

CALL-BOY JACK. You may think me just a nipper of the ordinary kind...

There's a murder in a farmyard, what's a drowsy-looking scene, and at first I call the victim, which I put in the window...

THE CANNED MEAT TRADE. Most of the canned meat furnished to the world comes from Chicago...

A BUDDING FINANCIER. Two boys were sent for by their mother to come into the office...

MAUD'S DIETARY. "I love all that is beautiful that is in art and nature," she said, turning her dreamy eyes to his...

IN A TRAMCAR. An amusing instance of precocious repartee was heard a few days ago on a tram...

A RECORD WAR INDEMNITY. HOW FRANCE WAS "BLED" BY BISMARCK. The war indemnity which stands out in history as the largest ever...

DISASTROUS VOYAGE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN." The "Great Eastern" left the Mersey on September 10, 1861, with nearly 400 passengers...

THE WEARING OF SHAM GEMS. The popularity of sham ornaments is considerably on the increase, even royalty deigning to wear them...

AS AN ALTERNATIVE. In some parts of the Canadian back country the recurrence of boiled salmon, broiled salmon, salmon cutlets, and salmon steak...

HER RUNAWAY HUSBAND. Detective: "Have you anything besides this photograph by which I can identify him?"

TO RUSSIA. Russia has suffered much more than her foe both at sea and on land. Her naval losses have been overwhelming...

ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS. THEIR FUNCTIONS AND USE. By F. E. Lee, Assistant to the Chemist for Agriculture...

WHAT ARE THE PLANT FOODS? All plants, no matter what kind or class, draw upon the soil for a supply of the materials which are necessary to build up their frame...

THE EXTINCTION OF THE RED-SKIN. Ruin-in-the-Face has not long survived the cologne and brooches of civilization...

THE COST OF THE WAR. It is impossible to give more than a rough calculation of the enormous cost in treasure and lives which the war has entailed...

WISDOM-FROM "TRUTH." We inherit respect, attain respect, command respect; we seldom earn it. "Do not make us think; make us talk..."

AN ANXIOUS EXPERIMENT. President Roosevelt's visit to a submarine was a little interlude to his efforts on behalf of peace...

GENERAL INFORMATION. In twelve hours 22,118 people cross the Minister bridge on foot and 7,051 passengers go over by omnibus...

A CARETAKER'S STORY. A few years ago I was caretaker of a large stuff warehouse in the city, and lived with my wife in the small rooms at the top of the building...

GIBRALTAR'S GRANDEST DEFENCE BY BRITISH. On Friday, September 13, 1782, was defeated the most powerful attempt of all those by which Spain and France had endeavoured to dislodge the British from Gibraltar...

TO JAPAN. It is impossible to give more than a rough calculation of the enormous cost in treasure and lives which the war has entailed...

TO RUSSIA. Russia has suffered much more than her foe both at sea and on land. Her naval losses have been overwhelming...

HER RUNAWAY HUSBAND. Detective: "Have you anything besides this photograph by which I can identify him?"

The Gunmaker of Moscow.

By Sylvanus Cobb, Junr.

PART 3.

CHAPTER III Continued.

Rosalind thought while she answered, and then, while a startled expression came to her face, she said: "Ruric, I do remember now that between the duke and young Damonoff there is some matter of dispute. There is some question of property."

"I may refer his messenger to you?" "Yes, surely. And how shall I act? What will you do?" "Knock him down again under the same provocation."

"You are the challenged party, and you will have the choice of weapons. The count has not mentioned this—mind you, he has not, but I as his friend deem it no more than right to speak of it—I trust you will choose a gentleman's weapon."

"In my soul I should feel perfectly justified in refusing this meeting, for no principle of real honor is at stake. But I will I to look out now from this I should never meet another generous look in Moscow. Every one would point the finger of scorn toward me, and the word coward would ring always in my ears."

"I think you are right, my master," the boy returned, "I had held the trial of the blade with unbounded admiration. 'But,' he added, 'could you not temper a blade like that?'"

WILDFLOWERS. Scarce known by name, they pile the ground with motley colors, arrayed in the sun's rays as if by hand.

TALE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY. In December, 1857, along with 20 members of my corps, I was deputed by Sir James Outram to go from the Alum-Bagh to Buncce Bridge, a distance of 16 miles, for the purpose of ascertaining how the garrison at that place was getting on.

WOMEN TEACHERS NERVOUS. German Physiologists Find Large Proportion Seriously Affected—Fear Deterioration of Race. Two eminent German physiologists, Dr. Rolf Wichmann and Dr. Adolf Birbaum, have arrived at some instructive results from inquiries concerning the prevalence of bad sight and nervous disorders among women students and teachers.



What did you pay for that suit of clothes? "Didn't pay anything." "How was that?" "I beat my tailor guessing. He guessed I would pay."

Mr. Young, who appeared for the prosecution, said W. Adams had been included in the charge through an error, and the information against him was withdrawn. The others pleaded guilty.

A WASH GOODS WHIRLWIND.

The wind blows through our Wash Goods. Just now it's a "Price Wind"—a regular Whirlwind—and it has blown one-half the Price off the Goods.

Wash Goods and Summer Draperies have been the jest of the weather long enough.

BUT DON'T WAIT till the fine weather comes if you would prepare to advantage for the hot days to come.

Buy at once, and save money. In times of peace we must prepare for war, and in rainy days we must get ready for the fine days to come.

We have a tantalising lot of pretty WASH GOODS—tantalising because we can't tell about them in print. Printer's ink may tell the story, but it doesn't put the Goods in all their beauty before your eyes...

We have specially imported our Prints from Manchester; have selected the most tasteful patterns from thousands of samples, and we can show you something out of the common at prices that will appeal to you...

Come and Look at them, that's all.

The Dressmaking Section of our Store is in full swing, and each garment holds a grace and charm that are usually lacking in the one fashioned by less experienced hands than ours.

Our Millinery Dept. gains daily in popularity. We handle nothing but the most Dainty and Tasteful HATS here.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

UNKNOWN FRIENDS. There are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with splendid results, but who are unknown because they have hesitated about giving a testimonial of their experience for publication.

Druids' Smoke Night. The Beaufort branch of the above order held their annual smoke night in the Societies' Hall on Tuesday night, when there was a large attendance, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mr. B. E. Carthew sang "A Leap in the Deep" with fine expression. Mr. D. Thomas followed with the comic song, "I happened to be there."

Mr. L. A. Jaensch proposed "Kindred Societies," remarking that the other lodges of Beaufort would always find the hand of fellowship extended to them by the Druids.

Mr. A. Driver, on behalf of the Odd-fellows, said it gave him great pleasure to be present. He was greatly pleased to see so many young men; it showed they took an interest in lodge work.

Mr. D. McDonald proposed "The Medical Officers of the local societies." A great deal of the success of the Beaufort societies was due to the medical officers.

Mr. C. Davis sang "A Kiss," which was vociferously encored. Bro. Smith, Whitehead, Baker, Loft, and E. Welch contributed songs, and Mr. Carthew gave a burlesque recitation.

At the lodge meeting the following officers were installed—D.P., Bro. A. Walsh; V.A.D., Bro. G. Wilson; Sec., Bro. G. Whitehead; A.D.B., Bro. T. Thomas and G. Outherton; V.A.B., Bro. B. Broadbent and B. Ingram; I.G., Bro. W. Hallyer; O.G., Bro. T. Tyrrell; B.A., Bro. W. Coulman; auditors, Bro. C. W. Jones and W. Gibson.

NO COMPETITION. The uniform success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the relief of bowel complaints, both in children and adults has brought it into almost universal use, so that it is practically without a rival, and as everyone who has used it knows, it is without an equal.

Mining News. Sam Shik Amalgamated Co., Beaufort.—Company sunk main shaft to 65 ft. in 14 days. 100 tons of ore raised. Yield, 200 lbs. of gold. The shaft is now being driven to a depth of 100 ft. The following are the reported yields for the week ending Saturday, 26th ult.:

Shire of Ripon. NOTICE RE RATE OF 1905-6. Pursuant to Section 294, Local Government Act 1905, notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the Council of the Shire of Ripon, at a meeting to be held on 4th December, 1905, at 11 a.m., at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, to strike a General RATE of ONE SHILLING in the Pound sterling on the Rateable Property of the Shire for the period ending 30th September, 1906.

Local Land Board. Mr. C. J. Joy, local land officer, sat at the office on Thursday as a land board, and dealt with applications as follows:

Parish of Raglan.—Alfred L. Trengrove, 29 acres.—Recommended. Charles Loft, jun., 62 acres.—Proposed. Parish of Raglan.—Charles Bray, 15 acres, at present held by him under grazing license.—Recommended.

Ballarat Live Stock Market. Tuesday. Fat Cattle.—A very large supply, numbering 376, came to hand for to-day's sale, fully one-third consisting of quality ranging from good to prime; a fair proportion useful, whilst medium sorts were well represented.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE. Melbourne, Ballarat, and Beaufort Talents. Mr. DOUGLAS, Organiser of the Farmers' Union, will give an Address.

Grand Annual Demonstration. Will be held in the CARNHAM RECREATION RESERVE on New Year's Day, Monday, 1st JANUARY, 1906.

Handicap Race, 100 yds. First, 21; second, 10; third, 5. Handicap Race (under 14). First, 10s.; second, 5; third, 2 1/2. OPEN CYCLE RACE (handicap), 14 miles. First, 24; second, 21; third, 18.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS. On and after 1st December, the 5.10 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. from Ballarat to Stawell will run daily.

WANTED.—COOK.—Apply CAMP HOTEL, Beaufort.

Beaufort Agricultural Society. THE 25th ANNUAL MEETING of the above Society will be held in the SHIRE HALL on SATURDAY, the 9th DECEMBER, at 2.30 o'clock p.m.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION GOLD. BEAUFORT.—All Shares registered for the 30th Call of Threepence (3d.) per share will be SOLD by public auction, at the Mining Exchange, at 11 a.m., on THURSDAY, Dec. 1, 1905, at 1.30 o'clock p.m., unless previously redeemed.

Miss Craig, TEACHER OF SCIENTIFIC DRESSMAKING. BEGS to notify the Ladies of Beaufort that she will be in attendance at the MOTHERS' INSTITUTION on TUESDAY, Dec. 6th, from 2 till 4, with a view of forming CLASSES there.

MEETING of the Girls' Friendly Society. Will be held on THURSDAY evening at 8 o'clock at the Personage. All Associates and Members (past and present) are requested to attend.

Say! Don't Make you Mad. To find that your Newspapers are not arrived to time! Of course it does. This does not happen to the clients of J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, &c., &c. BEAUFORT.

SHIRE OF RIFON. NOTICE RE RATE OF 1905-6. Pursuant to Section 294, Local Government Act 1905, notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the Council of the Shire of Ripon, at a meeting to be held on 4th December, 1905, at 11 a.m., at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, to strike a General RATE of ONE SHILLING in the Pound sterling on the Rateable Property of the Shire for the period ending 30th September, 1906.

SHIRE OF RIFON. TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire, enclosing an enclosing cheque for cash deposit (minimum deposit £1, in cash or marked cheque) will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 4th Decr., 1905, for the following works:

Contract 320—Removal of old bridge and erection of new one, Bottle Hill, Snake Valley. Contract 321—Supply of 200 cub. yds. gravel, Caraghban. Contract 322—Supply of 200 cub. yds. bluestone maintenance metal on the Beaufort, Caraghban, and Ballarat road.

Contract 323—Supply of 300 cub. yds. bluestone maintenance metal on the Beaufort and Strathmore road. Contract 324—Supply of 200 cub. yds. maintenance metal and 30 chains metalling, Freely Tower.

Middle Creek Public Hall. WEDNESDAY, 6th DEC. 1905. A GRAND CONCERT. Will be held as above, under the auspices of the WOMEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Dance and Supper to follow. Tickets, admitting to Concert and Dance, 2s. OPEN CYCLE RACE (handicap), 14 miles.

Handicap Race, 100 yds. First, 21; second, 10; third, 5. Handicap Race (under 14). First, 10s.; second, 5; third, 2 1/2. OPEN CYCLE RACE (handicap), 14 miles.

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Sale of Athletic Club's Booths. ALL rights and privileges in connection with the Publication Booth, Luncheon Booth, and Fruit Stall at the Beaufort Athletic Club, Boxing Day Sports will be sold by Public Auction, at the Band Rooms, on SATURDAY, 2nd DECEMBER, 1905, by Messrs. DIXON BROS. & HALPIN, Auctioneers.

Beaufort Athletic Club. GRAND ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING (UNREGISTERED). To be held in the BEAUFORT RECREATION RESERVE on BOXING DAY, Tuesday, Decr. 26th, 1905. 27s 15s in Prizes.

Beaufort Sheffield Handicap, 120 yds. 1st, 27s 2nd, 24s 3rd, 21s. Nomination, 2s 6d; acceptance, 1s 6d.

Handicap Wood-chopping Contest (18in. green mesquite logs), 1st, 27s; 2nd, 24s; 3rd, 21s. Nomination, 2s 6d; acceptance, 1s 6d.

Handicap Wood-chopping Contest, for boys under 17 years of age; 12in. white gum logs, 1st, 27s; 2nd, 24s; 3rd, 21s. Nomination, 2s 6d; acceptance, 1s 6d.

Handicap Race, 100 yds. First, 21; second, 10; third, 5. Handicap Race (under 14). First, 10s.; second, 5; third, 2 1/2. OPEN CYCLE RACE (handicap), 14 miles.

Pringle's for TEA! A Beautiful China Cup and Saucer GIVEN AWAY for every lb. of "SUNRISE" TEA.

There is a lot to be done between now and then, but "To-morrow will take care of to-morrow's tasks, if to-day's are done to-day."

What about your Spring Cleaning? Have you started yet? It's a task for TO-DAY.

HAWKES BROS. have anticipated your wants, and can supply everything necessary to renovate your house from floor to ceiling.

HAWKES BROS. have one of the largest stocks of Wall-papers to be found in any country town in the States.

HAWKES BROS. have just added several New Patterns to their large Stock of Linoleums, Floor Cloths, Carpets, Mattings, Hearth Rugs, Table Baizes, &c., &c., making it the most complete and varied in the district.

Has it ever struck you that we can supply every house utensil or implement you use in the day's work? Think this over, and you will find that

HAWKES BROS. HAVE IT.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS CHESTERFIELD (LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS), Auctioneer and General Commission Agent, Estate, Land, and Insurance Agent. BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND FITZROY. MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer. MONEY TO LEND.

GEELONG WOOL SALES. SEASON 1905-1906. GEORGE HAGUE & Co. Will hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual Every FRIDAY during the Coming Season.

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES, built expressly for the Storage of Wool. SHOW ROOMS splendidly lighted, and unequalled in the Colony for the proper display of Wool.

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.

J. A. HARRIS. Orders received and attended to for tracking Live Stock, Produce, &c. Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.

RODOX RABBIT POISON. An Efficacious Preparation of Phosphorus ENTIRELY SAFE IN HANDLING, and will not ignite. 2/- per 2 1/2 lb. TIN.

XMAS is Coming! There is a lot to be done between now and then, but "To-morrow will take care of to-morrow's tasks, if to-day's are done to-day."

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The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1463. BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1905. PRICE THREEPENCE

Correspondence.

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

RECOLLECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR, "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."
I am in bodily fear. There have been attacks. New leaders have been invented, and old scandals revived. And why? Simply because some incidents in my career are similar to those which have happened to others. I do not claim to be an original; neither do I claim to be exempt from some small-traits of human frailty. But I do claim to be candidly frank, and to do so about my misdoings and about a wronged objection to being misapplied. Therefore, I will continue my recollections of a varied past as long as you will not charge me for publishing. I mentioned in a previous letter that I had been introduced by certain of the gentry and officers of the beautiful galleas which sail up and down the river of the St. John. When arrayed in hunting gear, viz., Beaufort coat, hard hat, and two pair of unmentionables (in case of accident), word was brought in that a bush fire had broken out to the north. As an officer of the bush and nature, I immediately made haste to engage in a hunt after some of the beautiful galleas which sail up and down the river of the St. John. When arrayed in hunting gear, viz., Beaufort coat, hard hat, and two pair of unmentionables (in case of accident), word was brought in that a bush fire had broken out to the north. As an officer of the bush and nature, I immediately made haste to engage in a hunt after some of the beautiful galleas which sail up and down the river of the St. John.

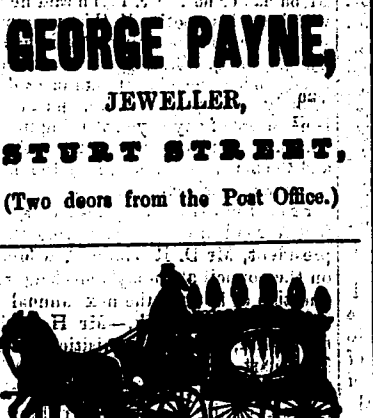
GEO. PAYNE,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
STURT STREET,
BALARAT
(Near the Post Office).

Clarke's Blood Mixture
IS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER
EVER DISCOVERED.

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.

RELIABLE WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY REPAIRS
PAYNE'S.
JEWELLERY REPAIRED,
ALTERED, OR
MADE TO ORDER.

GEORGE PAYNE,
JEWELLER,
STURT STREET,
(Two doors from the Post Office).



A. H. SANDS
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEEL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

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.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

Clarke's Blood Mixture
IS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER
EVER DISCOVERED.

THIRD MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNWEL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.
My wife, F. J. ... I have been suffering from skin and blood diseases for many years. I have tried many remedies, but nothing has done me any good until I took Clarke's Blood Mixture. I feel that I have been cured, and I am now well and strong.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSSES.
My wife, W. G. ... I have been suffering from bad legs and abscesses for many years. I have tried many remedies, but nothing has done me any good until I took Clarke's Blood Mixture. I feel that I have been cured, and I am now well and strong.

Clarke's Blood Mixture
Solely by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

REMINING 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 in the nearest newspaper, then in use published in the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Justice's Fixtures.
The local J.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions on Tuesday, 27th; Wednesday, 28th; and Thursday, 29th. Messrs. F. Beggs, J. B. Wetherston, and Messrs. J. B. Wetherston, Fourth; Tuesday, Messrs. M. Flynn, G. Toyper, and T. Beggs.

GENERAL PRINTING AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.	RAILWAY.
MAIL TIME TABLE.	OTAGO TIME TABLE.
Daily	Christchurch 10.55 a.m.
Wellington 1.00 p.m.	Lyttelton 2.00 p.m.
Timaru 1.30 p.m.	Nelson 3.30 p.m.
Dunedin 2.00 p.m.	Richmond 4.30 p.m.
...

BECHAM'S PILLS
To avoid indigestion
To Cure Stomach Disorders

NOTICE.
We have resolved to publish the "Riponshire Advocate" in a larger and more comprehensive form than it has hitherto been published in. We have added to the paper a new and interesting section, and we have also added to it a new and interesting section.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise.
Breathes there a man with soul so dead, That himself he hath not seen, Who turns his back upon the world, And has not in his life been seen?

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 notice it, but they don't seem to notice it now. The more people see it, the more they notice it. They are still in business, and 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."

P. J. O'SULLIVAN, SADDLER AND HARNESSEMAKER.
Wheeler Street, Beaufort.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT.
DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the people to local enterprise and industry.

STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.
BEAUFORT.
Estimates submitted for all work in building time.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT.
Well Street, Beaufort.

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.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE Riponshire Advocate.
Steadily Increasing.

Business Men, Read.
It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

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.

BOOKBINDING.
ON REASONABLE TERMS.
MINING SURVEY, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT.
DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the people to local enterprise and industry.

The Riponshire Advocate.
is the Advertising Medium for all Contract and notices of the Shire of Ripon and is the ONLY NEWSPAPER That is Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire, And as the advocate of the interests and the welfare of the 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 Office.

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THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT.
DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the people to local enterprise and industry.

LIVER DISEASE CAN BE CURED.

From Mr. Charles Newson, 7 Taylor Street, Surrey Hills, Sydney, March 10th, 1905. For nearly three years previous to a few months ago, I was afflicted with liver and kidney trouble in a very severe form...

From Mr. Robert White, Fitzroy Street, Rockhampton, Q., March 11th, 1905. My wife suffered from very severe bilious attacks. She had medical advice, but derived no benefit from the treatment...

From the Rev. H. E. Lewin, Warrnambool, Vic., July 14th, 1905. I am thankful to say that I believe Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Safe Pills have completely cured the biliousness from which I suffered long...

From Mrs. A. McDonald, 52 Concor Street, Paddington, Sydney, N.S.W., March 14th, 1905. I suffered from liver complaint and indigestion, and as I grew older, I became a martyr to it...

Ballarat Supreme Court. Tuesday, 6th December. Before His Honor Mr. Justice Hood. A BEAUFORT ESTATE. ALLEGED BREACH OF TRUST.

An action was brought by Neil McIntosh, Francis McIntosh, Archibald McIntosh, John McIntosh, Jane O'Neil, Margaret Jane O'Neil, and Mary O'Neil, against the late Neil McIntosh, executor of the late Neil McIntosh, administrator of the late Neil McIntosh, and Margaret Ann McIntosh, administrators of the estate of the late Neil McIntosh, for alleged breach of trust.

He made an affidavit for the claim. There was never an arrangement between his father and himself that he should be paid at the rate of £1 per week. Mr. Hayes—I am 14 that during the last year of your father's life there were only about 80 acres of the land under any cultivation...

His Honor—Why are you disputing it now? Witness—Because Mrs. McIntosh went back on her word about claiming more than £400. Witness, continuing his evidence, said that a second meeting took place subsequently, and Mrs. McIntosh produced a list of figures which she said had been made up by Mr. Wetherby...

Witness—That she went back on her word with regard to taking a third share of the estate. His Honor—What is your complaint with the widow? Witness—That she went back on her word with regard to taking a third share of the estate...

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Witness—That she went back on her word with regard to taking a third share of the estate. His Honor—What is your complaint with the widow? Witness—That she went back on her word with regard to taking a third share of the estate...

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...

BEWARE OF COUGHS! REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE. NINE MONTHS SUFFERING.

BRONCHITIS. An English Lady so ill that the Doctor had to give her up. Was given Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and it effected a complete recovery.

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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 irritation that my daughter experienced...

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.

carried on by money borrowed on mortgages and from the defendant. 2. Mails of interest did not result in any profit. 3. There were no profit balances in hand, and the estate did not include in statement for duty or in 1895 months' account any such balances...

DOEPL AND CHANDLER, AUCTIONEERS, Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance, and Financial Agents. 38 LYDIARD STREET SOUTH, Opposite Cathedral Church.

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

Follow the Right Here is a Safe

This Case of Mr. T. J. (Case of a Special Case) Mr. Thomas James H. 156 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, Victoria, there explained to a reporter having held that position three years.

Mr. H. was over-ruled. For instance, he was over-ruled in a very serious case, and you would have to knock off work when I did not want to do so.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir—I have been a martyr to Asthma for about 20 years, and have tried almost all known remedies for the complaint, and have been under the treatment of leading Physicians throughout the Australian States.

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 irritation that my daughter experienced.

STATUTORY DECLARATION. I, Thomas James H., of No. 156 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, Victoria, do hereby declare that I have read and understand the contents of the foregoing declaration, and that I have not been induced to make it by any threats or promises, and that I have not been prevented by any person from making it.

DECLARED at Port Melbourne, in the 15th day of January, 1906, before me, a Justice of the Peace, and in the presence of the undersigned, who are the undersigned for the Court of the said Declaration.

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DRINK Fry's Cocoa BEST OF ALL.

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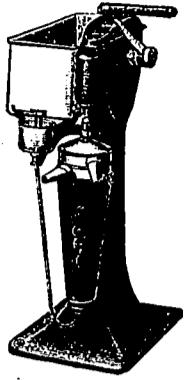
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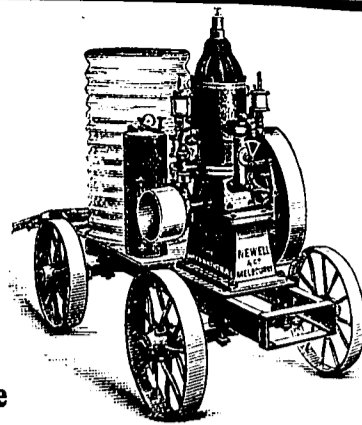


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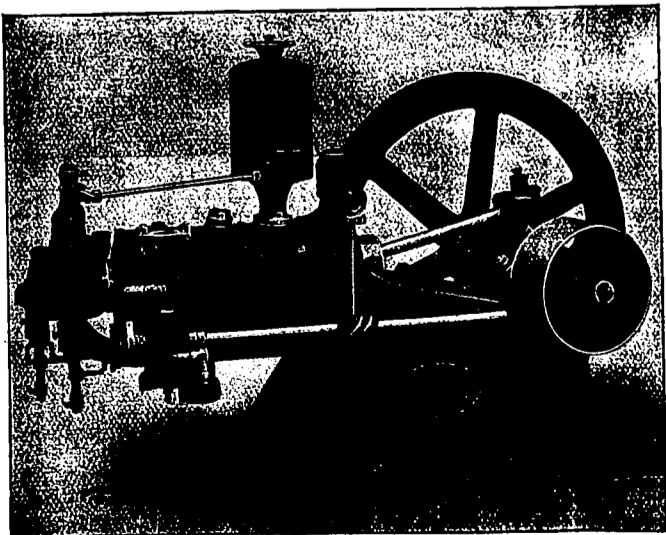
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We have by far the LARGEST
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To Retailers.—We have Now
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If you want GOOD

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All Lines are absolutely Up-to-Date in every respect.

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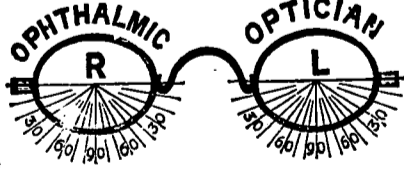
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Seeds of any description would do well to call and inspect, or send for
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care taken to supply seeds free from objectionable weeds, and that will ensure satisfactory results. All
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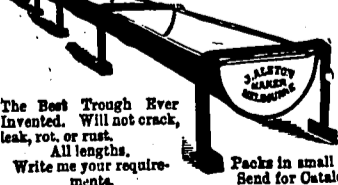
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In NEW and EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.

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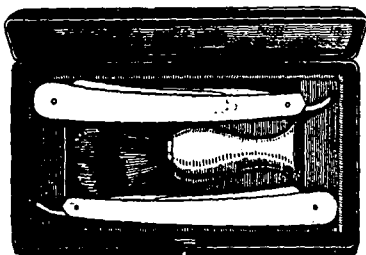
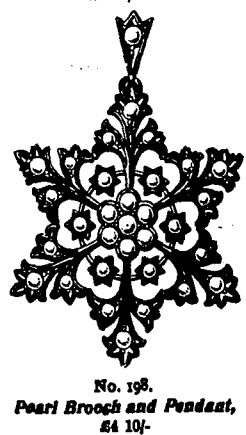


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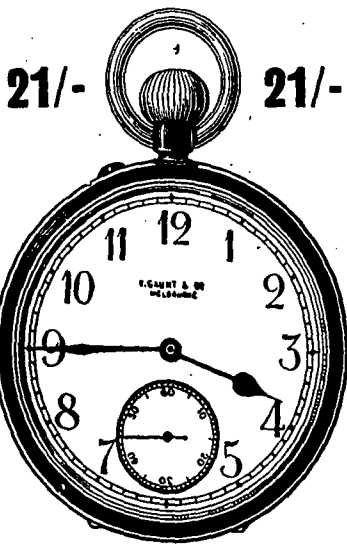


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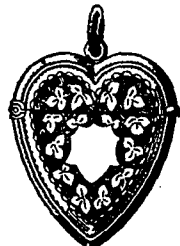
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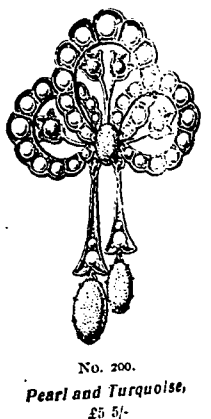
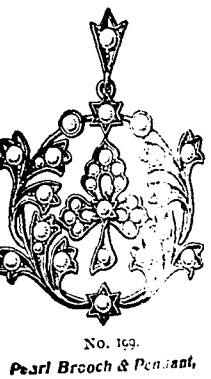


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AN "ALL WHITE" AUSTRALIA.

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TAKING DOWN AN INNOCENT.

Bland was drinking at the Drovers' Rest when he heard about Long. Long, they told him, was an exceedingly ingenious and green settler. According to information received, he was simply made to be the butt of practical jokers, and although everybody in the district at one time or another had "had the loan of him," he was not the sort of uneducated fool that learns some little wisdom by experience. "He's ez simple ez a child, Long is," said Dover. "He's fifty, but I'm blowed if he's cut his wisdom teeth yet." This satisfied Bland. Bland was constitutionally a funny dog, and naturally a superior creation. This was discovered before he had been in the bar fifteen minutes. "Hold hard," he said, "this jes' suits me down to the bluchers. You fellers sit tight, 'n if I don't make the most tremenjis kind of a jackass of this yer Long call me the brother of a merino."

Bland sailed out of the bar. "Don't yous shift," he cried out to the men at the pub, "I'll be along here with Long in the course of half-an-hour, 'n you'll enjoy yourselves, I promise yer." He mounted his horse and rode off, and Dover winked solemnly at the other men and ordered new drinks. The men were content to wait. Meanwhile Bland rode at a smart canter down Long's wheel-track, till he came to a two-roomed slab and bark hut, in a little garden just inside the fence. He dismounted, took a big colt's revolver from the leather bag suspended to his saddle, walked up to the door and knocked loudly.

"Come in," cried a voice. "Cussed if I do," said Bland sternly, "you come out." In answer to the appeal a long, bony man, with a sad, mild expression, opened the door. He looked the simplest and most peaceful man Bland had ever clapped eyes on. "What d'yer want?" he said. Bland presented his revolver. "I'm bluebeard the bushranger," he yelled. "Hanus up!" Long looked stupidly at the barrel of the revolver almost pressing his nose for nearly a minute, blinked his pale eyes, and said quietly, "Bluebeard the bushranger, are yer? Then take that," and Bland took a punch on the chin that put him out of the world for three minutes. When he quite recovered his senses he found himself crussed up in a hard knot with many ropes, and being bumped along a rough road. Long was driving.

Bland protested, he cried out in remorseful explanation, but the simple Mr. Long took not the slightest notice till they came to the Drovers' Arms. The men were waiting under the verandah. "Hello, Sid, what yer got there?" cried Dover. Long grinned a broad, silent grin. "I got bluebeard the bushranger. Come 'n ave a look at him." The men crowded round. "You know me, blokes," cried Bland. "You know it was only a bit of a lark. Cut these confounded ropes, for the love of Heaven." "Do you coves know bluebeard the bushranger?" said Long. Dover examined the captive closely. "Never heard of him in me life afore," he said; "where does he hang out?" Bland cursed fiercely at this. "Seems dangerous, don't he?" said Robson; "what yer doin' with him?"

"Go in" to take him down to Constable Blake at Toon, 'n see if they're offerin' any reward fer any bushrangers lately." Long whipped up, and the men joined the procession. Two days later Bland made his appearance before the local court, charged with attempted robbery under arms. He pleaded piteously that it was only a joke. "These blokes told me that Long was a good feller t' play a joke on," he explained, and the court grinned broadly. In consideration of the punch he had received, and the fact that he had been about forty-eight hours in the lock-up, Bland was let off with an admonition, and he left the district in such a hurry that the boys had not a chance to explain that he had struck the wrong Mr. Long.

Our newly-arrived English friend got quite a shock when we took him to our little farm up Neerim way. "It was not a bit like Devonshire," he remarked; "it was splendid, but—and he apologised for saying so—it didn't seem finished, rounded-off, homely. We have some grand bush, and he had never seen any trees before. We showed him the Neerim Giant for a start. This tree, which has rotted inside, can shelter over twenty horses from the sun or rain. Inside another giant church service used to be held, and even now one or two bushes live in trees that have been cut down. But we're not personally anxious to see the bush chopped down too soon. The Devon man wondered when we told him that in winter we just let the cows and horses out to forage for themselves. They won't go away, and our only trouble is they

get lost in the grass. The game pays better than poultry. A spell in the bush beats an incubator. Last year we turned out twenty cows, and we drove back forty; they all had calves, 'n here's profit. Yet we have to admit we have our troubles. By some sad mistake we once planted melons—water-melons. They grew (that astonished us; we couldn't grow anything at first), but they were no earthly use, so we tossed them out on the road. Our road lay at the bottom of a hill, and we thought we would get rid of them, for the school kids passed that way. For a week or so the kids got to work on them, and only a few of them had to stay away for measles. When a kid gets ill up our way, no matter what's wrong with the works, it's called measles. But they made no impression on them.

Water-melons became a drug in the market, and the kids got so swollen out they couldn't eat any more. Then, to show their contempt, they played football with them, but that blessed pile always seemed to be as big as at first. The trouble was the hill was so steep that the melons the kids dropped on the road rolled down again and finished where they started. It took some time for that pile to decay. Then our Devon friend thought we were an enormous distance from everywhere. We were really only twenty-three miles from a station and fourteen from the Butter Factory. We used just to put our cans right out on the road, and the factory carts that drove round picked them up and re-

ideas of seeking police assistance. Meanwhile a small boy who had been in charge of the child, and had been drawn off to a distance by the allurements of sport, had run home in a state bordering on dementia, with the news that a man had stolen the baby. The mother flew wild, and gathering seven neighbouring housewives, and setting off in pursuit. The party overtook the respectable gentleman at a street corner, and fell upon him in a body, and when next the good man was able to grasp facts and realise his position he was sitting on the ground in a disorientated condition, with his head cracked and his coat torn up the back and nine had scratches running up and down his face. He wishes it to be understood that in no circumstances will he ever again befriend a lost infant.

The other morning when Constable Macrasp was parading his beat in South Yarra, and thinking how hard and cold and weary was the lot of a more policeman, his attention was suddenly arrested by an unusual incident at a tall, red house on the other side of the way. The time was about two, the morning was dark, but Constable Macrasp had seen a window at the side open and some dark object slide down the wall. Burglars! was the first thought of the gallant officer, and he stole noiselessly to the spot. Then another dark object issued from the window and came down the wall. It was a man this time, and he was sliding down a rope. The other object lay on the ground. It was a

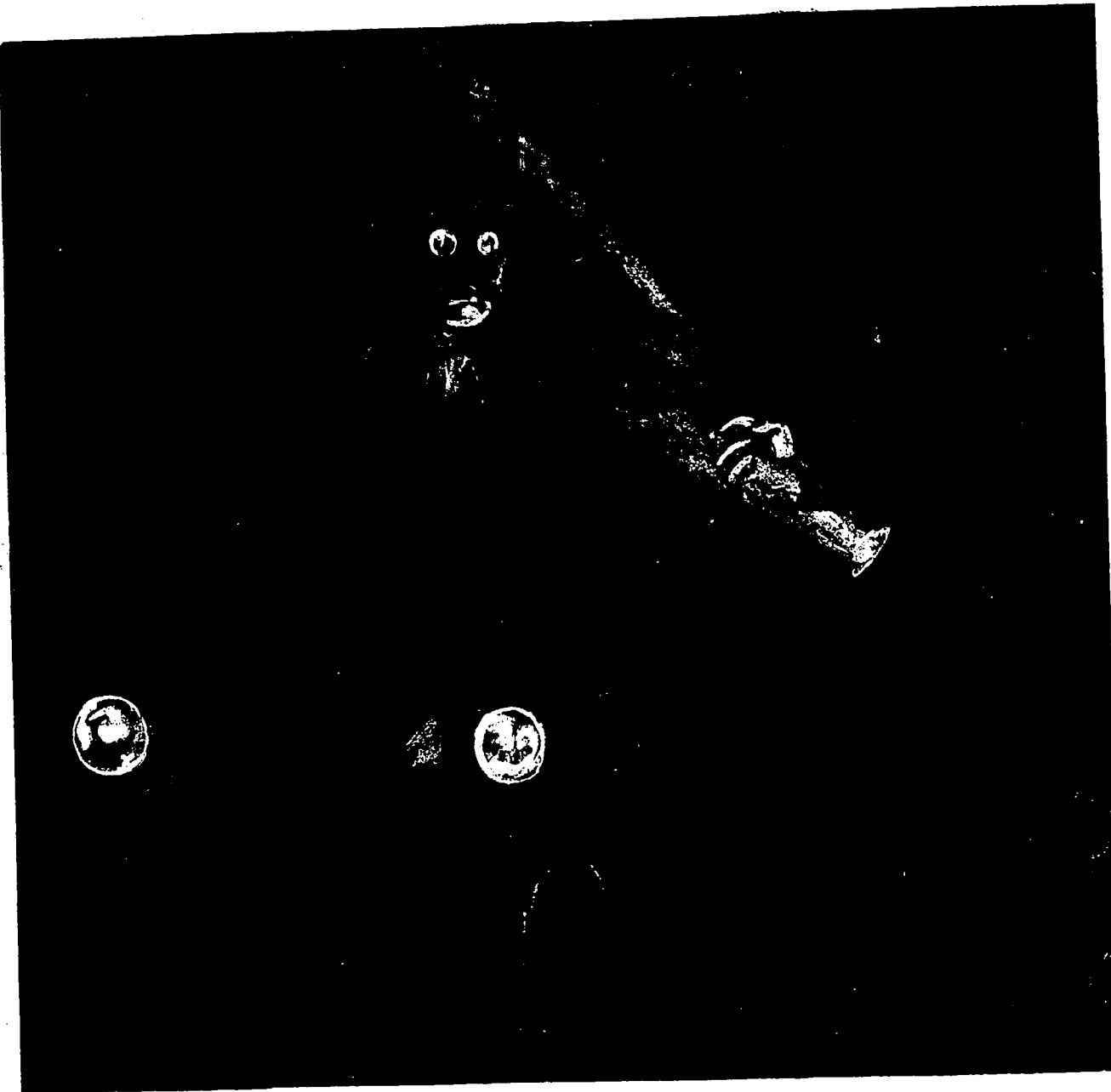
it's Pete!" He collared the nig. "Where the deuce did you get that suit?" he cried. "Dat's all right, sir, you don't want to go fer to make no trouble," said Pete. "I just borrowed it." "Why, you infernal scamp, it's mine!" yelled the young man. "And those are my boots, con found you!" said the second young man. "The hat's mine!" cried the third. Then Pete was kicked—Pete, the magnificent, was literally kicked off Swanston-street, and taken home in a tram. His sartorial splendour was explained. The frivolous coon had simply been in the habit of borrowing what clothes pleased him from the wardrobes of about thirty boarders. He is employed elsewhere now.

Up Neerim way we were staying in a bush hut for a holiday when an Afghan hawker came along with a full-laden packhorse. He baked flour, skilfully made a pie, and prepared Johnny cakes, and put his horse out to pasture. He seemed quite content, and round the corner we heard him crooning the songs of his country. At night he slept in an outside shed. The morning he packed his horse, and then came to the house and offered us sixpence. "What's that for?" we asked. "Not for me," he said, "for the horse." The Cockie thinks more of his grass than his flour, and though the stable-ger receives rations, sixpence is the price for horse-feed. Abdul pays his sprat like a man, but in the season he gets it back, and by selling the Cockies' wives all kinds of things they don't need.

There has been a peculiar form of warfare between two families in a southern suburb, which was maintained for many months. The families may be called the Joneses and the Robinsons for convenience of literary handling, and they live in two houses of a terrace—a cheap terrace—where the walls are paper-thin partitions, through which you can almost hear the murmured thoughts of your neighbours. The Joneses and the Robinsons were very excellent friends up to the time when the Joneses purchased their time-payment, upright cottage piano, and then the Robinsons began to freeze towards them. This frigidity was not unaccountable—the piano was a poor one, Miss Jones' playing was even poorer than the piano, and the partitions were thin. In addition to the aggravation of the playing itself, the consciousness that the Joneses possessed a piano, and were, consequently, in a position to consider themselves higher class than the Robinsons, added to the irritation of the latter family. The Robinsons started complaining about Miss Jones' playing. They said she played too long and too often, and insinuated furthermore that her playing was the sort of thing that would drive an old horse to drink.

The Joneses' method of answering these insults was simple, but effective—they played oftener and harder. The Robinsons hammered on the walls with boot heels, and used bad language; they called insults over the back fence, and made war on their neighbours in every possible way, and meanwhile the infamous piano was going like a fine demented, making most of happiness impossible in the whole terrace. It was at this point that Robinson purchased or hired a hoarse German hand-organ, and whenever the Joneses started their piano Robinson started his organ. The other tenants promptly forsook the terrace, and left the Joneses and the Robinsons to fight it out on their own. When a terrible contest went on, piano versus organ, when one Jones was tired, another Jones attacked the piano; when one Robinson was weary, another took on the organ. The street now interested in the duel. People crowded in front to listen to the terrible war of cheap coon tunes being waged indoors, and there was no little betting on the result. For two days and nights the battle raged, and then the Joneses succumbed. It became known that Miss Jones had fainted at the piano, and old Jones had gone a bit off his head. Then it came out that Robinson had fixed a water-wheel on his hand-organ, and driven it with hydraulic power supplied by the bath tap. The Joneses and the Robinsons are at peace again. Young Robinson married Miss Jones, and old Jones gave them a piano as a wedding present on the understanding that they lived permanently in a distant suburb.

"Prisoner at the Bar," said the Associate, solemnly, "have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on you?" "Yes," was the reply. "I produce a medical certificate." "Of what nature?" asked the judge. "To the effect that I have heart disease," said the prisoner, "and that I am not in a fit state of health to suffer the extreme penalty. It is extremely unlikely that I should be able to survive the shock of hanging." The medical certificate was not received.



THE MOTOR FACE.

BUSHRANGER.—"Your money or your life!"

LADY MOTORIST (in mask).—"What is that?"

