The Ripponshire Advocate.

No 1554. {Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.} BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1907. PRICE THREEPENCE.

Valedictory Sermon.

The Rev. Robt. J. H. McGowan preached his valedictory sermon on Sunday evening at the Beaufort Presbyterian Church. The building was crowded to its utmost seating capacity, and was probably never so largely filled before. During the service the choir sang an anthem, and at the close the congregation joined in the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." Mr McGowan's parting discourse was the parable of the lost sheep, and he took his text from St Luke, 15, 6—"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." He did not know whether or not they had tried to think of what was the most striking characteristic of our Lord and Shepherd Jesus Christ during his earthly life. It was possible that none of them would care to say. But one of Christ's most striking characteristics was the beautiful sympathy and compassion he always exercised for the outcast and godless. They knew that the Scribes and Pharisees had not very much sympathy with the people. They would not sit at the same table with them. They would scarcely speak to them, and would not lift a finger to save one of them from death. But not one of these was too high or too low for the love of the Son of God, and the Pharisees could not bear to think of this, and especially as one of Christ's chosen followers was a despised tax-gatherer. If people wished to lead others to Jesus Christ they must have compassion towards them. But they must remember that though Jesus mingled with these people, he never mingled with their sin. His object was to do them good. On that occasion the publicans and sinners were gathered around to listen to the words that fell from the lips of Him that spoke as never man spoke before. The great wonder of the Pharisees was this—"This man receiveth sinners." In order to justify his action, Jesus spoke to the people in three parables. In the first, a sheep is lost, and the shepherd leaves the rest of the fold, and seeks till he finds it. In the second, a coin is lost, and a woman seeks until she finds it. In the third, a boy is lost—lost in sin, but his father welcomes him home. And the argument of Jesus Christ seems to be this—If the shepherd seeks for his sheep, and the woman seeks for her coin, shall not God seek for His lost ones? If the shepherd is glad, and the woman is glad, how much more would God be glad at you repenting of your sin. "Rescue sinners?" Jesus Christ seems to say; "I should think I would; I have come to seek and to save." When the shepherd leaves his ninety-and-nine sheep to seek for the lost one, how eagerly he looks and peers into the darkness, and when at last he lights upon it, how glad he is! How lightly he puts it on his shoulder, and how gladly he carries it home! And his joy is so great that he has to summon his friends and neighbours and says, "Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep that was lost." Christ particularly refers to the publicans and sinners of His own day as the lost sheep, but there were a great number of them to-day also like the lost sheep. Many people went away from the fold of Christ, and almost before they knew it were lost in sin. In the prodigal son they had a young man just starting in life, who begins on the downward path, and is beckoned on until he is drawn so far away that his morals are cast to the very winds of heaven. If he had known what was at the end of the path, he probably would not have followed it. He was thoughtless and heedless, and this was what had carried him so far away. If he had seen his mistake at first, he would have saved himself much trouble. And so it was always—men did not think. Many such mistakes were made because of this very reason. Celsus, a philosopher who lived in the second century, had laughed at men for thinking they were the objects of divine sympathy. He compared them to so many ants in the ant-bed, and the frogs croaking in the marshes. But they could console themselves by knowing that man has an immortal soul, and the Holy Spirit works within us. And furthermore, Jesus Christ told them that every hair of their heads was counted. And they must remember that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Heavenly Father knows it; and Christ had said, "Ye are more than many sparrows." In the second place, let them think of the shepherd who went out into the night seeking for the sheep that had gone astray. Here was a picture of Jesus Christ for the people who had gone astray. Milton puts it beautifully in his "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity"—

"That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay."

And after all, Christ's words were perverted, His mission was misunderstood, and His miracles were attributed to diabolical agency. Think of Him in the Garden of Gethsemane, and also think of Him on Calvary. All this pain, all this suffering, and all this sorrow, that He might seek to save us. Jesus Christ sought to save us, and to insure it, He gave His life for us. And then, in the third place, there was the joy of the shepherd at finding the sheep. It was this that enabled Christ to bear the pain and shame of the cross. There is rejoicing among the angels of God for every soul that is saved and ascends to heaven. Take an illustration:—A woman has led a life of sin and shame; she is dying alone, and no one cares for her. She cries on Jesus Christ to have mercy on her. Was there rejoicing on earth—was there a song of thanksgiving in the midst of a great congregation? No! There was no one to care. But in Heaven they told it in the streets, and the angels sang, for a sheep that had been lost was found. Take another illustration:—A poor neglected boy in a large city (say Melbourne) roves about the streets, and drifts into a mission hall, where he is told of Christ. His teacher tells him that Jesus Christ receives sinners. The boy accepts Christ, Who guides him on his path. Was there joy on earth? Did his drunken father and mother, who kept revel together, care? No, they did not! But in Heaven—yes, in Heaven, there was joy—joy that a soul was saved from a life of sin, and had sought the Father's help. What a joyous song the angels sang, and Heaven resounded with the singing of ten thousand harps. In the last place, there was the joy of the sheep. Though it did not say so in the Bible, the sheep must have been glad to get back to the fold. It was no small thing to be forgiven. Professor Romanes said if he were to give up his belief in Jesus Christ the universe would lose its soul of loveliness. But it was also true that when a man took Jesus Christ as his Saviour, the universe took on its soul of loveliness again. They must, then, seek Christ, knowing it would bring them home. Knowing, in the providence of God, that this service would end his ministry among them, he desired that all who had not would take the great step of confessing their sin in the presence of the Almighty, and resolving to spend their lives in furthering Jesus Christ's work. God was anxious that none should perish. If they would from their hearts ask Him to pardon them, "He is faithful and just to forgive you your sins." He should like that his last message to them was that Jesus Christ was seeking them, and Jesus Christ loves them. God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son. He would urge them this evening to go to God's mercy-seat and seek forgiveness, and He would give them everlasting life. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Jesus, the Great King of the Universe, stands knocking at the heart's door of the creature He has created and made. Surely the wideness of His mercy is wonderful. Thus knowing, he would have them remember that though Christ is asking admission to your heart, if you do not admit Him there will be a time when you will seek admission into His Kingdom, and it will not be granted to you. They remembered the story of the foolish virgins, who came too late, and though they knocked and knocked, they were refused admission. How they would fain have opened the portals to get a glimpse of the bridegroom! If we do not believe in Jesus Christ before we die we will remain outside for all eternity; and so he urged them to accept Him while there was time. St. Augustine said—"Take my heart, for I cannot give it to ye. Keep my heart, keep my heart, for I cannot keep it for ye." May God enable them so to do, and may they all through the mercy of God meet in that sunlit land where there would be no parting.

During the service Mr McGowan inducted Mr R. Thompson and ordained Messrs A. Nicholson and S. Mitchell as elders of the church.

Mr and Mrs McGowan shook hands at the exit with each member of the congregation.

At the conclusion of his address, Mr McGowan asked anyone who had resolved to take the step to lead a consistent Christian life to let him know by letter, and he would send them a booklet on the subject. He would like to say on behalf of his wife and himself, how exceedingly sorry they were, owing to circumstances that were known to them, that they were unable to go into each home personally to bid them good-bye. There was not a home in this district that they would not have visited, had it been possible to do so. Owing to the mission at Numurkah and other things, it had been impossible to do so. He would ask them to accept the will for the deed. May God bless them all.

Mr McGowan preaches at St. Andrew's Church, Ballarat, to-morrow (Sunday), and is to be inducted at Ashfield next Wednesday.

[Reports of farewell socials and presentations appear on our fourth page.]

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy, and speak from experience," says Mr F. Schmaka, Paddington, W.A. "I have never known it to fail in an attack of colic, cramps or diarrhœa, so always recommend it to my friends and customers. To my mind, no mother should be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy in the house. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

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THE NEW CURE FOR
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W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

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If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—t cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

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

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

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

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

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES.

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

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

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

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

Sad Drowning Fatality.

Mr R. A. Sinclair, J.P., conducted an inquest at the Beaufort Police Station, on Saturday afternoon, touching the death of Lawrence Robert Wilson, aged five years, the son of Mr George Wilson, and who was accidentally drowned in a post-hole the previous night. The following depositions were taken:

George Alexander Radie deposed: I am a duly qualified medical practitioner, residing at Beaufort. At about 7 p.m. last night, Friday, 23th August, 1907, I received an urgent message to attend deceased at his father's house, Beaufort. On arrival I hurriedly examined deceased. The body was still slightly warm, but I could find no evidence of life. I nevertheless resorted to artificial respiration, and continued it for a considerable time, but without any result. I then pronounced life extinct. There were no external marks of violence on the body. Muddy and frothy water was exuding from the mouth and nostrils. In my opinion, death was due to asphyxia from drowning.

Clara Wilson deposed: I am the wife of George Wilson, residing on back Beaufort to Raglan road. At about 6.30 p.m. last evening I came from my father's (Mr Jas. Day's) place, with the little boy running along in front with his cart. When we got half-way home I sent him back to my father's place for a pup that we left behind. I came home, and he followed me shortly afterwards with the pup. He said he was going to bale a post-hole out in the back yard with a tin that was at the hole. About two minutes after that I saw him playing with the pup and toy cart in the back yard near the door. About five minutes after that I heard the pup howling in the porch at the back door. I then looked out and called the boy, but received no reply. About seven minutes after that, when it was getting dusk, Mr Wilson came home. I said to him that Lorrie had cleared out somewhere, and asked him to go and look for him, thinking he had gone over to his grandfather's. My husband came back from my father's, and I asked him if Lorrie was with him, and he said no. George went along to the front, and I ran to the back yard and saw deceased's knees sticking out of the post-hole he said he was going to bale the water out of. I put the baby under my arm and pulled him out by the feet. There was no sign of any movement in him. Sim-plasting was on his face, and I pulled it off. Dad came up at the time. He held him up by the legs, and about a cup full of muddy water exuded from his mouth and nose. There was also mud in his ears. Dad carried him inside, and we did all we could for him till the doctor arrived. We rubbed him and turned him and used artificial means for respiration. Dr. Radie came about ten minutes after we found the child. The doctor worked with him for about a quarter of an hour, and then pronounced life extinct. The boy was 5 years and a month and 5 days old. He was in the best of health when I saw him last.

James Robert Day deposed: I am a carter, employed at Wotherspoon & Co's., residing at King-street, Beaufort. I saw deceased at about six o'clock last evening. He had been at my place with his mother, but came back, and then left with a pup and a toy cart. I watched him till he got about half-way home, and then went into tea. The distance was about 500 or 600yds. to his home. I next saw him about 6.55 p.m. lying on the ground near the post-hole in his parents' back yard after his mother had pulled him out. I took hold of him by the legs and held him up and worked his arms, and about a cup full of muddy water came from his mouth and nose. I carried the body inside, and we did all we possibly could till the doctor arrived to restore animation. Dr. Radie arrived about ten minutes afterwards, and worked with him about a quarter of an hour, and then pronounced life extinct. When I went to the hole the toy cart was lying there, and the string on it was hanging down the hole. The tin was in the bottom of the hole. The size of the hole would be about 15 inches across and from 18 to 20 inches deep. There was about six inches of water in the hole when I arrived, but his clothes, which were wet through would soak up a good deal of water. There was a rail about 5ft. long lying beside the hole on the same side as the cart.

The finding was that death was due to asphyxia from drowning, caused by accidentally falling into a post-hole containing water. The acting-coroner stated that after viewing the hole and seeing the position of the rail and cart he had come to the conclusion that the child whilst playing with the puppy and cart fell backwards into the hole and was accidentally drowned. He could not possibly have been baling the hole out, or he would have fallen in head first.

J. Holdsworth,

Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHER,
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You can never permanently alter the color of your hair by a mere dye, but the Half-dollar Hair Helper will without fail restore to grey hair all the rich brown or black of earlier life. Price, 2s 6d; by post, 3s 3d. Sample bottle, sufficient to produce desired effect, posted 9d. BRINSMEAD, Chemist, Traralgon, Gippsland.

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COAGULINE, KLINX, TENASITI E. Cements for broken and other articles.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT TRACK.

Here Is a Safe Lead.

The Case of Mr. T. J. HOLLAND.

(*By a Special Reporter.*)

Mr. Thomas James Holland, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, is a native of that suburb, and has always been in business there. "I am now," he explained to a reporter, "athletic instructor at the Council's gymnasium, having held that position for the past three years."

"That ought to keep you in good fettle," said the scribe.

"Oh, yes, but even exercise can be overdone. For instance, some years ago I was overtrained and thoroughly run down, and you would hardly believe the misery it led me into. I did not have to knock off work altogether, but what I did was only accomplished with great difficulty, for I had lost all my energy. One doctor whom I consulted said I had heart weakness, and that I had better give up all violent exercise and rest as much as possible. This alarmed me, as you may well believe, and in order to make sure I went to another doctor, who said my heart was as sound as a bell, but that I was run down completely. He said I wanted a months constant rest, but I asked him what about my work, as I could not afford to neglect it as long as that. Well, he gave me some medicine which was to do me good; but it didn't. It did me harm, probably, for my teeth started to ache, and kept on till I had four of them extracted. Afterwards, when my teeth were gone, I discovered it was neuralgia I was suffering from.

"How unfortunate you were to lose them."

"Yes; but it can't be helped now, and at the time I thought more about my sufferings than anything else. I wasted away from ten stone six down to eight stone eleven, so that will give you an idea of how weak I was, and was I languid, too?—had no thought or inclination for anything. My nerves were all of a throb, and whilst being in bed my heart seemed to give little jumps and miss a beat now and then, and the feelings that ran through me were dreadful, as though I was going to shuffle off. Often I thought it was all up with me, especially when I used to get so giddy that I would reel against my bench and for three or four hours would have to take a spell. It was enough to scare anybody. And I was troubled a lot with a feeling that I wanted to retch and could not, and when I had had some food the oppressiveness in my chest was unbearable, and what with that and the pains between my shoulders no wonder I felt so wretched and tired of everything. After my restless nights I got up with a taste in my mouth as if I had been drinking bitter ale; all the time I was drowsy and had severe headaches, while, to crown all, I was for ever tortured by the knowledge that apparently medicine was no use to me, and so a heavy oppression of mingled sorrow and dread weighed down my heart."

"You still attend to your business and your athletic engagements, don't you?"

"I do, I am thankful to say; but that's owing to Clements Tonic, not through any other medicine, and I also have to thank a friend for giving the advice which led to me using that remedy. Would you believe that I had only taken two or three bottles of Clements Tonic when I felt as sure of getting well again as I am of seeing you sitting there with your note book. The increase of vigor was really remarkable, and it would have done your heart good to see the way I could eat. I never saw anything like it in my life—going to bed and sleeping as well as if nothing had ever been wrong with me, and getting up with a freshness in my mouth that was delightful. My folks were greatly pleased to see me getting along so spendidly, and when once the right remedy had been found you may bet I did not neglect taking it till I was a sound man again. A month after starting on Clements Tonic I was a pound over weight, and now I go eleven four, so the good done to me speaks for itself. In or out of training the secret of success for all athletes is to keep the brain clear, the nerves sound, and the blood free from all impurties, and to do each of these I always advise the use of Clements Tonic, which thoroughly cured me, and you are at liberty to publish this conversation in any way it suits you.

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, THOMAS JAMES HOLLAND, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document consisting of three folios, and consecutively numbered from one to three, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner or statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria, rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Thos. J. Holland

Declared at Port Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, this 13th day of January, 1904, before me, H. N. EDWARDS, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria

...EARLY NOVELTIES...

IN

Spring & Summer Drapery

AT

COUGLE'S,

"THE QUALITY HOUSE."

Early Millinery, Blouses, Underskirts, Floral Ribbons, Laces, Belts, Motor Scarves, Costumes, &c. . .

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the above goods have not been subject to the NEW TARIFF, and every line will be sold at LAST SEASON'S PRICES.

N.B.—Ladies wishing to inspect the NEW GOODS will be welcomed as freely as BUYERS who desire to make an early selection from the NOVELTIES on view.

Yours for good value,

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

...BEAUFORT.

DIXON BROS.,

PRODUCE MERCHANTS, &c., BALLARAT.

Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Tents, &c.,

ALL HAND-MADE.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

MOUNT LYELL MANURES.

MOUNT LYELL SUPERPHOSPHATE, £3 18s. 6d. PER TON.

W. H. HALPIN, Local Representative.

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.

CAMP HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

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

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-

Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

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

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

—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—

M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Barrister and Solicitor,

Proctor and Conveyancer,

BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria and the High Court of the Commonwealth of Australia for taking Affidavits.

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

Enlarged Photographs

By the Famous Ballarat Photographers

Richards & Co.

Why pay high prices to travellers for Enlargements when you can obtain a beautiful Permanent Picture at half the price from RICHARDS & CO. from any old or faded photograph. . . .

NOTE OUR PRICES—

Size of Photo.	Size of Mount.	Price.
12 x 10	20 x 16	25s.
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Complete in the Newest Solid Art Wood Frame

Send Photos. to be Enlarged by Post.

We Guarantee Perfect Satisfaction.

Bridal Photographs.

Bitters from all parts of Australia sit to RICHARDS & CO. for their Bridal Photographs.

Bridal Veils, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Buttonholes—the latest styles—kept at the Studio.

Dull, wet weather in no way interferes with our Photographs.

RICHARDS & CO.,

23 Sturt Street,

Ballarat.

CREDIT FONCIER.

LOANS to FARMERS.

INTEREST REDUCED TO 4½ PER CENT.

The Commissioners of Savings Banks are now granting loans at 4½ per cent. in sums of £50 to £2,000 on pastoral and cultivable lands in Victoria. Title must be Freehold or Crown Leasehold.

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

The Inspector-General of Savings Banks, 26 Market St., Melbourne.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1907.

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.—Rev. Chas. Reed.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Middle Creek, 2.30 p.m.—Rev. R. Robertson, M.A. (Interim Moderator). Main Lead, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr. R. Thompson.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Mr. Davey. Buangor, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. T. Kearns. Waterloo, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Mr. Waldron.

Bereavement Card.

MR. AND MRS. GEO. WILSON desire to thank their many kind friends for sympathy shown them during their recent sad bereavement.

THE

Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1907.

The August rainfall at Beaufort, as registered by Mr J. McKeich, totalled 302 points, as against 197 for the same month last year. For the eight months of the year 15.74 inches fell, as against 16.53 inches for the previous year. There were two severe frosts this week, and a disagreeable dust storm yesterday.

Lawrence R. Wilson, son of Mr G. Wilson, of Beanfort, was accidentally drowned in a post-hole, whilst at play in his father's yard, at dusk on Friday, 30th ult. Particulars are given on our first page. The funeral took place on Sunday, and was very largely attended. The coffin-bearers were Messrs D. Jackson, G. Cuthbertson, T. Thomas, and T. Tyrrell, fellow-employees of the deceased's father. The Rev. J. T. Kearns conducted the Methodist burial service. Mr A. H. Sands carried out the mortuary arrangements. A great deal of sympathy was expressed for the relatives in their sad bereavement.

A deputation from Riponshire, consisting of President Beggs and Crs. Flynn and Sinclair, was introduced by Mr Oman, M.L.A., to the Minister for Public Works on Wednesday. They asked for £1000 subsidy, at the rate of £1 for £1, for the maintenance of main roads and roads leading to railway stations. President Beggs pointed out that a large part of the land could not be taxed, as it belonged to the Crown. The North Riding should have been in the fourth class, instead of the second. Many of the ratepayers, engaged in mining and timber-getting, could not bear a higher rate than 1s. in the £1. In the course of his reply, the Minister stated that attention would be given to the facts placed before him.

Whooping Cough is a very dangerous disease unless properly treated. Statistics show that there are more deaths from it than scarlet fever. All danger may be avoided, however, by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It liquifies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, keeps the cough loose and makes the attacks of coughing less frequent and severe. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon and G. Topper, J.'s.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Thursday. The president, councilors and ratepayers, Shire of Ripon, obtained an order for 16s, rates, against Maurice Bending. Another rate case was settled out of court, as was also a debt case. R. Pitcher obtained an order for £13 13s 11d, with £1 6s costs, against P. Miller, for debt; Mr S. Young appearing for plaintiff. At the instigation of Truant Officer J. C. Cocks, the following fines were inflicted against parents who had neglected to send their children to school the required number of days:—William Armstrong and Joseph Theodore, 5s each, with 2s costs, in default 24 hours' imprisonment; James Wills (two cases), 2s 6d in each, with 2s costs in one.

When out driving on Sunday afternoon with his wife, infant daughter and nephew, and Mr Bignall (foreman of a party of telegraph repairers working at Middle Creek), Mr D. K. Jones, of Beaufort, was thrown from his buggy and sustained a fracture of one of the small bones of the right foot through a kick from the horse, while the rest of the party were thrown out and severely shaken and bruised. It appears that when the buggy (which was without a brake) was descending a steep hill on the back road to Raglan, it got beyond the power of the horse to check its descent, and the animal, becoming frightened, began to kick and plunge, capsizing the party on to the roadway. The animal then bolted with the vehicle, which it badly smashed. Dr. A. G. Jackson, of Beaufort, attended to Mr Jones' injuries.

When you need a good and reliable liniment try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has no superior for sprains and swellings. A piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm is superior to a plaster for lame back or pains in the side or chest. It also relieves rheumatic pains and makes sleep and rest possible. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

At a social in the Church of England school-room, Beaufort, on Monday night, the Rev. C. Reed presiding over a crowded audience, presentations were made by Mr E. J. Muntz, superintendent of the school, to two teachers who were temporarily retiring from the work. Miss Sinclair was given a teacher's bible, and a copy of Tennyson's poems was sent to Miss Andrews. Mr Muntz regretted that both ladies were obliged to stop taking part in Sunday school work for a time, but hoped it would not be for long; and referred to Miss Sinclair's energy in working up all movements connected with the school. Miss Sinclair returned thanks. Miss Andrews was absent. A musical programme, interspersed with games, was enjoyed, and light refreshments were provided.

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS.

For the chest, throat, and lungs. This medicine will loosen the grip of a cold from the first dose. Pleasant to take and always reliable; but be sure you obtain the genuine article.

At the monthly shoot of the Ballarat Gun Club on Thursday, "Owen" (Mr T. E. Sands, of Beaufort) secured the maximum for the £10 trophy, to be won three times, decided on point system, and got the leg-in. There were 12 entrants. He also divided the £5 cash trophy with four others, and shared the third sweep with three others.

On Thursday, 29th ult., the members of the Beaufort R.C. choir presented Miss E. O'Callaghan, who had been a prominent member, with a handsome morocco-bound prayer book, as a token of esteem and in appreciation of her services, and also as a wedding present. The presentation was made by Miss K. Rodgers.

Messrs Doepel & Chandler (the district representative of whom is Mr J. McDonald, of Middle Creek) report having sold, on account of Mr John Bell, on Wednesday, 28th ult., 131 acres of land at Mt. Cole, Shirley, to Mr S. Waldron, at the highly satisfactory figure of £4 15s an acre. They also report having held a very good clearing sale the same day.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport' Remedy,' for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

On Friday afternoon, 30th ult., at the Waterloo school, Miss Ada M. Frusher, on the eve of her departure to Polkemmet, to which school she has been promoted as head teacher, was presented with a watch and silver trinket-box. Mr A. E. Adams, head teacher, in making the presentation on behalf of the children and staff, eulogised Miss Frusher's work in the school, which was endorsed by Miss Dodds, the first assistant, and two of the senior boys. Miss Frusher returned thanks in a few appropriate words, and expressed regret at parting. Cheers were given for Miss Frusher and also for the head teacher, to whom various tokens of regard were handed.

500 acres of the Challicum Estate, known as the island paddock, has been purchased by Mr McLean, Woodside, at £27 per acre; whilst Mr W. G. Pickford bought the Buangor paddocks from the same vendor at £3 5s per acre.

Mr T. Reid, who has occupied the position of clerk at the Beaufort branch of the London Bank of Australia since it was opened early in November last, has been transferred to Warrnambool, and left for that place on Thursday, with best wishes for his future success from a wide circle of friends.

Miss Winifred Humphreys having severed her five years' connection with the teaching staff of Miss Greenwood's private school, was presented with a handsome inkstand and necessary accessories on Friday, 30th ult., by the teacher and scholars. In making the presentation, Miss Greenwood remarked that Miss Humphreys had endeared herself to all with whom she had come in contact, and that they were all sorry to lose her, and wished her success in her new vocation. Miss Humphreys feelingly returned thanks for the compliment paid her, and regretted that she was leaving so many young friends.

There is nothing that will so effectually refresh and brace up the system, clear the brain, cleanse the complexion and brighten the eyes as a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. Their effect is to stimulate the bowels to perform their work in a natural and gentle manner, thus cleansing the system of all those poisonous matters that cause biliousness and sick headache. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

On Tuesday evening, the Rev. J. G. Wheen (president of the Methodist conference) paid an official visit to Beaufort, and preached an eloquent sermon, to a fairly large congregation, from John, 6, 17—"And it was now dark, and Jesus had not come to them." Prior to his address, Mr Wheen informed the congregation that as far as possible he was trying to get an evening with the friends in the smaller places. It was the custom of the president of the conference to visit the large country centres, for they recognised that the strength of their church lies largely with their friends in the country districts. As far as possible this year he was trying to meet with their people in the country circuits, and was glad this evening to again meet with his former colleague, the Rev. J. T. Kearns, whom he had assisted in his work in another circuit.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Of proven efficacy in Bronchial irritation.

Dixon Bros. & Halpin hold a horse parade and stock sale on Thursday, 19th inst., at their yards, Beaufort.

A congregational meeting of the Beaufort Presbyterian Charge will be held in the church on Monday evening, to take steps to secure a minister to succeed the Rev. R. McGowan.

Attention is directed to an advertisement elsewhere concerning Perfection (the anti-combine) tobacco, the quality of which is equal if not superior to any other tobacco in the market.

The Beaufort branch of the London Bank of Australia Ltd. will be closed on and after Monday, 30th inst. All accounts outstanding at close of business on that date will be transferred to the Ballarat branch.

Bell, Lambert & Co. will sell by auction on Wednesday, at 1 p.m., on the mine, the mining machinery of Messrs Jaensch and party (Sam Slick lease), Beaufort. A quantity of tools and housing, suitable for farmers, will also be sold.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, etc.

The Stockyard Hill District Coursing Club run a meeting on Wednesday on Mr G. Russell's Langi-Willi Estate. Nominations close with the secretary at Halpin's Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on Monday, at 8 p.m.

The local branch of the A.N.A. will hold its first meeting in the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening next. In consequence of other fixtures, the meeting will commence punctually at 7.30 p.m., instead of 8 p.m. The principal business will be the nomination of a secretary. A large meeting is expected.

Messrs. Dixon Bros. & Halpin report having held a successful clearing sale on account of Mr M. Franc, Beaufort, on Saturday last. A 20-acre paddock was sold to Mr W. P. Schlicht at £4 per acre, and another paddock of 10 acres was purchased by Mr Jas. Ball at the same figure. Milch cows brought up to £5, heifers to £2, and ewes at 9..

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS,

The standard family medicine for the Cure of Coughs and Colds, and all Chest Affections. Used with success for over 35 years. Sold everywhere. Price, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

Mining News.

It is unofficially reported that the result of the first clean up from the Tipperary dredge was between 30oz. and 40oz., for six weeks' dredging, with one shift. Morris and party have ceased operations at Poverty Point.

The following are the reported yields for the week ending Saturday, 31st August:—Last Chance, 8oz. 8dwt. 18grs.; McCracken and party, 2oz. 6dwt. 22grs.; Martin's Reward, 17oz. 3dwt. 9grs.; Whiting and party, 2oz. 11dwt. 17grs.; sundries, 10oz.

Trawalla Leads G.M. Co.—Leading S.W. driven 30ft., wash wet and ris ng; cross-cuts N. and S. off same reached 20 and 35ft. respectively, fair wash; panelling in N.E. end discontinued; yield, 21oz.

The laughing young urchin whose play
Inclined to bannister-sliding,
Who came on a tack by the way,
Was sad and he ceased his deriding.
When the tack is a cough we endure,
We still may continue our scoffing,
For Wood's Great Peppermint Cure
Drives a nail in the coffin of coughing.

Riponshire Council.

MONDAY, 2ND SEPTEMBER, 1907.

ADJOURNED STATUTORY MEETING.

Present—Crs. Slater (voted to the chair), Sinclair, Douglas, Flynn, Beggs, Stewart, G. Lewis, and O'Shaughnessy.

The secretary reported the result of the elections, Cr. Beggs being returned for the North Riding, Cr. L. Lewis for the East Riding, and Cr. G. Lewis for the West Riding. Crs. Beggs and G. Lewis had made the necessary declarations, and he had received an apology from Cr. L. Lewis, who was unable to be present through illness.

Cr. Douglas said he had seen Cr. L. Lewis yesterday, and he was getting on very well, but the doctors would not allow him to go out yet. He hoped to be here at next meeting.

The chairman congratulated the old councillors on being re-elected, and expressed sorrow at Cr. L. Lewis being prevented from attending through illness.

Cr. G. Lewis moved that the president's allowance be the same as last year, viz., £50. Seconded by Cr. Sinclair.

Cr. Flynn moved as an amendment that the amount be £40, which he thought quite sufficient to manage the business. If anything turned up councillors would not be slow to recognise it and an additional amount could be easily passed. Not seconded.

The motion was then put and carried.

Cr. G. Lewis moved that Cr. Beggs be appointed president for the ensuing year. The ratepayers had shown their appreciation of him by electing him by a large majority, and it would only be a graceful act for the councillors to also show their appreciation by electing him president. It was no use his saying any more. Cr. Beggs was a good man, and as he was entering into his 21st year of municipal life they should recognise that fact. Seconded by Cr. Stewart, who endorsed all that had been said.

Cr. Flynn, while entirely agreeing with all that had been said, thought that as the rotation system had been recognised at the last election, it seemed only fair that Cr. O'Shaughnessy should be elected on this occasion, and proposed him accordingly. It was every councillor's ambition to be president once, and as Cr. O'Shaughnessy was growing old, under the natural law he might not have the opportunity again. It had been the law that the president should be appointed under the rotation system, and whilst he was aware that a resolution was carried to abolish that, it had been returned to, and for that reason Cr. O'Shaughnessy should be appointed.

Cr. Douglas, in seconding it, said he had nothing but respect for Cr. Beggs. He endorsed Cr. Flynn's remarks, and knew that Cr. O'Shaughnessy was competent to fill the chair.

Cr. Sinclair said they had all spoken of Cr. Beggs in the highest manner, and he could say the same of Cr. O'Shaughnessy, who was held in the highest estimation by all at the council table. But he was going to cast his vote for Cr. Beggs, because he wanted to see the rotation system knocked out. He had not the slightest feeling against Cr. O'Shaughnessy, and if he were a candidate next year he would vote for him.

Cr. O'Shaughnessy—Oh, thank you; I do not think I will ask you.

Cr. Flynn was surprised at Cr Sinclair bringing this up, as the rotation system was knocked out to serve a purpose at the time.

Cr. Sinclair—It was nothing of the kind.

Cr. Flynn—You don't know.

Cr. Douglas said he supported the rotation system being knocked out, and did not think he was doing anything inconsistent in supporting Cr. O'Shaughnessy.

Cr. Lewis respected Cr. O'Shaughnessy, but asked whether they came here for sentiment or business, and on receiving an answer from the chairman that it was for business, added that that was his opinion.

Cr. Flynn said it was a pity Cr. Lewis had not practised it in the past.

Cr. Slater disagreed with Cr. Flynn that the rotation system had been carried out in his election last year. It might fall to anyone's lot to be elected. No one respected Cr. O'Shaughnessy more than he, but as the rotation system had been knocked out he would abide by the resolution on the books.

Cr. O'Shaughnessy said he had never sought the office, nor spoken to anyone about it. He would not give a brown farthing for it; still he did not believe in the business being carried on in a little coterie of themselves, and thought they were treating him very unfairly.

Crs. Flynn and Douglas voted for Cr. O'Shaughnessy, and Crs. Lewis, Slater, Stewart and Sinclair supported Cr. Beggs, who was therefore declared elected.

Cr. Flynn said that as the motion was carried he desired to say there was not a councillor at the table for whom he had a greater respect and admiration than Cr. Beggs, and daresay he knew it. But it had been pointed out by Cr. Lewis that this council should have an eye to business. Councillors should practise what they preached.

Cr. Lewis said that did not come under this heading. He was not at the last election of president.

Cr. Beggs thanked the council for the honor conferred upon him in appointing him president, and said he would endeavour to do his duty to the best of his ability and uphold the honor of the council. He was very sorry that the vote was not unanimous, and that Cr. O'Shaughnessy had not got it. He knew that he (Cr. Beggs) had not spoken to anyone or sought the position, but had simply left it absolutely in the hands of the council. He then moved a vote of thanks to Cr Slater, the retiring president, for his services during the past year, and congratulated him on the manner in which he had conducted the business. Seconded by Cr. Stewart, who said he had voted against Cr Slater on account of the rotation system, although no one respected him more than he did. Cr. Slater deserved credit for the way he had got on.

The motion was carried.

Cr. Slater thanked the council and officers for the substantial support given him during his term as president. Cr. Flynn seemed a little bit dissatisfied, but he assured him that he had always treated him honestly and in a straight way, as he had endeavoured to treat all.

Cr. Stewart moved, and Cr. Douglas seconded, that the newly-elected councillors be appointed returning officers. Carried.

ORDINARY MEETING.

The minutes of the previous meeting, as type-written and circulated, were taken as read and confirmed.

APPROVED BY THE MOTHERS.

Bonnington's Irish Moss" is well in favor with the mothers of Australia. It is an economical and reliable medicine to have in the house. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Chest Affections.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Society for Protection of Cruelty to Animals, soliciting donation, and also co-operation in securing a suitable honorary agent in any town or village in the district where there is at present no accredited representative.—To lie on table for a month.

From Mitchell & Co., re road grader.—Engineer to inspect when in Melbourne.

From Secretary for Lands, pointing out that net proceeds from reserves must be expended in maintenance and improvement of such reserves, and that a statement of receipts and expenditure in respect of each reserve should be forwarded annually to the Department.—Received.

From Public Health Department, re jam factories; also forwarding draft of by-law re fowl-yards.—Received.

The matter of enforcing by-law re impounding wandering cattle at Beaufort was referred to North Riding members, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Stewart; a motion by Crs. Sinclair and Douglas, that Mr D. Cameron be appointed to impound cattle that are a nuisance in the town, being withdrawn.

From T. Martin and E. Doepel, soliciting support for office of auditor to Ballarat Hospital.—Support to be given to Mr Martin.

From Department of Public Works, returning vouchers for £360 14s expended on road works, together with form of claims for £326 15s 3d for seal and signature.—Attended to.

From D. S. Oman, M.L.A., promising to do what he can in re petition for sawmill site at Mt. Cole, and also to arrange for deputations re Waterloo school residence and assistance for roads leading to Beaufort railway station.—Received.

From A. W. Crooke, Conservator of Forests (per Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A.), intimating that the Mt. Cole State forest was closed for sawmill purposes, with other forests, for the protection and growth of the young timber, and when the timber was properly matured the forest will be re-opened.—Received.

From Secretary for Lands, stating that proposed new road in township of Beaufort has been declared to be a public highway in lieu of existing road in same town, as described in "Gazette" of 7th August.—Received; the secretary stating the road was at the back of the Church of England.

From Shire of Rodney, protesting against any alteration in size of cornsacks, and asking council to take such action as they deem necessary.—No action.

From W. P. Schlicht, Beaufort, asking that a lamp be erected in front of his place.—Referred to North Riding members.

From Denis Daly, poundkeeper, asking for repairs to the Skipton pound yards.—Engineer instructed to carry out repairs, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Douglas.

From Dugald McKerrall, applying for a reduction from 4s 6d per acre to 2s 6d in valuation of licensed roads.—Consideration deferred.

From Municipal Association of Victoria, re municipal endowment and special vote for main roads, asking council to request parliamentary representatives to support suggestions of association when question of appropriating annually an amount to assist municipalities to construct and maintain main roads is being considered by Parliament.—To lie on table for a month, and councillors to be supplied with copy, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Flynn.

From Shire of Berwick, soliciting co-operation in arranging for a representative deputation to the Minister to request him to bring in a bill providing for such an amendment of the Act as will enable councils to exercise a control over their roads as will protect them from injury and preserve them for the benefit of the public generally.—Received.

From Municipal Association, forwarding copy of Municipal Association Act, 1907, just passed by Parliament.—President Beggs appointed to represent council at conference, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Flynn.

From D. S. Oman, M.L.A., stating that as matter of residence at Waterloo school is receiving attention, he did not think a deputation necessary. A letter from the Education Department to Mr Oman showed that the Public Works Department had been requested to furnish an estimate of the cost of erecting a residence at this school.—Cr. Flynn moved that this council urge upon the Department the necessity of being expeditious in attending to this matter. Seconded by Cr. Sinclair, and carried.

From Secretary for Mines and Forests, asking whether the condition as to a £50 deposit being lodged with the council would be satisfactory provided it be made a special covenant in lease No. 2006, Ararat, that the £50 be lodged with the council before operations are commenced.

From H. C. Collingwood, legal manager New Beaufort Proprietary Dredging Co., re letter from Mines Dept. that council still required a £50 deposit from the company before consenting to granting of lease 2006, Ararat, and stating he was given to understand that council had withdrawn protest on understanding that amount would be lodged before operations were commenced; also later, stating that Minister of Mines was requested to issue lease subject to condition that £50 be deposited with shire against damages by the company in polluting the reservoir, asking that department be notified if council is agreeable to this arrangement, and that council help them, as they are doing all they can to promote mining activity in the district.—Referred to North Riding members, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Slater; Cr. Sinclair stating the council did not want to discourage mining in any way, but at the same time they were going to safeguard the reservoir, and not have it polluted or silted up.

From D. S. Oman, M.L.A., notifying that he had arranged with Minister of Public Works to receive deputation re main roads on Wednesday, 4th Sept.—It was decided that the President should take Cr. Slater's place (at the latter's request) and accompany Crs. Flynn and Sinclair, these three being previously appointed; Cr. Stewart considering the secretary should go, as he could give a lot of useful information, and that it was useless for three councillors to go, as one was enough; Cr. Sinclair opposing this, as the engineer would be there.

From H. C. Collingwood, legal manager Tipperary G.M.Co., forwarding cheque for £8 being payment under protest of deposit (£5) and payment in advance for water (£3), on distinct understanding that it shall not prejudice any agreement that may exist between the council and the company.—Referred to the North Riding members, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Douglas; the secretary having replied that he was not prepared to issue an official receipt under these conditions till he had brought it before the council.

From John Humphreys, secretary Beaufort United Common, forwarding balance-sheet for year ending 31st July, with auditors' certificate by Messrs A. Parker and J. B. Humphreys. The receipts totalled £117 19s 9d, and the expenditure £91 10s 11d, thus leaving a Cr. balance of £26 8s 10d.—Received.

From C. Broadbent, Beaufort, stating he had started his contract near Mr John Ellis's, the wet weather being the reason why he had not started before.—Received.

A SAFE AND VALUABLE REMEDY.

"Bonnington's Irish Moss" is a safe and valuable remedy for Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Affections. Bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All medicine vendors.

Postponed correspondence from Municipal Association of Victoria, re regulation of traction engine traffic.—To stand over for another month.

From J. Patterson, Sailor's Gully, re leading road.

Petition from A. West and four ratepayers, Sailor's Gully, asking that road be kept permanently opened.

Both parties had been asked to attend this meeting in support of their claims.

The standing orders having been suspended, Mr West said the road was his nearest track to his block. If it were closed he would have to go either a mile or a half-mile further round. If the road were fenced off he would be able to travel along it. He had been going along it for the last four years. One or two saplings might want cutting down. The engineer said he had inspected the road and considered it almost impracticable for traffic. There had never been any traffic on it. Mr West was making a mistake. Mr West said he was not; any cart could go out and see the tracks. He met before Mr Patterson had the ground. It was a permanent surveyed road. He had been driving a waggon and two horses along it. Mrs McCracken wanted it open to drive cattle through. He admitted leaving the gates open after seeing in the paper that he was accused of doing so. Mr Patterson rung the timber cutters of the McCrackens cut it, and he (West) carted it to Beaufort. Mrs Springthorpe said she wanted the road open to drive cattle on to the common. Mr Patterson said Mr West had never driven along the road with out encroaching on his or his daughter's land. The wheel tracks would prove that. He had never objected to Mr West encroaching on his land. There was not practicable unless it was cleared. His land had been encroached on for fully a chain, as well as a considerable distance on his daughter's land. The road was about ¾-mile long. Mr West said Mr Patterson wired the road off without asking him if he had any objection. The fence had been up 7 or 8 years, and the cost across the road 5 years. Cr. Flynn pointed out that if the road was fenced off it would be impassable, as Mr West had evidently been using Mr Patterson's land to get through, and he had not been objected to. But if the road were returned under the Unused Roads Act, Mr Patterson would be in a position to debar Mr West from going along it. He advised both parties to come to an amicable arrangement without asking the council to take action, or otherwise it would not improve matters for either. The President and Cr. Sinclair endorsed Cr. Flynn's advice. The engineer said the best thing to do was to allow matters to remain as they were. Mrs McCracken, who signed the petition, was in exactly the same position, having a road closed up leading to the same place. Consideration was deferred till next meeting, on motion of Crs. Slater and Flynn, with a view to the engineer meeting the parties on the ground and trying to bring about an amicable agreement.

Cr. Sinclair moved (after the President had drawn attention thereto) that the secretary write to the Public Works Department, asking for a list of lessees of unused roads, with amount of rents paid in this shire. Seconded by Cr. Stewart, and carried.

Petition from J. Corbett, junr., and 16 ratepayers, Skipton, asking for re-forming and metalling of street leading from Montgomery-street to Wright-street, west to Cairn's corner, and then south to Daly's corner; also that a lamp be erected at corner of Wright-street leading to the footpath over the creek.—Engineer to inspect and report at next meeting, on motion of Crs. Douglas and Slater.

REPORTS.

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

1. The most important work required on the Shirley road is the renewal of large culvert opposite Miller's paddock. Contractor C. Broadbent has not yet started his contract on this road. 2. There are a number of unmade pieces on the back road from Beaufort to Raglan—several of them very bad. I think the worst portion is on top of the hill, about three chains in all. Sixteen chains of this have never been made. The balance has been formed and gravelled, but is now very badly cut up. The flat between Miller's paddocks can be considerably improved by surface labour, and will be attended to as soon as possible. 3. I have arranged for contract 365, E.R., forming, etc., on Morcombe's lane, to go on at once. 4. New weighbridge has been erected at Snake Valley, and should be ready for weighing today. 5. Contractor Bradshaw reported that he had completed contract 332, W.R., but I found it very unsatisfactory; no further work has been done on his other contracts. 6. In accordance with instructions received from the E.R. councillors, I re-let A. Simper's forfeited contract to H. F. Watkin at his tender price of £17, this being next lowest. Work is now almost completed. 7. In reference to rent of unused roads, as far as I can understand the act, it is definitely fixed at 5 per cent. of the capital value of the land, and has absolutely nothing to do with the grazing value, and this capital value seems to be fixed at the same as that of land adjoining on the road. In any case no power is given to the council to alter this valuation. In Mr Topper's case, I cannot agree with him as to value of first two roads. The value shown in schedule is reasonable, and will probably be increased when the next return is sent in. In the case of third road, I agree with his valuation. The fact that the other road he applies for is fenced on both sides at present places it beyond the act, but as there seems to be no objection to road being closed, this might be done over before the next return is sent in. In reference to valuations generally, no injustice can be inflicted, as anyone has the alternative of fencing off the road. As a general rule, in this shire the amount of rent is not equal to 5 per cent. of the value of fencing required should the road be fenced off, so that the lessee can afford to buy the very much over-valued fore he is really out of pocket, or before it will pay him to exercise his right to lease. 8. Good progress has been made with contracts in hand during the month. Details are submitted separately. There are only twelve contracts to be carried forward to next year. Two of these were let last meeting. 9. The revision of valuation will be completed by next meeting. 10. I would be glad if schedule of work for the coming year were completed as soon as possible at next meeting.—Clause 1—Contractor Broadbent to be instructed to get on with his contract at once, or the engineer will advertise fresh tenders, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Flynn. 3—Referred to East Riding members. 5—The engineer said he had given Contractor Bradshaw an opportunity of doing the required work before recommending a deduction of 5 per chain. 6—Engineer's action endorsed, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Douglas. 7—To stand over till next meeting, in order to give valuer an opportunity of re-considering it, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Sinclair.

The treasurer (Mr E. J. Muntz) reported that £123 8s 4d had been received and banked since last report, that £612 7s 4d had been paid away during August, and that the credit balance was now £335 13s 7d, as against £324 12s 7d at his report.—Received; the secretary stating that £10 interest had been earned on current account through calling the rates up early, and that the balance was reducible by £157 outstanding cheques.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee:—Mrs Greenwood, £1 10s; G. Cross, 15s; Country Fire Brigades' Board, £2 9s 8d; C. H. Meader, 8s 9d; J. B. Cockran, £5 18s; A. Parker, £7 13s 6d; D. D. Cameron, £1 2s; J. J. Keating, 12s 6d; fox rewards cash advances, £5; W. G. Stevens, £12 11s 8d; F. H. Bruce, £1 2s 9d; Ballarat Litho Co., 13s; C. Weston, £10 11s 8d; W. Bennett, 3s 6d; salaries, £3 3s 8d; election expenses—L. T. G. Smith, £1 1s 6d; A. Parker, £1 6s; D. D. Cameron, £1 8s; J. B. Humphreys, 10s; J. Whitla, £1; T. Cleeland, £1 2s 6d; Middle Creek Hall, 10s; polling booth, Snake Valley, 5s; cleaning booth, Skipton, 5s; J. M. Carroll, D.R.O., £5; rent tenancies—J. Whitfield, £7 10s 6d; C. Ball, £5; T. Buchanan, £3; J. Lynch, 13s 4d; H. F. Watkin, £7; W. Bennett, £2 10s; W. Dawes, 17s; Broadbent Bros. & Co., £3 11s 1d; W. Pedder, 17s 3d; T. Nugent, £3 8s; J. Hacker, £8; T. Robinson (weighbridge), £117 19s 9d; Burdett, £6 7s 6d; T. Lewis, £1 5s; T. Cleeland, £2 3s 4d; J. Gillespie, £3 8s; T. Meader, £8; J. Carmichael, £4 18s 4d; R. Ward, £1 5s 8d; G. Exell, 19s 4d; H. M. Stuart, £4 18s; L. Scott, £1 10s; S. George, £8; Northern Assurance Co., 13s 6d; contract payments—H. F. Watkin, £68 4s; D. Madden, £126 2s 11d; B. Madden, £2; A. Simper, £15; J. Carmichael, £37 0s 3d; deposits refunded—H. F. Watkin, £6 12s 6d; D. Madden, £8 10s; W. B. Madden, £2; Treasurer, Shire of Ripon, £5 1s; J. Carmichael, £2 17s; total, £600 14s 11d. Extra contracts—D. Madden, £7 1s 3d; J. Carmichael, £9 7s 9d.

