—I am, yours truly,

W. J. CLARKE,

Redbank, via Avoca, Victoria.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—Small Size, 2s. 6d.; Large Size, 4s. 6d.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor,

HEARNE, CHEMIST, GEELONG, VICTORIA.

FORWARDED BY POST TO ANY ADDRESS WHEN NOT OBTAINABLE LOCALLY.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

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

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.

Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.

Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.

Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.

Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.

Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.

Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.

Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.

Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.

Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.

Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway time-table:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m., instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m., has been discontinued.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

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

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

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

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

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

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.

All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

J. Holdsworth,

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER,

BEAUFORT.

STRATHMILL WHISKY.

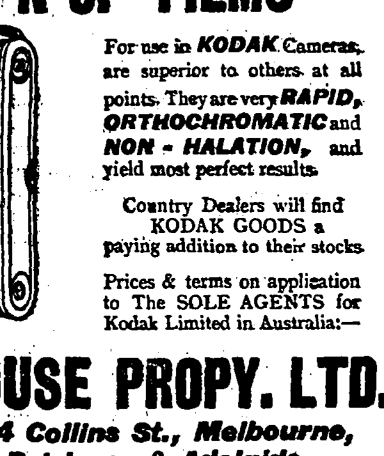
West Australian Government Analyst says:—

"Strathmill is a genuine matured malt whisky."

"Bull Dog" LIGHT ALE

(Best English).

ABSOLUTELY Free from Sediment.

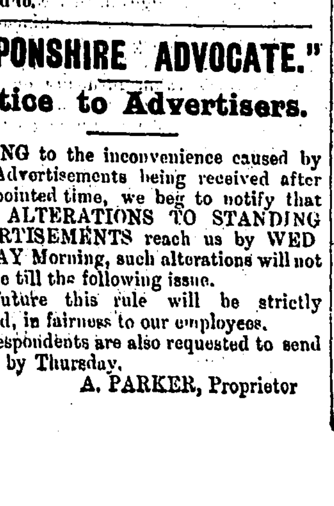


Local Agents:

Wotherspoon & Co.

Beaufort & Buangor.

KODAK N-C. FILMS



For use in *KODAK* Cameras, are superior to others at all points. They are very *RAPID, ORTHOCHROMATIC* and *NON-HALATION,* and yield most perfect results.

Country Dealers will find KODAK GOODS a paying addition to their stocks.

Prices & terms on application to The SOLE AGENTS for Kodak Limited in Australia:—

BAKER & ROUSE PROPY. LTD.

"The Block," 284 Collins St., Melbourne,

And at Sydney, Brisbane & Adelaide.

Golden City Store. W. A. McNAMARA, Golden City Store.

27 Bridge Street,

BALLARAT.

For Good Buds Tea, 9d lb.

,, Best 1 A Sugar, 14s 6d Bag.

,, Best Coffee, 1s 6d lb.

,, Best Loaf Sugar, 3d lb.

,, Best Jams, 6lb Tins, 1s 4d.

,, Best Flour, 15s 6d Bag.

,, Best Cough Balsam, 6d Bottle.

,, Best Eucalyptus, from 4d Bottle.

,, Best American Axes, 3s 6d.

For Brushware of all kinds.

,, Kettles, Saucepans, &c.

,, Crockery ware.

,, Lamps and Glasses, &c.

,, Latest Combination Graters, 6d.

,, Patent Medicines.

,, Dolly Dyes, all Colors, 3d.

,, Dr. Sheldon's Medicines.

Golden City Store. Dairy Produce Bought. Golden City Store.

A SURPRISE TO BEAUFORT.

J. B. COCHRAN is now prepared to supply good sound FIREWOOD, Sawn, in 1ft. lengths, at Reasonable Prices, delivered or arranged for at the Mill, Raglan Road, Beaufort.

Orders left at the Shop will be punctually attended to.

"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

WM. C. PEDDER,

Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute and orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

F. G. PRINCE

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

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT

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

Small Goods a Speciality.

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

No.

GEO.

Watchma

STU

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(Near

A Splendid
of every
Jewellery line
Engagement R
Studs, Brooche
ver Chains, M
one Pendants
other Charms, B
Collar and Fron
Bangles of eve
Silver and Go
Scarf Pins, &c.

IN R

OF EVE

We show twice
shop in the city
finish cannot b
Diamond Half-H
70s., 90s., £5 1
£10 10s., upw
Sapphire 5-stone
Rings, 60s., 70
upwards. Diam
Diamonds and
Half-hoop Eng
55s., 65s., 80s.
Dress or Engage
25s., 30s., 45s., 5
Band Rings,
with Stones, 12s
50s. Massive B
mond and two S
and two Rubies
Single-stone Op
Sapphire Rings
30s. Buckle Rin
Real Diamonds,
Half-hoop Real
Wedding Rings
to 40s. Best
Nickel and Gun
22s. 6d.

RELIABLE

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STONES RESET

GEORGE

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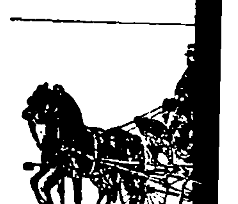
STURT

(Two doors from



FUNERAL
Establis

A. H. S

(Late W

UNDER

Opposite the

NEILL STREE

Hearse and other
town or

Funerals of all cla
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Post, Telegraph,
sages prompt

A. H. S

Cabinet Maker

and Pictur

A well-assorted
Timber, Picture F
and Window Glass k

Give your orders
the newspaper in yo
prints thousands of
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PUBLIC LIBRARY 30.OCT.05 OF VICTORIA

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1457. {Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.} BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905. PRICE THREEPENCE.

GEO. PAYNE,

Watchmaker & Jeweller,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT

(Near the Post Office).

A Splendid New Stock now showing of everything in the Watch and Jewellery line, including Dress and Engagement Rings and Keepers, Links, Studs, Brooches, Gent.'s Gold and Silver Chains, Medals, Lockets, Green Stone Pendants, etc.; Gold Heart and other Charms, Fob Chains, Muff Chains, Collar and Front Studs, Gold and Silver Bangles of every description, Nickel, Silver and Gold Watches, Necklets, Scarf Pins, &c.

IN RINGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

We show twice the stock of any other shop in the city, and the designs and finish cannot be beaten. Five-stone Diamond Half-Hoop Engagement Rings, 70s., 90s., £5 10s., £6 10s., £8 10s., £10 10s., upwards. Diamond and Sapphire 5-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 60s., 70s., 80s., 90s., £6 10s. upwards. Diamonds and Rubies, and Diamonds and Opals, 5 and 7-stone Half-hoop Engagement Rings, 45s., 55s., 65s., 80s. upwards. Gipsy Set Dress or Engagement Rings, 17s. 6d., 25s., 30s., 45s., 55s., and 70s. each.

Band Rings, plain, 9s. 6d. to 30s.; with Stones, 12s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 25s. to 50s. Massive Band Rings, with Diamond and two Sapphires or Diamond and two Rubies, 90s. each. Gent.'s Single-stone Opal, Garnet, Ruby, or Sapphire Rings, 17s. 6d., 20s., 25s. to 30s. Buckle Rings, 25s. to 45s.; with Real Diamonds, 50s. Ladies' 5-stone Half-hoop Real Sapphire Rings, 70s. Wedding Rings and Keepers from 10s. to 40s. Best Watches imported in Nickel and Gun Metal Cases, 20s. and 22s. 6d.

RELIABLE WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY

REPAIRS

—AT—

PAYNE'S.

JEWELLERY REPAIRED, ALTERED, OR MADE TO ORDER.

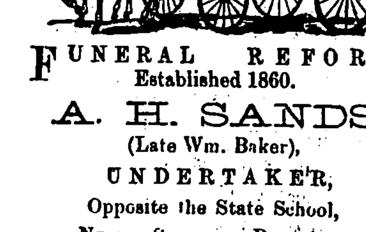
STONES RESET OR MOUNTED.

GEORGE PAYNE,

JEWELLER,

STURT STREET,

(Two doors from the Post Office.)



FUNERAL REFORM. Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Opposite the State School,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.

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

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. It gives you value in return for your printing order.

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

SUPPORT

LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

LOCAL PAPER,

THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.'

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

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

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

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

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

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

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

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

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

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

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

Justices' Fixtures.

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

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

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Possess the following qualities in a high degree:

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

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

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

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

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

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

Registered mail and parcels post close 30 minutes prior.

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

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

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

English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

Daily		a.m.
Raglan	... ...	9
Waterloo	... ...	9
Waterloo S.,	... ...	9
Main Lead,	... ...	9
Chute	... ...	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring	... ...	9
Lake Goldsmith	...	9
Stockyard Hill	...	9

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

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

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

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

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

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

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

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

SAVINGS BANK.

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

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

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

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

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

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

NOTICE.

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

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

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER, Proprietor.

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

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-heads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give *it* your job printing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup Sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Pesides dere ish dese tifferences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year round, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

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

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

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

NEWSPAPER LAW.

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

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

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

FLORILINE.—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in parts of Honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33 Farringdon Road, London, England.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"Subscribers and Advertisers"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contract List, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either 'bust' or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 29TH OCTOBER, 1905.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. (children's service); Chute, 3 p.m.; Lexton, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr R. Thompson. Waterloo, 7.30 p.m.—Mr J. M. Carroll.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr. Davey. Main Lead, 1.45 p.m.—Anniversary services.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above, Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

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

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

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

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PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS, Fillings, etc., with LAUGHING GAS and all LATEST METHODS.

THE Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1905.

On Wednesday week, at the annual conference of the Municipal Association, a motion was carried that the Government be asked to raise the amount of the municipal subsidy from £50,000 to £100,000 per annum. The reply came with a great deal of suddenness, as on Thursday the Assembly passed a bill, the effect of which is to keep the amount at £50,000. The Premier has all along shown a marked feeling of antagonism to the country municipalities, though why this should be so it is difficult to understand, as the producers are largely responsible for the much prated about surplus. The Premier makes a great deal of the fact that in addition to the amount of endowment, subsidies had been given to the municipalities to the extent of £213,000, including £92,000 as an equivalent for license fees. How the equivalent for license fees can be counted as a subsidy only the Premier can explain. It cannot be regarded for a moment in this light, and must be taken as an effort to draw a red herring across the track. This amount must be taken from the total when considering what has gone to the municipalities, and we find that it is £121,000, instead of £213,000. The latter figures, when hurled about by the Premier, might easily be calculated to cloud the real issue, and produce a result the reverse of advantageous to the country shires, which are anxious to see the endowment restored to some likeness of its former self. During the debate, Mr. Graham raised an important point when he said that the railway commissioners should contribute something to the maintenance of main roads leading to railway stations. The Premier might give this his best consideration, in furtherance of his oft-repeated desire to assist in the development of the country. In cutting down the endowment to almost vanishing point, the Government is pursuing a short-sighted policy. The bulk of the money is expended by the councils in opening up and maintaining roads, which all trend to the nearest point of railway communication. The natural result is that the railway traffic is increased at once, but the Government, with a burning desire to help the producer, decides that if the taxpayer wants roads to the railways he must provide them largely himself, and having taxed him in the first place in this way, proceeds without the vestige of a conscience to tax him again by excessive railway freights. Out of the surplus which he has so materially assisted to create, the producer is subsidised to the actual extent of £121,000, and this sum is made the excuse for keeping down the amount of the endowment, being in fact used in every possible way as an argument why further assistance should not be given to the country. A lot of people are fond of stating, with an air of superior wisdom, that the country valuations are on too low a basis, but if they came into the country and obtained some actual experience by having to pay the rates, they would quickly adopt another tone. In sparsely populated districts the difficulty in maintaining roads is very great, but the Government, with a jaunty self-confidence, persistently refuses to see how it is blocking settlement and the progress of districts by withholding the aid which it could, without any trouble, advance.

Local and General News.

Messrs Dixon Bros. & Halpin will hold a clearing sale of horses, cattle, vehicles, harness, furniture and effects, under instructions from Mr. C. Woodfine (who is leaving the district), at the Waterloo hotel, Waterloo, on Saturday, 11th November, at 12 noon.

Mr W. Dickson, P.M., sat as a Licensing Court at Beaufort on Tuesday, and granted an application for the transfer of the license of the Farmers hotel, Beaufort, from Fredk. Wm. Rogers, an executor under the will of the late Denis Maher, to Rachel Maher, his widow. Mr Young appeared for both parties; the P.M. remarking that he should have been engaged in the first place.

A cricket match has been arranged for Wednesday afternoon next in the Park between Wotherspoon & Co.'s Club and the I.O.R.

The fourth annual sale of 25,000 high-class station-bred shorn merino and comeback sheep from well-known district and other breeders is announced in our advertising columns by Messrs Randolph Howe (of Melbourne and Geelong) and Young Bros. (of Hamilton and Horsham), to take place, absolutely without any reserve, at the Cross Roads, near Beaufort, on Thursday next, 2nd November, at 2 p.m. Drags will leave Beaufort on day of sale for Cross Roads, after arrival of first trains from Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat and Ararat, returning to Beaufort in time to catch the evening trains. Luncheon will be provided.

Owing to there having been over 60 cases of measles amongst children attending the Beaufort State School, including one of the head master's children, Dr. A. G. Jackson, health officer, has ordered the school to be closed for ten days, so that the whole building can be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected, pending further instructions from the Health and Education departments.

Dr. Green, the Bishop of Ballarat, and Mrs Green, who have been on a visit to Europe for some months, returned to Ballarat on Wednesday evening by the Adelaide express, both being greatly improved in health by the trip. They were passengers by the Barbarossa, and were on Wednesday met on board by Archdeacon Tucker, vicar-general of the diocese of Ballarat, and other friends.

Messrs W. Dickson, P.M., and G. Topper, J.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. The Superintendent of Police proceeded against Mary Ann Hellyer, licensee of the Commercial Hotel, Beaufort, for allowing drunken men to be on her licensed premises. As Mr F. Ham, who has been retained for the defence, was engaged at the Ballarat Supreme Court, the case was adjourned by mutual consent till Thursday, 2nd November. At the instigation of Summoning-officer Maconachie, Henry McEvale was fined 5s, in default 48 hours' imprisonment, for a second offence of neglecting to send his child to school the required number of days; while John Grant was also fined 2s 6d, or 24 hours' imprisonment, for a similar, though first, offence. Wm. J. Nixon was summoned by Walter Johnston for using threatening words, but owing to Ballarat counsel being engaged at the Supreme Court, the case was adjourned by consent to a date to be fixed. The adjourned debt case of T. E. Sands v. J. Phillips was withdrawn; Mr S. Young stating it had been settled out of court. W. C. Jones sought to recover the sum of £2 2s 6d from N. E. Murphy for debt, and obtained an order for the amount claimed, with £1 1s 6d costs; Mr Young appearing for plaintiff. Re the adjourned case of Clerk of Courts v. Wm. Welsh, a claim for arrears amounting to £6 10s of contributions towards his mother's old-age pension, the P.M., after reading a letter from defendant, said that Welsh apparently had nothing at present, and made an order that the payment of 2s 6d a week be suspended till 31st December. The clerk was instructed to inform defendant that he must try and reduce the arrears, or further proceedings would be taken.

The premier delivered a characteristically vigorous speech at the Bacchus Marsh Show on Thursday, with reference more particularly to the conduct of those wealthy persons who having made their money here, go to England and run down the land which gave them their wealth. In this category he included Mr Agar Wynne, who has just returned from the old country, and has been giving his impressions to the press. Mr Bent considered that Mr Wynne had given the English people a false opinion of Australia, and remarked that such as he injured the credit of the land. Victoria was not weak financially, and he could assure Mr Wynne and the English creditors that we were quite able to pay our debts, and could convert our loans without Mr Wynne or his friends taking a penny of them. The Hon. Nicholas Fitzgerald followed with an equally vigorous speech, and stated that he also had recently returned from England, and found quite a different opinion as to Victoria's credit from that expressed by Mr Wynne. The speeches delivered at the show were of a much more pointed nature than is usually the case at shows.

Throughout the British Empire on Saturday and Sunday, enthusiastic celebrations were held in honor of the Trafalgar Centenary. The Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London, might be described as the centre of the whole patriotic demonstration. At the foot of this historical memorial an impressive service was conducted by Bishop Welldon, the canon of Westminster. Some 12,000 persons were assembled, and the column was piled high with hundreds of wreaths, among the many striking ones being those from the Australian Commonwealth, from the New Zealand Government, and from the Queensland Government. Hundreds of persons visited the tomb in St. Paul's, and there was a special ceremony aboard Nelson's old flagship, the Victory, at Portsmouth. A discordant note was struck by Bishop Langley at Bendigo on Sunday, who said that he could not refer to Nelson without condemning his moral character; for, while he was publicly a hero, he was privately a libertine.

Chepstowe.

An accident under unusual circumstances happened to Mrs J. McQuillian, sen., whilst milking a cow on Monday. She was either gored or kicked about the face by the animal, and when found was insensible. She has no recollection how the accident occurred. Her injuries consisted of an ugly cut below the right eye, and part of the scalp was lifted on one side. Dr. Donaldson found it necessary to insert 15 stitches to bring the parts together.—"Courier."

PAIN IN THE STOMACH.

There is no need of being annoyed by pain in the stomach. A dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy will promptly relieve you. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

At the Grenvilleshire Council meeting on Thursday, Mr J. H. Chesterfield (of Nickols and Chesterfield, auctioneers) was appointed inspector of nuisances for Kaleno and Hollybush at a salary of £3 a year.

The weather during the past few days at Beaufort has been cold and showery, the rainfall for the week amounting to 44 points.

The reprehensible practice of throwing poisoned baits is still being pursued in Beaufort; Mr W. H. Halpin having lost a valuable greyhound (Sweet Nell, the runner-up at the recent Stockyard Hill coursing match) in this way.