BUSHRANGER (getting his first glimpse).—"Great Caesar's ghost! I've stuck up the arch-fiend himself!" (Bolts.)

turned the empty ones. Our road was usually lined with cows, but there was nobody there to touch them. And our postal service dazzled the Briton. The postman rode round our district, and left our letters on the empty cans, and took away the letters we were sending from the full cans. It saved us both a lot of trouble. After we had shown him all we could, our guest said it was a free and magnificent life, but he feared there wasn't much amusement. We told him we had only to ride about twenty miles to see the trains shunt, and there was a pub. just round the corner, ten miles off, and we often used to have a sing-song and a dance with the neighbours. There's plenty of fun if you only know where to find it. But even after that the Briton said he would wait till the country was more opened up before he settled on the land. But we like it, so what's the odds?

A respectable, middle-aged gentleman living somewhere between Albert Park and the St. Kilda-road, a somewhat swagger locality, had an unpleasant experience in a working-man's suburb the other day. The respectable, middle-aged gent. in question has to take walking exercise for his health's sake, and when walking along the shore near Port Melbourne one of the few pleasant afternoons recently, to his immense surprise he came upon an infant lying all alone and unprotected on the sand. He looked about, and there was nobody in sight, waited, and nobody came, and then in the kindness of his heart he took up the baby and went in quest of somebody who might have missed an infant of this one's size and complexion. He had vague

fat portmanteau. "Ah! I have you," cried the brave policeman, grabbing the man as he landed. "Is it a burglar you are, or what are you?" "No, no, no," pleaded the young man, "I'm only a boarder, and I'm leaving the establishment, that's all." "And fer why are ye leavin' at this hour, and in this way?" "Pure kindness of heart, policeman, pure kindness of heart. You see, I can't afford to pay my board, which is long overdue, and I am running away to spare the landlady the pain of pressing me for it." But the cold policeman rang up the landlady, and returned the boarder to her custody.

The boots and general rouseabout at a big boarding establishment in East Melbourne was an amiable coon named Pete. Pete was a cheerful, sociable sort of cuss, and the men allowed him some liberty. In common with all coons, this particular coloured brother had a passion for fine clothes, and was seen abroad in so many good suits that naturally people, whose attention had been drawn to him, wondered how he managed to do it. He had even been seen in the Royal and Opera House dress-circles in full evening dress, with a gorgeous red silk handkerchief protruding from the vest. In fact, Pete came to be known as quite the most splendid coon about town, and the street boys got hold of the idea that he was a diamond king or something of the kind. One night recently Pete, elegantly dressed in tweed and fine linen, was standing on the kerb in Swanston-street with a few choice strays, when one of three young men passing stopped, and gasped: "By thunder!

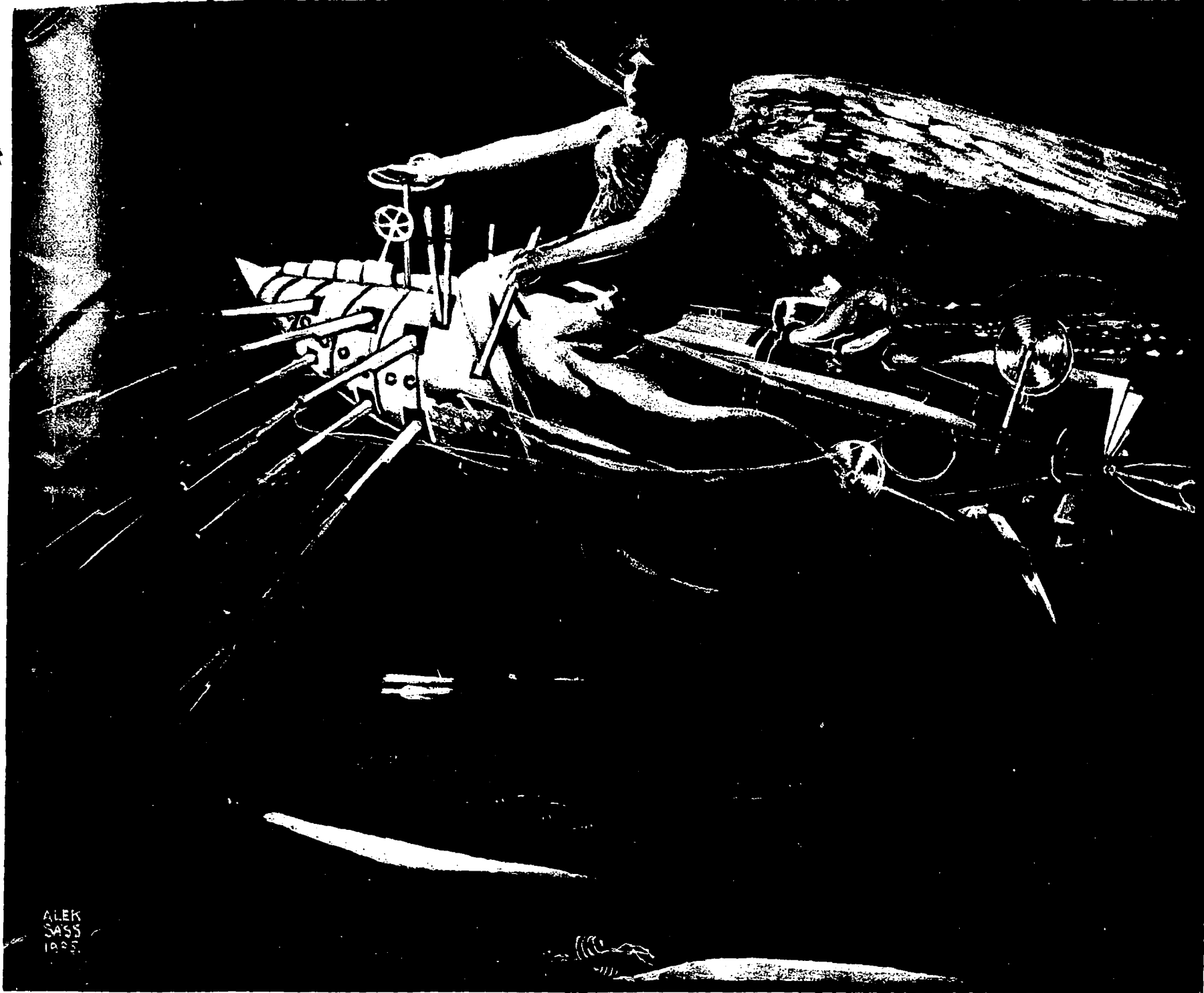
FOR LOVE AND

By Edward S. Sor...

What was known as Yantabax selections, divided by a narrow passage, stood opposite. In Radford, a shearer, with his ewe lamb, which was Carrie, a young miner named Stanley Jarvers had long wanted to nurse a bitter grudge against "cut him out."

Three months afterwards, alone, the bearer of ill-tidings came with a broken leg. He up the horses, when the one in a wombat hole, and rolled old Radford to go out, if he not, anyone they could get. Carrie red his letter over at tear-dimmed eyes, and that announced her intention of with Wokaby.

"You, child! You're cried in alarm. "A nice pick there—alone with that man! what he is. He was always he was on the station. Any time would you have with a hundred miles away!" "I don't care if it's a the up my mind to go, an' I'm Mrs. Radford bit her lips daughter's face. It was a lit with sparkling blue eyes, delicate carmine of the Italia curl dropped across her forehead playfully pouting, made one



ALEX
SASS
1905

THE NEW ANGEL OF PEACE.

(It is said that modern arms will be so destructive when the air-ship is perfected that war will become impossible.)

With olive branch for arms no more
Is Goddess Peace to be content;

She'll spread her rú'e from shore to shore
With all the implements of war
And every modern armament.

FOR LOVE AND GOLD.

By Edward S. Sorenson.

What was known as Yantaban was really two sections, divided by a narrow stream. The two houses stood opposite. In one dwelt Warren Radford, a shearer, with his wife and his one ewe lamb, which was Carrie; and in the other a young miner named Stanley Rowley, whom Carrie regarded as the finest specimen of the genus man. Slack times had thrown these two men into a partnership not uncommon in the bush; in accordance with which Radford rode south for shearing to finance the company, whilst Rowley went north, into a wild, mountainous region, on a prospecting tour. It was further understood between Rowley and Miss Caroline) that should the expected "rise" eventuate, they two would enter into another sort of partnership.

Rowley took with him a trusty aborigine, named Wokaby, and another digger joined them at a mining station. This was Uric Jarvers, a man of doubtful character, who talked glibly of the West Indies and the Malay Archipelago. Though Rowley did not know it then, Jarvers had long wanted Carrie Radford, and nursed a bitter grudge against him for having "cut him out."

Three months afterwards Wokaby returned alone, the bearer of ill-tidings from a far-off camp. Stanley Rowley, in short, was lying in a cave with a broken leg. He had been rounding up the horses, when the one he was riding fell into a hole, and rolled on him. He wanted Radford to go out, if he had returned; if not, someone they could get.

Carrie read his letter over and over again with tear-dimmed eyes, and that night she bluntly announced her intention of going back herself with Wokaby.

"You, child! You're crazy!" her mother cried in alarm. "A nice pickle you'd be in out there—alone with that man Jarvers. You know what he is. He was always botherin' you when he was on the station. An' what sort of a time would you have with him out there? It's a hundred miles away!"

"I don't care if it's a thousand. I've made up my mind to go, an' I'm going. So there!" Mrs. Radford bit her lips as she scanned her daughter's face. It was a sweet, pretty face, lit with sparkling blue eyes, and tinged with the delicate carmine of the Italian peach. A truant curl dropped across her forehead, and her lips, playfully pouting, made one long to kiss them.

"Listen to me a moment, mother," she said, more quietly. "They're on good gold up there, and the temptation to possess the lot might work on a man like Jarvers. Besides, he hates Stanley—he—because . . . I love him; and he might be vindictive enough to consider it his advantage to let Stan lie there and die. I couldn't stop here now, mother. I'd be always thinking of him . . . always fancying that he was dying—"

"Shut up, child! You'll give me the jim-jams."

"I've got 'em already, mother. But—I must save him. Think how terrible it is to be lying in a mountain cave, friendless and helpless, with no comforts—"

Two big tears welled over and coursed down the pretty cheeks. "Mother, you would go to your husband, wouldn't you? He will be mine—soon. I will go to him."

And go she did. The mother was filled with misgivings as she saw her daughter and Wokaby dwindle away into the northern bush; and when they had disappeared a great loneliness crept into her heart that lingered for many a day. But Carrie knew no fear. She was all eagerness to push on, despite the blackfellow's repeated injunction to nurse the horses from the start, lest they should knock up before the last stage was completed. When night found her camped alone with Wokaby, with only a small fire lighting a speck of the great weird bush, she felt a little timid. But Wokaby seemed perfectly comfortable, stretched on his rug, and smoking a short black pipe.

However, fortune favoured the strange pair on their journey north, and four days after leaving Yantaban they sighted the miners' camp. All that could be seen at first was the face of a rugged cliff, with a few stumps at the foot. Behind them were numerous caverns, communicating one with the other narrow entrances. In these the miners dwelt. Around, the country was wild and rocky, with here and there a pile of gibbers on which the afternoon sun shone with a blinding dazzle. Some crows on the stumps was the only sign of life to be seen. These flew off with blatant cries as the horses approached.

Carrie dismounted and began to reconnoitre. Wokaby soon joined her, and led her into the cavern, where he had left Rowley. A huge lizard rushed out as they entered—a circumstance that chilled the girl.

"Hulloa, boss!" Wokaby shouted. There was no response, save the mockery of echoes. Wokaby peered into the gloom. He could see a rough bunk near the wall, and, going closer, struck a match.

"There's no one here," said Carrie, dismayed. "The bed's not been used for some time. See,

it's covered with dust! Are you sure this is the right one?"

"This where boss sleep. See clo'es—hat—boot—cne pfeller boot-lace. Them blonga Stan?"

"Yes, they're Stanley's. But where is he?"

"Mine think him mend um leg an' go dig um gold."

"I hardly think so, Wokaby. A broken leg couldn't mend so quickly. Perhaps Jarvers has removed him to another cave."

Wokaby shook his head. "Only got the one bed. Stan. shift um meself, Stan. shift um bed. Baal budgereee longa floor."

"Of course, he'd have to shift his bed. On, I hope nothing's happened to him. Where is Jarvers?"

"Look out gold up creek, mine think . . ."

"How far away?"

"Not far. You see track outside? Dat one take um orlright."

She reflected for a minute or two. The dust

on the bed had alarmed her. But, perhaps, that had fallen from the roof since morning. There was crumbling stuff on the walls. After all, he might be at the workings. He was a strong-constituted man, hardy and vigorous, and there was no saying what wonders a fortnight would work in such a one. Probably he had mended sufficiently to permit of his going out for sunshine and air. The thought for the nonce lit her mind.

"Well, she said, as they left the caves, "you lead to the horses and put the billy on."

"He followed the winding pad up the creek. It was nearly sundown now, and she expected to see Jarvers coming home with Rowley leaning on his shoulder. How glad and surprised he would be to meet her there! She stepped lightly along, the water purling over a pebbly bed beside her. Turning a corner of the bluff, she came suddenly on to Jarvers. He was sitting on the edge of a small hole under the bluff, where a sharp angle formed a pocket. His back was towards her, and apparently he had not heard her footsteps. She stood and listened; she looked around the place, and looked again. The man was alone.

A suffocating feeling crept over her. Something impelled her forward. Slowly, quietly she moved towards him. He was thinking aloud, and presently she could catch his words:

"Good mind to do a get with it, an' let her rip. No 'un ken say es Rowley didn't take his share with him. He don't want no gold now, cnyway."

Carrie's heart sank, and her cheeks turned ashen white. "He's dead!" she gasped. She began to retreat, not wishing the man to know she had overheard him, lest it should hamper her future movements. Twenty yards away she coughed, and came boldly forward. Jarvers gave a violent start, and fell into the hole. With an uneasy laugh he scrambled out, and greeted her shamefacedly.

"Thought somehow yer'd come," he said. "Been expectin' yer."

"Where is Mr. Rowley?" she asked, timorously.

"Blest if I know, Carrie," he answered.

"You don't know? How is this?"

"Wal, yer see, after he was outer danger I went on workin', goin' up now 'n again ter see as he wanted



HE WON'T REQUIRE ANY MORE LUCK.
PALMIST.—"You will marry when you are twenty a man who will be noted for his luck."

for nuthin'. He was all safe an' saug till three days ago. 'Twas Thursday sun-down I missed him. Dunno wot become of him. Hunted 'igh an' low, but couldn't find nuthin' 'cept a lot o' footprints."

"You've discovered nothing since?"

"Nuthin' at all."

"Whose were the footprints?"

"Blacks, of course."

"Are there many about here?"

"Eny Gorsquantity."

"Where are they camped?"

"Bout thirty miles west."

"An' they come here?"

"They do."

"I didn't know they rambled so far. What did you think?"

"Dunno. P'rhaps he was stole; p'rhaps he was murdered. Dunno."

"Didn't you track them?"

"Tracked 'em for miles, but couldn't set eyes on 'em."

"You didn't go to the camp?"

"I didn't."

"Why?"

"Dunno where it is." Carrie looked incredulous. "You know the distance?"

"Row told me that. He knows their lingo."

"Why didn't you follow up the tracks? They would have taken you there."

"Lost 'em on the stones. I ain't no artist at trackin', else I might a been speekin' out toe-marks yet."

"How is it," asked Carrie, after a pause, "they stole nothing?"

"Stole nuthin'!" Jarvers retorted. "Why, they stole his best clothes, an' the best of his beddin'! There warn't much, I'll allow. But th' gold was worth a lot. He kep' it wrapped up in a saddle-pouch. That went, too. Everything else is pretty much as I found 'em. I was expectin' you, as I sed, an' I didn't care to meddle with 'em till you come." Carrie did not believe him. The soliloquy she had overheard implied that he was convinced of Rowley's death, but this version was redolent with doubt. She said little on the way back to the caves, for she was unnerved and in despair.

corner with her saddle. She explored all the caves she could find her way into, and examined everything in the one occupied by Jarvers, but could find no incriminating evidence against him. She began to look for Jarvers, for she felt utterly lost. Even his company was better than none.

It was late in the afternoon, as she sat pondering at the table, when Jarvers came blundering in. There was a forbidding scowl on his face that made her shrink from him.

"Yer told me Wokaby'd gone after the mokes," he said roughly. "Stead o' that he's gone to the camp."

"I suppose he's at liberty to go where he pleases."

"I s'pose he is. But he ain't at liberty to cop out on my tomahawk an' terbacca. You sent him ter pump th' blacks."

"What makes you think that?"

"I tracked him."

be no climbin' to speak of. Four easy days 'ill land us in Coombar, an' one day from th' town 'ome."

Something seemed to tell her that his intention was to get her bushed in the ranges, and then lead her away into the unknown regions beyond. She had heard that Jarvers, being lost by an exploring party, had once lived two years with the blacks. Would he go back and take her with him?

"Don'tcher think that's a good plan?" he asked.

"I don't," she answered. "I think it would be better if I went straight home, and you went to Coombar yourself."

"That wouldn't do," he objected. "Yer might go an' get lost an' perish, an' they'd reckon it was my fault. I've got enough ter answer for now, judgin' by yer suspicions. I don't know how it is, but yer seem ter 'ave a derry on me somehow. I asked yer twice ter

him; but instinct warned her to treat him warily.

"I'm too worried now," she answered. "I'll tell you when Wokaby comes back."

"He might never come back."

"Give him at least till to-morrow night."

"Orlright, but we'll be off out o' this camp day after ter-morrer."

Carrie's faith in Wokaby was unshaken. Jarvers' pessimism; she believed he would return safe and sound, and with him near her, and on his guard, she would not fear Jarvers. Wokaby was a powerful man, alert as an eagle-hawk, and as nimble as a cat. But she did not bring him; something had happened surely. Perhaps Jarvers was right. She despaired as the hour grew late, and Jarvers' bluntly asked for her answer. She gave the requisite promise, hoping thus to get him into taking her to Coombar. If he did what he said, it was the easiest way out of

her precious burden down in the der water, then carefully arranged. Lily leaves she had parted on the that, and finally placed a flat stone where she had sunk the box. Next mounted and rode at a slow walk, darkened bush, and she caught her and listening, even as she told her crisis had passed. But every foot clearly and distinctly, and—something was running—not like or bird, but like a man—over twigs. The horses were jerked her bit roughly as hers answered. She looked towards the sure enough, just emerging from a bush was Uric Jarvers. A chill from an iceliber, went through her, perhaps had heard it was her only chance. With her ward and her teeth set, she rode like the wind, yet fast as the pace was she had covered little more than half-a-mile when the first loud hoofbeats of a pursuing horse smote her ears. He was on her track, riding bareback, on a stronger horse than hers. She shook her reins and kicked furiously with her little heels at the horse's ribs. But the poor animal had done a long day's journey and was weary. She followed as near as possible the route they had come, with a desperate hope that Wokaby had returned during the day, and would be somewhere on their tracks.



AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT SEA.—SCENE I.

"Madgel I have waited years to say—

That night when all was quiet she stole into the next cave, which the blackfellow occupied, and shook him gently by the shoulder. "Wokaby," she whispered, "do you believe what Jarvers says, that the blacks took Stanley away?"

"No, missy. He tell um lie. Blackfeller all about say Stan. good pfeller. No fear that one take him. Mine look out to-morrer."

"You'll go to the camp to-morrow, Wokaby, an' inquire for me?"

"Yowi. Mine get up berry early—fore dinner time."

"Couldn't I go with you, Wokaby? I'll be so miserable here."

"Too far. All gibber an' wild bush."

"How far is it?"

"More'n forty mile, close up thirty. Too far. You be orlright 'ere. Mine look out Stan, an' come back quick."

"Thank you, Wokaby. Good-night."

She crept back to her own pallet, the one her sweetheart had last occupied in the caves. All night she lay there, tossing from side to side, her little heart breaking; and when sleep at last claimed her the dawnlight was spreading through the bush. Only she and Jarvers were then in the caves. Wokaby had gone.

II.

The sun was an hour or more when Jarvers called the girl to breakfast. She came out tired and heavy-eyed. The man looked at her curiously.

"Where's Wokaby?" he asked, as he handed her a pannikin.

"I think he must be after the horses. Mine are strange to this place, and might make back." She sipped her tea, but ate little.

"Yer seem down on it this mornin'," said Jarvers, sulkily.

"Have I not good reason to be?" she returned, with tears in her eyes.

"Yer a fool ter worry over that," the man rejoined. "He couldn't 'ave got over it—simply ling'rin' in mis'ry. If them blacks nullad him, 'twas a mercy, I take it."

He threw the tinware into a heap on the table and went out. Hours passed, and he did not return. Carrie in the meantime had tied up Rowley's belongings, and placed them in the

marry me down be Yantaban, but that ain't no reason, as I ken see, why yer should take a dislike ter me, an' treat me as a suspicious character. Yer might go an' do a lot worse'n chuck in yer lot with Uric Jarvers, lemme tell yer. I got, I reckon, purty near four thousand quid by me now. We could be 'appy on that. 'Taint ter be sneered at, yer'll allow."

He sat down, leaning towards her. She was sitting a few feet away, her elbow on the table, and her chin resting on her hand. She did not speak.

"Carrie!" The man's voice softened slightly. "Let's get spiced in Coombar as we go through. Think of yer mother, Carrie—yer poor ole mother. We could give her all she wants in her ole age. An' yer father needn't go shearin' no more. Wot d'yer say, Carrie?"

Her cheeks flushed red with shame and indignation. She would have scorned and defied

rest. She wanted the chance to know how the things were placed in the packs. She put her own things some distance away, where she intended to sleep. They ate their supper together, speaking little, and as the dusk deepened they separated for the night. Jarvers was soon sleeping soundly, but sleep was far from Carrie's eyes.

III.

The moon, peeping out from behind a dark cloud, revealed a bent figure creeping away from the head of Uric Jarvers. It was Carrie, striking out for the second time from the camping out for the second time, and paraphernalia. First she had taken her saddle and paraphernalia to the end of the waterhole, saddled and packed her horse, and left him tied to a sappling. This time she carried the gold, staggering along a few paces at a time, for the box was heavy.

Stooping down by the still water she thrust

otherwise he would have taken her away by force. If he intended in case to take her to the wilds she would have a better chance of finding him by day than at night. So at noon they left the diggers, Jarvers leading the pack-horse, on which was a little tin box containing the covered gold. All day they rode over stony flats and glistening claypans over red sandhills, and through belts of mulga. All day, too, the sun shone with a pitiless glare, so that the haze gave to the moving masses the aspect of stalking ghosts, shadowy things that might be ghosts floating weirdly through the white haze above the salt-bush. Through it he kept close beside her, or at her horse's heels, never once allowing her to drop behind him. He talked to her at times; but Carrie was taciturn and resentful. She sat still in her saddle, her eyes peering ever through the dazzle ahead.

Towards evening, a short distance away, she beheld what appeared to be a lone lagoon, on the bank of which were many whirlies. Aborigines appeared like shadows about them, and leaning on a stick was a broad-shouldered man whom Carrie believed to be Stan. Rowley. Her heart beat wildly, and she was minded to catch up her reins and gallop towards them; but even as she looked for some definite sign the whole scene vanished like a whiff of smoke in the wind. Involuntarily she checked her horse, staring before her, and slowly her gaze wandered thence towards Jarvers. He was watching her, his face bloodless and chastly.

"What was that?" she asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"A mirage," he replied. She scarcely heard him.

They rode on silently until they reached a waterhole. As they dismounted she said, "Why did you tell me Mr. Rowley was dead?"

"I didn't say he was dead; he was spirited away."

"You saw him this evening?"

"Maybe he was his ghost."

"Then you murdered him, and the ghost has come to haunt you?"

Jarvers did not reply. He was a nervous, sullen man. Had the horses not been laded he would have ridden on through the night.

Carrie was very active and insisted on getting things in order, though he desired her to

The horse was already swaying under her, and she knew the poor brute could carry her but a little further. She was urging him along the edge of a thick belt of timber when suddenly a dark figure loomed before her, and almost instantly disappeared behind a clump of bushes. As she swept past a low, deep voice uttered the name "Wokaby!" Her heart leaped. Wokaby had come. "Help me!" she cried, and turned sharply into the timber. As she pulled up she saw Jarvers' horse pass, riderless, with swinging reins. For a while she sat trembling and panting in the deep shadows, till Wokaby called her. She could now see other blackfellows near the bushes, all armed with spears and boomerangs.

"Where is Jarvers?" she asked, riding up.

"Him tumble down," said Wokaby, pointing at his feet.

"Is he dead?"

"Yowi; mine spear him," bad pfeller."

She looked down at him, moonlight, with the spear turned away with a shudder.

"I am so tired, Wokaby, of the timber and camp fill 'em."

"You'd better catch that him."

When Wokaby came back saddled and hobbled her own horse.

"How did you come here?"

"Mine come back dis mornin' you ride away longa wild 'ere."

"We were going to Coombar."

"No fear," said Wokaby, "wild bush."

"Ah, I suspected as much."

"How is it we didn't see you?"

"Mine been w' round

her previous garden down in the oozy mud under water, then carefully arranged the floating lily leaves she had parted on the surface. Now she stepped the distance from this tree and from that, and placed a flat stone on the bank that, as she placed it, she saw the water at a slow walk until out of sight. The things were abroad in that carshot, and she caught herself peering and listening. Even as she told herself that the crisis had passed. But every footfall sounded clearly and distinctly, and what was that? Something was running—not like a wild animal or bird, but like a man—over the dry leaves and brittle twigs. The horses whinnied, and she jerked her head roughly as hers attempted to answer. She looked towards them, and there, sure enough, just emerging from a clump of dead brush was Jarvers. A chill, like a breath from an icicle, went through her. He had missed her, perhaps had heard and seen her. She put her horse into a gallop, knowing now it was her only chance. With her head bent forward and her teeth set, she rode like the wind, yet fast as the pace was she had covered little more than half-a-mile when the first loud hoofbeats of a pursuing horse smote her ears. He was on her track, riding bareback, on a stronger horse than hers. She shook her reins and kicked furiously with her little heels at the horse's ribs. But the poor animal had done a long day's journey and was weary. She followed as near as possible the route they had come, with a desperate hope that Wokaby had returned during the day, and would be somewhere on their tracks.

Behind her, as she glanced timidly over her shoulder, she could see her pursuer clearly outlined in the broad moonlight. Hard across the flats and over low ridges, turning from no watercourse, brush or bramble, mile after mile they rode, with no sound but the thud of hoofs breaking on the night air. The moon rode serenely above them, lighting up the lone bush-land, and casting swiftly-fitting shadows across their tracks. Now they passed a rugged bluff, and swept along down a wooded watercourse. Here, from the bushy trees, crows and galahs flew off with loud cries, and wallabies bounded towards the hills. Then there came a flash and a loud report. Something whistled past, and she bent low over the pommel. A canoe echoed through the timber, and she heard him call to her to stop. He was very close.

The horse was already swaying under her, and she knew the poor brute could carry her but a little further. She was with him along the edge of a thick belt of timber when suddenly a dark figure loomed before her, and almost instantly disappeared behind a clump of bushes. As she swept past a low, deep voice uttered the name "Wokaby!" Her heart leaped. Wokaby had come. "Help me!" she cried, and turned sharply into the timber. As she pulled up the new Jarvers' horse, she was riderless, with the reins. For a while she sat trembling and panting in the deep shadows, till she called her. She could now see other things near the bushes, all armed with bows and boomerangs.

"Who are Jarvers?" she asked, sitting up.

"They tumble down," said Wokaby, pointing at his hat.

"Who are they?"

"They mine spear him," said Wokaby. "Him had of her."

She looked down at him, lying still in the moonlight, with the spear in his side, then turned away with a shudder.

"Am so tired, Wokaby, we'll go to the end of the timber and camp till morning," she said.

"You'd better catch that other horse and hobble him."

When Wokaby came back she had already unsaddled and hobbled her own.

"How did you come here, Wokaby?" she asked.

"Mine come back dis mornin', an' I been see you ride away longa wild bush."

"We were going to Coombar," she told him.

"No fear," said Wokaby, grinning. "Dis way wild bush."

"Ah, I suspected as much," Carrie declared.

"How is it we didn't see you?"

"Mine been with round tree like it goana;

den me follow track all day. When night come on, me stick um spear longa ground an' sleep. By'n'bye me hear um horse make haste bery fast, an' gun schoot. Make me jump."

"Yes," said Carrie, impatiently. "But what kept you so long, Wokaby?"

"Mine go wrong camp just time—long way."

"I see, an' why didn't you coo-ee when you saw us this morning?"

"Mine been frightened. Boss tell me look out—dat bad pfeiler. He schoot um me. My word!"

"Boss—Stan. Rowley. Did you find him?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yowi; boss sit down longa camp."

"How is he, Wokaby?"

"Him olright, missy. Close up walk about now."

"Tell me all about it—how he got there."

The other blacks had made a fire during this colloquy, and sitting around it, Wokaby explained, beating a tattoo on his heel with a stick.

knocked-up horses, and the other two acting as guides; and with the first blush of dawn a tumultuous barking of dogs and the remonstrances of drowsy natives announced their arrival at the camp.

Carrie's attention was at once attracted by the excitement of an elderly gin. She rushed to a new gonyah that stood aloof from the others.

"Hey! Tinanley," she yelled, "little white Mary come up!"

"Little white Mary" was at the gonyah in an instant. "Stanley!" she cried, peering in.

"Carrie! My poor little girl, is that you?" was the response.

She stepped in and dropped limply on the edge of the possum rugs that covered him. Wokaby followed almost immediately, and dropped a heavy package alongside her. "Yo'r go!" he explained, and walked out.

"I staked everything on that—and won," said Carrie, answering his inquiring look.

"And Jarvers?"

"Wo'ahy's spear keeps him."

A WAY OUT.

They don't believe in convention at Wombat. A traveller says when he and his mate struck that wayback township the two pubs and every shop and store were full to the cellars with visitors. A race meeting was on, and it was impossible to get a bed anywhere. They went back to the station and asked the master if any train was likely to happen along, for if so they wanted to spend the night in a cattle truck or the engine room. But no train was expected till next morning. It was a cold night, and the visitors thought they would have to walk about all night, for they would get frozen if they slept out in the open. As they paraded the peaceful streets a policeman hove in sight. "Here's a chance," said Bill. "How do you make that out?" inquired Jim. "I'll show you," Bill went on. "Hi, constable, I give this man in charge for insulting behaviour." Pat looked at him. "And," said Jim, tumbling to the idea, "I give him in charge for using abusive language in a public place." They both talked loudly, and gave each other in charge, so Pat said, "Come along with me, boys, I'll have to put you both in the lock-up." That was just what both wanted, but when they reached the Government edifice Bill asked cautiously, "I hope you've got clean blankets." "What?" cried Pat. "I suppose you'll be wanting supper next and a glass of grog." "That's just what we do want," said Jim, "and can't you find a partner so we can have a little game of cards?" They went into the policeman's house first, and Mrs. Pat welcomed them warmly. It took some time before the light penetrated Pat's mind, but when he discovered how he had been taken down he enjoyed the situation royally, and supplied not only clean blankets, but a rabbit pie and bottle of whiskey, and entertained his prisoners till the small hours. Next afternoon the travellers caught the train to the still more distant township of Come-By-Chance. Their fame had travelled before them, and when they stepped out on the platform to their huge astonishment a peeler came up to them and said, "If you are the gents that stayed all night in Wombat lock-up, I'll be able to put you up here for the night. It's hard to get a room this week." But the visitors did not want to go to gaol any more, and by hunting round and paying double tariff they managed to secure a shakedown in Come-By-Chance.

Brown is unfortunate. Not the Brown you know, another Brown altogether. He has been in trouble three times through being caught smoking in non-smoking compartments in railway trains, and this is how he took his revenge. The other evening when the train in which he was riding arrived at the railway station, the stationmaster of which was the last to have him fined for disobeying the injunctions re smoking, he thrust his head out of the window, and called angrily: "Porter! Porter! Bring the stationmaster here. Bring him immediately." The tone implied that something very serious was wrong, and the stationmaster was trotted out. "Smoking in this compartment is against the regulations, I believe," said Brown to the eager official. "Yes, this is a non-smoking compartment." "Then" said Brown, sternly, "I wish to make a most emphatic complaint about the smoking that is going on here." "Smoking is not allowed," said the stationmaster to the other passengers. "Then, why don't you stop it? Why don't you stop it?" cried Brown angrily. "But who is smoking?" asked the stationmaster. "Have you no eyes?" ejaculated Brown. "The confounded lamp is smoking." Then, while the passengers yelled, Brown felt himself avenged.

How is this for economy?—A parson at a suburban church was bemoaning the fact that the church did not receive the whole-hearted support of a few years ago, and in consequence they were reluctantly compelled to go in for economy. We are doing away with the soprano, that saves £25 a year; the choir conductor, that's another £25, and we are going to dispense with the curate, but we're getting the sewerage on."



AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT SEA.—SCENE II.

... || - ||| "

It was true that the blacks had carried him away, but at his own request. After Wokaby had left the caves, Jarvers had plotted with the blacks to carry off his mate and kill him. But Jarvers was disliked by them, whilst they remembered many kindnesses at the hands of Stanley Rowley. Thus it came that they told him of the plot, and, fearing to remain in his helpless state, he contrived so that Jarvers should think they had done as he desired.

Next morning, accompanied by Wokaby, Carrie went back to the waterhole and recovered her buried treasure. Then they set out together for the camp, the other three blacks following with the pack-horse. Their progress was slow, and when night closed on them they had still a long way to travel. But Carrie would not stop. Love laughed at fatigue, and slower still they continued, climbing hill after hill, their rugged way rendered more difficult by a clouded sky. By midnight they were all afoot, three leading

"The horses?"

"They're here,"

"Good girl!" he said, simply; and drawing her to him, he kissed the tired little face that was turned up to his.

There were several members of Parliament in the back bar, which was crowded with people who had swarmed in from one of the theatres, and two politicians, who were in the habit of hurling bitter things at each other across the seats, suddenly found themselves face to face. "You called me a blithering jackass with a crapulous bias in the House to-night," said one. "I did, and you said I was closely related to a congenital idiot, and was developing most of the family characteristics." "I did. Well, what of it?" "Only this—we're a pretty pair. Come and have a drink." And they had it.

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HOW REBECCA, DAUGHTER OF ISAAC THE JEW, TRIUMPHED OVER THE WICKED BARON.

The Baron was restlessly pacing the hall. His eyes were fixed on the portrait of his father. His excrements were large, and his income was small. And his steward had told him that the Jew's housekeeper's struck, and the cook was to be the other retainers. "I'm sorry to hear that they mean to give warning," he declared.

The Baron was wrathful, and also pert. In truth, he was no wonder, he felt a little for really he didn't know what to do. His cash-box was drained altogether. But then the bold Baron had been a Jew. He always insisted on "going the pace." So the consequence was that the last of his had at length reached the end of his

He need to and fro, with his eyes on the Jew. He twirled his moustaches, and mumbled. At length he said: "Steward, can you speak? Whither we may meet our expenses? The steward he winked, stuck his tongue out, and said: "Though it ain't for a Jew to speak.

There's old Isaac, the Jew, he's both a Jew and his wealth, I'm informed, quite a little. And his wealth, I'm informed, quite a little.

"Olds fish!" roared the Baron. "I must have been all this time without this Jew. He's stacks of the shiners both here and there. We'll just canter over and try him. We didn't I think of this method before. He's a regular gold mine, and just at hand. But, hark! we'll soon have a bit of it. And if he objects, why, we'll try him."

"What ho, there!" he shouted. "Go and bid my retainers prepare with all haste. We'll just canter over and take what we can from our neighbour, old Isaac, the Jew. And though it would cause me great grief, if he should object, as I darsay he will, we must just pull a few of his teeth. He forks out a thousand or two."

"Bring hither my boots, and replenish them. And bid my retainers don armour and be ready. We'll just canter over and try him. 'Tis less for myself than for them. Let's hope that old Isaac will have to part without trouble pounds, shillings, and pence. Unless the old fool should attempt to do otherwise, I've no wish to proceed to extremities."

"Yet 'twill be just as well to bring with us some of our own. We're accustomed to use on occasions. These Israelites sometimes are stubborn. So we may have to try severe means. I leave it to you, my bold troopers. But for my part I fancy the best way is to reveal where they've planted their

The troopers were soon in their armour. And then there was scuffling and noise. The proposed expedition was just at hand. And met with their full approbation. For in those merry days, when a Baron was usual to capture a Jew and exorcise his means of hot pinners and things of the kind, his coveted treasure's location.

And if the poor Hebrew refused to do where his treasure lay hid, why, then, he was pulled out the nails of his fingers. Or roasted him over a flame. And the Hebrews, although they were not a Jew, yet the bulk of them greatly profited. So, in view of such treatment, they admitted the force of the claim.

The troopers laughed loud as on horseback they were all what the Yanks call a lot. And one and all vowed they'd be in the Jew's den ever knowing anything finer. The hoofstrokes rang loud on the pavement. As they swept on their course with a whirlwind.

And great was their glee as they saw Old Isaac of every shiner.

Now, rouse up, old Isaac, and fasten on your boots. For truly you are in a perilous state. If the Baron sets at you I pity you. For he's brought a brigadier to ride. If once at your portal they ever come, that riotous lord and his true knight, Why, Isaac, 'twill soon be all over you. For as sure as you're living they

Old Isaac he sat in his library chair. (He'd bought the house cheap, as you may remember.) That's how the old usurer came to be. He looked through the window and then called to his daughter: "Rebecca, here's dot Baron a-comin', and 'spos from the aspect of things, that he's here. Undt he's got all his troopers asse

"Oh, s'help me! mein gracious! Oh! Shoost look at dot villainous, blood-undt de cellar all filled vit mine an' (Here he capered with rage and Rebecca, me tear, I was feel very hot. If dey vonce get in here dey vos kill Oh, hev your poor fader, or else I And he tore out his scanty grey

"Main fader," said Rebecky, "don't. Our cause is a just one, so we are. Shoost leave it to me, undt you vos But vot vill you gif me, old stage? Dere's a nice diamond ring hangin' Undt an emerald brooch, mit a few You gif dose to me, undt I'll soon On dot Baron." Growned the

"All right!" said Rebecky: "now I'll run to der kitchen so kvick as Golladet every vash-tub undt keddle. Undt fill 'em brimful mit hot vate. Then if they should come here, I'll figs.

We'll be scald their hides as the pigs." Cries Isaac, delighted, "Rebecca, I've got a headpiece you've got, mein

Rebecca had hardly got ready before the Baron and party rode up to the door. When they found it was bolted, they swore.

And began at the portals to beat. Poor Isaac felt scared, as, indeed, he should. But Rebecky assured him the danger was added. "Dear fader, don't fret. We'll soon let 'em know vot's th

 907 SOLITAIRE SCARF PIN. Perfectly white and brilliant, 4 or 1 carat stones, hand-set in heavy gold-filled mountings. They cannot be distinguished from the genuine. Price, 6s.	 CLUSTER SCARF PIN. Ten beautifully white and perfectly brilliant stones, flashing and sparkling around a Ruby, Emerald or Turquoise Opal Centre. The most beautiful and stylish Scarf Pin ever worn. Price, 12s.	 TWIN RING. A graceful and stylish design. Two exceptionally white and sparkling stones, perfectly matched, or combinations of any colour. Cannot be told from the genuine. Worth £25. Price, 10s.	 ROUND BELCHER. A Ring that seems to be worth at least £40. Heavy hand-made mountings, set with a large, magnificent sparkling stone. The most popular man's ring of the day. Price, 8s.	 714 FLAT BELCHER. The most popular ring of the times. Warranted for fifteen years. This ring cannot be told from a ring set with a genuine diamond. Worth £20. Price, 18s.	 TIFFANY RING. An exact copy of the original Tiffany design. The ring is hand-made, with perfect care. You absolutely cannot tell the ring from one with a genuine diamond worth £25. Price, 6s.	 557 SMALL MARQUISE RING. Beautiful pure white brilliant stones, with Ruby, Emerald or Turquoise centre. The original was worth £75. Price, 12s.	 HORSESHOE SCARF PIN. A magnificent sparkling collection of pure white stones, mounted in heavy filled gold, warranted for fifteen years. Seems worth £25. Price, 8s.	 908 SOLITAIRE STUD. Perfectly white and brilliant, 4 or 1 carat stones, hand-set in heavy gold-filled mountings. They cannot be distinguished from the genuine. Price, 6s.
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And began at the portals to beat. Poor Isaac felt scared, as, indeed, he should. But Rebecky assured him the danger was added. "Dear fader, don't fret. We'll soon let 'em know vot's th

A well-timed Timber P...

A MENAVAL ROMANCE.

HOW REBECCA, DAUGHTER OF ISAAC, THE
JEW, TRIUMPHED OVER THE WICKED BARON.

The Baron paced restlessly the hall:
This man had done well with him lately at all;
His expenses were large, and his income was small,
And his steward had told him that morning:
"An ill-placed Jew, my lord, here's the devil to pay,
The house's a wreck, and the cook will not stay,
He'll be the death of us, I'm sorry to say,
Declare that you mean to give warning."

The Baron was thoughtful, and also perplexed:
In truth, 'twas under he felt a bit vexed,
For really he didn't know what to do next—
His cash-box was drained altogether:
But then the Baron had been a "hard case,"
Who always insisted on "going the pace."
So the consequence was that the last of his race
Had at length reached the end of his tether.

He paced to and fro, with his eyes on the ground:
He twisted his moustaches, and moodily frowned.
At length he said: "Steward, can no way be found
Whereby we may meet our expenses?"
The steward he winked, stuck his tongue in his cheek,
And said he: "Though it ain't for a servant to
speak,
There's old Isaac, the Jew, he's both aged and weak,
And his wealth, I'm informed, quite immense is."

"Olds fish!" roared the Baron. "I must be a fat
To have been all this time without thinking of that:
Why, he's sacks of the shiners both heavy and fat:
We'll just cater over and try him.
Why didn't I think of this method before:
He's a regular gold mine, and just at our door;
But, hence it, we'll soon have a bit of his store,
And if he objects, why, we'll try him."