The North Riding members reported that at a meeting held on 5th ult., Crs. Beggs, Flynn, and

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS.' Mountain Flax. An agreeable Aperient. Within a trial.

YOU KNOW THE TYPE.

He looked so big and talked such piles.
The fieldsmen simply stood out miles—
! ! !
But his first balls he played so strange.
The men came in to shorter range—
! ! !
I'd call attention here that he
Was guarding wickets, one, two, three
! ! !
The first ball bounced and caught his head.
Behold the things he saw—
* * * * * * * * *
and said:
! ! ! ! ! !
The last ball wandered round his bat.
Two stumps fell ill, and lay down flat—
! — —
And as he hurried back they smiled
To see the score he had compiled—
0

THE NEMESIS OF NATIONS.

OLD TRAGEDIES AND MODERN WARNINGS.

"The decline of an empire," says Gibbon, "is the most awful scene in the history of mankind." Yet, so far, history is largely the record of the decline of empires. And when the story of the fall of the great empires of the world is focussed into one brief volume, it becomes a drama of gloom. Human history hardly seems long enough for the rise and fall of Hindustan, of Babylon, of Greece, of Rome, and other vanished glories. Yet these mighty are fallen And the historian exploring among the ruins of the past ceaselessly repeats the everlasting question—Why?

WHY NATIONS FALL

In the fascinating volume, "The Nemesis of Nations" which Mr. W. R. Paterson (better known to many as Benjamin Swift) has published, he seeks to answer why. They fell, he says, because they were based upon slavery. "Slavery affected fundamentally the fortunes of all the old nations. Its study, therefore, seemed to furnish some sense of the tragic unity of their destinies."

"When we remember that the economic systems of all ancient States were organised upon the same basis, and that in the hope of making that basis permanent, ceaseless activity was kept up in the gold mines of Egypt, in the copper mines of Cyprus and Sinai, in the iron, salt, and sulphur mines of Persia, in European and Asiatic tin, lead, and silver mines, in Caucasian naphtha pits and ruby mines of Bactria, in the quarries of Numidia and Greece, and in the vast brickfields of Rome and Babylon, we are almost able to descry the dim masses of chained men whose labour was the creative force of antiquity."

THE CREATORS OF WEALTH.

"States perish by various forms of that excess which, as some Greek thinkers showed, is fatal to prosperous action." Mr. Paterson, in his study, has concentrated attention on "that excess of power which those States displayed towards the class who created their wealth. A wholly hostile relation subsisted between capital and labour, and this permanent deadlock involved economic sterility. There was," he says, "an utter absence of that co-operation without which a State remains an artificial and highly dangerous organisation. A ferocious individualism, sometimes disguised as collectivism, did not scruple to dispose of human life with a recklessness which was in strange contrast with the care bestowed on inanimate property."

"When we remember that in every State the conditions were the same, and that wars were waged for the purpose of maintaining those conditions, the history of antiquity appears to be the history of centuries of stagnation and waste. Behind the glittering front of ancient civilisation we discover a dark organisation of social life, in which duties were unaccompanied by rights. Babylon, Egypt, Phoenicia, Greece, and Rome grew great by means of industrial systems which created wealth but involved the ruin of the workmen."

THE SLAVE PITS OF ROME.

Take Rome as an instance. "Not long ago the Esquiline Cemetery was excavated, and there was discovered a pit, one thousand feet long and three hundred feet deep. It was an ancient burial ground for slaves, who were thrown into it along with the carcasses of animals and the refuse of the city. . . . . If it be true," says Mr. Paterson, "that methods of human burial indicate the value which is placed on human life, these Roman slave-pits are in themselves sufficient to indicate the spirit which lay behind Roman civilisation.

"According to Tacitus, Rome suffered from perpetual anxiety in case of a revolution among the slaves. When the free adult male population of Rome numbered 320,000, the slaves numbered 900,000. . . . .

If Rome was, on the whole, seldom troubled by that dangerous rolling of the ballast of the State which perturbs the modern world, the reason was that her labouring population, isolated and disorganised, was kept in chains. If we study ancient nations from within, and penetrate behind the mere foreground of their glory, we discover a society governed by intimidation. If we had a telescope to bring them near, we should find all of them resting on impossible foundations. Their combined rivalries of modern States, pressed more heavily on the poorest class, and involved an immense but futile activity."

NO NATIONAL COHESION.

"In ancient times slavery was the means of the production of wealth, and, other things being equal, that State which possessed the greatest number of slaves—in other words, the greatest number of the implements of ancient industry—was at least temporarily the most prosperous. Whereas such a system involved the utter absence of any genuine form of cohesion in the national life, it is precisely in social co-operation that modern progress best expresses itself.

"Although that instinct is not yet and may never be perfect, nevertheless it undoubtedly marks the real difference between the ancient and modern world. But he who attempts to discover an ideal goal in human history could never rest content even when the world contained a series of States at harmony within themselves, but in antagonism with each other."

Mr. Paterson, writing not merely as the chronicler of facts, but as the idealist, looks to the coming day when the feuds of nations will be at length "silenced in the combined life and task of mankind," which is its moral unity. He admits that there does come a time when the "ideals of nationality and the ideals of humanity are in conflict. But the achievement of national, is only a stage in the achievement of international, justice. The overthrow of nations has frequently been the Nemesis which awaited that refusal to co-operate."

THE TRAGEDY OF HISTORY.

"The tragedy of history," declares Mr. Paterson, in a fine passage, "consists in the fact that although the world's harvest is abundant enough to satisfy the needs of humanity, its reaping is regulated by the law of battle." Hence the harvest of human woe.

"Although modern States are apparently more stable, we cannot believe," declares Mr. Paterson, "that the laws of history have ceased to operate." The mills of God still work.—"Public Opinion."

DEMOCRATIC DUKES.

A commercial traveller from the colonies was going northward from Edinburgh. A "very plain English gentleman" entered the same carriage, took out a briar pipe, began to smoke, and opened a conversation on current topics. At Perth there entered the carriage another gentleman as simply dressed as the first, and as unassuming in his manners. Presently the train arrived at a station where this second gentleman got out. A splendid carriage and a number of lackeys were in waiting for him. The commercial traveller in surprise, asked his remaining fellow-passenger if he knew who it was. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "that is His Grace the Duke of Atholl." "Indeed," commented the commercial "he was very condescending to talk in such a friendly and genial manner to two cads like us." His companion cordially assented.

By and by the train reached a station, where the first gentleman alighted. He, too, was awaited by a fine carriage and an equally imposing retinue of gorgeous servants. The commercial traveller, fairly astounded by this second marvel, eagerly inquired of the guard who it was that had just left the compartment. "Oh, that is His Grace, the Duke of Sutherland." By this time he was seriously alarmed as to the possibilities of the disguises assumed by the British aristocracy, and fearing lest he should make a similar mistake again, anxiously asked of the guard, "And pray, sir, who are you?"—"P.T.O."

REBUKING A CZAR.

In "A Varied Life," General Sir Thomas E. Gordon tells of a Scotsman who ventured to speak boldly to the father of the present Czar, His Majesty (Alexander III.) was playing whist (out of his own dominion) with an English Royalty as partner, and one of his equerries with a Scottish gentleman as opponents. His Majesty held a good hand and towards the end of it said:

"We have the game—four by honours and the odd trick."

The Scot said:—"Please, your Majesty, let us play the hand out," and when it was done he added: "Your Majesty made a revoke."

The equerry looked aghast at the boldness, and the Czar said:—

"I have never made a revoke in my life."

The Scot replied:—"Perhaps your Majesty was never told," and proceeded to turn over the tricks, and show the revoke.

The equerry was more aghast than ever, and the English Royalty smilingly said "Pardon my friend's bluntness."

The next day the Czar, happening to meet the Scottish gentleman, said with a laugh: "I have been thinking over what you said yesterday about the revoke, and perhaps it is true I was never told."

The moral of this anecdote, says Sir Thomas, applies with much force at present to the Czar's ignorance of the real situation in Russia.

NOSE-NEWS.

It is frequently stated by physiognomists that a big nose is a sign of a masterful character. This is, however, by no means always the case. It is true that a big nose is sometimes indicative of firmness and determination, but only when it is associated with a strong jaw and long chin. A big nose with a retiring chin is almost idiotic in the expression it gives to the countenance.

But there is something to be said in favour of the short noses. The short nose shows wit, imagination, tact, judgement, discretion. Socrates had a snub nose, and of the lively imaginative writers in almost any language a considerable proportion were short-nosed people. Long-nosed men may do their share of the world's work, but the short noses write the clever books and the entertaining plays. If Shakespeare had had a nose like the Duke of Wellington, it is not likely that he would have written the "Merry Wives of Windsor." He might have been a successful theatre manager, but would never have become a literary artist.

A strange anthropological freak has just been discovered at Tiger's Kloof, near Vryburg, South Africa—viz., a child with a tail. The child is between four and five months old, is a girl, and has a tail or growth affixed to the end of the spinal column, and which is flexible, and about 3½in. in length. From the way in which it is affixed to the end of the spinal column, it gives one the impression that it is a malformed tail; but it does not seem to have any vertebrae. The skin and colour of it is the same as the rest of the child's body. The father and mother are Basutos, and middle-aged. The Rev. W. C. Willoughby, Principal of the Native Institute at Tiger's Kloof who is the only correspondent of the Anthropological Society in South Africa, is evincing a keen interest in the case, and will probably submit a report to the Society.

Customer (to proprietor of restaurant): "Your family has been established here a long time, hasn't it?"

Proprietor: "Yes, sir. The business used to belong to my grandfather."

Customer: "And did this fowl belong to him?"

MILLIONS MEAN MISERY.

THE PITIFUL LOT OF THE RICHEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman on earth, who has a fortune estimated at over £11,000,000, and an income of thirty shillings a minute for every hour, asleep or awake, of her life, has recently made a great discovery—that millions mean misery.

From her childhood, for forty years she has lived and toiled for one thing—money. To make money; to save money, to invest money, to hide money—never to spend money save on the absolute necessities of life, never to take pleasures with it never to do any manner of kindness or act of charity with it—this has been the ruling passion of this unfortunate woman.

Pity her! She needs it. She has never known the real delights and possibilities of money. Money was made to spend, to exchange for things that give greater satisfaction than the mere possession of the coin. It was never intended that it should be hoarded in cellars and vaults. And wise woman that she is in many respects, Mrs. Hetty Green has taken over forty years to learn the lesson. Pitty her folly! She has amassed tons of money, and has never known the proper way to use it. It is said that she has never brought the light of happiness into a single child's face by giving that child a penny to spend on toffee. She has never experienced the delights that most women find in purchasing new hats and dresses. Her "Bargains" have been "corners" and Stock Exchange panics—with bankruptcies and lockouts" in their train.

It is said that she has never won a warm place in the heart of any man whom she has lifted from starvation by a few paltry coins, for she has spurned the pleadings of the poor. The hospitals may overfill, patients may die for lack of attendance or because the authorities cannot afford to place them in the empty beds. The subscription list, it is stated, has never borne her name—not even for a guinea.

And now, when old age is fast approaching her, when she could write a cheque for £11,000,000, she has paused in her moneygrabbing career, and looked back on her miserable, wasted life. She is tired of money-making. She wants happiness, but finds it harder to gain than all her eleven millions.

Mrs. Hetty Green's latest plan is to shut up her grand house in Baltimore and to go back to the little cottage in Brattleboro, Vermont, where she was born and lived as a child, where she was young and pretty and light-hearted. It is probably the only thing she remembers which has a gleam of happiness about it—apart from hoarding money.

It is only a little house in Brattleboro, just the same as the workmen inhabitants of the town occupy with their wives and families, and it had been empty and neglected for so long that it had no windows, its doors hung on broken hinges, and its floors were worn and sagging. Children would not pass the place at night, declaring that the house was haunted But the richest woman on earth has had it repaired, had it made to appear as it looked forty years ago, and has gone to live there.

Her idea is to regain, by living in the old surroundings and amongst the scenes of her happiest days, a love of life and its sweetest and dearest pleasures—the joys that money cannot buy. Will she succeed?

And she's seeking old memories, old loves, old hopes, and old ambitions in a workman's cottage, she, the richest woman on earth! She, poor dreamer, is seeking the joys that flew away forty years ago when the love of money crawled into her heart. Be glad, reader, that if you are poor you are more light-hearted than she, and hope that you will never know the miseries that come with millions.

The Editor had finished his day's work. He had informed one correspondent how many mice might be caught by a well-educated cat in the course of a night, and had replied to another who asked what exams. had to be passed by anyone wishing to become a company promoter, and what were the wages attached. But at length he returned to the comparative peace of his own home.

"Pa," asked his youngest son, as the Editor hung up his hat, "is Mars inhabited?"

"I don't know," said the father.

"Pa," went on the small boy, "is it colder on the top of Mont Blanc than at the North Pole?"

But once again that walking encyclopaedia had to confess ignorance.

The little boy thought for a moment.

"Pa," he inquired blandly, "how ever ever did you manange to become an editor?"

JUSTIFYING THE JURY.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

"Yes!" replied the prisoner, emphatically.

Slowly the judge lifted his eyes from the desk and fixed them witheringly upon the miscreant.

"Eh!" said his lordship in a fearsome voice. "What do you mean by such an answer as that?"

"This chap with the face," replied the prisoner, pointing towards the clerk, "asked me whether I was guilty or not guilty, and I said 'Yes.' And it's true. I can't help being one or the other."

"But which are you?" inquired the judge.

"My lord," said the wicked culprit, "if I answered that, what use would you have for the jury?"

And the villain looked around him with an air of innocent inquiry, while the judge tried to explain to the jury what he meant.

With many blushes the young lady asked the post-office clerk if there were any letters for Miss Dolly Jones and post-office clerks can be quite nice to a pretty girl, and she was one.

"Business or love-letter?" inquired the clerk, straightening his tie, and smiling winningly.

"Business, of course," said Dolly, blushing more prettily than ever.

But, alas for her hopes! there was no letter bearing her name, and with a sigh she took her departure.

But two minutes later she was back again. Bashfully approaching the same clerk, she faltered:

"Would you mind looking among the loveletters?"

EVOLUTION OF THE SCOTCHMAN.

Will the hereditary instinct of the Scot to "greet" over Flodden and Glencoe, to "blaw" about Bannockburn, and "blether" about Burns fade under the influence of modern "progress" and prosperity? For the Scot is right in the forefront of progress and the acquisition of riches.

In the past half-century Scotland has become a very wealthy country, and it is no longer a remote place. In a round of the clock a man may watch the sun set at Southampton and see it full risen at Loch Awe. In a forenoon he may "run up" from Glasgow to Sheffield to do some business, or may telephone instantly from Inverness to Torquay. Will the story of Scotland that was inborn in the being of Scotsmen hear all that and live? The historic kail and porridge and poverty have disappeared before cheap bacon and the almost gratuitous loaf. The poor in Scotland to-day are the poor of everywhere. Intellect and energy no longer strain against the leash of penury, but go forth into the world on well-assured highways to reward.

Scotsmen everywhere have proved themselves to be by nature among the best equipped of all races for mastering the conditions of existence in every variety of climate and circumstance. Having these gifts, can they preserve those strong characteristics that made them Scotsmen in Scotland, or shall they, now that the barriers are down, become increasingly worldsmen, and the story of their race which they drank in with their mother's milk go out of their consciousness and become as we have said, mere history?

Grannies in Scotland no longer sing over the cradle about the wee bird that cam' to our ha' door an' warbled sweet and clearly; or of Leezie Lindsay that kilted her gown o' green satin up to her knee and went away wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald, or of the Argyll that plundered the bonnie house o' Airlie. Would there be an audience to-day in any High Street of the North for the old ballad-man who to attentive crowds used to sing of how

It fell upon a summer's day
King Edward cam' in grand array
The Scottish forces to dismay
Upon the field o' Bannockburn.

and held them listeners for some four and twenty verses of most veracious chronicle? We doubt it very much in these days of Harry Lauder and express trains. And we likewise fear that we are far on the way to a time when Colloden will be no more to Scotsmen than say Marston Moor is to Englishmen; a date, that is, in a faintly remembered textbook.—"Academy."

HUNTING THE SPERM WHALE.

Whales may be divided into two classes, those with whale-bone and those with teeth, the Sperm whale belonging to the latter class. It is hunted for the sake of the oil obtained, both in a pure state and from the blubber.

Writing in the "Windsor Magazine" Mr. Charles H. Kerry grows quite enthusiastic in describing the capture of one of these huge animals.

He says, "In pursuit of the sperm whale, if one can only forget mercenary considerations, and look upon this huge animal with a sportsman's eye, the charm which attracts such a number of adventurous youths to go on long voyages and encounter the icy region of the Arctic, and the burning heat of the Tropics, can at once be perceived. If we regard the capture of the whale as a field sport, then our pursuit is truly a royal game."

The sperm whale is a huge unwieldy animal, a third of his whole length being taken up by his tremendous head. For the size of his body his brain is very small, and he is very poorely equipped as regards seeing, smelling, and hearing. His eyes are very rudimentary and cannot be of much use to him in the depths of the sea where he passes most of his time in search of food. As far as is known he has no ears and his one nostril is only of use when at the surface, for as soon as he goes below it is closed by a perfectly-fitting valve. His head is filled with spermaceti—a liquid oil—and this enables him to rise quickly in an upright position to the surface of the water when in want of air. He has a most peculiar mouth. The lower jaw is simply a narrow shaft of bone armed with teeth, and this cannot be closed without the animal turning completely over.

When a whale is sighted by the man on the look-out in the crow's-nest all is activity. The specially-built whale-boats are got out in an incredibly short space of time, and great rivalry is shown by the boats' crews as to which shall have the honour of planting the first harpoon. To read of the harpooning and successive spearing of one of these huge harmless creatures seems very cruel to an outsider, but by the modern use of explosives death is brought on more quickly. When all is over the huge body is towed to the ship where it is made fast with heavy chains, and after a short rest the cutting up is commenced. This is a great undertaking being surgery on a gigantic scale, and the instruments are proportionately large, being sharp, broad spades edged like razors and fitted with handles 16ft. long.

Different "joints" are cut off and hoisted on deck. After the body has been disposed of the head is tackled. In the upper portion is found the "case" which contains the liquid spermaceti, and this is baled out by means of buckets. A large case will contain over 800 gallons of liquid oil, which, however, soon solidifies into a whitish mass. The next thing is the reducing of the blubber to oil, and this is a most disagreeable business, as the whole ship becomes covered with soot and grease and everything is impregnated with acrid, choking smoke and the smell of burning fat.

When the oil has been "tried out," it is filled in casks and stored below and the ship, after being cleaned down, is once more ready for the chase.

In Paris the custom has been adopted of placing on street lamps the numbers of the houses nearest to which they stand. This is a great convenience to people who are searching for a certain number in the dark of an evening since the general methods of displaying house numbers are far from satisfactory.

DOES POLITENESS PAY?

The little man was saving up for his summer holidays, so he had no newspaper to hide behind when the lady of commanding presence entered the tramcar, which was already full.

She was a woman of experience, and did not waste her energy in looking at all the male passengers in the hope that one of them would offer his seat. She simply concentrated her gaze upon the little man and waited.

"Madam," he said, "take this seat."

Without a word or thanks she sat down, while he indulged in that hateful exercise known as strap-hanging.

"What is the use of standing there?" she cried "Come and sit on my lap."

"Madam," faltered the little man, blushing in his embarrassment, "I—I——"

"You little wretch!" screamed the lady, "I didn't mean you. I was calling to my daughter at the end of the car!"

AN OFFICERS' QUARREL.

Many duels were fought in England during the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. One of the most celebrated was that which took place on Wimbledon Common, September 12, 1840, between Lord Cardigan, who afterwards led the charge of the Light Brigade, and Lieutenant Tuckett. The encounter was one of the collateral issues of what was called the "Bottle Row," an event that created a great deal of excitement at the time, and which may be interesting enough to recall briefly. The origin of the dispute was a bottle of Moselle which Captain Reynolds, of the 11th Hussars (of which Lord Cardigan was the commanding officer), ordered at the mess on a "guest night." The Moselle was placed on the table in its original black bottle state, which gave offence to the Earl of Cardigan. The next morning Captain Jones delivered the following message to Captain Reynolds:—"The Colonel has desired me, as President of the Mess Committee, to tell you that you were wrong in having a black bottle placed on the table at a great dinner like last night, as the mess should be conducted like a gentleman's table and not like a tavern or pot-house." Shortly afterwards Captain Reynolds met Captain Jones in the messroom, and said to him, before those who were present:—"Captain Jones, I wish to speak to you about the message you brought me this morning. In the first place, I do not think you were justified in giving it at all; as a brother captain, having no possible control over me, it would have been better taste if you had declined to deliver it." To which Captain Jones replied:—"I received it from the commanding officer, and as such I gave it; and if you refuse to receive it from me I will report it!" Captain Reynolds replied:—"Do not misunderstand me, Captain Jones, I have received it, and do receive it; but the message was an offensive one; and I tell you once for all, that in future I will not allow you or any other man to bring me improper messages." Captain Jones said:—"If I am ordered to give a message I shall give it." Captain Reynolds said:—"Well you may do as you please, but if you bring me improper messages you must take the consequences." Captain Jones said he should do so, left the room and reported the conversation to Lord Cardigan, who put Reynolds under arrest.

This was the "bottle row" proper: that is to say—it is so much of a unusually long and complicated case as related directly to the utensil by whose name the whole proceedings came to be christened. Captain Reynolds would have been released from arrest, and nothing heard of the matter probably, if other things had not happened, one of which, strange to say, was an altercation between Lord Cardigan and another Captain Reynolds of the same regiment. Finally, the whole case was tried by Court-martial, with the result that Captain Reynolds, who put the bottle of Moselle on the mess table, was cashiered. The newspapers of the day were, of course, full of the case, and Lord Cardigan discovered that the writer of certain letters in the "Morning Chronicle," reflecting on his character, was a Mr. Tuckett, late of the 11th Hussars, and a meeting took place in consequence. The first shot was ineffectual on both sides, but on the second fire, Mr. Tuckett received his adversary's ball in the back part of the lower ribs, which traversed round to the spine, though apparently without doing any serious injury. The two parties were prosecuted, and the case of the Earl of Cardigan being tried in the House of Lords, he was acquitted, the indictment having been quashed on account of a flaw which it contained, and which was popularly supposed to have been purposely inserted by the law officers of the Crown.

UNAPPRECIATED.

A noted evangelist was preaching the other day in a strange church. The family who entertained him had a son who was usually fond of attending service. When his parents were ready little Charles flatly refused to go with them.

"I don't want to go to church," he declared.

"What's the matter?" asked the mother, much surprised, "Are you ill?"

"No; but I heard Dr. Dash before, and I don't like him," confessed the child.

"Oh, Charles, that's a wicked thing to say!" gasped the mother. "Tell mother why."

"Well," said Charles, "he preaches so long that I can't keep awake, and he preaches so loud that I can't go to sleep."

As the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it towards his small sitter, that young person set up a howl.

In vain did his mother do her best to quiet him. Edward did not want his picture taken.

"Why, my child," she said soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you! Just smile and keep still a moment, and it will be all over before you know it."

"Yes, I know, mother," whimpered Edward, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's!"

The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.

THE GAME OF PUSH-BALL.

This game is played with a glorified football measuring some sixteen feet in diameter, and costing about £40 to make. It first found its popularity in Connecticut, and as played there is a most strenuous game, and very popular with the youth of the district.

The game is played on an ordinary football ground, and the object of the players is to send the ball through their opponents' goal, or over the goal line, the former scoring three points and the latter one point.

In the beginning the ball is set in the centre of the field. One team is "in possession"—that is to say, has the right to make the first attempt to push the ball.

This they generally do with a flying start, from a distance of fifteen yards. The defending side brace themselves up behind the ball in close formation, four forwards in front, having their shoulders to the ball, four behind, gripping the others round their waists. The attackers also lock themselves together as in a Rugby scrimmage. Then at the word "play," they swoop and run swiftly and hurl all their weight upon the ball—a sixteen legged battering ram that strikes the ball with a terrific impact. Writing in the "Royal Magazine," the introducer of the game to England tells how a defending team lined up against the ball to receive a flying charge suddenly became panic-stricken as the attacking eight bore down upon them. Appalled at the prospect of the broadside, they turned and fled. The result was disastrous for the players charging, for, unable to check their impetus, they dashed into an unresisting ball, which gaily careered from them, and left them flat on Mother Earth.

TOBACCO AND TOBACCO-PIPES.

(From "The Reliquary.")

The true and ardent Nicotian has ever adopted a pipe as the most perfect manner of enjoying the fragrant weed. In every clime and country the fumes of tobacco are inhaled through some kind of tube, and a collection of the world's pipes would contain more types of peculiarity than there are nations or tribes upon the face of the earth. Little more than a century ago a nation's pipes were, as a rule, made of the most suitable and available material found in their respective countries, and some peoples of necessity still adopt what seem to us very curious and strange devices. The natives of the Arctic regions smoke through a walrus tooth; in Assam and Burmah bamboo pipes are used; the tribes of New Guinea contrive sea shells as bowls for their pipes; the aborigine of New Zealand has an elaborately-carved wooden pipe, embellished with the typical grotesque figures so familiar in their native art; on the Yarkand River in Central Asia pipes are made of jade; the Hindoos mould their pipes in rough red clay; the tribes of South Africa use wood, clay, bone, and soapstone, or steatite, as it is sometimes called; a long porcelain bowl is a favourite pipe head used by the Germans.

It is said that the earliest pipes adopted in England by the richer habitues were made of silver; some of the wealthy "puffers of tobacco" may have used such pipes, but the poorer classes "drank" their tobacco through a straw attached to a walnut shell, which was indeed a very primitive device. The majority of early smokers in England soon became enamoured of the white clay pipe, a "little tube of mighty power" which was almost universally adopted. Present-day votaries of the "soverane herbe" who cherish their mellow meerchaums, their spicy cherry-woods, or their sweetbriar woods, inhale its soothing vapours with a thousand whiffs, in the happy delusion that such pipes have always been fashionable. Our grandfathers were proud of their finely-coloured and polished meerschaums, a class of pipe first imported from Austria about a hundred years ago. Fairholt, writing in 1839, said: "Wooden pipes have been introduced into England, and pipes of briar-wood are now common in our shops." These, and others made of almost every imaginable material, have gradually superseded the homely white clay, which was practically the Englishman's only pipe for upwards of 250 years.

Tobacco was first brought into Europe in 1518 by the Spaniards and Portuguese, although the crew of Columbus in 1492 had a wonderful story to relate of how they had seen the natives inhaling smoke and puffing it out again. The honour of importing tobacco into England and setting the fashion in smoking has been assigned to Sir Walter Raleigh, who returned home in 1586. In a very few years the singular practice spread rapidly throughout Europe, and to the farthermost corners of the inhabitable globe.

The English adopted the idea of pipes from the aboriginal races of America, and they soon found that cheaper and better pipes could be made of clay. The typical "English clay" appears to have been made within a year or two after the introduction of tobacco smoking by Raleigh in 1586. Paul Hetzner, a German lawyer, who visited England in 1598, notes with surprise the use of clay pipes. At the Bear Gardens, Southwark, "and everywhere else the English are constantly smoking, and in this manner—they have pipes on purpose, made of clay."

Wives sometimes are considered—or, at any rate, some wives are—costly. But there are places where celibacy is not altogether or always cheap. In the Argentine the man who prefers single life to wedlock has to pay a substantial and progressive tax. If he has not taken a wife by the time he reaches his 25th birthday he must pay a fine of 25s. a month to the Exchequer; if at 35 he has not seen the error of his ways the fine is increased to fifty shillings a month, and at this figure it remains for fifteen years. If at fifty he still keeps from the altar he is looked upon as hopeless, and the fine is diminished every year until at 80 he is exempt. There are those in Britain—both male and female—who would to-day do likewise.

A bullet which was fired by a charge sufficient to give it an initial velocity of 1,700ft. a second in dry weather would travel at no more than 1,300ft. through moist air.

MISPLACED HUMOUR.

Unquestionably one of the most cultured theologians of the day was the late Dr. John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, author of the Scottish novels of the Barrie type, the best of which, perhaps, is "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Ian Maclaren was not only a preacher, writer, traveller, and thinker, but he was also a capital raconteur. In this he was aided with a charming manner and an easy, fluent style of speaking. One of his stories was of a counsel who had fruitlessly defended a murderer. The man of law visited the convicted prisoner in the cells. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Weel, sir," was the reply, "if ye could get ma Sabbath clothes I should be muckle obleeged." "But what do you want them for?" asked counsel. "Well, sir, to wear them on the occasion, jest to show respect for the deceased," he said, thoughtfully.

Do you suffer from "dust throat"? And, if not, do you know what it is? Thousands of people are perplexing themselves to-day as to why they are suffering from sore throat.

Said a celebrated physician recently: "Tens of thousands have it at the present moment. It arises from the continued sunshine and the lack of rain. I am finding victims everywhere. The signs are a soreness in the throat and an irritating little cough. The 'dust throat' comes on in the spring and autumn. The cause is that the roads, which all the winter have been more or less damp, are now drying, and the dust, often invisible, but laden with microbes, is permeating the air. Liquorice is the best thing to remove the soreness and the cough."

When we feel inclined to play a game of billiards we generally select a "stick" with greater or less care; but it is safe to say that few of us pause to think of the origin of the word "cue." And yet it is a word a little thought about the derivation of which is very instructive.

"Queue" was at first the French name for the tapering "tail" or striking end of the clumsy stick which was originally used, and eventually came to mean that stick itself. "Queue," in the sense of the tail of a wig, used sometimes to be written "cue" in English, but we reserve the French spelling now for this, and for the waiting people at a theatre door, giving the English to the billiard stick and to the actor's "cue," for that also represents "tail"—i.e., the tail of the preceding speech.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The first knives were used in England in 1559.

About 10,000 Americans visit England yearly.

The first wheeled carriages were used in France in 1559.

Newspaper advertising began in 1652.

Printed musical notes were first used in 1473.

The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477.

Modern needles first came into use in 1545.

Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1837.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first sulphur match was made in 1829.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

Post-offices were first established in 1464.

About 10,000 Americans visit England yearly.

The authentic history of China Commenced 3,000 B.C.

The first steam fire-engine was constructed by Braithwaite in 1830, but the fire-brigades for public service were not formed until about 1852.

In every mile of railway there are seven feet four inches that are not covered by the rails—the space left between them for expansion.

The largest wooden ship was probably that built by Ptolemy Philopater. It was 420ft. long, 38ft. broad, and 48ft. deep. It carried 4,000 rowers.

The inferiority of the French miners to the English colliers is shown by the fact that the average output of each miner in the Department of the Nord, or Pas de Calais, is only 152 tons per annum, while that of a Durham collier is 333 tons, or more than double; also that the cost per ton of coal out on the French railway is nearly 9s., while in Durham it does not exceed 5s.

Every oyster has a mouth, a heart, a liver, a stomach, besides many curiously-devised little intestines, and other necessary organs such as would be handy to a living, moving, intelligent creature. The mouth is at the end of the shell, near the hinge, and adjoining the toothed portion of the oyster's pearly covering.

It is a curious paradox that the large-handed man loves small things, details, exquisitely-finished objects, and is microscopic in his tendencies; while he whose hands are small delights in colossal things of every sort, loving ostentation and display, immense houses, majestic estates, and all else that is upon a great scale. His handwriting is large and perhaps full of flourishes, while that of the large-handed man is small and precise.

In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains; but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm of rain or hail drive the silly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and, by a method best known to himself, will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.

1578.

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THE MYSTERY OF KILLEEN CASTLE: OR A BRANDED BROW.

BY A. M. AND W. I. ROWE.

SECOND INSTALMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

"Begorra, but it's a foine couple they make entoirely. But what will the old squire say, I wonder? For me own part, I don't like to have much dealing wid the Castle people. Mysterious folk, like the 'Black Knight of Killeen' are good for neither king or country. But maybe it isn't good for me to be talking. Faith, betune himself and the Red Woman, shure, there's little that goes on in Killeen unbeknownst to them."

Thus spoke the porter of Killeen station after Evelyn Fitzgerald had driven away in Hugh de Lacy's jaunting car. Evelyn, a beautiful girl of about eighteen summers, had come to take up her abode in Killeen Castle, and as no conveyance was available, Hugh had gallantly come to her assistance.

A wild-looking woman stopped the car as they approached the Castle, and decreed a curse on the old building and woe to its inmates.

An old feud between the De Lacys and the Fitzgeralds prevented Hugh from entering the Castle with Evelyn.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED CLUE.

After a great deal of confusion the withdrawing of bolts and bars, the lodge gate was opened, and the old porter who stood framed in the aperture gasped in astonishment.

"Blest if it ain't the young miss herself! But where's the carriage?"

A few words of explanation followed which showed that the vehicle and its intended occupant must have missed one another. Most likely the conveyance being a little late in starting had passed the fair traveller owing to her cutting through the woods for shortness.

As her eyes rested on the stately gardens but ill-kept avenue of tall trees leading to her future home, a lump rose in her throat; a strange, choking sensation came over her as she remembered she must now say good-bye to her one friend who had been kind to her. The old feeling of loneliness crept over her; she wished herself back at school with the loving playmates around her; and even Miss Deltry's sharp voice would have brought consolation if only it would greet her instead of strangers!

As if reluctant to frame the words of parting, Evelyn lingered by her friend's side, while the old servitor glowered at her from under his bushy eyebrows, then, as if fearful that her escort might also expect to be invited to the house, said abruptly:

"I'm sorry, sir, but 'tis poor hospitality we give here; 'tis a dhry house, so it is. I cannot ask ye to enter though yer honour is a frind of the colleen, as no visitors are entertained here, worse luck! Sir Geoffrey hates strangers, and none cross this threshold."

Evelyn coloured to the roots of her hair at the man's speech, but Hugh seemed in no wise disconcerted.

"There is little fear that I or mine will ever cross your master's doorstep. There is no love lost between the De Lacys and Fitzgeralds. I should not be here now were it not to direct and help this young lady; and you may tell Sir Geoffrey from me to be a little more considerate in future for the comfort of his guests."

As the young man spoke the light which the servant carried fell for the first time upon the honest indignant face of the young man.

With an ejaculation of surprise the domestic started back, nearly upsetting the lamp in his agitation, while from his thin lips burst forth the words:

"You—a De Lacy—have ventured here—dared to cross this threshold, and in her company?"

"Yes, and I would willingly dare more in order to aid a lady. I must now wish you good-night, Miss Fitzgerald." Then in an undertone: "You will please look on me as a friend henceforward? Good-bye; good-bye!"

The girl's thanks were so softly spoken as scarcely to be audible, yet Hugh saw and understood the sorrow, disappointment and pain which entered her eyes as the gates closed upon him, and she turned to follow the uncouth servant into the presence of her uncle.

Would it be a case of like master, like man? she wondered; or could it be possible that her guardian was such a misanthrope as the servant had described him? And if so was it not strange that her father on his deathbed should consign her to the care of such? Yet it must be so; and she shuddered at the thought of the terrible monster of a relative she was about to face.

So much, indeed, were her thoughts preoccupied that she scarcely saw anything as she passed along that shady hall in the wake of the servant. Suddenly the man opened the door of an ante-room and motioned her to enter; then, without a word he closed it upon her again, and the girl glanced round to find herself in semi-darkness in a small room whose only illumination was a faint glimmer of light which streamed through the heavy velvet curtains of the folding doors.

Apparently there was good illumination in the adjoining apartment, and stepping forward Evelyn was about to draw the hangings aside and enter what she imagined to be an unoccupied room, when the sound of voices fell upon her ear. A woman's tones, loud passionate and angry was borne towards her.

"I tell you I hate the idea. How can you expect to tolerate her in the house? Geoffrey you are mad—downright mad to bring the girl here. Take my word for it, you will live to rue the day you did so. Sneer as you like, but when the hour of trouble comes, remember I warned you!"

Then, without having been seen by the mystified listener in the next apartment, the owner of that shrill treble voice fled out of the room, angrily slamming the door after her.

For a moment there was silence; then a deep moan, issuing as from some broken heart, was wafted towards her. Gently parting the curtains, Evelyn beheld the bent figure of a man seated by a table. His head was buried in his hands, and his back was towards her, but she perceived that the shoulders were broad, the head fine and noble-looking. Then to her consternation a groan, followed by a series of stifled sobs, broke from his lips, as though he were suffering some terrible anguish. For some moments the silent figure sat on, only the muffled moans filling the place with a tale of woe and silent agony.

The girl stood like one petrified, unable to move backwards or forwards. She was still in the same state of uncertainty wondering if she ought to reveal her presence or slip from the room unobserved, when fate decided for her. The man at the table suddenly rose. Evelyn instinctively shrank back to avoid being seen, when again a volley of words, this time the strange occupant talking to himself, reached her.

"Oh, Heaven, this is indeed more than I can bear! Help me! Help me! All shall be atoned for, I swear!"

"Too late! Too late!"

The strange sound, not unlike that of a heart broken sob or sigh slowly pervaded the room, then softly died away on the silence of the night.

Evelyn stood motionless, afraid to move, lest her presence should be discovered at this inopportune period. While yet ruminating on what course to pursue, the door of the room opened, and the same servant conducted her therefrom and ushered her into the next apartment where she found herself face to face with her uncle, Sir Geofrey Fitzgerald.

* * * *

In the sitting room at De Lacy Court two men were seated, engaged in earnest conversation. One, evidently the master of the house, was a fine-looking specimen of a middle-aged country gentleman; the other, a man of about thirty years of age, with an alert intelligent look, and keen, coal-black eyes one whose personality somehow impressed you—a face once seen not easily forgotten.

Matthew Cleary might have easily been mistaken for a professional man—a lawyer or doctor for choice—by the casual observer; but to those connected with the inner workings of the law or that well-known detective department of Dublin Castle, his keen piercing eyes, high forehead, and long, hawk-like nose were familiar features.

To those who had reason to fear the pinions of the law, the man was indeed, a perfect terror, worse than a bloodhound in the way in which he scented out crime while many of his prisoners had been known to declare that his sharp nose had proclaimed them criminals and law-breakers long before he had true grounds for suspecting them. However that may be he was well-known and feared by a certain class, who would have much rather had the whole remaining staff on their track than this one lynx-eyed detective.

For some moments the two eyed each other in silence. At length the owner of the Court broke it.

"I have sent for you, as being a native of the neighbourhood, and well acquainted with the facts of the case I wish you to take in hand. I think you may succeed where others have failed. I am glad that you have at last consented to take up the matter, inspector, for there is no other on whose judgment I rely as I do on yours. They have taken a time, though, to make up their minds at headquarters. Could not spare you before, I suppose?"

"Well, Squire De Lacy, I myself was not anxious for the job, but have taken time and considered the matter fully. The reason for my disinclination was that I saw no tangible grounds no clue to work upon. It is clear enough that the Countess Fitzgerald disappeared on the very night her son was supposed to"—

"Stop—stop! Do not breathe the word; it is a false, malicious, a lying slander to bring against the dead My former friend, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald was no coward to fly thus in the face of danger; he was neither the one to take refuge in flight nor take his life in order to escape the consequences of his sin. No, no; much as I hate him now for the treacherous part he played towards me and mine I cannot bring myself to believe he committed suicide; the man was murdered, foully and brutally done to death, and by his own brother. The law is cautious, you say, inspector, and because the body cannot be found, the deed brought home to him, they let the murderer go free; but little now as I love the man who was once my bosom friend, I hate his brother and family more. The wrong they did me shall yet be avenged. I will bring ruin and disgrace on their name as they tried to do on mine; the proud head of their race shall be bent in shame, a felon's death the price of his crime. I swear it! Bring home the murder to his door, inspector, lay the guilt upon his proud and haughty head, humble the Knight of Killeen to the dust, and I will pay you well," cried Lawrence de Lacy excitedly.

The detective eyed him strangely for a second or two. At length he made answer:

"Squire de Lacy, if I take this case in hand you must not expect it is with the same sentiments that you express; I simply work in the interests of justice, and am not a biassed or one-sided individual who, because you employ me, will do anything to gain the reward. In this matter I must have a free hand; I will neither condemn Sir Geoffrey or any other man until I am convinced of his guilt."

The squire grew red in the face.

"Then, sir, allow me to tell you you are an omadhaun, a confounded fool! If those are your ideas you will fail ignominiously like the rest. Nothing but a firm conviction of his guilt the determination to follow up every little clue, no matter how trivial, will succeed in this case, for the man is deception itself," cried De Lacy hotly.

The detective smiled indulgently.

"I thank you for your candid opinion, and you may trust me to take every possible precaution; for my own sake I will strive to bring the case to a successful issue. But, as I observed before, I must be a free agent. You quite understand that on these conditions alone I take the matter in hand?"

Squire De Lacy seemed undecided and dubious; others had failed in the quest, and he felt positive it was owing to their refusal to be advised and guided by him. But knowing how high this man's reputation stood in the force, he thought it wiser to agree to his request than lose his service altogether, so at last reluctantly consented to the arrangement.

The two then parted, with the mutual understanding that the detective was to have a perfectly free hand in the matter, and not to be hurried or questioned on his progress unless he himself volunteered such information.

As Inspector Cleary made his way from the Court he pondered deeply over all he had just learned; it certainly was a remarkable and peculiar case. The crime had remained unsolved for years; others had given up the search in despair, declaring that in their estimation no crime had been committed, and that the former knight's death, if death there was, was either a case of suicide or an accident. The mysterious disappearance of the countess remained also an enigma—one of those which the world is so accustomed to and contend to let remain shrouded in darkness, until in after years they are completely forgotten.

Matthew Cleary was so busily engaged piecing together the facts of this knotty problem, trying to find a motive for both the victims' disappearance and the sudden attack upon the countess which had ultimately caused her death that he was some distance from the Court ere he discovered that his steps were turned in the direction contrary to that in which lay the small village where he had taken rooms preparatory to commencing his investigations.

On glancing round to locate his bearings, he was surprised to find himself on the cliff road, on his left a large opening or cleft in the rocks and on going forward his curiosity was rewarded. A huge cavern, the very one described to him as the scene of the supposed murder, lay before him.

Instantly his professional instinct was aroused, and he at once determined to search the place. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and the man experienced a weird strange fascination as he walked cautiously round the brink of the rocks and peered down into the dark depths below.

The edge of the precipice was covered thickly with low fir bushes, prickly shrubs, broom and heather, while the usual wild plants of the moors grew in such profusion as to make the place difficult of access.

The detective realized the danger, and was watching carefully every step he took, when his foot became entangled in what he imagined to be the tendrils of some undergrowth, and he was thrown violently forward upon his face.

For a moment the shock stunned him; the next he raised his head, and supporting himself upon his hands, prepared to rise. As he remained thus, he felt something unusually hard—unlike either an ordinary twig or stone—pressing against his palm.

He groped cautiously about, and to his exceeding astonishment his fingers encountered a coil of rope which was securely fastened to the ground. He was about to place his hand in his pocket and procure a match, when a strange rumbling, like the noise of falling stones fell upon his ear. He listened and waited. Again the sound was heard followed by the click-click, tap-tap of what he at once recognized as a pickaxe being used in the earth near him.

For a moment the idea that he had but stumbled upon a "mare's nest" occurred to him—that this was but some villagers entrapping wild birds. Instinctively, however, he crept nearer the edge and peered cautiously over. What he saw nearly took his breath away. Far down at the bottom of those vast rocks he beheld a light, and by the side of it moved to and fro a dark figure—the figure of a man.

Had Matthew Cleary been of a superstitious nature the uncanny appearance of that bent form, the constant clicking and tapping going on so many feet beneath, must have unnerved him. As it was, the lateness of the hour, and the strangeness of the task undertaken by this midnight workman, served only to increase his curiosity, made him the more determined to see the end, and, if possible, learn the meaning of this secret and mysterious work.

Was it a case of smugglers, wreckers or what? Certainly no peasants seeking wild birds would make such a noise, while no one bent on honest, lawful labour would choose such an hour for the commission of a task which could be better done in daylight, especially as there was nothing to interfere in the way of traffic or anything else.

For some time the one below worked, while from his coign of vantage, and despite the awkwardness of his position—being compelled to remain on his hands and knees—the lynx-eyed man of the law continued his weary vigil.

An hour passed, and there was no cessation in the workman's toil. At length, as if tired out by his exertions, he laid aside his tools, and seated himself among the rocks where he had been so eagerly seeking. Then, just as the moon disappeared behind a cloud, the man rose, darkened his lantern, and although the eager watcher could no longer follow his movements, he discovered soon, that the one below was slowly but surely ascending by the aid of the rope which at first attracted his attention and been the means of his stumbling across this strange scene.

Stealthily the inspector crept away for he realized that if he was to discover this man's mission, who he was, it would never do for the other to see him, know he was being watched.

Up and up the figure climbed, till at last the dark mass of humanity clinging to the rope was almost at the top. With beating heart the detective watched the perilous ascent, fearful each moment lest a terrible catastrophe might happen, yet afraid to offer assistance, not wishing to startle the man who hung in mid-air and whom the least thing could cause to lose his balance, hurl into eternity.