The registrars of the principal country centres have been instructed to keep their offices open for the issue of electors' rights until ten o'clock each evening from Monday next until Nov. 1, the latter being the last day of issue.

The select committee appointed to inquire into the cause and prevention of bush fires will meet at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, this (Saturday) morning at 9.30 a.m. for the purpose of taking evidence on the subject.

The V.A.T.C. spring carnival was brought to a conclusion on Saturday, when the Caulfield Cup was run. Thirty-one horses stripped for the contest, and the race resulted in an easy win for J. McMaster's Marvel Loch, 5yrs, by Loch-biel—Marvelette. Warroo finished second, Torah third, and Emir fourth. The winner started at odds of 10 to 1 against, and was well ridden by Hood.

Several of Mr J. Holdsworth's pigs which he had recently bought in the Ballarat yards having died, it was very freely reported that they had been suffering from swine fever. The matter was reported to the local board of health, and the Government inspector was sent up to inspect. He reports that the pigs are suffering from bronchial pneumonia, and says he has seen cases of the same sort recently at the Ararat Asylum. He attributes the cause to the animals having come from a warm climate to a colder one.

Last week's "Worker" writes:—"The Stawell-Ararat member in the State House, R. F. Toutcher, has developed a great admiration for T. Bent, though how any democrat can gush over that gent's political antics is more than the writer can understand. The Closer Settlement Act is practically valueless to the class who are most in need of and most deserving of assistance. Certainly its ineffectiveness forces the landless to deal with private sharks—a fact which makes it somewhat easier to understand the fondness of political land and commission agents for Bent legislation. A recent 'Worker' par. suggested Toutcher as the great abolitionist. If Toutcher wants to do Victorian workers a really good turn, he ought to move another wiping out motion for the abolition of Toutcher. Writer would suggest 'Began a Liberal and ended a land agent' for his epitaph. Oman, M.L.A., is also a pretty consistent recorder of undemocratic votes, and it is time his constituents retired him in favor of a Labor rep."—[A "Labor rep." would hardly stand the ghost of a chance against the member for Hampden, who holds the confidence of a very large majority of his constituents.]

A special meeting of members and intending members of the Beaufort Brass Band was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Thursday evening. Dr. G. A. Eadie (president) occupied the chair, and about twenty were present. The chairman explained that the object of the meeting was to try and reorganise the band, and he urged them to put their shoulders together and try and work it up again. It was decided to start practice again on Monday night, with a view to working up a sacred programme for a Hospital Sunday in the near future. Mr W. C. Jones's kind offer of the use of the Golden Age Hall free of charge was accepted with thanks.

THE DEALER KNOWS ITS VALUE.

A merchant always aims to please his customers and when he finds that an article has genuine merit, he never hesitates to recommend it. Mr M. Links, a storekeeper at Carcoar, N.S.W., says: "I never fail to recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, because I know it is good." You make no mistake when you buy this medicine. Dealers all over the country will tell you the same thing. It has been in constant use for thirty-five years and is undoubtedly the safest and best medicine on the market for pain in the stomach, diarrhœa and dysentery. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Ballarat Live Stock Market

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—A much larger supply than of late came to hand for to-day's sale, viz., 310 head, consisting principally of useful to good quality, a fair proportion being prime. There was an average attendance of the trade, still competition lacked the briskness of the previous week, prices for all descriptions showing a slight decline on late rates, sales closing somewhat weak. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £11 10s to £12 10s; extra, £13 to £14 5s; good £9 10s to £10 10s; useful, £7 10s to £8 10s; cows to £8 7s 6d. Calves—21 penned, which sold well. Best to £5 10s. Sheep—4558 was the number yarded for to-day's sale, rather more than one-half consisting of store descriptions, balance ranging from useful to good quality, a few pens being prime. There was a fair muster of the trade and graziers, and as best trade quality was scarce competition for such was brisk, last week's best rates being well maintained; other sorts ruling slightly easier. Store lots were not in active request, though nearly all were cleared at fairly satisfactory prices. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers (shorn), 18s to 19s 9d; a few extra heavy, to 29s 6d; good do (shorn), 16s to 17s; useful (shorn), 14s to 15s; prime crossbred ewes (shorn), 15s to 16s; good do (shorn), 13s to 14s; prime merino wethers (shorn), 14s to 15s; extra, to 16 9d; good do (shorn), 12s to 13s; merino ewes (shorn) 12s; good crossbred wethers (in the wool), 23s to 25s 3d; prime crossbred ewes (in the wool), 23s to 24s; extra, to 26s 6d; good do (in the wool), 20s to 21s. Lambs—A large supply, numbering 2271, was penned for to-day's sale, a fair proportion ranging from good to prime, remainder chiefly useful. The demand was not equal to last week, all descriptions ruling easier; still, with the assistance of graziers, the market was kept fairly steady. Quotations:—Prime, 14s to 15s; extra, 16s to 18s; a few special to 20s 1d; good, 12s to 13s; useful, 10s to 11s; shorn prime, 10s to 12s; others from 8s.

SOMETHING IS WRONG.

Your headaches, you feel dull and generally miserable, perhaps you are bilious, your system needs cleansing. Take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the work is done. They are easy to take and prompt and pleasant in effect. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Trafalgar Day Centenary.

CELEBRATION AT TRAWALLA AND BEAUFORT.

A memorable Trafalgar centenary service was held at the Trawalla Church on Sunday afternoon. The building was filled to overflowing, even the aisles being filled. The lessons—107th Psalm and 11. Timothy, 4—were read by Rear-Admiral Bridges, R.N. The special prayer drawn up by the Archbishop of Melbourne was offered for sailors. Hymns appropriate to the occasion, including that for those at sea, and the National Anthem were sung. The titles of the hymns were—"O God of Bethel"; "Eternal Father, strong to save"; "Now thank we our God"; "Peace, perfect peace." Mrs H. M. Turner presided at the organ. The church was beautifully decorated with a floral anchor and wreaths, Union Jacks, and the motto, "England expects that every man will do his duty"; the latter being worked in white letters on a blue ground.

The Rev. R. McGowan preached a thoughtful and eloquent discourse, choosing his text from II. Samuel, 10, 12—"Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of our God." He said that Joab, the man who uttered these words, was an officer of true courage who had long served under David as the commander of his arms. He came on the maternal side of a strong and valiant stock. His mother was the sister of King David, and she possessed not a little of David's heroism and force of character; and as is often true of the great men of history, Joab took after his mother. At this time Joab was at the head of an army sent by the king to repel an attack by the Ammarites, who not only were preparing to invade Israelitish territory, but who had previously offered gross indignity to some of the king's officers. The army of the enemy was much more numerous than that which Joab had under his command, but Joab was by no means dismayed. He showed that composure of mind which possesses great commanders in critical situations. He calmly formed his plans and divided his forces into two parts, and to animate his brother, who was in charge of the second division, he uttered these noble words, "Be of good courage and let us play the men for our people and for the cities of our God." He need not say he had chosen this text because we hold to-day our Trafalgar commemoration service. Nelson, like Joab, was of valiant ancestry on the maternal side. Nelson, like Joab, faced an enemy numerically stronger than himself. Nelson, like Joab, divided his arms into two parts. Nelson, like Joab, on the eve of battle uttered words or gave a signal designed to arouse enthusiastic patriotism. Indeed the attitude of Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar might almost be translated into the words of their text. There were some men who have naturally this heroic mind. God gave to some skill in art, or medicine, or science; to others, genius for trade, or ability in mechanics; —to some the mind able to penetrate into nature's mysteries and to apply the knowledge for human benefit, to others a dauntless, intrepid spirit, in order that mankind might be delivered from the ambition and tyranny of unscrupulous men, that the encroachments of arbitrary power might be checked, and the inestimable blessing of freedom might be secured. In speaking on the lessons to be learnt from the life of Nelson, the greatest of our sea kings, he did not desire to give the impression that he was perfect or free from the frailty of human nature. There were imperfections in his private life that every true patriot could not but deeply deplore and lament. But—

"Think gently of the erring;
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring;
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet;
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He has but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod."

But these imperfections should not blind us to his good qualities. He was the greatest commander who sailed under that flag that had for 1000 years "braved the battle and the breeze." It is to Nelson that we owe under God the inviolability of our empire and our security as a mighty power in the world. And it is a poor heart that is not moved, yea that is not thrilled, at the remembrance of his mighty deeds; for as Macaulay long ago said, "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants." 1. They might learn from Nelson a lesson of manly courage. He was a man of indomitable pluck. Other men have been indifferent to danger, but to Nelson danger seemed to be a positive attraction. The greater the danger, the greater his desire to face it. We are told of Hannibal that notwithstanding the rocks and cliffs of the Alps, he proceeded onward in his design for Italy with the determination, "I will either find or make a way." Nelson was a man of similarly daring spirit; he never failed to look the enemy in the face, no matter how strong. At St. Vincent, he attempted to stop with his ship the rush of a fleet. He captured by boarding two of the enemy's line-of-battle—a feat that is perhaps without a parallel in naval war. The battle of the Nile was perhaps the greatest naval victory on record. Indeed, it was more than a victory; it was a conquest. Yet the French fleet was much superior to the English in strength, and was anchored in a strong position close to the shore. Or take Copenhagen, or take Trafalgar, his last great victory, with its far-reaching consequences. Valour should not be a thing of the past. Should they not be brave for king and country? He did not mean by killing their foes; but as servants of the Great King, should they not stand up for right and truth? 2. They learnt from Nelson a lesson of fidelity to duty. Such was his trustworthiness that when only a lad of about 18 his captain used to feel as easy regarding the safety of the ship when Nelson was on deck as when any of the other officers were there. Before his marriage Nelson declared, "Duty is the great business of a sea-officer; all private considerations must give way to it." Yet Nelson was very far from being robust. He had a slender frame, was attenuated and pale, and constantly subject to attacks of sickness; but he was tireless in the execution of his duty. Take as an example his keeping watch over the French fleet at Toulon for nearly two years. It was said that during that period he left the ship on only three occasions, and for less than an hour each time. His immortal signal and his last words were but an epitome of his public life. We should seek to cultivate this sense of duty. Our present Prince of Wales, when what was his favourite motto, re "England expects that every man w his duty." There is in life somet better than ease, and comfort, pleasure, and that is doing one's du 3. We learn from Nelson a lesson patriotism. He was devoted to his country's cause—utterly, completely devoted, even though it should be to death. After the failure at Teneriffe, he returned to England and was welcomed by the King, and at the close of the interview he told His Majesty, "So long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country." In 180 the rumour came that the Swedish squadron had put to sea. A battle might take place, and Nelson be absent! The thought was unbearable. Nelson jumped into a boat, and in his eagerness, would not wait for a cloak, but gave the order to pull against wind and current for 2½ miles to the fleet. The officer who accompanied him wanted to put his great-coat on Nelson's shivering figure. "No," said Nelson; "I am not cold; anxiety for my country will keep me warm." Patriotism is one of the noblest sentiments that can occupy the human breast. 4. We may learn from Nelson the lesson of kindly consideration for others. He was most considerate of his seamen, and this at an age when the lot of sailors was so hard that mutiny more than once occurred. He cared for their health, and there was great happiness in the ships he commanded. At the battle of the Nile, when Nelson was struck on the forehead—as he thought mortally—he was carried to the cock-pit. The surgeon left the man he was attending, and hastened to Nelson. "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." And intense as the pain was, he would not allow the surgeon to attend to him till his proper time came. Nelson was most kind to his midshipmen and to his brethren in arms —the officers who served under him. This partly explains his success. Napoleon had great power over the hearts of his men. They adored "their little corporal," as they affectionately called him; yet Napoleon was jealous of his marshals, and played them off one against another. One of Napoleon's closest followers said, "He lies to us always." Nelson could truthfully say, "We are a band of brothers." He drew the hearts of his captains together as by some magic spell, and they served him with the greatest loyalty. As one of his officers said, "Nelson was the man to love." By kindness and sympathy they could do much to make the burden of life easier for others.

"Kind hearts were more than coronets";

or, as Shakespeare said,

"O England! . . .
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural."

5. Another characteristic was his gentle and human heart. He had the heart of a lion, with the gentleness of a lamb. In the attack on the Boulogne flotilla, in 1801, two midshipmen were killed —one had five musket balls in his body. Nelson himself and eight of his captains stood by the graves of those lads —they were not 16 years of age—and those who watched saw the hot tears run down the wasted face of the greatest of British seamen. When he was dying at Trafalgar, Nelson had had a great longing for Hardy to come, and when Hardy came, he said, "Kiss me, Hardy"; and Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek. "Now I am satisfied," said Nelson. And later Hardy stood trying to keep back his tears; then he knelt down and kissed Nelson's forehead; and when Nelson asked, "Who is that"? the answer was given, "It is Hardy." Nelson replied, "God bless you, Hardy." There were other characteristics of Nelson he might have spoken on—such as his endurance of physical pain, his readiness in seizing an opportunity, for Nelson had a great sense of the value of time. "Time is everything," he said once; "five minutes make the difference between a victory and a defeat." 6. But he would conclude with Nelson's acknowledgment of dependence on God. A religious strain ran through his character that gave a touch of pathos to the great moments of his life. In December, 1797, Nelson sent a note to the clergyman of St. George's, Hanover Square, which ran:—"An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him." After the victory of the Nile, Nelson issued a memorandum calling on the fleet to join in thanksgiving to God, and it must have been a striking scene, on those decks recently covered with blood, to see those British seamen publicly returning thanks to Almighty God and acknowledging their dependence on Him. And before his last battle, Trafalgar, the last words he wrote were—"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country," etc. (Mr McGowan here read from a copy of Nelson's last prayer placed in the pews.) And when mortally wounded, as he lay in the cockpit parched with thirst, he said more than once to the chaplain who knelt by his side, "Pray for me, doctor." Man should have this reverential look upward; if he had not, no matter what he did or how much he knew, he was, as Lord Tennyson said, "only the subtlest beast in the field." Nelson expired about half-past four, his last words being, "I have done my duty. I praise God for it." And as long as "the purple heather waved over the hills of bonnie Scotland," and as long as "oaks grew green on the fields of England," so long would the memory of Nelson's gallant deeds live in the hearts of the British people and of all who loved heroism, patriotism, fidelity. As Tennyson said,

"Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began."

And when they thought of what the events that culminated in Trafalgar meant to Great Britain, was it not fitting that they should to-day return thanks to God? Napoleon said—and he supposed that Napoleon was the greatest warrior since Cæsar—"Let us be masters of the straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world." But as Captain Mahan had finely said, "Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships upon which the Grand Army never looked stood between it and the dominion of the world." Trafalgar secured the command of the sea to Great Britain, and the retention of Australia and India to the Crown. He believed the success should be remembered, not that they might harbour a proud, self-righteous spirit, not to lead them to vanity and self-confidence, but because they believed that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he would. Let them very humbly and reverently, as a nation, say, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory," and let them pray—

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—Lest we forget."

After the benediction was pronounced, the National Anthem was sung. The enthusiasm was very evident, and the singing, especially of the National Anthem, was most hearty. Leaflets, containing the words of Nelson's last prayer, and a few explanatory notes by Rear-Admiral Bridges, were distributed amongst the congregation as a souvenir of the occasion.

The STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

PART 9.

CHAPTER X Continued.

"Ah!" he said bitterly. "I have fallen among thieves again. This rascal of an innkeeper has robbed me. Now, how shall I get out of this scrape with no money and my enemies in the very house?"

He crept back to the closet.

The three pursuers of the thief who stole so much wealth had been given two connecting rooms. Reber and Robello occupied one, and Vandal was alone in the other. Their conversation, carried on while they were preparing for bed, was necessarily a little loud. Buckford heard it easily.

"How far is Trolle from here?" Robello was asking. "When will he arrive there?"

"How old is a goose? It all depends on the horse the innkeeper sold him. If it was a good one, he can do it in two days."

"Two days! And we are a day behind him."

"Well, we will get the best horses to be had and try to overtake him. I saw some horses in the stable today—not handsome beasts, but strong, and they looked speedy."

"The stable! Did you find a stable? This inn is the only stable I saw."

"Well, there is a stable for horses in the rear."

The conversation now ceased, and Buckford went back to his room. He was now in a thrill of excitement. He had lost his sense of illness. His mind was alert and quick. His eagerness to find a way to escape had overcome the effect of the drug.

He had taken off his clothes before retiring and now dressed himself. He then made an examination of his room. He remembered that the window looked out toward a large building, for he had seen it at the twilight hour when he had entered. This must be the stable spoken of by Vandal. He next cautiously opened the window, making as little noise as possible.

It was a dark night, there being no moon and but few stars to be seen. The great peak of the barn rose like a black mountain a short distance away.

He knew that he was on the ground floor of the inn. There seemed to be the roof of a shed under him.

He was about to let himself down from the window when a key turned in the lock of his door, and he heard the voices of Robard and his son.

At the same moment he heard the roistering voices of three or four half drunken fellows under his window.

He was caught between two forces. To drop from the window at that moment was to drop into their hands. Robard would at once call out, and he would be taken.

While he was debating what to do Robard and his son entered.

"Ah, my friend, you have slept long," said Robard. "We feared you were ill."

"No. I was only very weary," said Buckford.

The younger Robard carried a lamp. By the light of this Buckford saw a knife sticking from the pocket of the elder rascal's coat.

With a leap like that of a panther, he was on the old man and tore the knife from the pocket. In another instant its point had found a soft spot between the robber's ribs.

Then, with a blow from his fist that sent the younger Robard reeling and the lamp flying against the wall, Buckford ran to the window and leaped to the roof of the shed below. From this he jumped down to the ground and came plump upon the roistering party of four, who were startled at this sudden alighting of a rare bird among them.

"Ho, ho! What's this? A robber! Call Robard! Call Robard! Seize this fellow! Hold him till Robard comes!"