"What ho, there!" he shouted. "go, saddle my
steed,
And bid my retainers prepare with all speed:
We'll just cater over and take what we need
From our neighbour, old Isaac, the Jew.
And though it would cause me great sorrow, yet
still,
If he should object, as I daresay he will,
We must just pull a few of his toenails, until
He forks out a thousand or two."

"Bring hither my boots, and replenish my flask,
And bid my retainers don armour and casque:
We'll set out forthwith to accomplish our task—
It's less for myself than for them it is—
Let's hope that old Isaac will have the good sense
To part without trouble pounds, shillings and pence,
Unless the old fool should attempt a defence,
I've no wish to proceed to extremities."

"Yet 'twill be just as well to bring with us the tools
We're accustomed to use on recalcitrant fools—
These Israelites sometimes are stubborn as mules—
So we may have to try severe measures.
I leave it to you, my bold troopers, to choose:
But for my part I fancy the boot or thumb-screws
As much the best means to make obstinate Jews
Reveal where they've planted their treasure."

The troopers were soon in their armour encased,
And then there was saddling and mounting in haste:
The proposed expedition was just to their taste,
And met with their full approbation.
For in these merry days, when a Baron ran short,
'Twas usual to capture a Jew and extort,
By means of hot pincers and things of that sort,
His coveted treasure's location.

And if the poor Hebrew refused to disclose
Where his treasure lay hid, why, they just slit his
nose,
Or poked out the nails of his fingers and toes,
Or roasted him over a flame.
And the Hebrews, although they were fond of their
"tin,"
Yet the bulk of them greatly preferred a whole
skin.
So, in view of such treatment, they quickly gave in,
And admitted the force of the claim.

The troopers laughed loud as on horseback they got:
They were all what the Yanks call a "hard-looking"
lot:
And one and all vowed they'd be instantly shot
If they'd ever known anything finer.
The hoof-strokes rang loud on the sun-hardened soil
As they swept on their course with much dust and
noise.
And great was their glee as they vowed to despoil
Old Isaac of every shiner.

Now, to our old Isaac, and fasten your gate,
For you are in a perilous state:
If the Baron sees at you I pity your fate.
For he's brought a firebrand to roast you,
If once your mortal they ever come through,
That night he'll and his truculent crew,
Why, Isaac, 'twill soon be all over with you,
For as long as you're living they'll roast you.

Old Isaac sat in his library chair
(He'd bought the house cheap, as 'twas out of
fashion,
That's what the usurer came to be there).
He looked through the window and trembled:
Then he thought of his daughter: "Rebecca, my dear,
Here's the Baron's comin', and s'help me, I fear,
From the best of things, that he's steering for."
And he called to his troopers assembled.

"Oh, s'help me, my gracious! Oh, vot shall I do?
Shout to the devil's villainous, bloodthirsty crew,
Undt' they'll fill me with mine money-bags, too
(Here he looked with rage and despair).
Rebecca, me to r, I vos feel very bad:
If dey vos get in here dey vos kill your old dad:
Oh, help me, my fader, or else he'll go mad,"
And he looked on his scanty grey hair.

"Mein fader," said Pecky, "don't be so alarmed:
Our cause is a just one, so we are thrice armed,
Shout to 'em if it's me, undt you will not be harmed,
But we'll not let you off me, old stager?
Here's the Baron's ring hanging up in der shop,
Undt an' a small brooch, mit a fine ruby drop:
You give 'em to me, undt I'll soon put a stop
On de Baron." Groaned Ike, "It's a vager."

"All right," said Rebecca: "now hark to my plan,
I'll run to der Baron so quick as I can,
Goll'de coins vos mit me, undt keddle undt pan,
Undt 'em I'll bring mit hot water.
Then if they should come here, those swaggering
pigs,
We'll just scald their hides as the Franks scald their
pigs."
Cris Isaac, delighted, "Rebecca, I tries:
Vot a hand-pike you've got, mein dear daughter."

Rebecca had hardly got ready before
The Baron and party rode up to the door.
When they found it was bolted, dear me, how they
swore.
And Isaac at the portals to batter,
Poor Isaac felt scared, as, indeed, well he might,
But Rebecca assured him the danger was slight,
And added, "Dear fader, don't fret; it's all right,
We'll soon let 'em know vot's the matter."



The eldest Miss Blossom is Rather Pleased with the NUMBER of her New Motor.

"What ho!" roared the Baron. "Come, Jew, let
us in.
Or else if you don't, by the hair on my chin,
I swear that your wizened old carcass I'll skin,
And with your own hide flagellate you,
Ho! hurry up, Black Jack, bring hither thy axe,
And smash me these doors with a few lusty whacks;
Ho! Isaac, my worthy, you'd better make tracks;
You know not what tortures await you."

But scarcely had Black Jack applied the first blow,
When Rebecca sang out to her servants, "Let go!"
And forthwith, on the heads of the troopers below,
A cascade of water all hot
Was discharged by the servants, who thought it great
fun,
And shouted: "Come on, lads, we've only begun;
There's plenty more water; we haven't half done;
We've enough here to scald the whole lot."

The welkin resounded with agonised yells,
As the troopers were scalded like crabs in their
shells,
While high o'er the din, like a peal of sweet bells,
Rebecca's clear laughter rang loudly,
And even old Isaac himself wore a grin
When he saw that the Baron had failed to get in,
As he thought how Rebecca had saved all his tin,
He regarded her fondly and proudly.

The Baron, be sure, wasn't anxious to stay,
With his troopers around him he fled in dismay:
All reckoned they'd had quite enough for one day,
So hurried off home at top speed.
And during the space of some two or three weeks
Doffed their dish-cover helmets and cast-iron breeks,
And, with manifold curses and pitiful squeaks,
Did sorely repent their rash deed.

What after occurred when the Baron got well
Tradition don't say, so I therefore can't tell.
He doubtless consigned poor old Isaac to hell—
As he tossed off his third or fourth beaker.
But this I may say, that so far as is known,
From that luckless day he left Isaac alone,
And whenever he heard his name mentioned a groan
Would startle the innocent speaker.

But worthy old Isaac, he gave a great feast,
The guests must have numbered a hundred at least.

He told them how beauty had vanquished the beast;
They vowed it was perfectly glorious.
And as the old gentleman, sipping his grog,
Related with glee how the vile Christian dog
Had been scalded all over like some defunct hog,
Their mirth became simply uproarious.

Though some of the ladies looked just a bit sour
At finding Rebecca hailed queen of the hour;
But as to detrone her was out of their power,
They swallowed their anger and smiled.
While the gentlemen present, with one accord, avowed—
But the gentlemen present, with one accord, avowed—
While the maid with a blush her acknowledgments
bowed—
That Isaac had excellent cause to be proud
Of possessing so worthy a child.

Long years have rolled by since that banquet was
spread;
The souls of the feasters have long ago fled.
The bad Baron also has long since been dead,
And now swells the ranks of the misty 'uns.
But to this very day, in the Hebrew archives,
Though Rebecca's departed, her fame still survives,
Her descendants relate to their children and wives
How their ancestress bested the Christians.
ALLAN F. WILSON.

Clatterhack was a friend of Winkydoodle's
halcyon days, and had followed that youth's ex-
ample before he had set it, that is he had done
himself in a year or so previous to Winky's dis-
solution. His friends had felt his defection from
the bachelor brigade rather keenly, and had been
unkind enough to say that once he had given
his name to Mrs. C. he would have no chance
to exercise his punning prerogative, his charmer
having more ability to clatter back in the way
of repartee than himself. Thus it was that he
got into the habit of insinuating that it was
his quondam boon companions who wishing to
consult him on business subjects, kept him later
than his devoted wife would have wished, and
Winkydoodle being the one least likely to come
into contact with any of Mrs. C.'s friends, was
generally used as the scapegoat. Mrs. Clatter-
hack naturally came to have a horror of this

unseen monster who tempted her dearest dear to
stay at those horrid late Y.M.C.A. meetings,
and sent him home rather confused by the
lengthy arguments (with examples) as to the
best brand of coffee to take after office hours.

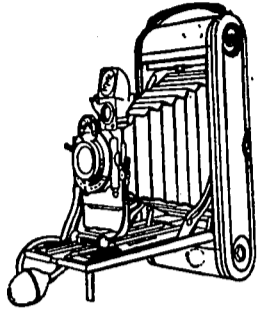
This was all very well, as long as Winky was
a gay bachelor, but when he had to account to
a higher power for his actions pre-historic and
otherwise, it was another story. Mrs. Clatter-
hack when she heard the news was full of sym-
pathy for Mrs. Winky, and frequently compared
her happy lot (with always the saving clause of
Winkydoodle's influence) with that of her un-
known neighbour. It happened that one night,
Winky found it necessary to work back, no hun-
kum this time, and returning late from the city,
met Clatterhack in a parlous state, trying the
various lamp-posts with his front-door key. Hav-
ing rescued him from posting himself in a
handy pillar, he kindly offered to see him home,
which offer, forgetting the reputation he had
manufactured for Winky, Clatterhack accepted
with a heart too full for words. On arrival at
C.'s desirable suburban residence, he rang at
the bell, and proceeded to make good his escape.

But with affection born of experience, Clatter-
hack clung to his friend, and with the appear-
ance of the curl-ragged kimona-clad Mrs. C.
burst forth in resistless eloquence of beer.
"Thish old fren, Winky; come in, ol' shap."
But with one arm Mrs. C. clutched her recalci-
trant hubby, and, turning to Winky with a
scathing look, made answer: "This is just
what might have been expected, seeing whom it
is you are with—that poor dear shall hear of
this," and, slamming the door in the face of
injured innocence, she retired within, with her
own. When a few days later Mrs. Winky re-
ceived an anonymous letter from a well-wisher,
Winky found it more difficult than ever to ex-
plain matters, and began to wish he had never
had a past, or that those friends who had
better-halves would get into the habit of choos-
ing an unfettered scapegoat for their sins.

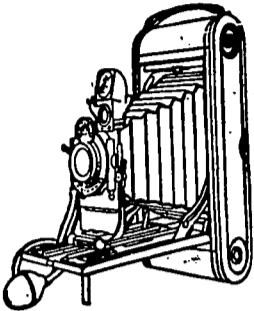
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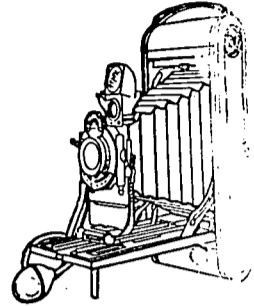
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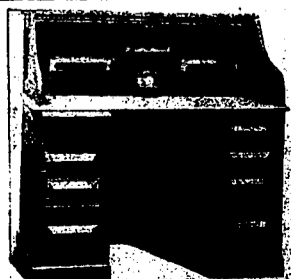
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ONE DOOR FROM COLLINS ST.



WIFE.—"If I were to go HUSBAND.—"I dunno. ..."

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES

By The Larrick
 Henry Kaufmann was hurrying from a hotel one cold, foggy muffled up in a rough tweed due rather to eccentricity than he, an inhabitant of such a was walking to a concert just he neared a small wayside place interest was arrested by two trels, whose melody suddenly "Oh, father, you are not again, are you? Oh, what shall he kicked out for good poor girl, as she leant against her companion, a poor old man with hunger and age, drooping too tired to draw his bow. Started by the girl's cry, ped, hurried towards them. looked at his watch and mut have to wait," then once more strolling musicians who need "Can I help the old man. "Why is he here? He is not such a night. What is wrong "Oh, sir, do coax him to he will be all right directly finds him ill again we are I get. "Why, what has the public it? See, he has fainted. cab and take him home. L the gutter, and a well-seasoned Why is he here on such a night "It'll be all over, directly ter," the old man muttered, chance and it won't happen. have not gone past yet; give "You see, sir," the girl e for our living outside this I getting old, so old and weak we haven't been able to con happens again the publican, employer, will kick us out again, for we owe him some play here as the people go and theatres, and sometimes stop and drink while they ing." "Here is a sovereign, w rent. Now take your father let him out again for a we starved." "Thanks! Thanks, strange us," the old man replied, polite in your talk to my of the men who accost us of must play on to-night for h til the entertainment halls come back again in about will lose the only job I h we keep the sovereign and feeling a deal better?" "Here, give me your viol You, girl, take your father play half-an-hour for you. and I'll do your work now atres are closed to-night. C your little harp, and we'll the landlord won't notice t as the music continues, so So saying he picked up strummed a bit, and then "Wherever did the old f from?" he wondered. "no doubtful about trusting his lieve it is as good as my I'll use it to-night myself. all about the time. What of me at the hall? Oh wait." But the great audience impatiently waiting for the come and hold them spell sympathy of true interpre consternation of the man violinist could not be four last, when the public were be hurried into the ante-r with fog, and a very dar cased, under his coat. "I'm ready to go on now."



THINKING OF THE SHARK.

WIFE.—If I were to go in here do you think a shark would get me?
HUSBAND.—I dunno, but it would serve him dashed well right if he did."

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES.

THE MASTER VIOLINIST.

By "The Larrikin."

Mr. Kuermann was hurrying along the street from his hotel one cold, foggy night. He was muffled up in a rough tweed overcoat. It was due rather to eccentricity than necessity that he, an inhabitant of such a fashionable hotel, was walking to a concert instead of riding. As he neared a small wayside public-house his interest was arrested by two wandering minstrels, whose melody suddenly ceased.

"Oh, father, you are not going to be ill again, are you? Oh, what shall we do? We shall be kicked out for good now," sobbed the poor girl, as she leant against her harp, while her companion, a poor old man, faint and weak with hunger and age, dropped on the kerbstone too tired to draw his bow over the fiddle.

Startled by the girl's cry the stranger stopped, hurried towards them, and then hesitated, looked at his watch and muttered: "They will have to wait," then once more turned to the strolling musicians who needed help.

"Can I help the old man, child?" he said. "Why is he here? He is not fit to be out on such a night. What is wrong with him?"

"Oh, sir, do coax him to play on; I am sure he will be all right directly. If the publican finds him ill again we are done for," she begged.

"Why, what has the publican got to do with it? See, he has fainted. Let me put him in a cab and take him home. Look at his fiddle in the gutter, and a well-seasoned looking one, too. Why is he here on such a night?"

"It'll be all over, directly; I'm feeling better," the old man muttered; "give us another chance and it won't happen again; the people have not gone past yet; give us another try."

"You see, sir," the girl explained, "we play for our living outside this hotel, and father is getting old, so old and weak that several nights we haven't been able to come here, and if it happens again the publican, our landlord and employer, will kick us out and won't employ us again, for we owe him some rent even now. We play here as the people go up to the concerts at the theatre, and sometimes the young men will think while they listen to our play-

ing that a sovereign, which will pay your rent, will take your father home, and don't come again for a week, the old fellow is fit to die."

"Thank you, stranger, you are kind to us," the old man replied, "and you are more kind than my father, who is more than most of the men who accost us of a night, but I really don't care to-night for half-an-hour more unless the entertainment halls are open, and then come back again in about two hours, else I will lose the only job I have at present. May we have the sovereign and go on playing, I am sure it'll be a deal better?"

"I'll give you my violin, I can play a bit. You will take your father home, and I will play half-an-hour for you. Nurse the old man, and then go on your work now and after the theatre, and to-night. Come back again with your harp, and we'll both play. Perhaps the landlord won't notice the alteration as long as the music continues, so go at once."

"I'm saying he picked up the violin, tuned it, examined a bit, and then began to play. However, did the old fellow get the violin from?" he wondered, "no wonder he seemed doubtful about trusting me with his pet. I believe it is as good as my Strad. Such tone. I'll use it to-night myself. To-night! I forgot all about the time. Whatever will they think of me at the hall? Oh, bother! let them wait."

But the great audience at the hall was very impatiently waiting for the master violinist to come and hold them spellbound with the real sympathy of true interpretation. To the great consternation of the management the famous violinist could not be found at his hotel. At last, when the public were nigh tired of waiting, he hurried into the ante-room, his coat white with fog, and a very dark stained violin, uncased, under his coat.

"I'm ready to go on now," he replied in answer

to the complaint of his manager as to his tardiness. His late arrival had somewhat damped the ardour of the applause which greeted his appearance. But though he may have disappointed his admirers on his late appearance, never before had his playing raised such a furore of unrestrained delight; the audience jumped on their chairs and cheered him to the echo. The good old violin or his sympathetic nature had moved every heart. They recalled him again and again to receive the approbation of many who half-an-hour previous were moved with indignation at his indifferent treatment of his admirers.

He explained to his manager that he had an important private engagement, and could not lengthen his programme, short though it was.

"If it is so urgent let me call a hansom at once," said the manager.

"No, I don't want a cab, I will walk back at once to my appointment," he explained to his astounded manager.

"It seems to be an all-absorbing appointment to you, and far more so than your public reputation, Herr Kuermann," the manager sneered.

"Aye, you are right, there, Mr. Smith. I have just found something more interesting than the plaudits of your fickle foreigners, though they have just given me a good time, I must admit."

"Nay, I ask your pardon, Herr. While you were playing I was so moved that every stroke of your bow drew forth one more forgiving thought and wish that I had not thought harshly of you. I can forgive you anything after to-night. You are inspired. By-the-way, you used a somewhat dilapidated instrument. May I see it?"

"Yes, to-morrow you may, for I intend to buy it to-night, if the owner will sell. But no more now; I must be off. I must not be late for this particular appointment."

Kuermann then turned and walked off to keep the appointment he spoke of. He reached the lane, at the corner of which the hotel stood where he was to play, just as the clocks were striking the hour before midnight. No girl was in sight. He tuned up his new-found pet, strummed a little, and was ready to play when the girl came down the lane, struggling with her heavy harp.

"My child, I forgot you would have that load; you must forgive me."

"Oh, 'tis nothing," she bravely replied, panting with the exertion. "I am quite used to it now. What shall we play? Do you know many tunes? We have no music stands, so I could not bring you any music score."

"That's all right, little one, give me the order of the tunes you played this evening, for I certainly know the last one that you played, I used to play it with a big brother I once had. We Hungarians love our nation's music."

"You Hungarian! I do love to hear of that country. My father has been there. He has some strange words scratched on that violin by his brother. Let us play now, we can talk afterwards. I love Hungarian music, so we'll play one of Brahms' dances."

Before long three tipsy loafers left the bar to listen to the music. One big burly fellow tried to step it feebly to the music. The other two

encouraged alternately his efforts and that of the players with filthy comments. Fired by these low suggestions the bully advanced with a show of gallantry, and asked the little harpist for her company, while the fiddler chap played them a tune. Receiving no encouragement he embraced her in his arms and dragged her round in his drunken pavement sprawlings.

"Drop her, you wretch," exclaimed Kuermann, as he seized the fellow by the throat. "I'll smash your—"

But a tighter grip on the throat ended the threat in a gurgle.

"Leave him alone, you interfering bantam," interposed the brow-beaten bar-keeper. "If one of my cocks wants that little hen we'll soon put you out of the way," and he followed up his words with blows.

The three struggled. Kuermann retained the grip on the man's throat, but he was helpless against the barkeeper's onslaught. They fell in a drunken melee, the helpless child beneath. Relaxing his grip on the other's throat he struggled to his feet in time to fell the third man, who thought it safe to join in the fray. A similar blow to the barkeeper, who was rising on his hands and knees, and a kick in the ribs of the first assailant, gave him breathing time in the cowardly attack. He dragged the poor little harpist from under the heavy body of the bully, and tenderly carried her to the glare of the first lamp further down the street.

"Speak, little one; are you much hurt? Can't you move?" he eagerly asked.

But she was unconscious of everything since the crushing fall. Baffled, exhausted, alone, he knew not what to do. He ran back and got the harp and violin just as the men were recovering consciousness enough to quarrel amongst themselves as to which one had hit the others.

He knelt and spoke to her, but got no reply. Her little curls were matted with blood. Her head had crushed the wonderful violin in the fall. At last he spied a solitary cab returning to the ranks from a hurried theatre fare. He hailed the man, lifted the crushed body and musical instruments into the vehicle, and then silenced the suspicious cabby with a golden tip to drive at once to the hospital.

"It was some time before she regained consciousness. Her eyes opened in blank wonderment on the strange surroundings.

"Where am I? What has happened?" she asked.

"It's all right, my dear," he coaxed, "you only had a fall. Keep quiet and you will soon be better."

"Oh, those men. I remember it all now. Have they gone away? What has happened to my Hungarian friend?"

"I am here. Don't you know me? What is your father's name?"

"Father! Oh, yes, I must go and nurse him," she excitedly exclaimed, as she tried to rise.

"Lie down at once. He is all right. I will go and see him; but, first, where did you take him?"

"Back to our attic, sir. Oh, do go and see how he is. He was sure I would get hurt or lost. He will be coming to look for me. Do go to him."

"But where is the attic?" Kuermann asked. "Go down the lane by that horrible hotel, turn up the alley and you will come to a door at the top of the stairs. Please, please, go. I will come soon, tell him I am only a little tired, and so weak."

"You stay where you are till I come back, and then I will take you home, cheerily replied Kuermann, as he left her, went his way in the dark once more along the deserted street. Finding his way to the door, he met the old man tottering down the stairs, who greeted him with expletives.

"Where is my girl, stranger? Curse you and your gold. It was all a hellish trap to decoy my innocent child."

"Believe me, sir, I am innocent of your insinuation. We were attacked by roughs. Your daughter is in the care of a good nurse. Come back, sir, you are too weak to venture forth. Lead me upstairs and let me explain matters," coaxed Kuermann.

It was some time before the old man cooled down, only to break forth again vehemently when Kuermann offered to buy the broken violin.

"No, never, you Germans can only think of money, money. It has belonged to the Andrasseys for a couple of centuries."

"What do you know of that family?" eagerly interposed Kuermann.

"What is that to you, stranger? Still I, Jan Andrassey, am not ashamed of the name, poor and insignificant though we may always have been."

"You, Jan Andrassey? You big Jan? Nonsense, man; I knew soft Jan better than any one else."

"I am soft Jan, sir; though some despised me. But when did you know me? I don't know you: I came from Buda Pesh, and you;



A SERIOUS RISK.

SHE.—That was clever of you to save Miss Smith from drowning."

He.—I'm not so sure. You see, I had to settle her breach of promise case within a year. She said that as I had saved her life she was all mine, and then sued me for breach of promise because I declined to take delivery."

your speech seems German. I know no German like you. Did you ever know my youngest brother, dear old Louis?" the poor old man replied.

Kuermann paused in indecision, and then jumped up and cried: "It is Jan! It is Jan! I believe you now. But how you have altered. I am no German by birth. Don't you know me? I am Louis. See this watch, was it not our father's? Is this not mother's miniature? Oh, God! I have killed him with the shock; fool that I am to be so impetuous. Speak, Jan! Speak to your dear Louis!"

But the old man lay silent where he had fallen. Louis could do nothing to restore him. He left him and hurried down the street to ring the bell of the first house he could find with a doctor's plate on the gate. After much coaxing the doctor left his snug retreat. They found the old man still unconscious.

"Do anything, Doctor; even if it costs £1000 I must have him alive again; he shall live."

The doctor smiled. "If I am to cure him I can't allow you near him for a week. Run back at once to the house, and wake up the nurse; bring her here immediately, and then don't cross this doorway without my permission."

"Cruel! Cruel! Doctor, I cannot and will not leave him," he passionately replied.

"Then I must leave at once," and the doctor took up his hat and bag.

"Stay; I am wrong. You know best; but if you have any love for a stranger, save my brother," he cried.

The doctor looked in wonderment at the broad-clothed petitioner and the poor, ragged old man.

Louis went for the nurse as directed. He then had to return to his lodgings, not to sleep, but to pace the room in agony.

At early dawn he was at the old man's door to see if he had recovered consciousness, but there was little hope. Back to the hospital to try and cheer Minnetta, and to tell her that her deliverer was not only her uncle, but the world-famed musician.

Each day was spent in the same round of visits to the two patients. In the evenings he continued to draw tears from his hearers, by telling his woes through his violin. At the end of a week he was allowed to take a turn in the sick man's garret, and await the crisis.

Poor old Jan moaned heavily in his struggle for breath.

"Ten! Eleven! Midnight! and the same hard moaning."

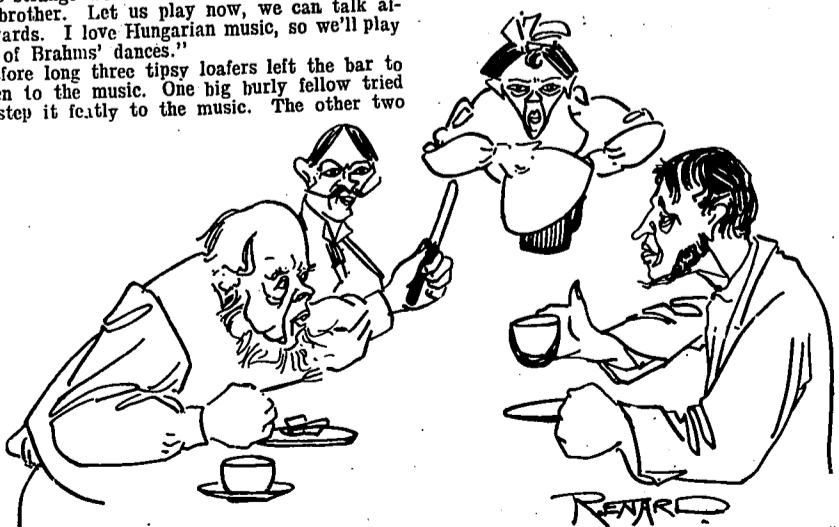
An hour past midnight, and the struggle came. The clothes shook with the body's spasmodic quivering; the haggard blue face twitched horribly in the painful struggle, a struggle of five minutes' duration; a lifetime to poor Louis; then a sudden silence. The body straight and still; the breathing just a gradual inflation of the thin nostrils. The nurse nodded to Louis to leave; the worst was over. He had fought his fight—and won.

Louis, weeping for joy, staggered down the steps into the open air.

He looked up in thankfulness. Lo! in the east the star of Bethlehem shone bright and clear, two great stars meeting to shine together but once in 1900 years—an age of time.

"Great omen," he whispered to himself, as though the thought was too good for other ears. "We two brothers, separated for an age by a secret marriage and a father's curse, a curse dragging poor Jan to these foreign street gutters, are once more united. He surely is still a genius. The good God will cure him and Minnetta; we will all travel together. I have the public at my feet, and the same glory shall halo the path of my dear old brother and little niece."

And it was but a short and happy respite of six months to the consummation of his hopes, for Herr Kuermann completed his triumphal tour through the States with a second violinist and an infant prodigy harpist, both of whom shared in, and added to, the already established fame of his bow.



THEY DON'T HAVE "COSEYS" ON THE BARCOO.

BULLOCKY BILL (from the Never Never).—"Struth, Joe! If the old scrooger ain't putting a hat on the bloomin' billy—"

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ONE DOOR
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ecialty.

THE WRONG BIRD.

The woman was carrying a small gunny-sack and several parcels. She went on to the front verandah of a cottage in a small street, put the bag on the floor while hunting for the key, opened the door, and went in. Then the gunny-sack developed two yellow legs, which protruded through holes in the material. It rose on these legs, waddled unsteadily, and fell down; rose again, and waddled foolishly into the open gas-box, and bumped foolishly into a corner, where it squatted. At this moment the woman came out, scattered an amazed glance round, and discovered a Chinaman crossing the road a little higher up. The Chow had a brown bundle under his arm. "Hi!" screamed the woman. "You come back with that there duck." The Chinaman increased his pace, and the woman dashed out after him, crying: "Stop thief!" The Chinaman took to his heels, and the woman, who was rather fat, did her best to run after him and scream at the same time. An obliging young bottle-ho, realising the situation, dropped his burrow, and made a dash for John, and John sprinted gaily down the street, bravely bearing his burden.

At the next corner two boys and a coon joined in the hunt. The Chinaman was well ahead, and going strong. A hundred yards further on two men joined in, and a little later a policeman headed the pursuers. The hunted heathen doubled down a back street into a yard, and did a bold dash right through a cottage, breaking one or two articles of furniture by the way, with the result that five members of the family rushed after him, making an entirely new pack of pursuers, which was augmented by a fat policeman and two sandcarters in the front street, and which presently joined forces with the original gang, to which fourteen schoolboys and a butcher's assistant had been added. By this time John was nearly blown, but he stuck to his burden. He was tripped up by a greengrocer, and the fat policeman fell on him. Instantly the crowd was around him. "Now, what's he done?" gasped the fat policeman. Nobody knew. The woman who started the hunt had been left hopelessly in the rear long ago. With John and his package in charge the fat policeman started to trace the hunt back to its source, and in the course of an hour discovered the woman talking excitedly with seven neighbours. "He stole me duck! A white one," she gasped. "I saw him runnin' off with it." The Chinaman's bag was opened. It contained a grey goose, and at this point the missing duck quacked aloud in the gas-box. "For why did ye run?" asked the disgusted policeman, liberating the Chow. "When people chase me, we run all a-time," said John, and he went away smiling, with his grey goose under his arm. He had stolen it from the woman next door, but that was not known till hours later.



A REASONABLE PRECAUTION.

NEW HAND.—"I say, Mister, the pigs have got to that big barrel of swill, and they're scoffing it all up."
 FARMER.—"Well, why the deuce don't you drive them away?"
 NEW HAND.—"I wanted you to see 'em at it yourself, so's you couldn't blame me."



KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES.

MORRISEY.—"I hear your old mare's dead, and you burnt her."
 MICKE KARVEY.—"Thruve for ye; what the papers would call 'incriminatin' her."

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FISH
 caught here yesterday
 Bosh! Bosh!

WHY MRS. JOHNSON AGAIN.

Johnson was dead. Though and father, he happened to be and one day, being none the st he tumbled off the bridge he w over Dingo Creek. It was a and the country below was Johnson was quite dead.

Mrs. Johnson was a careful and a born manager. She could thing except Johnson. He had horses, six children, seventeen duck, some unpaid bills and a with arrears of rent. Mrs. work from morning till night, made that farm pay; only John man—a man, too, with a super held advanced views about Mrs. Johnson had an intense her husband's genius, and when "Martha, don't talk to me; dose them ducks; ain't I ree Martha would keep a respectu all the ducks in the place tinct.

When out of a job—painting harness, frightening cockatoos, veloping the natural resources of his neighbours—Johnson expect own cows and poultry. His even revolutionary, but not at tory. He was before his time trouble, and the animals con him. They began to die off qu

After the accident there we and Mrs. Johnson had to chan horses into eight cows before dairy-farming for herself. Mrs sensible woman, and a hard

The S

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stranger said nothing; he kept on chopping wood.

When he came in for tea he had chopped enough to last a week. Mrs. Johnson gave him a square meal, and talked about dairy-farming, and the price of meat, and measles, and Johnson, and he listened intently, but said nothing all the time. The kids looked at him sideways, and Joe wanted to get out of his bed to see the visitor. Mrs. Johnson said he could sleep in the barn that night.

"All right, missus," he said. His name was Walter.

Early next morning—before the kids had brought the milkers into the shed—Walter had caught "Dodger"—the veteran, all-round, do-anything, lone-hand horse—and stuck him into the plough. When Mrs. Johnson came to help the kids milking she saw Walter and Dodger putting in slow, steady work. She smiled a long time, and forgot to scold Alice for squirting a stream of milk into little Harry's eye. Mrs. Johnson was cheerful at dinner-time. Walter made one remark:

"There's a lot o' work on a place like this." Mrs. Johnson realised that home truth. While serving the second round of stewed meat she resolved to take a bold plunge. She offered Walter a job.

"All right, missus," was all he said. She thought a bit, and then added, doubtfully: "Eight shillings a week and yer tucker."

"All right, missus," said Walter. She gave him a fourth cup of tea, and that job was done.

That was eight years ago. Walter was not a genius like Johnson—he had no notions whatever—but when told what to do (and Mrs. Johnson was a splendid director) he could potter about the place very well, and the kids worked with him. Though the farm began to pay, Walter never asked for a rise.

"I've got good tucker, a good bed, an' a good 'ome," he used to say, "and wot more does a man want?" Nothing ever moved Walter.

Mrs. Johnson was a sensible woman. She knew now, since the farm was bigger and Joe was going into the barbering business to study politics, she couldn't get along without Walter. For eight years he had put in steady work, and he was as silent and plodding as ever. But he cost her eight shillings a week, besides his tucker. It wasn't a great deal to pay, but after some reflection Mrs. Johnson thought the expense was unnecessary, and could be saved. She was a careful woman, and when Walter was putting some barbed wire round the pig-stye she came up and said:

"See the pigs don't get out, Walter."

"All right."

"And don't give 'em such hot feed again; it may bust 'em."

"All right."

"We orter be havin' good grass."

"Yes, if it rains a bit."

"I want yer to put on yer best clothes ter-morrow. Walter, and don't forget a collar. I've brought one ter yer."

"Right ver are, missus."

"We're goin' into ther township."

"There ain't no market ter-morrow."

"We ain't goin' ter market. I'm goin' ter marry yer. Don't forget yer collar. It's in yer box."

"All right, missus."

Mrs. Johnson made off to attend to the dinner, but shouted back on her road: "Walter, don't forget ther collar, an' don't let ther pigs git out!"

"All right!" Walter called back.

Mrs. Johnson's second husband is quite satisfied with his lot. He is the same as ever—a slow, steady, silent worker—used to being directed by his wife. He is not troubled with notions, but after his marriage he remarked, "I've got good tucker, a good bed, an' a good 'ome, so wot more does a man want?" And his missus is also satisfied. She lately told Mrs. Smith the place couldn't get along without Walter.

"I had to feed him, anyway, and what was the good of payin' 'im eight shillings a week when it could be saved? Walter only costs me his tucker now."

She was a careful, sensible woman, and that's why Mrs. Johnson married again. "L. E."

FISH PERJURERS

"Where's that big fish here? That's all you know. I caught a flathead here yesterday near a yard long, 'n he weighed twelve pounds."

"Pooh! 'Ep where I come from the minnows is that b.g."

WHY MRS. JOHNSON MARRIED AGAIN.

Johnson was dead. Though a good husband and father, he happened to be a handy man; and one day, being none the steadier for liquor, he tumbled off the bridge he was reconstructing over Bineo Creek. It was a fairly high bridge, and the country below was hard and stony. Johnson was quite dead.

Mrs. Johnson was a careful, sensible woman, and a born manager. She could manage anything except Johnson. He left her with four houses, six children, seventeen fowls, a lame duck, some unpaid bills and a little farm stocked with arrears of rent. Mrs. Johnson used to work from morning till night, and would have made that farm pay; only Johnson was a handy man—a man, too, with a superior mind—and he held advanced views about scientific farming. Mrs. Johnson had an intense admiration for her husband's genius, and when Johnson said, "Martha, don't talk to me; I know how to dose them ducks; ain't I read books on it?" Martha would keep a respectful silence, though all the ducks in the place might become extinct.

When out of a job—painting a fence, mending harness, frightening cockatoos, and otherwise developing the natural resources of the country for his neighbours—Johnson experimented with his own pigs and poultry. His ideas were bold, even revolutionary, but not altogether satisfactory. He was before his time, that was the trouble, and the animals couldn't understand him. They began to die off quite rapidly.

After the accident there were no cows left, and Mrs. Johnson had to change three of the horses for eight cows before she could start dairymaking for herself. Mrs. Johnson was a sensible woman, and a hard worker, and she

soon discovered that married life was a beautiful thing, but not a financial success, with a superior man like Johnson, anyway. Widowhood paid better. She worked her half-dozen kids as hard as she worked herself, and at the end of a year she was beginning to pay her way.

The wives in the district never failed to remark, for their husbands' edification, how well a sensible woman could get along without a man; indeed, in many cases—for instance, Mrs. Johnson's—a man was a positive encumbrance.

One afternoon when Mrs. Johnson was going to chop the wood a straggler came along and watched her wielding the axe. He was dressed in a coat of many colours, Crimeau shirt and moleskin pants, with large patches; he dropped his swag and waited. Outside his clothes he was a mild, unshorn, middle-aged, middle-sized, ordinary kind of man, and he didn't seem pressed for time. He waited till Mrs. Johnson turned round, and asked:

"Any chance fer a job, missus?"

Mrs. Johnson dropped the axe and stared.

"Any chance fer a job?"

"No."

"Need a bit o' fencin', or clearin'-up, or—I seed you ain't started ploughin' yet."

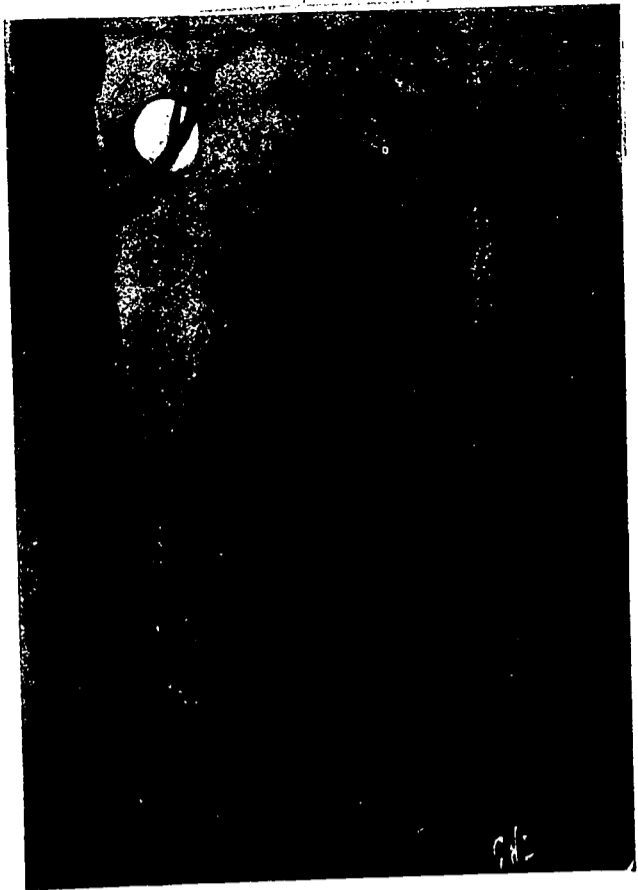
"No," she snapped. "Joe's got ther measles, and wot with cartin' ther butter to ther township meself, besides doin' some o' the milkin'—and Alice can't cook yet—I 'ad to put it off. I'm goin' to start ter-morrow."

"Do ver own ploughin', missus?"

"Curs I do."

The stranger said, "I'll chop that wood fer yer." Mrs. Johnson let him pick up the axe, and watched him making the chips fly. He worked slowly, but effectively.

"Come up and 'ave a cup of tea when you've done," she said, hurrying off to the house. The



A PROSAIN INTERLUDE.

SWAGGIE (whose presence has been undetected up to now).—"Great Scot! You two are worse 'n a couple o' cats. If you must sit up 'n canoodle all night, fer heaven's sake, get off my roof!"

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM IN THE BUSH.

They were seated on a 3-rail fence just off the old corduroy road, and they were sentimental bush lovers. He was a sleeper-getter; she was the daughter of a handy selector. They sat very closely together in the pale moonlight, and his muscular arm clasped her with a grip that would have done credit to a brown bear.

"D' yer love us?" he said.

"D' you love me?" she said.

"Oh, but you might tell a bloke if you loves him."

"Ain't I told you often?"

"Tell us agin."

"Not till you tell me."

"Why, bil' me, I told you a thousand times."

Short interval for a long hug and then an explosive kiss.

"But yer do love us, don't ver, Nellie?"

"N' you love me, too, don't yer, Bill?"

"I don't believe you love a cove at all."

"Oh, go 'long."

"No, I don't."

"Don't believe you love me a little bit."

"You're mighty frightened t' say yer love me honest, anyhow."

"Wish you wouldn't be a fool, Bill."

"Who's a fool?"

"You are."

"Oh, I am, am I? Well, I don't s'pose you want to be foolin' about with a fool. I can cut my lucky."

"Please yerself, Bill Martin."

"There, I knew it. Ain't I always said yer didn't love me? That proves."

"N' I knew all the time you wasn't really in love with me, on'y foolin'."

"I ain't foolin'; I do love yer."

"Well, why don't you say so?"

"Ain't I sayin' so? I loves yer, Nellie—I love yer fit t' kill."

"And I loves you, Bill—I do, s'elp me!"

"Nellie!"

"Bill!"

Kiss!

Kiss!!!

Hoarse voice out of the darkness: "An' now you've settled that atween yer, fer heavin's sake go 'ome 'n' let a cove get a bit o' sleep!"

There was a sundowner dosing behind the fence.

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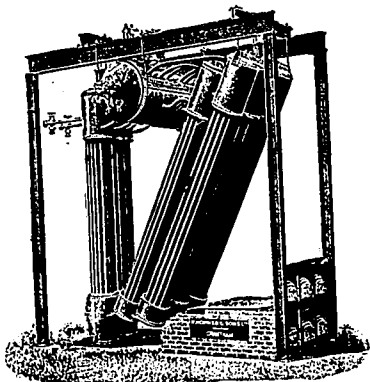
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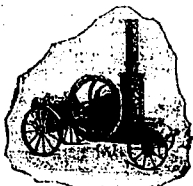


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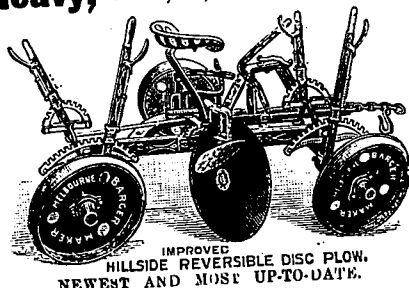
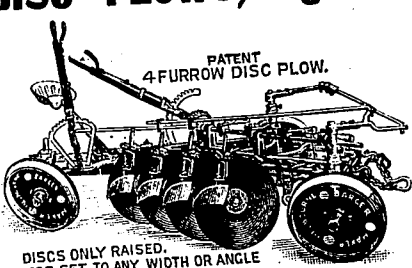
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VELVET SOAP



WASHES LINEN
SNOW WHITE

FAITH WINS

By Henry O'Donnell.