Bit by bit, little by little, the intrepid climber drew nearer, until at length the watcher was able to distinguish that he was clad in an ordinary suit of the ordinary farm labourer, and wore a cap of the same stamp on his head.

With an agility plainly showing he was no new hand at the game, the man swung along, and, having reached the summit of the rocks, clambered up the sides. As he reached the top, the moon, which had hitherto been hidden, sailed from behind a cloud, and the whole scene was illuminated with its mellow light.

There, distinctly outlined in the silvery radiance, with his tall figure turned towards the watcher, every line of his well-built form showing to perfection, the workman stood, a king among men as far as his personal appearance was concerned.

As he turned and strode rapidly away a cry of surprise burst from the detective's lips. Where, oh, where had he seen that face before? Surely too, if he was not mistaken, those hands had not long been accustomed to work like they had done that night.

As slowly, and at a safe distance he followed in his quarry's footsteps the man of law rubbed his hands gleefully together, and inwardly congratulated himself in the following terms:

"That was a lucky mistake of yours, Matt, my boy; it has provided you with a possible clue. To-night may prove the turning-point in this hitherto impenetrable mystery."

CHAPTER V.

TIM BROGAN ASKS A FAVOUR.

Two days following his meeting with Evelyn Fitzgerald found Hugh de Lacy wending his way in the direction of Killeen Castle. It must have been a coincidence that he should have business in that quarter considering that at other times he was rarely to be seen in the neighbourhood; and the same thought occurred to another person, a pedestrian, who was making his way in the opposite direction.

So great was the cyclist's abstraction that he was not aware of the other's close proximity till a cheery voice accosted him with:

"Wisha, good morrow to yer honour. An' is it runnan' down a decent neighbour ye'd be, Masther Hugh?"

The rider looked up, slowed down a bit, then sprang from his machine as he laughingly replied:

"It is long sorry I should be to be doing that same, Tim. But how is the world using you since last we met?"

"Yerrah badly enuf, yer honour, for it's in throuble I am this blessed day; an' be the same token, it's a favour I'll be afther axin' ye."

"A favour! Why, of course, Tim, if I can grant it. But I trust you have not been on the drink again and got into any fresh scrapes."

"Drink! Is it me, yer honour? Faith, no, ne'er a dhrop! Shure, it is precious little I've had at all of late; not enuf to warm the cockles av wan's heart let alone kape a decent bhoy's spirits up."

Hugh smiled.

"May I inquire what the trouble is, Tim?"

"Begorra, ye may, sorr; it's desolation entoirely. I intend to retire into private life. Am sick av bein' a civil servant, an' wearin' thim cord'roy clothes; they spoil a man's appearance complately, an' shure no self-respectin' colleen 'ud look at me in that rig-out that fitted where it touched."

"Oh, so, that's the mischief! Some pretty girl has given you the go-by, Brogan?"

"Well, it is an' it isn't, though that was bad enuf and hurtful to me feelin's. It's worse than that."

"Worse, Tim! You surely have not been fool enough to leave the railway company's service? Out with it, man. What's wrong?"

"Shure, I'm comin' to it, Masther Hugh, if you'd only give me time. I wouldn't feel so bad aither if I'd left av my own free will; but to get the cold shoulder in that dhirty manner all on account of a red-haired woman is detrimental to a man's character."

"You have been discharged, then, Tim. But what in the name of fortune had the red-haired woman to do with it?" asked Hugh, in surprise.

"Faith, more nor ye think, sor. Shure she's the divil entoirely an' the world an' County Clare knows that if a man mates herself on the road, something terrible will happen.

"Well, yer honour, a misfortunate thing for me, Misther Lisle, her ladyship's nephew came along be thrain unexpected like, an' he had to thramp it himself, so he left his portmanter or alise, or something like that he called it, to be sint on afther him.

"Now, on the instant, I knew that something quare 'ud happen to me if I had to enther that house, an' I quaked an' shivered again as the station master towld me to take the bag along; an' bedad, that same omadhaun needn't have laid an order loike that on any Christian man much less meself. It's many an hour I've spent on that same station to let Misther Doran go off wid himself to fairs and races, an' shure it's a poor return he's given me anyhow afther all I've done for him."

"Has he discharged you, then, for refusing to carry the box?"

"Arrah, thin, no; that's not the rayson at all at all. I shouldered the portmanter shure enuf, sor, placed it on a truck, an' was sailin' along right merrily, when who do I see in the road fornist me but the red-haired woman. Bedad an' that was the climax, yer honour. I had no desire to encounter her evil eye or be crushed to death by the clasp av her two arms loike, it is said, she squeezed poor Ned Flaherty to death. Begorra, it wasn't in Tim Brogan to wait for that; so lavin' the box an' the barrow an' all on the road I took to me heels, an' niver wanst looked round until I reached the station in safety, but quite out av breath.

"Faix it was thin the rumpus began. Instead of sympathizing wid me, that blackguard Doran worked himself up into a tirrible rage, swearin' an' cursin' like a trooper; an' says he, 'Ye villainous scoundrel You murderin' thief! Go an' bring back that box at wanst; is it me position ye want me to lose or have proceedings taken agin the company fur the loss av it?'

"Me blood was up thin, sor. I sez, 'Faith, an' they can proceed away, an' if ye want that same box ye can fetch it yerself, Misther Doran. Shure me loife is worth more to me than aither that wretched velise or yer own dhirty position.'

"'Are ye goin' fur that box?' he yelled again. 'Fur if ye don't ye can clear out av here at wanst.'

"'Bedad, an' I can do that same, right well, Misther Doran, an' ye can take my notice from now; I resign yer service.' An' wid that I picked up me caubeen shook the dust av the place off me feet, an' here I am a free man wanst more, yer honour ready an' willing' to undertake dacent work, an' serve a respectable masther."

Hugh, who had been trying hard to stifle his mirth during the recital, now laughed heartily.

"It was a terrible predicament to leave poor old Doran in. Most likely he is not afraid of that red-haired woman as you are; so what will become of Mr. Lisle's box, I wonder?"

"The divil sweep the box an' Misther Lisle, too; it was all through the shoneen that the throbble came, bad scran to him!"

"Well, and what do you want me to do for you now? The governor will not be pleased to hear of your leaving the railway after himself speaking for you, Tim. It is a terrible rolling stone you are lately, Tim."

"Shure, yer honour doesn't mane that now; fur if I could only retire into private life, get some nice situation wid a respectable, civil-spoken family, faith you'd see how comfortable I'd be, an' happy to sarve thim, an' not clear off loike Sheedy did."

"I think I see your meaning, Tim. Well, it is true Sheedy left us in a bit of a fix, and as you are a good driver and handy man I will speak to my father for you. You would be willing to make yourself useful in the house by helping the maids, I suppose?"

"That I 'ud, yer honour; I'm a great hand at helping the women. There's nothing I 'udn't do for the darlints, an' if yer honour 'ud say a good word fur me, bedad it's yer sarvint fur life I am."

"Very well, Tim, I'll see what I can do; but remember, we must have none of your old tricks and sprees' you know."

"Yerah, never a spree, an' the Lord give me strength. Shure, it's the foine open-hearted gintleman ye are Masther Hugh."

"Have you seen anything of the young lady of the Castle since her arrival?"

"Ne'r a sight, yer honour; an' it's sorry I am fur her sake that the bosthoon Lisle has put in an appearance again. I believe that man's a bad lot, an' wouldn't trust him further than I could kick him, sor."

Hugh coloured, and an anxious expression came into his face as he made answer:

"Oh, you must not say such a thing unless you are positive of the truth of it; Mr. Lisle may be all right, you are prejudiced against him, Tim."

"Well, bedad, maybe I am, and maybe I'm not, for happen I know more about the gintleman than you think, sor. An' savin' yur presence it isn't on the same side av the road wid him I'd thrust a sister av mine if I had one," said Tim in a mysterious tone.

Yet though Hugh instinctively felt that the honest, out-spoken porter knew more than his words expressed, he did not press the conversation; but, bidding him good-day, and getting in response a hearty "Good luck to ye!" rode off in the opposite direction in hopes of still encountering his fair friend from Killeen Castle.

* * * *

It was a beautiful morning that followed the arrival of Evelyn Fitzgerald at her uncle's home. The strangeness of her welcome had left a disagreeable impression on her mind and despite that her uncle seemed genuinely pleased to see her, and that Lady Lisle was also effusive in her greeting, the girl could not bring herself to feel at home.

She was not an early riser on this occasion, and Sir Geoffrey having gone out shooting and Lady Lisle being still in bed the girl breakfasted alone. The scene from the window was so fresh and bright that she longed for a stroll outside; so donning her walking costume, she bade her maid inform Lady Lisle she had gone out, but would not be away very long.

This the girl decided was just paying her ladyship back in her own coin for her very discourteous treatment of her guest, and though her heart was full to overflowing at the reception given her, Evelyn was too proud and sensitive to let them see that she was pained by their coldness. The girl walked fast, as though that was the only means of drowning her sorrow, and soon was out of her uncle's grounds and upon the cliff road.

"I will show them I do not care, that I can be independent of their society, can enjoy myself alone," she told herself, trying in vain to gulp down the lump which unbidden arose in her throat.

Hitherto she had walked along, unmindful of anything around her, her mind usually so quick to recognize and enjoy the beauties of nature, too full of her own affairs to notice her surroundings. Suddenly she was startled by the loud peal of a bicycle bell and on looking up beheld a gentleman spring from his bicycle and come towards her with raised cap and smiling face.

"This is indeed a pleasure, Miss Fitzgerald. I hope you have recovered from your fatiguing journey?" the rich musical voice of Hugh de Lacy inquired.

Evelyn's eyes sparkled again as she recognized her one friend in Killeen, and gave him her hand.

"The pleasure is mutual, Mr. de Lacy and I am quite recovered thank you; in fact, I am already taking your advice and come to explore the beauties of which you told me yesterday. Do you not think me a very impatient young lady to be in such a hurry like a little spoiled child with a new toy?"

The young man laughed.

"I, at least, am the gainer by your impatience; it is also flattering to our country, and perhaps the humble instigator of that desire may be allowed to act as guide and point out the natural beauties of which we natives are so proud, Miss Fitzgerald."

"You are very kind, and as you have before proved your generosity, I am again tempted to impose on your good nature Mr. De Lacy. You may, however, repent your offer, as I, being so much alone, may trepass on your kindness too much."

"You could not do that. My time is always at your disposal if it is not saying too much, Miss Fitzgerald."

The girl felt pleased at the offer given in a true-hearted spirit and again the feeling that she had secured at least one friend in Killeen who might compensate for the coldness of her relatives, brighten her life by a little genial companionship, arose in her mind.

It was a lovely day when they started. As they strolled along both were enchanted by the scene before them, and never noticed the appearance of a small black cloud, no bigger than a man's hand at first, which gradually increased in size each second.

Long as he had known and loved the neighbourhood Hugh had never before realized its wild rugged grandeur as he did that day. Was it the charm of pleasant companionship or the unstinted admiration of the girl beside him that opened his eyes to the full value, and romantic, savage beauty of his surroundings?

They had gone some distance—the young man wheeling his machine—when on gaining the crest of a steep hill the girl descried in the valley below her what seemed to her to be the ruins of a former village or fishing hamlet. To her exceeding astonishment not one of the small collection of what must at one time have been smiling comfortable cabins was in a habitable condition. Some were roofless, others without doors or windows and open for all the birds of the air to build their nests in the partly-decaying thatch. And others were almost razed to the ground and showed only a bare wall or two of foundation.

Evelyn gazed upon the melancholy sight in surprise and horror. At last she turned to her companion.

"What place is that?" she inquired eagerly. "How terrible to see so many vacant homes!"

The young man looked upon her gravely.

"I am afraid if you remain long here you will witness many similar sights," he answered; "our country is full of such. Many a happy, thriving family has been turned adrift from their homesteads, the place left desolate, like that which now meets your eye. But I am tiring you perhaps with such tales. Let us walk on and strive to forget them Miss Fitzgerald."

The girl gazed at him in amazement.

"Forget them! Why should we? No; I wish to learn all about it. You do not tell me the name of the village, why such a place remains uninhabitated. Where are the people? Why do they leave? And who is the owner of this land?"

Hugh de Lacy looked strangely uncomfortable. In his heart he blamed himself for bringing her in this direction, but at length he made answer:

"The cause, Miss Fitzgerald is rather too long a story for me to relate. It originated in a dispute between landlord and tenant; a private feud in which, of course, the wealthiest came off victorious and the poorer went under. But they are a proud, hot-headed race these fishers of Killeen, and sooner than give in one iota to what they considered an unjust demand, they vacated their homes and living, leaving the hamlet as you see it now. This so enraged the landlord that he swore not one of them should return and find a roof to shelter them; the destraction of the property is his own work."

The girl signed.

"How dreadful it all is! But you have not yet told me this hard taskmaster's name, or where the people have gone?" she persisted.

"The landlord's name I would rather not reveal, Miss Fitzgerald, as you might meet him. But as to the former inmates of the hamlet some of the younger members have emigrated to America and elsewhere; the older ones refusing to leave the old land, have taken shelter among the rocks and caves near, while others have joined a tribe of wanderers known as Nomads, who claim to be descended from the ancient Rapparees of Ireland, and who have pitched their tents and made a colony of their own some little way from here."

"What a strange, sad story. What a romantic people! I suppose, though, these Nomads are of the same race as the Romany tribes or gipsies that we have in England?"

"No, they are a distinct branch. They boast that only Celtic blood flows in their veins. Many of them spring from good families, and they possess a queen of their own."

"How lovely that sounds. Why, you have quite piqued my curiosity. I long to know these people. You can almost imagine the queen, like the famous Irish queen of old, Grace O'Malley, leading her people and fleet to victory. I suppose they do fish and have boats. I wonder does this queen sleep with the cables of her fleet fastened across her arm, as the famous Grace was reported to have done?"

"I am pleased to see that our country's history interests you, Miss Fitzgerald. You are a lover of Ireland, then?" he inquired.

"Yes, although long exiled from my native land, I love it dearly. I have read and studied the pages of her sad history, but, though a patriot at heart, know nothing of the politics of the day, or this question of landlord and tenant. You must instruct me on this point, for I consider it my duty to know and be able to sympathize with and assist the people among whom I live."

"That is indeed a pleasant task you set me, Miss Fitzgerald. I know I shall have an apt pupil, though I warn you we may not always agree on certain points. Your family's—I mean your uncle's political opinions and those of your humble servant are strangely at variance He may not like us to speak on such subjects."

The girl laughed.

"You are patriotic then. I am so glad, and am afraid my uncle will not influence me in this matter. I have a will of my own, and if I prefer to hear both sides of the question he ought to feel more pleased than otherwise, for I can the better judge between the two parties. But that reminds me you have not yet answered my question to whom do these lands belong? It is useless trying to put me off; I will know."

Hugh de Lacy's face clouded once more.

"I am sorry you persist in this, and forgive me if the news is distasteful to you, but you are still on the land of the Knight of Killeen, Sir Geoffrey Fitzgerald."

His companion turned deathly pale

"The Knight of Killeen," she murmured. "My uncle! Then—then this is his work!"

She turned and gazed horror-stricken at the ruined homes beneath her, while a sad, inexpressibly sorrowful expression crept over her face, and a mist of tears rose before her eyes.

"My uncle! He whom I thought to love and obey—my own dear father's brother—responsible for all that desolation! How could he, a Fitzgerald, be a party to such injustice?" she murmured brokenly.

Hugh approached her gently.

"You must not give way too much over these matters. You cannot alter it; but perhaps things will change for the better now you are here. You must be the mediator between your uncle and his tenants, and who knows what good you may not accomplish for the poor of the neighbourhood."

"You are right. I can but do my best, and this may be my mission in life."

"May it prove an effacacious one of peace and good will is my earnest prayer. It is a long time since the peasantry of Killeen had so fair, bright and earnest an advocate to espouse their cause," the young man answered, fervently.

"You must help me, then, if you desire these wrongs righted, these abuses swept away. I know so little of the people and their modes of living, you see. Do these Nomads still go in for fishing?"

"Yes; it is their chief means of subsistence, along with the selling of ponies and the plumage of wild birds But you will find them a proud, haughty race, I fear. They hold but little intercourse with the poor around; still, they are good to the poor."

Their conversation changed now, and they discovered they held many things in common. Poetry, literature, the leading topics of the day were discussed as they left the ruined village behind and went further afield still.

Both were good walkers, and were enjoying themselves too much to note the space they had traversed or the near approach of that ominous black cloud which heralded the coming storm.

To be Continued.

ALL NIGHT WITH A TIGER.

The incident I am about to relate occurred some forty years ago. My father was a civil engineer in the Public Works Department in India, and on one occasion was superintending the clearing away of some jungle and the making of a roadway through Assam. It was customary after the day's work was done for my father and his men to resort to the nearest village and put up for the night. One evening, leaving off work a little later it was necessary to light torches ere half the journey to the village was complete in case of a chance meeting with a man-eater for which the jungle abounded. My father did the journey in a palanquin carried by four bearers at a time; when they got tired four more took their places, and so on all the way.

Waving their torches and singing gaily, the coolies plodded on till presently the moon rose and shone brightly as only an Indian moon can, casting dark shadows all around. Looking out of his palanquin my father's eyes suddenly fell on the form of an enormous tiger standing on an embankment not twenty feet away from them. At the same moment one of the coolies had seen this unusually daring specimen of the cat tribe, and before my father had time to speak, cries of "tiger, tiger, tiger," rent the air; a panic ensued, the palanquin was dumped down on the ground, and every man fled, up the nearest trees and some right away to the village. Realizing his danger, my father quickly drew the sliding doors of his palanquin together, tying a handkerchief as best he could around the small knobs, and awaited his fate! His feelings may well be imagined—loud sniffs betokened the tiger's approach, low growls occasionally struck acute terror to my father's heart as through the small pane of glass at the foot of the palanquin he caught a glimpse of his foe as he walked round and round apparently baffled by the strange object before him, which had he but struck with one blow of his mighty paw must have shattered into a hundred pieces being made of very thin wood, with the seat of rush work. All night long the man-eater prowled round and round, sometimes scratching down the door as a cat would, but not with any amount of force. Almost paralysed with fear, and the uncertainty of his fate, my father spent a most unenviable night, and it seemed as if years had gone by when the morning dawned, and the tumming of "tom-toms" and the shouting of many voices reached his ears; his strength gave out, and he fainted. He was saved! How he received the palanquin bearers' bowing and salaaming overtures may be conjectured.

TELEPHOTOGRAPHING.

Professor Korn has described to the "Tribune" how he sent a photograph of the Kaiser from Munich to Berlin in twelve minutes. "Most people nowadays know the elementary principles on which an ordinary photograph is produced; that is to say, they know by means of a lens effects of light or shade are reproduced on a sensitive plate or film. Professor Korn set to work some years ago to construct an instrument which should reproduce the light effects of the one film on a similar film at a distance of many hundred miles."

He succeeded, and as a result of his experiments he can reproduce on films in Berlin the same effects of light and shade which already exist on films at Munich and by this means the picture at Munich can be reproduced at Berlin or Paris, or wherever it may be desired. The cost of receiving instruments is about £100, and the hire of the wire during the time taken to transmit an ordinary portrait is about 30s. to 40s. from Paris to London.

AN ERROR.

Some years ago, Mr. Gladstone, speaking of Mr. Parnell, made use of the oft-quoted phrase, "Marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire." On the same day there was a horse race in which the winners were respectively "Veracity," "Tyrone" and "Lobster." These facts were cabled to New Zealand together in the usual shorthand style of cable. The result was that next day the New Zealand papers contained the following extraordinary paragraph: "Mr. Gladstone denounced Mr. Parnell as marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire, and said that the Irish leader had the voracity of a Tyrone lobster."

Toys are the most profitable inventions. (1578.)

Sinclair being present, it was resolved—That the engineer report on back road to Raglan; that an estimate be prepared for metalling Neill-street, Beaufort, and construction of drain from Prince's shop corner; that the engineer inspect and report on Shirley road; that engineer write Mr Hearn in reference to crossing; that water be allowed to Tipperary Dredging Co. on present occasion; that tenders be called for constructing road past Gardiner's, Waterloo, and towards Main Lead; that drops be put at end of culverts on Fisher's Hill.—Adopted.

The East Riding members reported that at a meeting held at Shire Hall, Beaufort, on 5th ult., Crs. Douglas, O'Shaughnessy and Roddis being present, it was resolved—That the bridge at the back of Prince of Wales' hotel, Snake Valley, be re-built; that a level crossing be constructed between Coster's and McNulty's; that contract No. 899, forfeited by Contractor Simpor, be let to H. F. Watkin, the next lowest tenderer, at £47.—Adopted.

The West Riding members reported that at a meeting held at Shire Hall, Beaufort, on 5th ult., Crs. Lewis and Slater being present, it was resolved that £200 be placed on the estimates for coming year for work on Beaufort—Streatham road.—Adopted.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

It was decided, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Lewis, to remit rates as agreed upon by riding members.

Cr. Slater drew attention to rabbits at McIntosh's hill, on Stockyard Hill and Beaufort road.—To be attended to by engineer.

The secretary drew attention to the desirability of having the witnessing of postal ballot papers uniform in all shires, and it was decided, on the motion of Crs. Flynn and Slater, to have the question placed on business sheet at Municipal Association's next conference.

Cr. Flynn gave notice to move at next meeting that the necessary steps be taken to extend the hours of polling at shire elections from 4 o'clock till 5 p.m.

BEAUFORT GUN CLUB.

SHOOTS WEDNESDAY, 11th Sept., for £5 5s. Trophy.
THOS. E. SANDS, Hon. Sec.

THIRD ANNUAL HORSE PARADE and usual STOCK SALE will be held at DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S YARDS, BEAUFORT, on THURSDAY, 19th September, 1907, at 2 p.m. Good yarding of Horses and Cattle received. Further entries invited.

THE LONDON BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BEAUFORT BRANCH of this Bank will be CLOSED on and after MONDAY, the 30th September, 1907. All accounts outstanding at the close of business on that date will be transferred to the BALLARAT Branch.

OLIVER MORRICE WILLIAMS,
Inspector and General Manager.
Melbourne, 3rd September, 1907.

Beaufort Presbyterian Charge.

A CONGREGATIONAL MEETING of Members and Adherents of the Charge will be held in the Church, Beaufort, at 7.30 p.m., on MONDAY NEXT, 9th September.

Business—To take the necessary steps to secure a Minister in succession to Rev. R. McGowan.

Every Member and Adherent requested to be present. Moderator, Rev. R. Robertson, M.A.
J. M. CARROLL, Hon. Sec.

MINING MACHINERY.

VICTORY GOLD MINING COMPANY (Jaensch & Party, Sam Slick Lease), BEAUFORT.

Sale by Auction

OF

14-inch Cylinder Winding Engine;
Winding Gear, 5ft. Drums;
Cornish Flue Boiler, 26ft. x 6ft. 6in.;
Poppet Heads, 60ft. high;
5 tons Rails, 1000ft. Air-pipes, Safety Cages;
Trucks, Tanks, Fire-proof Safe, Plunger Feed Pump;
Housing, Stores, Tools, and two Horses.
Also,
Valuable Gold-mining Lease, 35 acres.

WEDNESDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1907,
On the Mine, at One o'clock.
Will offer the Plant in one lot without the lease.

For Absolute Sale, by order of Messrs. Jaensch & Party. Catalogue on application.

BELL, LAMBERT & CO., Auctioneers,
Ballarat.

STOCKYARD HILL DISTRICT COURSING CLUB (Registered N.C.C.) FAREWELL STAKE, for an Unlimited Number of All-ages, at £1 1s each Nomination, with £10 10s added by Supporters of the Club. All Nominations divided, less 10 per cent. To be run on Mr. G. Russell's LANGI-WILLI ESTATE, on WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11, 1907. Judge, Mr. J. Caple. Nominations (with necessary fees) close with the Secretary, care of Halpin's Camp Hotel, Beaufort, on Monday, 9th September, at 8 p.m. Draw takes place same evening at Halpin's Hotel. All dogs must be bona-fide property of members. Fee, 10s. Nominators to supply their own colors. First pair of dogs in the slips at 9 a.m. at Monmouth Gates. Every person on the ground must purchase a Card. W. LYNCH, Hon. Secy.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

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

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

"Perfection"

THE ANTI-COMBINE

Tobacco

Smokers are reminded that

"PERFECTION" TOBACCO

Is not Manufactured by a Combine or Trust, and in their own interests they should support

"PERFECTION"
the Anti-Trust
TOBACCO

Against all others, as the Quality is equal if not Superior to any other Tobacco in the Market, and

"PERFECTION"

Can be obtained at a fair and reasonable price from all vendors of Tobacco, in

AROMATIC OR DARK PLUG
Also CUT, in 2 oz. and 4 oz. TINS
Therefore, go every time for

"PERFECTION"

THE
ANTI-TRUST TOBACCO
"PERFECTION" TOBACCO
Sweet and Cool Smoke

Keep Out of the Wet!

Raincoat Paragraphs!

IF you don't happen to possess a Raincoat you'll want one when you read this.

A Raincoat is great comfort and protection on a wet day. It's the most useful member of a man's wardrobe.

It's better to have a Raincoat than to get a cold followed by a doctor's bill.

Our rainproofs shed water like a duck's back. They will stand a deluge. In dry weather they keep you warm. In wet weather they keep you dry. They are Rainproofs and Overcoats combined. They come in all the new styles—in the latest materials and we have so many sizes that we can fit any man.

DOWN GO THE PRICES!

We're stocktaking and want to clear the goods quickly.

If you've an eye for economy it won't take you long to note the advantages of buying a Raincoat here.

The goods must go—we've priced them to go—we mean that they SHALL go—hence these small prices.

Boys' and Youths' Mackintoshes, 12s 11d and 13s 11d.

Men's Mackintoshes, 14s 6d, 15s 6d, 17s 6d, 20s.

Ladies' Raincoats, 15s 6d, 15s 11d, & 17s 6d.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.,
—THE STORE THAT SERVES YOU WELL—
BEAUFORT.

E. R.

Application for a Gold Mining Lease.

IT is intended to grant the undermentioned lease, subject to such excisions, modifications, and reservations as may be necessary.

ARARAT DISTRICT, RAGLAN DIVISION.—No. 2091; C. Brazier, New Beaufort Proprietary Dredging Coy., 4la. 1r. 1p., parish of Beaufort; excising the sold land and the 49th section block.

D. McLEOD,
Minister of Mines.
Melbourne, 2/9/'07.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

Tenders are invited for the supply of 175 tons of Firewood at any station with accommodation within 35 miles of Ararat. Particulars at Trawalla, Beaufort, Middle Creek, Buangor, and Ararat stations. P.D., £1. Tenders, indorsed "Tender for Firewood," must be lodged, with the preliminary deposit, in the Tender Box, Railway Offices, Melbourne, at or before One p.m., on Monday, 16th September.

No Tender will necessarily be accepted.

L. McCLELLAND, Secretary.

CHEAP EXCURSION.

Thursday, 3rd October.—To Melbourne from Stawell and stations to Windermere inclusive. 2nd October.—From Melbourne to those stations. Tickets close noon, 1st October. Particulars at stations.

L. McLELLAND, Secretary.

WANTED—Energetic AGENT. Apply—DAVIES FRANKLIN CYCLE COY., BALLARAT, Victoria. Liberal Commissions. References required.

To Let by Tender,

FOR GRAZING PURPOSES,
FOR 5 YEARS,
From the 17th day of January, 1908.

THE FREEHOLD ESTATE called "EURAMBEEN EAST," situated near Beaufort, in the Western District of Victoria, being the property of the late George Beggs.

PARTICULARS.

The Estate contains 8396 acres 2 roods and 3 perches, or thereabouts, well fenced, watered and sub-divided.

The Improvements (exclusive of boundary and sub-divisional fencing, dams, etc.) consist of Stone Dwelling-house, containing 11 rooms, with kitchen, outhouses, stabling, coach-house, store, hut, yards, orchard, garden, &c. There is also a Bluestone Cottage containing 5 rooms on the Estate.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the Trustees of the will of the late George Beggs on and prior to the 7th of October, 1907.

Forms of tender and further information can be obtained on application to Messrs. J. M. SMITH & EMMERTON, Ludstone Chambers, 352 Collins Street, Melbourne, Solicitors for the Trustees.

THE TROTTING PONY STALLION,

TOMBOY,

WILL STAND AT BEAUFORT,
And Travel the Surrounding District.

TOMBOY is a brown or black pony, stands 14 hands high, with flowing mane and plenty of bone, also is a fast trotter in saddle or harness. His sire, Brigham Young, is a jet black with a long flowing mane and tail; stands 15½ hands high, is possessed of great strength, and is a very fast trotter. He has taken over 100 first prizes, including the Grand Champion prize of Australia at the Melbourne Exhibition, also the Grand Champion prize at the Geelong show. Tomboy's dam, Maggie, was by St. George, the well-known pony of Mr B. ll's, late of Heatesville. St. George's ponies fetch the highest price of any sire coming to Melbourne. Tomboy's granddam was by a Welsh pony owned and bred by Mr Ware, of Barwidjie.

All mares removed or sold to be paid for as if in foal. Mares paddocked from a distance.

TERMS, £2; £1 to be paid at time of service, and £1 when mare proves in foal. Guarantee as per agreement:

A. PALLING, Beaufort.

THE THOROUGHBRED AMERICAN TROTTING STALLION,

BENTWOOD,

WILL STAND AT MT. LONARCH,
And can be met at the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, alternate Mondays and Thursdays,
And Travel through Chute, Waterloo, Eurambeen and Raglan.

BENTWOOD is a dark bay with black points, 15.3 hands, by Baywood, from Hattie Benton (imp.), record 2.42 at 2 years of age, by General Benton, sire of 18 trotters in the 2.30 list, including Daly 2.15, Sallie Benton, full sister to Hattie Benton, 2.17¾, world's record for 4-year-old; sire of the dams of Sunol 2.8¼, Retford 2.24, Electrician 2.24¼. Second dam by Mohawk Chief, sire of the dams of Lot Slocum 2.17¾, Sally Benton 2.17¾, Sport 2.22, Conductor 2.25¼, at 3 years of age, Pedler 2.27¾, at 2 years of age, Eros 2.29¼, and 16 others under 2.33; Baywood, sire of Bentwood, by California Nutwood, dam Julia, imported by Dr. G. M. Slate, and bred by J. C. Haggin. Baywood lost his life through snakebite; 2.45 gait was easy within himself. California Nutwood is the sire of Maud C. 2.18, Annie C. 2.25, Albert H. 2.27¼, Marwood and Belle Porter, 2.30, double harness, great grandsire, Nutwood, 2.18¾, by Belmont, dam Lady Russell, dam of Maud S. 2.8¼, Julia (dam of Baywood and granddam of Bentwood), by Echo, dam by Ten Broeck, bred by J. C. Haggin, Esq., California, U.S.A., and full sister to Annie Laurie, record 2.30 at 3 years of age. Julia only started in one race since arriving in Australia, three minutes class trot, Sydney Driving Park, winning 1st and 3rd heats. Echo, sire of Julia, is sire of 15 trotters and two pacers in 2.30 list. Echo, by Rydyks, Hambletonian sire of Harold, and grandsire of Childe Harold, 2.25.

This pedigree demonstrates that Bentwood represents the best strains of Hambletonian and Clay blood, also inbred to Abdallah and Messenger, a combination that cannot fail to produce fast and game racehorses as well as great brood mares.

TERMS—Three Guineas; £1 10s to be paid by 1st December, 1907; balance when mare proves in foal; all mares missing to be served next season for remaining money. As a guarantee, all mares leaving the district to be paid for in full. Good grass paddock provided free. Every care taken, but no responsibility. Upon receipt of due notice, mares from outlying districts will be met half-way and taken on to Mt. Lonarch.

Groom's fee, 2s 6d.

B. PELLETT, Proprietor, Mt. Lonarch.

Beaufort, Raglan, Charlton, and Eurambeen United Goldfield and Farmers' Common.

Abstract of the Accounts of the Managers of the above-named Common for the year commencing on the 1st day of August, 1906, and ending on the 31st day of July, 1907, both days inclusive.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in bank at previous audit,	11	14	9
„ Arrears for previous year	8	16	0
„ Stock registered for the half-year ended 31st January, 1907—			
31 horses at 8s. per annum, £6 4 0			
291 other large cattle at 6s. per annum 49 13 0			
24 small cattle at 2s. per annum 1 4 0			
51 1 0			
„ Stock registered for the half-year ended 31st July, 1907—			
21 horses at 8s. per annum, £4 4 0			
302 other large cattle at 6s. per annum 45 6 0			
14 small cattle at 2s. per annum 0 14 0			
£50 4 0			
Less arrears for half-year, 8 0 0			
42 4 0			
„ Sale of bulls 4 4 0			
£117 19 9			

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d
By Herdsman's remuneration ...	66	6	5
„ Printing, advertising & stationery,	2	0	0
„ Secretary's salary	15	0	0
„ Incidental expenses—			
Herdsman's premium... £0 12 6			
Petty Cash 1 10 0			
Bank charge 0 10 0			
£2 12 6			
„ Audit fees	2	2	0
„ Purchase of bull	3	10	0
„ Balance in bank	26	8	10
£117 19 9			

We certify the above extract to be true and correct in every particular.

M. FLYNN,
T. A. WILD, } Managers.

We, the undersigned, having examined the Accounts of the Managers of the Beaufort, Raglan, Charlton, and Eurambeen United Goldfield and Farmers' Common, being duly authorised in that behalf, hereby certify that we find the same to be correct, and that the foregoing abstract is a true statement of the Accounts of the Common.

ARTHUR PARKER,
JOHN B. HUMPHREYS, } Auditors.

Beaufort, 12th August, 1907.

SEEDS! * SEEDS!

Remember—
The Most Reliable
GARDEN SEEDS
Are Obtainable at
GEO. PRINGLE'S,
SPOT CASH GROCER.
Agent for Geo. Smith, Ballarat.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are the best remedy for a deranged stomach. They are a safe and gentle laxative; a reliable cure for obstinate Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache and all disorders arising from weak Digestion, sluggish Liver or constipated Bowels. BEECHAM'S PILLS

Give Quick Relief

and are a world-famous medicine for the cure of these prevalent complaints. Their cost is a trifle; their use—a duty. For your health's sake, insist on BEECHAM'S PILLS. They do more for your body than any other remedy. Known and used by hundreds of thousands all over the globe. BEECHAM'S PILLS are the best and most reliable medicine for women. Take them in time and sickness will never be accompanied by headache, depression, loss of appetite or nervousness. They make the blood pure, the nerves strong and tone the entire system.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 10½d. (36 pills) 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

A TIMELY MESSAGE TO SQUATTERS—SHEARERS.

Shearing Season—it's again with us——————!

Soon the "Golden Fleece" will be flying here, there and everywhere, from the backs of Australia's greatest asset—her sheep——————.

Wool-packs will be busy—sheep-dips will be the demand of the day—oils, &c., will be required, and other items necessary to the well-appointed wool-shed——————.

Where to get these requisites—for the least money—will concern some few people.—Others, who have in past season traded at HAWKES BROS., will have no concern at all—for they will—for every requirement, make a bee-line for the Store that gives the most satisfactory service—HAWKES BROS.——————.

Wool packs—the packs of few and simple parts—the packs that have nothing to get out of order—the sheep-dips that afford the maximum amount of satisfaction at the minimum of expense—all will be found here at prices that will bring you to our Store for these goods—and others—next year—the year after, and for many future years to come——————.

HAWKES BROS.,
The Shearers' Supply Stores,
BEAUFORT.

Departure of Rev. Robert J. H. and Mrs. McGowan.

FAREWELL SOCIAL AND PRESENTATIONS AT BEAUFORT.

The Rev. Robert J. H. McGowan, after two years and nine months' faithful ministry at Beaufort, having accepted a call to Ashfield, an important church in a Sydney suburb, the Presbyterians and residents of Beaufort and district tendered Mr and Mrs McGowan a farewell social in the Societies' Hall on Friday night, 30th August. The hall was magnificently decorated for the occasion by Mrs Wotherspoon, assisted by other ladies. The stage presented a brilliant spectacle. At the back, and on either side, was lattice work, decorated with wattle blossom, willow, etc., and suspended from the roof of the stage were heliotrope and white creepers. Furniture was also effectively used. The body of the hall was also pleasingly decorated with lines of artificial flowers and Chinese lanterns, which were suspended from the ceiling. Mr J. M. Carroll, elder and secretary of the Presbyterian Church, presided over a very crowded audience. The proceedings opened with the singing of the Old Hundredth, after which the Rev. R. McGowan offered up a prayer. Solos by Mr J. R. Wotherspoon ("Bonnie Prince Charlie") and Miss Jean Rorke ("The Carnival," encored, and "Lang, Lang Syne"), were much appreciated.

Mr Carroll said, as they were quite well aware, however nice it might be to have a concert, that that was not their principal reason for coming here to-night. They had now to go on with that particular business for which they had assembled. He had received apologies from Rev. A. H. Moore (of Ballarat, who was the interim moderator in the settlement of Mr McGowan in this charge), Admiral Bridges, Mr H. M. Turner, Mr D. Johnston, Rev. C. Reed, Messrs W. D. Smith, E. W. Hughes, and H. F. Watkin. A number of others asked him to apologise if they were not present, but he could not remember all their names. He need hardly say that he thought he was expressing the sentiments of everyone gathered here, and not only those who were gathered here, but those of the town and district who were not with them, when he said he regretted exceedingly the purpose of this gathering. They did not mind meeting in a social way, but they regretted the matter of saying farewell to Mr and Mrs McGowan. Old time Presbyterianism seemed to be passing away, and they had a change of ministers from time to time, instead of sticking to their first love for years and years. The old order changeth, and the new order takes its place. In this matter we have out-Methodised Methodism to some extent in this charge. It might be that they were getting more like Methodists. Beaufort's experience had been to have one long pastorate, and then two short ones. They would have been very pleased indeed to have had Mr and Mrs McGowan with them for a much longer time. When they said they regretted their departure, it seemed too paltry to express their sincere regret at their departure. There was one other thing he would like to say, and it was this—that since Mr and Mrs McGowan had labored in this charge it had influenced all their lives. They thought, in this gathering, that Mr McGowan was of such an earnest, sympathetic, broadminded and Christian character, that his loss would not only be sincerely felt by Presbyterianism—for there was no ism that narrowed the great broadness of his heart—but by people of every denomination in the town and district. Thus they thought they would extend the courtesy to other congregations in doing honor to their guests this evening. They were pleased to know that it had been largely taken advantage of, and that they were meeting publicly to honor their guests. He would like to say that particularly they were proud that through Mr and Mrs McGowan's sojourn in Beaufort they had derived much benefit from their example and teaching. It was not Mr McGowan's personal desire that he should leave them. They were his most outstanding characteristics—unselfishness, broadmindedness, and earnestness; and it seemed to him that the needs of Ashfield were robbing them of their minister. He expressed the hope that Mr McGowan would take prosperity with him to Ashfield, and that the Beaufort Church would also be prosperous. They felt that Mr McGowan's induction three years ago had changed to what might be termed Ashfield's abduction of their minister. This was a great loss to Presbyterians, and a great loss to Beaufort, and Mr McGowan's going to another state was an additional loss to Victoria. In this town and district he would indeed be a serious loss. He had been speaking of Mr McGowan, but did not want to leave out Mrs. McGowan, whose loss would be felt very keenly. She had set up for herself an ideal, and attained to it as he had seen no other minister's wife do. It was recognised that her place in this church would be a very difficult one to fill. The work of a minister's wife was very difficult, and though purely voluntary, was not easy to accomplish. Mrs McGowan had carried out the work energetically, zealously, and loyally, and had striven hard to that ideal which she had set herself. (Hear, hear.) She had indeed striven loyally to fill her self-imposed office. Mrs McGowan had not spared herself, and had been a great helper in Beaufort and district. Again, they delighted in honoring her and her husband also. Just in conclusion (and handing a purse containing 36½ sovereigns to Mr McGowan), Mr Carroll said he would like to ask Mr McGowan, on behalf of himself and his wife, to accept from them this poor token of their esteem. They asked him to accept it as from the people of this town and district, for they felt his departure and had appreciated very keenly his ministry among them, and from citizens who had learnt to esteem him very much indeed. And what he said of Mr McGowan, he also said of Mrs McGowan, and prayed that their lives would have great usefulness in furthering the great Kingdom. They were obliged to part with them, and did so with deep regret. They very heartily wished them happy and prosperous lives in the future. (Applause.)

Mr A. Nicholson was sure he had no wish to say farewell, but could not allow this occasion to pass without expressing his sincere regret at the departure of Mr and Mrs McGowan. He did not like the word farewell, and did not remember an occasion when his emotions more overcame him than this. If they could have kept Mr and Mrs McGowan, he felt sure they would never have parted with them. He felt he could say this and voice the feelings of the whole of the people of the district. Whatever actuated Mr McGowan in leaving them, they knew it was not for pecuniary gain. Where he was going Mr McGowan would have greater scope in advancing the great Kingdom in which they were all concerned. He was sure he had never known of any man who took more interest in the people than Mr McGowan had, and he never knew a man who sank self so much; in fact, self seemed to have died within him in the great cause which he had striven so much to farther. Those who had met Mr and Mrs McGowan were better people through doing so. "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood"; for this was so with Mr and Mrs McGowan, and they felt this from their hearts. Where they were going they would do good work. They must not be selfish with them, though their going from Beaufort would be a great loss to the people. Mr and Mrs McGowan had won the golden opinion of all classes of people. Mr McGowan seemed to have the gift of saying the right thing at the right time. They were pleased with the time Mr and Mrs McGowan had spent with them. Their good work would live long after they had departed. He hoped the time would come when Victoria would have them back again. He did not like their leaving Victoria, for he was jealous of their little state. Personally, he would miss Mr McGowan very much. He had always the cheerful word, which helped them, and he had often helped him, as the cheerful word does in the turmoil of daily life. He had always looked upon Mr McGowan as a great man in the force of right against wrong. He upheld the right and just to an extent which he (the speaker) was very proud of. He totally failed to express in mere words his very deep regret at their losing Mr and Mrs McGowan. They could only say God-speed to them wherever they go. He hoped he would have some future opportunity of meeting them. Whatever could be said of Mr McGowan could be said of Mrs McGowan also. Mrs McGowan's work had been principally among the ladies, and on behalf of his wife and daughter he expressed regret at Mr and Mrs McGowan's departure.

Cr. Sinclair supposed the people in the sixpenny seats were allowed to speak as well as those in the front. (Laughter.) He could only say that those who were assembled here to do honor to the Rev. Robt. McGowan were doing honor to one of the grandest men who had ever lived in Beaufort. (Applause.) He did not appear here as a Presbyterian, but as a representative of the Church of England, and as one of the representatives of the North Riding, Shire of Ripon. The Church of England people looked upon Mr McGowan as one of the broadest-minded ministers who ever lived in this town. Mr McGowan was one of the finest citizens they had ever had the privilege of knowing. The people regretted very much that he was leaving, but sincerely trusted he would do as good work as he had done in Beaufort. A few years ago some people in the town, unfortunately, misunderstood one another. Mr McGowan brought them back together, and they became friends again; and he publicly thanked him for that. On behalf of the people of the Church of England, he offered Mr McGowan their best wishes and kind regards. He only said this:—

"May their nights be filled with gladness,
And the cares that infest the day,
May they fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

In concluding, he sincerely trusted that all the people in this room would meet Mr and Mrs McGowan in the Grand Lodge above, where the world's great Architect lives and reigns for ever. (Applause.)

The Rev. J. T. Kearns remarked that he felt somewhat diffident about speaking at all. He came here to help them God-speed a parting guest. He had not met Mr and Mrs McGowan very often, but his wife and himself had been very favorably impressed with them, and from what he had seen of them he could understand the feeling of this house to-night, particularly from the Presbyterian Church. He believed Mr McGowan stood in good stead with all the people here. As the chairman had remarked, the old order passeth away, and the new order comes. To change was very good, and Presbyterians were coming more into line in that respect. The Methodists had made it five years. A very old friend of his was Dr. Cairns—long since gone to heaven. His mark was eight years, and they might part very comfortably at the end of eight years. But he was sure there never would come a time when the Presbyterian Church would arrange for an itinerary. He was very regretful at seeing Mr McGowan go. He had looked forward to coming intercourse with him, and was greatly drawn to him from the first. He was just coming, and Mr McGowan was just going, and had not had much opportunity for friendly intercourse, but was personally drawn to him, but from what he had heard others say he was satisfied as to his good qualities. It was the strongest desire of his (Mr Kearns') heart that there should be this kind of Catholicity of feeling among ministers of different churches. He thought narrowness in churches was about gone, and the particular purpose of the Master was come as it had never come before. He was glad to know that Mr McGowan was going not for any pecuniary reason, but through the guidance of the mighty Spirit. He trusted he would be of great usefulness in his ministry.

Mr J. Nicol, as a young man of the Church, could not let this chance slip without expressing his personal feelings. When he first came to Beaufort he had a letter of introduction to Mr McGowan, who was away, but Mrs McGowan had given him a reception such as stranger never got before. The minister's wife's position was a very difficult one to fill, and Mrs McGowan had filled it remarkably well. He would say that amongst young men whom he had met in the bush and ronnd about, all were agreed that Mr McGowan was a real white man; and he thought this summed up the whole lot. What applied to Mr McGowan might be said of Mrs McGowan in the same way.

Mr H. H. Menzies remarked that it was a very difficult matter to express his regret—that was a thing that could only be felt. At times when partings were made it was very nice of them to make a long speech and say many nice things. To-night he could say that not only as Presbyterians were they losing their minister, but everyone in this little town was losing a great friend. There were many in this community who would rise up and call the name of Robert McGowan blessed. On behalf of the choir and tennis club, he expressed thanks to Mr and Mrs McGowan, to whom they were indebted for many social afternoons at the Manse. There were members of the tennis club here to-night who were not connected with the Church, and they would agree with him that Mrs McGowan had made it a pleasure to be present at the courts. Of Mr McGowan's success they were not one bit afraid. It was only a matter of time when he would make his mark, and he could only wish it would be in Victoria. The Ballarat Presbytery felt his departure very much, and although he was but a young member of it, he was a most popular member. To him personally Mr McGowan's departure was a great wrench.