"Fools!" cried Buckford as he saw the window of his room lighted with a red glare. "I am a guest of the inn. My lamp upset, and the house took fire. This was the only escape. Do you see?"

"Fire, fire! Robard's inn is on fire!" they shouted, and, sobered by the terrible catastrophe, they released Buckford and ran to the front of the building to gain an entrance.

"Fire, fire!" Buckford could hear the alarm ringing from one end of the house to the other.

Then from the window of the room he had left came screams and yells of wild rage and despair.

"Murder! Robbery! He has gone! After him, you Frenchmen! The thief growled. "This time, by heaven, I'll kill him!"

The three, mounted much as Buckford was, dashed after him.

Buckford had probably three to five [illegible] start and that start had carried him out of the sight of his pursuers. But they could hear the sullen pounding of his horse's hoofs on the hard road. They followed the sound.

It was not long before Ontro and its burning inn were left far behind. Mile after mile the horses carried their angry riders. Buckford, fleeing for his life, spared not his horse. The others, less skilled horsemen, bobbed and pounded painfully on the bare backs, but clung to the flying steeds with a tenacity that showed how eager they were to overtake and finish this American who balked them at every step.

Vandal alone controlled his horse. The others merely clung round their horses' necks and let the beasts follow in stampede the leader ridden by Vandal.

They went through little villages, all peacefully asleep. They rode like the wind through farming regions, through valleys and over hills till their overridden beasts nearly fell to the ground.

And now at last it was simply a question of the staying qualities of the horses. Had Buckford in his quick selection of the nearest horse to the door obtained a good one, or had the others, taking horses from more protected places, chanced to get hold of animals of better speed or less weariness than the one he rode?

Buckford's horse was showing signs of exhaustion. He had hoped to gain enough headway to escape from his horse and find a hiding place. But instead the steady and thunderous hoof beats of the pursuing horses grew louder and nearer.

He was now in a rough and hilly country. The road was bad, and the weary horse stumbled constantly.

A pistol shot rang out behind him. The Frenchmen were near enough to shoot at him.

He knew that cruelty would not make his horse go faster.

Before him rose trees that obscured the way. He could not see the ground ten feet from his horse.

Three pistol shots rang out together. With a cry almost like that of a human being his horse dropped to the road.

For an instant he himself was conscious of a stinging sensation in the side. But this was lost in a greater shock as his horse, as he fell, sent the rider headlong from his back over the brink of a yawning ravine, along which the rough country road had been laid.

CHAPTER XI.

SHEEP AND WOLVES.

THOSE pistol shots were heard by three men who were walking slowly along a bypath which led from the main road through a well tilled farm that skirted the opposite side of the ravine from that on which the pursuit of Buckford had taken place. His wild ride had ended just too soon, for not more than a hundred yards farther there was a turn in the road and a bridge which would have carried him almost into the very presence of these men and within sight of the lighted windows of the large and comfortable farmhouse where they dwelt.

"Hark!" said one, an elderly appearing man of solid build and undoubted strength of arm. "Shots across the gorge! A cry! What do you make of that?"

"Something wrong, surely," replied a younger man, but one no less muscular.

They ran to the edge of the ravine and listened.

"Something crashing through the trees," said the elder. "A man or a horse has fallen. And hear the voices opposite! There seems quite a party of them."

The ravine was not wide, and the voices of the Frenchmen could be plainly heard.

"I am sure I shot the devil," Vandal was saying. "He fell at once."

"Well, he found a nice deep place to fall into," said Robello, with a laugh. "How are you ever going to be sure of the result of your shot?"

"Especially when we all fired together?" added Reber.

"Oh, as to that, it makes little difference who shot him. The thing is to get rid of him. We must find him and make certain there is no failure this time."

"What! Go down into that beasts' hole?" queried Robello.

"Go down! Of course. Do you think the fool will come up and tell us how hard he is hit?"

"Well," the elderly man across the ravine said to his companions, "it seems to be an uneven fight. Three against one, and the one down in the ditch. Come! Light your lantern, Debbisk, and we will join the search. If I mistake not, those fellows are Frenchmen. I trust few of those fellows, I can tell you."

What, therefore, was the surprise of Vandal and his companions to see a bright light not more than 40 feet away from him on the opposite side of the gulf.

"Ho, there!" came the voice of the farmer. "Who are you, and what do you want on my premises?"

"Your premises! Do you call a nest like this a premises?" laughed Vandal. "Well, then, to tell you the truth, we are three traveling gentlemen, and we want a thief. In fact, we want him very much."

"Oh, a thief! What sort of thief? From Prussia?"

"I know not whence he is. I know that at Ontro he robbed us."

"At Ontro?"

The farmers whispered together.

"Can it be Robard who has been bold enough to rob these men and flee to our woods for shelter? No; Robard never did that."

"But he may not have thus intended. Perhaps he was on the way to the Green forest."

"Aye, perhaps. But, after all, how do we know these fellows speak the truth? If 'twas really the rascal Robard down there, I would say to them shoot again and make the shot a good one."

"True, we cannot be sure."

"As a matter of fact, the more I think of it the less I believe them. It seems more as if they were the thieves. This may have been a traveler who knew where we were and was trying to reach our place for shelter. Ontro is handy enough for robbers whether they be French or Prussian."

"True again," said the man with the lantern. "Let us join in the search."

So while Vandal and his two fellow travelers scrambled slowly down their side of the ravine the other three, accustomed to the spot, went more rapidly.

And these held still another advantage in the lantern, which aided them greatly in the descent and the subsequent search.

"And I say again, Volner," said the young man with the lantern, "this may be another plot against one we love. Is not the prince expected soon? His arrival has been unaccountably delayed. He was not at Trolle yesterday. Could he have come by way of Ontro, think you?"

"He might, he might," said the man called Volner. "He and his lovely princess and the sweet Princess Marie—ah, that Deneslia should hold traitors to these three! But Casparin came yesterday—from Berlin, he told me. He was at me again about the rent money. Heaven! How can I pay what he demands?"

"There is something mysterious lately about Casparin," said Debbisk. "Think you there is any foundation for us"—

"Hush! You are speaking of the brother of the prince. Here! What have we here? A man, and a young one."

Vandal, Reber and Robello were still some few feet away as the lantern swung low over the white upturned face of Buckford. Wallace, and the three agriculturists bent to examine the handsome features.

"My faith in God!" exclaimed Volner. "That young man looks not like a thief."

"Nevertheless such he is, and nothing else. In his pockets you will find nearly a thousand francs he stole from our room at the inn at Ontro."

"And did you know the fellow?" asked Debbisk.

"Know him! He is wanted just now by the Paris police. We had, in fact, journeyed from Paris to find him."

"Hum! Let me think," said Farmer Volner. "I am not sure of your truth, strangers. Men are often robbed at Ontro; it is a fact. But the robbers are not, as a rule, young and handsome fellows like this. Come. We will examine his wound, and if he is not dead we will take him to the house."

"For what?" demanded Vandal. "Does he not belong to us?"

"Not exactly," said Volner, with a laugh. "Under the wise rule of our beloved prince, that thing is settled. A chase, wounded even in the Green forest, if it runs or flies to occupied ground, belongs to the tenant or owner of that ground. Had this young man been a wild pig or a deer or a goose it would now belong to me. I shall apply the rule to this young man."

"I protest. He robbed us. We are French gentlemen. We claim him."

"Gentlemen, if he is dead you may have him. If he is but wounded, he shall have a chance to tell his story as my name is Volner."

"Volner! Your name Volner?"

"My name is Sester Volner, at your service."

This information seemed to disquiet Vandal considerably.

Without noticing the effect of his name on the Frenchman, which, indeed, he could not see without a conspicuous use of the lantern, Volner bent down and lifted the wounded man in his powerful arms.

"We will get him to the top, where we can examine him," he said.

To Volner that burden was as nothing. The antern was carried by Debbisk in such a manner as to throw its gleams ahead. Volner led the way. Then came Debbisk and his partner, both employees of Volner.

Then followed the three discomfited Frenchmen, who had, by the unfortunate claim of Vandal that they had come from Paris to trace Buckford, lost the opportunity of posing as the invited guests of Casparin.

Up the steep bank toiled Volner. Buckford uttered a groan.

"Good!" said Debbisk. "He is not dead. Thank God for that!"

"Curse that American!" whispered Vandal to Reber. "He cannot be killed, it seems. If that fool gets him to his house and brings him back to consciousness, he will tell the whole story. Not only will the plot of our friend be defeated, but undoubtedly we shall be pursued and shot."

"Yes. Mon Dieu! Almost anything is better than that!" whispered Reber in affright.

"Then do you and Robello stand by me now! None of your cowardice. Stick to me like men now, and we will get the youngster away and finish him. Now, at the word, fire into the backs of these two fellows. After that the old man. One, two, three!"

Fortunately for Debbisk, Reber, the immortal blunderer, clicked his revolver a full minute before it was to be time to fire. Like a flash the two young farmers had turned, and two heavy clubs descended with terrific force on the skulls of Reber and Robello. Reber sank to the ground with a gasp, while Robello, less injured, staggered, felt his head and then fired at his assailant. At the same moment Vandal fired into the face of Debbisk.

"Heavens! What is this?" roared Farmer Volner, dropping his groaning burden and springing into the fray.

He came none too soon, for Debbisk was lying on the ground, his companion was in the grasp of Robello and the recovered Reber, and Vandal was drawing a knife to spring upon him.

With a mighty oath the enraged farmer hurled his ponderous body on Vandal and sent him headlong to the bottom of the ravine. He then grabbed both Reber and Robello and cracked their heads together till the two skulls almost split from front to rear.

Hurling them from him, he quickly made sure his workman was not hurt and swore lustily again.

"Can you manage Debbisk?" he asked. "We must get these two wounded ones to the house and come back for those rascals. Thief! I know who the thieves are now!"

The two men struggled out of the ravine. Buckford was carried easily by Volner. Debbisk, however, who was a heavy man, was half dragged and half carried by his associate.

In this way the party traversed a field, struck again into the farm path, they had quit at the sound of the pistols and hurried toward the lights that streamed from the windows of the house.

As they approached and their heavy tread was heard on the paths around the house the door was thrown suddenly open, and a girl appeared therein.

"Have you found the sheep, father?" she asked in a sweet voice.

"Sheep! We have found sheep and wolves this night!" was the farmer's reply.

"Sheep and wolves! Sheep and wolves! What do you mean, Sester?" now came an anxious voice from the doorway as a woman appeared and stood by the girl's side. "Have the wolves ventured forth from the Green forest again?"

"It's human wolves I mean, and whether they came from the Green forest or the haunts of vice in cities I know not."

As the farmer ended his speech he stepped within the circle of light that streamed from the doorway.

"A young man, father!"

"And what is this? Our Debbisk wounded!" cried Mme. Volner.

"Two beds at once. We must attend their wants, then satisfy your curiosity," said the farmer.

Mme. Volner and her daughter at once sprang to do the bidding of the farmer. The wounded men were placed upon two snowy beds.

"It is far to the surgeon, though he might be got at by daylight," said Volner. "However, the priest is skilled in surgery, and he can tell if we need another."

A man was at once dispatched for the cure of the village, which village was some three miles away.

While waiting for the cure the farmer worked over his two wards.

Debbisk, he found, was shot through the jaw. His wound, though terrible to look at and disfiguring in its probable results, was not necessarily fatal. Volner soon had his wife and daughter attending the man. He then applied himself to Buckford.

He found that a pistol ball had entered the young man's side from behind, had glanced on a rib, gone in an upward direction and was now lodged somewhere in or near the chest cavity. By a miracle it had not touched the heart.

There were also severe bruises on the white forehead, which had bled considerably.

"Here, Adria," called Volner. "Come to me. This one needs your tender hand much more than Debbisk."

And in an instant the pretty Adria was bending over Buckford.

The cure came. He was a gentle old man, skilled not only in what comforted the soul, but in what soothed the aching brow or healed the crimson wound.

"This man, my son," he said to Volner as he stood over Debbisk, "is not in danger. His wound will be painful, but there is no danger. It is strange that he is so slow in recovering consciousness—ah, he moves his eyelids now. Yes, in a short time he will be awake. But this other, this poor youth, whom I believe to be an Englishman or American, is sorely near to death. I think we had need of the surgeon in this. Send for him at once."

"I will, father. And now I will leave these two in your hands while I take some men to the ravine. The rascals who did the work are there."

"No, no!" cried Mme. Volner and Adria together, throwing their arms around the farmer's burly neck. "You shall not risk your life. You have not told us who the rascals are, but we know they must be formidable foes, for they have wounded our powerful Debbisk."

"Formidable foes!" growled the farmer as he gently pushed them away. "Formidable foes! Three skulking wolves that dare not strike except at a man's back! Formidable foes!

The farmer sent him headlong to the bottom of the ravine.

With the hands on this farm I could whip an army of them."

He would not stay, but took two men with him, armed, and searched in the ravine and vicinity for the three Frenchmen. But those worthies, having had enough of Farmer Volner's ready strength, had disappeared.

As the good cure had said, Debbisk recovered more rapidly than the ugliness of his wound had promised, but Buckford lingered long in the land of unconsciousness.

The surgeon came, examined him and announced that the cure was competent to manage the case.

And the cure, relinquishing many other duties, took charge of the interesting and mysterious patient.

But, splendid as were the efforts of the cure, the nursing of Adria Volner deserved as much praise. She was ever at the bedside. Her touch was cooling to the fevered brow. She was gentle. She was thoughtful.

"He looks like a brave young man," she said. "Suppose it was my Bosso, brave, reckless, loyal Bosso Duvally, who was wounded in a strange land. I will do for him what I would wish others would do for Bosso. Is it not right, mother?"

"Quite right, my daughter. And now we may hope to see Bosso in a short time. The news has come that the prince has been stopping in Berlin for a few days and will reach Deneslia by way of Ontro."

"Oh, I must see Bosso at the village. Will the royal coaches pass this way, do you think, mother?"

"I do not know. There are but two roads from Ontro to Trolle, and the road by the Green forest is the shortest and best. It is likely the coaches will pass this way."

"Then I will see Bosso," said Adria. "Dear Bosso! I wonder if that wicked Paris has changed him any?"

"No, Bosso cannot change," said Mme. Volner. "He is made of oak. It stands the changing winds of the evil world."

Adria smiled. She loved to hear her lover praised, and she knew how well he deserved it. Had he not saved the life of the prince more than once by his courage and shrewdness?

And still Buckford lingered. The bullet was probed for and found. But, though the wound seemed inclined to heal, the stunned brain refused to resume its functions.

And while the good people in Volner's house nursed him so tenderly four rascals were holding a secret conference in the castle of Casparin at the edge of the Green forest, not far away.

(To be continued.) 1,481

THE TRICK THAT FAILED.

ARTHUR FERRIS was tall, blonde, handsome, and 28. He was also the possessor of a long head, inherited from the maternal side of the house. He was likewise a dutiful son.

It was the two latter circumstances that had, on more than one occasion, saved him from making a triumphant ass of himself. Just fancy! If it had not been for his long head, it is more than likely that he would have fallen desperately in love with that bewitching governess of the Hastings, with whom he had spent several weeks in the mountains one summer five years ago. But he had given himself time to think, and had fled between two days, much to his later satisfaction.

Then there was that dear little Miss Dixon, whom he had met at the seaside. It had been a glorious evening—that last. They were sitting on the verandah, where they might see and yet be unseen. The soft, dreamy strains of a Strauss waltz floated out from the ballroom. There was the pale, silver light of the moon, the murmuring ripple of the waves on the beach—and all that sort of thing, which you have read about so many times that you have learned to skip it in the novels.

Well! Elsie was going away—too, too soon. They had talked in sighs and murmurs for half an hour; Arthur's left hand clasped Elsie's dimpled right one, his right arm was about her waist; both hearts beat vigorously, as hearts will on such occasions, and Arthur had just opened his mouth to tell Elsie what she had been waiting for for two weeks, when there was a step close at hand, a rustle of skirts, and the cooing voice of the maternal Ferris said:

"I beg your pardon, but will you please excuse Arthur a few moments? There are those miserable business affairs that must be attended to in time for the late mail."

And thus was he saved a second time, for Elsie had not a cent, and neither had he—at least, not many of them. There were several other occasions when his own long head, or his mamma's, had helped him out—for Arthur was somewhat susceptible. But it is not of these I have to tell.

His time had come. The in-every-way-desirable young person had presented herself. True, she was not so young as she had been; but, then, that was a mere trifle. She was just his own age, of as good a family as his own, and an heiress of considerable degree. She was not—well, not exactly handsome, and was *rather* inclined to what is politely called plumpness; but Arthur's mamma and Arthur's long head gave their approval—and Arthur did not care who she might be, so long as she possessed the above qualifications, particularly the one involving a very neat fortune in her own right.

Besides, Arthur was getting a bit desperate. In fact, he had so far exceeded his own salary and the maternal allowance (which, by the way, was as large as Mrs. Ferris could afford), that nothing short of a miracle, or a matrimonial alliance such as he had been so long seeking, could save him from getting into very deep water.

And thus it came to pass that this winter found him engaged to Miss Bernice Field, much to the satisfaction of his mother, who was visiting in New York, and to whom he had, like the dutiful son he was, sent the gratifying news at once.

He was disappointed, however, on one point. He had pleaded artfully for an early wedding, but Miss Field had set her foot down with much firmness, and said he must go through a long probationary period—all of which Arthur failed to understand. He had always been noted for his persuasive powers, and had flattered himself that Bernice, with her gentle, clinging, bud-like ways, would succumb at once.

Now, be it known, that Miss Bernice Field had not arrived at years of discretion for nothing. Neither had she, a not unpropossessing young person, with nearly a half-million in her own right, passed through the experiences of ten seasons without gathering unto herself much knowledge of the ways and wiles of wicked man. She had had, as might have been expected, offers to a high number; but, thus far, the gentlemen concerned had failed—by reason of their unanimous desire to touch her purse—to touch, in the first place, the all-important key to it, which was hidden away in her plump bosom. And Miss Bernice Field was worldly-wise in her day and generation.