Geoffrey Lake and the motherless were seated, one evening, in the g wealthy father's residence in "The Victory," in memory of Nelson.

Captain Garnet was a retired jovial, ruddy and top full of loyal tradition. He shed a welcome around the ocean wave wherever he was.

It was his watch on deck at the means that he was doing one of walks on the balcony, at the rate an hour, which served to keep his keel, and also to keep alive the bridge of a man-o'-war. About what he called a "bit of a list" by reason of gout, he was hoister "The Sea is England's Glory."

"You know I have faith in you," said Cora, "that is to say, in she quickly added, with a slight "I have—not much faith—in know," replied Geoffrey, despondent—I fear, Miss Garnet, that—er—your judgment."

Though young and physically low he had the air of a tired quietly, with a drawl, and with parsimony of words.

The world often misjudges drawl, and yet such a man has led the forlorn hope and won the "We shall see," said Cora hope can remove mountains."

"Or transform a—Dowie—you prophet," replied Geoffrey.

"Yes!" said Cora, "or—still—make an R.A. out of an A. You know," she continued, "siast in art, and have made a mise that he will purchase, for picture by an Australian painter line in the London Royal Acad pay a good price, you may be notoriously generous to a fault me."

"That should—er—arise talent—you know—in the South said Geoffrey, with a little smile. Cora—who was intensely in-gesture of impatience, for she small change of social complimen-

Geoffrey Lake was a straggler artist. What that means let poverty tell, as they do tell, pointed man, who, like a bird in a dungeon, impotently beating its the bars of privation, his fall end, disheartened and crushed, I received a fair training at home South, and did not, as did some craft, begin to paint before he

And yet that very bane of gen was his, and his depreciation of board on lunacy. Still he was and, once before his easel, the power and penalties, soon was ideal, though he well knew in art was in a parlous state.

"I sometimes feel like—er—the dogs—and taking to wh. know—oultry farming," he re all—your encouragement—er better—you know—to cater for—than the mind."

"Would you be any happier asked Cora.

"I—er—might be richer," he sigh.

"F! Mr. Lake," said money? And as to happiness penhauer says." Opening a vol man philosopher, which lay in

It is only subjectively, and that a man or woman may be Cora Garnet was a kind of rolled into one: a rare but combination. She was both beaut herself no mean artist, she love of art, which almost a shin, and made her, at times conventionalities in her devotee of the brush. The sex probl had not obtruded itself upon lectual women who are real knew that Geoffrey Lake had, but she also knew that he nee to "prick the sides" of his ar

Arriving late in the evening in an eastern suburb, where studio he threw himself into lit his pipe. The portrait, in ful girl stood on the easel.

"Pah!" said he, with a sh to denote despair, as he dr across the face. "What's th out down his pipe, and gnaw An old habit when he was an

Oh! the puerile weakness should he vent his spleen on Merely as the portrait of a brought many guineas, and petulance, he has made of it, trosity, which engenders doubt.

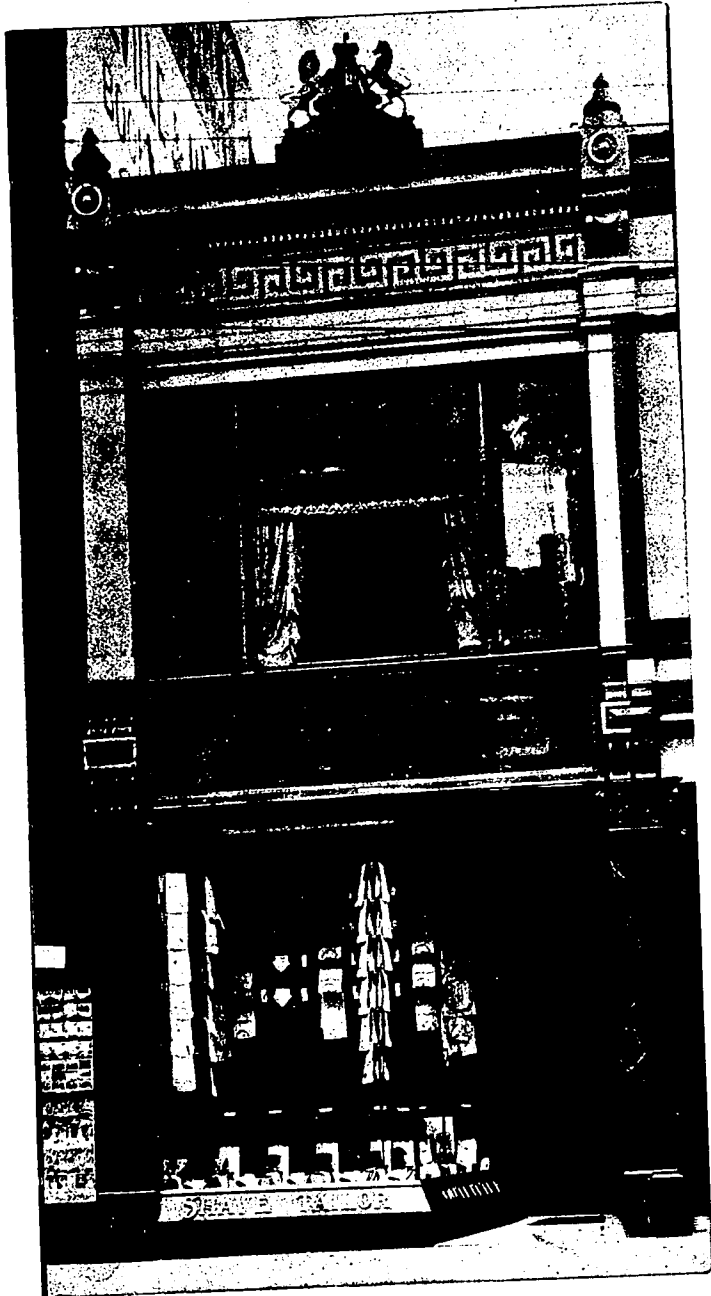
Steady! Geoffrey: a conc is the first stepping-stone to "May I enter?" said a next morning, at Geoffrey's voice of Clara Laurie, a fello his cousin, and was in the medical course at the Melbourn was also Cora's dearest girl.

As she entered Geoffrey w on a couch, still gnawing h gazing intently into vacancy, thinking hard.

Using that portion of known as the four or the ine-stick Clara exclaimed again, Geoffrey: or is it lo are so much alike that a dia Since Eve was fashioned out and liver have been at the trouble in the world, but w Hippocrates is that she gazed at the easel. "Surely Garnet has not developed on the face. Ah! no," she adde spection it looks like a woun one, extending from the l

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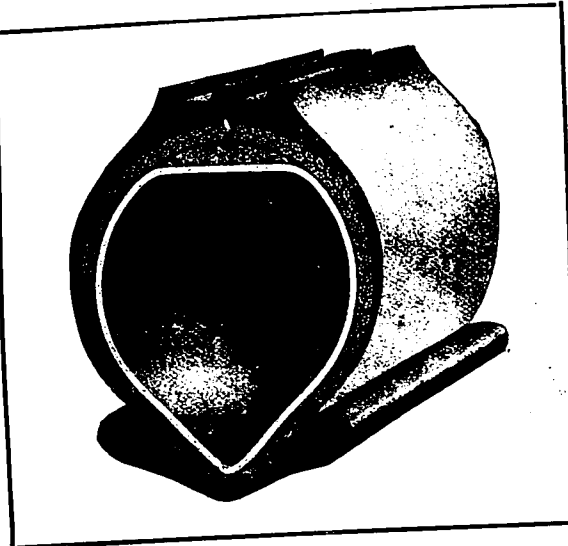
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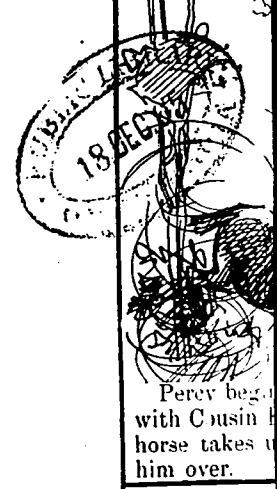
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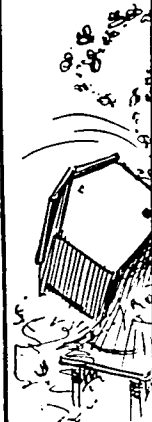
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Percy began with Cousin horse takes him over.



Percy new investic industry discover is made tell





Percy Pimpernel having been advised that young fellows should go on the land, takes a first-class ticket to Tooleybuc to experiment on Uncle Ambrose's farm.

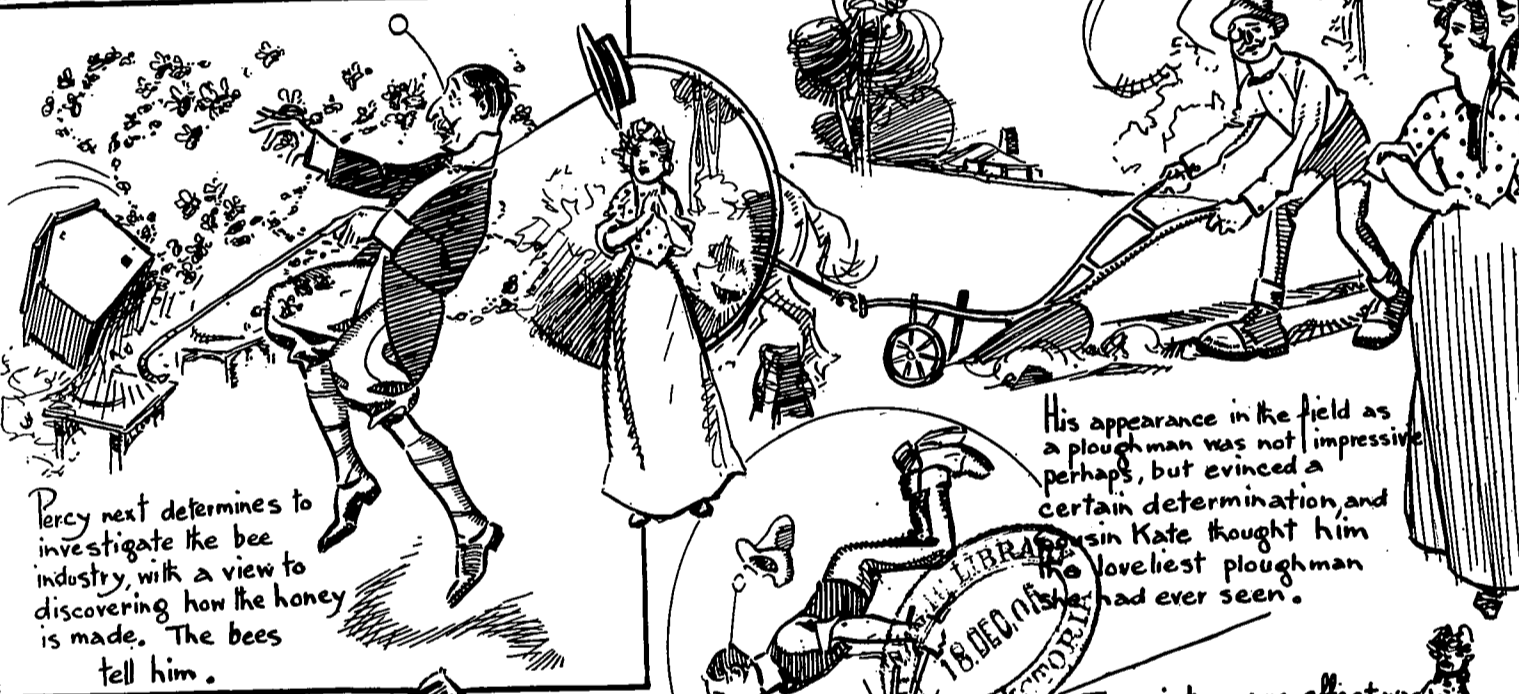
Uncle Ambrose's remarks on seeing the aspiring agriculturist are editorially suppressed, but they were intense and eloquent.



Percy begins well, getting up early to go out with Cousin Kate to gather up the cows, but his horse takes umbrage at something, and throws him over.

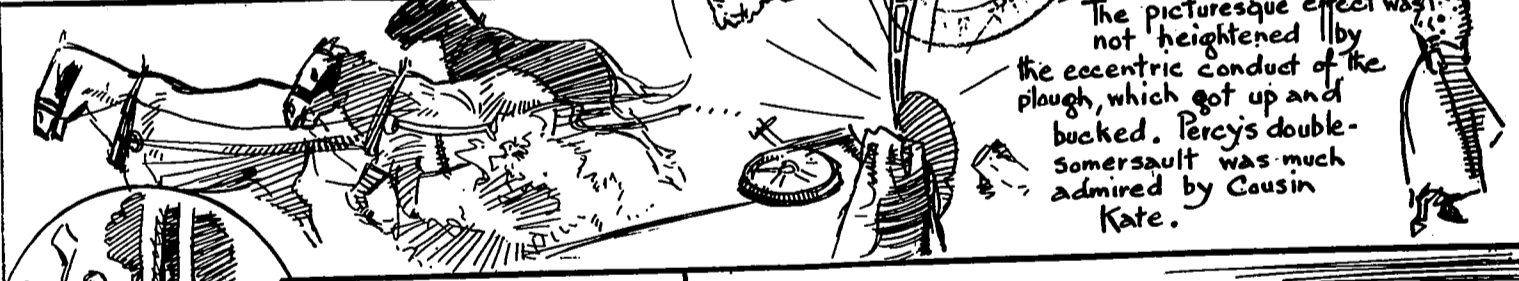


However, a kindly cow takes pity on the fallen hero, and picks him up and carries him home.



Percy next determines to investigate the bee industry, with a view to discovering how the honey is made. The bees tell him.

His appearance in the field as a plough man was not impressive perhaps, but evinced a certain determination, and Cousin Kate thought him the loveliest ploughman she had ever seen.



The picturesque effect was not heightened by the eccentric conduct of the plough, which got up and bucked. Percy's double-somersault was much admired by Cousin Kate.



As a woodsplitter Percy might have been a great success had he not lost his head early in the proceedings, and brained a cow (N.B.—It was the head of his axe he lost). "Get out, you blighted idiot!" yelled Uncle Ambrose, "you'll never do for a farmer."

"But he'll do for a farmer's daughter," simpered Cousin Kate. And Percy is still on the land.

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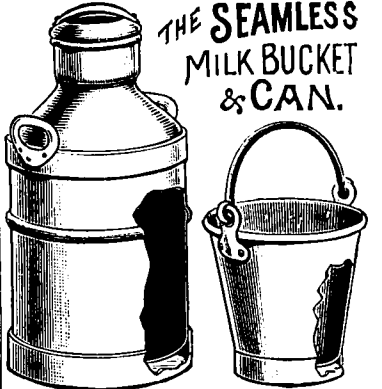
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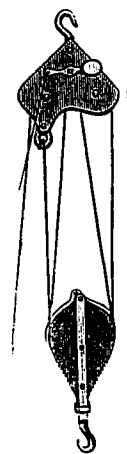
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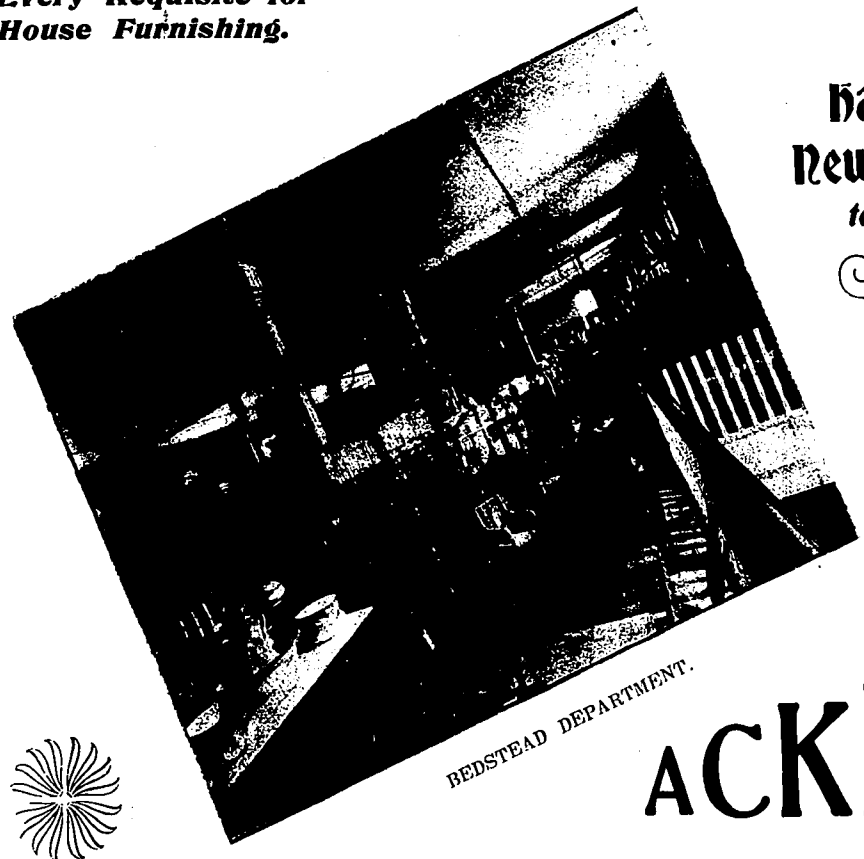


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RUPTION, THE DOG DIDN'T MEAN

By Chas. P. Smith

Ruption was a dog—of a kind. Originally been Interruption, he had been cut short. Wayback says the rest. He was no beauty—some a collie and a greyhound, with his His near forepaw had got mixed trap years ago, and several incl missing. Ruption was an outcast dogs had a dislike to him, and misery. The "hands" kicked they got an opportunity. His or Struth, the old stockhorse. The Struth, because he was never down.

Horace Brad, who professed trace his lineage back to A one—came out from the Col get "colonial experience." W ed at Bungaherri he took on Ruption. The dog could anyone being kind to him at first to it. Struth was the quietest place, and the only one Brad got to be known as the "trinity" The new chum paid his board soon got tired of station life. He ing humorous remarks about the three brothers in his family—tw and one was in Bungaherri. To visited the neighbours, particul bours who had charming daught he stayed away for a week at always accompanied him.

It was branding time at Bung Brad watched proceedings for a terest, but soon the smell of s burning flesh became too much nose, so he started for Baralooka of thirty miles. No one took a departure.

The day was hot. Struth was getic horse, so progress was slow Ruption. As he ambled on Ho were away in Surrey; Struth w piles of oats under a shady t were suddenly recalled to the p by a drag at the bit that brog on his haunches. Horace had dis off the track. He was not a not began to realise how little he l country. He had not the slightes he was. He gazed at Ruption, the opportunity to drop down o a breather. It was rapidly grov felt, however, there was no need "boys" had often told him that lost to give the old horse his

WHEN THE BIG TANK BOLTED.

The engines doing express work on the Short Hill section of the New Zealand railways were two in number—the Elephant and the Star-duster—powerful American engines, built for fast running on varying grades. When the trains were heavy the Big Tank lent a hand. She was a lighter engine, having no tender, and did suburban work on the line. Of course, the express engines travelled far beyond the limits of the twenty-seven-mile section. One winter evening the Star-duster—so called because on a grade her heavy smoke hid the stars—took hold of No. 12 train, which was the late mail from the city, and the Big Tank aided her in the heavy climb to Thomsontown, a township 500ft. above sea level.

Dan Jefferson drove the Tank, and Bob Finch was the man who hurled the Star-duster along at her thunderous 40 miles an hour. On the way up the hill Finch felt the load dragging heavily, and whistled to Jefferson. For a time there was no response, then suddenly the train ran ahead faster, showing that the rear engine was doing her share of the work again. But Finch never guessed that a battle, almost for life, had been proceeding on the Big Tank's footplate.

Harris, Jefferson's fireman, was a fiery little Welshman, usually good-natured, but quite uncontrollable when he had been drinking.

On this occasion Jefferson had noticed his in-

temperate state before leaving the city; but Jefferson was a "white man," and rather than report a fellow-worker, he would have coaled the engine himself.

It became evident as the train proceeded that the Tank was steaming badly, and her driver told Harris pretty sharply to be careful with his fire. Whereupon the irate Taffy sailed straight for Jefferson with his shovel raised.

It took Jefferson ten minutes to overpower him, strap him hand and foot with their belts, and lay him on the floor out of the way, where presently Harris went to sleep with his head on a heap of coal. At Thomsontown the Big Tank turned into a siding, there to await the arrival of No. 25—a sheep train. Jefferson said nothing of the occurrence, and the hour being late, no one came near the engine as she stood there.

Jefferson lolled about his engine for a time, and then, having released Harris and left him sleeping, he strolled over to yarn to a sleepy shunter at the goods-shed door.

When they had talked for a quarter of an hour they were surprised to hear a heavy "Puff!" from the engine.

Jefferson jumped towards her. Harris was standing in the driver's place, and she was moving ahead pretty fast when Jefferson reached her.

"Stop, you fool!" he shouted, and sprang for her gangway.

Harris struck him heavily, and he fell back.



BEYOND REPAIR.

Chips.—"Look here, Plumbob, old Rents has misled us. He asked us to do a few repairs to his kennels, and we've gone to the trouble of lumping over our tools when a box of matches is the only thing necessary."

When he rose, he saw the switch-lever spring upwards, and fall again as the engine moved the points in her passage to the main line. Then she belched hoarsely, and tore, snorting, towards Bluff Bridge, which lies northwards on the sea coast.

Jefferson rushed to the telegraph office, and the operator seized the Morse key.

"Stop No. 12," the key tapped out, and the message rattled in the sounder at Bluff Bridge, but Bluff Bridge replied:

"Gone—call up Round Rise."

It seemed an hour before the Rise replied, though in reality it was not a minute. When the message had been telegraphed that station asked:

"Why do you want her stopped?"

"Engine 99 bolted side track, her—drop her at the points. Do something."

For a moment the instruments were silent. Then Round Rise flashed these words along the wire:

"No. 25 bounds north is running ahead of time, and is crossing No. 12 here to-night instead of at the Lower Crossing. Looks bad. Can you suggest?"

The stationmaster repeated the message to Jefferson.

"Tell him to ask Finch," Jefferson said, "he may be able to stop her."

The key sounded again, and then Bluff Bridge, who had been listening to the dialogue, whistled:

"I'll try and stop her here."

"I wish I was there," Jefferson said, "the device is that sheep-train run time?"

Meanwhile the Star-duster was on the level road by the sea-shore, on one hand and the glittering other. Finch sometimes said was at her best on the "up-nice" was going home. As she went great speed-song:

"I'm running on time—on and the car-wheels echoed it."

"On time—on time."

As she approached Round Rise through which she usually flew a great clattering of wheels and saw that the signals were whistled, in no good humour, up outside the station yard. The "Come ahead slowly," and to a siding.

The stationmaster and guard the engine.

"The Big Tank is running well," master said, "and Thomsontown if you can do anything. She's Bluff Bridge at this moment. If they don't stop her she'll be lively. There are three tracks got one. Then there's No. 12 minutes, and to be given preference on the road, but you scarce in town."

At this point the cadet rushed "She's passed the Bridge luck."

"Then she'll be here soon," stop her. Send someone to well outside the station."

"All right. What's your idea?" "I'll tell you."

When the stationmaster he plained he looked doubtful. Finch spoke sharply.

"Uncouple me."

To the stationmaster he added "You'll remember the signal?" "Yes—a long call is straight cockerow means—you straight Tank."

"Right!"

They uncoupled the graceful No. 1182, Class M.—and after main line, backed towards a few over the metals for about she stopped and waited for the Soon a faint roar came from over a mile away.

"My word! She's moving said, and he gave the Star-duster. "She's coming all right."

"Now, Harry, this is ticklish get her pilot against my tail with the brakes, it will be as off a log. If not—"

At that moment the fireman "There she is!"

Finch looked, and saw the blazing as she swung round pushed the regulator forward. Star-duster's drivers bit the sprang forward.

The Big Tank was coming clone. They could see her rolling, swaying, pitching, she "hammered" the rails as Finch was gauging the dis engines.

"Go easy," he said to his firing-up.

"Right," the man replied, knew Finch, he had great judgment.

Nearer and nearer the runaway seemed she must toss No. 1182. The stationary train was a the Big Tank 200 yards he heard the No. 25 blowing for miles distant.

When the runaway's head hit the cab-roof of his engine. Finch "Now, steady!"

His eyes were on the Tank the regulator.

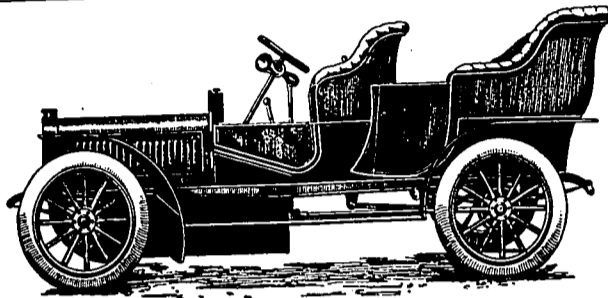
Then the Big Tank bumped "Brakes!" Finch shouted. The brakes groaned, but the Finch had shut off steam. "Take off your brakes, and But she only shuddered when Finch slipped off his coat.

"Directly I leave this cab brakes," he said to the fireman. The Star-duster's chimney lively cockerow, and she sprang to give the switchman a Tank, after the express engine the main line.

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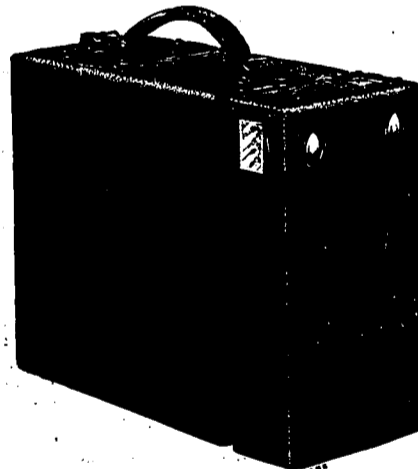
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OUR MAGPIE.

Some visitors arrived at our place. They were having a look round, and when they came to the bottom of the garden they saw a small marble slab, the word "Maggie" carved thereon, and wanted to know what it signified. It was the grave of our late lamented magpie.

That bird had a history. Many years ago it came into the yard, goodness knows from where, and stayed right on. It was only a wild, fluffy ball of wickedness at first; but soon it grew into a big, strong-beaked, iron-clawed, keen-eyed bird that spoke like a politician and sang and whistled like a music-hall star. But its inherent wickedness remained.

From its earliest youth it hated strangers. It was the terror of every tradesman who entered the yard. Chinamen, bottle-boys, children and cats—these were its special prey. There were some cheeky brats living next door, who used to kick up Sheol in our yard. Then maggie's cage had to be opened, and the yard assumed a desert calm.

One day one of these brats, bent on some mischief, climbed the fence and slipped sideways down the yard. He didn't see maggie about. He soon gained confidence, and made for the wash-house. But all the time that bird was sitting calmly on the fence, taking an intelligent interest in every one of the boy's movements; and just as he was going to bust up our maggie it pounced on him with a graceful sweep. There was a whoop, yell and dash for the fence; and that poor kid wore a huge patch of sticking-plaster under his knee for a couple of fortnights.

Maggie was also fond of rats and mice. It gave them the happy dispatch like a champion terrier. And it had a deep-rooted antipathy for cats.

On going to Scotland an aunt of ours decided to take maggie with her. It got along pretty well till they arrived in London. Then, while the cab drove along the long, crowded streets that bird started to coo-ee in a loud tone of voice; people looked round and gaped, thinking local sentiment had broken out in a violent form; but one or two replied cheerfully; they must have been Australians.

At the hotel the proprietor wondered what the black-and-white mystery could be. There was a fierce cat on the premises, and the hotel-keeper warned our aunt to take good care of the bird. He wouldn't be responsible for any damage done.

That afternoon the cat sneaked round and had a look at the cage. The cat drew nearer, softly. Maggie's features shook aggressively. The cat came to the cage. Maggie just pecked once. There was a scream, a yell, a felinic scatter—and there was one cat, anyway, that didn't come back.

They next went to Edinburgh, and stayed in a friend's house. The bird was much admired, and people came a long way to see it. It sang a number of Scotch songs, talked both Scotch and Australian, coo-ee'd, whistled and screamed.

But in this house also there was a cat. "Ye'll hae to tak care o' the burd," said the lady; "oor cat's an awfu' thief for doos (pigeons)." Maggie had just been let out of the cage, and was strutting proudly round the yard. "Oh! never mind the bird," was the reply; "it can look after itself." As they were speaking some terrible noises came from the yard. They rushed out. There they saw that wicked maggie with its claws

struggle maggie was dragged off, and that cat didn't make its reappearance for three days.

After this episode maggie was known in the quiet Scotch neighbourhood as the Australian Demon. It pecked everybody who came near—it had none of the kindly feelings of the average parrot—but our aunt could do anything with it. Maggie was really very affectionate, but it didn't believe in new friends.

So, owing to its wicked ways, our aunt resolved to bring maggie home with her.

But this was not an easy job. It got to London all right, but on board ship birds were strictly prohibited. However, maggie was put in a small box, tied up like a bonnet-box, and only an empty cage was sent along.

All went well till the tender started. Then, when the shrill whistle screeched, other weird screams came from the bonnet-box. People stared and wondered. So long as the whistle operated maggie kept its noisy end up. Some loafers came along. They winked knowingly at the box. "You've got a bird there, mum." Half-a-dozen of them had to be bribed before maggie passed the gangway of the steamer.

When the whistle stopped maggie quietened down. During the night it was put in its cage and stuffed to the neck with raw meat. But at about four in the morning it started to whistle "Up in the Morning's No for Me," and otherwise went through its musical repertoire.

There was a terrible row on board. Many people thought it was an aspiring vocalist who was responsible for the damage. Sea-sick passengers, pale and trembling, exhorted him feebly from their bunks to shut up or try lozenges or fall off a bridge. Ladies said they would complain to the captain about people practising scales at four a.m. They hadn't got a wink of sleep. Heavy husbands raved and swore and worked themselves into a high state of apoplexy. That small bird caused as much trouble as the Bay of Biscay.

Next day the skipper himself called round. He saw the culprit worrying a lump of red steak, and he couldn't help laughing at all the fuss that small bird had caused. He put his fingers playfully through the bars, and he laughed no more that day.

The Australians were delighted with it. Its fresh, irresponsible notes brought them back, five weeks before the ship, to their native land, and they could almost feel the keen smell of the gums blowing over the seas. But that bird's patriotism was strictly limited. It would allow only its mistress to touch it.

At last it returned to Melbourne, and it is certain few other magpies have ever had the benefit of a European tour. But travel hadn't broadened that bird's mind. And to celebrate its return it started to whistle and scream as the cab rattled through the streets in the small hours of the morning, till policemen stopped on their beat, pondering whether they shouldn't run the noisy cab in for being drunk and disorderly.

It lived four years after its return. But the cold British climate hadn't suited its southern constitution. It contracted a cold in the chest in Scotland, which gradually developed into consumption. But, it whistled and talked and sang,

and it pecked pieces out of visitors till the last day; and during a cold winter when it gave up the ghost the family followed its remains to the bottom of the yard, and the youngest member worked for a week carving a marble memorial in its honour.

For some time after our aunt, who had taken the bird to England and back, always had glistering eyes when she looked at that marble slab.

"I was very fond of that little bird," she said.

LOUIS ESSON.

THE WRONG ADDRESS.

Barnard was a man of a jealous disposition, and he had made a very grave mistake for a jealous man to make; he had married a girl considerably younger than himself, a girl of a cheerful disposition and very fond of society.

Consequently Barnard had a rather bad time, taking one consideration with another. Recently he had an experience that should have served to cure him if jealous, middle-aged men with pretty young wives were really susceptible to cure.

The good, uneasy man had been having an evening over a billiard match, and a few bottles of wine, with an occasional whisky interlude, and he went home feeling just a trifle above himself.

Two days before he had shifted from South Yarra to St. Kilda, and his house was one of five villas in a row. Barnard turned into the third very confidently, and was crossing the lawn to the side-entrance, when a peculiar but not altogether unusual sound smote on his ear, and brought him up standing.

It was the sound of a kiss, an explosive kiss full of emphasis; it smote upon Barnard's ear like the crack of a pistol. Instantly all his suspicions were awakened, and tumbling over each other in his tortured soul.

He heard the murmuring of voices in the little summer-house, and stole up nearer, pressing his eager ear amongst the ivy. He heard a man's voice low and seductive, pitched in the delectable tones of the call-lover.

"Does she love him?" it said.

"Ess," replied a soft whisper.

"She's his sweetest?"

"Duckums!"

"Darling!"

Then there was another explosive kiss, and faint, fatuous gurglings.

"She will have him in spite of that silly old man?"

"Oh, can oo ask?" said the female voice, reproachfully.

"Ah, forgive her dearest!"

Another explosion, and poor Barnard could stand no more. He bounded into that summer-house, he grabbed "her dearest," and began to lay waste the garden with him, and a mad fight followed. Her "duckums" cursed like a drayman and fought like a navy, and his sweetest simply screamed her hardest, thinking murder was being done in the moonlight, and as a result a large family was presently gathered round the riot, and Barnard and his prey were torn apart.

"Sir, what the deuce is the meaning of this?" said a stern, cold voice.

"That man—my wife!" yelled the infuriated Barnard.

"Excuse me; this is the young man who is paying his impudent attentions to my daughter," said the cold voice, "and whom I have ordered off my premises half-a-dozen times. Aren't you in the wrong garden?"

Barnard gasped and clutched two handfuls of his own hair.

"Merciful heaven, so I am!" he murmured, and then he fled.



"DEAD 'UNSI"

TOM. "Say, Minnie—Dad says there were thirty horses burnt at the store the other night."

MINNIE.—"Good Gracious! Why didn't somebody save them?"

TOM.—"Well you see, they were in the toy department."

firmly fastened on tabby's back, its beak pecking tabby's neck—the cat, head near the ground, powerless, maggie screaming, "Wha wud'na fight for Charlie!"—and then bird and beast rolling over and over like a pair of wrestlers. After a

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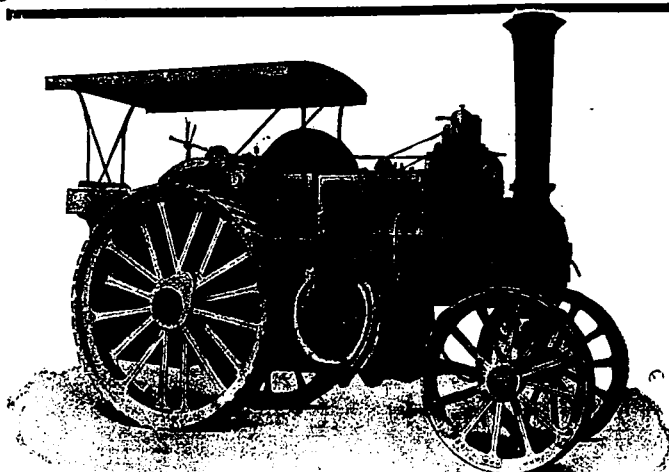
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THE FERN FAIRIES.

When low above the silent hill
The full moon palely burns,

We oft may see them if we will—
The Fairies of the Ferns.

TOM AND TIM.

A Sketch of Quaint Bush Character.

By Edward Dyson.

Joseph Boyle had been appointed to the State School at Catambra. The State School at Catambra was a desolate, bleached, weatherboard building of the style of architecture common in dog-kennels, with a small porch on the front end near the dusty, timber-strown road, and an iron tank on the north-west corner.

Young Mr. Joseph Boyle had discovered a house to board at four miles up the road to Boorbooran, and he travelled from his residence to the school on a bicycle. "Dumb" Amber was the schoolmaster's host.

The new teacher had been at State School No. 1174 about six weeks when he first met Tim. He was riding his bike along the grassy bank of the dust stream that passed for a road, and had reached a point about half-way between "Dumb" Amber's and the school, when the silence of the bush was broken by the sound of a human voice raised in anger and bitterness.

Joe looked about him, but could see no one. The angry voice was calling somewhat monotonously, and the young man dismounted and followed the sound as a dog might follow a scent. It brought him to a small, broad, iron-grey man, who was standing inside the fence on the right-hand side of the road. The man was short, and broad, and bony; his chin just reached the top rail, where it rested on his crossed hands. He had a mop of hair and a mop of whiskers, and his eyebrows sprouted out like a moustache misplaced. The little face not covered with hair was the colour of withered leather.

"Yer a dirty scoundrel," piped the man in a shrill voice; "a dirty scoundrel, yer are!"

"Why, what have I done?" asked the schoolmaster in amazement.

"Yer a villain, Donovan," squealed the man, emphasising the name to let Boyle understand it was no business of his.

Joe looked round to discover Donovan. There was no other person in sight but himself and the angry little man inside the fence.

"Yah, yer cur!" yelled the man, raising his voice. "It's no use yer pretendin' yer can't hear. Yer don't want to hear, that's what's the matter. If yer was 'art a man yer come out 'n' fight me now. Donovan, the thief!"

The little man didn't really look as if he expected anyone to answer him or even to hear him, but he went on crying monotonous insults into the unresponsive bush.

"Whatever is the matter, mate?" asked Boyle.

"It's that there Donovan," said the man. "Oh, he's a dirty scamp. Done me out o' my girl, he did."

"Your daughter?"

"Naw! Me wife that was to be almost. Dirty Donovan!" he shrieked; "Donovan, ther dorg!" Then he added for Joe's benefit: "A mean, crawlin' sneak, if ever there was one, that's Donovan. Don't you have no truck with him. Come out 'n' fight if yer a man! Come out!"

The teacher mounted his bike and rode on. A week later Joe came upon the shaggy settler, but this time he was on the opposite side of the road, and was swearing into the careless bush in the other direction. Boyle could see no difference in him whatever, excepting that he had shifted his position and located his enemy in the east instead of the west. It was still "Donovan, the dorg," against whom his wrath was directed, and he cursed monotonously.

"Hello, there!" said the teacher. "If this is a case of common drink, aren't you overdoing it, old man?"

"Huh?" said the complainant.

"I say, haven't you made it up with Donovan yet?"

"Naw, I haven't, 'n' never will neither. Donovan's a dorg. Ye hear me, Donovan," he yelled, "yeh creepin', sneakin', low-lived hound, d' yeh hear me?"

Boyle had dismounted.

"This Donovan seems a peaceable man, anyhow," he said. "You don't provoke him to reply."

"Coz he ain't game," roared the angry little man. "He knows better. If he'd come out 'n' say so much as 'hooh' I'd belt the fat head off him. He's a dirty, scurvy scoundrel, that's what he is. Look here, mister, d' yeh know what he done? He robbed me o' me girl. Yes, he did—done me out o' the purtiest girl in this here districk. S'elp me, I'll never forgive ther blasted cow. Come out, Donovan, 'n' hear what I gotter say about yer!"

Several times after that the teacher came upon this curious recluse, sometimes on one side of the road bitterly objurgating a Donovan in the east, sometimes on the other side coarsely reviling a Donovan in the west; but Donovan, wherever he might be, preserved a respectful silence and a strict reserve.

Boyle was deeply interested in the old man by this, and generally dismounted to have a word with him, and always it was the same thing, scolding reproaches directed against Donovan.

could not for the love of them tell which was which. In fact, they were both which. But one went east, cursing Donovan in breathless fury, and the other went west, abusing Donovan with terrific malignancy. At the fences they rested their chins on the top rail, and they bellowed about Donovan like two infuriated fish-fags.

At any rate, part of the mystery of the old man was solved—there were two of him. There must have been two of him all along; one who abused a Donovan in the east, the other who reviled a Donovan to the west. But where was Donovan, and how came this amazing resemblance?

The teacher consulted Mrs. Amber, his landlady, that night.

"Oh, them's Tim and Tom," she said. "The one on the left's Tim, 'n' the one on the right's Tom."

"But who is this Donovan they are always abusing?"



A NICE CHANGE.

SHEARER.—"Rabbit pie, again? We're sick of rabbit pie. Can't you get something for a change?"
SIN FAT (Chinese cook).—"All, plenty soon get change; kitten glow up welly nice and fat."

van for coming between him and one Sarah Jane. Then came a further development. One hot afternoon toiling home, his bike-tyre deep in dust, Joe was startled by a more than usually virulent outburst of abuse ahead of him. This time he plainly detected two voices.

Donovan had materialised at last; that was the thought that struck Boyle, and putting speed on he presently discovered two men rolling and plunging about in the dust on the track. They were getting in some terrific ground fighting, kicking, clawing, punching and tearing hair, roaring all the time horrible abuse of Donovan. But the amazing feature of the fight to Joe was the startling fact that both men were the man he had seen cursing over the three-railed fence. So far as he could see as they fought and wallowed in the dust they were identical, the figures were precisely alike, they were dressed alike, hair and whiskers were the same. It was as if the angry settler had provided a duplicate, and was having it out with himself in the absence of the hated Donovan.

Boyle was a powerful young man, and a bit of an athlete. He parted the combatants by force of arms.

True enough there were two of them, but he

"'Tis Tim Donovan 'n' Tom Donovan. Each Donovan is abusin' the other Donovan."

"They're brothers, then?"

"They are that—twin brothers, 'n' ez like ez two eggs from the same hen. The only difference twixt 'em is that one is on the right iv the road 'n' the other is on the left. If they was t' cross over it's my belief nayther would know which was t'other."

"So they are enemies."

"Yes, enemies they've been this twenty year 'r more. One time one takes a fit, 'n' goes abusin' the other fer nigh on half-a-day, another time t'other one has his fit. 'Tain't often they both has the fit at the same time, but when they do they fight like devils."

"And the girl they talk about?"

"That's Sarah Jane Golden as was. She's Mrs. Carter these twenty years. The two Donovans was both courtin' her them times, but they were men o' forty then, 'n' she wasn't above nineteen."

"Did one cut the other out?"