Mr R. Thompson said he was losing an old friend. Friendship to him was a very sacred thing. It was a way of manifesting their love for one another. Mr McGowan was an older friend of his than of anyone in Beaufort. They began Christian work together many years ago. It was one of the greatest pleasures of his life to come and co-operate with his old friend in his work in Beaufort. During the time they had worked together here they had not had one discordant note, or any cross words of any kind. He was one of the very first friends of his life. Their friendship began many years ago, and he felt it could not end in this world, but would flow on to another. He was one of those people who did not think regret should be shown. God guided a man's steps, and a good man went at His call. He felt that Mr McGowan's steps were ordered by God, and that he was doing the right thing by going away, and that God would bless him in his work. He could never express the kindness of Mrs McGowan to his wife when she met with an accident soon after they came here. He prayed that the friendships formed here would be renewed in the life that is to come, and that they would make as many friends in the place to which they were going as those they found it so hard to part from here.

Dr. G. A. Eadie would like to endorse all that had been said by the previous speakers. He expressed deep regret, on behalf of himself, wife, and daughters, at parting with Mr and Mrs McGowan, although it was only transferring friends to another part of the world, where they would have a larger sphere to carry on their good work. He would look forward with pleasure to meeting Mr and Mrs McGowan in their new home.

Mr D. R. Hannah said that although not immediately connected with the Beaufort Church, he felt he could not let this opportunity pass without saying a few words on behalf of the Skipton and Stockyard Hill people. They had not seen much of Mr McGowan, but from what they had seen of him he had gained the esteem of everyone in the district. Personally, he regretted very much Mr and Mrs McGowan's departure, and was quite sure that that was the sentiment of every person in the district. He could only sympathise with the Beaufort people at losing Mr McGowan, as his place would be hard to fill. He was a fine man. The speaker hoped the work in the Beaufort charge would go on as smoothly as ever.

Mr Carroll remarked that there was one thing he had overlooked, and that was to say how pleased they were to have Mr McGowan, senr., with them this evening. In honoring the son, they must not forget the father. It was an honor to have such a son. They were very pleased that he had seen fit in his busy life to spare time to be present with them. The name of McGowan would always hold a very eminent place in Beaufort, and if Mr McGowan, senr., came back here after his son's departure, he would always be sure of a hearty welcome. Mrs McGowan's class of girls in the Sunday school would like to give her a small memento in appreciation of the work she had done among them, and to express the esteem in which they held her.

Miss Edna Mitchell then presented Mrs McGowan with a silver candlestick as a small memento of the girls' love.

Mr McGowan, on rising to respond, was received with deafening and long continued applause. He would say this evening that it was with very deep feelings indeed that he came forward to respond on his wife's and his own behalf. They felt altogether unworthy and undeserving of what they had said; but he could not adequately express their value of the love that had prompted it and the kindliness of heart that had been behind it. Knowing as they did that they had been here such a short time—as had just been said, it was a little less than 3 years—he did not expect that they would have such a farewell as this. He did not have, till Mr Carroll put the purse of sovereigns on the table, the remotest idea that they had any intention whatever to make any presentation at all. The honor was one, naturally, that they would be proud of. They would find the money serviceable in advancing the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, to which they had dedicated their lives. He need not say this—that they were going away from here with much emotion and regret indeed. They had no personal desire whatever to leave this parish and district; but were going because they thought it was in accordance with the will of God. It was with no light heart that he was taking such an important charge as Ashfield. But he believed that God's commands were also enablings, and they were going forward trusting that His grace would be sufficient. It was a pleasure to see so many representatives of the general public in the hall to-night. He certainly believed very strongly that a minister should take his share in the general work and institutions of a town, for he should do what he could to make public life clean and wholesome. In reference to the other churches, he could reciprocate the kindly sentiments they had expressed. He believed there should be frendliness between ministers of different denominations, for Christians should be of one heart and one mind. In regard to the Presbyterian Church more particularly, the work of the various organizations had been to his wife and himself a labor of love. The work of the Women's Missionary Union and the choir had been to her a great pleasure. As for the Boy's Club and the Girl's Guild, it had been to them a very great joy to be surrounded by the young life of the congregation. In regard to the girl's Bible class which made the presentation this evening to Mrs McGowan, she had regarded the work as a privilege. She would always carry with her from that class very pleasant memories indeed. He would just like to say to all those who had helped in the work of the church since he had had the honor of being its minister, that he could never forget their kindness. He did not want to mention any names. Some had helped by giving their time, some by giving their money, and perhaps greatest of all, some had helped by their prayers. But he wished to thank the workers in the Sunday school, the lay preachers (whose work had enabled them to carry out so many services on the Sunday), and all the members of the committee who had guarded the financial matters of the church. It was a great honor to have so many men of ability and business training as they were fortunate enough to have on their committee. Also the Session, who had been his official advisers and had the oversight of spiritual matters. He would like also to thank the local press for the help they had so willingly given to the church. Every week their church services had been advertised in their local paper without any charge, and from time to time the various meetings in connection with their church and the others had been very fully and very adequately reported. As he believed it was the people's duty to support their local businesses, so was it also their duty to support their local press. He would also like to thank his assistant, Mr Robt. Thompson, for the hundred and one ways in which he had helped them since they had been here. It had been necessary for Mr Thompson again and again, when he (Mr McGowan) was absent from the charge, to perform many sick visits and conduct services in all parts of the charge, and in parting from him and his wife, who had helped him so well, they were parting from personal friends. May God bless and reward them all. There were just three things he would like them to do. He would like them firstly to attend the services of their church. He believed that worship—the outgoing of the soul to God in adoration and praise—should have collective expression. He believed it was the duty of the congregation to attend the services of the church to which they belonged. The second thing was that he would ask them to help the new minister who was coming after him. He was making considerable sacrifices to come to this charge. He and his wife were breaking ties that were very close, and ties that were very tender. He would ask them to help and encourage them, and do all they could for them. The third thing was that they would set apart some portion of every day for family worship, and offer a prayer, if it be, say, the Lord's Prayer, and God's blessing would rest upon their homes and those who were near and dear to them. On his wife's behalf he was glad to say that when they came to Sydney, they would be delighted to see them. But though the Manse was a large one, please don't all come at once. (Laughter.) He trusted that they would do what they could for God's cause, knowing that very soon for all of them the day of opportunity would pass away.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'er head."

Song, "The Last Rose of Summer," Miss Rorke; recitation, "Not Understood," Mr Sinclair; song, "My Mother Ment my auld Breeks" (encore number, "The March of the Cameron Men"), Mr Wotherspoon.

Mr Carroll thanked all who had helped to make the gathering a success. The Rev. R. McGowan pronounced the benediction.

Refreshments, provided by the ladies, were handed round and much appreciated, after which Mr Wotherspoon gave a delightful programme of phonographic selections. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem, and cheers for Mr and Mrs McGowan and Mr Carroll, terminated the meeting.

PRESENTATION BY ST. ANDREW'S CLUB.

At the close of Mr McGowan's farewell service on Sunday night in the Presbyterian Church, Beaufort, about 20 members of St. Andrew's Club and a large portion of the congregation remained behind. Mr J. M. Carroll, on behalf of the members of St. Andrew's Club, presented to Mr and Mrs McGowan a small case containing half-a-dozen silver fruit knives. He said the members of the club had just asked him to make the presentation for them. They wished in some small way to express their appreciation of all the kindness they had received from Mr and Mrs McGowan at the Manse during the time they had been here. They thought they ought not to allow them to go away without giving them some little tangible proof to express their feeling towards them. They would understand that it was with the very kindliest feeling they made this presentation. He expressed their sincere regret at Mr and Mrs McGowan's departure, and said these feelings came from their hearts.

Mr McGowan, in replying, said he must say frankly that they should not have made the presentation. They had had so many presentations since they had been here, and it was not so very long ago since the members of this Club and the Girls' Guild had made a handsome presentation to Mrs McGowan and himself, and what they had done to deserve this extreme kindness he was sure he did not know. Instead of its being a sacrifice to them to have the boys of St. Andrews' Club at the Manse, it had been a great privilege, and he and Mrs McGowan had looked forward with great pleasure to their meeting every fortnight. It had been a great delight to be surrounded by the young men of the congregation. Whenever the members of the club had been at the Manse they had always behaved as perfect gentlemen, and it had been a great pleasure to them to have them there. He and Mrs McGowan would value and cherish the memory of the pleasant meetings they had had at the Manse. He believed that if they wanted to make a success of their lives they must give them over to the keeping of Jesus Christ, and if they did so it would be a great thing for them. He hoped at no far distant day to hear that they had given their lives over to Jesus Christ and had made public profession of it by coming forward to the Lord's table. He would just ask them to quit themselves like men, and be manly men. May God bless them, and may they all meet in that great Home above.

Mr McGowan closed with prayer.

LEXTON DISTRICT TRIBUTES.

We learn from the "Star" that on Monday a farewell social was tendered to the Rev. Robert J. H. McGowan by the Presbyterians and residents of the Lexton district. The tables, in the meeting place, were tastefully arranged and presided over by Miss Robertson, of Mount Mitchell, and Mesdames Gray, Adams and Hislop, and Misses M. E. and K. Gray, and J. McEwall. Mr Thomas Robertson presided, and stated that he had received several apologies from neighbouring ministers. He also announced that this meeting had been called to bid Mr and Mrs McGowan goodbye and God-speed. Mr McGowan had at all times discharged his duties faithfully and well. He had to travel a long distance to Lexton, but was always punctual, and proved himself a sincere and earnest worker, and was ready at all times for any emergency. He (the speaker) could understand a young man working for promotion, and he felt sure that a big work awaited him in his new charge. He knew personally that other calls had been refused. He had the best wishes of the district, as was shown by such a gathering. A musical programme was supplied as follows:—Mr and Miss Lobb (violins) and Miss K. Gray (piano). James Gray, senr., sang "Jock o' Hazeldene"; Miss Callister sang "Phoebe Morell." The chairman then presented Mr McGowan with a purse of 12 sovereigns, and expressed regret that he was leaving them.

Mr Thompson, assistant to Mr McGowan, also spoke, and stated that he had known Mr McGowan in the early days, and worked hard side by side in God's cause, and he prayed that God's blessing would rest on Mr and Mrs McGowan in their work in the mother state.

Mr Thomas (Evansford) also spoke of the good feeling that existed between the churches, and on behalf of the Methodist Church he could voice their sentiments that in Mr McGowan they were losing a faithful and earnest preacher. He joined with other speakers in wishing them God's blessing in their new charge.

The Rev. R. McGowan, in responding, said that he spoke with considerable feeling, particularly owing to kindness shown to him and the good things said of Mrs McGowan and himself. He had been with them only two years and nine months, and had no desire to sever his connection with them, as he had been very happy and comfortable, but when the call came from Sydney he, after much thought and prayer, felt that God called him, and his response was "Forth in Thy name I go." He hoped the time was not far distant when all churches would be united and be in one fold, and after all they served one Master. He was loyal to his own church, but worked for common liberty. He thanked all who had assisted in the Sunday school for Bible class and choir, and others for their gifts and prayers. He specially desired to thank the Mount Mitchell folk for their unbounded hospitality, and also Mr and Mrs James Gray for the many favors extended to them. In conclusion he implored them to attend the services and rally round their new minister to help and encourage him, also to set up a family altar and wait day by day upon God, who would help them in time of need. Mr R. J. Gray sang "Good-bye, Nellie darling," and Miss Boyd, "When the Birds go North Again." The closing hymn was "God be with you."

The chairman moved a comprehensive vote of thanks to all who had assisted, and the ladies in particular for the good things provided, of which there was a bountiful supply. The Benediction was pronounced and a very pleasant meeting closed.

[A report of Mr McGowan's farewell service appears on our first page.]

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Famous Remedy for

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, & CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

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

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S and to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE.—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1A does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person

SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

Headache, Indigestion and Constipation.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

It will interest sufferers to know that a valuable medicine, called Frootoids, has been discovered, which is now completely curing each of the above-named complaints. Frootoids are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief. You do not require to go on taking them for a prolonged period, as is necessary with some medicines, which even then are mostly disappointing; you simply take a dose of Frootoids when ill and repeat the dose if necessary, but generally one dose is quite effective.

Frootoids are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs all the waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

Frootoids act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cure bilious attacks that antibilious pills make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by antibilious pills that could have been cured at once by Frootoids. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Frootoids have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids, instead of an ordinary aperient; by so doing, the patient will require doses only at longer intervals, and will so become quite independent of the necessity of taking any aperient medicine.

Frootoids are only now being placed on the Australian market, consequently you may at present have a difficulty in getting them from your local chemist or storekeeper; but ask for them, and if you cannot get them at once, send stamps or postal note for price, 1/6, to W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, and a bottle of them will be immediately forwarded to you post free. Chemists, storekeepers, and wholesalers can now obtain wholesale supplies from W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

HAVING served nearly 20 years in my last employment, including 14 years or thereabouts with the late J. W. Harris, as Carter, Storeman, and Manager of Carrying Business, I beg to notify that I have now left that service on my own free will, and started in the General Carrying Business on my own behalf. I am now prepared to accept Orders for any kind of Carrying or Loading, including Wool, Machinery, Furniture and Produce. As my capabilities are well known to the town and district, it is sufficient guarantee that I may solicit a share of your patronage; Civility, Promptness, and Cheapness being my aim. Goods, Parcels, and Luggage called for and delivered to any address in town and district. Arrangements are made for the Car ful Removal of Furniture by up-to-date Vans to any part of the State on Shortest Notice.

Agencies Wanted. See next issue of this paper.

Office will be erected at Railway Station, opposite Goods Shed.

W. DRIVER,
The Cheap Carrier,
BEAUFORT.

Beaufort Rainfall.

We are indebted to Mr Jas. McKeich for the following interesting information as to the rainfall at Beaufort since 1899.

	1899	1900	1901	1902	'03	'04	'05	'06	'07
Jan.	181	113	255	80	149	462	107	8	61
Feb.	180	20	33	80	202	341	126	94	106
Mar.	274	407	158	158	149	73	96	357	89
Apr.	239	329	461	12	406	71	144	58	369
May	195	451	151	94	229	330	335	342	205
June	414	350	361	355	301	404	298	339	125
July	99	100	158	103	565	180	350	258	317
Aug.	277	403	289	194	117	325	159	197	
Sep.	180	237	410	250	397	132	383	361	
Oct.	281	131	261	120	295	329	278	465	
Nov.	252	91	50	77	340	213	76	462	
Dec.	100	81	88	665	387	16	246	42	
Ts.	2672	2713	2675	2188	3537	2876	2593	2983	1272

Total for 8 years (1899 to 1906), 222.48, averaging 27.80 per year.

FIREWOOD!

J. B. COCHRAN is now prepared to supply good sound FIREWOOD, Sawn, in 1ft. or 2ft. lengths, at Reasonable Prices, delivered or arranged for at the Mill, Raglan Road, Beaufort.

Orders left at the Shop will be punctually attended to.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1907—1908.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

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

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,
built expressly for the Storage of Wool.

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

Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS' CLIPS
receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.

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

Charges.—The lowest ruling in the Colony.

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

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

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

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

TO STAND AT "BURNSIDE," MIDDLE CREEK,

The Celebrated Roadster Stallion, "BLARNEY STONE."

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

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

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

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

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

For further particulars apply—
J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

TO STAND THIS SEASON AT THE TRAWALLA HOTEL, TRAWALLA,
And Travel the Surrounding Districts,

The Trotting Stallion, "BARWON."

BARWON is a beautiful rich bay horse, 15½ hands high, with plenty of bone of the finest quality; a very fast Trotter and a perfect buggy horse; bred by J. B. Willis, Esq., of Moolap, Geelong; foaled 2nd October, 1902; and has proved himself a very sure foal-getter.

BARWON, by Ospray—Doll; Ospray by Osterley; Doll by Carsevoianous—Jinney. His sire, Ospray, has a record of 2min. 28sec. Dam, Doll, a fast trotting mare, always in private use. Granddam, Jinney, has a record of 2min. 40sec.; and was owned by Mr. W. Leigh, of Barrabool Hills. His grandsire, Osterley, is winner of the time test at the Royal Show, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1899; and fastest trotter, 1900; as well as being four times champion; his records are—one mile in 2min. 25sec., two miles in 5min. 2sec., three miles in 7min. 30sec. Osterley, by Childe Harold (414), imp., and was said to have cost the late Mr. Andrew Town 3000 guineas landed in Sydney. Barwon should breed perfect buggy horses.

Terms, £3;

£1 10s to be paid when mares are stinted; balance when mares prove in foal. Any mares sold, exchanged, or leaving the district to be paid for in full. Guarantees as per agreement.

H. W. JAENSCH, Trawalla

A Reminder.

ANYBODY CAUGHT on my Premises with the intention of

OBTAINING GOOD VALUE
Will be
AMPLY REWARDED.

GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, Beaufort
W. C. JONES, Proprietor.

Best Accommodation. Horses and Buggies for Hire.

WM. C. PEDDER,
WHEELWRIGHT, BLACKSMITH, AND HORSE-SHOER,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 19 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute and orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod

DISTRICT AGENT for the FARMERS' FAVORITE GRAIN DRILL and FARM MACHINERY.

Brophy, Foley & Coy.,
PRODUCE AGENTS & AUCTIONEERS,
Market Square, Ballarat.

HIGHEST Price given for Grain of all descriptions. Prompt settlement. Three months' free storage. Advances made. Samples and Correspondence invited.

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

J. A. HARRIS.

Orders received and attended to for trucking Live Stock, Produce, &c.

Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.

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

F. G. PRINCE,
Wholesale and Retail BUTCHER,

HAS REMOVED to the Premises known SMITH'S BUTCHER SHOP in

HAVELOCK STREET

(Opposite the Golden Age Hotel), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Beef and Mutton, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

Small Goods a Specialty.

A SUIT TO SUIT YOUR FIGURE AT A FIGURE TO SUIT YOU.

All the world's a stage; we are merely players. To live up to our parts good clothes are essentials—clothes that carry an air of dignity and refinement—clothes with the impress of careful workmanship—clothes with a comfortable "feel," and good for long wear. "Miller" Suits have a reputation for excellence—inside and out. Beneath the dainty outside appearance is a foundation of solid material. Those little details that make a suit look well and keep so, are fully represented in "Miller" Suits—suits of all-round merit. Why not come and select your Spring Suit from these excellent fabrics?

Australian and Scotch Tweeds, 50s., 55s., 63s.
Diamond Black and Indigo Blue Twills, THREE GUINEAS.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms Free if you ask.

MILLER'S,
THE CLOTHIERS,
7 & 9 Bridge St., Ballarat.

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

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' for Coughs and Colds, Eases Asthma and relieves breathing.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No 1555. | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1907. | PRICE THREEPENCE.

COAGULINE, KLINX, TENASITINE.
Cements for broken and other articles.

POST AND TELEGRAPH RATES

For the information of our Readers v Herewith Publish the New Rates.

RATES FOR PLACES IN VICTOR

	s.
Letters—Half ounce or under ..	0
For every ounce ..	0
Urgent Letters—For each letter in addition to ordinary postage	0
Late fee	0
Packets—Commercial and printed papers, maximum weight 5lb., dimensions not to exceed 2ft. in length, 1ft. in depth or width, for every 2oz. or fraction thereof	0
Patterns and samples, packets of merchandise, etc., maximum weight 1lb., dimension not to exceed 2ft. in length, 1ft. in depth or width; rate of postage for every 2oz. or fraction thereof	0 1
Books—For every 4oz. or under, up to 5lb.	0 1
Newspapers—For each newspaper	0 0
Newspapers, magazines and publications not published in the Commonwealth, 2oz. ..	0 0
Post Cards—each	0 1
Reply Post Cards—each	0 2
Letter Cards—2 for	0 2
Registration fee	0 3
Parcel, 1lb. or under	0 6
Parcel, each extra lb. or under	0 3

PACKETS, Etc.
Preparation for Post.

Packets may be sent through th post without a cover (but not faste ed with anything adhesive, such gum, postage stamp, sealing-wa etc.); in a cover entirely open at o end or side (if the cover be sl the opening must be of the full e tent of the end or side, and the co tents must be easy of withdrawal The cover may bear the sender's nai and address, and the words "packet "sample" or "pattern," etc., as the ca may be, "only." Packets may be tie with string, but officers of the De partment may cut the string to e amine the contents, and tie the pack up again. Samples of seeds, dru etc., which cannot be sent as ope packets, may be enclosed in bags boxes, fastened so as to be easily u done and re-fastened. If addressed places in the United Kingdom onl they may be sent in closed, transp ent bags.

Note.—If the above conditions not complied with, packets are regar ed as insufficiently paid letters, a charged accordingly.

TO ALL THE AUSTRALIAN STAT

	s. d.
Letters—For every ½oz or under	0 2
Post Cards—Stamped on cards	0 1
Letter Cards to New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania, Queensland, West Australia, New Zealand and Fiji	0 3
Post Cards, Reply Post Cards, Packets, Books, Newspapers, Registration Fee same as for places within Victoria.	
Parcel Post—For every parcel of 1lb. or under	0 3
Each additional 1lb. or under (up to 11lb.)	0 6

RATES TO THE UNITED KINGDO AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

	s. d
Letters to United Kingdom—For every ½oz. or under ..	0 2
Letters to Foreign Countries—For every ½oz. or under ..	0 2½
Post Cards—each	0 1
Reply Post Cards—each	0 2
Newspapers—4oz., each	0 1
Each additional 2oz.	0 0½
Commercial Papers—2oz. 2d., 4oz. 3½d., 6oz. 4d., 8oz., 4½d., 10oz. 5d., then every 2 oz. to 5lb. 1d.	
Printed Papers (other than newspapers)—For every 2oz. or under up to 5lb.	0 1
Patterns and samples—For every 2oz. or under up to 12oz.	0 1
Registration Fee	0 3
Acknowledgment of delivery of a registered article	0 2½
Parcels Post (wholly by sea)—For each parcel of 1lb. or under	1 0
Each additional 1lb	0 6

PARCELS POST WITHIN VICTORI

Limit weight 11lb. Limit of size, 3f 6in. in length, or 6ft. in girth an length combined. Postage (to be pr paid by stamps).—1lb. or unde r, 5d each extra lb. 3d. The stamp to b affixed to an adhesive label to be ob tainable at any post-office, which labe will be attached to the parcel by th postal receiving officer after he ha ascertained the weight. No parcel will be accepted unless fully prepaid.

RATES OF COMMISSION.

Money Orders Payable in the Commonwe lth.—Any sum not over £5, 6d; over £5, but not over £10, 1s; over £10, but not over £15, 1s 6d; over £15, but not over £20, 2s.

Orders Payable in New Zealand.—Not over £2, 6d.; not over £5, 1s.; not over £7, 1s. 6d.; not over £10 2s.; not over £12, 2s. 6d.; not over £15, 3s., not over £17, 3s. 6d.; not over £20, 4s.

Money Orders by Telegraph.—To New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and Perth (Western Australia); Charge for a message in addition to above rates.

Money Orders to United Kingdom and other British Possessions and Foreign Countries—6d. for each £1 or fraction of £1.

POSTAL NOTES.

Postal Notes n ay be obtained at any Post Office in Victoria. Hours of payment—10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The following re the denominations of the notes, and the poundage or price charged for them:—1s. ½d.; 1s. 6d., ½d.; 2s., 1d.; 2s. 6d., 1d.; 3s., 1d.; 3s. 6d., 1d.; 4s., 1d.; 4s 6d., 1d; 5s., 1½d.; 7s. 6d., 2d.; 10s 9d.; 10s. 6d 3d.; 15s., 3d.; 20 , 3d.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 40 years' proven efficacy f r Coughs, Colds, and difficulty of breathing.

ORDINARY TELEGRAMS

Town and suburban, within prescribed limits, or within fifteen miles rom the sending station, including ddress and signature (not exceeding xteen words), 6d. Each additional ord, 1d.

Other places within the State, exept town and suburban, including adress and signature (not exceeding xteen words), 9d. Each additional ord, 1d.

Inter-State, i.e., from any one State o any other State, including address nd signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 1s. Each additional word, 3d.

On telegrams to and from Tasmania he charges to be those mentioned bove, with cable charges added, which t the present time is 2½d. per word.

Double the foregoing rates to be harged for the transmission of telegrams on Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday, and for "Urgent" telegrams.

The foregoing rates are exclusive of orterage charges

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

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

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

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

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

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

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

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

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

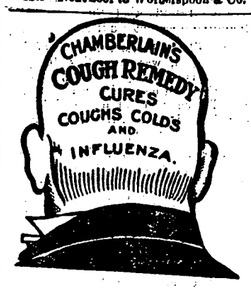
Public Notice.
J. H. ROBERTSON
(Late with Hawkes Bros.),

WISHES to intimate to the Residents o Beaufort and Surrounding Districts tha he has commenced Business as a PLUMBER and TINSMITH, and trusts, by strict attention to business, to receive a fair share of public patronage.

Tanks, Baths, Troughs, Acetylene Gas Machines, Made to Order. Windmills Erected. Electric Bells and Telephones Fitted.
Estimates Given. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Address—NEILL-STREET, BEAUFORT.
Orders left at Mr. J. B. Cochran's will be promptly attended to.

YOU ARE GREY! TREAT OFF THE Half-Dollar Hair Helper.
You can never permanently alter the color of your hair by a mere dye, but the Half-dollar Hair Helper will without fail restore to grey hair all the rich brown or black of earlier life. Price, 2s 6d; by post, 3s 3d. Sample bottle, sufficient to produce desired effect, posted 9d.
BATHMEAD, Chemist, Traralgon, Gippsland.

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



WUNDERLICH METAL CEILINGS.

WHEN we tell you that all the most important buildings erected last year in the Commonwealth are adorned with WUNDERLICH CEILINGS, you can judge of their being likely to meet your requirements.

Wunderlich Metal Ceilings are specified by all the leading Architects and Builders, because by experience they have proved them to be the Perfection Ceiling. Send in sizes of your rooms, and we will submit you a design and estimate without charge.

We also sell the famous Port Madoc Welsh Slate.

The Wunderlich Patent Ceiling and Roofing Co. Ltd.,
123 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

FEDERAL SPRAY MIXTURES

Trade Mark.

COPPER SODA FOR BLACK SPOT.

In Mr. McAlpine's experiments conducted at Hatfield's Orchard as detailed in the Agricultural Department's Journal, dated 8th June, 1907, both in 1905-6 and 1906-7, COPPER SODA beat all Competitors, Bordeaux Mixture being second and all others nowhere.

FEDERAL COPPER SODA is absolutely reliable and most convenient to use.

COPPER SODA for BLACK SPOT.
DISPARENE for CODLIN MOTH.
APHISPRAY for APHIS.

Apply to our Agents in all fruit-growing districts for Price Lists.

AUSTRALIAN EXPLOSIVES & CHEMICAL CO. LTD.
(FEDERAL MANURE COMPANY.)
136 Queen Street, Melbourne.

LOCAL AGENT—JOHN TAIT, MOUNT COLE.

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

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

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

Bear in mind that
ADVERTISING
ALWAYS PAYS.

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

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

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,
AUCTIONEERS,
Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance and Financial Agents,
NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS,
BALLARAT.

EDMOND DOEPEL (26 years with Messrs Cuthbert, Morrow, and Must).
W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.

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

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

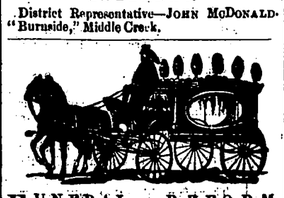
Agents for Absentees. Estates Managed and Wound Up.

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

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

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

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,
NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS,
BALLARAT.
District Representative—JOHN MCDONALD, "Burnside," Middle Creek.



FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.
A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

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

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

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

DONT COUGH.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivalled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge alone gives ease—one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold everywhere in tins 13½d. each.

IMMENSE SUCCESS.

FROOTOIDS

THE NEW CURE FOR
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION.

The immense number of orders for FROOTOIDS sent by post direct to the Proprietor is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their marvellous curing power. They cure quickly, are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take. Leading Chemists and Storekeepers are now stocking them. Retail price, 1/6. Ask for them locally, and so encourage business in your own district. If not obtainable, send direct to the Proprietor,
W. G. MEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—t cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

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

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

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

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

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

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

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

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

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

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

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

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

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	... 8 and	4.50
Ballarat ...	... 8 and	4.50
Geelong ...	... 8 and	4 50
Trawalla ...	... 8 and	4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

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

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

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

English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan	9
Waterloo	9
Waterloo S., ...	9
Main Lead, ...	9
Chute	9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
Nerring	9
Lake Goldsmith ...	9
Stockyard Hill ...	9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	
Eurambeen	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45
Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.	

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

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

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

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

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

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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

CONVERSATION BY TELEPHONE.

Between Beaufort and Ballarat, 3d. for 3 minutes; each additional 3 minutes, 6d. To Buangor, 2d.; to Waterloo, 2d.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

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

SAVINGS BANK.

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

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

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.
9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

Justices' Fixtures.

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

J. Holdsworth,
Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHER,
BEAUFORT.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.
Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

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

'The Riponshire Advocate'

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

ONLY NEWSPAPER
That is
Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation of the Riponshire Advocate Is Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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

With every issue of the Paper is give

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN
SUPPLEMENT,

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

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

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

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

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c,
PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

...EARLY NOVELTIES...

IN

Spring & Summer Drapery

AT

COUGLE'S,

"THE QUALITY HOUSE."

Early Millinery, Blouses, Underskirts, Floral Ribbons, Laces, Belts, Motor Scarves, Costumes, &c. . .

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the above goods have not been subject to the NEW TARIFF, and every line will be sold at LAST SEASON'S PRICES.

N.B.—Ladies wishing to inspect the NEW GOODS will be welcomed as freely as BUYERS who desire to make an early selection from the NOVELTIES on view.

Yours for good value,

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

. . . BEAUFORT.

DIXON BROS.,

PRODUCE MERCHANTS, &c., BALLARAT.

Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Tents, &c.,

ALL HAND-MADE.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

MOUNT LYELL MANURES.

MOUNT LYELL SUPERPHOSPHATE, £3 18s. 6d. PER TON.

W. H. HALPIN, Local Representative.

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.

CAMP HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

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

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-

Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

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

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

—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—

M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Barrister and Solicitor,

Proctor and Conveyancer,

BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria and the High Court of the Commonwealth of Australia for taking Affidavits.

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

Enlarged Photographs

By the Famous Ballarat Photographers

Richards & Co.

Why pay *high prices to travellers for* Enlargements when you can obtain a beautiful Permanent Picture at half the price from RICHARDS & CO. from any old or faded photograph. . . .

NOTE OUR PRICES—

Size of Photo.	Size of Mount.	Price.
12 x 10	20 x 16	25s.
15 x 12	23 x 17	30s.

Complete in the Newest Solid Art Wood Frame

Send Photos. to be Enlarged by Post.

We Guarantee Perfect Satisfaction.

Bridal Photographs.

Sitters from all parts of Australia visit to RICHARDS & CO. for their Bridal Photographs.

Bridal Veils, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Buttonholes—the latest styles—kept at the Studio.

Dull, wet weather in no way interferes with our Photographs.

RICHARDS & CO.,

23 Sturt Street,

Ballarat.

CREDIT FONCIER.

LOANS to FARMERS.

INTEREST REDUCED TO 4½ PER CENT.

The Commissioners of Savings Banks are now granting loans at 4½ per cent. in sums of £50 to £2,000 on pastoral and cultivable lands in Victoria. Title must be Freehold or Crown Leasehold.

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

The Inspector-General of Savings Banks, 20 Market St., Melbourne.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

THE Ordinary MEETING will be held to-morrow in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY evening next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp.

A. C. WELSH, Secy.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1907.

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Hon. Reader. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 7 p.m.—Rev. Chas. Reed.

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

Methodist Church.—Shirley, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. T. Kearns. Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Chute, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Mr. Sudwell. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr. D. Jackson.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

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

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

THE

Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1907.

It is notified in another column that all sanitary charges and rates due to the Shire of Ripon will be sued for immediately, so as to be recovered before the financial year ends on 30th September.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week totalled 16 points.

There was a clean sheet at the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. Rear-Admiral Bridges, J.P., was the only magistrate in attendance.

A good many people will be glad to hear that 4000 acres of the Stoneleigh Estate are to be sold by tender shortly in lots suitable for cultivation. It is devoutly to be hoped, for the sake of the welfare and advancement of the district, that other large landholders will follow the good example of throwing open a big slice of their land for cultivation.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

A lucky discovery was made on Thursday by a farmer from Mortchup, Mr D. McDonald, whilst carting hay near Linton reservoir. He dropped his whip from the waggon, and going back found it lying on a nugget of gold, which weighed about 12 oz., valued at about £50. This is the second nugget picked up on the roads within the last three months, the last weighing about 4oz.

The induction of the Rev. Robt. McGowan into the Ashfield charge has been postponed for a month owing to Mr McGowan's illness. We are sorry to hear that Mr McGowan is laid up at his father's residence at Ballarat with influenza and measles, and that it is the opinion of his medical adviser that it would be unwise for him to travel to Ashfield for three weeks. Mrs McGowan, who is staying with her mother at Beechworth, and is also indisposed, was telegraphed for on Thursday to come to Ballarat.

As the 10.30 a.m. goods train from Ballarat was shunting at the Beaufort station on Wednesday, a loaded wood truck at the end jumped the points near the Lawrence-street cattle pits, with the result that after crossing the road—a distance of 20 yards—it overturned, throwing the load of wood on to the main line. The front wheels were torn off and the axle-boxes and springs broken. The cattle pit grids and the permanent way were damaged. A party of repairers from Ballarat were soon on the scene, and the truck was speedily put right and re-loaded.

Some poets rhyme for fame alone,
And some for bread and butter;
Some rhyme because their nature is
Poetic thoughts to utter.
But these poor rhymes have nobler aim,
They're written to secure
The health of all humanity
By Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

The many friends of Mr R. E. Carthew, while regretting his departure from Beaufort, will no doubt be glad to hear that his transference to Stawell as a telegraph operator carries with it well-deserved promotion. As an assistant in the Beaufort post and telegraph office during the past four years, Mr Carthew made hosts of friends by his genial manner and obliging disposition. He always did his work thoroughly, and gained the esteem of all with whom he came in contact. *He will be greatly missed by the Church of* England choir, as well as by concert promoters, who duly appreciated the help he so willingly gave with his voice.

The Beaufort Gun Club shot off the second eight-bird competition for a £5 5s trophy (*to be won twice*) on Wednesday. Fifteen members competed, and P. Hains, "Owen," and "Phœnix" tied with the possible. Continuing till a miss was obtained, "Phœnix" went out on the twelfth round, and Hains missed his thirteenth bird, "Owen" thus winning a leg-in. J. W. Harris secured the leg-in in the first competition. The first sweep was divided by J. Ellis, F. Ellis, P. Meehan, and "Owen," with three birds; the second by "Phœnix," J. Ellis, and J. McCracken, with four birds; the third by "Beaufort," J. McCracken and "Owen," with three birds; and the fourth by J. Ellis, P. Meehan, J. McCracken, and "Owen," with two birds.

APPROVED BY THE MOTHERS.

Bonnington's Irish Moss" is well in favor with the mothers of Australia. It is an economical and reliable medicine to have in the house. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Chest Affections.

Dixon Bros. & Halpin hold a horse parade and stock sale on Thursday, 19th inst., at their yards, Beaufort.

Messrs Dixon Bros. & Halpin report having sold privately to Mr W. H. Halpin, at a satisfactory figure, Mr M. Franc's "Lake View" house and 20 acres of freehold land.

A Chinaman named Ah Sing, who was taken from Waterloo by Constable Felsenthal to the Ballarat Hospital on Friday, 6th inst., died the same day.

Several district visitors to Melbourne during Show week contracted measles and influenza. Mrs D. McDonald, of Middle Creek, has had her two eldest daughters laid up with rather a severe attack of measles.

Norman Newey, son of Mr Walter Newey, of Waterloo, was jumping a fence at dusk on 7th inst., and not noticing some barbed wire, came in contact with it. He sustained a lacerated wound of the temple from the eye-lid nearly to the ear, and Dr. A. G. Jackson found it necessary to put in seven stitches.

The Marnoo Estate, owned by Mr Skene, has been sold to Mrs Mary Gardiner and Sons, of Baangal, Skipton. The sale completes the disposal of the whole of the Marnoo Estate, which was offered to the Closer Settlement Board for £5, but which, when sold privately, averaged about £6 10s.

The draw for the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute's second billiard tournament was as follows:—A division—Bartley (40) v. Sinclair (70), Dr. Jackson (80) v. Williams (50), Seager (5) v. R. Welsh (scr.), J. A. Harris (20 behind scr.) v. W. C. Jones (45), Parker (30) v. J. E. Loft (30 behind scr.), J. McDonald (30) v. T. E. Sands (50), A. L. Wotherspoon (55) v. R. Holdsworth (20), Dr. Eadie (90) v. J. W. Harris (scr.). B division—Young (30) v. D. Cochrane (scr.), Garde (scr.) v. Carroll (70), Wood (40) v. D. R. Hannah (20), C. J. C. Baker (30) v. Sinclair (20), W. H. Halpin (25) v. Flower (25), Cougle (30) v. Troy (15), Muntz (10) v. McLay (30). The first round is to be finished by 21st inst. The following games have been played:—Young beat Cochrane, 150—98; Garde beat Carroll, 150—124; Baker beat Sinclair, 150—138; Cougle beat Troy, 150—91; Muntz beat McLay, 151—124.

The death of Mr John Brumby, of Snake Valley, occurred on Tuesday. Deceased was 44 years of age, and suffered from an attack of influenza and pneumonia. A widow is left to mourn her loss. The funeral of deceased took place on Thursday, his remains being interred in the Carngham Cemetery. Messrs J. S. Douglas, J. Whitla, A. C. Roddis, W. Murray, W. Hayward, W. Hall, C. Hall and H. Gardiner were pallbearers; and Messrs J. Hill, E. Lusk, J. Williams and P. Doolan acted as coffin-bearers. The Rev. W. J. Bottoms conducted service at the grave, and Bro. J. S. Douglas read the M.U.I.O.O.F. Lodge service.

When you need a good and reliable liniment try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has no superior for sprains and swellings. A piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm is superior to a plaster for lame back or pains in the side or chest. It also relieves rheumatic pains and makes sleep and rest possible. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

On Tuesday, 3rd inst., at St. Mary's R.C. Church, Ararat, the Rev. Father Lynch officiated at the pleasing function of uniting in the bonds of wedlock Mr Thomas Meehan and Miss Nellie O'Callaghan, of Beaufort. The bride's wedding dress was a creme voile, and her travelling dress a brown cashmere, with lace trimmings and hat to match. Miss Maggie Magree, as bridesmaid, saw the bride through the ordeal, wearing a wine colored silk dress with lace trimmings and hat to match. The groomsman was Mr Patrick Meehan, brother of the bridegroom, and the bride was given away by her father, Mr Martin O'Callaghan, of "Rosevale," Trawalla. The ceremony at the church was followed by another time-honored ceremony—the wedding breakfast—at the residence of Inspector Magree, in Queen-street, where the customary congratulations were tendered, and the happy pair left by the afternoon train on their honeymoon trip, after receiving the best wishes of their friends.—"Chronicle."

The Beaufort Branch A.N.A. met in the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening. There were 17 members present, and President H. Smith occupied the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, as were also those of the special summoned meeting held at its close. Routine correspondence was received, and the clearance of Member Geo. McNish effected to Maryborough branch. One full benefit member was proposed, and five members declared on the sick list. Correspondence was read from a member, declaring himself off the sick list, and making claim for £3 sick-pay due to him. After discussion, it was decided not to grant the sick-pay until the member's papers were put in order. Accounts amounting to £2 1s 6d and sick-pay to £4 6s 8d were passed for payment. Messrs G. Daly and H. Robinson were elected members of the committee, and Member E. A. Starkey assistant-secretary. Nominations were to have been taken for the secretaryship, but a long discussion took place on the matters of increasing the future secretary's salary, or appointing a paid clerk to assist him. Several motions were put to the meeting, but after an hour and a half's discussion, the matter was deferred till next meeting.

There is nothing that will so effectually refresh and brace up the system, clear the brain, cleanse the complexion and brighten the eyes as a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. Their effect is to stimulate the bowels to perform their work in a natural and gentle manner, thus cleansing the system of all those poisonous matters that cause biliousness and sick headache. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

The following district prizes were taken at the Ballarat sheep show on Thursday:—Ram over 2½ years old—P. Russell, Mawallok, 1 and champion. Ram over 1½ years and under 2½ years old—P. Russell, Mawallok, 2. Ram (grass-fed only), over 2½ years old—F. S. Austin, Mt. Widderin, Skipton, 2. Ram (grass-fed only), over 1½ years and under 2½ years old—P. Russell, Mawallok, 3; F. S. Austin, 4. Ram (grass-fed only) under 1½ years old—F. S. Austin, 4. Pen of three rams (grass-fed only), over 1½ and under 2½ years old—P. Russell, 2. Pen of three rams (grass-fed only), under 1½ years old—Admiral Bridges, 3. *Ewe over 2½ years old—Admiral* Bridges, 2 and 4; P. Russell, Mawallok, 3. Ewe over 1½ and under 2½ years old—P. Russell, Mawallok, 3 and 4. Ewe under 1½ years old—P. Russell, Mawallok, 2 and 3. Ewe (grass-fed only), under 1½ years old—P. Russell, Carnghan, 1. Pen of three ewes (artificially fed), under 1½ *years old*—P. Russell, Mawallok. Pen of three ewes (grass-fed only), under 1½ years old—P. Russell, Mawallok, 3; Admiral Bridges, 4. For English Leicester ewe, under 1½ years old, D. Stewart, Wongan, Skipton, was 1st. In Border Leicesters, for grass-fed ram under 1½ years old, A. R. Slater, Springbank, Skipton, was 1st. The fat sheep were declared by the judges to be the primest quality seen at the show for years. The record figure of £3 18s per head was reached by one pen of three longwool wethers, exhibited by Mr Donald Stewart, of Wongan, Skipton. Mr Stewart also obtained £3 10s each for three long-woolled wethers, 36s each for three merino wethers, and 35s each for another three. Mr P. Russell, Carnghan, sold three long-wool wethers at 43s; and three from Mawallok brought 33s each and another three 30s. Among the prize-takers were—P. Russell, Carnghan, 1 and 3 for pen of three fat merino wethers, and D. Stewart, 2; P. Russell, Mawallok, 2nd for pen of three fat merino ewes, and P. Russell, Carnghan, 3rd; D. Stewart, 1st and 2nd for pen of three fat long-wool wethers.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy,' for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

Beaufort Presbyterian Church.

The Rev. R. Robertson, M.A., of Carnghan, as interim moderator, occupied the pulpit of the Beaufort Presbyterian Church on Sunday last. He announced that he was present in order to carry out the rules of the Church in regard to the vacancy now created here owing to the departure of the Rev. R. McGowan. The congregation would understand that the tie existing between Mr McGowan and them has now been dissolved by the Ballarat Presbytery, by whom he had been instructed to declare this pulpit vacant. He now did that, and notified that a congregational meeting would be held next evening, at which a large attendance was requested, to take the necessary steps to secure a minister in succession to Rev. R. McGowan.

CONGREGATIONAL MEETING.

A congregational meeting of the members and adherents of the Beaufort Presbyterian charge was held in the Church on Monday evening. There was an attendance of about 50 people from all parts of the charge, and the Rev. R. Robertson, M.A., of Carnghan (interim-moderator), presided.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The Rev. R. Robertson explained that the object of the meeting was to take the necessary steps to secure a minister in succession to Rev. R. McGowan. The pastoral tie had been dissolved between their late minister and his congregation. He was appointed by the Ballarat Presbytery as interim-moderator, and his first duty was to see what steps they proposed to take in reference to filling the vacancy. Informally, they had already met and had decided not to form what is called a list of ministers and hear them. They were determined, he understood, to give a straight-out call to somebody. Before that could be done several forms had to be gone through in accordance with the rules of the Church. He had to-night to test the feeling of the meeting with reference to this matter. Perhaps members of the congregation in each particular district would say a few words in regard to this feeling.

Mr J. M. Carroll thought he was correct in saying that the feeling in the charge in regard to this matter was universal. Personally he had not the least doubt that the congregation of this church were ready to sign the call. The name of the gentleman they wished to call was known to them, so there was no need to mention it. At this stage he thought he was right in saying that they were ready to give him the call. There were one or two parts of the charge not represented. There was nobody here from Trawalla. He had received a letter from Mr Turner, the secretary of Trawalla Church, who urged that no delay should be made in the calling of the gentleman they had in their minds. Also from the secretary (Mr Gray), who mentioned that all Lexton was also favorable to him. Speaking personally he (Mr Carroll) could say that all the people he had met were of the one mind. He had also an apology from this Church secretary at Raglan (Mr Davis), and he believed the feeling was just the same in Raglan. There were representatives present from Middle Creek, Waterloo, Main Lead, and Chute, who would perhaps speak for those parts.

Messrs McNaughton (Waterloo), J. J. Dunn (Chute), G. H. Clarke (Middle Creek), and S. Morley (Main Lead) expressed the unanimity felt in those places.

Mr Carroll then moved that moderation be applied for. Seconded by Mr C. J. C. Baker, and carried.

The interim moderator remarked that before going any further with the business the stipend should be fixed.