She was certainly in love with Ferris—there could be no doubt of that. It is quite as certain that she was very seriously in love with him; but with the wisdom born of experience, she did not let him know one-half of what she felt for him.

If any one had told Ferris that he was just now in a very shaky position, he would have scoffed. His chum, Edward Cross, who was spending the winter at the house during Mrs. Ferris's absence, had once suggested that "there's many a slip," but Arthur merely shied a shoe at him, and whistled serenely.

It was in this frame of mind that, one evening in February, he ran lightly up the steps of the Field mansion to call on her whom Cross unfeelingly referred to as his "little lady-love." It was warm, and the front-door stood ajar. The little footman was not in his accustomed place, so Ferris, with the air of one who knew just where he was going, stepped inside. From the open door of Papa Field's study came the sound of voices in earnest discussion, and one of them spoke his own name.

He halted, irresolute, as would anyone else under like circumstances. Papa Field was speaking:

"Of course, my dear, you are your own mistress, and I can only advise you. It seems to me, however, that you have done a very foolish thing to engage yourself to this young Ferris. True, he seems an exemplary young fellow, and he comes of an excellent family; but it is well known that he has only a small allowance from the estate in addition to a beggarly two thousand dollars' salary. How do you know it is you, and not your money, that he wants? It is a brutal question, I know, but it is one you have probably asked of yourself a half-dozen times concerning other young men."

Arthur, out in the hall, standing in much the same attitude a child assumes when speaking its first "piece" in school, winced, but waited for the answer. It came, in serious, thoughtful tones, which indicated plainly that Miss Bernice, also, had considered this very matter.

"N-no, I am sure you misjudge him, papa. Of course I understand how he is situated financially, and—and all that. But I am sure he is honest and honourable, and that he—he cares for me very much. There are a thousand ways by which I can learn much that you cannot, and——"

"Yes, yes; I understand. But suppose you should put him to the test. Do you think he would come through—ah—er—unscathed, as it were? Suppose you should tell him that I had lost all your money and mine in unfortunate speculation—that we were beggars, and had not a dollar we could call our own? Are you afraid to try him?"

There was a brief silence. Then:

"I don't like to tell a falsehood, papa; but it would be only a 'white lie,' and perhaps for the best. Yes, I'll try him to-morrow night."

"That's my dutiful girl. Now run along and let me work."

There was the sound of a kiss, and the perspiring young man in the hall hastened to get out of the house. He wanted time to think, but the first thing that entered his head as he reached the sidewalk was a fanciful picture of the petite Miss Field, with her one hundred and sixty pounds of avoirdupois, "running along," and he smiled broadly. Then he walked rapidly over to the next street to catch a cab to his club, there to hold a pow-wow with Cross.

On the steps he hesitated a moment.

"Had I better go back now?" he thought. "No; she won't have her little tale of woe ready, and might be put out if I call to-night. I might give myself away, too. Better have time to get my speech prepared." And this astute young man went in and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

The next evening, with his usual light heart and good spirits, he rang the door-bell of the Field mansion. Yes, Miss Field was in, Peter said. Ferris went into the drawing-room and sat down, running rapidly over in his mind the various tender speeches he had prepared for the emergency. Bernice was a long time coming, he thought, for one who expected him.

Presently she entered—slowly—heavily. Her head bent low over her ample bosom, and her breath came short and fast. Ferris went forward to meet her, his arms outstretched. He was something of an actor himself, and he knew it.

"Bernice! Darling! What is the trouble with my little girl?" (Another good stroke Miss Field liked to be called "little.")

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! I don't know how to tell you. It's too dreadful! Papa"——

"What! Has your father been"——

"Oh, no, not that, but—but *worse* Arthur, we are—beggars!"

And Miss Field, delivering these last words with wonderful impressiveness, hung her head and sobbed bitterly behind her lace handkerchief.

Then it was that Ferris, like the young man of action that he was, put his arm as far round his tearful *fiancée* as possible, and, with some difficulty, led her to a seat and pulled her head down on his glossy shirt-front.

He was very, very sorry, as she must know. But it was nothing. Her father would recoup himself—he had many influential friends. As for her, had she not him—her Arthur? He would not, he once interrupted her to say, permit her, through a sense of false pride, to cast him off now, when she most needed him. No, never!

He had 3,000dols. a year. It was not much, he knew, but they could live on it. And did she suppose, for one instant, that he had expected to live on his wife's money? No! A thousand times, no!

"We will have a real quiet wedding, dearest, and, after it is over, we will go quietly to our own little cottage in the suburbs, which you and I will get ready in the meantime, and there will be the happiest couple in the world. What! Bernice, am I to understand that you laugh at my cherished plans?"

For Bernice had leaped to her feet and was laughing heartily.

"Why, you foolish boy, I was only teasing you a bit. Don't you think I'd make a good actress? Papa and I haven't lost a——"

Here was Mr. Ferris's opportunity. She had doubted him; oh, cruel blow. If she could not trust him now, how could she have any faith in him when they were married? Perhaps, after all, it were best——

And he strode haughtily to the door.

But this was not part of Miss Field's programme, and she did what any very-much-in-love female would do under like circumstances, so that, in a very few seconds, two people were sitting on a divan in a very lover-like attitude indeed.

. . . . . .

An hour or so later, a young man, walking briskly down the street, was reflecting on the vagaries of chance and his own good luck.

If Peter had been at the door—if he had been ten minutes later—if he had sneezed in the hall—if——

"It was an awfully close shave," he reflected, and he stopped and shook hands with himself, much to the amazement of the policeman on the corner.

EFFECT OF WHISKEY ON A BEAR.

A half-dozen prospectors camped one night in the Sierra Nevada, El Dorado County, Cal. The ground was covered with snow, and when about midnight a grizzly bear approached, the crunching of his feet aroused the whole camp. The bear trotted up to within a few feet of the fire and seized the nearest thing that could be reached—a bag containing a few such articles as bread and sugar and a demijohn of the hottest whiskey manufactured on the Pacific coast. The prospectors fired several shots at the grizzly, which caused him to seize the bag in his teeth and scamper off. Relieved of the unwelcome visitor's presence the party dropped off to sleep again, to be aroused about dawn by loud and long roars in a neighbouring ravine. The men approached the ravine cautiously, and were delighted to see the grizzly uproariously drunk and rolling in the snow. The bear had broken the demijohn and lapped up the whiskey with an appreciative tongue. His antics were kept up until long after sunrise. He tried hard to climb up the side of the ravine, and made ferocious dashes at the men, but every time he rolled down. At last the spectators shot him and moved on.

Accommodating.

She (her first season)—I have been shut up in boarding school so long that I feel very awkward and timid in company. I do not know what to do with my hands.

He—I'll hold them for you

Must Touch Harder.

Yeast—Don't you think Daubson has the touch of the real artist?

Crimsonbeak—Well, he touched me today for $5. Is that about the right touch for an artist?

Feminine Characteristic.

Quizzer—What makes you think that Shakespeare was a womanish sort of man?

Guyer—He's spoken of as "myriad minded."

Pleased the Reverend.

"And why would you like to be a parson when you grow up?"

"Well, you see, sir, I don't like hard work."

Too Monotonous.

"I understand that your father-in-law has cut short his visit and gone back home," tentatively remarked one villager, addressing another.

"Yes," was the reply. "You know he is very deaf, and as there is no railroad track here for him to walk on and no jury to serve on he said he simply could not stand the monotony of living here."

MIGHT HAVE KNOWN.

Now Mr. Bilkins Regrets He Went to the Play.

Mr. Bilkins has firmly avowed that never again will he go to the theater with Mrs. Bilkins.

And Mr Bilkins can hardly be blamed.

It all happened at a performance of "Camille" by the local stock company Mr. and Mrs. Bilkins sat well down in front, and from the rise of the first curtain until the end of the act not a word did either speak to the other.

Then there came that scene in Olympe's house where Armand throws the money over Camille.

Right in the midst of it Mrs. Bilkins burst into a violent fit of weeping. "Ah," thought Bilkins, "she is touched! What a tender heart she has!" And the tears of sympathy gathered in his own eyes. He looked around him, trying to assume an air of nonchalance, and he saw men and women on either side weeping. The tears gathered thicker in his eyes. Mrs. Bilkins sniffled and snuffled and sobbed into her handkerchief as though her heart would break.

And she cried during the rest of the play just as she had in the beginning. Bilkins' heart was touched deeply. As they passed out of the theater into the night he sought to console her with the words: "Dear, it affected you strongly, didn't it? I never knew you to cry over a play before."

Mrs. Bilkins turned upon him like a shot and exclaimed "Over the play! You fool, you, I wasn't crying over the play! Right in front of us sat that Mrs. Spokes, whose husband is nothing but an agent for bicycles, and the hat she had on cost at least three times as much as mine. That's what I was crying about."

LARKIN'S DOUBLE.

A Most Extraordinary Psychological Phenomenon.

LARKIN is a great student of matters which lie outside of the ordinary. One of his little fads is a deep interest in "doubles," and I think he has an idea or a theory that every human being is possessed of an exact duplicate somewhere on the earth's surface.

One afternoon Bunting saw Larkin start on a walk which he had reason to believe would last for two or three miles. It was along a street traversed by a cable road. Bunting then conceived the diabolical scheme which I am about to relate and also proceeded to put it in execution.

Boarding a car, he very soon overtook Larkin. Then, alighting a square ahead, he walked down the street, met Larkin, passed the time of day, and went on.

This was a very simple operation and of course excited no surprise in Larkin. After Bunting had passed his friend, he boarded the first car he met, and once more overtook him. Alighting as before, a square or thereabouts in front of Larkin, he once more bore down on him.

When he said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Larkin," and passed on, that gentleman looked somewhat surprised, but said nothing beyond returning the greeting.

Once more out of Larkin's sight, Bunting signalled a passing car, and was soon carried past his strolling friend. Some distance ahead of him he left the car, and again walked back so as to meet him.

"Pleasant afternoon," said Bunting to Larkin when they met, and the former would have gone on, but Larkin stopped him and said:

"Haven't I spoken to you once or twice in the last half hour?"

"Not that I know of," replied Bunting. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, two men have met me inside of that time, looking for all the world like you. I'd be qualified it was you who spoke to me the second time. The first time I am not so sure of, for I was thinking."

"That's odd," said Bunting.

"Very. You must have an exact double in this town, and, what is extremely remarkable, he dresses precisely like you and knows me well enough to call me by name."

"That's very odd. If you see him again I wish you'd let me know, for I would much like to meet my double, if only to see what I look like."

Bunting passed on, and soon repeated his previous performance.

When they met, Larkin actually turned pale; and when Bunting said, "Howdy, Larkin?" the latter grasped a railing for support.

"What—does—this—mean?" he gasped.

"What does what mean?" asked Bunting.

"Your being here again."

"Well, why shouldn't I be here? I live a few squares beyond."

"But I've met you three times the last thirty-five minutes."

"Nonsense, old fellow! I left home only ten minutes ago, and haven't been down town yet."

"Why, I met you three blocks below, and talked to you about another man I met further down the street, who looked as much like you. He must be your double."

"Did you talk to him, too?" asked Bunting, with a sarcastic accent.

"Said 'Good afternoon.'"

"And you thought both of those men were I?"

"I was positive of it."

"Are you still positive?"

"Well, if I am to believe my own senses, yes; but in the face of your statement that you have just now left home, I am puzzled. It's a most extraordinary psychological phenomenon. I supposed at first that it was your double, but now I am convinced that it is a veritable duplication of your identical self. It's somewhat new in ——"

"Larkin, I am afraid you have been drinking. Your imagination has been running riot with you. Let me advise you to swear off. Good day."

Larkin went on, puzzling his brains over the incident, and in about five minutes he stopped still, for here was Bunting coming towards him, with outstretched hand and the greeting:

"Hello, Larkin! I haven't seen you for a week. How are you, old man?"

But Larkin did not answer. He fell to the pavement in a faint, and was carried into a neighbouring drug store.

"Just a slight attack of vertigo, wasn't it?" asked Bunting, when his friend recovered consciousness.

"Bunting," Larkin replied, "I'll have to take your advice and sign the pledge."

"I never advised you to sign the pledge," protested Bunting.

Larkin looked at him, shook his head sorrowly, and remarked:

"I'll give it up. Take me home."

Bunting is telling the story to his friends, but Larkin hasn't heard it yet, and is still trying to solve the remarkable psychological problem.

In nine months a million carats of rough diamonds pass through the hands of the Amsterdam manufacturers

£1,500,000 are annually spent by the railway companies in England and Wales on canals, steamboats, and harbours.

"What do you think of Smith?"

"I think he is a very bright fellow."

"Well, you know, he doesn't speak well of you."

"What do you suppose I care what an ass like Smith thinks of me?"

Fatal Ignorance.

"I notice that a Boston negro was sent to prison for three months for stealing two umbrellas."

"Poor fellow! I don't suppose he knew that one was all that the law allowed."

JABBERWOCK.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son !
The jaws that bite, the claws that scratch !
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch !"

He took his vorpal sword in hand :
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came !

One, two ! One, two ! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack !
He left it dead, and with its head
He came galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock ?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy,
O frabjous day ! Calooh ! Calay !"
He chortled in his joy.

AWFUL EXPERIENCE OF A BRIDAL PAIR.

A kind of Providence seemed to have protected the settlers and others who reside in or have reason to traverse the territory that stretches from Duluth north to the majestic Rainy River, for thus far no human being, as far as known, has been killed by the fierce wolves, the four-footed outlaws of the wilderness.

But at least a dozen men in this territory have thus far this winter had to spend a night in trees to save themselves from being torn to pieces. Woodsmen recognise it to be dangerous to be abroad in the woods after nightfall or before daybreak in the morning. The adventure of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Carlson is the most exciting story that has come out of the north woods for a year or two.

Mr. Carlson is a homesteader, who has been holding a claim about ten miles from the shore of Lake Superior. He has been moderately prosperous, and blue-eyed Lena Hanson, who got off the boat from Port Arthur, Ontario, a few weeks ago to visit friends in Grand Marias, made such an impression on him that he at once decided that life without her would be dreary and unsatisfactory indeed.

Carlson was badly smitten. He easily secured an introduction to her, for all people in Cook county are neighbours and neighbourly, and the formalities of polite life in big cities have no place there. They live twenty miles apart, but they are neighbours. Lena Hanson admired the stalwart young homesteader. He looked like a man that could and would protect her. She little knew how soon he would be put to the test. Their courtship lasted but a few days, and they decided to marry at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlson set out for the homestead at four o'clock in the afternoon, one hour after they had been quietly married. The sky was overcast and night was sure to set in early. Their means of transportation was a home-made sleigh, to which was attached the work team of their nearest neighbour. The team moved with the freedom peculiar to work horses when they are headed towards the barn.

At about 5.30 the bride and groom were about three miles from the cabin, and the woods were dark and silent. The conversation and laughter of the couple were suddenly stilled by the howl of a wolf. Off to the right of the road came the ominous note again and again. The howls of other wolves in different directions were heard. The cheeks of the bride blanched. She had never heard the howl of a wolf before, but knew what it was without asking the question. Mr. Carlson could see the unusual pallor of her face even in the night. He said nothing, but whipped the horses into a gallop, and, reaching down into his overcoat, drew forth a heavy revolver.

Within five minutes the woods rang with the howls of many wolves. the first howl had come from the leader of the pack. It was the call to plunder and kill, so well known to the people of the north woods. The howls of wolves under such circumstances plants a feeling of deep dread into the heart of even those well prepared to defend themselves. But it also has the effect of preparing one to fight with great calmness and determination, if escape in no other way is possible.

There are other dangers to which men may be exposed that may cause them to get too excited to act to the best advantage, but there is in the pack call of the wolf a quality that composes a man and makes him calm and effective when other dangers may cause him to lose his head at the beginning.

"Do you think they will attack us ?" asked Mrs. Carlson, in tremulous tones, of her husband.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Have you got another revolver ?" asked the bride, after a pause. Carlson shook his head.

"Well, I can drive, you know, if that will be any help."

Carlson flashed a look of pride at his bride and nodded. The horses were galloping, and they needed no whip. The animals were mad with fear of the desperate brutes that were now gathered for the attack. The wolves, about seven or eight in number, loped easily behind the sleigh, drawing steadily nearer, their eyes gleaming with a seeming light of conscious triumph. Caution is a deepseated quality in the timber wolf and this pack drew on slowly to their quarry, but prepared to strike when their leader should give the signal. The horses, though stiff from hard work, developed a speed to which they had been unaccustomed since they were colts. But the best the horses could do was to get as near home as possible before the inevitable attack.

Suddenly the leader of the pack shot twenty feet ahead of his companions. He was now close up. The attack was at hand. The big grey leader leaped up level with the heads of the bride and groom, but did not attempt to land in the sleigh. It was a sort of preliminary leap of investigation, but the other wolves came up close behind him and all were ready to seize upon the couple.

"Take the lines and let the horses guide themselves," shouted Carlson, as he swung round and faced the pack. His revolver was worthy of the work at hand. It was a thirty-eight calibre weapon, of dependable make. With this in his right hand, and with his left resting on the back of the seat to steady him. Carlson prepared to fight for the life of his bride and himself. The sleigh rocked perilously at times, for the road was rough in places, but the danger of a tip over could not then be considered.

Carlson had scarcely faced the wolves for action when the leader again leaped, this time with a view of seizing the man.

Carlson fired and wounded the beast, which fell back howling upon the road. But the leader was not yet out of action. He was quickly back in his position, more savage and eager for battle than before.