"Never a bit. She wouldn't have had neither iv them fer any money. She was in love with Jack Carter, but Tom and Tim each thought the other had spoiled his chance, so they quar-

relled 'n' split up, 'n' they've ben quarrellin' more 'r less ever since."

After that Joe thought it would be worth while to look up the residences of Tom and Tim. He found them precisely alike, two-roomed slab huts.

By being very cautious in his advances and very shy in his investigation, Boyle became friendly with both Tom and Tim in the course of time, and presently he began to be suspicious of their enmity; it did not ring true. There were pride, stubbornness and anger in it, but Joe was convinced that there was no hatred, and at length Tim made a revelation. He had been complaining of illness for some days.

"I ain't got a move left in me bones," he said, "and I'm a lone man. That damn Donovan over there, ther dorg, he wouldn't stir a finger fer me if I was dyin', cuss him."

"Look here, Tim Donovan," said Boyle. "You're an arrant fraud. I don't believe a single word of your pretended enmity. You're just fooling yourself, and you know it."

Tim looked at him in a scared way, and muttered, "He's a dorg, that's what he is."

"Bah, you're just eating your heart out because you're separated from him."

"Me catin' me heart out fer a dorg like Donovan?" said Tim, weakly, "why, why I'd—" but his voice trembled, and a large tear rolled over his cheek.

"Now, old man, wouldn't you give half yeposses to have your brother come here, hold out his hand, and say: 'God bless you, Tim, let us be friends?'"

"My God, I would!" he blurted, and then sank his head in his arms. "You see, we was alwuz together, alwuz, 'n' I only seem like half meself without Tom; but somehow I make it up, and when the loneliness gets awful to hear I goes up to the fence 'n' abuses 'em. Maybe when he gets too lonely to hear he comes up to the fence 'n' abuses me. If we both go together, why we've gotter fight."

Two hours later Boyle was at Tom's hut, hearing abuse of "that dorg Donovan."

"I don't think he'll trouble you any more," said Joe, casually.

"Why fer not?" asked Tom.

"Well, between you and me I think he'll pe out pretty soon. He's sick up in his hut, with no one to attend to him, and I should say he was certain to die."

"Tim sick?" gasped Tom. "Tim dyin'? It's a lie!" Then suddenly recollecting himself he added, with ill-simulated unconcern, "Well, good enough fer him. Donovan's a dog. He done me out o' my girl."

Joe kept his eyes open after that, and when he saw Tom sneaking through the bush in the direction of Tim's hut with a steaming bowl done up in a towel, he reckoned that the reconciliation was not far off. Several times after that Boyle saw Tom crossing the road to or from Tim's land, and he waited.

It was on a beautiful Sunday afternoon about three weeks later that Joe came upon the twins. They were sented together on a log in the shade of a big lightwood.

"You won't tell the people round about will you?" said Tom, feebly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, well, we would not like 'em to know we patched it all up so sudden."

"Very well, but I'm very glad to see you two good friends again."

"Yes," said Tim, regarding Tom with sincere affection. "There ain't no sense in quarlin'. Specially seein' Sarah Jane wasn't worth it, she bein' plain 'n' carrotty."

"With cross eyes," said Tom.

"An' a nose ez flat ez a shillin'," said Tim. "I wouldn't have had her anyhow," said Tom.

"An' I wouldn't have had her nobow," said Tim.

"Tim here's worth two dozen of the likes of her," said Tom, proudly.

"My old brother Tom's more t' me than the whole bilin'," said Tim.

Then the two shook hands effusively, and Joe left them in a state of perfect brotherly love and delectable content.

And when they reached the mountain summit even Chaney took a pull. He said the boldest hold his breath. At the top of the mountain ground was full of volcanic holes; and any slip meant death.

But the man from Snowy River let his pony have his head. He swung his stick round, and gave a cheer: "This is the mountain top, and I'm the first to see it!"

He sent the first-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet—He cleared the fallen timber in his stride. And the man from Snowy River never slipped in his seat. It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.

Through stinging harts and applings, over rough and broken ground, Down the hillside at a racing pace he went; And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound At the bottom of that terrible descent.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER.

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Illustration by Charles Hammond. (Illustrating Mr. A. B. Paterson's humorous lines.)

"THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER."

"And when they reached the mountain summit even Clancey took a pull,
 It well might make the boldest hold his breath;
 For the wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
 Of wombat holes; and any slip meant death.

But the man from Snowy River let his pony have his head,
 He swung his stockwhip round, and gave a cheer;
 And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent in its bed,
 While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flat-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet—
 He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
 And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—
 It was a grand to see that mountain horseman ride.

Through stringy-barks and saplings, over rough and broken ground,
 Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
 And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound
 At the bottom of that terrible descent."

A well-assured
Timber, Peeling



OUTDOOR FEMININITY; OR, SUMMER

Whilst Britain always rules the waves, and our girls love the turf,
 They never, never will be slaves, although they love the surf.

Ascending hills she spends her time
 In Austral—bracing, sunny "climb."

Though fond of rowing, never dull;
 Can hold her own with scull and skull.

Australia's Maids are fair to view,
 And what they undertake to do
 They do with all their might—

They're match f
 And for an Eng
 Whom they b

Of Pugilism she will none—
 Her prize-ring is the wedding one.

TO "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE," December 16, 1905.



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

WOMEN; OR, SUMMER IN THE SOUTH.

Australia's Maids are fair to view,
And what they undertake to do
They do with all their might—

They're match for any kangaroo,
And for an English "bouncer," too,
Whom they bring down on sight.

Of Pugilism she will none—
Her prize-ring is the wedding one.

O'er verdant sward they swiftly glide,
With ball and club well hockey-pied.

Golf suits her to a tee, for see,
All say a "puttee" girl is she.

Can take the helm, a rope can splice,
Because she's "yachtty," but she's nice.

WHILE JERRY WAS AWAY.

The popular theory that Cupid attacks with only a tiny bow and darts is not convincing when one considers the size and exceeding toughness of some of his victims.

When the small god smote Jerry Daley he must have used a club. Anyhow, he smote effectively, for Jerry was hard hit, and the cause of it all was sweet, ingenuous Kitty Pellew, who lived with her father, the blacksmith of Wirrappila.

Kitty was willing enough, provided Jerry could offer a decent home, and after a brief spell amongst the clouds, the lover came down to earth and counted his capital. He had never thought of saving for a rainy day, or a wedding day, which terms are, to some experienced minds, synonymous.

So Jerry sought his lady love and unfolded a plan.

"It may be a year, darlin'," he said, as they swore eternal fidelity by the slip-rails. "It may be a year, an' it may be longer, but when I do come back, 'tis the two iv us that'll have the grand weddin'. Money I'll make, an' money I'll kape, an' all for you, me Kitty."

Then Jerry went forth and fell on evil days, for the drought was on the land, and fortunes were elusive.

For six months Kitty languished, like the lady in the tower, and then, taking an eminently worldly, if unromantic, view of the situation, accepted the hand and heart and home of William Burrows, the greengrocer.

But William was unfortunate. His choice of profession was fatal, for the skin of one of his own perfidious bananas, three short months after his wedding day, successfully brought about his early demise.

For a whole year the widow Burrows languished again, with a dim sort of hope that Jerry would some day return—plus capital—and consent to overlook her own little slip, seeing that the fatal slip of Mr. Burrows had again given her her freedom.

She even rehearsed, in her lonely moments, what she would say to Jerry about the foolish girl who fell, in her inexperience, beneath the wiles of a designing greengrocer, yet knowing in her heart that her first love was her only love.

But her meditations were cut short and her outlook on life considerably altered by the intervention of Dugald M'Dougal.

Dugald was not a man of means, a condition due to no fault of his own. He was a frugal, thrifty man, but ill luck had dogged his footsteps, and his latest venture, a barber's shop in Wirrappila, had turned out badly.

At this date Dugald presented one of the world's most pathetic figures, a thrifty man in love. But love laughs at frugal principles, and eventually, before quitting Wirrappila for more hopeful prospects, Dugald proposed. The widow, with a pretty air of complete trustfulness, promised to wait until he could afford to wed, and, with an elation at the success of his suit tempered by a shadowy doubt as to the wisdom of his choice, from a pecuniary point of view, Dugald went forth.

It was two years later, on one of those hot, still, mid-November days, when the heat-shimmer deludes the vision, and the haze plays Will-o'-the-Wisp along the dusty road before the jaded traveller. Southward returned the faithful Dugald M'Dougal, his fortunes changed at last. Between the intervals of cursing the heat,



DISPUTING THE RIGHT OF WAY.

Kodak Competition Pictures. By courtesy of Baker and Rouse Ltd.

and road, and the flies, and the sorry nag he rode, he allowed himself to smile as his thoughts dwelt on the little widow of Wirrappila. The town and the widow were fifty miles ahead, and he longed for the end of his journey.

As Dugald rode, deep in mixed meditation, he was startled by a wild "Hurroo" from the rear, and turning he beheld another horseman racing towards him. With his thoughts on bushrangers he felt the roll of notes in the lining of his waistcoat, and shifted his grip on his loaded whip-handle.

The newcomer reined beside him and called a

cheery "Good-day." Dugald replied civilly, and noted the stranger's handsome mount with a calculating eye.

"That's a fine bit horse ye ha'e there," he ventured.

"Faith, it is that," replied the cheerful stranger. "Twasn't me that was ridin' thorough-breds four years ago, though. 'Times is changed and forchune smilin'," as the song ses."

"Aye," said Dugald, and for five minutes they rode in silence.

"Which way is it yeh might be goin'?" enquired the stranger, suddenly.

"Maybe I'm goin' for a few miles this way," said Dugald, cautiously.

"Me too," was the reply. "'Tis good to have company, anyway. Wud yeh be goin' as far as Wirrappila?"

"Maybe I am," answered Dugald, still on his guard, "an' maybe I'm not."

"Anyway," said the newcomer, "I'll be company for yeh so far. 'Tis there I'm goin' meself."

With his eyes fixed on his horse's ears Dugald considered this information for a time. Then he ventured a cautious question.

"Maybe yer livin' in this Wirrappila...
"Faith, I was, an' I hope I will be the cheerful traveller...
"Tis four since I set fut or eye on the blessed...
"love draws like a porous plaster...
"Were iver yeh there yerself?...
"For a time Dugald feigned to cons...
"Aye, I'm not, as ye might say...
"with the toon...
"Luk at that, now," cried the...
"lighted. "And maybe yeh heard...
"Jerry Daley?"
"Again Dugald thought hard; this...
"genuine interest. Here was food...
"possibly need for extra caution. I...
"heard the widow speak of her ear...
"considered it imprudent to menti...
"just then, so he parried the quest...
"And who might be this Jerry...
"The stranger grinned pleasantly...
"Faith, 'tis him yeh see before...
"but, an' 'twas no good yeh heard...
"there below, I'll be bound. Jerry...
"well it used to be. But 'time' h...
"the wild oats sown,' as the song...
"Jerry the man iv manes, an' soor...
"Jerry the man iv family. Heigh...
"he asked, suddenly. "Did yeh kno...
"there be the name iv Kitty Pellew...
"For a full minute Dugald argue...
"with his Scottish conscience. Ce...
"never known the lady as Kitty...
"said his conscience, the Widow...
"same person. Finally he compr...
"I canna say there was anyh...
"that name when I was there...
"Thin, 'twas a thrate yeh mis...
"Jerry. "Swate Kitty Pellew...
"Daley that is to be. Tell me, d...
"know her father, the blacksmith...
"Dugald felt that this was dan...
"The topic must be changed...
"Maybe I did," he answe...
"Where did ye think of stayin'...
"Tis over forty miles to Wir...
"chance iv makin' it to-day," sa...
"miles is forty-three, hehune mo...
"the song ses. I think I'll put...
"pub; 'tis a few miles along th...
"yeh stop there?"
"Maybe I will," replied Duga...
"extracted enough information...
"for quite a while, now sought...
"the stranger's questioning...
"Will ye no give us a wee bit...
"the time, like?" he asked, insin...
"Faith, 'tis me that will," r...
"readily; and without further...
"ed the land, and the air aroun...
"above with strange and awfu...
"voice was a weird and wonderfu...
"range and amazing volume. It...
"tic conditions and even a thirs...
"standing. It rose, and waile...
"over the plain and into the...
"every living thing for half-a-mi...
"ing it, trembled, and fled in...
"to Jerry chose for his selectio...
"and time-honoured Australi...
"Wild Colonial Boy," a litt...
"some thirty-nine verses, all...
"choruses, Jerry sang in as mu...
"A lonely magpie, devouring...
"a distant paddock, heard it, an...
"the hills. A hawk, circling...
"heard it, and, wheeling sudd...
"horizon. On a wayside st...
"heard it, and sat in spellb...
"mouthed astonishment; and w...
"his stirrups to let a top no...
"world the very gums and sh...
"side seemed to bend before...
"Dugald alone rode on oblivio...
"his eyes fixed unseeingly on...
"tortured ears of his own mou...
"thought...
"Unless he evolved some sche...
"he knew that there was lik...
"ahead for Dugald M'Dougal...
"This large and more or less...
"man was his rival. He...
"younger, perhaps richer, and...
"like a prior claim on the...
"widow of Wirrappila. The...
"side-tracked or delayed; but...
"They reached the lonely pu...
"fall, Dugald still deep in...
"Jerry just finishing the fift...
"famous ballad...
"After tea, the travellers...
"drinking each other's health...
"brated and only whisky. As...
"ture, telling of long practi...
"Irishman tossed off his drink...
"tion began to illuminate...
"He ran a calculating eye o...
"the steady hand and the sol...
"man, sighed as he recko...
"but tackled the problem like...
"perate lover...
"Hae anither," he invited...
"ality he could command;...
"minutes' interval—...
"Hae anither," he repeate...
"he parried with the last of...
"and surreptitiously ripped...
"to extract a pound-note fr...
"As night drew on convers...
"the two men sat and sm...
"broken at ten-minute interva...
"tation that was rapidly...
"Hae anither!"
"Jerry, the erstwhile free...
"spent judiciously, paying...
"round, but allowing his con...
"to do most of the entertain...
"Hae anither," cried D...
"and unnatural staccato, w...
"had dwindled to two half-c...
"Hae anither!" he almos...
"ised suspense, as he sat, sp...
"ous drink under the table, a...
"first signs of insobriety in...
"sink of an Irishman...
"Hae anither," repeated...
"that was beginning to be ch...
"admiration, as drink aft...
"down Jerry's capacious thr...
"in silent appreciation at th...
"fellow-traveller, pulling con...
"black pipe, and venturing...
"Dugald painfully lucid...
"ther or the morrow's journe...

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POLICY No.	AGE.	SUM ASSURED.	PREMIUM PAID.	ANNUAL REVERSIONARY BONUS.
813,867	18	£250	£4 7 11	£3 10 0
813,379	20	500	9 7 1	7 0 0
814,287	24	1,000	20 15 10	14 0 0
813,318	29	200	4 14 2	2 16 0
813,528	34	500	13 8 9	7 0 0
813,582	39	250	7 16 6	3 10 0
814,585	42	1,000	34 9 2	14 0 0
813,681	46	700	27 10 1	9 16 0

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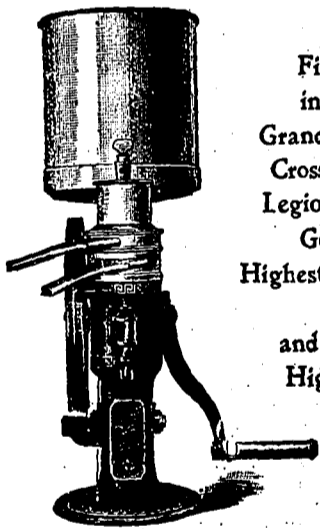
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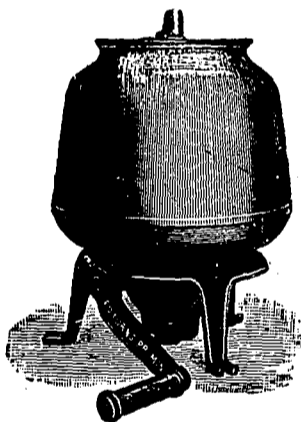


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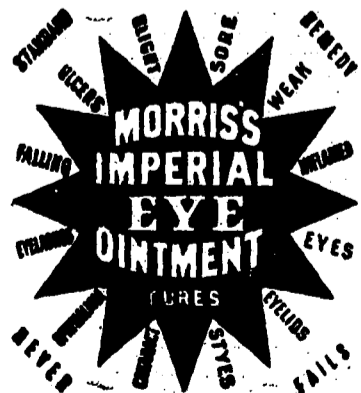
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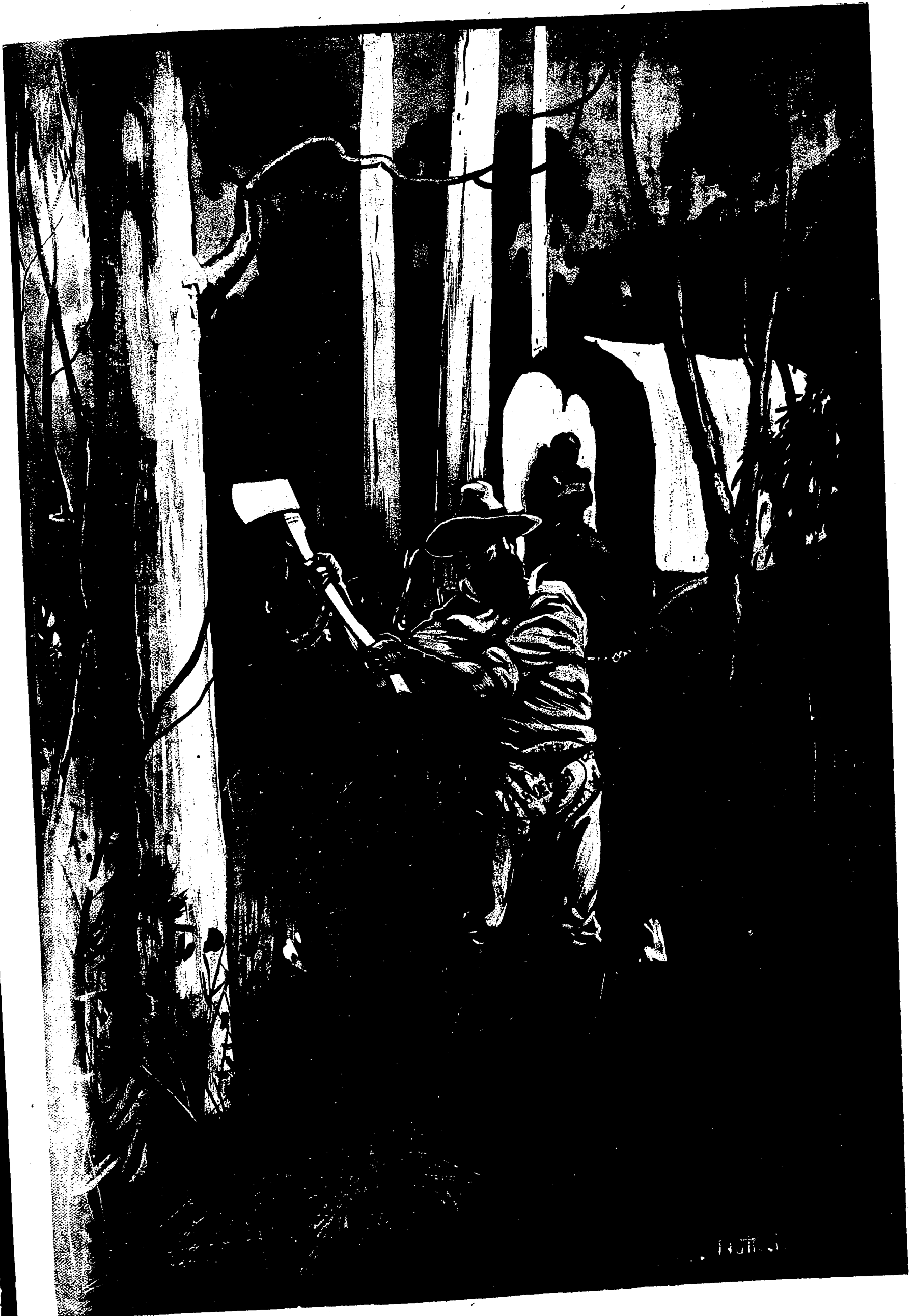
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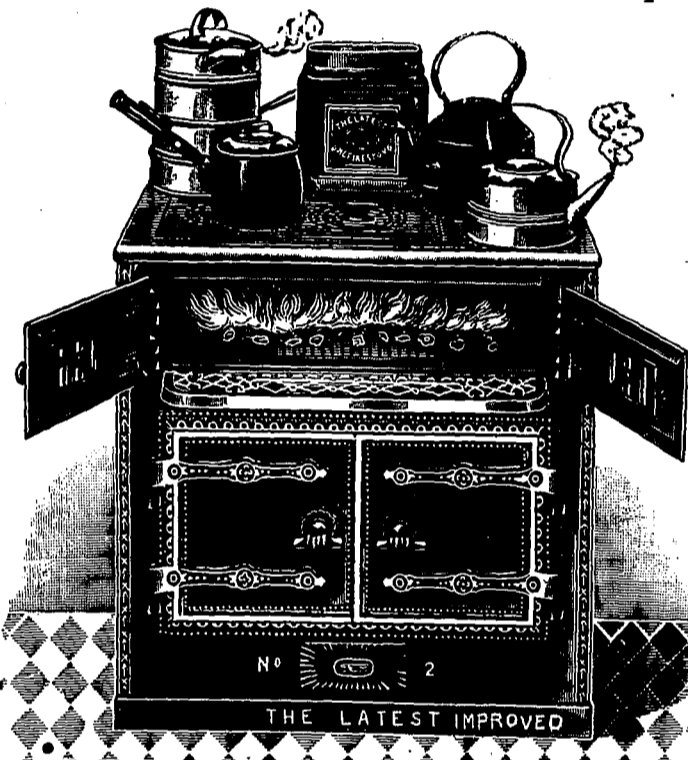
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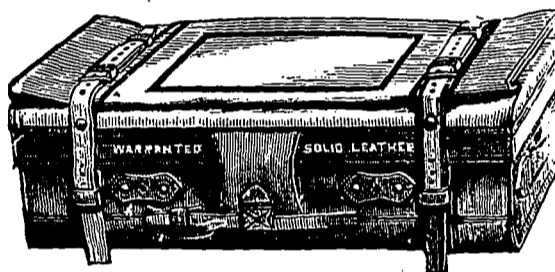
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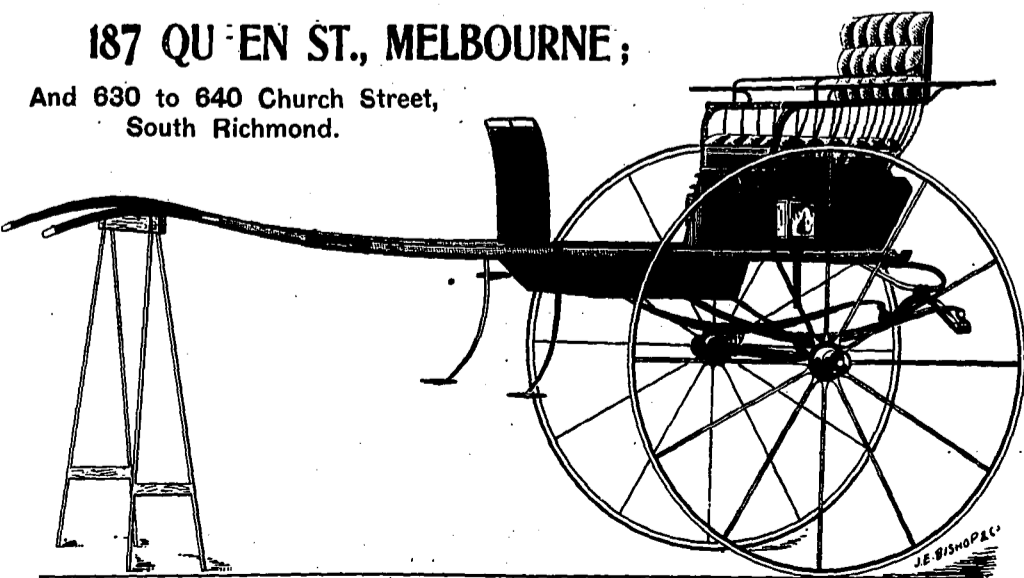
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Repairs and Renovating—VEHICLES and MOTORS.

NEWEST DESIGNS—TWO AND FOUR WHEELERS.

HARRY'S HIGH OLD TIME

By Sydney Cider.

This is to all intents the true and dignified son of the soil who went to a suitable company to have a good time with two others like him, Tom and Harry. Each had the price of a beano about him, and all were or presumptive, of the minor nobility of New South Wales. They put up at a city hotel, paid their board in advance, and waded in.

Harry waded into deeper waters than the others, and in the course of days issued from a wild, vague, and once to find himself sitting on the ground, entangled and obviously drunk, in a coat, vest and one boot. The boot was wedged in a hole in the wall, and Harry was hanging out of the window by the braces, haunting in the breeze. Harry did not feel like a human being, he felt like an arid waste. He did not merely have a thirst—he was Thirst itself.

Down in the bar Harry found Tom and Dick and others, who had been his beloved bosom friends for days, but he did not know them. They gave him a drink, and put him in a corner, and presently he felt better. He had glimmerings of reason. His friends had anxious faces, they gazed upon him with sadness, and murmured as one speaks to the afflicted.

"I say, wh-what day is this?" asked Harry. "It is Wednesday week to you," answered Dick. "I've been at it again, Dick?"

"You have, old man, but you're all right now. Your wife will be glad."

"My what 'd you say?"

"Your wife." Harry rose, backed against the bar, and faced them. "My wife! Why, you're worse 'n me. I've got no wife," he said, but there was a piteous misgiving in his voice.

"Don't blame us," said Dick, "we did our best to stop you, but you know what you are when you're a bit sick. You would marry her. You've been married three days."

"Married!" gasped Harry. "Oh, lor! Oh, Heavens! Who 's she? What's she like? Where is she?"

"Tom's gone to fetch her." At this moment a large, florid woman, with a vinous eye, and a nose like a danger signal, was thrust in at the bar door. She was dressed in faded finery, and had the melancholy aspect of that type of distressful feminine that has seen better days, and insists on reminding you of the fact every fifteen minutes.

The bedraggled female was evidently anxious to retire, but somebody behind and outside the swing doors was urging her on. She faced the group, and Harry gazed at her like a bedevilled man who sees pink crocodiles and spotted, red devils.

"Oh, what will my poor mother say?" gurgled Harry, and his hair literally crawled on his head, so great was his anguish.

The lady came a few steps forward. "That one's 'im," she said, pointing a mangled broly at Harry.

She moved nearer, but Harry waited for no more. He uttered a weird cry and vaulted clean over the counter. As it happened, the cellar door was open behind the bar, and Harry shot into the nether darkness with a dull thud.

They thought he was a rush for the cellar, but of a shrill, horrified voice:

"Take her away! Take you I won't own her! I was not responsible for married in a fit of temper away!"

"Come up, Harry," said

"Never, till you take down here for the rest of face that dreadful harrida

"Take her away."

"She's gone, it's all ri

There was silence for Harry's pale, horrified fa

A well-assorted
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HARRY'S HIGH OLD TIME IN SYDNEY.

By Sydney Cider.

This is to contents the true story of a prodigal son of the soil who went to Sydney in search of a good time. There were two other like him, Tom and Dick. He was Harry. Each had the price of a fair old head about him, and all were heirs, apparent or presumptive, of the minor squatterocracy of New South Wales. They put up at a decent city hotel, and their board a fortnight in advance, and went in.

Harry went into deeper waters and whiskeys than the other two, and in the course of several days issued from a wild, vague, eventful existence to find himself sitting on the side of an entangled and obviously drunken bed, wearing coat, vest and one boot. The other boot was wedged in a hole in the mirror. His trousers were hanging out of the window by the braces, flapping in the breeze. Harry did not feel like a human being, he felt like an arid waste. He did not merely have a thirst—he was Thirst itself.

Down in the bar Harry found Tom and Dick and others, who had been his beloved bosom friends for days, but he did not know them. They gave him a drink, and put him in a corner, and presently he felt better. He had glimmerings of reason. His friends had anxious faces, they gazed upon him with sadness, and murmured as one speaks to the afflicted.

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 "Tom's gone to fetch her."

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The straggled female was evidently anxious to see Harry, but somebody had and outside the bar doors was urgent. She faced the bar, and Harry gazed at her like a bewitched man who sees pink devils and spotted devils.

"Oh, what will my poor mother say?" gurgled Harry, and his hair literally crawled on his head, a great was his anxiety.

The lady came a few steps nearer. "That one's mine," she said, pointing to a mangled brooch on Harry's shirt.

She moved nearer, but Harry waited for no more. He uttered a weird cry and vaulted clean over the counter. As it happened, the cellar door was open behind the bar, and Harry shot into the nether darkness with a dull thud.

They thought he was killed, and there was a rush for the depths came a shrill, horrified voice:
 "Take her away! Take her away! I tell you I won't own her! I'll have a divorce. I was married in a fit of temporary insanity. Take her away!"

"Come up, Harry," said Dick, persuasively. "Never, till you take her away. I'll stick down here for the rest of my life rather than face that dreadful harridan." "Harry!"
 "Take her away."
 "She's gone, it's all right."
 There was silence for a moment, and then Harry's pale, horrified face appeared above the

floor. He did not wait to investigate, but darted through the door at the back of the bar, and made a clean break for parts unknown.
 For two days after that Tom and Dick were hunting their miserable friend all over Sydney. They heard of him as a terrified, wild-eyed young man, unshaven, unkempt and unfeeling, who believed he was being pursued by a gaunt, bottle-nosed female, who claimed him as her own. They traced him to several out-of-the-way places, and finally on returning to their own hotel on the third night at 11 o'clock were told that Harry had stolen into the place, and fled up to his bedroom and locked himself in.

The friends went up and argued through the keyhole, and protested, but could get no answer but groans. Harry was curled up in the bed-clothes, groaning and cursing his own folly. Later a comic singer who had heard of the harrowing affair, stole up to the door in a moment of unseemly levity and rattled at the han-

again to hunt all over Sydney for a distracted young man with fair hair and blue eyes, dressed in pink pyjamas.
 Tom and Dick were tortured with anxiety. They feared the worst, and actually went to Circular Quay to see if there were a wretched man in pink pyjamas floating round loose in the beautiful Harbour.

Meanwhile poor Harry, hearing the voice of the stranger at his door, to escape his unknown and uncomely spouse, had not slid down the rain-pipe, but had made a jump on to a neighbouring roof rather lower than his window, and hidden among the chimneys. When he wanted to return he found it was one thing to jump from the window to the roof, and quite another to jump back again; in fact, the latter feat was impossible, and the miserable man went on an excursion along the roofs of Sydney, seeking a way of escape. His pink pyjamas were very thin, and the night was cold, and soon the

"Shoot and be —!" said Harry.
 Harry was taken down from the roofs by the Law. Harry was packed in a cab, and followed by a howling mob as he was driven away to the lock-up.
 The two friends read the stirring tale of the man in pink pyjamas caught out on the tiles in that evening's paper, and rushed to the Police Court to relieve Harry's anxieties.
 They were allowed to interview Harry through a grating.

"We've come to bail you out," said Dick.
 "I won't be bailed out," cried Harry, "while that woman's after me. I'll stay here. I'm safer here. If I was free I'd kill her."
 "Oh, rats, Harry; that was only a joke. You're not married. We just played that off on you for fun. Better be bailed out."
 "A joke?" said a soft voice from the cell.
 "Then you'd better not bail me out, because if I was free I'd kill you!"
 They bailed him out and ran.
 After this the race was varied; it was Harry who was chasing Tom and Dick all over Sydney, and he had a waddy up his sleeve. Tom and Dick broke for the back-blocks, and it is believed by their friends in Sydney that Harry is still after them.

COME SOUTH.

By Henry O'Donnell.

From Northern lands, upon whose old and deeply wrinkled shore,
 The vagrant seas, the magic strain had whispered o'er and o'er,
 A Cavalier of dreamy eye and lordly, languid mien
 Came South to hear the love-lorn song of the Austral virgin queen

He rode where purple hill tops melt in limpid azure skies,
 Where Summer only languishes, but never, never dies,
 But slumbers in rich, royal robes of woven green and gold,
 And, through the balmy live-long year, the roses grow not old;

Where grateful, mellow voices of the lazy flocks and herds
 Upraise their morning hymns, with more than eloquence of words,
 Which, through the airy gossamer, like invocations rise
 To loyal men, to haste and share their wasting paradise;

And the Sun-God, grown all prodigal with envy of the scene,
 Bathes all the hills and valleys with a rain of Topaz sheen,
 Imprints no fitful kisses on the young Earth's upturned face,
 But folds her, with his ample arms, in a warm and long embrace.

He lay—this listless cavalier—within a shady bower,
 As idly as a victim of the drowsy Lotus flower.
 And dreamed, and would have dreamed away the long-drawn Summer day,
 But that his dream was startled by this rapture waking lay:

O! strong of arm and stout of heart,
 And fearless flashing eye;
 Come South and bear a lover's part
 In Austral's victory.
 Rich guerdons from my wealthy waste
 Shall be thy royal due;
 Then, in thy morn of manhood, haste
 Where skies are ever blue.

The golden chalice of thy Queen
 Shall sweeten all thy toil,
 Sparkling with fresher Hippocrene,
 That bubbles from the soil;
 So lurk no more where skies are grey,
 But speed across the sea,
 And sing the newer, Southern lay
 In the land of melody.

Men call me wondrous young and fair
 As I walk in pastures new;
 Right royal is the robe I wear
 And golden-green the hue.
 O! strong of arm, why tarry long?
 Thou of the vision keen,
 Come South and hear the love-lorn song
 Of the Austral virgin queen.

Upstarting with new rhapsody, as when an unstrung lyre
 Is quickened into life again by music's hidden fire,
 He called on Spirit, Maid or Queen, but through the shimmering air
 No glimpse could he of singer win, though song was everywhere.

O'erborne by leaden lethargy—the master curse of men—
 The shady bow'r once more he sought, but ere he dreamed again
 An echo came, with mocking, to the dreamy one to say:
 "Thy love was never for the queen, but for her matchless lay.

"And only for a lover, does the Austral virgin sing,
 She would not have a laggard but a hero for a king;
 O! dreamy eye, O! wasting limb, her song is not for thee,
 Go! North, and listen to a cold and hoary melody."

Back, where the North winds chill the blood,
 Where skies are old and grey,
 The cavalier, in sadness, took his lengthened, languid way.
 Although, beneath her mystic throne, he'd lingered dreaming long
 Naught knew he of the Austral queen, but the rapture of her song.

And O! of all the queens, she is the most divinely fair,
 The tropic sun glints brightly through her flowing, golden hair;
 Her eyes catch lightning flashes from the opal Southern sea,
 And Nature crowns her joyfully the Queen of Arcady.

But still, upon her mystic throne, beneath the arch of blue,
 She spreads her hands, imploringly, to him the strong and true;
 And sings, where roses ever bloom, in fields for ever green,
 "Come South and hear the love-lorn song of the Austral virgin queen."



NECK-ROMANCING.

Photo printed on ARISTO-Platino Paper.

"Look pleasant, please," the camera man With some anxiety cried,

Which proves him foolish—she never could Look otherwise if she tried.

At the same time calling in an assumed female voice:
 "Oh, Harry, me husbin', why do you run from your little birdy—your own Mabel May?"
 "Go 'way!" shrieked Harry.
 "Oh, Harry, you don't love me!" pleaded the mock female.

"I won't own you!" cried the miserable Harry.
 A window was open when Harry's friends broke into his room in the morning, but Harry was gone. Harry's clothes were all there, but there was no sign of Harry himself, and how he had escaped was a mystery. Finally it was agreed that he must have slid down the water-pipe, which ran straight up the brick wall of the high building, and they started out

wretchedest man in all Australia was perishing on the tiles in Sydney town.
 How far he wandered from his base he did not know, but daylight found Harry lost on the roofs, and even now he did not realise the possibilities of the situation till he discovered a billiard table in the street below, many of the members of which were pointing up at him. The crowd increased rapidly, and presently there was much yelling, and great excitement. Simultaneously one policeman's head came up over a parapet, and a second bobbed up through a skylight. Each constable had a revolver.
 "Stir a hand, 'n' I'll drop you still!" said one.
 "Move a wink, 'n' yer a dead burglar!" said another.

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FATHER CHRISTMAS—"Oh, really! I feel quite out of place."

"Merry Christmas to you, old man"

HE BROUGHT DOWN THE HO

It was the fine tragedian,
 Montgomery Ernest Irvine Brown
 He acted villains now and then
 In any little back-block town,
 But though he strove with zest and
 Success had never come to him.

They went to play at Pullarook,
 A country town, once on a time,
 And there the stately hall they took
 Had been a stable in its prime,
 But now to fall it was inclined,
 And fairly tottered in the wind.

That night they played "Othello"
 You bet they played it passing well,
 As Monty's roarings rent the air,
 The stable shuddered, shook and
 Up through the rains thundered
 "At last, the house—I've brought"

A JAPANESE LEGEN

Sito was a young fisherman of the
 He was young, good-looking and str
 but he had one conspicuous fault—ho
 termination. Easily daunted, he h
 fits of depression following on his
 to all men in this life the gods giv
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 brought hope and confidence to oth
 Sito gloomy and despondent.

"The gods are angry," he wailed
 me for the sins of my fathers."

Now, Sito had seen the face of
 Nanisha, whom all the young men
 sought in marriage. She was the
 village, as merry and light-hearted
 bright-eyed. Sito loved her de
 gloomy, passionate way, but he so
 that Nanisha's bright eyes had no
 for him. Her nature recoiled from
 of a lover who was ever filled with
 and proclaiming himself one who w
 the gods. As she revelled in the w
 sun and joyed in the brightness of
 her smiles were given to the light
 frowns to Sito.

When the time came for her
 a choice of a husband from
 lovers, it need hardly be said
 was amongst the rejected. His
 nets were empty, his heart was in
 the light had gone out of his life,
 it would be useless for him to
 struggle further against the wret
 He resolved to perform the "hap
 and quit a world that held for hi
 at nor pleasure.

Just as he was on the point of
 hari-kari, the spirit of his father

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HE BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

It was the fine tragedian,
Montgomery Ernest Irvine Brown.
He acted villains now and then
In any little back-block town,
But though he strove with zest and vim
Success had never come to him.

They went to play at Pullarook,
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And there the stately hall they took
Had been a stable in its prime,
But now to fall it was inclined,
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That night they played "Othello" there.
You bet they played it passing well.
As Monty's roars rent the air,
The stable shuddered, shook and fell!
Up through the rains thundered Brown:
"At last, the house—I've brought it down!"

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

Sito was a young fisherman of the Inland Sea. He was young, good-looking and sturdily built, but he had one conspicuous fault—he lacked determination. Easily daunted, he had frequent fits of depression following on his failures, for to all men in this life the gods give failures to strengthen and to try them. When other men came ashore with empty nets they thanked the gods that matters were no worse, and prayed that they might have better luck on the morrow. But Sito only bewailed his hard fate, and grew moody, and when the morrow came that brought hope and confidence to others, it found Sito gloomy and despondent.

"The gods are angry," he wailed, "and punish me for the sins of my fathers."

Now, Sito had seen the face of the pretty Nanisha, whom all the young men courted and sought in marriage. She was the belle of the village, as merry and light-hearted as she was bright-eyed. Sito loved her deeply in his gloomy, passionate way, but he soon perceived that Nanisha's bright eyes had no soft glances for him. Her nature recoiled from the advances of a lover who was ever filled with forebodings and proclaiming himself one who was accursed of the gods. As she revelled in the warmth of the sun and joyed in the brightness of love and life, her smiles were given to the light-hearted lads, known to Sito.

When the time came for her to make a choice of a husband from her many lovers, it need hardly be said that Sito was amongst the rejected suitors. His nets were empty, his heart was broken, and, as the light had gone out of his life, he felt that it would be useless for him to attempt to struggle further against the wrath of the gods. He resolved to perform the "happy despatch," and quit a world that held for him neither profit nor pleasure.

Just as he was on the point of committing hari-kari, the spirit of his father appeared before him and demanded to know the reason of his contemplated suicide.

"Look," replied Sito, pointing to the distant roadway that led from the Inland Sea. Along the road came fishermen loaded with the spoils of the sea. "And look there," said Sito, directing the spirit's attention to another scene where laughing men and smiling brides strolled along the rose-bordered path of life, plucking the flowers and inhaling the sweet perfumes. "What have I in common with such a world? To leave I in common with the gods beneficent others but not to me are the gods beneficent. My fellows catch the largest fish and wed the fairest brides. There is no luck nor love in life for me."

"Fool," cried the spirit; "throw down your weapon and hearken to the message of the gods. The fairest bride is yet unwon and the largest fish is still in the Inland Sea."

Then Sito took hope into his heart, and soon his nets were filled to overflowing, and he became wealthy. He married a bride fairer than Nanisha, and in the after years of his happy life, when younger men envied him his great wealth and his happiness, he comforted them, saying:

"The gods are just, and have ordained that the largest fish is still uncaught in the Inland Sea, and the fairest bride is still unwed. Go thou and catch them both."



A STICKLER FOR ETIQUETTE.

LIZE.—"What did yer chuck Hemily fer, Billy?"
WILLIAM.—"Blime, she wanted a bloke to wash his back in Winter time."

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

By M. E. K.

Love had come to her, young and simple as she was. Since her fifteenth birthday she had watched the gradual annexation of all the eligible young men of her suburb by the elder daughters of the neighbouring families, fair, young things, just in the heyday of their youth at forty. Still as she grew up her mirror told her that some day perhaps a widower with a growing family might fancy her for a second trial, though her mother held out no such hope until she had been out at least ten seasons.

"It is no good being really ingenuous," she would say, "till you are old enough to appear so without being so," so she knew that Time alone could remedy the defect.