Mr Carroll then moved that the stipend be at the rate of £275 per annum, payable monthly, as had been done in the past. Personally he would like to see them able to give a larger stipend, but it was not to be thought of, for at present they were giving as much as the Beaufort charge could afford, considering the depression in their chief industry—mining. There was just one thing he would like to bring out. Some of them had felt a little upon it. It was the question of giving their minister some little holiday every year. Mr McGowan had had a holiday each year, but members of the congregation knew that he had paid for it himself. A holiday was regarded as gingerbread, but paying for it oneself took the whole gilt off it. (Laughter.) It was rather hard that a man should be given a holiday, and have to pay another man to take his place while he was away. He thought this congregation should think of allowing their minister two Sundays a year off free. In the past the congregation had been very good in putting up with him (Mr Carroll) for two Sundays a year, but it had relieved the minister from paying another man to do it. He did not want to force himself upon the congregation, but he would be willing to take two extra Sundays a year. He had felt strongly on it himself, and had felt since Mr McGowan had been here it was only right that he should get a holiday. If they allowed the minister two Sundays it would mean £6, the fee for each Sunday being £3. He thought this meeting ought to put this along with the stipend. They could not expect a man to work year in and year out, and not have some little change. The congregation would reap the benefit, for their minister would come back with new spirit and vigor for his work. He would like to hear some further expression of opinion on the matter. He then included in his motion that £3 per week be allowed the minister during his yearly holiday, with which to pay a supply, and that he be allowed to arrange for two other Sundays. Seconded by Mr C. J. C. Baker.

Mr J. R. Wotherspoon had much pleasure in supporting Mr Carroll's remarks, and thought that it would be so much the better if the minister could have two more Sundays a year off. He certainly thought that the congregation should give their minister a holiday.

The interim moderator said it was very desirable indeed to give such a holiday, and there was much need for such a matter to be decided.—The motion was unanimously carried.

The interim moderator then read the form of call ready for the insertion of the name of a minister. Before any name was inserted he would first ask for God's guidance. Having engaged in prayer, he remarked that in accordance with the rules of the Church he must ask for nominations for the position of minister of this charge. He would ask somebody to nominate a gentleman whose name should be inserted in the call.

Mr J. R. Wotherspoon then moved that the name of the Rev. Chas. Neville be inserted in the call. He felt that the congregation was unanimous in the matter.

The interim moderator called for further nominations, and remarked that as there were no others they could only decide the matter by a show of hands. The motion was unanimously carried, amid applause.

Mr Robertson then remarked that it was a matter of much congratulation to have such a fine unanimity of feeling at this meeting. It was not very often that a congregation could unite on such a matter and settle it in such an amicable way. There was just one thing before they signed the call, and that was that they must at least appoint three commissioners to present the call at the Ballarat Presbytery meeting on Thursday next. They would also have to witness the signatures to the call of those who were not present this evening.

Messrs J. M. Carroll, Gray, and R. Thompson were then appointed as commissioners.

The call was signed by over 60 people present.

The *Star* reports that at a special meeting of the Ballarat Presbytery at Burrumbeet on Thursday, the Rev. R. Robertson reported that, in accordance with instructions received by the Presbytery at its previous meeting, he preached at Beaufort on Sunday last, and declared the charge vacant, the Rev. R. McGowan having accepted a call to Ashfield, Sydney. A meeting of the congregation was held on Monday evening, and the gathering was a very representative one, all portions of the Beaufort charge being represented. At that meeting it was unanimously agreed to apply for moderation, and after that it was decided that the call be filled. He produced the call, which was to the Rev. Charles Neville, of Narracoorte, South Australia. Mr Neville's nomination was unanimously supported by those present at the meeting. All the preliminaries had been fixed. The stipend was to be £275 per annum, and the meeting agreed to grant the minister a holiday every year, paying for at least two Sundays' supply, and allowing the minister to arrange for two extra Sundays. This would give him four Sundays a year off. The call had been signed by 127 members out of 150; every available member of the congregation had attached his or her name to it. There were two commissioners—Mr Gray, of Lexton, and Mr Carroll, of Beaufort—to support the call.

Mr Carroll said the call was a most unanimous one, and the only reason why the whole 150 members had not signed was that they could not all be reached in the time at their disposal. There was no question whatever about the unanimity of the call, which was a most hearty one. He hoped that the Presbytery would put the matter through that day.

Mr Gray endorsed what the previous speaker had said, and remarked that they were all most anxious that Mr Neville should be called, and without delay.

The Rev. J. Smiley moved that the call be sustained, and that it be forwarded to the Presbytery at Penola, with the request that the tie between the Presbytery there and Mr Neville be dissolved.

Mr D. McKenzie, in seconding the resolution, said he thought the Beaufort congregation should be very strongly commended for the action they had taken. The Presbytery should not put any obstacle in the way.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The Rev. R. Robertson said it was the desire of the Beaufort people that Mr. Neville should be settled in the new charge before the general assembly met in South Australia. The Penola Presbytery would meet on the 9th October, and if that Presbytery wired the result of its deliberations to the Ballarat Presbytery they could, at their meeting on the 10th October, make all the arrangements for the inductions.

Whooping Cough is a very dangerous disease unless properly treated. Statistics show that there are more deaths from it than scarlet fever. All danger may be avoided, however, by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It liquifies the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, keeps the cough loose and make the attacks of coughing less frequent and severe. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS.

For the chest, throat, and lungs. This medicine will loosen the grip of a cold from the first dose. Pleasant to take and always reliable; but be sure you obtain the genuine article.

Snake Valley.

MEMORIAL CROSS.

A large congregation attended Holy Trinity Church on Sunday evening, when a brass cross was dedicated to the memory of the late vicar, Rev. G. O. Allen Clarke, who received fatal injuries in a railway accident some time ago at Smythesdale. Rev. A. J. Greenwood was the preacher, and chose as his text, "And it shall be for a sign unto thee"—Exodus, xiii., 9. At the conclusion of his sermon the rev. gentleman said: "I have spoken on this subject to-night because it has been my privilege just now to dedicate a brass cross for the altar to the glory of God and in memory of your late vicar. This cross has been subscribed for by a large number of church people in this place, and I commend you most highly for your pious and right-minded action. I am hopeful that the worthy example thus set will be followed by others of a like nature, so that we may be enabled to fill up many wants which still exist, and render a more devout presentment of the church's worship in this place. I need not speak to you of him whose memory you have thus recognised. He labored among you for some years as a faithful priest, and the evidence of his work is still among you. He has passed to his rest in the paradise of God, and his works follow him. May his soul rest in peace till the God of Peace calls him to resume his ministry in a higher and holier sphere." Hymns were rendered by the choir, and Mis A. Ward presided at the organ.—"Courier."

The excursion train from Beaufort to Ballarat on Wednesday in connection with the Besses o' th' Barn band was *patronised by 68 people.*

The Public Works Department has refused Riponshire Council's request that a teacher's residence be built at Waterloo, on the grounds that the new teacher appointed does not require it.

Mr William Hutton, farmer, of Mount Cole, Raglan, was attending to a sick bullock last Monday morning, and had rolled the beast on its side, when it kicked out and struck him on the side of his head, lacerating his ear. Dr. A. G. Jackson stitched the wound up.

Mr Thomas Sneddon, Family Grocer, Mornington, Dunedin, N.Z., writes regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy:—"My little grandchild was very bad with croup, and we had tried nearly everything we ever heard of, but with no result. We secured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and gave it to him according to directions. It only took a couple of doses to cause all the phlegm to come away, and soon he was out of danger. I really think," he adds, "that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best remedy sold for children." For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Coursing.

STOCKYARD HILL DISTRICT CLUB'S FAREWELL STAKES.

President—Geo. Russell, Esq. Vice-presidents—Crs. D. Stewart and A. R. Slater, Mr W. H. Halpin. Stewards—Messrs. H. M. Elder, A. McIntyre, C. W. Vowles, J. McDonald, J. A. Harris, R. A. D. Sinclair, D. R. Hannah, G. A. Dunnet, J. W. Harris, F. W. Rogers, and E. H. Welsh, Judge—Mr John Caple. Hon. Slipper—Mr. J. A. Harris. Slip Steward—Mr D. R. Hannah. Hon. Secretary, Mr W. Lynch.

The above Club's Farewell Stakes, held on Mr G. Russell's Langi-Willi Estate on Wednesday and Thursday last, was undoubtedly the most successful of the season. It must have been a source of considerable pleasure to the committee, and more particularly to the hon. secretary (Mr W. Lynch) to see such a splendid nomination as 26 dogs, at £1 1s. It undoubtedly speaks volumes for the management, and shows that owners of dogs are well pleased at the manner in which the meetings are conducted. The stake was the best yet given, viz., £28 to the winner, £8 to the runner up, and third and fourth dogs £2 each. Of this amount £9 19s 6d was donated by supporters of the club, the club also adding 10s 6d. In addition to the £1 1s each subscribed by Messrs Halpin, Lynch, Dunnet, Vowles, Currie, and Harris, Mr J. Bridges (of Trawalla) donated £2 2s, Mr Alex. Lewis (of Stoneleigh), £1 1s, and Mr D. R. Hannah, of Stockyard Hill, 10s 6d. The weather on the opening day was cold and showery, but this did not prevent a large number of sportsmen from putting in an appearance; several ladies also braving the elements. Hares were plentiful, but very wild, and though owing to the lateness of the season, a few were weaker than usual, there were a number of long and gruelling courses. The beating was under the control of Mr H. M. Elder, and very few hares escaped the vigilance of Mr J. A. Harris, who is unquestionably an adept at slipping. Messrs A. M. and D. R. Hannah, who also assisted in the arduous task of slipping during the trials in which Messrs Harris and Vowles' dogs were engaged, also rendered very good service. The club is exceedingly fortunate in possessing such a capable slipper and so creditable assistants. Mr J. Caple, as judge, once more proved his efficiency; and as far as the judging was concerned every nominator had an honest run. Whilst there is "luck in odd numbers," so in coursing, as in all other sport, the fickle goddess had more or less to do with the success of at least a few of the combatants, every nominator had the satisfaction of knowing that the judging was *par excellence*. Mr D. R. Hannah, as usual, discharged the duties of slip-steward in a highly creditable manner. The sport was thoroughly enjoyed. During the first day no fewer than 24 courses were run off, 13 of which were got off before lunch. The results of these were as follow:—

First Round.

W. T. Rowe's f b Pythia, by Hatwood—La Mascotte, beat E. J. Ryan's f w b Well Won, by Won It—Full of Hope.

W. Lynch's bk w d p Goldsmith Ranger, by Tony Lumpkin—Breamite, beat H. Gange's be d Bolac, by Walnut—Priscilla.

A. Gibson's f d Master Kangaroo, by Harvester—Fleet, beat Harris & Vowles' w f b p Miss E.V., by Duke Macpherson—Lillirie Lass.

J. Straton's bk w d Dean Swift, by Major Booth—Village Maid, beat W. T. Rowe's bk d Naringal, by Hatwood—La Mascotte.

J. L. Currie's bk d Downpour, by Aqua Fortis—Dewy Morn, beat Harris & Vowles' f w d p Master N.V., by Duke Macpherson—Lillirie Lass.

W. Lynch's be b p Alma Gray, by Tony Lumpkin—Breamite, beat E. J. Ryan's w r d Silversmith, by Dick—Bell.

W. T. Rowe's bk w d Doggerel, by Hatwood—Verse, beat A. Gibson's f b Vestal Lady, by Hazel Lad—Lady Vestal.

J. L. Currie's be b Bohemian Girl, by Llewellyn—Pirate Queen, beat J. G. Trafford's bk w d Zepho, by Isis—Lady.

W. Lynch's bk w b p Melena, by Tony Lumpkin—Breamite, beat T. Wallish's bk w b Lady Violet, by Black Flag—Lady.

W. H. Halpin's be b Bluegown, by Dewy—Fly, beat J. Fitzgerald's f d Tom Tough, by Rumour Darn—Fly.

F. Guthrie's bk b Contemplation, by Quick Thought—Ever Playful, beat A. Gibson's f b Black Face, by Better Days—Mollie Bawn.

W. H. Halpin's f d Doctor II., by Dewy—Fly, beat J. Bridges' bd d Baltimore, by Boisdale—Little Tot.

Harris & Vowles' bk w b p Miss D.V., by Duke Macpherson—Lillirie Lass, beat J. G. Anderson's f b Larrikiness, by Desperado—Fly.

Pythia had a very easy victory against Well Won, beating her by 7 to 2. Well Won unsighted after being slipped, but there was no judging till she got on the game. Pythia practically did all the work before the hare escaped in a swamp. In a short course, Goldsmith Ranger led Bolac, got in the opening work, and beat him comfortably by 6 to 3½. Master Kangaroo beat Miss E.V. in the run up by half a length, and having finished a short course by killing, badly defeated Miss E.V., who stood off her game and was not trying; the points being 8 to 3½. Naringal and Dean Swift had a short course. The latter led by about four lengths and wrenched, but in snapping at the hare fell. Then Naringal turned, but spoilt his chance by killing too soon, and was defeated by 3 to 2½. Downpour led Master N.V. in an exceptionally long slip, and a good give and take course resulted in a victory for Downpour by 8 to 6; the hare escaping in a swamp. Alma Gray led Silversmith by a length. A very equal course followed, the kill giving Alma Gray the victory. Points, 7—5. Doggerel beat Vestal Lady in the run up, secured 3 or 4 turns, and never allowed her to score a single point. The hare was lost in some tussocks. Doggerel's score was 8 to nil. Bohemian Girl led Zepho, got in the opening work, and finished an average course with a kill, winning by 9 points to 1½. Melena had an easy run up against Lady Violet, and did all the opening work while in sight, ultimately winning by 9½ to 4. Bluegown beat Tom Tough in the run up, a very even course resulting in the former's favor by 7 to 6. Doctor II. led Baltimore by several lengths, and finished a long course (very little of which was visible to the public) with a score of 13 to 7. Miss D.V. gained an easy lead up from Larrikiness, did all the opening work, and finished a long course with a kill, scoring 15 to 7.

First Ties.

Goldsmith Ranger beat Pythia.
Dean Swift beat Master Kangaroo.
Alma Gray beat Downpour.
Bohemian Girl beat Doggerel.
Melena beat Bluegown.
Contemplation beat Doctor II.
Miss D.V. a bye.

Goldsmith Ranger led Pythia and did the opening work; Pythia, who was beaten by 7½ to 4, spoiling her chance by killing her game too quickly. Dean Swift showed too much pace from the slips for Master Kangaroo, and, having scored the opening work, won by 7 to 3; Master Kangaroo putting himself right out by an early kill. Alma Gray led Downpour by about two lengths, and scored several points before the dog

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS.

The standard family medicine for Cure of Coughs and Colds, and all Chest Affections. Used with success for over 35 years. Sold everywhere. Price, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

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DISTRICT CLUB'S
STAKES.

sell, Esq. Vice-presi-
t and A. R. Slater,
rewards—Messrs. H.
e, C. W. Yowles, J.
is, R. A. D. Sinclair,
A. Dunnet, J. W.
and E. H. Welsh,
de. Hon. Slipper—
p Steward—Mr D. R.
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uous task of slipping
which Messrs Harris
were engaged, also
service. The club is
te in possessing such a
so creditable assistants.
ge, once more proved
as far as the judging
ery nominator had an
there is "luck in odd
rsing, as in all other
dless had more or less
ess of at least a few of
ery nominator had the
wing that the judging
Mr D. R. Hannah, as
he duties of slip-steward
ile manner. The sport
joyed. During the first
24 courses were run off,
ot off before lunch. The
re as follows:—
st Round.
, Pythia, by Hatwood—
E. J. Ryan's f w b Well
Full of Hope.
d p Goldsmith Ranger,
tin—Breamite, beat H.
e, by Walnut—Priscilla.
Master Kangaroo, by
beat Harris & Vowles'
, by Duke Macpherson

k w d Dean Swift, by
ilage Maid, beat W. T.
ugal, by Hatwood—La

k d Downpour, by Aqua
rn, beat Harris & Vowles'
V., by Duke Macpherson

b p Alma Gray, by Tony
ite, beat E. J. Ryan's
, by Dick—Bell.
k w d Doggerel, by Hat-
A. Gibson's f b Vestall
lad—Lady Vestal.
b Bohemian Girl, by
Green, beat J. G. Traf-
ho, by Isis—Lady.
w b p Melena, by Tony
ite, beat T. Wallish's bk
by Black Flag—Lady.
f b Bluegown, by Dewy
zzgerald's f d Tom Tough,
Fly
k b Contemplation, by
Ever Playful, beat A.
k Face, by Better Days—

s f d Doctor H., by Dewy
ridges' bd d Baltimore, by
Tot.
ies' bk w b p Miss D.V., by
on—Lillirie Lass, beat J.
f b Larrikiness, by Des-

very easy victory against
ing her by 7 to 9. Well
after being slipped, but there
till she got on the game-
ly did all the work before
in a swamp. In a short
th Ranger led Bolac, got in
k, and beat him comfortably
aster Kangaroo beat Miss
up by half a length, and
short course by killing,
Miss E.V., who stood off
as not trying; the points
Naringal and Dean Swift
ourse. The latter led by
ths and wrenched, but in
hare fell. Then Naringal
lit his chance by killing too
defeated by 3 to 2½.
r N.V. in an exceptionally
good give and take course
ctory for Downpour by 8 to
aping in a swamp. Alma
smith by a length. A very
llowed, the kill giving Alma
y. Point, 7—5. Doggerel
ly in the run up, secured 3
never allowed her to score
The hare was lost in some
gerel's score was 8 to nil.
led Zephe got in the open-
inished an average course
nning by 9 points to 1½.
easy run up against Lady
all the opening work while
tely winning by 9½ to 4.
Tom Tough in the run up,
rse resulting in the former's
Doctor H. led Baltimore
gths, and finished a long
tle of which was visible to
h a score of 13 to 7. Miss
easy lead up from Larri-
l the opening work, and
course with a kill, scoring

First Ties.
anger beat Pythia.
beat Master Kangaroo.
beat Downpour.
irl beat Doggerel.
Bluegown.
on beat Doctor H.
bye.
anger led Pythia and did the
Pythia, who was beaten by
g her chance by killing her
tly. Dean Swift showed too
n the slips for Master Kanga-
ng scored the opening work,
; Master Kangaroo putting
out by an early kill. Alma
upour by about two lengths,
veral points before the dog

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Colds, and all other Affections.
ess for over 35 years. Sold every-
1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE.

Professor Otto Fick, of Denmark, has for some time now been giving much attention to the solution of the housing and servant question, which has become somewhat acute in Copenhagen, the capital of his country, as in most other parts of the civilised world. The primary difficulties with him are high rents and the scarcity of domestic help of all kinds. He soon came to the conclusion that if anything was to be eliminated in the ordinary it was the family kitchen, with its drudgery, its waste, and its many unnecessary inconveniences.

The idea that from twenty-five to thirty-five families of the better situated class, such as can afford to keep a servant, should maintain an equal number of cooks, when all the cooking necessary might as well be done in one place, at a great saving of labour and expense, seemed preposterous to him, and the idea of a central kitchen immediately suggested itself to him. This, however, was not enough: it was necessary to make other improvements, and he added one after the other to his original idea. Co-operation having been generally successful in various enterprises in Denmark, it occurred to him that if the tenants of a lodging-house were financially interested in the house in which they were living they would not be apt to move, rents might be lowered, and profits at the same time increased.

After some time his present plan evolved in detail and he submitted it to various business men, most of whom, however, assured him that, though they could see many advantages in it, they did not think it was original. They thought it could be seen in the working abroad. This, however, the Professor proved to be inaccurate.

He began the building of his central house in the city of Copenhagen, which has proved a success financially and otherwise from the very day it opened its doors. This house, the first of its kind anywhere in the world, is built in all its essential parts like any modern lodging-house. It contains thirty-five suites of rooms, of various sizes, each complete in itself except that the kitchen is missing. It has an electric lift service, and by the modern methods the air in every room is continually renewed and an even temperature maintained at all times. Each set of rooms has its dining-room, is connected with the central kitchen in the basement, and an automatic electric dumb waiter, upon which all meals are sent up.

Each family sends into the kitchen to the chef a list of dishes and courses which are not wanted, and these are then never served in that particular apartment. The manager of the house supplies free of charge servants who do all the cleaning of rooms and who also remove all dust from carpets, portiers, etc., by a patent method. For all other services they are supplied at fixed rates by the day or hour.

NO MORE DOMESTIC WORRIES.

But the most novel feature of the enterprise is the financial arrangement. The profits of the owner represent an interest on his investment, allowance for management, etc., strictly restricted to a fixed sum. The city of Copenhagen, which from the very first has taken great interest in the enterprise, holds the first mortgage receiving interest at the rate of 4 per cent. The second mortgage is held collectively by the tenants who receive 5 per cent., and any profit over and above the amount allowed the owner.

A special committee elected by the tenants receives all suggestions and complaints of the tenants, and lays them before the manager, who must act upon them. The saving to the tenants, aside from the absence of worrying over servants, has been very considerable, amounting to about 25 per cent. on rent and household expenses, and it is now the intention of the city of Copenhagen to help working people to erect similar houses all over the city, an idea which is also about to be adopted in several places in England, Germany, and Sweden.

Professor Fick has the idea of forming a company to undertake the building of similar houses all over the civilised world, and he has in his possession facts and figures which show that no safer or more profitable investment can be found. "I have been made out a dreamer, a philanthropist and an exponent of Utopian theories," the Professor tells us. "But I am determined to prove to business men that I am not, but that my idea is practical and good as a business venture based on the principle which underlies all sound enterprises—good profit and small risk.

QUEENS ABOVE KINGS.

King Edward is quite four inches shorter than Queen Alexandra. The Czar is overtopped a full head by the Czarina. Kaiser Wilhelm is of the medium height, but the German Empress is tall, and that is why the proud Kaiser will never consent to be photographed beside his consort, unless she sits while he stands. The King of Italy, short and squat, hardly comes up to the shoulders of the tall, athletic Queen Helena. The King of Portugal, though shorter, is not quite so tall as his Queen. The Prince of Wales is shorter a good four inches than the Princess. The young King of Spain is several inches shorter than his Consort. Also the Queen of Denmark towers above her Royal spouse.

The following letter, written by an amorous swain of the Emerald Isle to his lady fair, is unique for its Irish bulls: "My darling Peggy,—I met you last night, and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it; and if it's you that's first, why, rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin'-place, Peggy, for, faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not. —Your own Paddy."

The county in the United States having the largest population is New York, which has more than 2,000,000 people in it. At the time of the last census Bailey county, Texas, which is about as large as Rhode Island, had only four inhabitants.

THE PERFECT DAIRY COW.

SCALE OF POINTS FOR JUDGING A DAIRY COW, REGARDLESS OF BREEDS.

In the accompanying illustration are indicated the parts of the cow taken into consideration in judging her merits as a dairy animal.

DIAGRAM OF COW SHOWING POINTS.

1. Head.
2. Muzzle.
3. Nostril.
4. Face.
5. Eye.
6. Forehead.
7. Horn.
8. Ear.
9. Cheek.
10. Throat.
11. Neck.
12. Withers.
13. Back.
14. Loins.
15. Hip bone.
16. Pelvic arch.
17. Rump.
18. Tail.
19. Switch.
20. Chest.
21. Brisket.
22. Dewlap.
23. Shoulder.
24. Elbow.
25. Forearm.
26. Knee.
27. Ankle.
28. Hoof.
29. Heart girth.
30. Side, or barrel.
31. Belly.
32. Flank.
33. Milk vein.
34. Fore udder.
35. Hind udder.
36. Teats.
37. Upper thigh.
38. Stifle.
39. Twist.
40. Leg, or gaskin.
41. Hock.
42. Shank.
43. Dew claw.

In judging dairy stock, 100 is assumed to represent the ideal or perfect dairy cow. The following is a list of the general qualities and particular parts considered, with the figures at the right indicating the "weight" or importance attached to each in making up the total of 100 points which stands for perfection:—

GENERAL APPEARANCE.	
Constitutional vigour, as shown by size, apparent health, activity, strength, and general appearance	5
Form, wedge-shaped as viewed from front, side, and top ...	5
Quality, hair fine, soft; skin medium thickness, loose, mellow, and unctuous, with yellow secretion	5
Temperament, active and nervous (but not "wild"), indicated by movements, eyes, and lean appearance	5
HEAD AND NECK.	
Forehead, broad and full	2
Horns, small and fine, not too long, set well apart	1
Eyes, large, prominent, bright, and yet placid	1
Face, lean, not too short, straight or slightly dished	1
Muzzle, clean and strong, mouth and nostrils large	1
Ears, medium size, fine in texture yellow secretion abundant	1
Neck, rather long and thin, fine; clean throat and light dewlap	1
FORE-QUARTERS.	
Chest and brisket, broad and strong, low, but not too fleshy	3
Withers, well defined, firm, and lean	1
Shoulders, light, not fleshy, and oblique	2
Legs, straight, rather short, and not too large or coarse ...	1
BODY.	
Back, well defined, lean, open-jointed, not too level, and smooth: a good spine ...	3
Barrel or body, long and large; ribs broad, well arched, open, and well defined; a large, strong body	3
Heart girth, large and deep; abundant room for active heart and lungs	3
Belly, large, broad, and deep, with a large and strong navel	5
Loin, broad and strong ...	5
HIND QUARTERS.	
Hips, wide apart	2
Pelvic arch, prominent and strong	2
Rump, long and wide ...	2
Tail, long, fine, with a good switch	1
Thighs, long and lean, no beefiness; thin flanks	3
Legs, straight, rather short, wide apart, giving open twist, and not too large or coarse	3
Fore udder, full, broad, and extending well forward, not fleshy	8
Hind udder, broad, full, attached high, not fleshy ...	8
Teats, of good size and form, evenly placed	5
Milk veins, upon the udder and in front of it, prominent, large, and tortuous, leading to large, open "milk wells" ...	5

Notes.—In scoring or marking give to each part the number of points which it appears to deserve upon the scale given: use fractions of one fourth if necessary. Thus if forehead is broad, full, and satisfactory, mark 2; if neck is short, thin and beefy, mark ½ or ¼, or perhaps 0; if fore udder is deficient or defective, mark 6, 4, or 2, as the case may be. A good cow closely criticised and scored should have a total of 100 points or more.—From the "Year-Book" of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The highest and lowest elevations in the United States are in California, within a hundred miles of each other. The loftiest is Mount Whitney, 14,499ft. high, and the lowest is Death Valley, about 45ft. below the level of the sea.

Interspersed with the native Americans dwelling in this one street are six distinct colonies where the people speak other languages than English, namely, Germans, Italians, Russian Jews, Bohemians, Poles, and Greeks. It is estimated to be the chief business centre for 175,000 people, more than there are in Arizona, Idaho, Nevada, or Wyoming

ON THE ROAD.

The airship man, sailing over the steeple,
Looks down on the crawling auto people.
The man in the foreign car majestic
Looks down on the folk in the car domestic.
The man in the auto chuf-chuf-chuggety
Looks down on the man with the horse and buggy.
The man who must drive when he wants to travel
Looks down on the man who must trudge the gravel.
The man who must walk has a peevish frown on—
There's nobody left that he may look down on!

OLD INNS IN SPAIN.

In out-of-the-way posts in Spain the traveller may hap upon queer old inns, carried on very much in the manner of the Middle Ages.

Such a wanderer as Mr. Edgar Wagram, with a keen eye for odd things and odd people, unearths and describes these interesting, if not always attractive survivals. In his "Northern Spain" Mr. Wagram writes:—

Externally the village inn suggests an abandoned cowshed, and the wayfarer who is introduced to one for the first time will apply for quarters with something bordering on despair. The gateway admits one into a barn-like entrance hall, disordered and unpaved. One of the four rooms opening out of this is the stable, and the mules stroll sociably though the family circle in the course of their passage to and fro. Another is the kitchen, with the hearth in the middle of the floor, all the ceiling funnelled to an aperture in the apex, through which the ice-reek escapes as best it can. A third room—the smallest—is the guest-room: and the fourth would be called a lumber-room if any of the others could be called anything else. The bedrooms are mere attics, reached by a crazy staircase, and the chinks in the floor communicate freely with the rooms (or stables) below. The furniture is of the scantiest, and the food is of Spartan simplicity. The family poultry cackle about between our legs, picking up the crumbs which fall from the table.

"The villagers were dancing before the door at the moment of our arrival, but the ball was at once interrupted to interview such extraordinary guests. Our catechising was conducted by the hostess and her daughter. What were our names? Whence were we? Whither did we go? They surveyed our bicycles with gapes of 'Madre Mia!' and I am sure their fingers itched to explore the inside of our packs. It grew rather wearying at last, but no discourtesy was intended. A stranger in these forgotten villages is as rare as a blue moon."

A GIRL PATRIOT.

A Silesian girl of tender age, when the French in 1813 were threatening her native land, saw her neighbours and older members of her own family earnestly at work to help to repel the invader; and when the thought came upon her that she could do nothing, she was in sore distress. By-and-by a happy thought struck her. She sprang to her feet, without speaking to anyone of her purpose, and hurried away.

Before noon she had walked ten miles, to Breslau, where she was fortunate enough to hit upon a hairdresser as honest, if not so patriotic, as herself. Yet he was a sterling patriot. The girl told him her simple story—told it with all the eloquence of her native modesty and truth. She wanted to sell her hair—the whole of it—for all it would bring, that she might give the money towards the need of her country.

The hairdresser examined the hair, and presently told the girl that he would not set a price upon it then. He frankly confessed that it was the most beautiful hair, and the most valuable, he had ever seen. She had hoped that she might obtain ten marks for it. He had told her on one occasion that he would give her that sum; but that was far from the worth of the hair. If she should let him cut it off and do the best he could with it, when he had sold it he would call upon her and make a final settlement—to all of which she gladly assented.

And then she sat down and let him cut off her beautiful hair, the pride of her parents and the delight of her friends. He cut it very carefully, however, leaving a few pretty ringlets over her forehead, so that, with a neat little cap, she would still have a trace of her hair left.

Never mind what was said when she got home. Her sublime spirit of patriotism was recognised and applauded, which was reward enough for her.

At Breslau the hairdresser exhibited the beautiful tresses which had come into his possession, and told the story of the girl who had made the heroic sacrifice. One wealthy lady offered him 50 marks for the hair, but he would not sell it. He made it up into bracelets and necklaces—made from the hair of the young patriot girl who loved her country more than she loved her own beauty; and at the end of a month he appeared at the humble cottage, and caused the chief magistrate of the village to be called in, and into his hands he gave 1,000 marks as the contribution of the young girl to the needs of the country in its hour of sore distress; and twenty marks more he gave to the girl for her own use in private, and this, with his consent, she gave to a poor family, all of whose sons had gone into the army.

The two largest counties in the United States are Custer county, Montana, and San Bernardino county California. Each of these is a little more than 20,000 square miles in extent, and the States of Massachusetts Rhode Island, Delaware, and New Jersey could be put inside the boundaries of either of them.

Two Oceans Pass, in Yellowstone Park, is so named because whenever there is a shower in the vicinity, and a certain small creek overflows, its waters spread out over the edge of the continental divide, and pass into tributaries of rivers which flow to the Atlantic and to the Pacific.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

HEDGE SPARROWS THAT CATCH SHRIMPS.

Standing out on the point of Filey Brig one day recently (writes a correspondent to "Country Life"), at low tide, I was surprised to see a number of the common hedge-sparrow hopping about among the beds of seaweed and on the rocks. Being somewhat curious as to what they were doing so far from their usual haunts, I watched them carefully, and found that they were feeding either on the seaweed or on something among it. More careful examination revealed that what they were seeking and feeding on was a small species of shrimp among the beds of seaweed, and which they were evidently very greedy after. Is not this rather an unusual kind of food for the hedge-sparrows?

THE TRADITION OF THE GOODWIN SANDS.

Tradition has it that what is now the Goodwin Sands was once the smiling island known as Lomea. Earl Godwine was its owner in Saxon time, and the land then pastured flocks of sheep. It was low ground, protected by sea walls, but the pasture was some of the best in England After Godwine's death the island passed to the abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury. The foolish abbot used the stones intended for the sea wall to build a steeple for Tenderden Church. This gave the sea its chance, says a writer in "The Penny Magazine," and a great storm broke down the walls, and the sea swallowed the fair island and converted it into a huge quicksand. In the past eight centuries the Goodwins have swallowed thousands of ships, tens of thousands of lives, and millions of pounds' worth of treasure.

A NEW WAY TO CATCH MONKEYS.

The following curious plan is sometimes adopted to capture monkeys. A small hole is made in the shell of an old cocoa-nut. Furnished with this and a pocketful of rice, the sportsman sallies forth into the forest, and halts beneath a tree tenanted by monkeys. Having attracted their attention, he eats a little rice and then puts a quantity into the cocoa-nut. The nut is then tied to the foot of a tree, and the hunter retires to a convenient hiding-place. No sooner is the man out of sight than the inquisitive monkeys rush helter-skelter towards the cocoa-nut. The first that reaches it peeps in, and seeing the store of rice inside, squeezes his hand through the tiny hole, and clutches a handful. So great is the monkey's greed, that nothing will induce him to relinquish his hold, with his hand thus clasped he cannot possibly extract it; and the thought that if he lets go his hold, one of his brethren will secure the spoil, is overpowering. The sportsman soon appears upon the scene, and the unencumbered monkeys flee in all directions. But the unfortunate monkey, eager only to retain his prize, soon falls into the hands of the hunter, the victim of his own greed.

A WISE BIRD.

One spring, a thrush built her nest on the ridge of a quarry where the men were employed all day in cutting and blasting the rock. At first she was very much disturbed by the fragments flying in all directions when an explosion took place, but she would not quit her nest. She soon observed, however, that a horn was blown as a warning when the match was applied to the train. Profiting by this observation, the moment the signal of danger was given she left her exposed situation, and flew down to the place where the workmen sheltered themselves. When the explosion had taken place she returned to her nest. When visitors came to see the quarry and were told about the cautious bird, they naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious an instance of intelligence among the feathered tribes. But as the rock could not always be blasted when visitors came, the horn was blown instead, and for a few times this answered the same purpose The bird soon perceived that she was being trifled with, and these too frequent flights hindered the process of hatching. The consequence was that ever afterwards, when the danger signal was sounded, she would peep over the edge to ascertain if the workmen were going to retreat, and if they did not she would remain where she was.

GUARDING THE KAISER.

The Kaiser has always been one of the bestguarded monarchs in Europe, and it is entirely due to the vigilance of his faithful secret police that attempts upon his life have been frustrated. When he visited a Berlin exhibition immediately after the St. Petersburg massacres, no fewer than six hundred uniformed policemen, with scores of detectives and secret service agents, followed his movements. When he repairs to his shooting-box at Rominten, the forest is closed to outsiders by a ring fence of gendarmes and police officials. And whenever he goes out driving, he is attended not only by an escort of cavalry, but by a body of police mounted on bicycles, who zigzag from one side of the road to the other, looking for lurking explosives. Fortunately, however, there has been very little actual need for all this display, for the Kaiser's life has not often been attempted. The worst experience befell him at Breslau, in 1900, when a hatchet flung by a madwoman hurtled into his carriage. In 1902 five Anarchists in naval uniform very nearly managed to board the "Hohenzollern" while the Czar and Kaiser were dining together, their object being to kill the two monarchs at the same time. The ringleader was captured, and confessed; but his accomplices escaped. On another occasion a large quantity of dynamite was discovered at the Kaiser's country residence, Urville Castle, immediately before his arrival there—a discovery which was promptly followed by the arrest of five foreigners, who proved to be adherents of the body of international Nihilists who perpetrate deeds of violence against crowned heads and prominent statesmen.

The cost of stopping a train ranges from 2s. for a train of 16 ordinary passenger coaches to 6s. 6d. for an express train of corridor-cars four times the weight of the other. Where there is an up-grade the expense is more than on a level.

BRIDGE AND BORROWING.

With the advent of the bridge craze in England it began to look as though the palmy days of the pawnbroker had returned. For it is the gamblers who, while not the largest class of customers are the easiest to deal with, and, taken all in all, are the most profitable. They want money quickly, generally have valuable jewls and watches about them, and are no haggles. Bridge has brought with it a new class of customers—women. And, on the whole, the average pawnbroker says that they are to be preferred. Once a woman gets the habit, she has it for life. A London pawnbroker recently said, "I have now from fifty to one hundred applications a day for loans, ranging from £5 up. Of these applicants one-third are women and scores of them are young girls. They all want money: and we are glad of their patronage, because, as a rule, a thoroughbred woman is far less exacting than a man. She will pawn anything, from her jewels to her clothes."

KEEPING ABREAST OF THE FASHIONS.

But it is just these women's dresses that keep the pawnbroker busy. He must keep well posted on the styles, because he follows in the wake of worth. A costume in extreme style which bids fair to go out of vogue in a year is manifestly not a good risk. The profit comes, contrary to general belief, from redeemed, and not unredeemed articles. It was a woman of above the middle class who came into one of these pawnshops late one evening, and, with eyes red from weeping, placed a large bundle on the counter. "Will you please look these over and see how much you can give me?" Unfolded before her flushed cheeks was an entire wedding trousseau. Dress, shoes, veil, and delicate lingerie passed under the sharp scrutiny of the man, who looked upon the episode merely from a business point of view. He named the amount, and then she stripped from her finger the engagement ring and added that. Then she hurried out, sobbing as if her heart would break.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

It was less than a month later that she came in, quite a different person. Her face was wreathed in smiles and her step glad and lightsome. She thrust towards him her ticket, and produced her cheque-book. "Please hurry!" she gasped. "I don't want those things to remain here a single minute more!" A man entered the shop. When she looked up and saw him, she clutched at the counter for support. For a second the two stared at each other. Then, as she tottered, the young fellow came forward and placed his arm about her. "Mine are here, too," he said. He tossed out his own ticket and money, and with their two bundles they went off side by side.

THE LOST LETTERS

Many pawnbrokers carry on a second-hand business, buying and selling outright when the opportunity offers for a good bargain. A man rushed into such a shop one evening with a dress suit for sale. Scarcely an hour later a second man entered, and bought the suit. Soon the first man returned in almost a panic, saying he had left some important papers in one of the pockets. The suit has been sold," said the pawnbroker. "Sold? But I must get those letters. My whole future depends upon it. They are most important." "But the purchaser has been gone an hour. I don't know any way of finding him." The man looked so genuinely frightened that it enlisted the proprietor's sympathy. But in spite of extensive inquiries no trace was found of the purchaser of the clothes, nor have the letters been recovered or heard of. "T.T.O."

MAGNA CHARTA'S CONCESSIONS.

It was on June 15, 1215, that John, King of England, signed and sealed the famous Magna Charta, at Runnymede, a broad, level meadow, now a racecourse, in the county of Surrey, near Egham. Literally, Magna Charta signifies simply "great paper," the former word being of Latin and the latter of Greek origin. But such a sheet was employed for insuring in formal writing certain rights and privileges, as by a Sovereign to his subjects, and so in this case they were secured and continue to be enjoyed under his successors. The rights to property of widows and heirs were thus guarded; also the privileges of the City of London and of other towns and seaports; life, liberty, and property protected from exposure to tyrannical spoliation; and freedom from condemnation on mere rumours and suspicions, the evidence of witnesses being required. Justice was to be no longer sold, denied, or delayed, and fines were proportioned to offences. Even the villein, spelt villain now, and applied by ourselves to one low in character, but meaning then a rustic labourer, was not to be deprived of his necessary chattels or goods. Each subject was to possess power to leave by will his personal or movable property, the rest being divided between his widow and children. Assizes were to be held in the various counties at regular intervals, and inferior but efficient courts of justice were to sit at fixed and frequent occasions in the county towns. The original manuscript of this renowned deed or decree has been lost, but it was confirmed by several succeeding Sovereigns, and with these rights which it ensured we are now familiar. But the twenty-five barons elected by their fellow peers to present those claims to King John, on January 6, 1215, had his answer at first deferred by him. On June 9, he still put the matter off; but on the 15th he felt compelled to give way, through fear of force, and lest civil war should be occasioned by further procrastination.

Europe spent in round numbers £200,000,000 on its army and £80,000,000 on its navy in 1906, as against £146,000,000 and £60,000,000 respectively in 189. That is to say, Europe spends to-day £280,000,000 on its army an navy, as against £206,000,000 in 1898, a total increase of £74,000,000, or, say, 26 per cent. Seventy-four millions a year is equivalent to 4 per cent. interest upon a capital sum of £1,850,000,000.

15,000 people are engaged in the manufacture of violins in Germany.

SOME MARK TWAIN STORIES.

HIS FIRST EARNINGS.

The humorist tells an amusing story of how he earned his first five dollars. When a boy, he was at a certain school noted for its belief in Solomon's adage regarding the rod and the child, and one particular misdemeanour which never went unpunished was the marking of the schoolroom desks. Unless the culprit could pay up a fine of five dollars, he was sure of a severe caning. One day young Clemens happened to disfigure his desk with sundry designs, and was caught by the master and offered the usual alternative—the fine or the whipping. He went and told his father, who, being a kind-hearted man, gave him the five dollars. Now five dollars was a large sum to Master Clemens, and one whipping more or less did not make very much difference, "so that" he says quietly when he tells the story, "was how I earned my first five dollars."

Mark Twain's genius for repartee is proverbial, but the following instance will take a lot of beating. He was once asking out and made a speech brimful of clever jokes and satires. When he had finished, and sat down amidst roars of laughter, a certain lawyer rose from his seat, shoved his hands into his trousers' pockets, and cast a damper over the company by saying: "Doesn't it seem strange that a professional humorist should be funny?" Quick as thought, Mark Twain replied: "And doesn't it seem strange that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Even in times of dire distress the humorist does not lose his Mark Tapley attributes, and many years ago this fact was strongly exemplified. It was during Mark Twain's early struggles for success, and one day he found himself in very low water. He was walking in the street puzzling his brain as to how to meet his difficulties, when he collided rather suddenly with a man coming in the opposite direction. The stranger lost his temper, and angrily said: "You do that again, and I'll knock you into the middle of next week." "My dear sir," said Twain blandly, "do so by all means. If I can get through till then without breaking, I shall be all right."

TAKING THEM DOWN.

Mark Twain has a great dislike to what is known as "side," and is never so happy as when taking down conceit in anyone. While dining in a restaurant, he once sat at the next table to two exceedingly self-possessed young men who were putting on a great many airs and graces, and giving the waiters an immense amount of trouble. One of them gave an order, and then in a commanding voice asked the waiter to tell the cook who it was for. "Yes," said the other, "better tell him my name too, so as to make certain of having it all right." Presently came Mark Twain's chance, for when the waiter came to his table, he said, loud enough for everyone to hear, "Bring me a dozen oysters, and whisper my name to each of them, to make sure it's all right."

MARK AND THE ARTIST.

A celebrated artist once asked Twain to his studio to see some of his pictures, and the humorist, having been previously told that the painter was a confirmed joker, determined to beat him at his own game. Pretending to be very dense, he walked up to a painting and began to criticise it. "Not at all bad" he said, "but," moving his hand dangerously near the canvas, "if I were you, I'd do away with that cloud." The artist was in agonies. "Take care," he cried, "don't touch that the paint's not dry yet." "Oh, that's all right," said Mark Twain genially. "Don't you worry, I've got my gloves on!"

ONE FOR THE MAGICIAN.

A well-known conjuror one day saw Mark Twain in an hotel, and thinking that the author did not know who he was, decided to try the effect of one of his tricks. While Mark Twain was engaged in cutting a lettuce, the conjuror gave an exclamation of surprise, and pusting his hand among the leaves, drew forth a valuable diamond ring. But the wily humorist was not to be so easily deluded, and telling the magician that he was always losing things like that about the place, he called a waitress to him and solemnly gave her the ring. What the conjuror remarked is not recorded, but it took him all his time to regain possession of his property.

JOHN BURNS' COURAGE.

At nineteen years of age Mr. John Burns went to South Africa as foreman on some work being done at the delta of the Niger. It was while employed here that he found beneath a pile of sand and rubbish a copy of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and it was this book, says Mr. Burns, that prompted him to take up the study of economics.

The courage Burns has displayed in political fights was shown in a physical way during his South African period. On one occasion the propeller blades of the steam launch which the men were using worked loose and sank to the muddy bottom of the river. The water was thick and filthy with rank, decaying vegetable matter, and there was an added source of danger in the reptiles and crocodiles. The skipper of the launch was preparing to dive for the blades, when Burns stopped him: "Don't try it," he said. "You're married and I'm not, so there won't be so much at stake if I do it." He dived in the reeking water for an hour, and in the end fished up the blades.

The longest street in the United States, and in the world as well, is Western avenue, Chicago, which is twenty-two miles long. Its nearest rival is Halsted-street, also in Chicago, which is two-thirds of a mile shorter. Halsted-street is so much more closely built up that it is usually spoken of as the longest street in the world.

A dumb tramp, 63 years old, has been arrested at Berlin for begging by means of a phonograph. He visited private houses, and the machine poured out a heartrending tale of its owner's misfortunes.

WONDERFUL INDIAN SHAWL.

An Indian belle of twenty-one summers—Miss Hattie Ah-a-tone Gotebo, youngest daughter of an old chief of the Kiowas, now a convert to Christianity and resident in Pennsylvania—owns a shawl valued at over £2,000 sterling. It is composed of a beautifully fringed textile fabric, and ornamented with no less than 1,128 perfect elk's teeth, each worth in the market on an average of £2 apiece. She has bought them at prices varying from a mere trifle to their full value from the hunters of the noble animal now so nearly extinct, and is at present most unwilling to part with her prize.

CURIOUS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

SOME REMARKABLE RECORDS.

By J. S. Willoff, in "Chat."

A great deal of notice has been taken of the Newcastle man who typed 4,800 words an hour. This may be a record for "long-distance" typing, but it only works out at about eighty words a minute, it falls far below the "minute" record of a fair New York typist. At an exhibition last year she typed 197 words in a minute, and after she had been blindfolded she typed 115 words in a minute.

The parish clerk of Sutton-in-Ashfield holds the record for funeral attendances, having been at well over nine thousand.

At Highgate lives the champion smoker—a man who kept his pipe with one eighth of an ounce of tobacco alight for one hour and fifty-one minutes. This record, however, only applies to England, for a Belgian holds the world's record—three hours and seven minutes.