Two of the wolves shot alongside the sleigh to the right, and one took the same position on the left, beside the bride. Carlson quickly shot one of the two on his side, also the one that threatened to leap on his bride. The beasts were a bit disconcerted at this, but came on again, eager for their prey.

Carlson wounded two more of the beasts, and then his cartridges were gone. Another wolf tried to leap upon the bride from the side of the sleigh, but she plied the whip on the beast with such good will that he drew back.

Just then the sleigh dashed into the clearing of the Carlson cabin, and the big homesteder shouted for joy. He thought that the wolves would now disperse ; but the brutes were hungry and the rapture of the fight was in them. Carlson's dog, brave as its master, now came to the rescue, and he was instantly killed by the first wolf that he attacked. The team stopped in front of the cabin door, as if expecting a safe haven there, quivering from fear and steaming from their exertions.

"Out of the sleigh, quick !" shouted Carlson to his bride.

He was by her side when she struck the ground, and he kicked the door in. Pushing her in and bidding her shut the door, he turned with the revolver clubbed in his left hand and a heavy pocket-knife, with open blade, in his right. Four wolves attacked him before he could back into the door which was his intention, and he hesitated to try and get into the house for fear the wolves would follow him even there. Besides, His team must be protected after having brought him and his wife to the cabin without accident.

Carlson is a strong and active man but his strength and knife would not have saved him had it not been for his bride. Suddenly there was a crash of glass near the spot where the battle between the man and the wolves was in progress, and instantly the clearing about the house was lit up with a sheet of flame. The wolves fled in terror.

When Mrs. Carlson found herself in the house she groped about for a weapon with which to help her husband do battle with the wolves. In the pocket of her clock was a box of matches, one of the numerous supplies they had purchased that they had come near forgetting, and she happened to think of it while groping in the darkness.

Lighting a match her eye fell on a lamp. Taking a broom, she emptied the kerosene from the lamp upon the broom and applied a lighted match to it. Then, breaking the window of the cabin, the bride climbed through the aperture with her flaming torch ahead of her. The wolves that braved revolver and knife fled precipitately at the sight of the flaming torch. Carlson's clothing was torn and he was bleeding from face and hands ; but he was still strong and cool. His first words were : "Get the lantern, Lena. It's in the corner by the table."

Lighting another match she soon reappeared with the lantern, ready for use. Carlson stabled his team, but Lena helped him, despite his protests. When they had returned to the cabin, and Mrs. Carlson had dressed the wounds sustained by her husband, he turned to her and said :

"Lena, you have saved my life. If it had not been for your quick wit, courage, and promptness of action, I would certainly have been killed out there."

"Maybe," said the faithful Lena ; "but you forget that you saved me out there in the woods and again at the door."—"Weekly Budget."

CURING THACKERAY OF STAGE FRIGHT.

That the inexperienced actor should tremble mightily and exhibit all the symptoms of nervous terror before going on the stage is regarded by those versed in histrionic matters as a promising token of a coming triumph ; but that the same rule holds good for public readers and reciters might perhaps have been doubted were it not that Miss Kemble vouches for the fact that William Makepeace Thackeray himself, on the occasion of his first delivery of lectures on "The Four Georges," was, despite his great reputation and undoubted genius, absolutely unmanned by fear of his audience. This accomplished lady happened to look in at Willis' Rooms, just before the hour fixed for Thackeray's reading, and to her surprise she found the eminent satirist standing, "like a forlorn, disconsolate giant" in the middle of the room, staring about him. "He held my hand like a scared child," writes Miss Fanny Kemble, "crying, 'Oh, don't leave me ! I am sick at my stomach with fright !' 'But,' said I, 'Thackeray, you must not stand here. Your audience are beginning to come in,' and so saying Miss Kemble kindly led him out into the retiring room adjoining the lecture hall.

The novelist had left the manuscript of his lecture on the reading desk, and Miss Kemble volunteered to recover it for him, and in so doing scattered the leaves all about the floor. In the greatest confusion and distress she took the wreck of his manuscript back to Thackeray, thinking she had done some irreparable injury. The real kindness of heart of "Mr. Titmarsh" showed itself at once. "My dear soul," he said, "you couldn't have done better for me. I have just a quarter of an hour to wait here, and it will take me about that time to page this again, and it's the best thing in the world that could have happened." "So I left him," adds the celebrated daughter of Charles Kemble, "to give the first of that brilliant course of literary historical essays with which he enchanted and instructed countless audiences in England and America." 1481.

Russet or brown shoes are generally becoming, but there is nothing to be said in favour of foot gear which is of a bright yellow tint. Why shoes of this shade are bought is a mystery no one can solve. Happily they can be toned down to a very good shade of brown in this way. Rub them all over with a pad of cotton rag dipped in ammonia and milk. Let this well dry, and repeat the application two or three times, or as often as you think it necessary. Polish with a soft cloth. If you are not quite satisfied with the polish obtained, apply a little beeswax and turpentine and shine again.

RESCUED IN THE NICK OF TIME.

There lately died in Philadelphia a veteran scout of the United States Army, named Charles B. Mason, who had a close escape from death in the Civil War, almost unrivalled in fiction.

On the occasion in question he became separated from his comrades, wandered too near the enemy's lines, and was taken prisoner. He was placed in the guard-house for the night, and next morning was sent with a lot of other prisoners who had been captured, to Libby Prison. Unfortunately for him, a Confederate spy recognised Mason as a spy also, whereupon the latter was taken back, and tried by a drumhead court-martial that very evening. He was sentenced to be shot as a spy the next morning at sunrise.

The spot chosen for the execution was a ravine just outside the Confederate lines, and to this place he was duly marched, a white bandage placed over his eyes, and he was told to kneel on the rough pine box which was to be his coffin.

The firing party with loaded rifles, duly took up their appointed place, the sergeant in charge admonishing the men, "Take careful aim, boys," and then going to the rear.

"Ready," he said, and the hammers of the rifles rose with a sharp click, and he was about to say "Fire" when above Mason's head there tore a sheet of flame and a hurricane of bullets, which killed or mortally wounded more than half the firing party. The remainder fled without firing a shot at the rescuers, who happened to be a party of the 13th New York Cavalry, out on a scouting expedition, one of the members of which had discovered Mason's position, and sommoning his comrades arrived just in the nick of time to save his life.

DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF PORT ARTHUR.

A lady who was in Port Arthur during the bombardment ordered by Admiral Togo has described the curious effect produced by the cannonade on cats : "I was at my window during each bombardment," she has related, "but only through the day, because at night I did not dare stir out of bed. In front of me there was a little roof, on which five or six cats of the neighbourhood collected. Each time there was a bombardment the cats duly arrived, and, having observed them, I on the second occasion proceeded to watch them. With my family we passed the hours looking at them. At each gun shot the cats arched their backs, and stiffened their legs, and seemed both terrified and furious. Then when a hissing shell arrived, it gave the signal for a frightful battle. They jumped at each other, raging like tigers, and seemed to hold each other responsible for what was taking place."

"The effect was so comical that we could not help laughing, although the occasion did not inspire gaiety. After having fought, the cats retired for a while, as though bewildered, but as soon as the bombardment commenced again they would return and repeat the performance."

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was frequently absent-minded. On one occasion, after an evening service, he started for home in a brown study. The houses in his street were of the same pattren. He entered the wrong house. The house he mistook for his own was occupied by a well-known hatter. The doctor put his hat on the stand in the hall, went into the back perlour where Mrs. R. and her family were gathered, drew a chair to the fire, put his feet on the mantel over the grate, tipping back the chair and his head—simply thinking. Just then he happened to notice a French clock under a glass on the mantel, and exclaimed : "Wife, where in the world did you get that new clock ?" No answer. No one could answer, for they were ready to burst with merriment at their neighbour's absence of mind. "I say, wife, where did you get that clock ?" Mrs. R. was a lady Putting her hand gently on his shoulder she said in the sweetest tone : "Dr. Beecher, you have made a mistake and got into the wrong house." He cast a quick glance around the family circle, sprang from his chair, and with a bound was out of the house without a word of explanation or excuse.

A VERY VALUABLE MIXTURE.

A physician of eminence prescribed this mixture for great debility :—Eight lemons, six eggs, half a pint of best rum, half a ponud fine white sugar. Wash the eggs, and put them unbroken in a basin. Squeeze the juice of the lemons over. After four or five days the eggs will be dissolved. Beat the mixture well, add rum and sugar, and, if liked, flavour with grated nutmeg or powdered cinnamon. When thoroughly amalgamated strain through a coarse sieve ; afterwards boil, and keep the mixture well corked. The eggs must be turned twice a day in the lemon juice. Dose at first, a teaspoonful three times a day ; afterwards, larger doses up to half a wineglassful. This is a valuable restorative and flesh former.

A NEW KIND OF MOUSE TRAP.

Over the top of an earthenware jar fasten a piece of writing paper or parchment, tightly binding it with a string or elastic band. In the centre of the paper cut a cross. Set the jar in the cupboard, and suspend by a string a piece of toasted cheese over the centre of the jar. If there are any mice in the cupboard, the bait will attract them, but as soon as the first mouse reaches the centre of the paper he will drop into the jar, and the paper will fly back in place again ready for the next comer A trap arranged in the same manner can be used for the capture of field and harvest mice, which make odd and amusing pets.

A barrel covered with stiff brown paper can be used for common rats, but they will gnaw out unless the barrel be partly filled with water.

Every human body has the germs of some flower within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit.

GERMANY AND GREATER GERMANY.

There are 17 statistical pages in the "Contemporary" concerning "The Progress of Germany and of Greater Germany." The writer is Mr. O. Eltzbacher, who points out at the outset that whereas England's population since 1870 has increased by 32 per cent. the population of Germany has increased by 50 per cent. The average yearly increase of population in European countries between the last and the present sensus is given as follows (per million of inhabitants) :— Germany, 15,000 ; Russia, 13,600 ; Holland, 12,300 ; Switzerland, 10,400 ; Belgium, 10,100 ; Great Britain, 9,400 ; Austria-Hungary, 9,300 ; Spain, 8,800 ; Italy, 6,900 ; France, 1,700, "Since the time when Tacitus wrote, the Germans have always been one of the most prolific races, if not the most prolific race, in Europe, and they would no doubt, have obtained the dominion of the world by sheer weight of numbers had it not been for racial peculiarities. In the first place, the German tribes and nations have never been unified, but have always been fighting and exterminating one another from pre-historic times through the Middle Ages and the Thirty Years' War up to the Austro-Prussian War of 1866. In the second place, the Germans who have settled among foreign nations have even if they came as conquerors, easily given up their national characteristics and their language, and have allowed themselves to be submerged and assimilated by other races." The 89,500,000 Germans who live in Germany and in Greater Germany are distributed over the globe as follows :— Germany, 60,000,000 ; Austria-Hungary, 11,550,000 ; Switzerland, 2,320,000 ; Russia, 2,000,000 ; various European countries, 1,130,000 ; United States and Canada, 11,500,000 ; Central and South America, 600,000 ; Asia, Africa, and Australia, 400,000. "It may," says Mr. Eltzbacher, "be considered an axiom that the Germans increase only in countries where none but Germans live. If Germans have to live side by side with men of another nationality, they are easily absorbed and soon lose their language, unless a vigorous German Government upholds Germanism by force and counteracts the natural tendency of Germans to sink their nationality by forcibly Germanising those who, otherwise, would denationalise the Germans."

The conclusion that Germany proper is not a natural, but an artificial nation, which has been created by energetic rulers. Whilst the 60,000,000 Germans in Germany are increasing with astonishing celerity, the 30,000,000 Germans who live in Austria-Hungary and in other countries are so rapidly losing all German characteristics and even the German language, that it seems possible that, forty or fifty years hence, the number of Germans outside Germany proper will be almost nil.

"To those Germans whose ambition is a German World-Empire, the thought that 30,000,000 of their countrymen in Greater Germany are disappearing fast is almost unbearable. Hence, it is the wish of many Germans to save the Germans in Greater Germany by drawing them into the iron circle which surrounds, compresses, and at the same time upholds and elevates the German Empire and its inhabitants. Only if they are united with the German will the outlying German tribes become German indeed, and will be made to Germanise other nations. Whether the dream of a German Empire from Hamburg to Trieste, which would include the German parts and some of the Slavonic parts of Austria, and which might include Holland and Switzerland as well, will remain a dream, or whether it will materialise, should soon be decided, for the German element in Austria seems likely to disappear almost completely within a few decades.

The problem of the Austrian Germans is, therefore, an urgent one, and may soon become of greater interest to German diplomacy than the future of Asia Minor and of Shantung."

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

Intense interest is taken among scientists in the alleged spontaneous generation of life by means of radium, accomplished by J. Butler Burke in the Cavendish laboratory in London.

The experiments are still in the primary stage and Mr. Burke has all the dislike of the man of science to premature trumpetings of his observations.

Since the experiments of Huxley and Pasteur it has been held by all except one or two thinkers that spontaneous generation was impossible under existing conditions—that is, that a living thing could be derived only from a parent ; that the inorganic could not produce the organic ; that dead matter could not produce living. Matter which Pasteur sterilized and isolated obstinately refused to show any presence of bacteria, and the inference was accepted that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation. But with the application of radium, an element that is inorganic yet unstable, to a sterilized substance a manifestation is made that may lead to a revision of the old finding.

Mr. Burke, seeking to produce unstable molecular aggregates in certain organic substances, exposed a solution of sterilized bouillon or beef gelatine to the action of radium, and in about two days' time there appeared in the formerly lifeless matter certain bodies that have the appearance of living organisms. They are, if alive at all, a much lower form of life than any hither-to known, but that may not prevent their vitality being demonstratable.

They seem to have nuclei ; they grow ; at a certain point they effect cleavage, and separate bodies go off to lead a separate existence. These, when removed from the original tube and placed in an unsterilized medium, continue to exhibit the manifestations which resemble life.

Another peculiarity of the "radiobes," as Mr. Burke has called them is that when exposed to light they disappear, but return again after a day or two in the dark. It has been suggested that they may be crystals, which are known to grow, but this Mr. Burke has answered by the test of polarized light. Under the polariscope crystals exhibit gradations of light and shade arranged in geometrical forms. The bodies observed in his experiments do not yield this result under polariscope, and this seems to forbid their being regarded as crystals.

On the other hand, they are not bacteria, for they are soluble in water which bacteria are not, but the observer does not see why this should necessarily exclude them from the domain of living things, for he contends that there is no reason why the more elementary living organisms hitherto undiscovered should not be soluble. At the present stage however, it is impossible to pronounce with certainty on these points. Further examination will alone determine the nature of the new bodies. Mr. Burke is extending his inquiries, and is subjecting sterilized bouillon to the influence of uranium and thorium.

The first obvious objection to the satisfactoriness of the experiment was the contention that if the sterilization of the beef gelatine was perfect, might not the radium itself contain the germs. Radium, however, is in itself fatal to bacteria ; that is, it is antiseptic. And further, it was exposed to the sterilized process at the same time as the bouillon, being exposed to a heat of 130 degrees centigrade, in which no known organism can exist. The inference seems inevitable that the radium has set up in the dead bouillon some modification, some "unstable aggregate" that may be a living organism, con-forming to Spencer's defination of life—"the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations."

The recent experiments bear an interesting relation to the work of Professor Pfluger, of Bonn, who thirty years ago suggested that cyanogen, which is formed as an incandescent heat, might be the cause of introducing energetic internal motion into matter. Mr. Burke gained only negative results from this, but there lay to his hand the new agent, radium, which he employed with the results here outlined. If his radiobles are, indeed, spontaneously generated, the discovery is of overwhelming importance.—"N. Y. Herald."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Rider Haggard was the first man to hoist the British flag in the Transvaal way back in the early seventies. It is said of Mr. Rider Haggard that he was once in a farmhouse which was occupied by some Boers, who began discussing a plot against the British, and he knew that if they discovered he was English they would probably shoot him on the spot as a spy. He was debating how he could get rid of them before they made the discovery, when one of them lit his pipe, and threw the match, still burning, to the floor. Haggard leapt up, and stamped it out. "Why did you do that ?" asked the leader of the Boers. "Because the British keep all their dynamite under this floor," he replied. In two minutes there wasn't a Boer left on the premises.

MASSALAND.

Writing from Blantyre, Central Africa, to the "Johannesburg Star," a correspondent says :

Strange though it may seem, it is nevertheless true that many natives here are only now becoming aware of the fact that Queen Victoria is really dead. In many parts of the Protectorate there are tribes which cannot understand why the profile of King Edward appears on some coins which reach their hands, and they are inclined to think that in some way or other the money is Portuguese and not British at all. On the other hand, near the European townships natives are practically refusing to accept any other coin than that having the inscription of King Edward VII., as they have become imbued with the idea that sooner or later the Indian traders may refuse to accept money which bears the inscription of "the Great White Queen," since she is now dead.

FEATS OF ATLANTIC GREYHOUNDS.

By crossing the Atlantic from Moville to Cape Race in four days and six hours the new turbine steamer Virginian, of the Allan Line, has thrown all previous records completely into eclipse.

A couple of generations ago it was a world's wonder when the pioneer steamers from the Old World to the New, Sirius and the Great Western, reached New York from Bristol in 18 and 14½ days respectively, and to do this the engineer of the Sirus had to burn everything he could lay hands on. Two years later, in 1840, the Britannia reduced the passage to 10 days, and it was thought that finality in speed had been reached when 30 years ago the Britannic knocked a day and three-quarters off the record. To-day there are probably a dozen steamers which can cross the Atlantic within five days and a half ; but the Virginian is, roughly, 24 hours ahead of the best previous record.

IN THE JAWS OF A TIGRESS.