It so happened, however, that though she was only seventeen, and never expected to be kissed, that a comparative stranger to the neighbourhood came a-courting at the house of the fair maiden. He was bald as to the head and whiskered as to the chin, but he wore the conventional male attire, and might reasonably be surmised to be a man.

At first the damsel could not believe in her good fortune. She thought her mamma, a buxom dame, must be the attraction, but, remembering that her father was fairly athletic still, was at last convinced the object of his attention must be herself. On one occasion at least he had spent his Sabbath collection on milk kisses, and she treasured the wrappers.

Then there came an evening of a kind she had not hoped to experience till she was at least thirty and a golf player, when the man (a real one) could restrain his ardour no longer.

"Gladys, young as you are, I love you: time will remedy your chief defect—when shall we be married?"

Of course, he knew she would not refuse him—her one chance for ten or more years—and so, papa's consent having been bought by a few of his racing debts being paid for, preparations went forward apace, and all the eligible maidens of uncertain age made more violent love than ever to the youths of the district, fearing the awful precedent that had been created.

A week or so before the wedding the prospective bride received a letter from the benedict-elect.

"I have, unfortunately for you, met my old love again, the love of my youth, and find that the ties of the heart cannot be broken. I must therefore beg you to release me from my engagement."

Gladys knew that no young girl ever cries, leaving that to her sisters of youthful middle-age, but could not forbear the feminine refuge of a breach of promise writ. The summons was answered in a female hand.

"Considering your alleged fiancé has been married to his 'old love' for twenty years, I think she has a prior right."

And all the Tabbies of the neighbourhood quite agreed with her, knowing that no girl should become engaged until sufficient time has expired for her prospective husband's first wife to have died.

NOT USED TO BUCKJUMPERS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.—"Oh, really! I feel quite out of place."

STOCKMAN.—"A Merry Christmas to you, old man"

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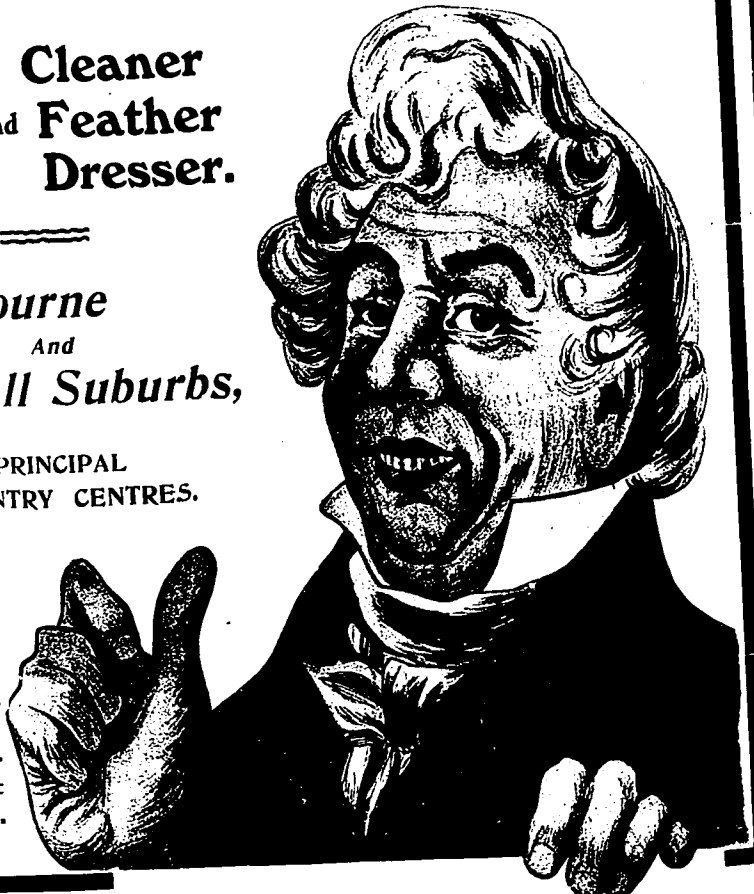
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The PREMIER HOUSE for



HALLIMORE—AND OTHER

By Will Lawson.

The steamer Oman, from Koweit, in the Persian Gulf, picked her way through the craft clustered on the bank on the shore, and brought up off Manama. A regular trader, and the waterside riffs every inch of her, from keel to spar, accordingly took liberties. But chief of them was new to this run, having come from a Brindisi mail-boat. He was a first Mahomedan who came up the river, and threw him back into the water. "I've niggers on my necks," he said, "and more ventured. They hauled off, and for a pre-natally damned infidel."

"This isn't a mail-boat, you know," the purser, laughed. "Better company hear of this."

Hallimore cursed the company, and ward to scare seven bells out of his head. Morrison, engineer of the Oman, said, "He did it with one hand, a tinge of admiration in his voice."

"Same as you or I would," John Johnston said. "They were all three strong men with a strength that had come to generations of giants—a strength which less living had spoilt; Morrison's resistless strength like that of his father, patently nothing, really without Johnston with the best strength of his generation, comes from clean living and open air. Even in the sultry Gulf climate his fresh."

"We're taking twenty Bashi Bazouks," Johnston remarked, lazily. Morrison, who was trying to give a steamer just in from Bander Abi and grunted, "They're hell. He better look out."

The Bashi Bazouks came on board noon armed with long-barrelled guns and knives. Johnston assigned them to the fore-hatch, where they spread their mats on the deck and glared at the coolies.

Johnston, coming aft, met Morrison. "Your gun ready," he said, laughing, "nodded."

"There's a lady arrived," he said, "her berth."

The purser found her in the saloon, a daughter of a Scotch merchant, and was shipped, under care of the Aden, where she would join friends bound for London. Johnston gave her the cabin.

"You'll be pretty cool here," he said, "and—I wouldn't come on deck if you fall," he added. He was thinking of the Turks. She looked at him and thanked him.

At dinner Hallimore stared at her, and as she rose from the table he trusted we shall have the pleasure of pany on deck this evening. Morrison flushed at the flash from his eye, accompanied this remark.

"I should like to," she answered. "Johnston."

He looked away. He was not listening.

"Certainly, you must take care," the captain agreed, heartily.

Johnston found Morrison waiting for him on deck.

"Those fold-your-tents-and-run-aways are starting to fool with the Oman," Hallimore finds out, there's something I've coupled the deck-hose to the boiler pipe, so if you're handy when we use that, I've got to go below."

The captain sauntered on to the fore-cabin, already hove short, and

HALLIMORE AND OTHERS.

By Will Lawson.

The steamer Oman, from Koweit, in the Persian Gulf, picked her way through the pearling craft clustered on the bank on the western shore, and brought up off Manama. She was a regular trader, and the waterside riff-raff knew every inch of her, from keel to spar-deck, and accordingly took liberties. But chief officer Hallimore was new to the run, having fallen from grace and a Brindisi mail-boat. He seized the first Mahomedan who came up the side and threw him back into the water. "I'll have no niggers on my decks," he said. And no more ventured. They hauled off, and cursed him for a pre-natally damned infidel.

"This isn't a mail-boat, you know," Johnston, the purser, laughed. "Better not let the company hear of this."

Hallimore cursed the company, and went forward to scare seven bells out of his Lascars. Morrison, engineer of the Oman, turned to Johnston. "He did it with one hand," he said, a tinge of admiration in his voice.

"Same as you or I would," Johnston added. They were all three strong men; Hallimore with a strength that had come to him from generations of giants—a strength which his reckless living had spoiled; Morrison with a quiet, irresistible strength like that of his engines—apparently nothing, really without limit; and Johnston with the best strength of all which comes from clean living and open-air work. Even in the sultry Gulf climate his face looked fresh.

"We're taking twenty Bashi Bazouks to Muscat," Johnston remarked, lazily.

Morrison, who was trying to give the name to a steamer just in from Bander Abbas, nodded and grunted. "They're hell. Hallimore had better look out."

The Bashi Bazouks came on board in the afternoon armed with long-barrelled guns and short knives. Johnston assigned them space near the fore-hatch, where they spread their cheap blankets on the deck and glared at the ship's coolies.

Johnston, coming aft, met Morrison. "Keep your gun ready," he said, laughing. Morrison nodded.

"There's a lady arrived," he said, "wants her berth."

The purser found her in the saloon. She was a daughter of a Scotch merchant at Manama, and was shipped, under care of the captain, to Aden, where she would join friends from Ceylon, bound for London. Johnston gave her the coolest cabin.

"You'll be pretty cool here," he remarked, "and—I wouldn't come on deck after night-fall," he added. He was thinking of Hallimore and the Turks. She looked up quickly, and thanked him.

At dinner Hallimore stared at her admiringly, and as she rose from the table he said: "I trust we shall have the pleasure of your company on deck this evening, Miss M'Ivor." She flushed at the flash from his heavy eyes which accompanied this remark.

"I should like to," she answered, looking at Johnston.

He looked awar. He was not a ladies' man. "Certainly, you must take a turn on deck," the captain agreed, heartily. "Certainly," Johnston found Morrison waiting anxiously for him on deck.

"These fold-your-tents-and-steal-away niggers are starting to fool with the Lascars, and if Hallimore finds out, there's going to be trouble. I've coupled the deck-hose to the winch steam-pipe, so if you're handy when the show opens, use that. I've got to go below now."

The captain snuntered on to the bridge. The anchor, already hove short, came dripping out of the grey water. The dim outline of Arabia receded as the steamer took the course which would carry her across the Gulf.

"Keep her at that," he ordered, and went into his cabin.

Hallimore and Miss M'Ivor were on the hurricane-deck, and the Oman purred softly along in the blazing moonlight, in charge of the third officer. Johnston leaned idly over the rail, smoking and dreaming of his home in the South, which he left because of a girl—a girl he had expected to marry. He looked along to Hallimore, and wondered bitterly which of the two would suffer. The girl seemed to take Hallimore's side.



NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

PLAIN LADY.—"They say every person has his or her double. Now, do you think there's at other person exactly like me somewhere in the world?"
 OLD GENT (absently).—"Let us hope not, my dear madam—let's hope not."

"Bander Abbas—Bander Abbas," sang Morrison's engines as they shoved the Oman through the phosphorescent water. Johnston put his pipe away, but still lingered. He knew there was a pile of freight lists to write up, but it was too hot yet to work. The ship's bell in the fore-cabin chimed harshly. "Must go to work," Johnston grumbled. The captain awoke and struck a light for a second cigar. Hallimore and the girl rose and walked to the break more of the deck. Johnston saw Hallimore look quickly towards the ship's bows, and he noted the dark flush of anger in the chief officer's face. Johnston looked, too. A big Turk was wrestling with the Lascar who had just struck the bell.

Hallimore sprang over the rail and dropped on to the main-deck. The Turks lay on the deck wrapped in their blankets, and one of them obstructed Hallimore's path. He kicked the recumbent man—hard, and the Turk buried his knife in the officer's leg, at the same time struggling to his feet. As soon as he stood upright Hallimore knocked him down again. Then he drew his revolver and retreated. The man followed, and stabbed again. Hallimore staggered, lowed, and screamed. Now the third mate was and the girl screamed. Now the third mate was climbing swiftly down from the bridge. Johnston seized the nozzle of the deck-hose in his left hand. In his right hand he held his revolver, and as soon as he got clear aim, shot the pursuing Turk. Then he turned the steam on, and swung round to meet the others, who were charging aft with gleaming teeth and flashing knives. The steam-valve was wide open, but the steam only hissed slightly. He kicked the coils to free them from kinks.

"Bander Abbas—Bander Abbas," Morrison's engines sang. Johnston cursed them for using the steam he needed.

The second officer dropped the leader of the onslaught. Then the steam shrieked through the nozzle right into the livid faces and glaring eye-balls. Its sudden rush awed them—all save the one who had tried to ring the bell. He was an ex-greaser of steam-engines, and knew. He made straight for the engine-room hatch, and started down the ladder.

Morrison shot him in the leg, and got ready for the next assailant. He was alone in the engine-room, save for the native firemen and greasers, whom he could not depend on, and he reasoned that if a Turk had got as far as his engine-room things must be happening badly on deck. So he watched the skylight with his revolver in his hand.

On deck, Johnston had, with the help of the second and third officers, penned the Turks into the forepart of the ship. The Lascars had retreated to the fore-cabin.

Hallimore was standing painfully, trying not to show how he suffered. The girl was crying, and begging him to have his wound seen to.

Johnston turned to her, for him, angrily. "Go below at once," he said.

Hallimore was about to retort when the captain came back and took her gently to the saloon companion.

"There's nothing to fret about," he assured her kindly. "You go below, and I'll tell you about it afterwards."

On deck the Turks sullenly laid down their arms. None of them were killed—three were wounded. In the morning the Oman signalled a British sunboat, and got rid of her troublesome score of passengers.

The Oman's engines sang their way to Bander Abbas and Muscat and Aden, where the lady passenger left the ship, and then to Colombo, where the Company's principal Eastern office is. There Hallimore was discharged "for behaving in a manner calculated to strain the trade relations with the Company's native clients."

"Bashi Bazouks are hell," Morrison said, consolingly. He might have saved his sympathy. When the Oman arrived at Aden, three months later, from her regular Persian Gulf trip, she ran close past the Australian mail-boat, lying on her side. As she passed, a coolie fell precipitately into the water, and a voice they knew roared: "I'll have no dirty niggers on my decks." It was Hallimore in all the glitter of a mail-boat officer's uniform.

"I wonder how he got there," Johnston said. Morrison wagged his head sagely. "Someone been pulling strings—petticoat strings, I expect."

"That was right. Hallimore was engaged to marry the Manama girl, whose father was Scotch, and a merchant with great native influence, and the Company was a very human concern."



BAD POLICY.

BIGGS.—"Let me up, you coward—you cur. Let me up!"
 HANS.—"No fear. I nod led you oop. I would rader pe a coward than von tam fool."

RELICS.

Only a well-worn pair of small boy's breeches, Designed and fashioned with a mother's care, While as the nimble fingers sewed the stitches Each stitch was fastened with a wordless prayer.

Only a little frock with lace betrimmed, That once was wont an infant form to grace, Yet as I look at it my eyes are dimmed By tears which run undecided down my face.

Only a small boy's boot, worn down at heel, Surviving twin of what was once a pair, Yet down my cheek the briny teardrops steal, To think that boy no more that boot shall wear.

Only a pocketful of odds and ends— A catapult, a knife, a top and string, Yet as I gaze upon these old-time friends A curious moisture to my eyes they bring.

Only a lovable black-headed boy, Who was to all who knew him much endeared, Who was by day and night his parents' joy— Ah me! ah me! that boy has disappeared.

Ah me! no more those little feet shall patter Along the passage, up and down the stair; Never again that winsome infant's chatter Shall shrilly pierce the circumambient air.

Thrice happy youngster with the jetty hair, And not a line of care upon his brow, The object of the fondest love and care, Once more, ah me! were you dot boy gone now?

I'm not alluding to a long-lost child, So let not misplaced tears bedew your cheek, Be not by needless sympathy beguiled— 'Tis only of my little self I speak.

And, hang it all, I'm getting so pathetic, I'd better terminate this touching scrawl; Really and truly, on my soul prophetic, I'm feeling more than half inclined to bawl.
 ALLAN F. WILSON.

A BUSH PROPOSAL.

He was a tall, lumbering young man, his name was Ned, and he was said to be a great axeman. He was also good behind a plough, and as a harvester had few equals. He lounged up to the kitchen-door of the farmhouse in the terrific heat, and hung his head into the room where a short, fat, red, heated young woman of about twenty-five was sweeping very energetically, and banging things about. The young man watched her in silence for two minutes. Then he said:

"Hello, miss!"
 The girl looked up, and ejaculating: "Oh, you go 'long!" continued her sweeping.

"Very busy this after, miss?" said Ned.
 "Can't yer see?" said the girl, shortly.
 "Had somethin' I wanted t' say t' yer."

"Can't be bothered. Got too much to do."
 "Twon't take a minute."
 "Tell yer I'm too busy. I got the washin' up t' do, 'n' the pigs' food t' look after, 'n' the vegetables t' get ready. I couldn't stop fer, a house a-fire."

Ned went away, loafed about for five minutes, and then returned. Min was clattering the dishes, and looking hotter than ever through the steam.

"S'pose yer couldn't spare us a minit?" said Ned.
 "Naw."

"Won't keep yer longer."
 "Get out with you; I can't waste time on you. I got no time fer nothin'. I just couldn't leave things now t' save me."

"It's a pity, Min, cos I wanted t' arst yer t' marry me."
 "Wha-a-t?"
 "T' arst yer t' marry me."

Min dropped the hot plate, and joined him in two strides.
 "Not that I'm so pertickler busy after all, Ned," she said.

"Well, I do arst yer to, then."
 "I'm ergecable."
 "S'pose you won't want t' keep a feller waitin' months 'n' months, will yer?"
 Min was tugging at the knot in her apron-string.

"I jist want time t' change me dress," she said.



AT CAMPING.

BILL.—"Would you rather have a thing, Jim, or be goin' to have it?"
 JIM.—"Why, I'd rather have it, o' course."
 BILL.—"What about them beers we had at the shanty?"

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New Zealand's Lakes

Are unequalled for beauty of form and colour, and for magnificence of environment. There are many beautiful lakes in both islands, easily reached by rail or coach, and traversed by steamers and launches. These lakes are surrounded by grand snowy mountains, or by forests of a luxuriance seldom seen outside the tropics, and some are studded with exquisitely-wooded archipelagoes of islands.

New Zealand's Rivers

Have endless beauties for the traveller. The Wanganui River, flowing through romantic forests and canons, is navigable for 140 miles, and forms part of the main route through the interior of the North Island.

New Zealand's Alps

Are in many respects grander and more impressive than even the Alps of Switzerland. The snow-line is lower, and the glaciers are of enormous size—the largest in the Temperate Zones. The Southern Alps, extending for hundreds of miles through the South Island, exhibit all conceivable forms of mountain glory—majestic icy peaks, immense snowfields, ice-falls of amazing height and splendour, and an exceedingly rich and beautiful Alpine flora. AORANGI, or Mount Cook, the supreme peak of the Alps, is the highest point of Australasia. Near its foot is the Government "Hermitage," a comfortable hotel for Alpinists, reached by rail and coach from Christchurch or Dunedin. The "Hermitage" stands in the heart of a grand Alpine region, within a very short distance of three great glaciers—the Tasman (eighteen miles long and two miles wide), the Mueller and Hooker. There are Government Guides at the "Hermitage," and all necessary Alpine equipment is kept on hand.

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Is the most magnificent, most primeval, of all pleasure grounds. It is a vast forest, canon, peak, lake and waterfall, covering over two million acres, and indented on its western side—the south-west coast of Otago—by the loveliest sea-fiords in the world. This is the great National Park of the South. Through the grandest portion of Fiordland, from the head of Lake Te Anau, a foot-road leads to MILFORD SOUND, famous for its green cliffs and mountain palisades, its framing of rich forest, its encircling craggy peaks, and its myriad waterfalls. This finest of all walking tours is under Government control. There are Government accommodation huts; Government guides on the track.

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The two finest Coaching Runs in New Zealand are those via the BULLER and OTHER GORGES, traversing very beautiful forest and mountain scenery, and giving access to the West Coast of the South Island, with its lovely lakes and magnificent glaciers.

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There is no finer hunting ground for the sportsman. The red deer of the Wairarapa and Hawea forests carry the grandest of antlers. Red and fallow deer are very abundant in both Islands. Stalking seasons, February to end of May. There are thousands of miles of rivers, streams, teeming with rainbow and brown trout of great size. Angling season, October to end of April.

Very low license fees. Racing, Hunting, Polo, Golf.

New Zealand as a Home.

WHAT THE STATE DOES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Not only do its natural endowments of soil and climate adapt New Zealand in the highest degree for close and profitable settlement, but its system of Government is advanced and helpful. The State extends its functions to almost every department of public convenience and necessity. Its assistance very materially enhances the advantages of the Colony as a permanent home.

The people are encouraged and assisted to settle upon the land. There are very large areas of virgin land in New Zealand waiting for settlement. Crown land is obtainable on very easy terms—on lease in perpetuity, lease with right of purchase, and for cash. The State advances money to settlers at low interest. The State also buys large improved estates and cuts them up for close settlement. The Government provides free the services of expert dairy instructors, veterinary surgeons, poultry experts, fruit-growing experts, a viticulturist, an entomologist, and an agricultural botanist and chemist.

Passages from the United Kingdom to New Zealand at reduced rates are provided for intending settlers who have some little means, and who are approved by the High Commissioner for New Zealand in London.

The education system is free, secular and compulsory; there is a liberal system of secondary education and University scholarships, and there are technical and art schools. There are a Post Office Savings Bank, managed by the Government; a Public Trust and Investment Office with State guarantee; a Government Life Insurance Department, with an Accident Branch; and a State Fire Insurance Department. The scenic assets, tourist routes and spas of the Colony are under the care of the Government Department of Tourist and Health Resorts.

ALL INFORMATION regarding Scenic Routes, Spas, Sport, Cost of Travel, Land for Settlement, etc., is supplied free of charge by the NEW ZEALAND DEPARTMENT OF TOURIST and HEALTH RESORTS.

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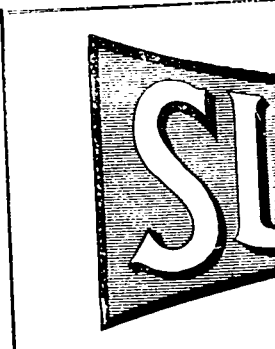
Write for Tourist Department's "Itinerary of Travel," and Descriptive Guide Books.



A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR

He. "Fancy little Smith Tartar of a woman."
She. "He said he wanted care of him."
He. "So she will."
She. "Take care of her."
He. "Yes—take hair."

"People blame me for doing said the sid-eyed mendicant housewife. "but it was sorry to it. Yes, dear, kind lady, what I am. You see me a widderer. Yes, ma'am, I've He drew his sleeve across his a sob. "And no man could be like a tiger, washin' day in yer, I never had a 'old's time."



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A MAORI MAID.

Photo printed on ARISTO-Platino Paper.

In her the beauties of the Whites
And of the stalwart Maoris lie.

Each man who sees the maid delights
To have a half-caste in his eye.

THE ADVENTURES OF OSWALD, CLAUDE AND THEIR COUNTRY COUSIN, JAMES HENRY.



"Boggs" said Papa Gully, your cousin James Henry, from Ballybean on the Billabong, is coming to spend a few days with us. You must meet him and endeavour to make his stay happy, healthy and instructive. "Eh, what?" whispered wicked Claudius, aside to brother Oswald. "we won't do nothing to the thistle-eater from out-back-oh, no; not at all!" Later the sad, but city lads plotted to pull the leg of their simple relative from Ballybean on the Billabong.



Behold, they meet the trusting, simple, sincere, comely lad, carrying the primitive carpet bag of his forefathers, and they promptly conclude that he is a guy, and, while making a specious show of a hearty welcome, indulge in facetious sallies. "We'll fill him with gin, and play tricks with him," says that awful Claude. "We'll take him home to pa as full as a tick," answers Oswald. "And courting spiders," adds Claude.



And James Henry, though for weeks past he has been taking lessons on the intricacies of great cities, and is check full of precautions that are to enable him to dodge confidence-men and other wiles and snares, trusts his mischievous cousins implicitly, and takes most mysterious drinks with them in a gay hotel. "We can see him fair rickled," whispers Claude. "He'll be dead to the world before we begin to gag-gag," answers Oswald.



Behold, the respectable young men have obtained this comely, cunning country cousin in the hotel, drinking things till kicking out time, and now they are wandering in the night air, filled with a weird idea that James Henry is very drunk. "He's as putrid as a poisoned pullet," says Claude. "He (hic!) can't sit up," answers Oswald. "In there are beetles in his boots."



But really, and strange to say, James Henry is not a bit the worse for wear (and beer), and when the intelligent and handsome officer of the Law comes to pack the three into a city cell, it is the country cousin who smites him lip and eye under the impression that he is a spider in disguise, knocking the handsome officer into a tangled mass.

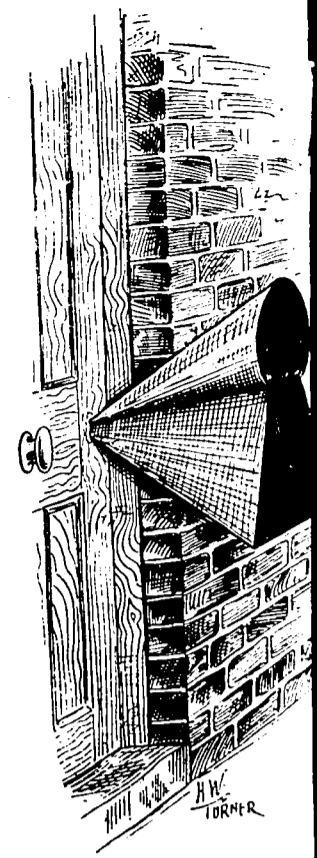


Then it is the simple, unsuspecting, and unsuspected hostess from Ballybean on the Billabong who gathers up the departed companions, Claude and Oswald, and bears them to a place of safety. "My word, we must have had the pumpkin (horribly) baked last night," says Claude in the morning. "My head's a-achin'!" says Oswald. "We must have had the food over by an Eight Hours Process!"

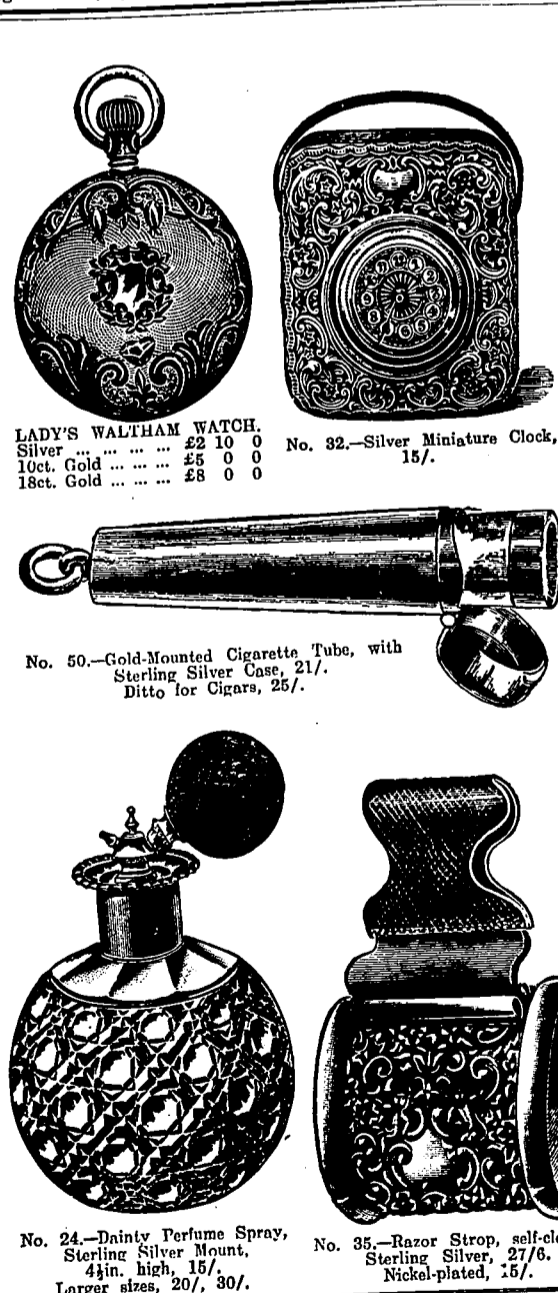
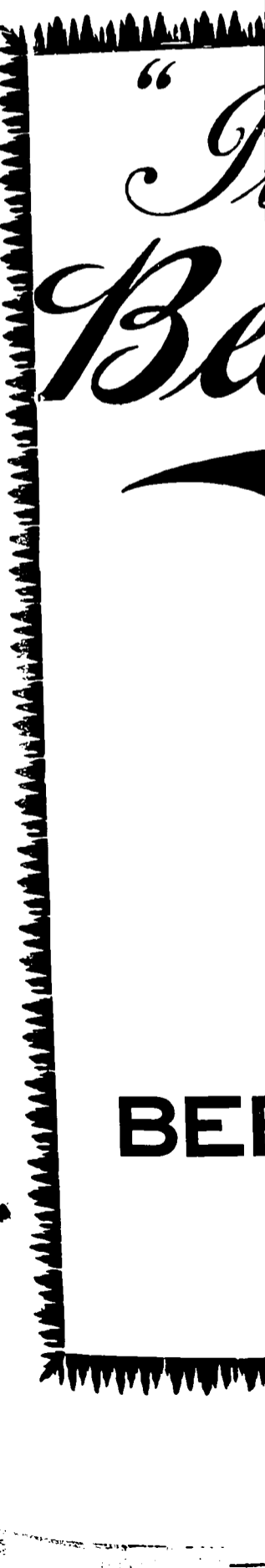
Scene: An eastern township. William Boggs, J.P., a wealthy storekeeper, meets his friend Jenkins arriving a few hundred lambs to the railway station, whence they were to be trucked to the freezing works. Says Boggs: "Any chance of a ride down with the fat stock? I'd want to get down to the Cup." "Well, you'd have to look after them, and you might get your clothes dirty." "That's all right. I won't change till they get to the freezers, anyhow."

When Boggs started his journey he raved: "This is blanky well all right. Cheap ride, stay with my friends (on the never), get a cheap ride to Melbourne, do a bit of buying in the Lane, and kid some of them commercials to the shout me out to Flemington." Ought to see the Cup pretty cheap this year. All went well with Boggs till he got to Melbourne, but there he could find no commercials to shout him to the races. Somewhat disgusted with the city

meanness, the worthy storekeeper boldly decided to go on his own, and in his excitement he took a ticket to the stand, 12s. 6d. Reaching the course, still boiling with indignation, he felt like plunging. "Yes, I will plunge," he decided: "must pay my expenses somehow. Hey, bookie, what price that bay fellow?" The bay fellow was a "long shot," as Casey said, one that should have been shot long ago. "40 to 1," said the bookie; "ere, 50 to 1 to you."

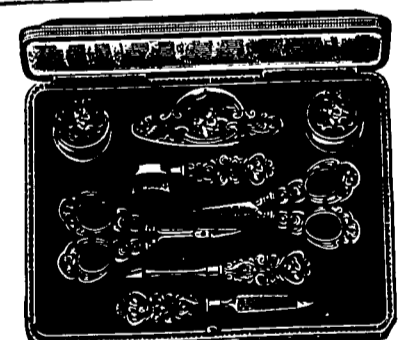


A MUCH
Old soaker's wife has those who find it at times saves her many a run do not applied for.)
Blood will tell. A well-known for his breezy democratic manners, a heated argument with his cook, much about the subject they were naturally their language grew rather mere polite. At length the argu



LADY'S WALTHAM WATCH. Silver £2 10 0
10ct. Gold 25 0 0
18ct. Gold 28 0 0
No. 32.—Silver Miniature Clock, 15/.
No. 50.—Gold-Mounted Cigarette Tube, with Sterling Silver Case, 21/. Ditto for Cigars, 25/.
No. 24.—Dainty Perfume Spray, Sterling Silver Mount, 4 1/2 in. high, 15/. Larger sizes, 20/, 30/.
No. 35.—Razor Strip, self-closing, Sterling Silver, 27/6. Nickel-plated, 15/.

Jeweller by Appointment to His Excellency
The Governor General Lord Northcote, C.B., G.C.I.E.
H. NEWMAN,
Vice Regal Jeweller,
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No. 43.—Sterling Silver Manicure Set, 23/3/. We have a splendid assortment from 15/ to 27/10/.



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Dainty & Useful Presents.

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POST FREE to any address.



No. 28.—Silver Mounted Hair-Pin Roller, 3 1/2 in. high, 2/6.
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18ct. Gold 20 0 0
No. 33.—Pretty Silver-mounted Toilet Boxes, Cut Glass, 3 in. long, 7/6. Larger sizes, 10/ and 12/6.
No. 20.—Sterling Silver Buttoner and Shoe Horn, 7 in. long, 6/6 pair. In Velvet Lined Cases, from 8/6.
No. 36.—Sterling Silver Shaving Brush, 12/6. With Cover, 15/.
No. 49.—Sterling Silver Mounted Comb, 5 in., 4/6; 5 in., 6/6
No. 46.—Sterling Silver Brush, a special bar, 15/. Other patterns at 10/6, 12/6, 20/, 30/.

H. NEWMAN, 312 Bourke Street, Melbourne.
ESTABLISHED 1852.

PUNISHED BY PROXY.

Sometimes the man from out-back gets in ahead of the suave young gentleman who seeks to impose upon his ingenuousness by giving him a heap of money as a reward for his industry and thrift.

On the Tuesday of last week a large bushman, with the stamp of out-back all over him, was wandering up Bourke-street, examining the architecture, and getting in the way of the trams and other traffic when a smartly-dressed, amiable young stranger approached him, and said:

"Could you direct me to the Treasury, sir?" The countryman shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't know much about Melbourne. I'm just down from the country."

"You surprise me," said the young man. "I'm down from Toodelumbuck for the Christmas myself, but I could have sworn you were a city man—a lawyer, or a stock and share broker, or something like that."

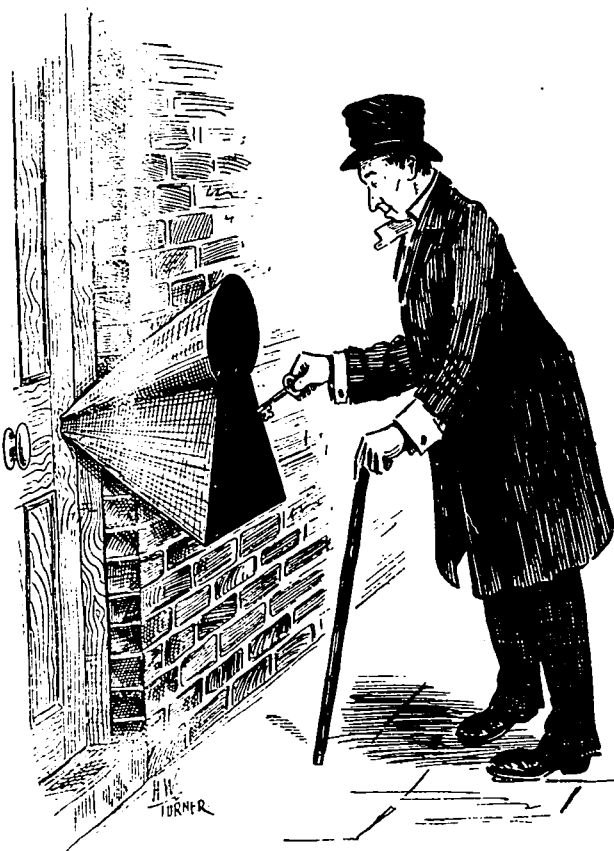
The bushman felt flattered, and after a little conversation allowed himself to be beguiled into a back-street publichouse. Here the amiable young man commenced a story about an eccentric uncle of his, a planter in Pili, a true philanthropist, whom most of us have heard of before.

"He's a lover of mankind," said the young man, frankly, "and is never so happy as when doing others a good turn. He has instructed me to help—"

At this point the pretty story ceased suddenly for the very sufficient reason that the big, powerful, hairy bushie had fallen upon the amiable young man tooth and nail, and was giving him a fearful doing. The way-backer punched a thump like the kick of a carthorse, and in about three minutes he had reduced the amiable youth to ruins, and as the gory remnants sat on the floor of the bar parlour, Wayback said:

"I'm real glad I met you. That story was pitched to me when I was down in Melbourne for the Show once before, 'n' I lost twenty-five quid over it. I came down this time partly in the hope o' meetin' you again."

Then the bushman tramped out of the hotel.



A MUCH-NEEDED WANT.

Old soaker's wife has hit on the above ingenious idea for those who find it at times difficult to locate the keyhole. It saves her many a run down-stairs in the early hours (Patent not applied for.)

Blood will tell. A well-known squatter, noted for his breezy democratic manners, once got into a heated argument with his cook. Neither knew much about the subject they wrangled over, so naturally their language grew rather hotter than mere polite. At length the argument got so hot

that words seemed an ineffective instrument, so the cook took off his coat and challenged the squatter to mortal combat. This amused the squatter so much that he belloved with laughter, and went off quite happy, much to the disgust of the hellicose salt-sprinkler. When he

entered one of the shops the squatter spotted one of the boys at "dunny business." He told him "to get on with his business." The lad got angry, and freely expressed his opinion of the boss' mental capacity. The squatter threatened to chuck him out. "Chuck me out, will you?"

cried the young rouser; "come outside, then, and put 'em up, and see what you ken do." The squatter exploded again. "You must be a son of the cook's," he spluttered forth. "No, I ain't," replied the lad; "the cook's me blanky uncle."



HE MEANT WELL!

He.—"An unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Page, in having the opportunity of er-seeing you divested—I mean-er-in a state of Nature unadorned. No-er, I didn't mean that-er-er—"

She.—"You want to be complimentary, is that it?"

He.—"Yes; you look dashed pretty in that dress, and er, ten years younger!"

"I'll take good care I get Beecham's Pills

next time, no more experiments for me."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

have stood the test of over sixty years without the publication of Testimonials.

Notwithstanding the GIGANTIC SALE of over SIX MILLION BOXES PER ANNUM, there are still thousands of sufferers who are spoiling their lives and possibly ruining their health with experiments while the old-established remedy—BEECHAM'S PILLS—still remains untried.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOXES, Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) & 2s. 9d. (168 Pills).



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We did an immense business, and in preparation for this Season's trade are fully stocked with all kinds of Seasonable Goods.

We have a storeful of **Useful** and **Ornamental Things** suitable for presentation, and cordially invite your inspection. All enquiries by post receive prompt attention.

A Special Staff attends to all COUNTRY ORDERS, and complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

THIS · XMAS Our Stocks include:

The Latest Novelties in Purses, Dolls, Bags, Toys, Baskets, Dressing Cases, Notepaper, Nickel-ware, Haberdashery, Rocking-horses, Boots & Shoes, Slippers, Sandals, Bicycles, Waggon, &c., at all prices.

The Newest in in Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons and Laces, Dress Goods, Silks, Blouses, Costumes, Boys' Clothing and Outfitting, &c., &c.

Natty Articles in Silver and Electroplate, Watches, Clocks, Nic-Nacs, Toilet Accessories, Vases, Jardinières, and China and Glass Novelties in great profusion.

And in Addition we supply **Everything** to Eat, Drink and Wear, and every Household Requisite—all of highest quality, and at the lowest price.

WE SUGGEST

1. If you are unable to come to town to make your purchases, remit us the amount you desire to spend, with your instructions, and we will undertake to please you, to stay pleased.
2. Write for our new General Catalogue "P," which we send post free on application.

THE MUTUAL STORE, The Up-to-Date Universal Providers,
Opposite Flinders Street Station, Melbourne.

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!

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Skins, Hides,
Tallow, Bark,

Stock and
Station
Brokers,
On
Commission
Only.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES.
All Proceeds of Consignments held in Trust.
ACCOUNT SALES AND PROCEEDS PROMPTLY RENDERED.

WOOL SALES EVERY TUESDAY. GRAIN SALES EVERY WEDNESDAY.
OTHER PRODUCE WEEKLY.

Three Months' Free Storage on all Grain received into Store from 1st December to 31st March, after which One Month is allowed.

Butter Shipments undertaken on Owner's Account. Agents for M'Dougall's Original Non-Poisonous Sheep Dip. Supplied in Casks, 5-Gallon Drums and 1-Gallon Drums. Can be confidently recommended.

Stores--Kensington. Offices--Collins St., Melbourne.

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Glass, Oil and
Colour Merchants,

Established
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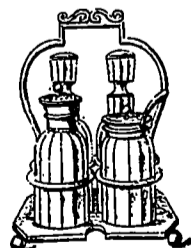
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Complete Furnishings for Schools and Studios. Wholesale and Retail.
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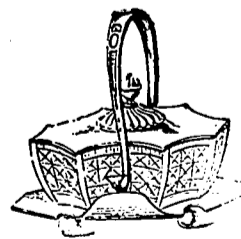
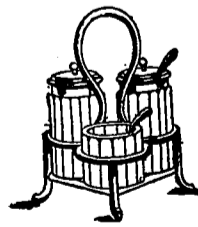
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A Visit to Our Showrooms is Invited.

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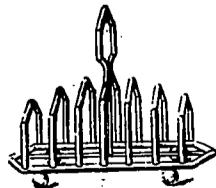
BEST ENGLISH MAKES.



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Christmas Presents.



CHAMBERS & SEYMOUR, Furnishing Ironmongers.
SWANSTON STREET.

AN INTERVENTION

By George Martin.

It was quite by chance I was seated by the side of a man I did not like. A bachelor, early thirties, he was without ostentation, but had come to be well off, said by worring himself into the schemes of men richer and cleverer than at whose jokes he laughed long at Women there were who thought his face rather striking—but his heavy-lidded eyes, frequent trick of beeting deep-sunken eyes, and exceptionally did not favourably impress me. But face suddenly went white and he shrank in his chair when a big, ponderous, coarse-featured man came up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm going to kill all my birds," he said to Boysome, in a rich, fruity voice in great form," he chuckled, "I shall drop 'em as easily as—as I drop you! Ta, ta!"

With a burst of laughter at Boysome's look he passed on. Boysome quickly recovered himself. "Peters," he explained, "Crack piper a big match on this afternoon, and as if he had lunched too abstemiously that's his habit."

"Peters!" I repeated, coldly, though interested. "About a year ago Mrs. Peters at a sea-side place. A profusion of brownish-gold hair—"

"His wife," interposed Boysome, anywhere with her herself. Newin slowly and impressively, "he neglected fully. Is away all day till the night and is in every respect—you understand outrageous bon viveur. An extraordinary course—he's tired of her; yet a charming No child, unluckily; a misfortune."

added, with sudden, nervous energy turned to me, "if she were to take a decisive step to relieve her condition His face again attracted me, so I observed.

"You seem to be rather deep in confidence," I observed, "know them both. Go there when he has the place full of men Newin," he concluded, solemnly, at me with what seemed like apprehension, "if she took such a suggested, much would have to be her defence—much!"