The champion piano player hails from Stockport. This gentleman played for forty-eight hours without stopping. During that time he performed 1,500 separate compositions. A change of piano was necessary owing to the keys of the first becoming stiff, but a skilful manoeuvre enabled the pianist to change instruments without losing a note of the song he was playing. In the course of the performance a barber shaved the musician.

Another musical record is held by Miss Greenwood, of Brooklyn, who sings the highest G on the pianoforte keyboard.

The fact that there is a waltzing record is due to a wager which was made by two rival dancing masters. One of them, an Italian named Guattierro, declared that he could waltz longer than anyone else. The challenge was taken up, and the "match" came off in Paris, when Guattiero was faced by five rivals. The best of his opponents could dance for only eight hours; Guattierro held out for fourteen hours. The music to which he danced included 248 different waltzes, and at the conclusion it was found that he had lost a pound in weight.

A rather odd championship—that of stairclimbing—is held by a Parisian named Forestier. The scene of his exploit was the Eiffel Tower. There were three hundred competitors in the race, and Forstier climbed the 729 steps in 3 min. 12 sec. Another competitor did the journey in a few seconds less, but he was disqualified.

Then, besides all these, there are bootblack, newspaper cyclist, and chimney-sweeping champions; and among the Covent Garden porters there is a championship for the man who can get most quickly with a pile of fruit baskets on his head.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The King's crown weighs forty ounces.

The word "lady" literally means loaf-giver.

Soap was taxed £28 per ton in the time of Queen Anne.

About 8,000 people commit suicide in France every year.

The output of the Rand mines averages about £2,300,000 a month.

A mustard-plaster made with the white of an egg will not leave a blister.

The juice of the banana, being strong in tannin, makes an indelible ink and shoeblacking.

Cripples are seldom seen in China. When a deformed child is born, it is at once put to death.

There are over 150,000 German subjects in the British Empire, according to the latest statistics.

Analysts say that butter is the most nutritious article of diet, and that bacon comes next.

There are over fifty morning papers in Paris, and a score or so of afternoon and evening sheets.

The United States have over 1,800 public libraries, containing more than fifteen millions of volumes.

Japan is perhaps the only country in which fashions for ladies have not changed materially for 2,500 years.

Russia has a larger proportion of blind people than any other European country. Two out of every one thousand of her people are sightless.

The smallest county in the American Union is Bristol county, Rhode Island, which has only twenty-five square miles.

The longest block of buildings in any American city is in Watertown, New York. This municipal oddity is a row of business houses all alike, nearly five spacious squares long.

All the mummy cats unearthed in Egyptian tombs have red hair. This colouring may either be natural or due to the chemical action of the embalming oils used.

About fifty miles from Durango, Colorado, there is a point where four states meet. There States are Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona.

The great armadillo has the greatest number of teeth. Whereas the normal number of teeth is thirty-two, this animal has from ninety-two to a hundred; twenty-four to twenty-six in each of the upper jaw, and twenty-two to twenty-four in each side of the lower jaw—all molars. Next to the great armadillo in this respect comes the ant-eater of Western Australia, with fifty-two teeth.

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THE MYSTERY OF KILLEEN CASTLE:

OR A BRANDED BROW.

BY A. M. AND W. I. ROWE

THIRD INSTALMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

"Begorra, but it's a foine couple they make entoirely. But what will the old squire say, I wonder? For me own part, I don't like to have much dealing wid the Castle people. Mysterious folk like the 'Black Knight of Killeen' are good for neither king nor country. But, maybe, it isn't wise fur me to be talkin'. Faith, betune himself and the Red Woman, shure, there's little that goes on in Killeen unbeknownst to them."

Thus spoke the porter at Killeen station, after Evelyn had driven away in Hugh de Lacy's jaunting car. Evelyn, a beautiful girl of about eighteen summers, had come to take up her abode in Killeen Castle, and as no conveyance was available Hugh gallantly came to her assistance.

A wild-looking woman stopped the car as they approached the Castle, and decreed a curse on the old building, and woe to its inmates.

An old feud between the De Lacys and the Fitzgeralds prevented Hugh from entering the Castle with Evelyn. At the moment of her arrival she was unexpected, and she overheard Lady Mildred Lisle's warning to Sir Geoffrey Fitzgerald that he was mad to bring the girl into his home. The woman left the room, and Sir Geoffrey's tones came to her declaring that all should be atoned. Then strangely the words, "Too late! too late!" sighed past her.

The strange disappearance of the Countess Fitzgerald and Sir Maurice was a mystery that Sir Geoffrey's enemy, Squire De Lacy, was eager to unravel. De Lacy engaged a celebrated detective from Dublin Castle (Matthew Cleary) to make inquiries, and a clue was discovered. Evelyn, during a morning ramble, met young De Lacy and rambled far with him, until halted by the appearance of an ominous black cloud.

CHAPTER VI.

KENNY, THE HUNCHBACK.

Evelyn's first chagrin and disappointment on learning of the approaching storm over, she speedily brightened up again. There was a great deal to admire in what had at first seemed only a bleak land.

The savage grandeur of the sea, surrounded by its semicircular strand and well sheltered by huge, frowning cliffs and dark-brown, jagged rocks; the lowering grey sky, which grew darker each second; the shrill cry of the curlew and seagull as they whirled round and round up on the wing, and the flocks that came inland to seek shelter, gave a weird and picturesque touch to the sublime and romantic beauty of the scene. The waters, too, were becoming restless, the billows rose and fell, and a booming noise was heard as the waves lashed themselves into fury and broke with a dead and a roar upon the bottle-nicented wall which divided the sea there from the cliff road along which the two travellers were making their way.

Hugh had meanwhile been scanning the horizon anxiously. Suddenly an involuntary cry of half admiration, half fear burst from the girl's lips as a vivid flash of lightning zig-zagged across the darkening sky, lighting up the scene as though it was day, and which was immediately followed by a crash of thunder.

"Oh, how beautiful, how grand! Did you ever see such a picture?" the girl cried in rapture.

"I trust you are not very frightened. It will soon be over; 'tis but a passing squall," Hugh hastened to assure her.

As if in contradiction to his words the clouds grew heavier and blacker. Then followed peal after peal of thunder interspersed with flashes of lightning, and it seemed as though the whole artillery of heaven were united in an attempt to destroy mother earth.

Hugh gazed anxiously around for some cleft in the rocks which would afford them shelter until the storm had spent its fury, but could see none sufficiently large to grant them protection from the rain which was now beginning to fall in heavy drops. But just when both travellers imagined themselves in for a heavy wetting another flash of lightning disclosed to their delighted vision a huge hole or hollow in the face of the cliffs at the seaward side of the road.

Quickly the two made their way in its direction, and had barely ensconced themselves under the sheltering roof when down came the rain in torrents, spluttering and dancing again on the road outside as it only knows how to do on those storm-swept coasts during the winter months.

An exclamation of gratitude escaped the girl's lips as she realized what little use her umbrella and mackintosh would have been in such a deluge. Her voice echoed strangely through the silent cave, almost startling her, so loud and unlike her own did it sound.

The incongruity and humour of the situation now appealed to both, and despite their position they burst into a hearty peal of laughter at their predicament. As this died away in the distance, another sound, both weird and strangely demoniacal broke on their ears. It was not unlike the cry of the curlew or the shrill note of the seagull yet as it struck on Hugh's ear he instinctively knew it was neither the one nor the other.

For a moment only he seemed to be taken aback, the next he had recovered himself, and was striving to appease the frightened girl beside him. Even as he sought to reassure her, and she stood looking with startled eyes into the recesses of the cave, as though from the very bowels of the earth, a pair of wildly gleaming orbs stared back at them from out the darkness.

Like one fascinated by the glare of those terrible, cat-like eyes, which reminded her of those of a wild animal Evelyn stood motionless, her eyes riveted upon those dreadful orbs the only thing discernible in that Stygian darkness.

Thus as she watched, horror-stricken, these suddenly vanished from view, at the same time the sound of people hurrying to and fro and the noise of the heavy articles being moved about and pushed hither and thither, fell upon their ears; then all was silent again. Another second or two passed, then a light made itself dimly visible—a moving flickering glimmer, seeming to be borne by invisible hands.

Evelyn's heart stood still; her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, refusing to perform its office and in her terror she clung wildly to the arm of her companion. All she had ever heard in the way of Irish superstition—ghosts, goblins, and good people—returned with double force to her mind, while pictures of wild, lawless gangs of men who were supposed to be good for neither king nor country, also rose before her. Could it be that they had fallen into the hands of such a band—had unwittingly stepped into their secret retreat?

Even as these thoughts flew like lightning through her mind, the awful silence was broken. A human voice in a high, cracked, treble voice, mingled with an angry Irish brogue, inquired who they were, and what they wanted.

At the same instant that the weird tones fell upon the astonished listeners' ears a figure advanced from the back of the cave, and holding a rushlight above its head, disclosed a strange, grotesque-looking form to their view.

It was that of an old man, bent and round-shouldered with time, one would have deemed at first inspection, yet on a closer examination you perceived that the face was not that of age. There was no withered wrinkled and parchment-like skin, no yellow and dried-up complexion full of lines of care; instead, the lineaments were those of a man in the prime of life, whose clear youthful appearance, and healthy colour only showed off to greater advantage his unnatural shape, and the wild, malignant expression of a pair of deeply set, vindictive-looking grey eyes.

Hugh de Lacy's face cleared as his gaze rested on the hunchback, for such was the poor fellow's deformity.

"Ah, it is you, Kenny!" he said in a cheery voice. "You are indeed the prince of good fellows to come to our assistance like this. We are in sore need of your hospitality, the young lady is rather frightened, not yet accustomed to our climate and these sudden storms.

The hunchback's face changed, then lighted with pleasure.

"Arrah, is it yourself that is in it, Masther Hugh? Step inside at wanst, and it's a cead mille faile (a hundred welcomes) I'd be givin' ye if I could; but take the wish for the deed, agra."

With a whispered word in his companion's ear that all was right, the young man followed in the footsteps of the hunchback. Through a couple of dark-flagged passages which seemed hewn out of the solid rock their guide led them, at length emerging into a low chamber of narrow dimensions the rocky roof of which effectually excluded the heavy rain.

The total absence of anything like windows gave the place a tomb-like appearance, for the flickering home-made candle which illuminated it was anything but sufficient. A wide, open fireplace stood in one corner and on a three-legged stool in front of this and cowering over some smouldering sods of turf sat an aged woman.

Her face as she turned it towards the travellers was ghastly pale and wrinkled, her thin lips were tightly clenched upon the stem of a dirty clay pipe which she held between her toothless gums, and which she occasionally removed to emit a volume of smoke, which she let out from her mouth like one well used to the fragrant weed. Over her scanty locks she wore a coloured handkerchief, loosely tied under a prominent chin; her bony arms bare from the elbow, were long, lean and yellow and of the same parchment-like appearance as her face.

For some moments after the entrance of Hugh and Evelyn the woman did not rise from her seat but sat glaring at them from under her shaggy brows in a manner that made the girl very uncomfortable. Unheeding her strange action, however, the hunchback drew up two large blocks of wood towards the fire—the only articles of furniture, with the exception of the stool the place boasted—and invited the newcomers to seat themselves, stirred together the smouldering fire, then addressed the old crone.

"Mother Carey, give a word av welcome to our guests."

As he spoke Kenny placed the torch he carried in a socket over the hearth.

The vanithee (old woman) now rose removed her pipe from her mouth to her bosom, carefully scanned the faces of her visitors. As her piercing eyes alighted upon Evelyn she started back, but neither displeasure or joy, only astonishment was written on her face as, ignoring the salutation of Hugh and with a bob to Evelyn in a high-pitched, quavering voice, she cried:

"Welcome, daughter of the Fitzgerald, welcome to the miserable abode of Mother Carey an' her son! Ye come to us in storm and cloud: the very elements are at variance over your arrival, and your appearance bodes no good to the reigning powers at Killeen. The star of the Black Knight is on the wane; that av his enemies is in the ascendant. Ochone! ochone! But it is the black hour has come upon them now the exile returns!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE LEGEND OF THE RED-HAIRED WOMAN.

The morning following his visit to the Court, and subsequent adventure on the cliffs, Detective Cleary paced the small platform of Killeen station with angry, impatient strides.

If ever Dame Fortune—fickle jade—had played tricks on her wooers she had done so on this occasion. No wonder he was out of temper; the clue to this terrible enigma had, he believed, been within his grasp that night. He had tracked that mysterious midnight workman over the moors, kept him under strick surveillance for over half an hour, noting carefully every move of his quarry, himself unseen and his near proximity unsuspected by the other, and after trotting through bog and meadow at a safe distance behind his man, the ruins of an old monastery, that had in former days been the abbey church, hove in sight.

The building had once been both noble and stately-looking, but now only the bare skeleton and walls of the sacred edifice remained intact, and as these were time-worn, covered with ivy and creeping plants growing in wild confusion, the whole presented a majestic, venerable-looking pile bathed as it was in the pale moonlight and with its dark shadows here and there casting fantastic reflections around.

The gentlemanly-looking workman made straight for the ruins and disappeared within, but this in no wise disconcerted the man of law; he felt sure that his quarry must eventually emerge again, for there was certainly no place o concealment among those bare walls, no refuge likely to be afforded him there.

Inspector Cleary therefore rested quite content and easy, and concealing himself behind a large buttress of stone pillar, awaited patiently the return of the other; but as time went on—when an hour had silently fled away—the detective began to feel strangely uncomfortable. He left his post and cautiously crept towards the spot where he had last seen his man; but to his chagrin and consternation although this particular portion of the building had apparently no outlet but the one he himself had guarded, not a trace could he find of the fugitive.

In feverish anxiety and expectation Inspector Cleary searched carefully round but no possible place of egress could he discover; only the solid, dark brown stone walls so thickly matted with ivy met his gaze. He shook each piece of the climbing plant vigorously, sounded every part of the building in hopes of finding a secret door, searched every nook and cranny that could possibly afford shelter to a person, but his labours were in vain.

Whether the fugitive had escaped by some secret passage unknown to him the detective could not determine; but certain it was that the figure on whom his eyes had rested had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him.

After some hours of fruitless searching the inspector had at length relinquished the quest, and returned slowly to his lodgings a sorely disappointed man.

It is thus that we find him next day parading the railway station at Killeen, in both an agitated and undecided frame of mind. He was in fact between two straws whether to throw the case up altogether and return to headquarters or continue his investigations and inquiries, meagre as his clue appeared on second thoughts to be.

"Great Scott! Did any one ever see the like? Here am I waiting for the last two hours to catch a train that never arrives—should by this time be half-way to Dublin. What the dickens does it mean? An empty station, deserted platform, and a train two hours late! Jupiter, but this is a rum go! Does no one go by train here or is the whole town asleep?"

As if in answer to the detective's soliloquy a solitary youth made his appearance, and glanced up and down the rails as if expecting to see in the distance some sign of the approaching train. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, he was about to retreat again when the inspector hurried towards him, and delighted to at least find another person in the same predicament as himself addressed the newcomer eagerly.

"Can you please enlighten me as to how soon the train is likely to arrive?" he asked.

"Begorra, I can't, your honour. An' 'twerld puzzle the brain av a far cleverer man than meself to answer tha same; for 'tis the quare-minded thrain that wan is. It may come an' it may not; but shure 'tis early yet, an' there is loads of time betune now and dusk. An' if that same thrain does not turn up, shure another will, so there's no difference."

"Plenty of time!"

Matthew Cleary stared at the youth in amazement. Was he mad or but another specimen of the inhabitants of this strange, sleepy old village, which boasted a railway station, yet was evidently not particular whether any trains arrived or not.

Turning away in disgust from his late informant, the inspector began to brood over his misfortunes and the stupidity and inefficiency of railways in general and Irish ones in particular. He had just worked himself up into a perfect fury—was apostrophizing the Government for tolerating such a scanderous state of affairs—calling upon the natives of that special village all the imprecations he could lay his tongue to, when suddenly he paused as a ringing hearty laugh fell upon his ears, and two figures advanced on to the platform. One he at once suspected to be the long-looked-for station master from the amount of gold braid which adorned his cap and coat—as much as would supply a couple of navy captains for a year, the young man thought—and certainly no station master at the chief Dublin termini or even Euston, wore a more gold-decked uniform than the official of this tiny wayside station.

"Well, begorra, Tim, but I must say ye are not over complimentary to the railway, an' it won't, nohow, prosper much if it depends upon you for advertisement. It isn't praising the service you are, anyhow," remarked the station master to his companion.

"Divil a bit I praise, but the plain truth I'm a-speaking. As ye well know, if ye can't say ag'in it, if the gentleman wishes to reach Dublin this side av Sunday he had as well walk or take a car, for he 'ud be certain to overtake Pat Sheedy's engine even if he left an hour afther the same," answered Tim.

Inspector Cleary eyed both men curiously for some moments.

"Then what would you advise me to do? How can I reach the next town?" he inquired at last.

"Bedad, an' I'll give your honour a lift that way meself. Shure, an' I am to mate the squire there, an' ye are welcome, sir." Then turning to his former master, he continued: "Begorra, 'tis a dacent place I am since shakin' the dust av my shoes here. The squire knows how to trate a dacent honest Christian servint. It's me own masther I am entoirely now."

"Bad scran to ye, ye were always the same, Tim; but it's not envying the squire his margain I'd be."

"Well, you see, Misther Doran, Squire de Lacy is a rale gintleman, wan av the old stock; and such being the case he knows how to trate another wan thin he meets him, which is more nor others do."

Then turning from the abased station master, Tim again addressed the detective with: "Are ye comin' my way, sir. Is it a lift you'd loike."

An idea struck Inspector Cleary. He saw that this man was a "character," one well supplied with what is known in those parts as "the gift of the gab." Why not, then, accept his offer, and at the same time glean all he could in connection with the mystery, ascertain who the strange workman could be who had so mysteriously disappeared the night before?

With grateful thanks therefore the detective hastened to accept Tim's proposal, while the station master anathematized his former porter as an impudent and ungrateful scoundrel.

The latter rubbed his hands with delight and chuckled at the thought of how he was paying Doran back in his own coin by depriving the train of a passenger to Dublin and at the prospect of himself securing a good tip from the gentleman for his services and good nature in lending another's car.

This side of the argument never once occurred to Tim, yet doubtless had it done so it would not have altered matters in the least, as he could not imagine the squire being so mean and selfish as to question his right or grudge a man a seat on his vehicle when he wasn't using it himself.

It was during the drive that followed the detective learned the history of Mr. Doran's meanness in discharging Tim for such a trifle as leaving a portmanteau on the road sooner than be crushed to death by the red-haired woman. Then it was on finishing his recital that the awful truth came to the carman with a terrible shock and he drew in his horse with a jerk, refusing to proceed another step.

"It's niver along that self-same road ye 'ud be wantin' me to dhrive ye sor? It's long sorry to refuse a gintleman I'd be, but this is the road to the ruined monastery, and they do say as one of the monks walks here betimes."

"Indeed? Then you have more than one ghost in this neighbourhood. But what is troubling the good Father? Why cannot he be at rest?" asked Inspector Cleary.

"Yerrah, the Lord betume us an' harm, sor, but it's a sad story. They do say the red-haired woman laid her evil eye upon the holy man, an' be the same token if it wasn't her eye, 'twas her voice that charmed him; an' shure it's all wan whin the mischief's done. But this is how it came about. Av course ye know how the red-haired woman came to walk? Ye don't! Well, it is loike this:

"She was the daughter of hard-working, respectable farmers; but, be jabers they spoiled the colleen entoirely an' she grew up that proud an' haughty loike there was no comin' next or near her. She had foine golden hair, they tell me, an' a voice which was the ruin of her. Some gintlemen happenin' to pass by heard her sing and admired her hair an' from that on the colleen's head went astray altogether. Divil a bit 'ud she look at wan av the bhoys av the place; it was the gentry her heart was set on. Well, she took to wandering alone in the fields and singing to herself an' titivatin' dressin' and cocking herself up as no self-respecting working girl should do, an' spendin' money on fal-fals and ribbons to tie up her golden locks, for she always thought as the gintleman 'ud come back an' marry her.

"But as toime wint on an' he niver came, bedad, she grew so strange an' silent-loike that her people thought if they married her to some dacent bhoy it 'ud be the savin' of her. That drove her wild entoirely, they do say, an' she struck her old father there and the good kill him. However that matter of course fell upon her from that hour. Even after death she could not rest, but walks the neighbourhood with her long golden tresses turned into fiery red, an' the hand she raised against her parent is heavier than a ton weight. Ye are smilin' yer honour an' no doubt don't belave me; but 'tis as true as Gospel what I'm tellin' you an' if an unforthunate carman gives her a lift the car becomes so heavy that the poor baste cannot draw it a yard without dropping from exhaustion. An' if it's walkin' the man is, shure she lays a hoult av him wid her arms and just crushes him to death he a hug."

"That's certainly a very strange and quaint story; but I suppose you never saw or experienced these things yourself, Tim?"

"Begorra, no; it's not in me line to seek such adventures. It's a wide berth I give that same lady, yer honour, just as I did when I had the velise fur Misther Norman, bad scan to him!"

"Yes, of course; but that does not explain about the other spirit—the monk, I mean. What had the red-haired woman to do with him?"

"Well, 'twas this way, sor. The same craythur's spirit was laid; she was twice banished to the bottom av the Red Sea by poor Father Ned, rest his sowl! But shure, his riverence hadn't the power to kape her there for more than seven years at a time, an' when that was up, back she came to the self-same spot, an' faith, she was wilder than iver again the priest for banishing her there, an' swore to be revenged on wan at least av his cloth an' this is how she managed it.

"A poor farmer av the parish was taken ill, an' they sent fur a priest. No wan was at home at the time but a holy young father—a monk who was considered a saint by all who knew him; but the young priest had one failing an' that was a passionate love for music an' singing; in fact his superiors had often warned him to beware, and not give way too much to this fascination, as it might lead him into temptation. However, as his talents were employed to good account in the choir, no one heeded the warning much, an' so the love in the young monk's heart grew stronger each day.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night as the young monk set out on his errand of mercy. Ne'r a thought was in his head but to hurry as fast as he could to the bedside av this mimber of his flock, an' he had got over half av the road when what should salute his ear, but most beautiful singing. The good man paused an' looked round for the owner av the voice, an' what should he behold fornist him in a field but a lovely girl wid long, golden hair far below her waist, seated on a three-legged stool, busily engaged in milkin' a cow, while at the same time she sang to herself in the sweetest and clearest tones the young monk had ever heard.

"Spellbound, the good priest stood to listen, until presently all thought and idea of his errand left his mind. So enthralled was he that hour after hour fled away yet no recollection occurred to him av the poor dying man who stood in such need av his ministrations an' the consolaties av the Church. It was only as the village clock chimed the last stroke of twelve that the spell was broken. At the same instant the singing ceased, the maid an' cow both vanished from his sight, an' then the good man remembered all, an' saw how he had been cheated. On hurrying to attend the sick call an' reaching the sick man's side to his horror he found the sick man had expired at twelve precisely.

"There an' then the priest realized it was a trick av the divil an' the red-haired woman to kape him away from the dying man—to rob him av heaven av the dying craythur's soul; an' there an' then the good monk cursed that same song an' the singer an' sich a hoult did it take av the holy man that they do say he fretted and wasted away soon afther. An' despite the great penance he did afore his death, wan av his acts of atonement is that he still walks the fields round the abbey, chanting an' tellin' his beads to make amends for the loss av that poor sowl which for his own infatuation for music deprived of the light av heaven."

"It certainly is a very dramatic, awe-inspiring, as well as sad legend, Tim; but surely you do not credit all these stories yourself?"

"Not credit thim? An' is it wantin' to make me out a heretic ye'd be, sor? Well, seein' is believin' anyhow; an' sure many's the time meself an' companions have seen the poor monk wid our own eyes doin' the rounds; an' be the holy St. Patrick, here we are nearly at the abbey unbeknownst to me. If ye have no objection, sir, I'd rather turn back. The saints preserve us! What's that?"

Tim was in the act of turning his horse round when the reins suddenly slipped from his nerveless fingers and he sat staring in horror. Then pointing wildly at something before them, in a hoarse frightened tone he whispered:

"Look, sor, look! It's the Brown Monk himself, an' be the powers above us, he's makin' straight this way! Oh, Boris, avic, if iver ye took to yer heels afore do it now, me dear, an' save three poor craythurs from being desthroyed by the spirit. Come up, me beauty! Go it, mare! Save yer driver, do!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A BIT OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Evelyn started from her seat in terror as the vanithee's strange words fell upon her ears.

"How—how do you know me, who I am, where I came from?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

The woman laughed a low, chuckling laugh, devoid of mirth, as she answered:

"Mother Carey knows that, as she is cognizant of most things that happen in Killeen; but she has spoken now, an' will say no more than to bid ye beware of the iron hand 'neath the velvet glove."

As if to emphasize her words, the old creature once more assumed her former seat. Crouching low over the fire she relighted her pipe, and sat gazing into the burning embers, muttering to herself the while as though reading therein the destiny of nations.

Not another word could the party draw from her; she might have been the Sphinx or a block of stone for all the notice she took of their presence. Even to the repeated endeavours of the hunchback to rouse and get her to treat her guests more hospitably she returned but one answer:

"Baithershin!" (Don't bother me.)

After a few futile attempts to awaken the hostess to a sense of her duty, Kenny, the hunchback, gave up the task as hopeless; and, finding that the storm had by this time abated, Hugh, to Evelyn's great delight, expressed the opinion that they might now make a move, and with a feeling of relief both once more followed their guide through the before-mentioned passages.

"Ye'll not be mindin' the old woman, agra. Shure she is strange at times, an' very contrary; but take no notice av it, acushla," Kenny said at parting.

Evelyn breathed much more freely when she found herself clear of the noxious atmosphere of that gloomy underground cave, while her companion was profuse in his apologies for the vanithee's mysterious greeting, informing her that Mother Carey was looked upon as a kind of witch, or wise woman, in the place, but that he himself had never known her to act so discourteously.

The girl, her first sensation of horror past, now laughed heartily over the incident, declaring that she had been lucky in meeting so many peculiar characters since her arrival in Ireland. Her companion joined in her mirth, but for all that, a presentiment of evil kept over him and he could only hope and pray that it boded no ill to the fair girl by his side.

As they parted at the gates of Killeen Castle, Hugh expressed the desire that they might meet soon again, a wish that was reciprocated by Evelyn, who reminded him that she would most likely keep him to his word as to showing her round. In his own mind, the young man wondered if she had forgotten the existence of the latest arrival at the Castle, Mr. Lisle, or was it possible that already the two were not overanxious for each other's society?

No longer compelled to wheel his machine, it was a positive pleasure to Hugh de Lacy to spin along a deserted country road at a break-neck pace, quite rejoicing in the fact that few constables were to be met with in that neighbourhood.

Inwardly the young man's mind was a chaos; there were moments when he felt happy that this beautiful new visitor to the Castle had crossed his path to brighten his life, others when he cursed his fate which made the two families enemies. How pleasant it would be if he could call upon her uncle, visit there! He might then be the constant companion of Miss Fitzgerald, ride, walk, cycle together. Then there was the air of mystery encircling all that house, and worse even than that and harder still to account for, the apparition of that weird, wild woman, whose obscure prophecy subsequently followed by the vanithee's words, had so alarmed his fair friend.

That there was more in it than he pretended to the girl he was convinced; and all manner of things now suggested themselves, among them the idea that perhaps Sir Geoffrey had some poor lunatic hidden in his house. This would account also for the stories circulated among the peasantry re the appearance of the red-haired woman. In any case, the subject was repugnant to him, and he felt anxious and perturbed when he thought how uncomfortable the presence of such a creature must make a timid girl like his late companion.

Over and over he told himself that Miss Fitzgerald's presence at the Castle was nothing to him, that he was a fool to worry over the crime, whatever it was which enshrouded that house; but for all his resolutions her fair young face kept repeatedly rising before him, and he felt he must see more of her, cost what it might, and for her sweet sake clear up the mystery, which, like a cloud, enveloped the inmates of Killeen Castle.

That a crime should have been perpetrated by her uncle, even in bygone years was not pleasant to contemplate, and, come what may, Hugh determined that very night to approach his father on the subject, learn from him the true story—why it was that people spoke of the Castle as a "house of blood," and termed Sir Geoffrey "the Black Knight."

Supper was already over when the young man reached the "Court," as his ancestral home was called in the neighbourhood; a few designated the stately old building by its real title of "De Lacy Court," a name it had proudly borne since the days of its founder, when as a reward for services rendered, Henry II. bestowed it and the adjoining lands on the then Hugh de Lacy, whose people became chieftains of the soil and owners of the old Castle, that property alone remaining to them out of many valuable possessions owned by them in County Meath.

The house was really of no set style of architecture. It was large and rambling, with here and there an added wing, telling of later improvements. The windows were neither large nor numerous, but in the front of the mansion opened on to a well-kept lawn. The entrance hall was wide and artistically furnished with heavy oak furniture, with trophies of olden times, such as deers' heads, antlers, horns, and various antique weapons, adorned the walls, proclaiming the glories of bygone days—days which the Castle would never see again. In front of an open fireplace which occupied nearly the whole of one side of the wall, reclined a magnificent specimen of the Irish wolfhound—a breed of animal, we regret to say, now almost extinct.

Admitting himself, Hugh de Lacy removed his cap, left his bicycle in the care of a servant, then entered a room leading off the hall from whence came the sound of merry chatter.

"Late for supper again, Hugh! We did not wait because your father had an appointment with a gentleman," said Mrs. De Lacy, as her eldest son came into the sitting room where she and the younger members of the family were seated.

"A visitor, and so late! Whoever can it be, mother? It is a nuisance father being engaged to-night. I wanted to see him particularly about a little matter on which he could enlighten me."

The lady's face clouded. She was still a fine-looking woman in the prime of life, and being neither tall nor stout, looked young to be the mother of this big, broad-shouldered youth who now gazed down upon her from his superior height.

"I, too, am sorry about this visit Hugh. It will only revive all the sorrow and bitterness of your father's life, and I had hoped that was buried and done with. But wait until the children are off to bed; we can then talk more freely. I feel I must tell some one my troubles, and now you are old enough to understand and sympathize with me."

The young man was silent from sheer surprise. Up to this he had not dreamed that his mother possessed any trouble—had a worry in the world. Stifling his own curiosity, he waited with what patience he could till the younger brothers had retired for the night and his mother and he were alone. Then the lady turned to him gently.

"Hugh," she said, "can I assist you in the matter you were about to mention to your father? I see by your face, dear that something is weighing on your mind. Why not unburden yourself to me, as in former days?"

Hugh seated himself at the table, and, while his mother helped him to some of the repast, he answered:

"Mother you are right. You can advise me, though to save you pain I thought of asking father first. I want your assistance—nay, more than that, wish you to become a friend to a young and lonely girl, one who is innocent in the ways of the world."

Then, between the intervals of the meal Hugh unfolded the whole story of his meeting with Evelyn their subsequent encounter with the wild woman, and Mother Carey, and the latters strange prophecy.

"Mother," he asked eagerly, "what is this sin? What crime of blood rests upon the name of Fitzgerald that is handed down from generation to generation like this? If Sir Geoffrey was acquitted why should his young and innocent girl suffer under the stigma? Mother, tell me truly, why are the Fitzgeralds shunned as though they were lepers? Of what sin have they been guilty?"

Mrs. De Lacy sat with her hands clasped together during the latter part of her son's speech. Now she rose hurriedly from her chair and commenced to pace the apartment with rapid strides. Her face was ashy pale; there was a troubled, pained look in her eyes as pausing suddenly in front of him she exclaimed:

"God help us! And has it come to this, the very worst that could have befallen us? You, my son, wishing to meet and become a friend of Fitzgerald? You must be mad—sit staring mad—to propose such a thing, for it is impossible. You ask me to tell you the crime with which they, the Fitzgeralds, are tainted? I cannot do so. The gulf separating the two houses is broad; it is a gulf of sin and blood, and grows wider and deeper each day. There was a time when I fondly hoped it might be bridged over—the feud ended; but that hope vanished to-night, when, after an interval of many years, I found your father as determined as ever on discovering the culprit. This very night has he again placed detectives on the trail of his enemy. How then, can you ask me be friendly with the niece? I ask you, Hugh de Lacy, to banish such thoughts from your mind. Our family and that of the Fitzgeralds must remain enemies till the end of time!"

"But why, mother? What is the reason of all this bitterness? Why should my father trouble to unearth the Knight of Killeen's secret? What is it to him? Surely none of our family suffered at his hands?"

Mrs. De Lacy paused for a second or two then crossed again to his side.

"Hugh," she said, sadly, "I regret I cannot give you the assurance you require nor yet divulge the whole history of the wrongs suffered by our race at that man's hands. My pledge of silence is given to your father."

"But mother, this is only some whim of yours. I have a right to know, and will question my father this very night."

Mrs. De Lacy turned if anything paler than before. She clutched wildly at a chair for support, and turning a pleading face to her son cried:

"Hugh! Oh, my son save me this. At least have patience a little longer and you shall know all. Spare your father this last sorrow; he is disturbed, unsettled enough. He has sworn to unearth the true criminal—bring the guilty to justice—and to this end, is working day and night. Do not let him know of your request it will only revive old memories—bring the past too vividly back."

The young man gazed at his mother in amazement.

"Do you mean to say that after remaining quiet on this subject for years my father has again opened up the case and determined to bring the crime home to Sir Geoffrey Fitzgerald—a crime which has remained undiscovered for so long, is forgotten by all but the oldest inhabitants? Why this sudden thirst for revenge, mother?"

"The merits or demerits of the case I refuse to discuss, though Heaven knows I have tried to dissuade your father from his purpose. However, in justice to him, I must say it is no sudden desire for revenge which actuates him. For years he has waited and bided his time, and now something has occurred which inspires him to renewed zeal in the matter. Although I would sacrifice much to have him relinquish this quest, yet I am bound to say that few men have suffered more at the hands of a pretended friend than your father."

"But, mother, surely I may learn what that suffering was?"

"Not yet; the time in not ripe for you to know. But this much I will say—one of the causes of your father's bitterness, is the imbecility of a young girl which lies at the door of Sir Geoffrey Fitzgerald. Poor, dear Frances, gentle affectionate girl as she was then and belle of the neighbourhood, queen of the Dublin season! Can you wonder that your father loved her? And when the blow fell, and the treatment of her false lover, a Fitzgerald, robbed the poor girl of reason, it made him bitter—caused him as her relative, to espouse her cause, seek to punish her persecutor. Can you wonder at your father's vow of vengeance when you gaze upon that frail helpless creature, the innocent cause, now only the wreck of her former self, whom you know and love as Aunt Frances, your father's only sister?"

"Frances! You refer to Aunt Frances?" Hugh gasped in horror. "And they, the Fitzgeralds, are responsible for her great trouble and affliction. Oh, mother can such villainy exist? Now I understand a little of my father's sorrow and grief, and I, too, feel the desire for revenge. I must and will vindicate my aunt's wrongs; but not at the expense of the happiness of that young and innocent member of the family I met to-day. She, at least, is innocent, and must be spared at all costs."

To be Continued.

COWBOY VERSUS LOCOMOTIVE

You have all heard the story about the unwise cowboy that lassoed a locomotive? Well, the thing actually occurred on the Kansas Pacific when Abilene was the western terminus. It was long before I went on the road (says Walter Gardner in the "Railroad Man's Magazine"), and I think that Harty Mason was handling the locomotive; but it may have been someone else. At any rate it happened, and from what the boys say must have been very funny. As the story was told to me it seems that a party of cowmen and cowboys had come up from Texas driving a bunch of steers over the Chisholm trail, for shipment by rail from Abilene. Mason had started from the house track to pull down to the cattle pens, where the steers had been loaded. There was no switcher there then, and the road engines had to do the yard work. He was running slowly as he intended to pull the cattle cars out of the siding and back them down to the depot where he could hook on to the way-car. Some of the cowboys were sitting on their ponies near the track as the engine came along, and one of the cowboys dared another to rope the engine. Well, the cowboy lived that would take a dare, so he swings his lariat and sends it hissing towards the engine. The loop settled down very neatly over the stack the engine jumped ahead. You can bet your next pay-check that there was something doing then, and quickly too. As the rope left the cowboy's hand his pony swung sidewise and braced himself for the pull, as usual, when roping a steer, but bronco legs are not so strong as engine driving wheels, and when the lariat tightened it threw the pony on his head. As the engine stopped the cowboy was just getting to his feet, and he commenced pumping lead from his forty-four at that engine. It was up to Mason to duck and to duck quick, and he got down behind the locker in a hurry. It was some time before the rest of the cowboys could get the rest of the fellows quieted down, and it was all that the cow-punchers and railroaders could do to persuade him that Mason was not to blame.

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING.

An American returning thanks for the distinguished strangers at a public dinner, said:—"This is quite unexpected; in fact, when I came into this room I felt much like Daniel in the lions' den. When Daniel got into that place and looked round, he thought to himself, 'Whoever's got to do the after-dinner speaking, it won't be me!'"

Habit has more force in forming our characters than opinions have.—R. Hall.

(1579.)

got in possession. The hare escaped into a plantation, and Alma Gray, who worked very finely, was declared the winner by 9 to 5. Bohemian Girl and Doggerel had a very even course, which the former won by 9 to 7, the lead and the kill being too much for the dog to make up. Melena beat Bluegown in a short course by 6—2½. The former led by about three lengths and turned, when Bluegown scored all her points, but in snapping at the hare missed it and struck herself on the stile against a rock, pulling up lame, and allowing Melena to win easily. Contemplation led Doctor II. by six or seven lengths, did the better part of the work, and finished with a kill and an advantage of 9½ to 4. Miss D.V., who had broken a toe, ran a bye unaided, and pulled up at a fence very lame.

Second Ties.

Dean Swift beat Goldsmith Ranger.
Alma Gray beat Bohemian Girl.
Melena beat Miss D.V.
Contemplation a bye.

Dean Swift showed great pace by beating Goldsmith Ranger, a very fast dog, by three lengths in the run up, and also worked cleverly, with the result that Goldsmith Ranger was defeated by 9 to 5. Alma Gray led Bohemian Girl to the hare and had an easy victory, scoring 10 points to 4½. Miss D.V., who was really unfit to run, was very badly beaten by Melena, who got the run up and practically did the whole of the work, scoring 16 to 1. Contemplation showed wretched form in his bye; Baltimore (who was put out in the first round) beating him very badly.

As Mr W. Lynch, the owner of Alma Gray and Melena, refused to divide with Messrs Straton and Guthrie, the respective owners of Dean Swift and Contemplation, although his share meant £16 10s, or half the stake, it was decided to adjourn till 8.30 o'clock the following morning. This was afterwards proved to be even more unfortunate for Mr Lynch than for those Beaufort sports who had to drive home 18 miles and return on a bitterly cold and frosty morning. The coursing was done on the first day in the paddocks west of the Skipton road, and so the paddock south of Mount Monmouth was chosen for the last three courses.

Third Ties.

Dean Swift beat Alma Gray.
Contemplation beat Malena.

The hare broke towards Alma Gray, who got the lead up slightly by favor. A splendid give and take course resulted in the Stawell dog, Dean Swift, beating the local dog, Alma Gray, by a single point, the scores being 7—6. The hare escaped over the mount. It was the general impression that in a longer course Alma Gray would have won, as Dean Swift has been more accustomed to plumpton than open coursing. Contemplation beat Melena in the run up by from 8 to 10 lengths, and scored six points before Melena commenced. Then the latter put on 4½ to 2, when, unfortunately for her, the hare was lost in some tussocks, and Contemplation won by 8 to 4½.

Deciding Course.

Dean Swift beat Contemplation, and won the stake.

Dean Swift led till the hare broke and favored Contemplation with the lead up. A good long course, in which the bulk of the work was done by Dean Swift, ended by Contemplation killing, but suffering defeat by 12 to 9. The winner comes from Stawell, and besides winning a country stake this season, was runner-up at Moonee Valley.

The Melboure and Stawell visitors were so satisfied with the fairness, impartiality and high capabilities shown by the judge and slipper, and with the excellence of the arrangements generally, as also with the splendid coursing country, that they promised to increase their nominations next year, and to induce other coursing men also to patronise the meetings.

The club meet at the Stockyard Hill hotel next Wednesday week to fix the dates for next year, and we understand that an endeavour will be made to get permission to hold one coursing match on the Trawalla Estate.

Middle Creek.

The usual meeting of the Middle Creek Branch of the Farmers', Property-Owners' and Producers' Association was held on Monday, there being a good attendance. After the usual formal business had been disposed of the following resolutions were unanimously carried:—

1. That this branch considers that the action of the Federal members in raising their own salaries without consulting their constituents was unparliamentary and unconstitutional.

2. That this branch, whilst agreeing that protection is the proper policy for Australia, emphatically protests against the prohibitive nature of the tariff as foreshadowed by Sir W. Lyne.

The secre-ary reported that there was a credit balance of £14 15s 8 l on last year's account, and that there was at the present time a credit balance in the bank of £30. The old officers have been elected unanimously for the ensuing 12 months.

Mr Porter, who has acted as treasurer, tendered his resignation owing to leaving the district. His resignation was accepted with regret, and a motion was carried that a record of Mr Porter's services to the branch be placed on the minutes.

Great indignation was felt over the raising of the Federal salaries and the prohibitive tariff foreshadowed by Sir W. Lyne.

The secretary was instructed to write to Mr Hans Irvine, M.H.R., congratulating him on his action in voting against the raising of the salaries, also for the way he spoke on the tariff, and urging him to do his utmost to have several of the items therein struck out or considerably reduced.—"Ararat Advertiser."

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS and AGENCY COMPANY, Limited.

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HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?
Some reasons why you should do so at once:—
1. The uncertainty of life.
2. The delay, worry, and expense caused to those interested in your estate.
3. Your estate might otherwise go to those whom you wish to exclude.
4. The making of your will should be attended to when sound in health and mind.

THE ADVANTAGES OF APPOINTING THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.
1. Undoubted security.
2. The Company is not exposed to risks of the trade.
3. The Company's affairs are administered by men trained to the business.
4. £10,000 is invested in the name of the Treasurer of the State as security.
5. A continuous audit is made of all accounts.
Testators are advised to consult the Company or its agents, when about to make their wills.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
Agents for Beaufort and District.

The Advent of Spring!

A GREAT MAGNET!

FIRST OPENING OF NEW SPRING GOODS.

What a theme!

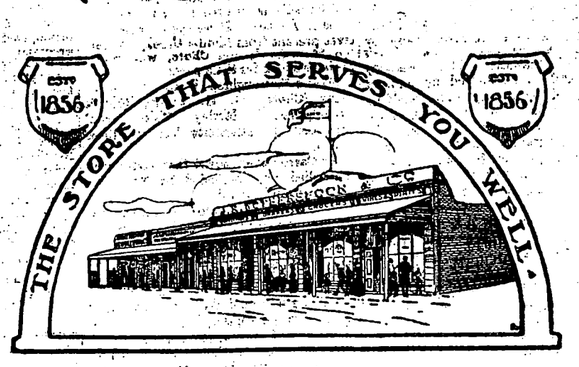
Doesn't the mere mention of it strike a responsive chord in every feminine heart?

We are ready to serve you—ready with a showing that excels every previous effort yet made in this district—ready with a display perfect in its beauty, variety and completeness.

We welcome your criticism.

Come in—walk around—look at this—examine that—sit down for a rest—then walk out if you choose without buying a single article.

COME—you're the judge—and the jury.



J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.,
—THE STORE THAT SERVES YOU WELL—
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SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.

First Appearance here of the Famous

Musical Kennedys!

7 STAR ARTISTS! 7

Headed by KEITH KENNEDY, the Prince of Violinists, assisted by Adelaide's Brilliant Soprano,

MISS KATIE CHECKITT.

A Fascinating and Delightful Entertainment! Nothing like it ever seen here!

PRICES, 2s, and 1s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.

To Let by Tender,

FOR GRAZING PURPOSES,
FOR 5 YEARS,
From the 17th day of January, 1908.

THE FREEHOLD ESTATE called "EURAMBEEN EAST," situated near Beaufort, in the Western District of Victoria, being the property of the late George Beggs.

PARTICULARS.

The Estate contains 8396 acres 2 roods and 3 perches, or thereabouts, well fenced, watered and sub-divided.

The Improvements (exclusive of boundary and sub-divisional fencing, dams, etc.) consist of Stone Dwelling-house, containing 11 rooms, with kitchen, outhouses, stabling, coach-house, store, hut, yards, orchard, garden, &c. There is also a Bluestone Cottage containing 5 rooms on the Estate.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the Trustees of the will of the late George Beggs on and prior to the 7th of October, 1907.

Forms of tender and further information can be obtained on application to Messrs. J. M. SMITH & EMMERTON, Ludstone Chambers, 352 Collins Street, Melbourne, Solicitors for the Trustees.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

FINAL NOTICE.

ARREARS OF SANITARY CHARGES, &c.

NOTICE is hereby given that all Sanitary Charges and Rates unpaid will be immediately sued for, so as to be recovered before the financial year ends on 30th September.

J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.
Beaufort, 10/9/07.

WANTED—a Good GENERAL, for Mrs. De Crespigny, Glenthompson. Good wages. Apply at once, Mrs. Hughes, Bank of Victoria, Beaufort.

RUFUS WAGSTAFF, VETERINARY SURGEON, will attend Beaufort on THURSDAY, 19th inst., at 9 o'clock, and may be consulted at Mrs. Mark's Boarding-house.

Beaufort Town Brass Band Carnival!

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, & FRIDAY, 25th, 26th, and 27th September.

Fancy Procession! Massed Bands! Tug-of-War! Stick-pulling! A Treat for Everyone!

Entries Close 21st Sept.

Season Tickets, 1s. 6d.; Admission Afternoon or Evening, 6d.; Children Half-price.
See Posters. THOS. THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

THE LONDON BANK OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that the BEAUFORT BRANCH of this Bank will be CLOSED on and after MONDAY, the 30th September, 1907. All accounts outstanding at the close of business on that date will be transferred to the BALLARAT Branch.

OLIVER MORRICE WILLIAMS,
Inspector and General Manager.
Melbourne, 3rd September, 1907.

SEEDS! * SEEDS!