An officer of the Bengal Lancers, who was seized by a tigress, owes his escape to a curious accident. The tigress seized him by the breast of his coat, and shook him till he became unconscious. On recovering he heard a strange noise at a little distance, as if somebody was sneezing violently. It was the tigress herself. He slowly turned round and gave a furtive glance in that direction. He could hardly believe his eyes. There was the tigress slinking off with her tail very much between her legs, and sneezing most violently and making the most piteous grimaces. The truth dawned upon him like a flash of lightning—in the operation of shaking him his snuff-box had flown open from his waistcoat pocket, and the tigress had received the contents full in her face.

IN BARNUM'S MENAGERIE.

An elephant once played an amusing trick on one of its neighbours in the menagerie. One of the workmen had been engaged in painting a portion of the house, touching off the ornamental projections with red paint.

The young elephant watched with great interest, apparently amused at the bright bits of colour that suddenly appeared wherever the brush touched. The painter was absorbed in his work when the dinner bell rang. He put his pot and brush down and went off to his meal.

The elephant waited till he was out of sight, then carefully felt for the brush with his trunk. Next to Tom Thumb stood a sleepy camel, dreamily eating his hay. Tom Thumb took up the brush and streaked the camel's side. Tody happened to come in just then, and watched events. The elephant was beside itself with joy when it saw the red line of paint on the camel's flanks. When the painter returned, the brush was back in its place, but the paint pot was empty, the elephant was gazing earnestly into space, and the camel was emblazoned all over with red stripes like a crimson zebra.

STILL ONLY THIRTY-THREE.

NINE TIMES A BRIDE AND EIGHT TIMES A WIDOW.

Mrs. Matilda Jane Ayres, who lives among the green-clad hills of Taylor County, U.S.A., has certainly had her share of romance, and probably holds the world's record for married women. She is only 33 now, but has been married nine times and widowed eight. Her first wedding was a runaway match when she was sixteen. Eleven months later the husband was accidently shot, and within 12 months the widow had saved her home by marrying the morgagee. He was murdered a few weeks later—shot from ambush. Husband No. 3 was a young and handsome "moonshiner," who fell to a revenue officer's bullet. Now 19, Matilda Jane remained a widow till she was 21, and then took a fourth husband in the person of an old sweetheart. For two years they lived happily together, then the husband was stricken with a fatal illness, and was soon gathered to his fathers. Husband No. 5 was No. 4's brother, and the union lasted four years, when a falling tree caused another tombstone to be erected in the cemetery.

One year after her fifth experience of widowhood, Manuel Hudson, who claimed to be something of a politician, came to the widow's home. a few calls were sufficient to convince the widow and the politician that they loved each other, and so they were married. One day Hudson got into a heated argument with a zealous partisan for "the other side" who silenced him for ever with a six-shooter. Six graves had then been dug in the cemetery.

Six times a widow, it now seemed that Mrs. Hudson's suitors became more persistent than ever in their rivalry for her hand. When she thought the time had come for her to select another life-mate, one Dumesnil appeared at the psychological moment. He was accepted, and a little later the couple were married. One day Dumesnil went to Cincinnati to purchase new stock for his store, and while there dropped dead from heart trouble in a hotel.

Again for a short time the much-married woman lived in single blessedness, until one day a young sawmill man by the name of Mason, and who worked up in the mountains came along. The fires of love were again rekindled, and the couple hastened to Campbellsville, where the ceremony was performed. In a short time he died, and later she married a Mr. Ayers, who is still alive.

HEROINES OF THE WAR.

RUSSIAN AMAZONS WHO HAVE FACED DEATH IN AWFUL FORM.

The days of the Amazons are not yet past, nor is the story of a Joan of Arc who rides her horse to battle beside her brother warriors wholly in the chronicles of bygone centuries, nor is the era of mysterious masquerades on the part of daring young women limited to the times of graceful and gay Shakespearian heroines who wooed and won their beloved in masculine doublet and hose.

Of these picturesque and soul-stirring facts, the secret history of the Russian side of the recent war which as yet has not been unveiled to the public bears witness. While the exploits of camp and battlefield that have reached the outer world of peace have nearly all dealt with the deeds of the soldiers, in bivouac and battle, side by side with the men, martial achievements and warrior-like sufferings worthy an army of Amazons were undertaken and undergone by the valiant young women who assumed the noble tasks of binding the wounded and of allaying their pains ; and if these tasks are generally less perilous, they nevertheless often require equally magnificent courage.

Of the many examples of womanly devotion which merit record in the annals of posterity, is that of the ambulance guard, Mademoiselle Yakovenko Yakolev. Injured while caring for the wounded in the thick of battle, she was the first woman to be decorated with the rare distinction of the brave, the military cross of St. George. Mademoiselle Yakolev, only 22 years of age, saw all the fierce work at Liaoyang, in the retreat from which place her right leg was shattered by a Japanese shell.

Another heroine of the war is Helene Smolko, who, under the name of Michael Nichaelovitch, has been serving with General Rennenkampf's Cossack cavalry. She was attached as an interpreter to the Russian staff of the army of occupation in Manchuria before the war broke out, and when she expressed a wish to serve as a soldier, the authorities enrolled her as a man. Her linguistic attainments were too valuable to lose. The gallant amazon was wounded at the Sha-ho battle.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGEMENT.

Two brothers inherited a farm and quarrelled violently as to its division Now, there lived in their villiage a certain shrewd and wise old man, noted for the soundness of his advice. Him the brothers determined to appoint arbitrator—whatever he said they would abide by.

They laid the matter before him.

For a long while he thought, then delivered judgement.

"You," said he, pointing to the elder, "shall divide the farm as you think best." (The younger's disgust may be imagined.) "And you," he continued, pointing to the younger, "shall have first choice." (Tableau !)

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR.

For years a faithful housekeeper worked for a bad-tempered old bachelor, but finally grew tired of his eternal complaints, and decided to leave him. Biding her time, therefore, she informed him that she was going to Western Australia.

"To Western Australia !" he repeated in alarm. "What to do there, pray ?"

"To find a husband," she answered boldly. "They say, there are many more men than women there."

"Bah !" the old bachelor snarled. "Don't flatter yourself that you'll find a husband among them, woman. It's true the men are in the majority but they're not the marrying sort. They're runaway husbands who've gone to the West in search of a little peace !"

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Fully 4,000 student "duels" are fought every year in the German Empire.

Bolivia and Siam are the only civilised or semicivilised Powers without a National Debt.

Wooden shoes in France are produced to the extent of about 4,000,000 pairs yearly.

All new schools in Switzerland have a portion of the ground floor appropriated for baths.

In a modern battle one man in every twenty engaged is either killed or severely wounded.

Kaffirs have been suspected of so many cycle thefts in South Africa that the machines they ride are now painted yellow.

The crown of the Queen of Holland is very gorgeous ; it is of dull gold, only the edges being polished, and the design is quaint.

The method employed by the captains of Nile boats to keep the natives away on landing is to turn the hose on them.

The Duke of Portland is one of the very best farmers in England, but he farms not with a view to gaining prizes at shows, but simply because he loves the land and is determined to make it yield the best crops possible. The sight of weeds in a turnip field have a most irritating effect on the Duke, which only their removal can allay. The absence of weeds in the arable land at Welbeck, and the careful tilling to which it is subjected, are worthy of all admiration. So, at any rate, thought a certain South-country farmer who went up to Welbeck, and on his return, instead of telling of the marvels of the castle, did nothing but talk of the wonderful crops he had seen, which, he maintained, were superior to any in his own country.

The principal cotton-growing countries of the world are the Southern States of America, Egypt, South America, the West Indies, India, China, Persia, and Central Asia. Japan consumes practically the whole Chinese crop, amounting to 36,000,000lb. In Central Asia, Russia has not been able to grow sufficient cotton to meet the demands of the Russian mills. Egypt exports the whole of her crop. India exports four-fifths, and the Southern States of America, the greatest cotton-producing country in the world, export two-thirds of the crop, which last year amounted to 11,000,000 bales. Cotton is also being raised in Nigeria, British Central and East Africa, Rhodesia, and New South Wales, and it is now to be tried in the Northern Territory, where the soil and climate are reported to be peculiarly well suited for cotton-planting.

An ingenious machine has been invented by a young Italian—Signor Ercole Pagnini—for registering the speed of trains. The "Oscillograph Pagnini," as it is called, is contained in a box, weighing about 24lb., which is placed on the floor of the railway-carriage. Part of the mechanism consists of three pendulums, each working in a plane at right angles to the two others. Pencils attached to the pendulums trace lines on a slip of paper, and in this manner all movements, whether horizontal, vertical, or longitudinal, are duly registered. Thus, in addition to indicating the speed of a train at any moment in its journey, the apparatus records all stoppages, irregularities of the road, oscillations of bridges ; and, in fact, forms a complete report of the run and of the line over which it is performed.

Although pigeons have been made use of from time immemorial for carrying messages, it is only during the last twenty-five years that the breeding of racing pigeons has been taken up to any great extent. To-day it is estimated that there are over 8,000 racing pigeons in London alone, and some 50,000 in the whole of the United Kingdom. Some of the bigger clubs, especially those in the provinces, have a member-ship of over 10,000. All these birds, of course, are flown for pleasure. Still, the wonderful homing instinct of the pigeon is often put to very practical purposes. The Russian, French, and German Armies can boast of their trained pigeons, while our own Army had some well-stocked cotes at Aldershot until quite recently. Our Navy, however, has still a number of homing pigeons. In good weather a first-class homer will cover long distances at the rate of over 1,000 yards a minute. One of the King's crack birds—for his Majesty, like the Prince of Wales, is a pigeon-flyer—flew from the Shetland Islands to Sandringham, a distance of 510 miles, at an average speed of 1,307 yards a minute. This, however, is by no means a record, so far as velocity per minute is concerned.

The Japanese soldier is excellent material in the opinion of everybody who has seen him engaged in warfare ; he is supple, remarkably active and apt in copying with exactness everything that he is shown, so that it becomes an easy task to drill him. Mechanical instruction is highly developed in the Mikado's army, which has borrowed a great deal from German military methods, and at the same time great attention has been paid to education, both from political and military aspects. This was evidenced before the outbreak of the war, which has put the careful training to a sound test, although care has been taken to avoid injuring the "morale" of the soldier by excessive drill. Russian officers have been struck with the ease with which the Japanese prisoners of war comport themselves ; they reply without embarrisment and even with freedom to questions asked of them. Individually, the Japanese is handy, and is accustomed to hilly country ; while he knows how to make the most of a locality, and has confidence in the power of his weapon. On the other hand, he is nervous ; an unexpected occurrence or a surprise affects him deeply, and he is liable to panic, although in such cases he becomes master of himself again quickly. The Japanese troops act slowly with prudence and method. They are accustomed to an enormous expenditure of ammunition, which bespeaks a lack of "sang-froid" and of discipline under fire. By nature the Japanese is careful ; he observes closely, and can imitate well, and he made good use of all these qualities during the war. But this very methodical spirit and minuteness lead to loss of time and often prevent him from making the most of a favourable opportunity. 1481.

A similar service was conducted by the Rev. R. McGowan in the Beaufort Presbyterian Church at night. The church was decorated with Union Jacks and Australian flags. There was a fairly large congregation, although, considering the occasion, the attendance was somewhat disappointing. The same sermon as at Trawalla was preached by Mr McGowan. Appropriate hymns and prayers were sung and offered up, and the choir sang Kipling's grand "Recessional." At the conclusion of the service two verses of the National Anthem were sung. Miss Kean presided at the organ.

The Rev. J. Butler Johnstone conducted a special service in the Church of England, Beaufort, last Sunday morning. The rev. gentleman referred in his sermon to the life and character of Nelson, and the great battle of Trafalgar. There was a special collect, and hymns of praise were sung.

Mr. R. Thompson preached in the Beaufort Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning from Proverbs, 27, 18—"He that waiteth on his master shall be honoured." After making biographical reference to the life of Nelson, he drew the analogy that as he was devoted to his king, so we should give ourselves in whole-hearted allegiance, consecration and service to the King of kings.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening. Present—Mr H. M. Stuart (president), Dr. G. A. Eadie, Messrs J. Eastwood, F. G. Prince, G. H. Cougle, C. J. C. Baker, A. Parker, E. W. Hughes, D. R. Hannah, and J. B. Cochran.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The president reported that as the result of the deputation, the council decided not to allow the Agricultural Society to hold its show in the Park till such time as it came back with a majority of its members in favor of it. The society had since held a meeting and obtained a majority of one; but he understood that no further action was to be taken. From what he could hear, the society intended making a ground for itself. The then shire president had promised him that before permission was given to the society to hold its show in the Park a public meeting would be called. [Mr D. R. Hannah, president of the Agricultural Society, attended subsequently, and said they were applying at the next council meeting for the use of the Park.]

Mr Hughes moved that Mr Stuart be re-elected president, remarking that he had always done his duty in the past, and no doubt would be of great assistance in the future. Seconded by Mr Eastwood (who thought Mr Stuart had shown a large and active interest in the Athletic Club, and that he did not know anyone who had done more for it), and carried unanimously by acclamation.

Mr Stuart thanked them for the honor conferred upon him by placing him in the chair again. He had filled the position for a great many years, and thought he had met with the approval of the club for 20 years. What he had done in the past he would try to do in the future. He was not so young as he had been, but he would do his best, and no man could do more. He was very sorry to see such a small attendance, for as a sporting community it was to the interest of all residents to put a spoke in the wheel and try and induce foreign capital to come into the place. If they gave £100 away, Beaufort would benefit to the extent of £300 or £400. It was therefore the duty of every man in the town to try and forward the interests of the club, which had been alive for 30 years and spent a lot of money in the town. Without a doubt the club was the main factor in putting the Park where it is. It seemed that the wheels of progress would not go round but for the gentlemen who were here year after year. Every man having an interest in the town should come forward and give his assistance, for indirectly they got their share of the benefits. If the sports did not go on people would leave the town at holiday-time, and then they would feel the effects of it. The only time that sports were not held, when the club was at loggerheads with the Agricultural Society, it was like a Sunday here; but the year after the people rolled up and some could not get into the room, because they had seen the advantage the club was to the town. But so long as a few men were willing to carry on the sports, others would sit down and look at them. He thought that was most unfair. More people should come to the meetings and give a helping hand. Both at Ararat and Stawell they could get 200 men to help; they believed in putting their shoulders to the wheel for the benefit of the town they lived in. But here he had only to look round to see the same faces. There was not the slightest doubt but that the room should be full. He thanked them sincerely for placing him in the chair again, and hoped and trusted, even if there were only a few present, that the sports would go on and be as big a success as ever.

As Mr D. F. Troy was not present, his motion by notice, "That no bonus be given in future, and that a fixed salary be paid," lapsed; the president stating Mr Troy had told him he did not intend going on with it, as he would not be a member.

The president moved that the secretary's salary be £10, with a commission of 5 per cent. on subscriptions and donations. Seconded by Mr Eastwood, and carried.

Mr Parker was then re-elected secretary on the motion of Mr Cochran, seconded by Dr. Eadie.

The president moved that Mr Hughes be elected treasurer. Seconded by Mr Cochran, and carried.

Mr Cougle moved, and Mr Prince seconded, that sports be held on Boxing Day. Carried.

The secretary having reported that the balance to the credit of the club was £42 12s 6d,

Mr Hughes moved, and Mr Cochran seconded, that the same amount as last year, viz., £20, be given in prizes. Carried.

The president, secretary, treasurer, and Mr Cougle were, on the motion of Mr Cougle and Dr. Eadie, appointed as a subcommittee to draft a programme of sports and submit same for approval at next meeting.

Dr. Eadie moved, and Mr Hannah seconded, that all in the room form themselves into a committee, with power to add to their number, to carry out the sports on Boxing Day. Carried.

The price of members' tickets was fixed at 10s, on the motion of Messrs Hannah and Hughes.

The sub-committee arranged to meet next Monday evening at the Mechanics' Institute, and it was resolved that the general committee should meet on Monday night week.

£1 was passed as petty cash to the secretary, on the motion of Messrs Eastwood and Cougle.

Mr Eastwood thought it would be a good idea if members urged on others to attend the meetings, which the president agreed with.

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Mining News.

SAM SLICK COMPANY.

The following reports will be submitted at the half-yearly meeting at Ballarat to-day:—

Directors' Report.—We beg to submit you the financial statements for the half-year, certified to by your auditor. The Company has been enlarged to 30,000 shares, and has absorbed the All Nations Consols Coy., so that now the united efforts of the two will be utilised to open up and develop the main gutter. A shaft has been commenced and down 20 feet, and the situation is within reasonable distance of the gutter. There should be no difficulties in sinking, as the bores proved favorable ground on to the bedrock. There were 6,800 shares offered to the public at 1s. each, of which 3,750 have been placed, the balance remaining in the Company's hands, and will be disposed of as application is received. The mining manager's report contains a detailed statement of the underground workings. The whole of your directors, viz., Messrs A. J. Hare, H. Davies, C. E. House, D. F. Troy, and E. Milligan, retire in accordance with deed, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election. Your auditor, Mr J. M. Barker, seeks re-appointment.—A. J. Hare, chairman; W. D. Thompson, manager.