Not wishing to pursue the topic rose, wished him good-day, and returned to my chambers, which I left again about being been up country on circuit. I left my baggage at the railway station, and now strolled thither to get it to my lodgings. When I entered the room I almost came into collision with a wheeling some travelling bag being lifted to the counter, I noticed a label, "W. D. Boysome, Sydney."

a moment half wondering what it was away. Then, forgetting my own suddenly became possessed with a sudden presentiment. I turned away outside in half-dazed thought.



First Lady (at bar) Second Ditto.

AN INTERVENTION.

By George Martin.

It was quite by accident that I was seated next to Boysome while smoking an after-lunch cigarette in the club smoking-room in Melbourne, for he was a man I did not know. A bachelor in the early thirties, he was without ostensible occupation, but had come to be well off (his friends said) by worshipping himself into the speculative schemes of men richer and cleverer than himself, at whose jokes he laughed long and loudly. Women there were who thought his clean-shaven face rather striking—his heavy brows, with their nervous, frequent wrinkle of beetling over the deep-sunken eyes, and exceptionally large teeth, did not favourably impress me. But the way his face suddenly went white and he shrank in his chair when a big, pompous, coarse-looking man came up and clapped him on the shoulder startled me.

"I'm going to kill all my birds, my boy," he said to Boysome, in a rich, fruity voice. "I'm in great form," he chuckled, "great form. I shall drop 'em as easily as—as I could drop you! Ta, ta!"

With a burst of laughter at Boysome's solemn look he passed on.

Boysome quickly recovered himself. "Sam Peters," he explained, "Crack pigeon shot. Has a big match on this afternoon, and doesn't look as if he had lunched too abstemiously. But that's his habit."

"Peters?" I repeated, coldly, though suddenly interested. "About a year ago I—er—met a Mrs. Peters at a sea-side place. Very refined—profusion of brownish-gold hair—"

"His wife," interposed Boysome. "Never goes anywhere with her herself. Newbave," he said, slowly and impressively, "he neglects her shamefully. Is away all day till the small hours, and is in every respect—you understand me?—an outrageous bon viveur. An estrangement, of course—he's tired of her; yet a charming woman. No child, unluckily; a misfortune for a woman fond of home. It wouldn't be surprising," he added, with sudden, nervous energy, "as he turned to me, 'if she were to take some decisive step to relieve her condition.'"

His face again attracted me, so concerned was its expression.

"You seem to be rather deep in Mrs. Peters' confidence," I observed.

"Know them both. Go there on Sundays, when he has the place full of men. But, mind, Newbave," he concluded, solemnly, as he looked at me with what seemed like both fear and apprehension, "if she took such a step as I have suggested, much would have to be allowed in her defence—much!"

Not wishing to pursue the topic with him I rose, wished him good-day, and returned to my chambers, which I left again about four. Having been up country on circuit, I had deposited my baggage at the railway station in the morning, and now strolled thither to get and deposit it to my lodgings. When I entered the luggage room I almost came into collision with a porter wheeling some travelling bags, which, on being lifted to the counter, I noticed bore the label, "W. D. Boysome, Sydney." I stood for a moment half wondering what was taking him away. Then, forgetting my own business, I suddenly became possessed with a very disagreeable presentiment. I turned away, walked about outside in half-dazed thought, and, as a result,

hurriedly hailed a cab, told the man to drive me to the locality where I knew the Peters resided, and to find out their place for me. In due time I alighted at the gates of a fine-looking house, standing in spacious grounds.

As I paid the driver he said, "Beg pardon, sir, but I suppose you've come about this 'ere unfort'nit business?"

"What business?" I asked, quickly.

"Oh, then, you ain't heard? Why, Mr. Peters is dead, sir."

I looked at him in bewilderment. "Dead!" I repeated, aghast.

"Ah," observed the man, reflectively, "and lost 'is match. I 'ad a bit on 'im, too," he continued, sadly. "E fired one barrel at a bird, missed, fired the second, and then drops dead without knowin' whether 'e'd 'it 'r missed—though missed it was. A doctor said it was 'is 'eart."

I stood for several moments stunned and irresolute before I thoughtfully paced the path-way to the house. I was admitted by a maid, who disappeared with my card upstairs. Standing in the hall was a collection of travelling boxes, and I experienced a queer sensation on seeing the labels, "Mrs. Peters, Sydney." I entered the drawing-room, endeavouring to school my emotions to composure, and in a few moments Mrs. Peters followed.

My first look was to discover if she knew what had befallen her. I saw directly that she did not; her manner was a little nervous and constrained, but as I took the hand she hesitatingly gave me I realised that with so sudden a tragedy consciously upon her she could not have received at all one who had become a stranger to her.

She had scarcely changed at all. Her figure was still girlish, and the delicate beauty of her face seemed little, if at all, impaired.

"I hardly expected ever to see you again," she murmured.

"We haven't met," I said, looking at her earnestly, and speaking in quiet tones, "since that evening when we stood upon a pier head at the seaside. May I recall the scene to you?"

She looked strangely at me, slightly inclining her head in assent.

"It was Christmas night," I proceeded, "and a crowd of people were standing packed and huddled together. A great storm had come, and the sea that had been blue and calm was now black and roaring. The spindrift whipped our faces as we watched for the little coloured lights which, now and then, from across the great waste shot up into the gloom. Behind us were the lights of the hotels and of happy homes, and beyond we knew that a little band of men were at their wits' end to stave off death, and wondering if the shore would send them help. Does it come back to you?"

"Yes," she answered quickly, her eyes in wonder. "Why—why are you telling me this?"

"Suddenly," I resumed, "there was a stir and shout of voices, and we saw plunging into the leaping breakers a floating object. It was the lifeboat! The crew had foregathered without summons, and leaving behind the pleasant revelry of their homes, went out cheerfully to their task—none knowing for certain of return to those they loved. And why did they go?"

"Why?" she repeated, mechanically.

"Because it was their duty! To each man the boat was his mistress. He had bound himself to her service, and was now going upon her



A PROTRACTED ENGAGEMENT.

PEGGY.—"Yes, I know him well. I was engaged to him once."
MADGE.—"Indeed! Was it broken off?"
PEGGY.—"Oh, no! It wasn't broken—it just wore out."

mission—let it bring him good or ill. Why? Just because it was—his duty."

"Duty!" she murmured, her eyes falling.

"The most beautiful word," I said, gently and impressively, as I leant towards her, "in language."

For a moment there was silence. Her eyes remained on the ground, her parted lips quivered, and a slight frown threw a look of trouble upon her face.

Suddenly she lifted her eyes to mine, and said in apprehensive tones: "But you haven't said why you have come to tell me this?"

"I met Mr. Boysome at the club to-day, and had some talk with him," I remarked, slowly.

A frightened look came into her face immediately. "You know him?" she ejaculated hastily.

"Slightly." It hurt me to say what follows, but I blurted out: "Afterwards I chanced to see some baggage of his at the railway station. Your own in the hall, of course, I could not help seeing."

"He told you?" faintly came the self-accusatory words.

I shook my head. "No," I answered.

"Then you must have guessed," she said, almost inaudibly. Her eyes drooped, and a look of shame settled upon her face. "You do not know," she murmured, her breath coming painfully, "what I have endured. If you did, you would not—judge me severely. My husband—"

"Oh, stop," I implored, raising my hand.

"But will you tell me this," I asked in low tones, "do you care for Boysome?"

"You are asking me too much," she said, pride struggling to her eyes. "It is most to a woman that a man should—should care for her. Some women will be content," her voice breaking, "just to have some interest taken in them. I have been almost friendless here."

"But if you part with duty," I exclaimed, eagerly, "you will lose a companion you will one day cry out for in bitterness of spirit. There is no real loneliness in life while duty remains at our side."

She gathered her dignity together, and looked at me coldly and displeased. "I have given my word," she said a little frigidly, "to a man, and I will keep it. My—my husband will suffer no hurt—probably he will be pleased," her voice breaking again, in spite of her. "Is it so very wrong for a woman craving affection to accept when offered? She has to pay a little price, you know, in scruple and respect. Is no allowance to be made for her circumstances? And how long is she expected to suffer?"

"As long as may be," I said, speaking with "As long as may be," I said, speaking with all the feeling I could command. "Do you remember that those brave fellows who went out to fight the storm that night never came back? What of the sorrowing women left behind to lead hard lives for duty's sake?"

She sat motionless for several moments, her look cast down in thought, her lips quivering. Then, raising her dimmed eyes to me, she said, "Very well. It seems hard, but I tremulously, "Very well. It seems hard, but I will try to go on to the end. And I want you to know" (flushing) "that—that I have done no wrong to my husband, except in—in intention."

"Thank God!" I uttered, fervently. The words were no sooner spoken than I heard a knock at the house door, and a maid entered bearing a telegram. Hearing a man's voice I quickly took the missive from the maid's hand. As she left, Boysome hurriedly entered, unannounced. He flung the door so wide that it screened me from his sight, as he said, irritably, "Whatever has kept you? I have been waiting on the platform, and now it is too late! I—"

Then, as his look fell on me, his speech was arrested, and his face darkened.

"Mrs. Peters," I said gravely, "have you any objection to ask Mr. Boysome to open your telegram? There is, I think, a reason why he should do so."

She looked at me in nervous alarm for a moment, and then said, a little stifled in breath, "Oh, as you wish."

Handing the telegram to Boysome I said, "Will you please read it aloud?"

He took it from me with a frown, and I saw sullen anger gathering in his look. As he scanned the message his eyes stared and his face fell. In tones which he tried to keep firm he read—

"Secretary of gun club deeply pained to inform Mrs. Peters that her husband died suddenly this afternoon."

I was watching her anxiously. Her face became rigid and statuesque. Then she screamed loudly, collapsed to her knees, and burying her face in her arms on a small table burst into a flood of weeping.

I moved to Boysome and said quietly to him, "If you mean well by her I will go. If you don't, go yourself, and—quickly."

He was deep in thought, his eyes on the floor, and took not the least notice of me. Presently he slowly turned and left the room and I heard the house door close after him.

I passed to the kneeling woman and said in low tones, "Be comforted that you snatched victory before your release left no victory to gain."

Then I left her.

Twelve months after my wife (formerly Mrs. Peters) and I were seated one summer evening on the pier head where we had once beheld the storm, and now watched the lights of the sunset fading in a calm sea. I felt her hand tight-set fading in a calm sea. I felt her hand tighten on my arm as she said, softly, "To think of the reason why you never came to visit me after we met here first! I never suspected it! And then of the errand that at last brought you to me. Frank, I feel humbled when I think of your—your restraint, and my weakness. But don't judge me from that bad phase of my life."

I glanced down at her and noticed that her eyes were dimmed.

Patting her hand, I said, "It is a theory of mine, sweetheart, that no one but those who bear equal burdens with them may presume to judge those who fall under theirs. And only when the power to bear—which varies in all of us—has been allowed for."



NO LONGER SELF-POSSESSED.

FIRST LADY (at back).—"He doesn't look the least bit self-possessed, does he?"
SECOND DITTO.—"He isn't. He was married yesterday week."

ICUR



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BACKBLOCKS PARSON
TRACKER JACKY.—

DAVIDSON'S D

"Jock" Davidson was a shrewd, well-fledged Scotsman, with a shrewd eye for new-fangled notions, and a shrewd tongue for new-fangled notions. For seventeen years he had been a day for his "siller" at the bank, and he took good care that he earned "saxpences" would go to a good cause. When the great boom of the Melbourne and sovereigns were supplied in neglected piles on the pavement flowed in streams, and a financial lightning in the air plodded on, laying his bricks steady regularly as before. He made no difference to him. He drew his money, had his "wee" stood temptation.

"Jock" was canny, even for a man who took a whisky, and he always gulped it down at once, for he in an early part of his career, glass on the bar, it was on "Jock" had never forgotten the also a dark and deadly suspicion called banks. When the banks went bung, and those quite realised what "going" meant, he strenuously refused money in a bank. "Jock" persuaded to see the force of money in return for a little twopenny; in fact, no arguable, could persuade "Jock" money at all. "Jock" favored the method of "planting" his coins, taken a Sherlock Holmes to the same time he always carried him, secreted over his angular pickpocket would try to rob once, for in every pocket he was a riot of deadly fishhooks. chances.

One day, however, when called, and "Jock" reluctant 6s. 6d., it dawned on his Calo that paying rent was an "aw" of money. He wanted a house he decided to buy one straight he couldn't do better than so he called on the proprietor buy the cottage. After the cheap, and "Jock" easily accepted, wooden cottage in Abbots windows, for £200.

When he was taken to a sign had to sign a number of papers rather a sensation when he himself, and put down his bill tobacco, penknife, fishhooks, creigns all over the table. It was good, and a bundle of deeds was handed over to formed the house was now he would have no more rent to advised the solicitor, "don't you should put them in the thing else belonging to him didn't believe in banks, and way as he had "planted" him to put away his deeds.

That same night "Jock" placed the valuable papers in a safe spot in the back rent-collector called no more was really his very own, the contented men in Melbourne Davidson.

The years rolled on. "Jock"

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And Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

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ACCIDENT COMPANY
IN AUSTRALASIA.

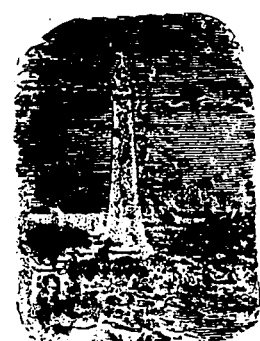
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Income, 1904 - - £1,090,527.

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AN ABORIGINAL SOCIETY WEDDING.

BACKBLOCKS PARSON.—"Now, Jacky, have you got a wedding ring?"
 TRACKER JACKY.—"Jacky no fool same as white pella. Ring no holdit Polly. Me fetchit pair of hobbles."

DAVIDSON'S DEEDS.

"Jock" Davidson was a shrewd, rough, old-fashioned Scotsman, with a supreme contempt for new-fangled notions, and sandy whiskers. For seventeen years he had worked eight hours a day for his "siller" at the bricklaying trade, and he took good care that not one of his hard-earned "saxpences" would go "bung" without good cause. When the great room struck Melbourne and sovereigns were supposed to be lying in neglected piles on the pavements, and champagne flowed in streams, and there were sheets of financial lightning in the air, "Jock" just plodded on, laying his bricks with the same steady regularity as before. Boom or bust, it made no difference to him. He laid his bricks, drew his money, had his "wee drap," and without temptation.

"Jock" was canny, even for a Scot. When he took a whisky, and he always took it neat, he gulped it down at once, for he recollected that in an early part of his career, when he left his glass on the bar, it was once knocked over. "Jock" had never forgotten the lesson. He had also a dark and deadly suspicion of the institutions called banks. When the boom burst many banks went bung, and though "Jock" never quite realised what "going bung" precisely meant, he strenuously refused to put any of his money in a bank. "Jock" could never be persuaded to see the force of giving away his money in return for a little book worth about twopenny; in fact, no arguments, however specious, could persuade "Jock" to give away his money at all. "Jock" favoured the old method of "planting" his coins, and it would have taken a Sherlock Holmes to find them. At the same time he always carried a good stock with him, secreted over his angular person, and no pickpocket would try to rob "Jock" more than once, for in every pocket he stuffed a fine variety of deadly fishhooks. "Jock" took no chances.

One day, however, when the rent-collector called, and "Jock" reluctantly dealt out his 6s. 6d., it dawned on his Caledonian intelligence that paying rent was an "awfu" foolish waste of money. He wanted a house of his own, and he decided to buy one straight out. He thought he couldn't do better than stay where he was, so he called on the proprietor and offered to buy the cottage. After the boom, property was cheap, and "Jock" easily acquired a five-roomed, wooden cottage in Abbotsford, with glass windows, for £200.

When he was taken to a solicitor's office he had to sign a number of papers, and he created rather a sensation when he began to go through himself, and put down his black pipe, plug of tobacco, sealife, fishhooks, and 200 solid sovereigns all over the table. However, the money was good, and a bundle of documents called deeds was handed over to "Jock," who was informed the house was now his own, and that he would have no more rent to pay. "But," finally advised the solicitor, "don't lose the deeds; you should put them in the bank at once."

But "Jock" wouldn't put the deeds or anything else belonging to him in a bank. He didn't believe in banks, and just in the same way as he had "planted" his coins he resolved to put away his deeds. That same night "Jock" secured a tin box, placed the valuable papers in it, and buried it in a safe spot in the backyard. And when the rent-collector called no more, and the cottage was really his very own, there were few more contented men in Melbourne than old "Jock" Davidson.

The years rolled on. "Jock" had now em-

barbed in business for himself, and he was rapidly becoming a rich man. The number of golden coins he had collected began to embarrass him, and he thought seriously of having a section of his yard dug up so that he might be able to store them more conveniently. However, as no more banks went bung in the meantime, and "Jock" obtained good solid advice from his "brither Scots" (and nearly every Scot runs a bank), his old-fashioned prejudices got broken down, and he resolved on the bold step of putting his money-giving it away, as he once thought—to one of those noble institutions. When "Jock's" little lot of sovereigns came along the bank manager thought at first there must have been a boom in gold somewhere; the teller had to stay late that night counting the coins, and it took a number of able-bodied assistants to carry the bags into the strong room. Next day "Jock" brought along the old tin box containing the deeds of his property. With great care it was opened, but to the gaping as-

tonishment of everyone it seemed to contain nothing except a pulpy, slushy mixture of ruined paper. The tin box had not been made watertight, and it must have struck a damp spot. So the parchment had decayed, and all the writing had faded. Part of the printed matter remained, but the writing had completely vanished. "Jock" was in a terrible plight. He knew the deeds gave him possession of the property; thus he argued that if he lost the deeds he also lost the property. It was a most tragic situation.

He called on his solicitor and told him his troubles. His legal adviser said that the property would have to be re-registered, and as nobody else had the slightest possible claim to the property, and "Jock" held possession, it would not be a difficult matter to arrange.

"Jock" was overjoyed at the news. Possession seemed to be fully nine-tenths of the law, so he resolved to take no chances, and hang on like grim death till matters were finally settled. At first "Jock" was almost afraid to go out to



HARDLY!

"My Mater was a ballet girl before she married the old man."
 "Well, yer don't suppose I thought she wuz a 'bally' boy, do yer?"

get a drink in case somebody might jump his claim. He kept watch over that five-roomed wooden cottage at Abbotsford, with the glass windows, like a sentinel guarding a lonely outpost of the Empire, but as no tragic episode like that occurred, old "Jock" Davidson still "holds possession."

SELF-POISONED.

(By "Sequence.")

Some of the most powerful poisons known to science are made in the human body as the result of the wear and tear of life. These poisons are produced by the mere act of living.

We have all heard of the poisoned spears, darts and arrows used by many tribes of savages. The most common mode of poisoning these articles is to thrust them into a dead human body, and leave them there until the flesh is completely decomposed. Some tribes consider that there is a special virtue in the corpse of a chief, when used for this purpose, and that the greater the chief the more dangerous to their enemies will be the weapons thus prepared. Whether the body is that of a chief or that of a slave matters not at all. In either case a most malignant poison results from the decomposition, and the slightest scratch from spear, dart or arrow treated in this manner is fatal to a human being or any other living animal.

Dangerous as are the poisons created by the decomposition of animal matter, the poisons made by each of us every moment we live are equally deadly, and their evil work is wrought within ourselves. If all our organs are thoroughly healthy, the poisons, which are being continuously made, are expelled, and we suffer no hurt. It should, therefore, be our first care to see that the organs, whose duty it is to remove these poisons, are kept in efficient working order.

Upon the skin, lungs, kidneys and liver rests the main responsibility of extracting poisonous matter from the blood, and removing it from the system. The moment one of these organs through weakness or disease becomes incapable of performing its work efficiently, that moment we begin to suffer from some illness, and, if steps are not taken to restore to health and activity the organ at fault, death from some form of blood poisoning must ensue.

The lungs are vigorous organs, and speedily advise us of anything which is impeding their action, whilst the skin will usually perform its duty if kept in a state of cleanliness. The kidneys and liver, on the other hand, are generally not able to directly call our attention to any weakness or disease in themselves, and it is only by studying symptoms produced by their irregularity that we become aware of their incapacity to do their work.

The kidneys filter and extract from the blood about three pints of urine every day. In this quantity of urine are dissolved about an ounce of urea, ten to twelve grains in weight of uric acid, together with other animal and mineral matter, varying from a third of an ounce to nearly an ounce. When the kidneys are in health all this solid matter is in solution, and is invisible. Directly the kidneys, through either weakness or disease, become unfit to do their duty properly, a proportion of the solid matter remains in the blood, becomes actively poisonous, and causes us to suffer from uric disorders, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles and Bright's Disease. A simple test to make as to the condition of the kidneys is to place some urine, passed the first thing in the morning, in a covered glass, and let it stand until next morning. If it is then cloudy, or there is a brick-dust-like sediment, or if particles float about in it, or if it is of an unnatural colour, the kidneys are not healthy, and no time must be lost in adopting remedial measures, or Bright's Disease, Diabetes or some less serious but more painful illness will result.

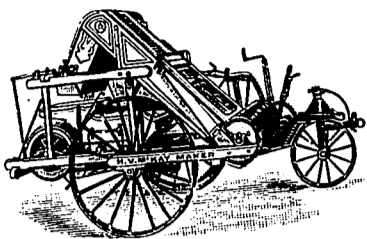
The Liver.—In the liver various substances are actually made from the blood. Two or three pounds of bile are thus made from the blood every day. The liver takes sugar from the blood, converts it into another form, and stores it up so as to be able to again supply it to the blood, gradually, as the latter requires enrichment. The liver changes uric acid, which is insoluble, into urea, which is completely soluble, and the liver also deals with blood corpuscles, which have lived their life, and are useful no longer. When the liver is inactive or diseased we suffer from Indigestion, Biliousness, Anaemia, Sick Headache and Blood Disorders.

The health of the liver and of the kidneys is so closely connected that it is almost impossible for the kidneys to be affected, and the liver to remain healthy, or vice versa.

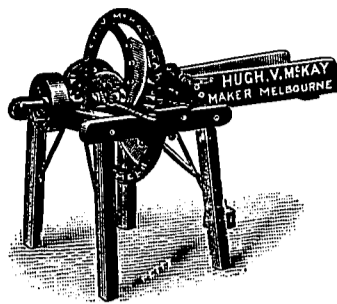
It is nearly thirty years since scientific research directed specially to diseases of the kidneys and liver was rewarded by the discovery of the medicine now known throughout the world as Warner's Safe Cure. It was realised at the outset of the investigation, that it was necessary to find a curative agent which would act equally upon the kidneys and upon the liver, these organs being so immediately associated in the work of dealing with the body's waste material, and after many disappointments the medicine which possessed the required action in the fullest degree was at length discovered. Warner's Safe Cure cures all diseases of the kidneys and liver, and, by restoring their activity, these vital organs are enabled to rid the body, through the natural channels, of urinary and biliary poisons, the presence of which, in the system, are the cause of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Blood Disorders, Anaemia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Gravel, Stone, Bladder Troubles and General Debility. Warner's Safe Cure cures all these disorders simply by removing the cause of the disorder. This is the reason why cures effected by Warner's Safe Cure are permanent cures.

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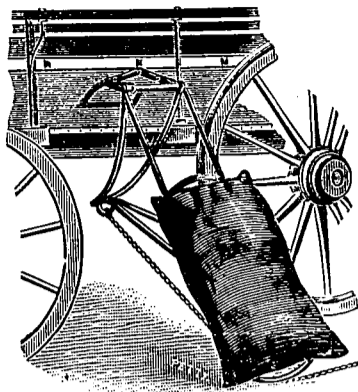
CHRISTMAS brings the Welcome "HUM" of the "SUNSHINE HARVESTER."



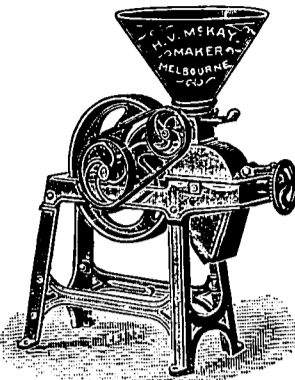
The "Sunshine" Harvester.



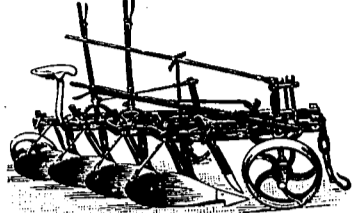
"Maxim" Chaffcutter. 2, 3 and 4 Knives.



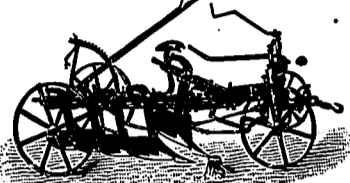
"Perkins" Patent Bag Loader.



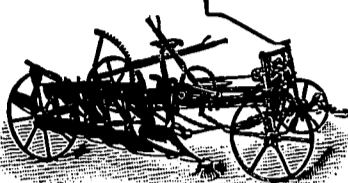
"Ballarat" Corn Crusher.



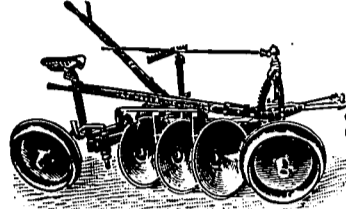
"Sunbeam" Gang Plough 3 and 4 Furrows.



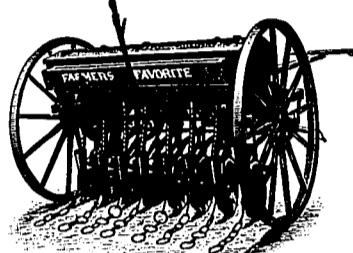
"Sunrise" Stump Jump Plough. 3, 4 and 5 Furrows.



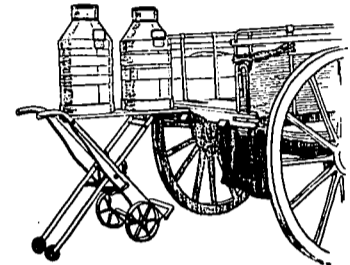
"Sunrise" Multi-Furrow Stump Jump Plough, 8 Furrows.



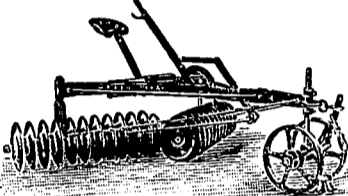
"Sunbeam" Disc Plough, Latest & Best. Convertible and Adjustable.



"Farmer's Favourite" Disc Drill.



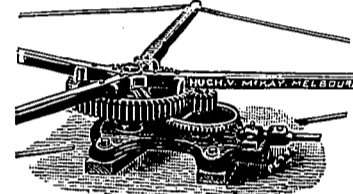
Patent Truck and Trolley Showing milk cans raised to level of waggon.



"Sundial" Disc Harrow.

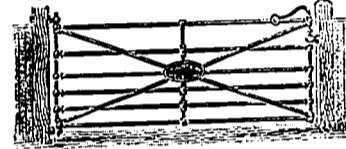


"Field Marshal" Hoe Drill.



"Hercules" Horse Works, 1, 2, 3 and 4 Horses.

Patent Central Draught ZIG-ZAG HARROWS, all sizes and weights.
 Stump Jump Harrows, 3, 4 and 5 sections. Brown's Patent Plough Springs.
 Stump Jump Rotary Disc Ploughs. Perkins' Wool Bale Loaders.
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Garden and Field Gates, 3ft. 6in., 8ft., 10ft., 12ft.

WISHING You the Compliments of the Season and a Prosperous NEW YEAR.

THE
"C" SUNSHINE HARVESTER



Gatekeeper. — Why, that's a
 got no hope of gettin in on that
 Beefy Punter (who has become
 at the cost of a few drinks). —
 to-day?
 Gatekeeper. — I happen to know
 'ere to-day."

ON THE ROAD

By "Werrimuc."

After being flood-bound for ten days
 leville, I started up the Warrego and
 intention of doing a boomerang
 the country dried a bit. It was
 morning. The river was still swollen
 only hope of getting over was to
 the unfinished Charleville bridge. It
 four foot drop at the far side, and
 was slippery. Two horses had
 there that morning, and lay on
 bank.

I rode on to the bridge in time to
 lose his only horse. As it dropped
 feet its hindlegs slipped from a
 broke its back. After these mishaps
 men advised me not to attempt the
 I had no money, and barely two
 So cross I must at all hazards.

I got a bag and spread it on the
 that the hind hoofs would stand
 of it. Then I led Judy at the
 down very gently, and with a
 jump, landed safely. I had barely
 of the way when Julia, the pack
 couldn't bear to be parted from
 came after us "on her own"
 down all right, but the old fool
 her hind quarters up in the air. I
 ing no surcingle, and the saddle
 with only one small girth, toppled
 her neck. Down she went on her
 turned a turtle that saved her life
 a roar of laughter from the
 look of offended dignity when she
 almost human. She blew her nose
 often, and rubbed a heap of mud
 her eyes on Judy's tail.

Friday.—Spent eight hours horse
 returned to my camp at the Twee
 with empty bridles. Many horses
 ing here, and as I had not seen
 and marks of Judy and Julia's
 impossible to track them. My at
 stage was tremendous, for it was
 sandflies had driven them to
 Bogaroo. And there were other
 many hack-block towns there a
 practise "putting away" travellers
 dropping across them casually
 is offered. The horses are most
 without bells or hobbles. Then
 are sweated, that is, ridden
 errand, or after other horses. In
 they are often left where the
 Many an unfortunate traveller
 forever through unscrupulous
 him for his hobbles," or riding
 as far as it will go at a hard
 That same evening I walked
 outstation, eight miles. No one
 anything of Judy and Julia
 beast was killed, and got some
 was then dusk. My legs were
 heels blistered as I began that
 over sand hills and boggy flats
 camp. It took me five hours—the
 weariest journey of my life. I
 and lay down to rest while the
 cold and stiff, and had to crawl
 hands and knees to make the
 ing tea, I smoked tea. For the
 the pungent weed was a moment.

Saturday.—By chance I struck
 a small station, in ruins, a
 wilderness of cypress pine,
 bushes. The only hands were
 at the homestead, and "Old J"
 after a detached sheep run, two
 The manager was a grass-wid
 little fellow, who was endeavour
 some bush experience among the
 I met him.

"Any chance of a job?" I asked
 ing fruitless inquiries about my
 "What sort of work have you
 he queried.

"A good many sorts." I replied
 all kinds of station work, from
 mustering to carpentering and
 "Ever do any fencing—repair?"

"Miles of it," I said. "in fact
 is my speciality."

"Well, I want a man to repair
 ing that's been washed down. I
 can't give you a permanent
 may lead to something else
 come."

"To-morrow."
 "Let me see—that's Sunday."



TO PAY
Gatekeeper.—"Why, that's a jockey's ticket, blokey. You ain't got no hope of gettin' in on that."
Beefy Punter (who has become possessed of a thirsty jockey's pass at the cost of a few drinks).—"Well, how do you know I'm not riding to-day?"
Gatekeeper.—"I happen to know there ain't no elephant races on in ere to-day."

ON THE ROAD.

By "Werrimee."

After being flood-bound for ten days at Charleville, I started up the Warrego alone with the intention of doing a boomerang journey until the country dried a bit. It was Thursday morning. The river was still swollen, and my only hope of getting over was to risk crossing the unfinished Charleville bridge. There was a four foot drop at the far side, and the decking was slippery. Two horses had been crippled there that morning, and lay on the opposite bank.

I rode on to the bridge in time to see a traveller lose his only horse. As it dropped on its fore-feet its hindlegs slipped from under it, and broke its back. After these mishaps the bridge-men advised me not to attempt the drop. But I had no money, and barely two days' rations. So cross I must at all hazards.

I got a bag and spread it on the planks, so that the hind hoofs would stand on the centre of it. Then I led Judy at it. She dropped down very gently, and with a short, quick jump, landed safely. I had barely led her out when Julia, the pack-mare, who couldn't bear to be parted from her mate, came after us "on her own." She dropped down all right, but the old fool stood there—her hind quarters up in the air. The pack, having no surcingle, and the saddle being held on with only one small girth, toppled over on to her neck. Down she went on her head, then turned a turtle that saved her life, and elicited a roar of laughter from the bridgemen. Her look of offended dignity when she got up was almost human. She blew her nose hard and often, and rubbed a heap of river-bank out of her eyes on Judy's tail.

Friday.—Spent eight hours horse hunting, and returned to my camp at the Twenty-seven Mile with empty bridles. Many horses were pasturing here, and as I had not studied the shape and marks of Judy and Julia's hoofs, it was impossible to track them. My anxiety at this stage was tremendous, for it was likely the sandhills had driven them to the bounds of Bogaroo. And there were other possibilities. In many back-block towns there are men who practise "putting away" travellers' horses, and dropping across them casually when a reward is offered. The horses are mostly found, too, without bells or hobblies. Then, again, horses are sweated, that is, ridden away on some errand, or after other horses. In the latter case they are often left where the others are found. Many an unfortunate traveller loses his horse forever through unscrupulous men "touching him for his hobblies," or riding the nag away as far as it will go at a hard bat.

That same evening I walked down to Gowrie outstation, eight miles. No one there had seen anything of Judy and Julia. Waited till a beast was killed, and got some fresh meat. It was then dusk. My legs were chafed and my heels blistered as I began that eight-mile walk over sand hills and loggy flats—back to a wet camp. It took me five hours—the hardest and weariest journey of my life. I spread my nap and lay down to rest while the billy boiled. Got cold and stiff, and had to crawl to the fire on hands and knees to make the tea. After drinking tea, I smoked tea. For the manyth time the pungent weed was a nonentity.

Saturday.—By chance I struck Nive Junction, a small station, in ruins, and buried in a wilderness of endless pine, rank grass and bushes. The only hands were a married couple at the homestead, and "Old Jack," who looked after a detached sheep run, twelve miles away. The manager was a grass-widower, a dapper little fellow, who was endeavouring to pick up some bush experience among the pine trees when I met him.

"Any chance of a job?" I asked, after making fruitless inquiries about my horses.
"What sort of work have you been used to?" he queried.

"A good many sorts," I replied, "including all kinds of station work, from bookkeeping and mustering to carpentering and bullock-driving."
"Ever do any fencing—repairing wire fences?"
"Miles of it," I said; "in fact, wire fencing is my speciality."

"Well, I want a man to repair a lot of fencing that's been washed down by the floods. I can't give you a permanent job, but, still, it may lead to something else. When can you come?"
"To-morrow."

"Let me see—that's Sunday. If you're here

tree. I addressed some remarks to them, applicable under the circumstances, which this paper can't print. Then I drove them into the paddock, and finished my pilgrimage on Shanks' pony.
Steady rain fell all day on Monday, so I had plenty of time to cook and "put things in order." My hut was 8ft. by 10ft., with slab walls, bark roof, and floor composed of ashes, sand and mullock. It stood on the bank of Nive River, surrounded by a cluster of trees, long grass and undergrowth. The male part of the married couple recommended it as a rice, quiet place; and it was casually mentioned that several snakes had been killed in and around it. They were an ugly variety of snake, dirty green in colour, as thick as a shovel handle, and grew to a length of nine feet.
While frying some flapjacks I heard a noise in a square iron tank, which had been thrown on its side behind the galley. Armed with the fire-shovel, I stepped cautiously over and peered in. The inmate wasn't a snake, neither was it an alligator. It was the man the scorpion bit. He was crouched in a corner, naked, his knees under his chin; and his clothes, tied in a bundle, rested on his thighs.
"What are you doing there?" I demanded.
"I come in out of th' wet," he answered.
"And what did you take your clothes off for?"
"To keep 'em dry. They're th' only togs I got."
"Better step inside and put them on," I advised. "It's not respectable to be going about like that."
His dress consisted of a shirt with no buttons on, a pair of patched pants, torn off at the knee, and a holey concavity that used to be a hat. When he had put them on, and fastened the shirt with a two-inch nail, and tied a bit of rope round himself for a belt, his appearance suggested a sick crow in a storm. I gave him a feed and a shake-down. Next morning he got rations at the store, and left for the Roper. At Augathella an unsympathetic policeman took him in charge for not having enough sense to

travel with, and he was sent to the lunatic asylum. He had been going round with the hat on behalf of eleven imaginary settlers, all of whom had been burnt out, and subsequently bitten by scorpions.



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I solicit ONE TRIAL, and you can depend on it that you will get just what you ordered, that you will get just as much as you said you wanted, and that you will not be charged for more than you get.

Xmas. will soon be Here.
REMEMBER, ALL DAINTIES ARE REDUCED IN PRICE.

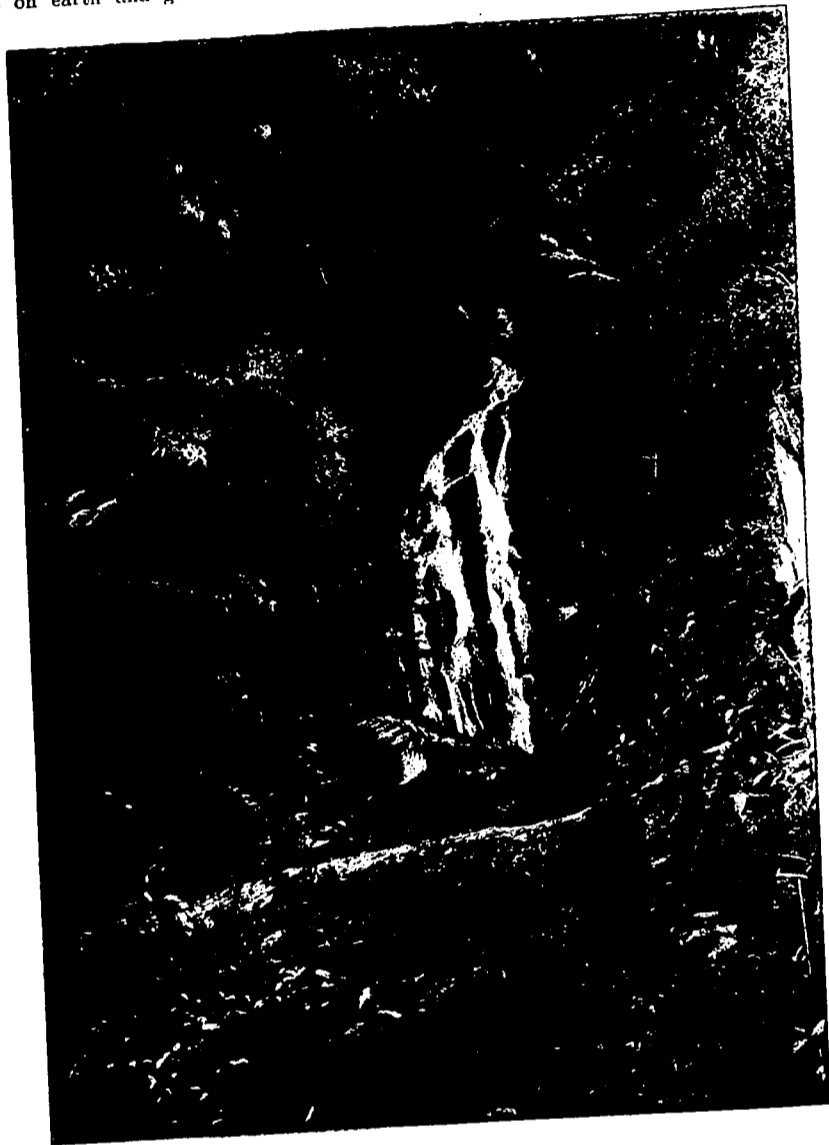
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The Picturesque Near-by.

Popular Holiday Resorts. Easy of Access by Rail.

The civilised world has long recognised the fact that man's health requires periodical holidays for the recuperation of his system, and that these periods should recur at stated intervals. Nature has decided that each season should occur once in a twelvemonth, and man, following that wise example, has decided that an annual holiday is a sine qua non for the preservation of a sound mind in a sound body. It is one of the fortunate characteristics of the Australian climate that the most suitable time of year for outdoor enjoyment is that which throughout Christendom is the period of peace on earth and goodwill and good-fel-

resorts abound, and most of these are so well known that it is unnecessary to catalogue them in detail. The least-known, perhaps because they are amongst those most recently brought within the octopus-grasp of the ever-further-reaching railway, are by no means the least picturesque or the least healthy. The mountain district which includes Healesville, Warburton and Gembrook is annually becoming increasingly popular as it becomes more widely known. Nowhere in Australia is there a district which more happily combines the advantages and the requirements of a health and holiday resort, so easily and cheaply reached that one may go



MATHINNA FALLS, NEAR HEALESVILLE.

lowship amongst men. In the Old World the Christmas season is accompanied by rain and hail and snow, and the festive time must be spent for the most part indoors, around the fireside and in close and artificially-heated atmosphere. How immeasurably healthier and superior are the surroundings of an Australian Christmas, with its warm life-giving sun; its bracing but not chill breezes; its sunlit waves rippling on golden sands, a perennial pleasure to him who strolls

"By the long wash of Australasian seas"; its tree-clad mountains, dancing waterfalls and purling streams playing hide-and-seek amidst variegated foliage, which contains every shade in a chromatic scale of green, from the bright yellow stolen from the rays of the sunshine to the deep blue of the eucalyptus caught from a cloudless Australian sky.

The man of means may travel where and when he will by land or sea, but the individual who must toil in the city the year through cannot spare either the time or the money necessary for a prolonged holiday, but he is not therefore debarred from that brief annual recuperation which nature demands, the doctor prescribes and the wise man does his best to secure. The panacea for the dry-rot of a year's close confinement in a city store, warehouse of office is all around us, within the reach of all. The State of Victoria is a vast sanatorium in itself, a sanatorium with all the beauties of a pleasure-garden, and with nuances of atmosphere suitable to all constitutions, robust and delicate. For some there are the numerous seaside places, for others the bracing mountains and the balmy dales, and almost all of them are so conveniently situated as to be within easy access of the city, and within the purse limits of the most moderate income. These two circumstances are all-important, for the constantly busy man can snatch occasional one-day outings or week-ends, whilst his wife and family may secure without any undue drain or strain upon the finances of Paterfamilias.