Remember—
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GARDEN SEEDS
Are Obtainable at
GEO. PRINGLE'S,
SPOT CASH GROCER.
Agent for Geo. Smith, Ballarat.

Famous Musical Kennedys.

We are pleased to announce that the above excellent company will visit here next Tuesday evening, and give one of their refined entertainments in the Societies' Hall. The press everywhere speaks in the highest praise of the all-round excellence of their performances. The star of the company is Keith Kennedy, and although only 16 years of age, it is claimed he has no equal in Australia as a violinist. He is the winner of 27 prizes at competitions. The Sydney "Bulletin," speaking of his playing, says:—"We send singers in galore to England to represent our latest talent, but Keith Kennedy, a little genius, is a violinist, not a fiddler, and the sort of a boy to send to the old country to show what we can produce in Australia. To see such exacting pieces listed on the programme that is presented, as the 'Allegro molto appassionata' from Mendelssohn's great concerto, and Leonard's 'Souvenir de Haydn Vieuxtemps,' speaks well for a boy of 12." Miss Katie Checkitt, the popular Adelaide soprano, has been specially engaged for Kennedy's tour. In addition to the delightful musical programme, new living pictures will be shown here for the first time. No doubt the Kennedys will draw a large audience. It is a long while since we have had a really first-class company here.

Mining News.

Some of the shareholders in Morris's party intend sinking the shaft of their claim at Poverty Point, Beaufort, 50ft. deeper and putting in a reef drive, so as to take out payable wash which had to be abandoned owing to want of level. It is also likely that a party will be formed to work some of Jaensch and party's abandoned ground.

Messrs Bell, Lambert & Co. submitted to public auction, on the claim at Poverty Point, on Wednesday, the plant of the Victory G.M. Co. (Jaensch & party) to public auction, which was purchased by Miller & Co., Ballarat, for £305. The lease of 35 acres was not sold.

Trawalla Leads G.M. Coy.—Lead'ng S.W. driven 30ft. in poor wash; S. cross-cut off same in 70ft., poor.

The following are the reported yields for the week ending Saturday, 7th September:—Trawalla Leads Co., 21oz.; McCracken and party, 1oz. 17dwt. 8grs.; Martin and party, 18 z. 14dwt. 3 rs.; Pitcher and party (fortnight), 9oz. 18 wt. 20grs.; Last Chance, 6 z. 16 lwt.; Carmichael and party (last week), 9.z. 15.lwt.; sundries, 10 z.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy, and speak from experience," says Mr F. Schmaka, Paddington, W.A. "I have never known it to fail in an attack of colic, cramps or diarrhœa, so always recommend it to my friends and customers. To my mind, no mother should be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic-Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy in the house. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

E. R.

TENDERS are invited up to 12 noon on MONDAY, 30th Sept., 1907, for the right to strip Wattles in the Mount Cole (Beaufort) district. Full particulars in "Government Gazette" of 11th instant, and on application to the Conservator of Forests.

D. McLEOD,
Minister of Mines and Forest.
Melbourne, Sept. 3rd, 1907.

Crown Lands Available.

THE following Applications, having been incompleted, are hereby deemed abandoned, and the Lands, the subject of them, available for further application from date of publication of this notice. All Applications lodged before or on 9th October, 1907, will be considered to have been simultaneously made:—

Margaret Smith, 11 acres, parish of Raglan, allotment 26, section 3, 2nd class; Elsie Rose Andrews, 22 acres, parish of Trawalla, allotment 59E, 2nd class.

CHAS. J. JOY, Land Officer.
District Lands Office,
Ballarat, 12th September, 1907.

Local Land Board.

SCHEDULE of Applications to be dealt with at this Office on Thursday, 26th September, 1907, at 10 o'clock a.m.:—Parish of Raglan: Henry T. T. Gillingham, Edward Gillingham, Lucy Ann Baynes, Edward Gibbens, and Harvey Tucker, for 73 acres, allotment 3z (1), section 63A. Parish of Trawalla: William P. Schlicht, 9 acres, allotment 59L. Parish of Langi-Kal-Kal: Thomas Kewley, 20 acres in section C, adjoining and east of allotment 3; Alexander G. T. Kewley, 20 acres in section C, adjoining and north of block applied for by Thomas Kewley.

CHAS. J. JOY, Land Officer.
District Lands and Survey Office,
Ballarat, 12th September, 1907.

MISS NICKOLS has resumed Tuition in MUSIC and SINGING, DRAWING and PAINTING, TYPE-WRITING and SHORTHAND.
"The Firs," Beaufort, 13th Sept., 1907.

THIRD ANNUAL HORSE PARADE and usual STOCK SALE will be held at DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S YARDS, BEAUFORT, on THURSDAY, 19th September, 1907, at 2 p.m. Good Yarding of Horses and Cattle received. Further entries invited.

"Perfection"
THE ANTI-COMBINE
Tobacco

Smokers are reminded that
"PERFECTION" TOBACCO
Is not Manufactured by a Combine or Trust, and in their own interests they should support
"PERFECTION"
the Anti-Trust
TOBACCO
Against all others, as the Quality is equal if not Superior to any other Tobacco in the Market, and
"PERFECTION"
Can be obtained at a fair and reasonable price from all vendors of Tobacco, in
AROMATIC OR DARK PLUG
Also CUT, in 2 oz. and 4 oz. TINS
Therefore, go every time for
"PERFECTION"
THE
ANTI-TRUST TOBACCO
"PERFECTION" TOBACCO
Sweet and Cool Smoke

A TIMELY MESSAGE TO

SQUATTERS—SHEARERS.

Shearing Season—it's again with us——————.

Soon the "Golden Fleece" will be flying here, there and everywhere, from the backs of Australia's greatest asset—her sheep——————.

Wool-packs will be busy—sheep-dips will be the demand of the day—oils, &c., will be required, and other items necessary to the well-appointed wool-shed——————.

Where to get these requisites—for the least money—will concern some few people.—Others, who have in past season traded at HAWKES BROS., will have no concern at all—for they will—for every requirement, make a bee-line for the Store that gives the most satisfactory service—HAWKES BROS.——————.

Wool packs—the packs of few and simple parts—the packs that have nothing to get out of order—the sheep-dips that afford the maximum amount of satisfaction at the minimum of expense—all will be found here at prices that will bring you to our Store for these goods—and others—next year—the year after, and for many future years to come——————.

HAWKES BROS.,
The Shearers' Supply Stores,
BEAUFORT.

Headache, Indigestion and Constipation.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

It will interest sufferers to know that a valuable medicine, called Frootoids, has been discovered, which is now completely curing each of the above-named complaints. Frootoids are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief. You do not require to go on taking them for a prolonged period, as is necessary with some medicines, which even then are mostly disappointing; you simply take a dose of Frootoids when ill and repeat the dose if necessary, but generally one dose is quite effective.

Frootoids are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs all the waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

Frootoids act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cure bilious attacks that antibilious pills make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by antibilious pills that could have been cured at once by Frootoids. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Frootoids have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids, instead of an ordinary aperient; by so doing, the patient will require doses only at longer intervals, and will so become quite independent of the necessity of taking any aperient medicine.

Frootoids are only now being placed on the Australian market, consequently you may at present have a difficulty in getting them from your local chemist or storekeeper; but ask for them, and if you cannot get them at once, send stamps or postal note for price, 1/6, to W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, and a bottle of them will be immediately forwarded to you post free. Chemists, storekeepers, and wholesalers can now obtain wholesale supplies from W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

Too Well Known to Need an "Ad."

This idea that you have lived so long in town that everybody knows you and you don't need to advertise is a mistake. This very indifference to advertising, indifference to doing business as it is done in this day and age, is what has enabled the catalogue or mail order houses to grow from mere nothing to great concerns. The merchant who can convince the people of his section, and keep them convinced that his store is the best place to buy this and that article, will not lose trade to the mail order house. Of course, he cannot afford to get out a catalogue as thick as a Bible, but he can keep an advertisement in his local paper, and see that it is changed every week, thus keeping new bargains continually before the public. He should also have a mailing list, and send out a circular letter at least once a month. Don't look upon your country newspaper as an object of charity. There is not a single country newspaper in the State, with a general local circulation, which is not able to give full value for money received. The country papers can help you solve this question if you give them a chance.—Ed. K. Slater, in "Merchants' Record and Show Window."

Talk to the local editor, and between you try to raise the general tone of advertising, and make people think well of their own town and their own shop.

A statement prepared by the Chief Accountant at the Treasury shows that the public debt of New South Wales on the 30th June, 1904, was nominally £80,033,581, but the loan account was overdrawn to the extent of £1,982,644, and there were a number of trust funds utilised in covering this deficit and deficiencies in other branches of the public service. The trust funds had been drawn upon to the extent of over £2,500,000 at that date. Since then these accounts were placed in credit, and though nominally the public debt—that is, the securities issued by the Treasury—has been increased to £84,200,869, the reduction in the uninvested trust funds has been so great that it leaves the net addition to the liabilities of the State at only £651,398 as the result of over three years' operations.

The pioneers of the Western District are an enduring race of Methuselahs. At Terang there was a marriage a few weeks ago The bridegroom was aged 84, but he didn't look it. The bride, aged 75, was given away by a male parent of 98. The bride's twin sister was bridesmaid. The best man was aged 89; and the life of man being threescore and ten, he already owed Time a bill which was 19 years overdue, and Time's office boy, Death, doesn't seem to have a ghost of a chance of collecting it for a long while yet.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS,' for Mountain Max. An agreeable Aperient. Worth a trial.

Grave and Gay.

"Yes father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph, my son, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent at college."

Bragg: "I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball two years ago."

The Boy in the Corner: "When do you expect to get over it?"

The trouble with the man who is always talking about what he'd do if he had lots of money is that he never has any.

First Lawyer: "Did you break the will?"

Second Lawyer: "Yes; and the heirs, too."

"She always has two servants in Her house," said Mrs. Tumming.
"Huh! so have we, said Mrs. D.—
"One going, t'other coming."

Solomon Isaacs: "Vel, doctor, if I've got to die, I die gontendet. My life was insured for tree tousand punds."

Doctor: "I think, with the aid of tonics, I can keep you alive for a week longer."

Solomon Isaacs: "Dond't do it, doctor! Der bremium comes due der day after to-morrow!"

Travelling Man: "A chop and a cup of coffee, quick! My train leaves in 20 minutes."

Waiter: "Yes, sir, one shilling, sir."

"Do you want it in advance?"

"Yes, sir. You may be gone before it's cooked, sir."

A kind word thrown at your husband will go farther towards a new hat than a rolling-pin will.

"Mary," her father called downstairs, "just ask your young man if he doesn't think it's pretty near bedtime."

"Yes, papa," replied the sweet girl. After a pause: "George says if you're sleepy go to bed, by all means."

NOT SO BAD AS THAT.

"If I were to die, Phil, what would you do?"

"I should go crazy."

"Would you marry again?"

"Not much. I shouldn't be as crazy as that."

SHE HAD TO SAY IT.

"What charming little pink-tipped ears you have, Miss Tottie! Did you ever have them pierced?"

Miss Tottie: "No. But I have had them bored."

THEY WERE AGREED.

Mother: "You have accepted George! Why, you know very well that I don't approve of him."

Daughter: "That's all right, mother. Neither does he approve of you."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

The Pretty Girl: "Miss Antique was named after her uncle George, wasn't she?"

The Spiteful Girl: "I don't know; she looks as if she had been named before him."

THOUGHT HE COULD.

"Could you do the landlord in the Lady of Lyons?" asked the manager of a seedy actor.

"Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords."

UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "I see a Liverpool woman has discovered a way of preventing her losing her hair."

Mr. Crimsonbeak: "Indeed! And what does she do?"

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Locks it in the safe."

INSIDE.

The other day a tradesman in a North-country town was so busy that he could not afford time to go home as usual for dinner, so he resolved to have a shilling dinner brought in from an adjoining restaurant. Calling the errand-boy, he sent him with a note which ran as follows:—

"Kindly give bearer a shilling dinner."

The young lady behind the counter, after reading the note, told the boy to take a seat, and he would be supplied in a few minutes.

Shortly after taking a seat a waiter put the dinner in front of the boy and he soon began to eat. On going back to the shop, his master asked him where the dinner was, when the boy replied:

"Inside me!"

Collapse of master.

DISCHARGED.

"Do you mean to swear," said the foreman of the jury to the witness, "that at the time of the quarrel that constitutes the cause of this action you saw the prisoner with a coal scuttle in his hands, making ready to heave it at his wife?"

"Not exactly," said the witness, with considerable hesitation. "I mean to swear that I saw the prisoner with a coal scuttle in his hands."

"In what attitude was he, then?" asked the presiding judge.

"Well, now, since your lordship has asked, I'll tell the truth. The prisoner was lying down with the coal scuttle over his head, and his wife on the top of it."

The jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

A POSSIBLE IMPROVEMENT.

"I know one improvement I think I'd have made in the human race if I'd directed evolution."

"What's that?"

"I'd have made them cut their wisdom teeth first instead of last."

SHE PREFERRED REPAIRS

During the war times an old negro mammy met with an accident on the cars which left her with various bruises, including a sprained ankle and a dislocated knee.

Her mistress advised her to sue the railroad company. "I certainly would sue them, Aunty," she said, "and for good-sized damages, too."

"Lord, Lord!" exclaimed old aunty. "Sue de company for damages, honey! Doesn't ye think I'se got damages 'nuff? No, no, honey; when dis pore old nigga sues dat company she done sues 'em for repairs."

A short time ago a travelling menagerie was stationed in one of the provinces, where a good number of street arabs abound. One of them, a thin and ragged little urchin, thought he would like a peep at the show. Going down on his hands and knees, he pushed his head under the canvas, and was evidently enjoying himself, when the manager came along, pulling him out, and saying, "Do you know what we do with boys like you? We make food for the lions of them. Here, Perer, throw him into the lions' cage."

The boy looked up at him and said, "Look here, guv'nor, I tell you what! Let me see the show, and I'll get all the fattest kids in the place a-crawling under the canvas to-morrow night."

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Eases Asthma and relieves breathing.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

TO HOLD A MAN'S LOVE.

Much nonsense is said and written on the question of how a woman can best hold a husband's love. The only true solution of that question lies in the home itself. Let a young wife keep within her husband's means; give him a comfortable, attractive home to come to from his work, and let her fill the home with her woman-like charm and development, and love for her husband, and she never need trouble herself as to the best methods to pursue to endear herself to her husband. If more wives would strive to be a rest and comfort to their husbands by the legitimate means which God has given them to win and hold a man's love, there would be no occasion for fear as to whether they were losing their complexions or ceasing to be their husband's ideals. A young wife may hold her husband's attention and love for a while because she is pretty and well-dressed. But the prettiest girl or best-dressed woman soon becomes uninteresting to the man when he finds out that there is nothing more to be admired in her than looks or her dresses.

WHERE MAIDS WOO.

In this age of advanced views on matrimonial entanglements and obligations it is refreshing to read of the curious marriage customs of the gentle savages of the Hopi tribe, in Arizona.

Here the Hopi maid does the wooing, for the women of the Hopi brand are held in much higher respect than are their sisters of kindred tribes. And when the Hopi maiden has selected the youth of her choice she goes to his house as a suitor for his hand, and testifies both to her devotion and her industry by grinding corn beneath his roof until he is sufficiently impressed with her qualities to yield and name the day.

When the Hopi maid leads the man of her choice to the tribal altar she does so in the midst of elaborate ceremony of long duration, and when all is over she takes him to her home. Nor does she yield this ownership when she weds. On the contrary, the house, the fields, and all the property save the herds belong to the wife.

HER BICYCLE.

Before she got her bicycle, she sometimes used to make
The beds and wash the dishes, and help
her mother bake;
She would even sweep the carpet and
dust the bric-a-brac,
And once she did the washing, though it
almost broke her back.
But now she has her bicycle, she doesn't
do a thing
About the house, but day and night
she's ever on the wing.
Her health was never better, brown and
rosy is her skin;
But her mother, if you'll notice, is looking
worn and thin.

A SINGULAR MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom, which one would think would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth, and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls. Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who can hardly be considered a very happy man, for the irate amazons often inflict on him marks which he carries to the grave. It may be that among the lady pursuers are some of the bridegroom's former loves, who turn the mock attack into downright earnest to avenge slighted love.

THE DANGER OF INTERRUPTING.

"You ought to have seen Mr. Brown when he called to see Dolly the other night!" remarked Johnnie to his sister's young man, who was taking tea with the family. "I tell you he did look fine as he sat there along with her, with his arm——"

"Johnnie!" gasped his sister, her face assuming the colour of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnnie. "He had his arm——"

"John," screamed his mother, frantically.

"Why," whined the now badly-frightened Johnnie, "I was——"

"You boy!" roared his father. "Get out."

And Johnnie "got," crying as he went. "I was only going to say that he had his Army clothes on, and Dolly knows he had."

HE HAD HAD A WARNING.

At various periods in the world's history people seem taken with a speculation craze. This gambling spirit, as we may call it, seems to come over men and women of all classes at stated intervals. We have had the railway mania, the gold mining craze, the copper mining craze, the missing word craze, and some others of more recent date. In America a few years ago they had the oil craze.

"Yes, there's money made in sharps," said an old farmer, "but it's risky business."

"Then you never speculate?"

"No. I had a very solemn warning during the ile excitement, and it cured me of speculation."

"How was that?"

"Well, I was a widower. I had a big farm, and lots of stock, and was called solid. We all got excited about ile, and most of us dug holes in our land in search of the stuff. All of a sudden a widow, living about two miles from me, found ile in a dozen places on her farm. She was a widow with a bad nose, freckles all over her face, eyes on the squint, and was built like a camel. But when she struck that ile it was a different thing. Old Deacon Spooner, who was a widower, got mashed right away. Our preacher, who had lost his third wife, saw the spec. I thought it over, and concluded she was an angel. I guess some six or seven of us got courting that widow within twelve hours after the first sight of that ile."

"And you got her?"

"Not much, I didn't, and that's what I'm thankful for. That nose of hers kinder stood in the way every time I tried to pop the question. She acted as if she sorter wanted me, but I couldn't get past that nose. Deacon Spooner got the best of us all, and they made a match of it."

"And then, what?"

"Oh, nothing! except that she had dosed that farm with a barrel of ile, and thus got a home for herself and her five children. I don't speculate any more."

Don't forget that people who do not know you judge you by your appearance.

Don't forget that a line of white at the throat lends a dainty air to the plainest costume.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Of proven efficacy in Bronchial irritation.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Famous Remedy for COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, & CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

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

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S and to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE.—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1A does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person

SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

A SAFE AND VALUABLE REMEDY.

"Bonnington's Irish Moss" is a safe and valuable remedy for Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Affections. Bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All medicine vendors.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT TRACK

Here Is a Safe Leader.

The Case of Mr. T. J. HOLLAND.

(By a Special Reporter.)

Mr. Thomas James Holland, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, is a native of that suburb, and has always been in business there. "I am also," he explained to a reporter, "athletic instructor at the Council's gymnasium, having held that position for the past three years."

"That ought to keep you in good fettle," said the scribe.

"Oh, yes, but even exercise can be overdone. For instance, some years ago I was overtrained and thoroughly run down, and you would hardly believe the misery it led me into. I did not have to knock off work altogether, but what I did was only accomplished with great difficulty, for I had lost all my energy. One doctor whom I consulted said I had heart weakness, and that I had better give up all violent exercise and rest as much as possible. This alarmed me, as you may well believe, and in order to make sure I went to another doctor, who said my heart was as sound as a bell, but that I was run down completely. He said I wanted six months constant rest, but I asked him what about my work, as I could not afford to neglect it as long as that. Well, he gave me some medicine which was to do me good; but it didn't. It did me harm, probably, for my teeth started to ache, and kept on till I had four of them extracted. Afterwards, when my teeth were gone, I discovered it was neuralgia I was suffering from."

"How unfortunate you were to lose them."

"Yes; but it can't be helped now, and at the time I thought more about my sufferings than anything else. I wasted away from ten stone six down to eight stone eleven, so that will give you an idea of how weak I was, and wasn't I languid, too?—had no thought or inclination for anything. My nerves were all of a throb, and whilst being in bed my heart seemed to give little jumps and miss a beat now and then, and the feelings that ran through me were dreadful, as though I was going to shuffle off. Often I thought it was all up with me, especially when I used to get so giddy that I would reel against my bench and for three or four hours would have to take a spell. It was enough to scare anybody. And I was troubled a lot with a feeling that I wanted to retch and could not, and when I had had some food the oppressiveness in my chest was unbearable, and what with that and the pains between my shoulders no wonder I felt so wretched and tired of everything. After my restless nights I got up with a taste in my mouth as if I had been drinking bitter ale; all the time I was drowsy and had severe headaches, while, to crown all, I was for ever tortured by the knowledge that apparently medicine was no use to me, and so a heavy oppression of mingled sorrow and dread weighed down my heart."

"You still attend to your business and your athletic engagements, don't you?"

"I do, I am thankful to say; but that's owing to Clements Tonic, not through any other medicine, and I also have to thank a friend for giving the advice which led to me using that remedy. Would you believe that I had only taken two or three bottles of Clements Tonic when I felt as sure of getting well again as I am of seeing you sitting there with your note book. The increase of vigor was really remarkable, and it would have done your heart good to see the way I could eat. I never saw anything like it in my life—going to bed and sleeping as well as if nothing had ever been wrong with me, and getting up with a freshness in my mouth that was delightful. My folks were greatly pleased to see me getting along so spendidly, and when once the right remedy had been found you may bet I did not neglect taking it till I was a sound man again. A month after starting on Clements Tonic I was a pound over weight, and now I go eleven four, so the good done to me speaks for itself. In or out of training the secret of success for all athletes is to keep the brain clear, the nerves sound, and the blood free from all impurities, and to do each of these I always advise the use of Clements Tonic, which thoroughly cured me, and you are at liberty to publish this conversation in any way it suits you.

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, THOMAS JAMES HOLLAND, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document consisting of three folios, and consecutively numbered from one to three, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria, rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Thos. J. Holland

Declared at Port Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, this 18th day of January, 1904, before me, E. N. EDWARDS, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailliwick of the State of Victoria.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, etc.

Beaufort Rainfall.

We are indebted to Mr Jas. McKelch for the following interesting information as to the rainfall at Beaufort since 1899.

	1899	1900	1901	1902	'03	'04	'05	'06	'07
Jan.	181	113	255	80	149	462	107	8	51
Feb.	180	20	33	80	202	341	126	94	106
Mar.	274	407	158	158	149	73	96	357	89
Apr.	239	329	261	12	406	71	144	58	369
May	195	151	161	94	229	330	335	342	205
June	214	360	361	355	301	404	298	389	125
July	99	100	158	103	565	180	360	258	317
Aug.	277	403	289	194	117	325	159	197	--
Sep.	180	237	410	260	397	132	383	391	
Oct.	281	131	261	120	295	329	278	465	
Nov.	252	91	50	97	340	213	76	402	
Dec.	100	81	88	665	387	16	246	42	
Tlc.	2672	2713	2675	2188	3537	2876	2598	2963	1272

Total for 8 years (1899 to 1906), 22,128, averaging 27.80 per year.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway time-table:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.23 a.m., Trawalla at 12.10 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.27, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.49, and Buangor at 12.58. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.45 (arriving here at 8.46). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here) at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.); and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.54; Middle Creek, 8.4; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.17. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arrives at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m.

FIREWOOD!

J. B. COCHRAN is now prepared to supply good sound FIREWOOD, Sawn, in 1ft. or 2ft. lengths, at Reasonable Prices, delivered or arranged for at the Mill, Raglan Road, Beaufort.

Orders left at the Shop will be punctually attended to.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

HAVING served nearly 20 years in my last employment, including 14 years or thereabouts with the late J. W. Harris, as Carter, Storeman, and Manager of Carrying Business, I beg to notify that I have now left that service of my own free will, and started in the General Carrying Business on my own behalf. I am now prepared to accept Orders for any kind of Carrying or Loading, including Wool, Machinery, Furniture and Produce. As my capabilities are well known to the town and district, it is sufficient guarantee that I may solicit a share of your patronage; Civility, Promptness, and Cheapness being my aim. Goods, Parcels, and Luggage called for and delivered to any address in town and district. Arrangements are made for the Careful Removal of Furniture by up-to-date Vans to any part of the State on Shortest Notice.

Agencies Wanted. See next issue of this paper.

Office will be erected at Railway Station, opposite Goods Shed.

W. DRIVER,
The Cheap Carrier,
BEAUFORT.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1907—1908.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

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

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,
built expressly for the Storage of Wool.

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

Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS' CLIPS
receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.

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

Charges.—The lowest ruling in the Colony.

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

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

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

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

THE THOROUGHBRED AMERICAN TROTTING STALLION,

BENTWOOD,

WILL STAND AT MT. LONARCH,
And can be met at the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, alternate Mondays and Thursdays,
And Travel through Chute, Waterloo, Buramboen and Raglan.

BENTWOOD is a dark bay with black points, 15.3 hands, by Baywood, from Hattie Benton (imp.), record 2.4¾ at 2 years of age, by General Benton, sire of 18 trotters in the 2.30 list, including Daly 2.15, Sallie Benton, full sister to Hattie Benton, 2.12¾, world's record for 4-year-old; sire of the dams of Sunol 2.8¾, Retford 2.24, Electrician 2.24¾. Second dam by Mohawk Chief, sire of the dams of Lot Slocum 2.17¼, Sally Benton 2.17¼, Sport 2.22, Conductor 2.25¼, at 8 years of age, Pedler 2.27¼, at 2 years of age, Eros 2.29¼, and 16 others under 2.33; Baywood, sire of Bentwood, by California Nutwood, dam Julia, imported by Dr. G. M. Slate, and bred by J. C. Haggin. Baywood lost his life through snakebite; 2.45 gait was easy within himself. California Nutwood is the sire of Maud C. 2.18, Annie C. 2.25, Albert H. 2.27¼, Marwood and Belle Porter, 2.30, double harness, great grandsire, Nutwood, 2.16¼, by Belmont, dam Lady Russell, dam of Maud S. 2.08¼, Julia (dam of Baywood and granddam of Bentwood), by Echo, dam by Ten Broeck, bred by J. C. Haggin, Esq., California, U.S.A., and full sister to Annie Laurie, record 2.30 at 3 years of age. Julia only started in one race since arriving in Australia, three minutes class trot, Sydney Driving Park, winning 1st and 3rd heats. Echo, sire of Julia, is sire of 15 trotters and two pacers in 2.30 list. Echo, by Rysdyk, Hambletonian sire of Harold, and grandsire of Childe Harold, 2.25.

This pedigree demonstrates that Bentwood represents the best strains of Hambletonian and Clay blood, also inbred to Abdallah and Messenger, a combination that cannot fail to produce fast and game racehorses as well as great brood mares.

TERMS—Three Guineas; £1 10s to be paid by 1st December, 1907; balance when mare proves in foal; all mares missing to be served next season for remaining money. As a guarantee, all mares leaving the district to be paid for in full. Good grass paddock provided free. Every care taken, but no responsibility. Upon receipt of due notice, mares from outlying districts will be met half-way and taken on to Mt. Lonarch.

Groom's fee, 2s 6d.

B. PELLETT, Proprietor, Mt. Lonarch.

THE TROTTING PONY STALLION,

TOMBOY,

WILL STAND AT BEAUFORT,
And Travel the Surrounding District.

TOMBOY is a brown or black pony, stands 14 hands high, with flowing mane and tail, plenty of bone, also is a fast trotter in saddle or harness. His sire, Brigham Young, is a jet black with a long flowing mane and tail; stands 13½ hands high, is possessed of great strength, and is a very fast trotter. He has taken over 100 first prizes, including the Grand Champion prize of Australia at the Melbourne Exhibition, also the Grand Champion prize at the Geelong show. Tomboy's dam, Maggie, was by St. George, the well-known pony of Mr Bell's, late of Healesville. St. George's ponies fetch the highest price of any sire coming to Melbourne. Tomboy's granddam was by a Welsh pony owned and bred by Mr Ware, of Barwidjie.

All mares removed or sold to be paid for as if in foal. Mares paddocked from a distance.

TERMS, £2; £1 to be paid at time of service, and £1 when mare proves in foal. Guarantee as per agreement.

A. PALLING, Beaufort.

TO STAND THIS SEASON AT THE TRAWALLA HOTEL, TRAWALLA,
And Travel the Surrounding Districts,

The Trotting Stallion,

"BARWON."

BARWON is a beautiful rich bay horse, 15½ hands high, with plenty of bone of the finest quality; a very fast Trotter and a perfect buggy horse; bred by J. B. Willis, Esq., of Moolap, Geelong; foaled 2nd October, 1902; and has proved himself a very sure foal-getter.

BARWON, by Ospray—Doll; Ospray by Osterley; Doll by Carevelanous—Jinney. His sire, Ospray, has a record of 2min. 28sec. Dam, Doll, a fast trotting mare, always in private use. Granddam, Jinney, has a record of 2min. 40sec.; and was owned by Mr. W. Leigh, of Barrabool Hills. His grandsire, Osterley, is winner of the time test at the Royal Show, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1899; and fastest trotter, 1900; as well as being four times champion; his records are—one mile in 2min. 25sec., two miles in 5min. 21sec., three miles in 7min. 30½sec. Osterley, by Childe Harold (414), imp., and was said to have cost the late Mr. Andrew Town 3000 guineas landed in Sydney. Barwon should breed perfect buggy horses.

Terms, £3;

£1 10s to be paid when mares are stinted; balance when mares prove in foal. Any mares sold, exchanged, or leaving the district to be paid for in full. Guarantee as per agreement.

H. W. JAENSCH, Trawalla

TO STAND AT "BURNSIDE," MIDDLE CREEK.

The Celebrated Roadster Stallion,

"BLARNEY STONE."

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

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

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

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

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

For further particulars apply—
J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

A Reminder.

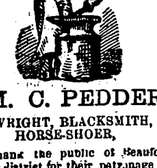
ANYBODY CAUGHT on my Premises with the intention of

OBTAINING GOOD VALUE
Will be
AMPLY REWARDED.

GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, Beaufort

W. C. JONES, PROPRIETOR.

Best Accommodation. Horses and Buggies for Hire.



WM. C. PEDDER,

WHEELWRIGHT, BLACKSMITH, AND HORSE-SHOER,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 19 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute and orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod

DISTRICT AGENT for the FARMERS' FAVORITE GRAIN DRILL and FARM MACHINERY.

Brophy, Foley & Coy.,

PRODUCE AGENTS & AUCTIONEERS.
Market Square, Ballarat.

HIGHEST Price given for Grain of all descriptions. Prompt settlement. Three months' free storage. Advances made. Samples and Correspondence invited.

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

J. A. HARRIS.

Orders received and attended to for trucking Live Stock, Produce, &c.

Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.

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

F. G. PRINCE,

Wholesale and Retail BUTCHER,

HAS REMOVED to the Premises known SMITH'S BUTCHER SHOP in

HAVELOCK STREET

(Opposite the Golden Age Hotel), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Beef and Mutton, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

Small Goods a Specialty.

A SUIT TO SUIT YOUR FIGURE AT A FIGURE TO SUIT YOU.

All the world's a stage; we are merely players. To live up to our parts good clothes are essentials—clothes that carry an air of dignity and refinement—clothes with the impress of careful workmanship—clothes with a comfortable "feel," and good for long wear. "Miller" Suits have a reputation for excellence—inside and out. Beneath the dainty outside appearance is a foundation of solid material. Those little details that make a suit look well and keep so, are fully represented in "Miller" Suits—suits of all-round merit. Why not come and select your Spring Suit from these excellent fabrics?

Australian and Scotch Tweeds,
50s., 55s., 63s.
Diamond Black and Indigo Blue Twills,
THREE GUINEAS.
Patterns and Self-measurement Forms Free if you ask.

MILLER'S,
THE CLOTHIERS,
7 & 9 Bridge St.,
Ballarat.

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

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF VICTORIA 27 SEP 7

The Riponshire Advocate.

No 1556. | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1907. | PRICE THREEPENCE.

COAGULINE, KLINZ, TENASITINE. Cements for broken and other articles.

POST AND TELEGRAPH RATES.

For the Information of our Readers we Herewith Publish the New Rates.

RATES FOR PLACES IN VICTORIA.

	s.	d.
Letters—Half ounce or under ..	0	1
For every ounce ..	0	2
Urgent Letters—For each letter in addition to ordinary postage	0	6
Late fee	0	3
Packets—Commercial and printed papers, maximum weight 5lb., dimensions not to exceed 2ft. in length, 1ft. in depth or width, for every 2oz. or fraction thereof	0	1
Patterns and samples, packets of merchandise, etc., maximum weight 1lb., dimension not to exceed 2ft. in length, 1ft. in depth or width; rate of postage for every 2oz. or fraction thereof	0	1
Books—For every 4oz. or under, up to 5lb.	0	1
Newspapers—For each newspaper	0	0½
Newspapers, magazines and publications not published in the Commonwealth, 2oz. ..	0	0½
Post Cards—each	0	1
Reply Post Cards—each	0	2
Letter Cards—2 for	0	2
Registration fee	0	3
Parcel, 1lb. or under	0	6
Parcel, each extra 1b. or under	0	3

PACKETS, Etc.

Preparation for Post.

Packets may be sent through the post without a cover (but not fastened with anything adhesive, such as gum, postage stamp, sealing-wax etc.); in a cover entirely open at one end or side (if the cover be all the opening must be of the full extent of the end or side, and the contents must be easy of withdrawal. The cover may bear the sender's name and address, and the words "packet," "sample" or "pattern," etc., as the case may be, "only." Packets may be tied with string, but officers of the department may cut the string to examine the contents, and tie the packet up again. Samples of seeds, drugs etc., which cannot be sent as open packets, may be enclosed in bags or boxes, fastened so as to be easily undone and re-fastened. If addressed to places in the United Kingdom only they may be sent in closed, transparent bags.

Note.—If the above conditions are not complied with, packets are regarded as insufficiently paid letters, and charged accordingly.

TO ALL THE AUSTRALIAN STATES.

	s.	d.
Letters—For every ½oz or under	0	2
Post Cards—Stamped on cards	0	1
Letter Cards to New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania, Queensland, West Australia, New Zealand and Fiji	0	3
Post Cards, Reply Post Cards, Packets, Books, Newspapers, Registration Fee same as for places within Victoria.		
Parcel Post—For every parcel of 1lb. or under	0	3
Each additional 1lb. or under (up to 11lb.)	0	6

RATES TO THE UNITED KINGDOM AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

	s.	d.
Letters to United Kingdom—For every ½oz. or under ..	0	2
Letters to Foreign Countries—For every ½oz. or under ..	0	2½
Post Cards—each	0	1
Reply Post Cards—each	0	2
Newspapers—4oz., each	0	1
Each additional 2oz.	0	0½
Commercial Papers—2oz. 3d., 4oz. 3½d., 6oz. 4d., 8oz., 4½d., 10oz. 5d., then every 2 oz. to 5lb. 1d.		
Printed Papers (other than newspapers)—For every 2oz. or under up to 5lb.	0	1
Patterns and samples—For every 2oz. or under up to 12oz.	0	1
Registration Fee	0	3
Acknowledgment of delivery of a registered article	0	2½
Parcels Post (wholly by sea)—For each parcel of 1lb. or under	1	0
Each additional 1lb	0	6

PARCELS POST WITHIN VICTORIA.

Limit weight 11lb. Limit of size, 3ft 6in. in length, or 6ft. in girth and length combined. Postage (to be prepaid by stamps).—1lb. or under, 6d; each extra lb. 3d. The stamp to be affixed to an adhesive label to be obtainable at any post-office, which label will be attached to the parcel by the postal receiving officer after he has ascertained the weight. No parcel will be accepted unless fully prepaid.

RATES OF COMMISSION.

Money Orders Payable in the Commonwealth.—Any sum not over £5, 6d; over £5, but not over £10, 1s; over £10, but not over £15, 1s 6d; over £15, but not over £20, 2s.

Orders Payable in New Zealand.—Not over £2, 6d.; not over £5, 1s.; not over £7, 1s. 6d.; not over £10 2s.; not over £12, 2s. 6d.; not over £15, 3s., not over £17, 3s. 6d.; not over £20, 4s.

Money Orders by Telegraph.—To New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and Perth (Western Australia): Charge for a message in addition to above rates.

Money Orders to United Kingdom and other British Possessions and Foreign Countries—6d. for each £1 or fraction of £1.

POSTAL NOTES.

Postal Notes may be obtained at any Post Office in Victoria. Hours of payment—10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The following are the denominations of the notes, and the poundage or price charged for them:—1s. ½d.; 1s. 6d., ½d.; 2s., 1d.; 2s. 6d., 1d.; 3s., 1d.; 3s. 6d., 1d.; 4s., 1d.; 4s. 6d., 1d.; 5s., 1½d.; 7s. 6d., 2d.; 10s., 3d.; 10s. 6d. 3d.; 15s., 3d.; 20 ., 3d.

'LINS EL COMPOUND,' of 40 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, and difficulty of breathing.

ORDINARY TELEGRAMS

Town and suburban, within prescribed limits, or within fifteen miles from the sending station, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 6d. Each additional word, 1d.

Other places within the State, except town and suburban, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 9d. Each additional word, 1d.

Inter-State, i.e., from any one State to any other State, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 1s. Each additional word, 1d.

On telegrams to and from Tasmania the charges to be those mentioned above, with cable charges added, which at the present time is ½d. per word.

Double the foregoing rates to be charged for the transmission of telegrams on Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday, and for "Urgent" telegrams.

The foregoing rates are exclusive of porterage charges.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

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

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

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

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

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

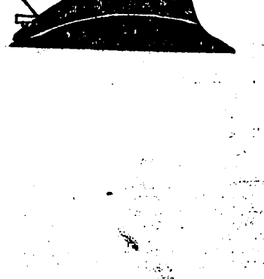
ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet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

W. EDWARD,
Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhanging, Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.
All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters Requisites kept in stock.

Public Notice.
J. H. ROBERTSON
(Late with Hawkes Bros.),
WISHES to intimate to the Residents of Beaufort and Surrounding Districts that he has commenced Business as a PLUMBER and TINSMITH, and trusts, by strict attention to business, to receive a fair share of public patronage.
Tanks, Baths, Troughs, Acetylene Gas Machines, Made to Order. Windmills Erected. Electric Bells and Telephones Fitted.
Estimates Given. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Address—NEILL-STREET, BEAUFORT. Orders left at Mr. J. B. Cochran's will be promptly attended to.

YOU ARE GREY! THEN GET THE Half-Dollar Hair Helper.
You can never permanently alter the color of your hair by a mere dye, but the Half-dollar Hair Helper will without fail restore to grey hair all the rich brown or black of earlier life. Price, 2s 6d; by post, 2s 3d. Sample bottle, sufficient to produce desired effect, posted 9d.
BRINSMEAD, Chemist, Traralgon, Gippsland.

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



WUNDERLICH METAL CEILINGS.
WHEN we tell you that all the most important buildings erected last year in the Commonwealth are adorned with WUNDERLICH CEILINGS, you can judge of their being likely to meet your requirements.
Wunderlich Metal Ceilings are specified by all the leading Architects and House Builders, because by experience they have proved them to be the Perfection Ceiling. Send in size of your rooms, and we will submit you a design and estimate without charge.
We also sell the famous Port Madoc Welsh Slate.
The Wunderlich Patent Ceiling and Roofing Co. Ltd.,
123 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

FEDERAL SPRAY MIXTURES
Trade Mark.
COPPER SODA FOR BLACK SPOT.
In Mr. McAlpine's experiments conducted at Hatfield's Orchard as detailed in the Agricultural Department's Journal, dated 8th June, 1907, both in 1905-6 and 1906-7, COPPER SODA beat all Competitors, Bordeaux Mixture being second and all others nowhere.
FEDERAL COPPER SODA is absolutely reliable and most convenient to use.
COPPER SODA for BLACK SPOT.
DISPARENE for CODLIN MOTH.
APHISPRAY for APHIS.
Apply to our agents in all fruit-growing districts for Price Lists.
AUSTRALIAN EXPLOSIVES & CHEMICAL CO. LTD.
(FEDERAL MANURE COMPANY.)
136 Queen Street, Melbourne.
LOCAL AGENT—JOHN TAIT, MOUNT COLE.

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

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

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

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,
AUCTIONEERS,
Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance and Financial Agents,
NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS,
BALLARAT.
EDMOND DOEPEL (26 years with Messrs Cuthbert, Morrow, and Must).
W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.
AUCTION SALES of LAND, HOUSES, FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the shortest notice. Property for Private Sale or to Let entered in our register free of charge.
Properties Purchased for Clients. Valuations for Mortgage and Probate purposes made by our Mr W. H. Chandler, official valuator to the Ballarat Diocese, the National Mutual Life Association, and leading investors of the city.
Agents for Absentees. Estates Managed and Wound Up.
MONEY.—Trust and other Moneys to Lend on Mortgage at lowest rates, and first-class Investments found for Capitalists free of charge.
Local Secretaries National Mutual Life Association. Shipping Agents for the Canadian Austra lian Steamship Company, in connection with Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Tourist Route of the World. Niagara Falls *en route*. Fares to London, L35 to L66.
ARCHITECTS.—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates for all descriptions of buildings prepared by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, who has had a very wide architectural experience.
DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,
NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS,
BALLARAT.
District Representative—JOHN McDONALD, "Burnside," Middle Creek.

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.
A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.
Funerals of all classes furnished at the owest possible charges.
Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.
A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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

DONT COUGH.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivalled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge alone gives ease—one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold everywhere in tins 13½d. each.

IMMENSE SUCCESS.
FROOTOIDS
THE NEW CURE FOR
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION.
The immense number of orders for FROOTOIDS sent by post direct to the Proprietor is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their marvellous curing power. They cure quickly, are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take. Leading Chemists and Storekeepers are now stocking them. Retail price, 1/6. Ask for them locally, and so encourage business in your own district. If not obtainable, send direct to the Proprietor,
W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.
If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—t cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture
IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.
It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For
SCROFULA, SCURVY, ECZEMA, BLOOD POISON, ULCERS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, BAD LEGS, BLOTCHES, SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and SORES OF ALL KINDS,
it is a safe and permanent remedy.
It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.
NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.
Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME-TABLE.

RAILWAY.

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

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

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

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

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

English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

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

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

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring	...	9
Lake Goldsmith	...	9
Stockyard Hill—	...	9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.		
Eurambeen ...	...	12.45
Shirley, ...	...	12.45

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

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

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

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

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

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

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

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

CONVERSATION BY TELEPHONE.

Between Beaufort and Ballarat, 6d. for 3 minutes; each additional 3 minutes, 6d. To Buangor, 2d.; to Waterloo, 2d.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

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

SAVINGS BANK.

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

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

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

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

Justices' Fixtures.

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

J. Holdsworth,
Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHER,
BEAUFORT.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS
MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c
Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"Subscribers and Advertisers"

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

'The Riponshire Advocate'

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

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation of the Riponshire Advocate Is Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

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

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

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

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c,
PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE.
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office :—Lawrence Street, Beaufort

...EARLY NOVELTIES...

IN

Spring & Summer Drapery

AT

COUGLE'S,

"THE QUALITY HOUSE."

Early Millinery, Blouses, Underskirts, Floral Ribbons, Laces, Belts, Motor Scarves, Costumes, &c. . .

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the above goods have not been subject to the NEW TARIFF, and every line will be sold at LAST SEASON'S PRICES.

N.B.—Ladies wishing to inspect the NEW GOODS will be welcomed as freely as BUYERS who desire to make an early selection from the NOVELTIES on view.

Yours for good value,

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

...BEAUFORT.

DIXON BROS.,

PRODUCE MERCHANTS, &c., BALLARAT.

Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Tents, &c.,

ALL HAND-MADE.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

MOUNT LYELL MANURES.

MOUNT LYELL SUPERPHOSPHATE, £3 18s. 6d. PER TON.

W. H. HALPIN, Local Representative.

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.

CAMP HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

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

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-

Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

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

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

—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—

M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Barrister and Solicitor,

Proctor and Conveyancer,

BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria and the High Court of the Commonwealth of Australia for taking Affidavits.

TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND freehold and other securities.

Enlarged Photographs

By the Famous Ballarat Photographers

Richards & Co.

Why pay high prices to travellers for Enlargements when you can obtain a beautiful Permanent Picture at half the price from RICHARDS & CO. from any old or faded photograph. . . .

NOTE OUR PRICES—

Size of Photo.	Size of Mount.	Price.
12 x 10	20 x 16	25s.
15 x 12	23 x 17	30s.

Complete in the Newest Solid Art Wood Frame

Send Photos. to be Enlarged by Post.

We Guarantee Perfect Satisfaction.

Bridal Photographs.

Sitters from all parts of Australia look to RICHARDS & CO. for their Bridal Photographs.

Bridal Veils, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Buttonholes—the latest styles—kept at the Studio.

Dull, wet weather in no way interferes with our Photographs.

RICHARDS & CO.,

23 Sturt Street,

Ballarat.

CREDIT FONCIER.

LOANS to FARMERS.

INTEREST REDUCED TO 4½ PER CENT.

The Commissioners of Savings Banks are now granting loans at 4½ per cent. in sums of £50 to £2,000 on pastoral and cultivable lands in Victoria. Title must be Freehold or Crown Leasehold.

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

The Inspector-General of Savings Banks, 26 Market St., Melbourne.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1907.

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Main Lead, 2 p.m.; Waterloo, 3.30 p.m. —Rev. Chas. Reed.

Presbyterian Church.—Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7 p.m.—Mr. R. Thompson. Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Rev. J. Griffiths. Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Supply.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. T. Kearns. Buangor, 11 a.m.—Mr. Waldron. Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr. Davis. Raglan, 3 p.m. —Beaufort Gospel Band.

THE

Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1907.