Mine Manager's Report.—I beg to submit report of the work effected on your property during the past half-year. After boring, a site suitable for a main shaft was chosen on the north-west side of the main gutter. The office, smith's shop, and changing houses have been shifted from No. 1 shaft and erected, and a main shaft, 11 feet by 4½ feet in the clear, deepened to 20 feet in good country. Seven parties of contractors have been working on your lease, with the following results:—No. 1 party, viz., Troy and party.—Approached towards the main gutter for 1100 feet, proving wash of a payable character throughout; the wash at this point dipping underfoot. Crosscuts were driven east and west for a length of 240 feet through a heavy stope of wash. Branch reef drives were driven north and north-west to prove the value of the wash lying in those directions, but in both cases nothing of a payable nature was discovered, thus necessitating the party to cease operations. 242 fathoms were treated for 149 ozs. 6¾ dwts. of gold. No. 3 party, viz., Adamthwaite and party.—Working on the same tributary as No. 1. Followed payable wash back to its source until within about 30 feet of the surface, when the increasing poorness of the wash caused the party to cease work. 105 fathoms were treated for 104 ozs. 12 dwts. of gold. No. 4 party, viz., Morris and party.—Continued the main north-west reef drive to 650 feet from the shaft. Nos. 2 and 3 rises were then constructed, off which wash of a payable quality has been opened up for a width of 60 feet. Truck-reading and panelling have been continued up No. 1 shoot, with splendid returns. There is now fully six months' work in view on payable wash, with a further promise of new development. 296 fathoms treated have yielded 599 ozs. 8 dwts. of gold. No. 5 party, viz., Jaensch and party.—Constructed No. 1 rise 380 feet from the shaft, and have driven north-west and south-east on wash to a length of 340 feet through highly payable ground, and averaging 100 feet in width. Blocking has commenced in the south-east end, the wash giving splendid returns. An intermediate has been opened off the shaft to more profitably command and open up the continuation of the gutter in the south-east direction. 263 fathoms have been treated for 556 ozs. 15¾ dwts. of gold. Other parties have been prospecting in the shallower ground, and won 12 ozs. 16 dwts. from 73 fathoms of dirt. Altogether 979 fathoms have been treated for 1,352 ozs. 18½ dwts. of gold. In conclusion, let me assure you that I have reported on six distinct tributaries, all of which are trending and emptying into the main gutter, and have to the present yielded about 7,000 ozs. of gold. These facts should prove your property to be a valuable one, and I would recommend that the sinking of your main shaft be advanced with all speed, so that the main gutter may be proven, and the pressure of water taken from the higher washes, when I believe that other gold-bearing tributaries and systems of wash will be discovered. For further information, I refer you to the prepared plan of your lease.—N. Davey, mine manager.

The half-yearly statement of receipts and expenditure shows the former to have amounted to £3138 18s 1d and the latter to £2907 14s 7d, leaving a credit balance of £231 3s 6d. The gold account amounted to £2851 19s 4d, shares account to £168 15s, and royalty to £75 4s 8d. Against this £2553 18s 2d was paid away on contract, £120 in dividends, and £96 3s 8d in wages. In the general balance-sheet the receipts total £6790 13s 2d, and the expenditure £6559 9s 8d. The gold won amounts to £5630 9s 8d, royalty to £772 6s 3d, shares to £168 15s, capital to £105, and rent to £100. The principal disbursements were—Contract, £5018 6s 2d; dividends, £630; lease rent, £350 5s; wages, £294 10s 8d; directors' fees, £63.

Sam Slick Amalgamated Co., Beaufort.—Company sunk main shaft to 33ft. in strong country. Jaensch and party.—Driven intermediate to 75ft. Blocking up No. 1 shoot in splendid dirt. Yield, 50oz. 6dwt. Morris and party—Working on wash in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 shoots, with payable returns. Yield, 27oz. 3dwt. Other parties prospecting in poor wash. Full yield, 87oz. 8dwt.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—No 1 rise north of east extended to 100 ft., carrying rough wash of good appearance; fair prospects; good stream water; pressure on bores main level, 20lb.; pressure on wash, 8lb.; pumps, 10½ stroke.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—Sam Slick Amalgamated Co.—Jaensch and party's tribute, 30 oz. 5dwt.; Morris and party's tribute, 13oz. 7½dwt.; other parties, 7oz. 17dwt.; full yield, 45 oz. 6½dwt.

Ballentine and party crushed a small parcel of stone at the Waterloo battery last week, which returned about 6½dwt. to the ton; and giving them a profit of £3 15s a man for the fortnight.

VICTORIAN [redacted] RAILWAYS.

TENDERS are invited for the Purchase and Removal of GATEHOUSE, No. 1286, at 88 crossing, near Middle Creek station. Particulars at Beaufort and Middle Creek stations. Deposit, £1. Tenders, indorsed "Tender for Middle Creek Gatehouse," must be lodged, with the preliminary deposit, in the Tender Box, Railway Offices, Melbourne, at or before One p.m., on Monday, 30th October. No tender will necessarily be accepted.

L. McCULLAND, Secretary.

TAKING DESPERATE CHANCES.—It is true that many contract colds and recover from them without taking any precaution or treatment, and a knowledge of this fact leads others to take their chances instead of giving their colds the needed attention. It should be borne in mind that every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality, makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold and paves the way for more serious diseases. Can you afford to take such desperate chances when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds, may be had for a trifle? For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Snake Valley.

Mr S. Knight and his son George were driving to Ballarat last Saturday, and when opposite the late Cardigan mine, one of the bolts which holds the pole to the front carriage broke, causing the buggy to overturn, pinning the occupants to the ground. Fortunately the Carngham coach was close behind, and the passengers soon released them from their position. Mr Knight received an ugly wound above the right eye, besides other cuts and bruises, and Mr Knight, jun., sustained a badly cut hand and abrasions about the face.—"Courier."

SUFFERERS from sciatica should not hesitate to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The prompt relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Correspondence.

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

TO THE EDITOR, "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Sir,—My reply to Cr. Sinclair's bombastic surrender is the following notice of motion, which I have given for next meeting of the shire council:—"I give notice that at next meeting of council I will move that there be laid on the table at following meeting a full statement of receipts and expenditure in connection with the double pan sanitary system at Beaufort from the time of its inception up to the end of last quarter."—Yours, etc.,

M. FLYNN.

Waterloo, 26/10/'05.

RECOLLECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Though most of the wants of my life have created no great stir outside the limits of my personal friends and acquaintances, still I think that I am entitled to look upon them as being my own property. Therefore I have felt a degree of annoyance at some rumours which have reached me, indicating that another, and not I, had been the victim of misunderstandings related in a recent issue. I am informed that the honor of that composition has been claimed by a semi-reformed member of a most obnoxious orchard pest which has lately been devastating Raglan—its wattle-crowned hills and its pine-encircled villas. Let that lanky exponent of Moraic wit and decayed humour beware lest notice be taken of some matters which he does not boast about. Not but that many things have befallen myself which have occasioned no vain uplifting. My detractors—and they are an industrious people—did some years ago circulate a report that I had once waylaid a child, and having beaten it unmercifully, did chase it howling to its house; that I then returned and picked up a receptacle in which the child carried its school necessaries, and used the same in a guileful manner. Now I beg, Sir, that you will allow me to clear my character by relating the truth of this affair. I had been informed that some very fascinating damsels lived a secluded life at a certain house. I made one or two, or perhaps more, attempts to obtain an introduction without success. One day I was walking along the road trying to think of a plan which would accomplish my purpose. I suppose my eyes, like my heart, were where my treasure was, for I suddenly stumbled over something. Agonising yells told me that it was human, and the exclamation, "I'll tell mother!" told me that it was a child. When I gathered myself together and picked myself up, I was alone, and the air was full of a wailing cry—"Mama-a-a! Mama-a! At my feet lay a school-bag. In it were an A.B.C. book, smeared with treacle, some bread and jam, and a small piece of boiled rabbit. A brilliant idea occurred to me. I seized the bag and hastened to the enchanted house. As I entered the garden I became aware of the presence of one, "Divinely tall and most divinely fair. Her loveliness with shame and with surprise smote my swift speech," and I stammered out, "Is this your school bag?" I have seen the lightnings flash over Mt. Cole, and I have seen the cold steel fire in the eyes of the tigeress as she leaps upon her prey, and they were commonplace in comparison with the glance of maidenly scorn and vestal contempt with which I was greeted. When I recovered I found myself seated outside the garden gate eating bread and jam and cold boiled rabbit. No more at present, as I must go and put the children to bed.—Yours truly,

S. PIOUS.

DIXON BROS. & HALPIN, on account of Mr. C. WOODPINE, will hold a CLEARING SALE of Horses, Cattle, Vehicles, Harness, Furniture and Effects, at the WATERLOO HOTEL, WATERLOO, on SATURDAY, 11TH NOVEMBER, at 12 noon. For particulars, see posters.

IMPOUNDED at Beaufort.—One red and white Bullock or Stag, ring in nose, no visible brands. If not claimed and expenses paid, to be sold November 13th, at noon.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

I having been rumoured in Beaufort that I had stacked that 25 or 30 pigs had died at Mr. Holdsworth's slaughter-yard recently from swine fever, I desire to contradict this rumour, as I stated it may be swine fever which caused their death.

WILLIAM STEWART.

D. McDONALD

BEGS to intimate to the Public that he has purchased the Business lately carried on by H. and R. SCHOFIELD, and trusts, by strict attention to business to merit a fair share of patronage.

"KOOMARI" TEA.

COMMONWEALTH TEA COMPANY,
217 Sturt Street, Ballarat.

A Trial Respectfully Solicited.

A. S. KUGELMANN & Co.
A. J. DALGLEISH, Representative.

BEAUFORT CRICKET CLUB.—The Annual Meeting will be held at the Golden Age Hotel next Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.

M. TYRRELL, Hon. Secy.

THURSDAY, 2ND NOVEMBER, 1905.

FOURTH ANNUAL SALE
Of
25,000 HIGH-CLASS STATION-BRED SHORN MERINO AND COMEBACK SHEEP,
At CROSS ROADS, near BEAUFORT.

RANDOLPH HOWE and YOUNG BROS. have received instructions to sell by public auction, absolutely without any reserve, on Thursday, 2nd November, at 2 p.m.,

25,000 SHORN MERINO AND COMEBACK WETHERS AND EWES,

direct from the following well-known breeders:—Executors late Mr. Wm. Lewis, Stoneleigh; John C. Ware, Yalla-y-Poora; Charles Fairbairn, Banongil; Philip Russell, Mawallok; Philip Russell, Carngham; Frank S. Austin, Mount Widderin; Ernest G. Austin, Borriyallouk; Donald Stewart, Wongan; Wm. Weatherly, Blythvale; Begg Bros., Eurambeen; Francis Begg, Eurambeen East; Begg Bros., Hopkins Hill; F. Rogers, Pretty Tower; estate late Thomas Maidment, Barton estate; Adam R. Slater, Spring Bank; Commander Biddlecombe, Golf Hill; and others.

Drags will leave Beaufort on day of sale for Cross Roads, after arrival of first trains from Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat and Ararat, returning to Beaufort in time to catch the evening trains.

LUNCHEON PROVIDED.

For further particulars apply to
RANDOLPH HOWE, Melbourne and Geelong;
YOUNG BROS., Hamilton and Horsham.

IF you require Goods forwarded, Furniture removed, Parcels delivered, Conveyances for Picnics, go to

J. A. HARRIS.

Orders received and attended to for trucking Live Stock, Produce, &c.
Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.

Agent for Broadbent Bros.; Permewan, Wright & Co.; McCulloch & Co.; Norwich Union Fire Insurance Co.; and National Mutual Life Assurance Co.

Say!
Don't it Make you Mad
To find that your Newspaper as not arrived to time? Of course it does.
This does not happen to the clients of

J. B. COCHRAN,
NEWS AGENT, &c., &c.
BEAUFORT.

Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Civility and 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, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,
BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITFIELD
MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.

MONEY TO LEND.

AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.
Every attention, and prompt returns.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

H. AND R. SCHOFIELD, in thanking the public for their patronage, desire to intimate that they have disposed of their Business to Mr. DONALD McDONALD, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same patronage to their successor.

Pringle's for TEA!
A FEW CASES ONLY!
A Beautiful China Cup and Saucer GIVEN AWAY for every lb of
"SUNRISE" TEA
Purchased. Price, 1/6 per lb.
GEO. PRINGLE,
SPOT CASH GROCER,
. . . NEILL STREET.

RODOX
RABBIT POISON.
An Efficacious Preparation of Phosphorus
ENTIRELY SAFE IN HANDLING,
And will not Ignite.
2/- per 2½lb. TIN.
Manufacturers and Proprietors:
ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists, Melbourne.
STOCKED BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,
AUCTIONEERS,
Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance, and Financial Agents,
38 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH,
Opposite Cathedral Church.
EDMOND DOEPEL (26 years with Messrs. Cuthbert, Morrow, and Must).
W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.

AUCTION SALES of LAND, HOUSES, FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the shortest notice. Property for Private Sale or to Let entered in our register free of charge.

Properties Purchased for Clients. Valuations for Mortgage and Probate purposes made by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, official valuator to the Ballarat Diocese, the National Mutual Life Association, and leading investors of the city.

Agents for Absentees. Estates Managed and Wound Up.

MONEY.—Trust and other Moneys to Lend on Mortgage at lowest rates, and first-class Investments found for Capitalists free of charge.

Local Secretaries National Mutual Life Association. Shipping Agents for the Canadian Australian Steamship Company, in connection with Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Tourist Route of the World. Niagara Falls *en route*. Fares to London, L35 to L66.

ARCHITECTS.—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates for all descriptions of buildings prepared by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, who has had a very wide architectural experience.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER
(Late R. M. West & Co.),
38 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH.
District Representative—JOHN McDONALD "Burnside," Middle Creek.

Victoria Racing Club.
CUP WEEK.
DERBY DAY, November 4. CUP DAY, November 7.
OAKS DAY, November 9. STEEPLECHASE DAY, November 11.
Large Entries. Accommodation for Thousands. Holiday Excursion Fares.
H. BYRON MOORE, Secretary.

SHEARING SEASON, 1905.

Hawkes Bros.'

GREAT STOCK

Is Now Ready.

We have every Requirement for the Proper Handling of the Wool from

THE SHEEP'S BACK

TO THE WOOLPACK.

Our Goods are Bought in Large Quantities from the Manufacturers only, for Spot Cash; and Imported by ourselves; thus we are able to offer them at

Prices that Sweep Aside Opposition.

Run a critical eye down our Shearing Price List (which we have sent you), and figure out what you can Save by Buying from us.

Transact your Business where
Facilities are Best,
Qualities are High,
Goods are Many,
Prices Right.

HAWKES BROS.,
THE
IRONMONGERS.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

From Mr. Wm. Milnes, Pallet Street, New Chum, Bendigo, Victoria.

"About eight years ago I was, for a considerable time, a great sufferer from rheumatism. Acting on the advice given me by several people, I took Warner's Safe Cure. I am pleased to say that, when I had taken the contents of two bottles, I was cured."

From Mrs. Nellie Davidson, 32 Keig Street, Newtown, N.S.W.

"When living in Boggabri, about 18 months ago, I was laid up for nearly the whole winter with Rheumatism, and could not obtain any relief from any of the several medicines I took. One day I saw a pamphlet issued by you in which was described a case similar to my own, and I decided to try whether Warner's Safe Cure would also benefit me. I took three bottles of the medicine, and am very glad to say that I was completely cured and could go about my work cheerfully. I have not felt the slightest symptom of the return of any rheumatic pain since that time."

From Mrs. Elizabeth Bosher, 77 Henderson Road, Alexandria, N.S.W.

"Previous to leaving England, about 40 years ago, I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, which continued to trouble me for about 24 years after my arrival in Australia. I consulted several doctors, but they failed to do me any good. I also tried various advertised remedies with the same unsatisfactory result, and despaired of ever getting relief from the pain. At length I tried Warner's Safe Cure—for what reason I cannot tell you, because I did not expect to get any more benefit from it than from the many other medicines I had taken. I was, however, very pleased to notice a decided change for the better after a short course of Warner's Safe Cure. The pains slowly but surely left me, and at last I became quite free from them. This happened 16 years ago, and I can honestly say that I have not suffered in the slightest degree from Rheumatism since that time, so that I have to thank Warner's Safe Cure for perfectly and permanently curing me. I may say that my case is very well known in Alexandria, as I have for 40 years resided within half-a-mile of my present address."

From Mr. Albert E. Long, Port Pirie, S.A.

"I am pleased to report that I have taken five bottles of Warner's Safe Cure for Rheumatism, and that the result was marvellous. The pain has all left me, I have gained a stone in weight, and am now in good health."

From Mr. William Pollock McAuslan, 10 Russell Place, North Williamstown, Vic.

"Some eight years ago I was laid up with a very persistent attack of Rheumatism, and although I was under the care of a leading medical man, at the end of four or five months, instead of getting better, I was growing gradually worse, and in the doctors own words 'would never make any permanent improvement.' Fearing that his words might come true, I refused to take his medicine any longer, and, as a last hope, gave Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure a trial. From the taking of the first dose I could see hope ahead, and in a very little while all pain had left me, and I never had the slightest sign of any relapse until my complete recovery some seven weeks later. The doctor's words, thanks to Warner's medicines, have not been verified, as from that day, eight years ago, to this, I have not had the slightest symptoms of that dreadful complaint."

GOUT CURED.

From Mr. R. A. Thompson, Mining Engineer, 148 Adelaide Terrace, Perth, W.A.

"When writing you some time back as to the efficacy of Warner's Safe Pills in biliousness, I mentioned being about to try a course of Warner's Safe Cure for Gout. The result of taking the medicine was simply wonderful, as many people in Perth can testify, and I speak gratefully of the benefit I received. The action of the medicine was this: First, a gradual toning up of the stomach, then better appetite, purer blood-making, and slow (at first) but sure disappearance of the Gout. The food taken during the course was plain but wholesome. I am glad also to tell you that many of my acquaintances have derived great benefit from both the Safe Pills and the Safe Cure."

LUMBAGO CURED.

From Mr. F. L. Seager, Waratah Street, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

"About six years ago I had an attack of lumbago, so severe that I could not walk for nine weeks. I tried many medicines, porous plasters, and electric batteries, without material relief. My doctor could do nothing for me. Hearing so much about Warner's Safe Cure I decided to try it. After taking the first bottle I felt greatly relieved, and started to walk again, and after taking eight bottles I was completely cured. I have not suffered in any way since, and strongly recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone afflicted with a similar complaint. I consider the medicine invaluable."