In all parts of Victoria there are beautiful places if men and women have but the eye to see them. Watering-places and mountain



FERN GULLY, NEAR HEALESVILLE.

there and back in a day, and yet spend a few hours rambling and sight-seeing, yet with such picturesque variety and such agreeable surroundings that a month may be passed without the visitor growing weary or fully exploring the beauties of the district.

Healesville is especially attractive and desirable as a holiday place, for it is a centre from which radiate many roads and paths leading to gems of scenery essentially and typically Australian. It is a country of ferns and of water. The little rivers which meander so picturesquely on all sides may be said to be illustrations of nature and art combined. The Watts River, the Maroondah Creek, the Graceburn Creek are to be seen taking their own sweet way as Nature's wayward fancy directs through undergrowth of fern and over shining stones, and a few yards further off their waters are accumulated in the weirs which feed the reservoir

for the water supply of the metropolis. Corranderruk, the aboriginal settlement, is within easy walking distance, and an interesting and instructive day may be spent here with the remnant of the survivors of a fast-dying race.

It is impossible to walk for half-an-hour in any direction in this district without coming across some landscape to delight the eye of the artist or impel the amateur photographer to take a snapshot of fern, gully, mountain scene or creek to serve in after years as a souvenir of a pleasant holiday. It would need a small volume to merely catalogue the beauty-spots to be found in and around Healesville, the Blacks' Spur and on to the delightful township of Marysville.

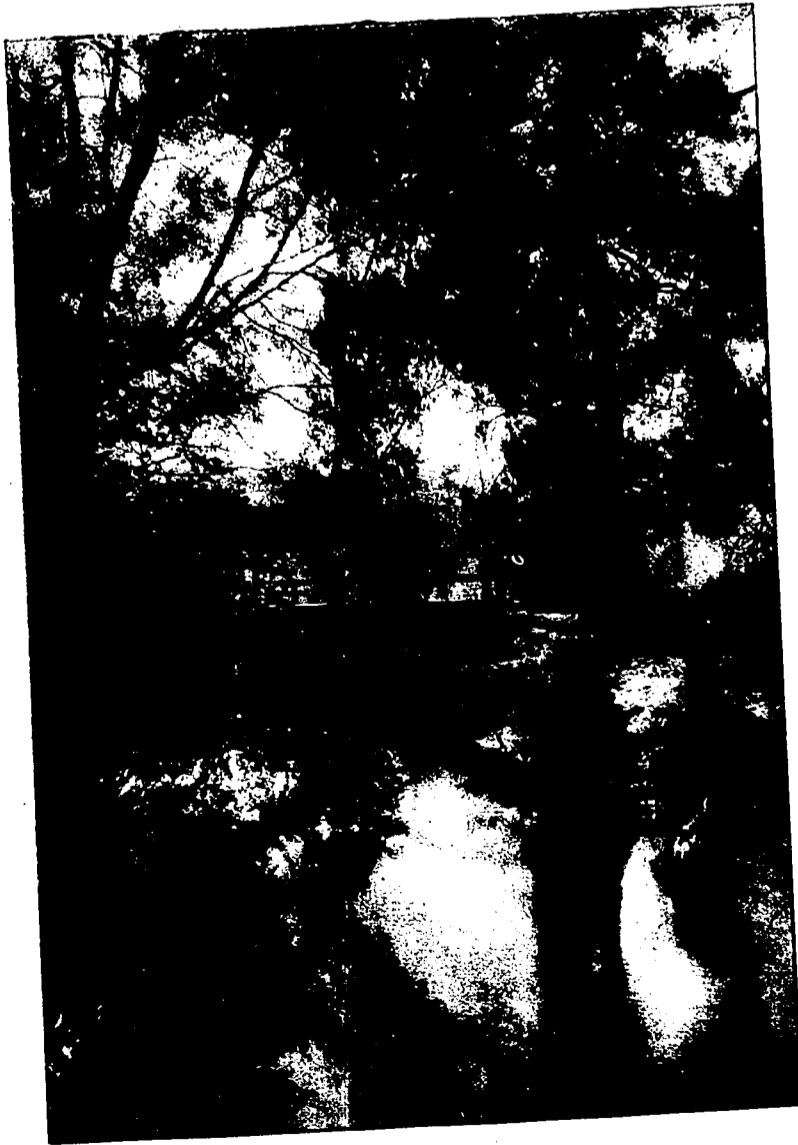
Warburton is reached by a branch line from Lilydale, and divides the honours with Healesville for picturesque mountain surroundings and fern glades. The hills seem to come down upon the township and peep in at the doors of the houses. The main street follows the line of the Yarra, and is built upon one side only, the other being occupied by the "ever-flowing" stream. As at Healesville, there is no necessity to take a long journey to see the sights—they are all around you—at the doors, or if you choose you may have drives of endless variety, with the accompaniment of shooting or black-fishing.

Gembrook, on the Fern Tree Gully line, is one of the latest places in the district to be brought within easy reach of the holiday-makers. The journey from Fern Tree Gully is in itself a novel and pleasurable experience. The "toy-train" on its narrow-gauge line winds snake-like around the hills, and permits the passengers to view an extensive panorama of the Dandenong Ranges. The sinuous course along the sides of the hills reveals a succession of pretty scenes, of orchards and homesteads clinging to the sides, and of forests below, intersected with tiny creeks and clearings. The trip is one that has no parallel in Victoria, and reminds one somewhat of the course along the crest of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales.

At all these places there is ample accommodation for man and beast, and unlimited employment for rod and gun.

The few views reproduced upon this page may be regarded as typical of the district. They are good specimens, but the scenes shown are by no means rare, for "the woods are full of them."

Our chief object in drawing attention to this near-by district is to point out to our readers that it is not necessary to make long and expensive journeys in search of pure mountain air and beautiful scenery when both may be had in profusion at the cost of a few hours' journey from the city.



BADGER CREEK, NEAR HEALESVILLE.

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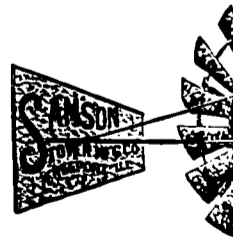
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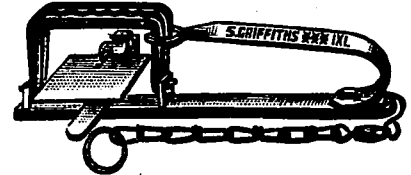
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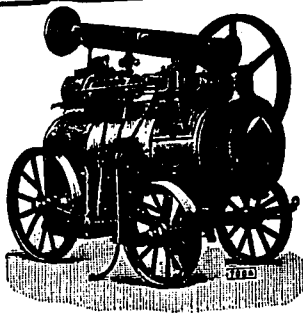
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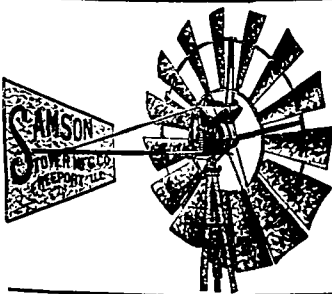
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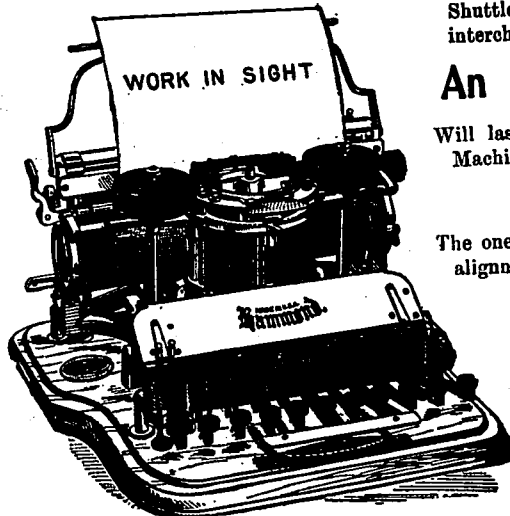
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Cheap things are seldom good, but good things may often be cheap.

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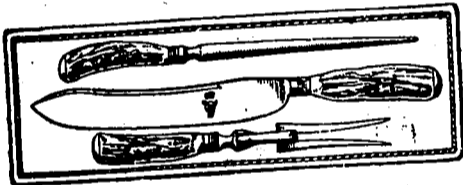
We Stock a Large Variety in the Newest Patterns in Silver Plate.

Case of Six Silver-Plated Afternoon
Tea Spoons and Tongs.



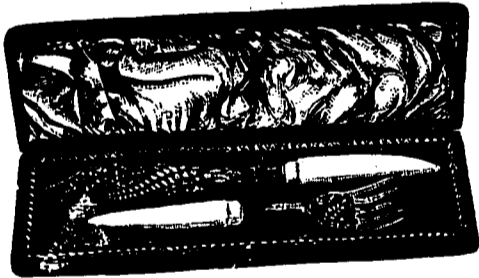
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Case of Carvers—3 pieces.



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21/-, 25/, 27/6, 30/-, 35/-.

Silver-Plated Bread Forks.



2/-, 2/6, 3/-, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, 10/-.

Silver-Plated Butter Knives.



1/6, 2/-, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 each.

Silver-Plated Jam Spoons.

2/-. 2/6, 3/-, 3/6, 4/6 each.

Silver-Plated Teapots.



25/-, 27/6, 30/-, 35/-.

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The Riponshire Advocate

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

PRICE THREEPEN

No. 1465.

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business in general is 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 worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's shop for £3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in a little 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**

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A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

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, SORE THROAT, BLINDNESS, SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, ULCERS, SCALD HEAD, AND SORES OF ALL KINDS. It is a safe and permanent remedy. It is the only real specific for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, and all the cases from the blood. NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and unobtrusive in its action, and does not interfere with the most delicate constitution. Thousands of testimonials have been collected by it.

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TAKE BEECHAM'S PILLS
To avoid indigestion. That distressing feeling is simply a poorly working stomach—it may be cured by a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS. They will EXCEEDINGLY GIVE RELIEF. To cure Sick Headache.

NOTICE.
We have resolved to accept of the Riponshire Advocate, which is published in 14 columns (supplement containing well-illustrated reading matter) to 3s per quarter, an amount which is not more than will be exacted in consideration of the value of the columns of the Riponshire Advocate, which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the district, and for the welfare of the district, it has obtained for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended circulation than any other journal or newspaper within the district. It is printed in plain and ornamental type, and is accurate and up-to-date, and on the most reasonable terms.

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T ADVERTISE.
Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he gets no good?
To whom the world's best wishes
Come in dumb silence—unheard, unthought?
As his dim soul through body's frame
Thro' the window-panes of the soul
To those who look on him and pass
Like those who look on the dead—
He knows not the difference
Between the living and the dead—
He knows not the difference
Between the living and the dead—
He knows not the difference
Between the living and the dead—

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

JUSTICES' FIXTURES.
The local J.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Court of Petty Sessions at under:—Beaufort, Tuesday, 27th inst.; Beaufort, Wednesday, 28th inst.; Beaufort, Thursday, 29th inst.; Beaufort, Friday, 30th inst.; Beaufort, Saturday, 1st inst.

P. J. O'SULLIVAN, SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER, BEAUFORT.

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STEVENSON BROS. BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT.

THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

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THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

TO OUR READERS PATRONS.

THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

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COUGLE'S Diapery Emporium

Special Bargain Lines in
Ready-to-wear Holiday Goods.
Bargains in all Departments.
Do Not Miss the Chance of Buying at
Extraordinarily Low Prices.
In our Millinery Show-Rooms
We are showing Blouses, Costumes, Skirts,
Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, &c., at Special
Reduced Prices for the Holidays.
Wonderful Value in HOSIERY, especially marked
to do a Big Trade.

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

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

HARRIS'S ANEMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy. **Keefers' and Ammons' Nerve and Homoeopathic Medicines.** Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr. J. W. HARRIS, D.D.S.,
Sole and Exclusive Dental Surgeon,
HAYDOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

May be consulted daily from 10 a.m. to 6 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—
HAYDOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.
(Next Mechanics' Institute)

CAMP HOTEL,
BEAUFORT.

A special train will leave Beaufort at 9.55 a.m. on Saturday, December 23rd, for Ripon, in connection with the Ararat Athletic Club's sports of New Year's Day.

A lecture on "The Life of Christ" will be given in the Presbyterian Church, Beaufort, on Christmas night. Admission is free, and there will be a collection.

A most interesting and well-attended lecture was delivered by the Rev. R. Ye. at the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday last. The bride, Miss Bessie Pantler, is daughter of Mr. B. Pantler, of the town of Beaufort. The groom, Mr. J. W. Harris, is son of Mr. J. W. Harris, late of Beaufort. The bride and groom were most beautifully attended. Immediately after the marriage ceremony, Annie Edith, the daughter of Mr. J. W. Harris, was married to Mr. B. Pantler. The wedding was a most beautiful affair, and the bride and groom were most beautifully attended.

Parents of children between the ages of six and 14 are reminded that under the new Truancy Act, which comes into force on the 1st January, they will only be allowed to keep their children at home two half days each week, and all children have to remain at school until 14 years of age, instead of 13 at the present. Prohibitions for non-attendance will take effect on the 1st of January.

Funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston.

The funeral of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston took place on Friday night, 22nd ult., a most interesting and well-attended service. The deceased, Mr. Johnston, was a most successful and popular man, and his death was a great loss to the community. The funeral was held in the Presbyterian Church, Beaufort, and was attended by a large number of friends. The service was conducted by the Rev. R. Ye., and was most impressive. The deceased was laid to rest in the cemetery, and the funeral was a most beautiful and touching affair.

Mr. D. J. Wallace, in supporting the toast, said he had known Mr. Johnston for a long time, and he was pleased to be present to do honor to their departing guest. Mr. Johnston was a gentleman who believed in doing good in the community in which he lived. Although Mr. Johnston was not a Victorian—he belonged to New South Wales—he had taken a great interest in the town and district, and had done much to assist the projects that were for the benefit of the place. He had done this time and again, and his death was a great loss to the community.

Mr. J. E. Wetterspoon, J.P., conducted an inquest at Richards' house, Mount Cole, Raglan, on Tuesday afternoon, touching the death of William Richards, farmer and orchardist, of Mount Cole, who was found dead in a paddock near his orchard the previous afternoon. The following depositions were taken—
Emanuel Richards deposed: I am a widow and wife of the late William Richards, residing at Mount Cole. Deceased left his home at about 9 a.m. yesterday morning (18th Dec., 1905). I did not see him till he was brought home dead, which was about 2 p.m. on the same day. The last

on behalf of the ladies' committee, called on Mr. Malcolm to make the presentation, which was a solid silver rose bowl, inscribed on one side with Mrs. Johnston's initials and on the other with the following—Presented to Mrs. D. Johnston by the ladies of Swan Hill, Nov. 24, 1905. Mr. Malcolm expressed the public appreciation of the many kind acts performed by Mrs. Johnston, who had always been a pillar of strength to the community, and would be a great loss to the district. The bowl was a great help in the hospital, and had a large number of the work in connection with the ladies' committee. Her departure would leave a blank in the district, and on behalf of the ladies, he expressed the sincerest regret at her departure, and wished her good health, happiness and prosperity in her new sphere. As one lady remarked, he said, they wished the rose bowl to be emblematical of her future life—a bowl of roses. In conclusion he said that the presentation was a token of high esteem and respect in which Mrs. Johnston was held by all.

Flowers fresh and fair,
Roses rich and rare,
And so perfume the air,
Mrs. Johnston suitably acknowledged the gift, and warmly thanked her friends.
After afternoon tea had been freely partaken of, Aunt Louisa sang with feeling, and as a finale the old well-known song, "For auld lang syne," was sung. The evening was a jolly good fellow.—Abridged from "Swan Hill Guardian."

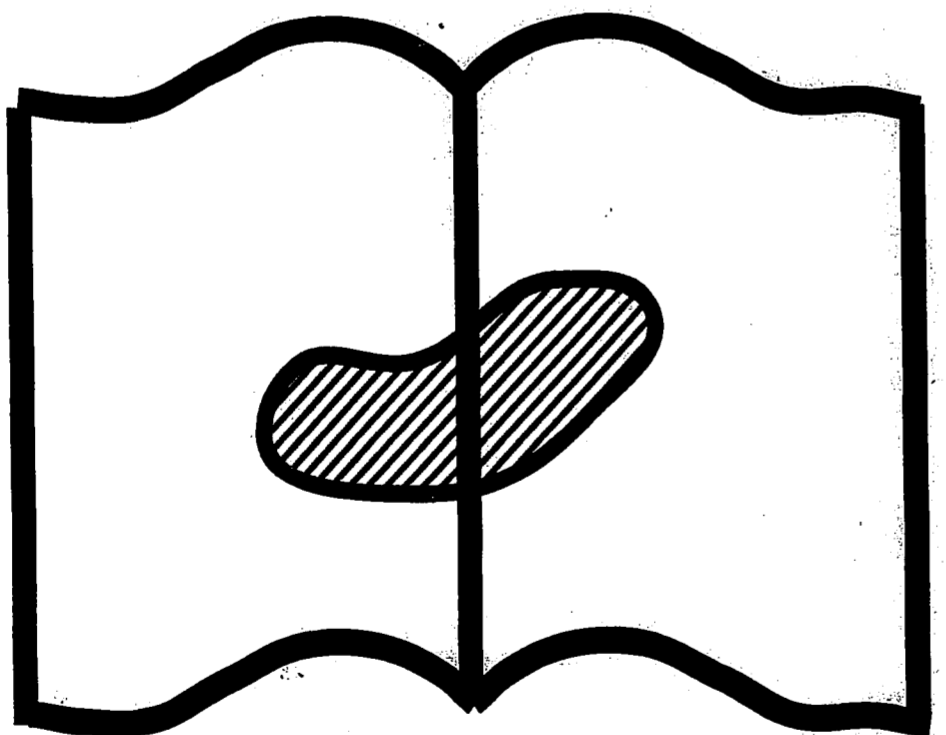
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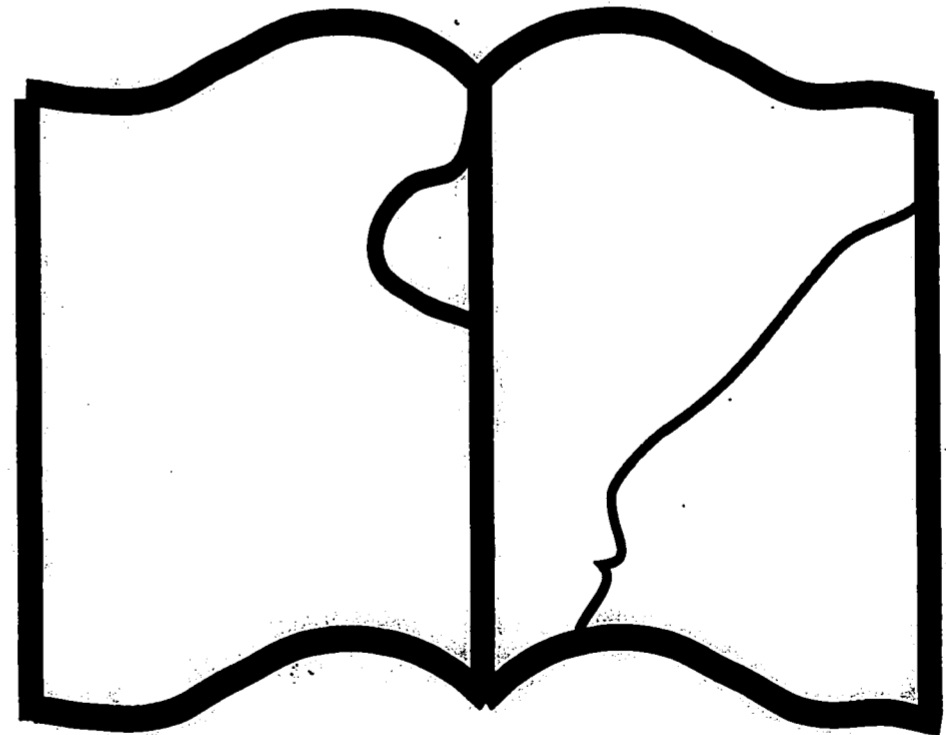
Boards and Land Applications.

AT THE ARARAT BOARD, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, BEAUFORT, on the 22nd inst., the establishment of the Ararat and Swan Hill Districts Mining Board under its amended constitution, there has been a general desire to have the power of reporting on land applications—which was part of the duties of the old board—conferred on the new board. It has been held that since this duty was removed from the board a period of three years has been a wholesale alienation of surficial areas to the detriment and danger of the mining interests. The views of the Ararat Board in this direction have been expressed by many of the other boards of the State, and there have been frequent representations to the Minister with a view to having the applications for leases of surficial areas referred to the boards of the various States, whose existence is to protect the mining interests. Without the power of reporting on the land applications, the boards feel that they are denied of much of their usefulness. The representations appear to have had some effect with the Minister, and at the last meeting of the Ararat Board a letter was received from the department asking the following discussion—
From Mines Department, stating that in view of the feeling among the boards that applications for leases of surficial areas should come before the boards for report the Minister will consider the request if the proposed change can be effected without entailing any considerable extra expense.
Mr. Will moved—"That the department be notified that the board considers that the work can be better done by the

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COUGLE'S Drapery Emporium

Special Bargain Lines in Ready-to-wear Holiday Goods.

Bargains in all Departments. Do Not Miss the Chance of Buying at Extraordinarily Low Prices.

DO IT NOW! Visit COUGLE'S for... MEN'S & YOUTH'S Ready-to-Wear CLOTHING.

BARGAINS in JUVENILE CLOTHING. The Largest and Best Value in the Trade.

We have a Captivating Collection of Gent's, Ladies, and Children's BOOTS AND SHOES.

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

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

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 18th January, 1906.

D. McDONALD. DESIRES to intimate to the Public that he solely has purchased the GROCERY BUSINESS for several years.

HIGH QUALITY GROCERIES. At the Lowest Cash Prices.

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

CLEGG & MILLER, ACCOUNTANTS, LYDIARD STREET, BARRAZAT.

SUNDAY, 27th DECEMBER, 1905. Church of England - Beaufort, 11 a.m.

United Ancient Order of Druids. REGULAR MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETY HALL.

Why are RICHARDS & CO., BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS, so famous?

BRIDAL PORTRAITS - Our Bridal Portraits have earned a world-wide reputation.

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

In this established profession, the first attention is devoted to the Disinfecting of Premises.

Mr. J. W. HARRIS, B.S., Surgeon, Medical Officer, District Hospital, Beaufort.

GAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT. The above Hotel being changed hands, the present Proprietor wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

DR. LEE-WILSON, D.M.D., D.D.S., D.S.C.D., DENTIST, 123 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

VISITS GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, BEAUFORT, on the FIRST and THIRD SATURDAY to every month.

THE Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

With its usual precision old Father Time again brings us round to the festive season.

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MY BIG BROTHER.

I'm "Curlywig," you know; I'm over six—Saucy, my sisters say, and full of tricks. They call me "horrid boy" and "They'll never give you a penny's worth of love."

DOGS IN BATTLE.

Sheep-dogs, especially of the Scotch breed, and short-haired sporting dogs, appear to be most suitable for a dog fight.

DOG'S DUTY.

The chief trouble in this branch of the dog's duty is to make him go straight from point to point. The animal is naturally inclined to dawdle on the way, and to be wiled out of the direct road by various distracting temptations.

CHINA'S BEARDED SORCERESS.

It is reported that in the eastern part of the province of Kwangtung, China, there is a considerable movement of a sort which is being called the "Hoxer outbreak" of 1900.

MARVELS OF THE HEAVENS.

In the second part of his presidential address to the British Association, delivered in Johannesburg, Professor Darwin dealt with various theories of celestial evolution.

YACHT CAPSIZED DURING A REGATTA.

The Earl of Dudley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, recently had a narrow escape while steering his yacht in a race on Lough Erne.

NOT ALWAYS THE ORANGE.

Only in England, France, and America is the orange blossom the bridal flower. When the German frau becomes a bride, her head is garlanded with white, except in certain sections where flowers replace the natural blossoms.

PROSPECTS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

It will be generally admitted that estimated in the light of later events the first Peace Conference has proved a most lamentable failure.

LIVING MUMMIES.

Living mummies exist in Tibet, near Gyantse, at a spot the name of which in English may be rendered as "The Cave and the Mummies."

A GLASS AND STEEL CHURCH.

A glass and steel structure has been devised for a Methodist church in Des Moines, Iowa, and the use of these materials for this purpose has occasioned some remark among engineers and architects.

MYRTLE, ROSES, AND VINE LEAVES FOR THE BRIDAL WREATH.

Only in England, France, and America is the orange blossom the bridal flower. When the German frau becomes a bride, her head is garlanded with white, except in certain sections where flowers replace the natural blossoms.

WONDERFUL MARBLE BIBLE.

Great as has been the amount of labour expended on the various Bibles of the world, the palm for execution (says the "Tatler") must be given to the Kutho-daw, which is a Buddhist monument near Mandalay in Burma.

PORTUGAL IN REFORM SPELLING.

Reform spelling would save the English-speaking world more than 220,000,000 annually, according to the estimates of our present irregular spelling, and it were to be substituted for the traditional way of putting letters together.

A BATTLE OF LIONS.

In a cage at the Paris Hippodrome were three lions who were being tried to perform together.

FISHING BY TELEPHONE.

It consists of a microphone in a hermetically-sealed steel box connected with a telephone on shipboard by wires, each sound in the water being testified by the microphone.

APPLAUSE HEARD 180 MILES.

One hundred and eighty miles away resounded the thunderous applause recorded a concert given in the Pacific by wireless.

CASTOR-OIL THE SECRET.

After elaborate experiments it is now declared that the embalming fluid in use by the ancient Egyptians is nothing more nor less than the castor oil of commerce.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Many experiments on the effects of electricity have been carried out by Professor Lemstrom, as well as by Grassman, Lechner, Lagrange, and Pfluger. Some of their results may be summarized.

MEASURING EYE JUMPS.

We know that an eye at ordinary reading distance takes in about 1/10 of a line at a time, and that in reading a line of an ordinary book the eye makes five or six (more or less) jumps.

HOPEFUL OMENS.

There are certain features of modern civilization which indicate the possibility of a lasting peace in the future.

FOOTNOTES.

One of these is the extraordinary change in the treatment of prisoners of war. Formerly such prisoners were tortured to death, slaughtered in cold blood, or otherwise employed as slaves of the victors.

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IMPORTANT NEWS. A TELEGRAM

from Santa Claus.

FAIRYLAND TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Dreamland, Novr. 1, 1905.

To Messrs. WOTHERSPOON & CO., The Universal Providers and Up-to-date Storekeepers, Beaufort.

Dear Sirs,—

A year has nearly passed since I was at your splendid Stores last Christmas. I then had a grand time with the parents and children, and never met a prettier, healthier, happier lot. Your Shoes, and reliable and fashionable Draperies evidently had a great deal to do with keeping them thus healthy and happy. I carefully examined the Children's Shoes, both on and off their feet, and was delighted with them; they are by far the best I have ever seen in any part of the State. No parents should think of buying any others for their children but yours.

I will start immediately, as the Presents are so many, and weigh so much, that my reindeers cannot travel very fast, but I will be at your Stores positively on Saturday morning, December 2nd, at nine o'clock, and will remain there till after Christmas Eve.

My best compliments to your many customers. Tell them to watch for me, as I will have some lovely presents.

Ever your admiring friend,

SANTA CLAUS.

N.B.—The above-mentioned consignment of lovely Presents has arrived to time. Nobody should miss the chance of inspecting them.

W. & CO.

Cricket.

BEAUFORT v. WATERLOO.

The Beaufort C.C. sent a team to Waterloo last Saturday, and on a sparkling morning...

Table listing cricket players and their scores for Beaufort and Waterloo.

Total Beaufort 243, Waterloo 109.

Wotherspoon and Co.'s team played the Beaufort combined eleven in the Park on the 16th inst.

Middle Creek.

The annual monthly meeting in connection with the Middle Creek branch of the A.M.A. was held in the Public Hall on Friday, 16th inst.

Boxing Day Sports.

The Beaufort Athletic Club are again to the fore with their regular sports for Boxing Day (Tuesday) in the Park.

Market News.

Ham Blisk and Fat Blisk. Beaufort. Competition for the best of the paddling...

These are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy...

UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

These are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy...

Correspondence.

We do not in any way identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents...

RECOLLECTIONS.

The holy season, when all should be peace, is just at hand, and I will not disturb that coming calm by a recital of my...

Snake Valley.

In connection with the visit of the Beaufort Presbytery to the O-ringham charge in October last, Right Rev. Dr. Cairns, moderator of the Presbytery...

SCHEDULE A.—[CLASS 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...

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ARARAT ATHLETIC CLUB.

Grand Carnival, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1906. Record Entries have been received for all events.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave BEAUFORT in the morning, directed to all intermediate stations, returning on the same day.

Beaufort Presbytery Church. MONDAY EVENING CHRISTMAS LANTERN LECTURE will be given on the 'Life of Christ.'

Beaufort Athletic Club.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT SPORTS MEETING. To be held in the BEAUFORT RECREATION RESERVE on BOXING DAY, Tuesday, Dec. 26th, 1905. 575 10a in Prime.



GEELONG WOOL SALES. SEASON 1905-1906. GEORGE HAGUE & Co. Will hold Weekly Wool Sales as usual Every FRIDAY during the Coming Season.

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.

Local Land Board.

SCHEDULE of Applications to be dealt with at this Office on Thursday, 28th December, 1905, at 11 o'clock a.m. Park of Taggalla—Elio Road Andrews, 22 acres, allotment 68.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

ARARAT ATHLETIC CLUB SPORTS. On 1st January a SPECIAL TRAIN, stopping at all stations, will leave Beaufort at 8.30 a.m., Barrumbet at 9.12 a.m., Beaufort at 9.55 a.m., and return from Ararat at 9.10 p.m.

APPLICATIONS for the position of Secretary to the Cemetery Trust.

Applications for the position of Secretary to the Cemetery Trust, at a salary of £10 per annum will be received at my Office up to noon of WEDNESDAY, 2nd January next, by order.

J. B. COCHRAN takes this opportunity of thanking his numerous customers for their support in the past.

PLEASE READ THIS!

ON account of the increase of business, I have found it necessary to ENLARGE MY SHOP in NEILL STREET, and I am now offering to the public a good assortment of Crockery, Tinware, Ironmongery, Fancy Goods, and all the best brands of Groceries obtainable.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. PRINGLE, Spot Cash Grocer.

HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS,

WISH EACH AND ALL A Merry Xmas AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The latter can be assured by dealing with

Hawkes Bros., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT.

THE SCIENTIFIC CURE FOR INDIGESTION

From Mr. James Joshua, 11th January, 1905. I had suffered severely from indigestion, headache and biliousness. I could scarcely get any food down...

WIT AND HUMOUR

"I suppose you met the social lions while in London?" "Can't say that I did, but I met one in Africa once, and he wanted to live me inside as soon as he saw me."

A STORY FOR WEARY AND DOWNCAST SUFFERERS.

The Case of Mrs. C. RUSSELL. (By a Melbourne Reporter.) This is not the story that many a weary and downcast mortal will read with interest...

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION. BEWARE OF COUGHS! HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE... THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHIEF MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

FISHING FOR A COMPLIMENT

A young man having preached for his bishop, was anxious to get a word of praise for his labour of love. This he obtained in the following manner...

A HAPPY THOUGHT

"Daring," he whispered, "I will give my wife a corner of the corner." "Yes," she replied, "over a dozen times."

DIVIDED BOOTY

To share the booty should be the punishment, was Johnny's idea. Johnny said his mother, severely, "someone has taken a big piece of ginger-cake out of the pantry."

WHY SHE LAUGHED

"You must have said something awfully funny to Miss Snyder over in the corner, because I heard her laugh and vitality, and she was enabled to discharge my duties with spirit and zeal."

MANLIKE AND WOMANLIKE

Ha. Now that our little grandchild is a little girl, I would ask you, what a good cigar, if you were a woman? She. And if you were a man, I should like you to be a real good cry."

PAT'S COMPLAINT

Pat had been suffering from a severe and prolonged attack of the grip, and was lying in bed, unable to get up. His wife, Mary, was sitting by his bedside, and was looking at him with a sad expression.

HIS NEXT "RISE"

Archbishop Kelly, of New York, sells a book entitled "The Love and Goodwill of the Old Members." How long has he been preaching? How long has he been preaching? How long has he been preaching?

DOPEL AND CHANDLER

EDMOND DOPEL, Auctioneer and Architect. 38 LYDIA STREET SOUTH. Opposite Cathedral Church.

W. EDWARD BUTCHER

W. EDWARD BUTCHER, Butcher. 127 BRIDGE STREET. Wholesale and Retail.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE - Small Size, 2s. 6d.; Large Size, 4s. 6d. W. G. HEARNE, CHEMIST, GEELONG, VICTORIA.

DO YOU KNOW

The Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a favorite, and prescribed by all who have been thoroughly acquainted with its good qualities. For sale by Worrans & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

CLARKE'S PILLS

Clarke's Pills. B. 41. A warranted Cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, and all the ailments of the bowels.

Golden City Store

Golden City Store. Dairy Produce Bought. 27 Bridge Street.

Police Magistrate's Pictorial

The following are the Police Magistrate's Pictorial, Ballarat district, engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr. Dickson, unless otherwise engaged:

Railway Time-Table

The following is the local railway time-table: A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11:30 a.m., Travalla at 12:30 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12:30 p.m.

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 COST OF A KODAK

DEPENDS UPON THE PURCHASER'S CHOICE. IT MAY BE ANYTHING FROM 10 TO 150. BUT WHATEVER THE COST, THE QUALITY CAN ALWAYS BE OBTAINED.

W. A. McNAMARA

W. A. McNAMARA, Store. 27 Bridge Street. Golden City Store.

BAKERS & ROUSE PROPY. LTD.

BAKERS & ROUSE PROPY. LTD. The Bakers. 224 Collins St., Melbourne. Sole Agents in Australia for Kodak Limited.

W. C. PEDDER

W. C. PEDDER, Wheelwright and Woodsmith. Begs to thank the public of Beaufort for the kind and generous support...

F. G. PRINCE

F. G. PRINCE, Print and Stationery. Begs to inform that he has started business as a printer and stationery...

No. 1466. An advertisement... SUPP LOCAL IN AND SUBS LOCAL THE RIPONSHIRE We ask that district's good shall increased circulation usefulness on our neighbour or friend of the local paper, to for the small sum of 3s per It is obtainable dire regulu In addition to eon reports of all lo interesting 14-Column Is presented to ORDER Plain and JOB * PR Executed with Desy Bear in ADVER ALWA But can men Local Paper is ex district, it therefo advertising medi

COUGLE'S Drapery Emporium

Special Bargain Lines in Ready-to-wear Holiday Goods

Bargains in all Departments Do Not Miss the Chance of Buying at Extraordinarily Low Prices.

In our Millinery Show-Rooms

We are showing Blouses, Costumes, Skirts, Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, &c., at Special Reduced Prices for the Holidays.

Wonderful Value in HOSIERY, especially marked to do a Big Trade.

DO IT NOW! Visit COUGLE'S for

MEN'S & YOUTHS' Ready-to-Wear CLOTHING. Quality as well as Cheapness is the Chief Attraction in this Department.

BARGAINS IN JUVENILE CLOTHING. The Largest and Best Value in the Trade. Duke of York Suits, Northcote Suits, Norfolk Suits. Ask to see our Crash Washing Suits.

We have a Captivating Collection of Gent's, Ladies', and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES. Our usual Low Prices for all Lines.

G. H. COUGLE, The People's Draper, 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, 18th January, 1906.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure. Furniture Sales held every Third THURSDAY. FURNITURE STORED FREE OF CHARGE.

D. McDONALD DESIRES to intimate to the Public that he solely has Purchased the GROCERY BUSINESS for several years carried on by H. & R. SCHOFIELD.

With 14 years' experience of local requirements and special facilities for buying in the Open Markets, I am enabled to offer HIGH QUALITY GROCERIES At the Lowest Cash Prices.

Prompt Service. Personal Supervision. Low Prices. Best Brands. D. McDONALD, Next Door to Golden Age.

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

A. N. A., BEAUFORT BRANCH, SOCIETIES' HALL.

Why are RICHARDS & CO., BALLARAT PHOTOGRAPHERS, so Famous?

FIRSTLY—Ballarat's climate is so suitable for 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.

FOURTHLY—We take two distinct positions of every sitter, and submit final proof from each.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS—Our Bridal Portraits have earned a world-wide reputation for their artistic finish.

ENLARGED PHOTOS—From any old faded Photograph in the newest and most up-to-date mounting and framing, 20s. each. Why give your orders to travellers when you can send direct to us.

RICHARDS & CO., Ballarat's Leading Photographers, 23 STURT STREET.

THE LIQUID NATURE OF SOLID FOOD.

For people realize the surprising amount of water we consume in the solid food we eat...

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

WHEN FORKS WERE MADE. The fork was known to the Egyptians, for an example was found...

SELF-MADE WOMEN. We hear a great deal about self-made men and a still less about self-made women...

JOHNSTON. In sad and loving memory of my dear wife, Lucy Ann Johnston...

HAPPY LAND. There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maid...

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

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

On Xmas Eve the Beaufort Brass Band occupied the rotunda and charmed townspeople and visitors with a very choice selection of music.

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

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept. FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/2 Malt's Speciality, at 45s. 6d. 1/2

Mr. GEO. BOYD and family desire to sincerely thank their many friends for sympathy expressed in their recent and bereavement.

THE Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1905.

The secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the donation of £1 from Mr. Theo. Burgess of Erambone, towards the Boxing Day sports.

Services were conducted in the churches at Beaufort on Christmas Day. At eight o'clock the Rev. R. G. Brown presided at the church of St. Andrew's.

The following handiaps have been declared for the 14, 1 and 1-mile bicycle race at the Carleton Widows' and Orphans' Fund sports on New Year's Day.

The death of Mr. John McDonald, an old and respected colonist of 68 years, and a resident of Beaufort for the past 14 years, occurred at Beaufort on Sunday morning, at the age of 81 years.

According to a scientist, the human breath is not pure. It is concentrated, and also under the influence of depressing emotion. It is really very impure, and is really very impure.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

President—Mr. R. M. Stuart. Judge—Messrs. E. W. Hughes, J. H. Stuart, J. E. Loff, and Dr. G. A. Eadie.

Boxing Day Sports. President—Mr. R. M. Stuart. Judge—Messrs. E. W. Hughes, J. H. Stuart, J. E. Loff, and Dr. G. A. Eadie.

The thirty-fourth annual sports meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club was held in the Park on Boxing Day, and considering the inclemency of the weather, passed off very successfully.

Handicap Wood-chopping Contest. 18-inch green logs—27 and 28. First heat—J. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. D. Kendall, 25secs.; 2. Five competitors.

Handicap High Jump, for silver medal presented by Mr. R. G. Kirkpatrick. Won by J. W. O'Loughlin, with a handicap of 3 inches. Height jumped, 4ft. 11in.

Handicap 100 Yards. First heat—W. E. Mateman, 19secs.; 1. H. Haines, 2. W. rather easily. Time, 10secs. 3/4.

Handicap 200 Yards. First heat—W. E. Mateman, 39secs.; 1. W. Connor, 35secs.; 2. Four competitors. Time, 2min. 54secs.

Handicap 400 Yards. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 5min. 46secs.

Handicap 800 Yards. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 11min. 30secs.

Handicap 1 Mile. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 22min. 20secs.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

Boxing Day Sports. President—Mr. R. M. Stuart. Judge—Messrs. E. W. Hughes, J. H. Stuart, J. E. Loff, and Dr. G. A. Eadie.

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Handicap 1 Mile. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 22min. 20secs.

Handicap 2 Miles. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 45min. 40secs.

Handicap 3 Miles. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 1hr. 12min. 30secs.

Handicap 4 Miles. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 1hr. 45min. 40secs.

Handicap 5 Miles. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 2hr. 12min. 30secs.

Handicap 6 Miles. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 2hr. 45min. 40secs.

Handicap 7 Miles. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 3hr. 12min. 30secs.

Handicap 8 Miles. First heat—H. C. Dunn, 30secs.; 1. A. Anderson, 2. Four competitors. A close finish. Time, 3hr. 45min. 40secs.

Suicide in Ballarat East.

A widow named Ellen Anderson, 57 years of age, was last Friday evening, 22nd inst., found hanging by a piece of clothes-line from a rafter in the bathroom at 24 Coleridge street, Ballarat East, where she has been residing for about a month.

On Friday morning her son, James George Anderson, who was at Beaufort, received a letter from his mother, bearing Wednesday's date, in which she stated that she was very unwell, and could not eat, but that she thought she would be better when she had a visit from him.

Mr. Anderson came to Beaufort on Friday night, and proceeded to the residence of his mother. He knocked at the front door, but could not gain admittance, so he went to the back, and, finding the door locked, he went round to the back and found the door open. He entered the room, and found his mother hanging from the rafter.

Mr. Anderson immediately called the police, and they arrived at the house. They found his mother hanging from the rafter, and they immediately cut her down. She was found to be dead.

The police removed the body to the morgue, and then returned and searched the house. Amongst the things found were a bottle of strychnine, a glass of water, and a piece of string.

The reason why the woman took her life is not known. It is supposed that she was suffering from some form of insanity, and that she had been suffering from it for some time.

The coroner's inquest is expected to be held on Monday next, at the City Police Court on Saturday morning the coroner, Mr. W. D. Kennedy, will hold an enquiry concerning the death of Ellen Anderson, who was found dead in her home, 24 Coleridge street, on the previous evening.

UNKNOWN FRIENDS. There are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with splendid results, but who are unknown because they have hesitated about giving a testimonial of their experience for publication.

CONCERT. A great crowd attended the concert in the evening. The Societies' Hall being filled to the doors, and although extra seating accommodation had been provided, it was found insufficient for the large number of patrons who desired to witness their

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