SCIATICA CURED.

From Mr. James Spencer, 62 Queen Street, Fremantle, W.A.

"Some years ago I was a fearful sufferer from sciatica. Most excruciating pain seized me, extending from the hip right down to the ankle. None but those similarly afflicted can imagine the agony I endured. The pain deprived me of all sleep. I could barely move about. I had medical aid, but it did not relieve me. My attention was called to Warner's Safe Cure, and I commenced to take it, deriving benefit after the first few doses. By the time I had finished four botles the pain had all vanished, and I could again get refreshing sleep. I have every reason to believe that Warner's Safe Cure has eradicated all rheumatic poisons from my system, as I have had no return of the pain since that time."

TO STAND AT MIDDLE CREEK THIS SEASON,

And Travel the Surrounding District,

The celebrated Roadster Stallion,

BLARNEY STONE.

Stands 16 hands 1in. high. Is a very fast Trotter.

BLARNEY STONE'S dam, Talkative, by Talk of the Ring, by Lucifer, dam, Mermaid, by Fisherman; Talkative's dam, Nanny the Knitter, by The Peer, dam, Vixey, by War Hawk.

BLARNEY STONE'S sire, Treaty Stone, bred by Mr. Henry, Tipperary, Ireland, imported by Mr. Reid, by the celebrated Old Victor; dam by Uncas, one of the best sires in England. Bachelor, by Uncas, was the best hurdle racer of the year in 1887, winning the Welter Race at Curagh. Treaty Stone took first and Champion at Tatura Show, and first at Numurkah and Nathalia Show in 1890. In 1891 he was again awarded first prize at Numurkah and Nathalia Show. Treaty Stone has obtained numerous prizes since at various shows.

BLARNEY STONE has proved himself a sure Foal-getter, and his stock in this district show to be of real quality.

Terms—£2 10s. Cash; or, Guarantee, £1 Cash and £2 5s. when Mare proves in foal.

For further particulars apply—
J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

"THANK YOU"

Several years ago a woman was coming out from a public building when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue, and as he held open the door, she said, "Thank you!" and passed on.

"Well, well! d'ye year that?" said the boy to a companion, standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady in sealskin said, 'Thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy, remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, the same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a salesman in a large drapery establishment, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while, though I don't know that I blame the salesmen for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honest and trusted employee.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments, stocks and bonds.

HARD ON THE RAILROAD.

We have just read of a mercantile travelling agent who weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds, and who, finding it very important to get on board a railroad train, at a small station where the train did not usually stop, telegraphed the conductor to stop there for a "large party." The train stopped and he stepped on board. When the conductor asked him where the large party was, he replied by asking the conductor if he did not consider him a "large party."

This story will go very well with that of the country merchant and deacon who invited six "commercials" to take a seat in his pew on Sunday morning, brought round the contribution box and obtained from each a liberal donation, but on Monday said he felt obliged to tell them that as he could not patronise all and did not wish to show partiality, he felt compelled to order from another house not represented. We presume those commercials thought that a good, honest old deacon is not necessarily any better than any other good, honest old man.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

Thus says the Rev. Newman Hall: "Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene so quiet in its desolation; then he waves his wonder-working wand, and those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheels whirl round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour; the quays are crowded with commercial spoils—the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and him who yields representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its services; Art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty; Literature, new-born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise; Civilisation smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults—for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand. And who, contemplating such achievements, will deny that there is dignity in labour?

A FAITHFUL SOLDIER.

Who has not heard of the Roman soldier whose remains were found at Herculaneum? About 1800 years ago Vesuvius was in eruption, and sent down on the city a hot, blinding, rain of stones and ashes. Everybody who could, fled for life; and no doubt the brave soldier would have been just as glad as anyone else; but he could not do so with honour. He was a sentinel on guard, and his duty required, that, whatever might happen, he should remain at his post; and there he died—a martyr to duty.

HARVEST SONG.

Laugh out, laugh out, ye orchard lands,
With all your ripened store;
Such bounteous measure nature yields;
How could heart ask more?
The golden rick, the bursting bin
Of rich and ripened grain,
Bespeak the wealth which all may win
In industry's domain.

The cornfields set in grand array
Of solid rank and row
Are streams of wealth which set this way,
And soon shall overflow.
Laugh out, laugh out, ye ripened fields
With e'er increasing mirth;
The joy your bounteous measure yields
Shall bless the whole round earth.

A STARTLER.

A little girl from the East End was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the West End of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query:

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why, no," replied the astonished lady of the house.

After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering question:

"How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?"

By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother those questions."

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

A LOCAL CASE HERE IN CARLTON

The Case of Mr. W. ZEVENBOOM.

(By a Local Reporter.)

A statement as earnestly, as strength of a strong criticism can command language was lately made to the special reporter by Mr. Wynand Zevenboom, of No. 291 Drummond-street, Carlton. It is as follows:—

"I have carried on a brush-manufacturing business in this city for the past forty-five years," Mr. Zevenboom began by saying, "so you may imagine that I have seen Melbourne in its most flourishing as well as in its most depressed days."

"At what period do you consider there was the most depression here?" inquired the pressman.

"Well so far as I am personally concerned, I must say that it was when I was ill with my liver some time ago, for I give you my word that I was indeed very weak and miserable, and scarcely knew what to do to put the time in, as there was nothing I could take any interest in. When my appetite began to fall away, I naturally expected to lose some of my strength, but not to such an extent as I did, for my vitality was so exhausted that I got choroughly tired out early in the day, and my limbs and body seemed always full of nasty aching sensations, which must have resulted from my extreme weariness. The aches were always worse of a morning, for you must know that I could not sleep well, and being awake most of the nights vainly endeavouring to get to sleep had a more wearying effect than if I had been up and about all the time."

"Were you ever compelled to neglect your business through being so devoid of energy."

"Oh, yes; now and again I was altogether incapable of interesting myself in the business through feeling so excessively languid and drowsy, and then I would take a day off, but you may rest assured I was very much off colour when I did that, because my business is rather extensive, and it does not do for the principal to be away all day long. Sometimes, however, there was no help for it, and with the pains across my loins and my chest so stuffed as it was, more particularly after I had taken some food, I can tell you in all sincerity that I had a very dreary time. If I tried to bustle about for a few minutes in my anxiety to throw off the sluggish feeling that was upon me, I got so short-winded that soon I would have to give up, and when on such occasions my helplessness became so apparent, I must admit that I grew more despondent than ever. When I arose from my bed of a morning I had a taste in the mouth that was most disagreeable, and, besides, my tongue was all coated, and more often than not I had a feeling in the eyes as if they were unusually large, while the sight of them was not by any means as good as it should have been."

"And how long were you suffering like this?"

"Until a gentleman friend, who runs a large business place here, recommended me to try some Clements Tonic, and it was not long after I had taken his advice that I was delighted to find I was on the mend. Yes; I hadn't taken a great quantity of that medicine when I actually felt that my liver was doing its work properly, for the old feelings of langour and depression died away, and I felt brighter than I had been for many a month. This was not all, for Clements Tonic gave me the best appetite I had known for years, besides (which was still more important) making my internal organs so healthy that I had no trouble in digesting my food and when I could do that the pains I used to complain of were gone, and from my heart I thanked God for it all."

"Do I understand that your ailments were quite cured?"

"Quite, and I shall always gratefully remember Clements Tonic for making me healthy and sound like it did, and I now make a practice of recommending that remedy to anybody I hear of who can't sleep, and who require strengthening and toning up generally, for I am convinced there is nothing like Clements Tonic in the whole universe. I think so highly of the medicine which restored my health that you can use my name and publish these statements in any form you deem advisable."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, WYNAND ZEVENBOOM, 291 Drummond-st, Carlton, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Wynand Zevenboom

Declared at Carlton, in the State of Victoria, this 9th day of January, 1904, before me, W. EUGENE HUGHES, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of Victoria.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1905—1906.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

Will hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual Every FRIDAY during the Coming Season. They would call special attention to their

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,

built expressly for the Storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS

splendidly lighted, and unequalled in the Colony for the proper display of Wool. Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS CLIPS

receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.

A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION of Wool than any other market in the Australian Colonies.

Charges.—The lowest ruling in the Colony.

Account Sales and Proceeds rendered *invariably three days after sale.*

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

Forty-one years' practical English, Continental, and Colonial experience of the Wool trade.

Cash Advances, if required, directly on receipt of produce into store.

CLARKE'S B. 41. PILLS. A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex. These famous Pills also cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. Free from mercury. Forty years' success. Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION,

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

BRONCHITIS.

A Sydney Stock and Share Broker expresses Gratitude and Appreciation of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

It proved a Most Effective Remedy for a severe attack of Bronchitis.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I lately had a severe attack of Bronchitis, and, acting on the advice of a friend, obtained a supply of your Bronchitis Cure. I am pleased to inform you it has proved a most effective remedy, causing me to feel grateful to you for furnishing such a valuable medicine to the public. May you meet with the success you so well deserve. I place this communication at your service, and remain, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully, HENRY FRENCH, Stock and Share Broker, 93 Pitt-st., Sydney.

ASTHMA.

A Five Years' Case.

At times very bad indeed.

Quickly and completely Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—For five or six years I was troubled with asthma, at times very bad indeed. I was very ill just after Christmas, so sent to the local chemist for a bottle of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I took the first dose on going to bed, and was not troubled that night. I finished the medicine, and have not had a touch of the asthma since. I tell everyone about it. M. MURRAY, Postmistress, Pampoolah, Manning River, N.S.W.

HAY ASTHMA.

A Severe Attack Relieved in Ten Minutes by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

The effect was wonderful.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—About three weeks ago, while in the vicinity of musty chaff, I gradually felt a difficulty to breathe. My nose began to run, and to all appearances I was developing a severe attack of Bronchitis or Asthma. At last I could stand it no longer. I then tried your Bronchitis Cure, and its effect was wonderful. In less than ten minutes I was all right again. Such a result, and so quick, astounded me. This is no exaggeration. I am pleased to say.—Yours truly, S. H. MAYO, Meredith, Victoria.

BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.

A Sydney Resident Suffered for Over Sixty Years.

So bad he dared not stir.

Relieved in a few minutes by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Would give £50 for the same benefit rather than suffer.

Mr. W. G. Hearne.

Dear Friend,—Chronic Bronchitis I had from birth, and I am now 65 years old. Some time back I contracted Asthma, and for months I was so bad that any remedy that had previously relieved smothering was of no use to me. I was so bad that I dared not stir, and spent the worst night I ever had. When in a conversation, Mr. March, J.P., of Balmain, Sydney, kindly told me that a friend of his was using your Bronchitis Cure, and that it was good. So my sister bought me a bottle of it, and in a few minutes after taking the first dose I could breathe a little. The next day I was better, and kept getting better every day. To-day I am better than I have been for the last seven years. I took the medicine as directed, six bottles, and it cost me less than £1. I would give £50 for the same benefit rather than suffer as I did. Please make what use of this letter you think fit. If by so doing it would only cause one to get rid of this fearful complaint.—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM CANHAM, 208 Curtis Road, Balmain, Sydney.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

Its Efficacy in Chest Complaints Testified to by a Grateful Victorian.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to praise of your invaluable Bronchitis Cure. I have used it for the last three or four years, and its efficacy I have fully proved in common colds, severe colds, croupy coughs, and other similar chest complaints. I have given it to infants a few weeks old, young children and adults of all ages, and have never known it to fail in relieving at once, and rapidly effecting a cure with a few doses. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and they have fully proved its wonderful curative properties. I feel very grateful to you for a chest medicine so valuable, and cheap enough to be available to any one. Trusting its present popularity and sales will be doubled, I am, yours very gratefully, EDWARD JONES, Mount Bruno, Mokoan, via Glenrowan, Vic.

BRONCHITIS.

An English Lady so ill that the Doctor held out no hope.

Was given Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and it effected a Complete Recovery.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Not long since, I had occasion to visit the old country, and before leaving Melbourne, purchased a bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, which I took with me. When I arrived in Leeds, I found that my niece, Miss C. Matthews, was suffering from a very severe attack of Bronchitis, in fact, she was so bad that the family doctor held out no hope for her recovery. She was then given Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, according to the direction on the label, and I am very pleased to say that it effected a complete cure. R. J. MATTHEWS, c/o Allan & Co., Collins-st., Melbourne.

ASTHMA.

A Sufferer 73 Years of Age Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist.

Sir,—I am thankful to say that the medicine you sent for Asthma has had a wonderful effect. I have not taken all the Bronchitis Cure, as I did not need it; therefore I send you my hearty good wishes for your future success. I myself will, for the benefit of others, make it known to all I know. I am 73 years of age.—Yours truly, JOHN BRAY, Alliance-street, Clunes, Victoria.

BRONCHO-PNEUMONIA.

Two Severe Cases Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Kindly forward without delay another small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure. The bottle I had from you has cured two of my children, but I do not feel safe without it in the house. I have also recommended it to my friends. I lost a fine little girl, three years of age, from Influenza and Broncho-Pneumonia. I really believe if I had had your medicine my child would not have died, for the other two, a boy five years old, and a baby eight months old, were suffering exactly in the same way, and it acted like magic on them; in fact, a small bottleful cured both of them; so trusting you will forward it without delay.—I am, yours most gratefully, (Mrs.) E. D. WARD, Cassilis, via Swift's Creek, Gippsland, Vic.

NINE MONTHS SUFFERING.

Relieved by one dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and cured by two bottles.

Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice and tried other remedies without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles, I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.—Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY, Dergholm, Victoria.

ASTHMA 25 YEARS.

Immediately relieved by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I have been a martyr to Asthma for about 25 years, and have tried almost all known remedies for the complaint, and have been under the treatment of leading Physicians throughout the Australian States. I determined to try no more, but let nature take its course. Two years ago I was asked to try your Asthma Cure but laughed at the idea. However, by the persuasion of a very old friend, 3 weeks ago I commenced the first bottle of your treatment. Almost immediately I found that I had made a mistake by not taking it before. I am now about half-way through the second bottle, and so much do I feel relieved that I take this opportunity of sending this testimonial along for you to make whatever use you may think fit. I intend continuing your treatment, and I trust that before I have finished the third bottle I shall be able to write to you that I am perfectly cured. I am pleased to say the effect has been wonderful.

Yours very gratefully, PHIL. HANN, 33 Camden St., Balaclava, Victoria.

CONSUMPTION.

Patient Recovering.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—We purchased some time ago 12 bottles of your Bronchitis Cure, and can unhesitatingly say that it has given great relief from the intolerable throat irritation that my daughter experienced. Previous to using the Bronchitis Cure she would have two or three attacks nightly, but now she can sleep through the night, and on wakening simply clears her throat from phlegm. She had a slight attack of Consumption, but seems to be recovering, though of course slowly. Yours gratefully, G. MACKIE, Kaimata, Taranaki, New Zealand.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE—Small Size, 2s. 6d.; Large Size, 4s. 6d.

Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor,

W. G. HEARNE, CHEMIST, GEELONG, VICTORIA.

FORWARDED BY POST TO ANY ADDRESS WHEN NOT OBTAINABLE LOCALLY.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

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

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Smythesdale—Noon, 3rd Tuesday.
Sebastopol—3.30 p.m., 2nd Thursday

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway time-table:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m., has been discontinued.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

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

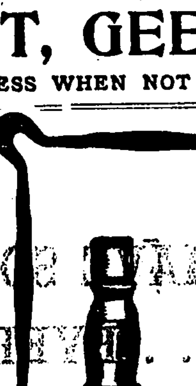
The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule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

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

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

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

STRATHMILL WHISKY.



West Australian Government Analyst says:—

"Strathmill is a genuine matured malt whisky."

"Bull Dog" LIGHT ALE

(Best English).

ABSOLUTELY Free from Sediment.

ROBERT PORTER & Co. LIMITED — BULL DOG BRAND — LONDON & LIVERPOOL

Local Agents:

Wotherspoon & Co.

Beaufort & Buangor.

J. Holdsworth,

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER,

BEAUFORT.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc. All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

KODAK PHOTOGRAPHY

IS CLEANLY, SIMPLE, AND ECONOMICAL. THE ORIGINAL COST IS SMALL, AND THE RESULTS ALWAYS HIGHLY SATISFACTORY

Country Stores, Chemists and Dealers supplied on the most advantageous terms by—

The Sole Agents in Australia for Kodak Ltd.,

BAKER & ROUSE PROPY. LTD.

"The Block," 284 Collins St., Melbourne, And at Sydney, Brisbane & Adelaide.

Golden City Store. **W. A. McNAMARA,** Golden City Store.

27 Bridge Street,

BALLARAT.

For Good Buds Tea, 9d lb.	For Brushware of all kinds.
" Best 1 A Sugar, 14s 6d Bag.	" Kettles, Saucepans, &c.
" Best Coffee, 1s 4d lb.	" Crockeryware.
" Best Lime Cocoa, 8d lb.	" Lamps and Glasses, &c.
" Best Jams, 6lb Tins, 1s 4d.	" Latest Combination Graters, 6d.
" Best Flour, 15s 6d Bag.	" Patent Medicines.
" Best Cough Balsam, 6d Bottle.	" Dolly Dyes, all Colors, 3d.
" Best Eucalyptus, from 4d Bottle.	" Dr. Sheldon's Medicines.
" Best American Axes, 3s 6d.	

Golden City Store. Dairy Produce Bought. Golden City Store.

A SURPRISE TO BEAUFORT.

J. B. COCHRAN is now prepared to supply good sound FIREWOOD, Sawn, in 1ft. lengths, at Reasonable Prices, delivered or arranged for at the Mill, Racing Road, Beaufort. Orders left at the Shop will be punctually attended to.

"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

WM. C. PEDDER,

Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute and orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT (next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage. Small Goods a Speciality.

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