WHILE the Chief Commissioner of Railways was globe-trotting, the Country Party was endeavouring to have an alteration effected in regard to the anomalies and overcharges of freights to country districts. The party furnished a report which showed that the policy of the department was as full of anomalies as the tariff, and yet we have been assured again and again that the commissioners have been managing the railways on business-like principles. The surplus has been produced simply because the railways had been a monopoly of the carrying business, and can impose whatever charges they like, irrespective of what the effect will be. The report clearly showed that there are a number of glaring cases in which an alteration is urgently required, and the instances which were quoted demonstrate that the gradual concentration of trade and industry in Melbourne has been in a large measure caused by the system of preferential and tapering rates, which operate wholly in favor of the city and altogether against the country manufacturer. It has been a case of feeding the metropolis and starving the country, and this is what is termed a business-like method of conducting the railways. The position of Ballarat in respect to this matter is a very unhappy one, and illustrates how the progress of inland towns has been interfered with. Ballarat is 96 miles nearer to Hamilton, the centre of the Western district, than Melbourne, yet the startling fact remains that it costs £1 2s per ton more to send goods from Ballarat to Hamilton than it does to send them from Melbourne to Hamilton. The way in which our railway system is viewed by expert outsiders is shown in a work on railway rates by Mr H. R. Meyer, of the Chicago University. He selects Ballarat as the example of a fine inland town whose wholesale trade has been practically lost, its more ambitious merchants having removed to Melbourne. Similarly many of those of its manufacturers who had an ambition to manufacture for the State have been compelled to remove to Melbourne in order to be able to compete with the manufacturers there. The competition by sea is met in a simple, yet decidedly unscientific and most unfair manner to the inland parts of the State. It consists of reducing the rates on the coastal lines, and putting the difference on the inland lines. It is certainly a benefit to the people who are in the favored areas, but quite the reverse to those living where no competition can be brought to bear. The operation of the monopoly is here shown in its full and complete beauty. Minyip and Hamilton are within a mile of being the same distance from Melbourne, but whereas Hamilton pays £2 per ton on class 3 goods, Minyip pays £4 16s. The balance (£2 16s) represents £1 8s taken off the sea competition line in order to monopolise freight, and piled on the non-competition line. That this is so may be proved by adding the two freights—from Melbourne to Minyip and from Melbourne to Hamilton. The result (£6 16s), divided into two equal parts, gives a fair rate of £3 8s for each town, and if such rate was charged the Wimmera farmer would be relieved of an unjust burden. To further show the injustice of the present rates, compare Branxholme and Warracknabeal, distances 235 and 230 miles respectively. Goods rates, £2 and £5 5s, or £3 5s extra impost on Warracknabeal. Add the freight charges, total £7 5s; divide fairly, £3 12s 6d. Murtoa and Montajup are the same distance, 207 miles, yet the former pays £2 1s more per ton than the latter. In the terms of the report, "such discriminations for hauling the same goods the same distance are too extraordinary for words." The Country Party recommend a thorough revision and reduction of existing freight rates, a readjustment of the preferential rates as applied to internal traffic, and the abolition of the pernicious system under which the State railways have concentrated, and continue to concentrate, trade and manufacture in the city. The recommendations will be cordially endorsed by the dwellers in the interior, who, by bitter and costly experience, have learned that the policy of the department does anything but assist in the development of the country as it should. The Country Party recommends a reduction of 15 per cent. on grain freights, which will still leave them higher than in New South Wales. The Government have decided on a reduction in the freights, but do not know how far they will go, though the Premier has stated that they will represent a saving of at least £70,000 per annum to producers and others. It has been decided that the principal reductions shall be upon primary produce. Mr. Bent says that he is satisfied that the farmers and others who produce goods for export should receive the greatest consideration, because the experience of other countries has shown that it is necessary to assist in every way in giving the producer the advantage of cheap transit to those markets in which his goods have to meet competition with the similar products of other countries. The main part of the reductions on freight will be in the direction of lessening the charges on wheat and other cereals, butter, meat, and all farm and dairy produce intended for export. There will also be reductions to some extent in freights on other goods. It is to be hoped that no time will be lost in putting the proposals into practical shape and operation, so that the benefit may be received during the coming harvest. There are many anomalies that require attending to, and these must not be lost sight of. The railway system so far as the country districts are concerned wants a great deal of renovating, and a thorough overhauling and readjustment from start to finish.

Local and General News.

The Rev. Robt. J. H McGowan's many friends in the Beaufort district will be pleased to hear that he is making a good recovery from his severe attack of influenza and measles. His temperature has been practically normal for some days, and he was able to leave his bed and sit up for a little while on Thursday afternoon. Mrs McGowan, who is in Ballarat, is quite well.

At the Stawell show on Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr W. Lynch, of Lake Goldsmith, obtained first prize for thoroughbred mare, and second for maiden hunter, to carry 10st. Mr H. J. Richards, of Middle Creek, was also very successful with his Indian game fowls, getting a first prize each for hen and cock. He also obtained first prize for chip-carving.

The fortnightly meeting of the local branch A.N.A. will be held at the Mechanic Institute next Tuesday at 8 p.m., when the question of secretary's salary and nomination of secretary will be dealt with. A large attendance is specially requested.

At the Skipton Police Court on Tuesday, a man named Ben Howard was charged with using obscene language and with resisting Constable McDonald. He was sentenced to one month's imprisonment on each charge.

Senior-constable A. Nicholson, who has been in the Ballarat Hospital for the past ten days, suffering from an attack of gastritis, is, we are glad to hear, progressing satisfactorily towards recovery. During his absence on sick leave, Mr Nicholson is being relieved by Constable M. Felsenthal, of Waterloo.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS,' for Mountain Flax. An agreeable Aperient. Worth a trial.

An old-age pensioner named James McDonald died at Beaufort on Saturday. Deceased, who was 81 years of age, had followed the occupation of a miner here since the early fifties. The cause of death was bronchitis and asthma. His remains were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Monday. Mr R. Thompson read the Presbyterian burial service. The mortuary arrangements were carried out by Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort.

The remains of Mrs Nancy Turner were interred on Saturday in the Skipton Cemetery. Messrs J. Oldfield, T. Turner, F. Oldfield, and W. Williams acted as coffin-bearers; and the pall-bearers were Messrs T. Budge, A. Elder, G. Grist, C. Cairns, W. Shaw, C. Bailey, F. Queen. The Rev. John Greenwood officiated at the grave.

The following additional games have been played during the week in the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute billiard tournament:—A division—H. Seager (5) beat R. Welsh (scr.), 201—157; J. E. Loft (30 behd. scr.) beat A. Parker (30), 200—186; A. L. Wotherspoon (55) beat R. Holdsworth (20), 200—194. B Division —M. Flower (25) beat W. H. Halpin (25), 150—132; D. R. Hannah (20) beat B. Wood (40), 150—134. Draw for second round:—Baker (30) v. Garde (scr.). Flower (25) beat Hannah (20), 152—145; Cougle (30) v. Muntz (10), Young (30) a bye.

There was a large and highly appreciative audience in the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Tuesday evening, when the Kennedy Family presented a programme that was enthusiastically received. The overtures by the full company were much appreciated, as were also the solos of Miss Katie Checkett, whose fine soprano voice was heard to considerable advantage, particularly in the illustrated song, "Mona." The talented violinist, Master Keith Kennedy, fairly stormed the hearts of the audience by his gifted execution, his Scotch airs, bagpipe imitations, and capital mimicry of birds, etc., being cleverly executed and most cordially received. Mr S. R. Kennedy's humorous recitations were also well received. The mandolin duet by Masters Keith and Lance Kennedy, the vocal duets by Mr S. R. Kennedy and Miss Katie Checkett, and the comicalities of little Laurie Kennedy were heartily encored. A capital series of living pictures made up a first class entertainment.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

The Ballarat Gun Club's £100 match was decided at Redan on Thursday. The birds were a good lot, and some fine shooting was witnessed. "Pariah" was in good form, winning £43. After starring in the opening round he kept both nominations alive until fifteen rounds had been fired, when he and "Owen" (Mr T. E. Sands, of Beaufort) divided £50, a similar amount having previously been divided amongst ten nominations after the ninth round. "Greener," who won the championship on Wednesday, was amongst the competitors, but did not see more than four rounds through for his second nomination, while he lost his first on the previous bird. After nine shots each, "Pariah" (two nominations), "Owen" (two nominations), W. Taylor, W. Traher, C. Hindley, R. Mitchell, "Calcrossie," and J. W. Glover drew out at £5 per nomination. In the tenth shoot "Owen" lost one nomination, and Traher and Hindley dropped out. In the next three rounds every bird was dropped, but in the fourteenth "Calcrossie," Taylor, and Mitchell dropped out. "Pariah" grassed his next bird on both nominations, and "Owen" also killed, and it was then decided to share the £50 remaining. "Pariah" took altogether £43 6s 8d, and "Owen" £26 13s 4d. Subsequently a sweepstake was divided by "Greener," "Pariah," "Dick," and "Owen." Mr. Sands shot 39 out of 40 pigeons, his total winnings from the match and sweep being £31 6s. Another Beaufort shot, Mr P. Meehan, had a share in two sweeps.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy, and speak from experience," says Mr F. Schmaka, Paddington, W.A. "I have never known it to fail in an attack of colic, cramps or diarrhœa, so always recommend it to my friends and customers. To my mind, no mother should be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy in the house. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

The Beaufort Gun Club shoots for a £5 5s trophy on Wednesday next, when sparrows and starlings will be used.

A preliminary announcement of the sale by tender of 4000 acres of the Stoneleigh Estate by Messrs Young Bros. and Chas. Walker & Co. will be found in our advertising columns. The land is described as possessing a splendid position and being perfectly adapted for wheat-growing and all kinds of farming, and as very easy terms of payment will be given, there is sure to be a keen local demand for it. Farmers and others desirous of seeing a large area of land in this district brought under closer settlement, should not miss this opportunity of obtaining fine farm lands, as a successful disposal of this portion of the Stoneleigh Estate will probably encourage other large landholders in the district to place land on the market.

The Stockyard Hill District Coursing Club hold their final meeting at the Stockyard Hill Hotel on Wednesday night, to receive balance-sheet, make presentation to past secretary, and arrange dates for next season.

Mr Marchant, eyesight specialist, of Geelong, will visit Beaufort on Tuesday morning, Oct. 1st, and may be consulted at Mr Harris' pharmacy. As Mr Marchant will be leaving for England on a visit next month, this will be the last opportunity of consulting him for some months.

At Hamilton on Wednesday, Mr B. Baker, of Beaufort, took £4 out of a £50 pigeon match, with six others, at the end of 6th round, but afterwards dropped out.

We are informed that a few weeks ago the old Beaufort show-ground (3 acres) was submitted to public auction at a Government land sale at Ballarat, the upset price being £60. There was no offer. Through the sale not being advertised locally, hardly anyone likely to be interested in it was aware that it was to take place. The upset is considered far too high, the land being generally valued at from £20 to £25. To dispose of the land to the best advantage, it certainly should be submitted to public auction locally.

A very sad death occurred at Beaufort yesterday afternoon, the victim being Mrs Nicol, wife of Mr John Nicol, assistant forester. Deceased gave birth to a child on Wednesday, and gradually sank and died as stated, from heart failure. The child was dead. Drs. Eadie and Jackson were unremitting in their attention, but from the first no hope of Mrs Nicol's recovery was entertained. It is barely 12 months ago since deceased (who was a fine, healthy young woman) sailed from Scotland, and she was married in November, and has since resided at Beaufort. Very much sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband and relatives. The funeral takes place on Sunday afternoon.

The eighteenth competition for Rear-Admiral Bridges' trophy—a marble clock—valued at £10—was shot off on Wednesday afternoon by members of the Beaufort Rifle Club (10 shots at 300 yds.), and resulted in the "leg-in" being secured by F. G. Prince with a score of 47, 15 points of which was his handicap. A. E. Collins, who has won two out of the three competitions required to become the possessor of the trophy, was runner-up with 43, including two points handicap. The other scores were:—R. Dawson (14), 43; A. Saph, (15), 43; G. Collins (15), 43; J. McKeich (8), 41; J. Prentice (15), 41; A. C. Welsh (12), 41; D. F. Troy (3) 40; L. Jaensch (14), 40; E. Buchanan (3), 37; A. Ramsay (4), 36; G. Wilson (8), 35; G. Cuthbertson (8), 32; M. Tyrrell (6), 30; H. Trompf (3), 26. Nine shooters took part in a sweep—5 shots—which was won by A. E. Collins with a score of 17; Ramsay, Buchanan, and Trompf coming next with 16.

There is nothing that will so effectually refresh and brace up the system, clear the brain, cleanse the complexion and brighten the eyes as a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. Their effect is to stimulate the bowels to perform their work in a natural and gentle manner, thus cleansing the system of all those poisonous matters that cause biliousness and sick headache. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Bush fires in the Trawalla district, caused by sparks from engines, have led to further actions against the Railway Commissioners. The plaintiffs are Mr Charles Campbell, of the Lungi-Kal Kal Estate, claiming £664 6s 8d; Admiral Bridges, of the Trawalla Station, claiming £3541 9s 6d; and by the executors of the late Mr James Russell, of the Carnghan Station, claiming £5300. In connection with the action of Mr Campbell it was referred to arbitration and an award made. That award was appealed against by the Commissioners, but the judgment of the High Court was against the appellants. Mr Justice Hood has now granted the application on behalf of Admiral Bridges and the executors of Mr Russell's Estate, to proceed with the action, and to have the cases consolidated, they being referred to arbitration.

With the laudable intention of raising funds to provide themselves with uniforms, the Beaufort Town Brass Band are holding a grand carnival in the Societies' Hall on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, opening at 3 p.m. on Wednesday. Entries for tug-of-war for a £2 2s trophy close with the secretary, Mr T. Thomas, to-day. On the opening day there is to be a fancy dress procession, and prizes will be given for the best characters. In connection with a sale of gifts, there will be competitions for ladies in fancywork, cookery, produce, flowers, sweets, &c., as also for school boys and girls, in addition to comic song and hat trimming competitions for gentlemen and a nail-driving competition for ladies. Treacle and bun races and a quoit competition should prove attractive to the boys. The price of a season ticket is 1s 6d, and admission for afternoon or evening, 6d; children half-price. Given fine weather, there is every promise of the carnival being a huge success.

About 50 friends of Mr M. Franc, who is leaving Beaufort with his family for Noorat, where he intends to follow dairying pursuits, formed a surprise party, and assembled at his residence on Wednesday evening to say farewell. Mr and Mrs Franc were the recipients of a handsome dinner-set from their well-wishers, and Mr P. J. Bourke, who made the presentation, in the course of his remarks said that he had known Mr and Mrs Franc and family ever since he had been in Beaufort, and he had never met a nicer family. He hoped they would be successful in their new sphere of labor. Mr A. E. Collins, in endorsing Mr Bourke's remarks, wished Mr and Mrs Franc every happiness and prosperity; and Messrs W. Hannah, H. Stuart, junr., and Fay spoke in a similar strain. The health of Mr and Mrs Franc and family was then enthusiastically drunk. Mr Franc, in responding, thanked them for their handsome present. Since he had lived in Beaufort he had made many friends, and was very sorry he was leaving them. He hoped that some day he would be able to return to Beaufort and renew old acquaintanceships. A musical evening followed, and dancing was kept up till 3 o'clock, when the company dispersed after joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Owing to the large decrease in the population of Raglan since the mining industry became so dull, the attendance at the local State school has fallen from 150 to about 40. Mr W. J. Bartley, the head teacher, being qualified for a higher class, has therefore been compelled to apply for a transfer, and at his own request has been appointed as first male assistant to South Preston school, with instructions to proceed to his new sphere of labor when relieved, which may be any day. Mr Bartley has been stationed at Raglan for eight years, and so well has the school progressed, that very high percentages have been obtained under his tuition—in fact, the unusual compliment was paid Mr Bartley last year by the inspector of not examining the school for results owing to the high standard attained by the scholars. For a number of years also, the departmental and A.N.A. certificates for best laid out and kept school grounds have been obtained by the Raglan school, and the very fine garden to be seen there bears testimony to the good work done in this direction. In all local movements Mr Bartley was a very able and willing worker, and his place will be very hard to fill. Beaufort, too, will miss him, especially the Fiery Creek Lodge, in which he has just completed a very successful year of office as W.M. Mr Bartley will carry away with him the very best wishes of a wide circle of friends for his future happiness and success.

Fiery Creek Lodge.

INSTALLATION OF BRO C. J. C. BAKER AS W.M., AND INVESTITURE OF OFFICERS.

About 50 members of the Masonic fraternity, including some 16 or 17 visitors from Ballarat, Ararat, and Learmonth, attended the Fiery Creek Lodge on Wednesday evening, when Bro. C. J. C. Baker was, according to ancient custom, installed in King Solomon's chair as Worshipful Master of the Lodge for the ensuing year. The ceremony was impressively performed by Wor. Bro. W. J. Bartley.

The addresses to the Master, Wardens, and brethren were respectively given by Wor. Bros. Parker, Eastwood, and Muntz.

The newly-installed Master, Wor. Bro. Baker, very creditably invested his officers as follows:—I.P.M., Wor. Bro. W. J. Bartley; senior warden, Bro. A. L. Wotherspoon; junior warden, Bro. J. McE. Carroll; treasurer, Wor. Bro. G. H. Cougle, P.G.S.; secretary, Bro. T. Williams; senior deacon, Bro. W. J. Stevenson; (the junior deacon, Bro. A. Nicholson, was absent through illness); director of ceremonies, Wor. Bro. E. J. Muntz; inner guard, Bro. H. Smith; tyler, Wor. Bro. W. C. Pedder; stewards, Bros. D. Stevenson and M. Felsenthal.

SOCIAL.

The installation was afterwards celebrated by a very enjoyable social in the Societies' Hall. There were about 55 couples present. The hall had been magnificently decorated for the occasion. The stage was a picture of loveliness, and reflected the very highest credit on Mrs J. R. Wotherspoon, whose decorative art has seldom been seen to better advantage. Latticework (adorned with wattle blossom and willows), heliotrope and white creeper blooms, daffodils, and pot plants were effectively and most artistically used. The body of the hall, too, was tastefully decorated by Mr J. Lilley, the caretaker of the hall, who surpassed all his previous efforts. Lines of artificial flowers were suspended from the ceiling, and evergreens, flowers, mirrors, and curtains were neatly arranged around the walls. The floor had also received the caretaker's best attention, and was in splendid dancing order. As Jackson's String Band had been engaged for the occasion, it is almost superfluous to say that the music was really first-class, because their reputation is so high in this respect. Wor. Bro. R. A. D. Sinclair, P.G.D.C., proved himself an efficient Master of Ceremonies. For non-dancers cards were provided, as also a short musical programme; songs being nicely rendered by Bros. W. C. Jones, J. McLean, Cutter, and Wor. Bro. J. R. Wotherspoon; while Bro. W. H. Chandler gave two recitals with his well-known ability. Each item was very much appreciated. The costumes worn by the ladies were exceptionally handsome and becoming. An excellent supper was enjoyed; the catering of Mr J. R. Hughes giving the utmost satisfaction. Small tables were furnished in the supper-room with a variety of the choicest edibles, and the innovation was a decided improvement on the old style. Dancing was vigorously indulged in till about 3 a.m., a special item on the programme being the Masonic Lancers, the chief feature about it being that the ladies donned the regalia and jewels of the brethren. The company, before dispersing, sang "Auld Lang Syne," all being agreed that a most enjoyable time had been spent.

Correspondence.

AN APPEAL FROM THE VICTORIAN SANATORIA FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—On behalf of the committee of the Victorian Sanatoria for Consumptives, we make an appeal to the public of Victoria for increased financial support to avoid disaster to those beneficent institutions. During the past five years the number of consumptive patients treated annually increased, until during the 12 months ending June 30 of the present year no fewer than 254 persons received the benefits of the institution, while the daily average has risen from 35.3 in 1901, to 66.7 in 1906-7. During the winter of 1906 the committee, anticipating a favorable response to an appeal then made, accommodated 11 extra patients at Macedon and Echuca (making the winter total 75 per day), but the amount received to assist in this undertaking was most discouraging, and the result practically a total failure. The position of the institution is now very critical, and, unless the committee find considerably increased support from the public, as well as from the Government, they will be constrained to consider seriously the question of closing the establishments at Echuca and Macedon, which would deprive hundreds of unfortunate sufferers of their best chance of recovery to health. In the hope of avoiding this great calamity, they ask the Victorian public to give a favorable answer to this appeal. Patients are accepted from all parts of the State, provided their condition is capable of improvement by sanatorium treatment. Contributions may be sent to any of the undersigned.—For the committee,

ROBT. MURRAY SMITH, President.
PERCY OAKDEN, Hon. Treasurer.
(416 Collins-street, Melbourne.)
W. R. CHURCH, Secretary.

Wedding.

YOUNG—PADGETT.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at Mt. Cole on Wednesday, the 4th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, the contracting parties being Mr Albert Young, of Echuca, and Miss Daisy Padgett, second daughter of Mr William Padgett, of Mt. Cole. The bride, who was given away by her father, was charmingly attired in white muslin, trimmed with lace and insertion. Misses May and Rosa Padgett, sisters of the bride, acted as bridesmaids, and the bridegroom's brother, Mr Stanley Young, was best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party sat down to a daintily-served breakfast, where the usual toasts were honored. The happy couple afterwards drove to Buangor to catch the train to Melbourne, where their honeymoon is being spent. The bride's travelling dress was a grey tweed prettily trimmed with cream chiffon, velvet and grey silk, with hat to match. The bridegroom's gift to bride was a set of furs, and to the bridesmaids gold wishbone brooches. A very large number of both useful and costly presents were received. —"Ararat Chronicle."

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS.

For the chest, throat, and lungs. This medicine will loosen the grip of a cold from the first dose. Pleasant to take and always reliable; but be sure you obtain the genuine article.

District Sheep Sales.

In connection with the Ballarat Sheep Show, the following district sales of sheep are reported:—By Hepburn, Crawford, and Seymour.—For Messrs Beggs Bros., Euramboen, Beaufort—27 extra selected merino rams, 4-tooth—4 at 5½ gns, 5 at 5¼ gns, 5 at 4 gns, 4 at 4¾ gns, 2 at 4½ gns, 2 at 3½ gns, Mr Gerald Buckley, Narrapumelap, Wickliffe; 5 at 3½ gns, the executors Mr S. P. Bowler, Annandale, Germantown, N.S.W. For Mr Philip Russell, Mawallok, Beaufort—7 specially selected pure merino rams, 4-tooth—1 at 5 gns, Mr J. H. Holden, Stawell; 1 at 3½ gns, 2 at 2½ gns, 2 at 2 gns, Mr S. Chasey, Happy Valley; 1 at 3 gns, Mr S. Chasey, Happy Valley; 1 at 3 gns, Mr A. Kerr, Happy Valley. For Mr Francis Beggs, Euramboen East, Beaufort—26 specially selected pure merino cast rams, 6-tooth to 6 years, Messrs Stevens Bros., Ararat; 70 selected pure merino rams, 4-tooth, Mr S. H. Trethewan, Mount Pleasant. For Mr James Hannah, Stockyard Hill, 28 pure Leicester rams (hogget)—5 at 5 gns, Mr F. S. Austin, Mount Widderin; 4 at 4¾ gns, Mr Andrew Fraser, The Grange, Beaufort; 2 at 5 gns, Mr J. Waugh, Ercildoune; 3 at 5 gns, Messrs J. and W. Lynch, Lake Goldsmith; 10 at 4 gns, Mr C. R. Speake, Murtoa; 4 at 4 gns, Mr H. Hately, Murtoa. Fat sheep—For Mr Philip Russell, Mawallok, Beaufort—3 third prize merino wethers, 33s, Mr H. J. Symons, Macarthur street; 3 merino wethers, 30s, Mr J. H. Davis, Lydiard street; 3 second prize merino ewes, 24s 6d, Mr J. P. Davis, Lydiard street; 3 merino ewes, Messrs Dickinson Bros., Sebastopol.

By Macleod and Booth—Longwools, Leicesters—Account of Mr George Exell, Glenholme, Stockyard Hill—6, Mr Thomas Loughlin, Killarney, Warrenheip, 12½ gns; 4, Mr Jno. Lamont, Dundonnel, 11½ gns; 13, do, 5¾ gns; 13, Mr Robinson, Warracknabeal, 5 gns; 2, Mr Thos. Keay, Ascot, 3¾ gns; 20 ewes, Mr Adam Slater, Skipton, 5 gns; 17, Mr Hannah, Stockyard Hill, 3½ gns. Fat sheep—Account Mr Donald Stewart, Wongan, Skipton—3 first-prize crossbred wethers, Messrs Heinz Bros., £3 13s; 3 third-prize wethers, Messrs Heinz Bros., £3 1s; 3 crossbred wethers, Mr T. H. Richards, 53s; 3 second prize merino wethers, Messrs Heinz Bros., 36s; 3 merino wethers, Messrs Heinz Bros., 35s; 3 merino ewes, Messrs Heinz Bros., 22s.

By Stephen Holgate and Co.—On account of Mr E. C. Earles, Skipton—1 pure merino ram, Mr G. H. Stevens, 14 gns.

By S. G. Valentine and Co.—Merinos—On account of Admiral Bridges, Trawalla Estate, 19 rams, 4-tooth, viz., 3 to M James Lindsay, Quambatook, Woolsthorpe, at 15 gns, 7½ gns, and 6 gns; 2 to Mr Richard Clarke, Glengower, 6 gns and 5 gns; 1 to Mr Hope Johnston, Narrapumelap, at 5 gns; 5 to Messrs King Bros., Dobies, 1 at 5½ gns, 1 at 5 gns, 3 and 4 gns; 1 to Mr T. Calvert, Kiora; 2 to Messrs Dickenson Bros., Cherry Tree, 4½ gns; 5 to Mr H. Moon, Castlemaine, 3½ gns. On account of Mr Philip Russell, Carnghan Estate—2 to Mr Richard Clarke, Glengower, 8 gns; 1 to Mr A. Calvert, Watgenia, 5½ gns; 1 to Mr Jas. Wise, Elmhurst, 5½ gns; 2 to Mr Jas. Hastings, Whitehall, 4½ and 5 gns; 1 to Mr Jas. Olden, Stawell, 4½ gns; 2 to Mr H. Moon, Castlemaine, 4 gns. Lincolns—On account of Mr Geo. A. Dunnet, Viewbank, Stockyard Hill—26 rams and 4 ewes to 4½ gns. On account of Mr Philip Russell, Carnghan Estate—3 merino wethers (first prize) to Messrs Heinz Bros., at 43s; 3 merino ewes (third prize) to Mr H. J. Symons, at 27s.

The following prices were paid for rams by district buyers at these sales:—Mr D. Stewart, £100; Mr T. Rogers, 33 gns; Mr A. R. Slater, 16 gns; Mr J. Hannah, 8 gns; Mr G. Topper, 2 at 6 gns.

A SAFE AND VALUABLE REMEDY.

"Bonnington's Irish Moss" is a safe and valuable remedy for Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Affections. Bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All medicine vendors.

Ballarat Live Stock Market.

Tuesday.

Fat Cattle—A very light yarding, numbering only 175 head, came to hand for to-day's sale, principally consisting of useful and middling descriptions, a small proportion ranging from good to prime. There was a large attendance of the trade, consequently throughout the sales competition ruled exceedingly brisk, quality especially meeting a keen demand, prices all round showing an improvement on late high rates, closing very firm. Quotations: —Prime pens bullocks, £16 to £16 17s 6d; good, £14 to £15; useful, £12 to £13; good cows, £8 10s to £9 17s 6d; useful, £7 to £8. Calves—Only 12 forward, which sold well. Best, to 76s. Sheep—3111 was the number penned for to-day's sales, consisting generally of middling and useful descriptions, a fair proportion ranging from good to prime. The attendance of buyers was fully up to the average, still throughout the sales competition lacked animation, prices for all descriptions showing a material decline on last week's high values, finishing weak, stores again being in dull demand at low rates. Quotations:—Prime crossbred wethers, 25s to 27s; extra to 28s 6d; good, 21s to 23s; useful, 17s to 19s; prime crossbred ewes, 22s to 24s 9d; good, 18s to 20s; prime merino wethers, 21s to 22s 9d; good, 19s to 20s; useful, 14s to 16s. Lambs—1402 to hand, principally this season's drop, a fair proportion of which ranged from good to prime quality, balance middling and useful sorts. The demand was not equal to the previous week, prices ruling slightly easier for all descriptions. Quotations:—Prime, 14s to 15s; good, 12s to 13s; others from 8s 6d; useful, 10s to 11s.

The following district sales are reported: —By Macleod and Booth—26 head cattle, Mr Donald Stewart, Wongan, Skipton, bullocks £8 2s 6d to £12, cows to £9 7s 6d. 1 cow, Mrs McBurney, Skipton, £5 12s 6d. By Ben. Darling and Sons—7 bullocks, Mr James Hannah, Stockyard Hill, £9 7s 6d to £11 17s 6d, averaging £10 11s 1d; 2 calves from same owner, £3 9s and £3 16s, topping the market.

Mr Thomas Sneddon, Family Grocer, Mornington, Dunedin, N.Z., writes regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy: "My little grandchild was very bad with croup and we had tried nearly everything we ever heard of, but with no result. We secured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and gave it to him according to directions. It only took a couple of doses to cure him of phlegm to come away, and so he was out of danger. I really think," he adds, "that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best remedy sold for children." For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co's new millinery is specially attractive.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Sea-port Remedy,' for Coughs and Colds. 40 years' proven efficacy.

ISH MOSS.
gs. This medicine from the first dose. s reliable; but be article.

p Sales.

Ballarat Sheep ict sales of sheep burn, Crawford, srs Beggs Bros., 27 extra selected at 5½ gns, 5 at ½ gns, 2 at 4½ gns, Buckley, Narra- at 3½ gns, the wler, Annandale, For Mr Philip ufort—7 specially gs, 4-tooth—1 at , Stawell; 1 at 3½ ns, Mr S. Causey, ns, Mr S. Causey, s, Mr A. Kerr, Mr Francis Beggs, For—26 specially s rams, 6-tooth to ns Bros., Ararat; rams, 4-tooth, Mr t Pleasant. For ckyard Hill, 28) 5 at 5 gns, Widderin; 4 at ser, The Grange, s, Mr J. Waugh, Messrs J. and W. th; 10 at 4 gns, rtoa; 4 at 4 gns, oa. Fat sheep— Maxwell, Beau- wethers, 33s, Macarthur street; Mr J. H. Davis, ed prize merino P. Davis, Lydiard Messrs Dickinson

Booth—Longwools, Mr George Exell, Hill—6, Mr arney, Warrenheip, ent, Dundonnel, s; 13, Mr Robinson, ns; 2, Mr Thos. ewes, Mr Adam 17, Mr Hannah, gns. Fat sheep— Stewart, Wongan, crossbred wethers, £3 13s; 3 third-prize s Bros., £3 1s; 3 Mr T. H. Richards, merino wethers, 35s; 3 merino wethers, 22s. Co.—On account —1 pure merino gns. Co.—Merinos Bridges, Trawulla 3 to M James at 15 gns, Richard Clarke, to Mr Hope, 5 gns; 5 to gns, 1 Mr T. Calvert, Bros., Cherry Casemaine, Philip Russell, Richard Clarke, Mr A. Calvert, Mr Jas. Wise, Mr Jas. Hastings, Mr Jas. Olden, H. Moon, Castle- On account of Mr Stockyard Hill gns. On account Bingham Estate—3 Messrs Heinz ewes (third prize) at 27s.

were paid for rams these sales:—Mr D. T. Rogers, 33 gns; gns; Mr J. Hannah, 2 at 6 gns.

LABLE REMEDY. Mixture is a safe and valu- Influenza, Bronchitis, Lung Affections. Bottles, medicine vendors.

e Stock Market.

Tuesday.

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district sales are reported: and Booth—26 head Stewart, Wongan, £3 2s 6d to £12, cows 1 cow, Mrs McBurney, 25 6s. By Ben, Dowling lockes, M James Hannah, £9 7s 6d to £11 17s 6d, 11s 1d; 2 ewes for same and £3 16s, topping the

Sheldon, Family Grocer, Opotiki, N.Z., writes regard- Cough Remedy:—"My was very bad with croup, nearly everything we ever without result. We secured a Sheldon's Cough Remedy and according to directions. It relief in an hour, and all the recovered. I can now say he was out danger, he adds, Cough Remedy is the medicine I know. For sale by Sharp & Co., Merchant,

& Co.'s new millinery is

FUND." The 'Steel- and Colds. 1/- 0

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THE MYSTERY OF KILLEEN CASTLE: OR A BRANDED BROW.

BY A. M. AND W. I. ROWE.

FOURTH INSTALMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

"Begorra, but it's a foine couple they make entoirely. But what will the old squire say, I wonder? For me own part, I don't like to have much dealing wid the Castle people. Mysterious folk, like the 'Black Knight of Killeen' are good for neither king or country. But maybe it isn't good for me to be talking. Faith, betune himself and the Red Woman, shure, there's little that goes on in Killeen unbeknownst to them."

Thus spoke the porter of Killeen station after Evelyn Fitzgerald had driven away in Hugh de Lacy's jaunting car. Evelyn, a beautiful girl of about eighteen summers, had come to take up her abode in Killeen Castle, and as no conveyance was available, Hugh had gallantly come to her assistance.

A wild-looking woman stopped the car as they approached the Castle, and decreed a curse on the old building and woe to its inmates.

An old feud between the De Lacys and the Fitzgeralds prevented Hugh from entering the Castle with Evelyn.

At the moment of her arrival she was unexpected, and she overhears Lady Mildred Lisle's warning to Sir Geoffrey Fitzgerald that he was mad to bring the girl into his home. The woman left the room, and Sir Geoffrey's tones came to her declaring that all should be atoned. Then, strangely, the words, "Too late! Too late!" sighed past her. Evelyn and young De Lacy sought refuge from a storm in the cave-dwelling of Kenny Carey, the hunchback, and were warned by his old mother that evil would befall the Fitzgeralds. The strange disappearance of the Countess Fitzgerald and Sir Maurice was a mystery that Sir Geoffrey's enemy, Squire De Lacy, was eager to unravel. De Lacy engaged a celebrated detective from Dublin Castle (Matthew Cleary) to solve the mystery. Cleary concludes that some persons were playing the parts of the legendary "Red Woman" and the "Brown Monk." Squire De Lacy's servant, Tim, gave Cleary a lift, but near the ruined monastery turned the car to flee at the approach of the "Brown Monk."

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

For the first few weeks following her arrival at the Castle everything was strange and unreal to Evelyn; to the eyes of this unsophisticated schoolgirl all seemed mysterious and expedient in her uncle's house.

What was really wanting the girl could hardly explain even to herself; but by degrees she saw and understood it was the lack of sympathy and common interest in each other, the absence of any semblance of affection which so strangely characterized the members of that household.

It was a strange home life—one indeed that Evelyn had not expected to find. She had come, burning with love, longing like the gentle loving creature that she was, to lavish upon her relatives the full warmth of her young heart; but in this, she was doomed to disappointment. It was not that either her uncle or his cousin Lady Lisle were cool to her. On the contrary both were most anxious to please and make her feel at home; but despite their efforts, there was a certain restraint, a feeling that all was not as it should be in the family circle.

Not that they were brusque or outwardly distant with one another but a studied politeness existed which somehow struck the girl as unreal and forced. There was no true domestic spirit; everyone acted as they themselves wished, without consulting any other member. It was this unaccountable manner of each living as it were their own life which dismayed Evelyn—made her long for the love and sympathy which she saw plainly she was not likely to receive here.

Yet so perverse a thing is the human heart that the girl often found herself longing to win the affection of this silent, reserved man, who despite his morose manner and eccentric ways, was not unkind to her, and who, moreover, was the only relative she possessed, her dead father's stepbrother. A desire to know more of her uncle, pity for his loneliness, the inclination to remove from his brow the traces of past sorrow and suffering imprinted there, came over her; that he bore some hidden burden the girl knew well, but how to draw him out, offer comfort and consolation, she could not determine, so waited and hoped that time would reveal to her some means by which she could assist him to a brighter view of life.

Of Lady Lisle, the knight's cousin, Evelyn could form but little or no opinion beyond the fact that in spite of that lady's gushing advances, evident efforts to please her, she could not take to her. There was too much that was artificial, nothing that was warm, sincere or genuine in her over-effusive reception; and though her ladyship laid herself out to be pleasant, and even paid compliments to the girl's beauty and other gifts, Evelyn was not slow to perceive that there was little love lost between that lady and herself.

Try as she would it seemed as if she was doomed never to have a moment in private with her uncle; for either through accident or design, no sooner did the two find themselves alone than Lady Lisle appeared on the scene and from most unexpected quarters. Thus it was Evelyn found herself thrown much upon her own resources for amusement, and the first few days after her arrival she spent in exploring the old house and its expensive grounds.

From her bed room window the view was supreme. Far as the eye could reach, lay the gardens and stately park, while on the other hand stretching away for miles, moorland and meadow, bright with varicolored furze and broom which sparkled again in the merry sunlight, or glistened fantastically when viewed in the pale light of the moon, and which was relieved here and there by gently sloping hillocks. No wonder that Evelyn was not content to remain within more than was necessary, when she had such interesting and pleasant surroundings outside.

It was a beautiful morning shortly after her arrival that we find Evelyn seated alone on a mossy bank of the cliffs inhaling the pure air, which came straight in from the broad, Atlantic, and revelling in the beauties around her. Suddenly on the stillness of the air a voice, the sweetest and clearest she had ever heard, was wafted towards her.

"I'm alone! I'm alone!"

Loud, clear, and harmonious, the rich full tones of the singer rang out upon the still morning air, now soft and low, again loud and distinct as a bell.

Like one fascinated by both voice and words Evelyn listened, and in an ecstacy of delight drank in eagerly each note and word. How they agreed and fitted in with her own particular ideas of the moment! They were like the echoes of her own thoughts.

Alone in the gathering mists of the early morn no companion or living being in sight with the exception of myriads of seagulls who pirouetted gracefully on the wing, and around and around they flew giving utterance to cries and shrill screams as though angry that their solitude should be invaded by other voices than their own.

Forgetful of all else but the beauty of the song, and how well it suited her present position, the girl listened entranced, while gazing in awe-struck admiration on the magnificence of the panorama before her.

Alone, with nothing but the blue sky above her, its broad canopy lying like a great veil between herself and her Creator, the vast ocean, as placid as a mill-pond beneath, and the majestic cliffs soaring high into the heavens! Never before had Evelyn been so struck by the beauties of nature, never had the vastness, the solemnity and serenity of creation so appealed to her as now.

Here, in the midst of all this savage grandeur, with the great cliffs towering on one side, while on the other, they dipped down to the water's edge, and, though, splashed and battered upon by the ever-restless waves, formed strong ramparts for the town, a lasting memorial of that rock-bound coast, which like nightly sentinels and unseen warriors protected the tiny bay from the fierce storms and squalls of the Atlantic, was the very place to ponder over all that had happened since her strange home coming.

It was indeed a glorious scene, yet this was the spot in which only a few days before she had declared herself disappointed; but in her most picturesque of moods Evelyn had never dreamed of anything so perfect as this, the real Killeen, had turned out to be.

No longer viewed from the same standpoint as on the day of her arrival when all around was dull-grey and desolate, and she herself tired out and bitterly disappointed in the reception accorded her by her relatives, little wonder, then, that all seemed dreary and forbiddiag. And now, what a metamorphosis! As if regretting the miserable welcome which greeted her a few days ago, all Nature had donned her best and brightest aspect, determined to dissipate the gloomy impressions previously given.

The visitor held her breath in surprise and pleasure, while the owner of that voice that seemed to draw closer to her each second, but still no human form appeared in sight. Remembering that the sound would be carried for miles in that pure atmosphere and clear air, and that its possessor might still be some distance off, the girl again set herself to drink in the sweets of her surroundings.

No pen can depict, no brush do justice to the sublime grandeur, the natural loveliness of that scene. On one side the ruins of a tiny fishing village lay nestling in a valley among two hills, and one wondered as one watched the blue smoke curl up from the white-thatched cottage a little to the left why Nature should deign to bestow so many of her rarest and choicest blessings upon that comparatively unknown spot the neighbourhood and village of Killeen. Was it a mistake, or some vagary of hers that here, unheeded by its inhabitants, should lie such beauties as would make the fortunes of other and more progressive watering-places? What a wealth of golden sand lay upon the beach! The little bay itself, being horseshoe shape, was played upon on all sides by the blue waters of the Atlantic, and, like mighty watch-dogs protecting the bay and little village, rose the cliffs on one side and the huge brown rocks of Duggerna on the other. Far out upon that broad expanse of ocean were dotted here and there the white sails of tiny fishing smacks, that rose and fell with the motion of the ever-restless tide—the sole means of support, the one industry which enabled the people of Killeen to keep the roof over them, the wolf from the door, and the red turf lighting on their honest hearths.

All this Evelyn beheld from her eminence on the cliffs, and somehow, without knowing why, she felt pleased that the gloomy house which gave her hospitality was not visible from where she lay. It was as though the presence of that sombre, dark-hued building must have irretrievably spoiled the aspect of that rural picture. Why this was she could not tell, except that somehow she abhored the Castle and felt that its presence would be a blot on an otherwise picturesque scene.

"I'm alone! I'm alone!"

For some minutes Evelyn had quite forgotten both the singer and the song; but as again the voice sounded quite close to her ear she started round to find herself face to face with a young and beautiful girl.

For some time the two eyed each other in silence, both evidently surprised to speak; but in those few moments the lady and the peasant girl had taken in every detail of each other's appearance.

The newcomer was certainly very beautiful. Not more than seventeen summers, she was that style of Irish brunette with large, ever-changing eyes, blue as the skies of her native land, and fringed with long, silken lashes which swept her rounded cheek; glossy black hair fell in clustering ringlets down her back, and escaped in loose curls upon her broad, white forehead; her features were beautifully chiselled—rather patrician in style and mould, with eyebrows well arched, a pair of full, red lips, and teeth of pearly whiteness.

At sight of the stranger, a rich wave of colour swept over her face and neck, caused by the presence and gaze of those to whom she was unaccustomed.

"Good morning. I suppose you are astonished to find visitors here, and so early? I am pleased to have met you. Perhaps you can show me a nearer way to the village?"

"Faith, an' I can't ma'am. Shure there is no other way than be the cliff road. Now, if it was this side of Killeen Head ye wanted, I could give ye the path direct."

"Thank you. And might I venture to ask if you are the fair songstress who just now charmed my ears with 'I'm Alone'?"

"Yes, ma'am. I do sing a little, betimes, and"—

"A little! Why, child, do you not know that is a most difficult song? It takes a professional to sing Elly Connor's song well, and you— Oh where did you learn to sing like that? You have a magnificent voice—one that would make your fortune anywhere."

The girl drew herself up proudly.

"Grandmother taught me. But you should hear her sing, miss! She has a lovely voice entoirely. But you really think I sing well—as a lady would, I mean?"

"Of course I do."

Then, seeing the anxious face of the girl, the strangeness of the situation now for the first time appealed to Evelyn. Here stood one, evidently judging from her coarse blue dress and the long blue cloak and hood she wore of the peasant class; her skirt only reached to her ankles displaying a pair of white, shapely feet beneath. The hood of her cloak was thrown back, a bright-red handkerchief was placed cornerwise upon her shoulders underneath the cloak and caught in neatly by a fancy knot upon her breast, while her hair was worn loosely, coiled in coronet fashion round her shapely head.

"I suppose you are a native of these parts?" inquired Evelyn again.

"Well, perhaps I am, and perhaps I'm not. It is not a Roonach I am anyway, nor yet a Nomad, though I am living with the tribe."

"I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"Begorra, it's simple enuf. Shure, it's travelling Nomads the whole av them is, an' I'm not ashamed to own it. Godmother is the head av them and they claim descent from the rale old stock, the Rapparres of Ireland, ma'am."

"Descendants of the old Rapparees! Then you must be what we call the Romany,' or gipsies in England, I suppose?"

"That's it, miss. But our queen does not like the title Romany. Yet where's the duffer, when both have plenty an ponies, mules, and donkeys at their back?"

"You may be right. What is in a name? Though certainly the one your tribe goes by is far from romantic. But what is your name, child?"

"Norah, they term me—Norah-na-Coppaleen (Norah of the ponies)—for I can handle the wildest horse as well as any of the bhoys."

They had been talking for some time now, and Miss Fitzgerald felt irresistibly drawn towards this wild beautiful specimen of an Irish maiden—the girl whose beauty she knew might have won her a coronet, whose voice would have brought thousands of admirers to her feet, yet who so loved the wild moors, the blue sky and mountains of her native land that she preferred to roam them free as a bird. Her highest ambition was the training of her loved horses, living the ordinary, humdrum life of a village maiden.

"You like this life then?" Evelyn asked.

"Like it? Oh, yes, I suppose so, for I have known no other; and yet, lady, there are times when I would give all up willingly—yes, even my liberty—if I could but know a parent's love. They tell me mine is a grand life, that I am a daughter of the people, free—free as the birds of the air. That may be so; and yet I have a faint recollection of brighter days, ere the eviction came and my mother died before my father joined the Nomads."

"And these Nomads?' inquired the lady. "Where are they?"

"Over the hill, a little beyant the peak, miss. It is there you will find the homeless, the friendless, the outcasts—a tribe of people worse than aliens in the land their forefathers owned."

Evelyn would have questioned her more, but at this juncture a small, ragged-looking boy came running wildly in their direction, calling lustily at the same time:

"Norah! Norah agra! Himself has come, an' ye're wanted."

The girl turned crimson.

"I'll be bidding ye good-day my lady. Sure the gossoon has need of me;" and without another word she turned and left her companion, hurrying her quickest to meet the boy, who, though not yet at her side met her with these words:

"Yerrah, but he is angry at you gossipin' wid a stranger, an kapin' him waitin' this while back. Faith, an' it's ashamed av you, I am. What is the Roonach to you, Norah that ye should converse wid her?"

"An' where's the harm? Who's to say agin it if I wish to spake wid the lady, Denny?"

"The Lord betune us an' harm! But it's yerself can't be knowin' who she is or whence she came?"

"No. She's a furriner' I hear."

"A stranger?" and the boy laughed mockingly. "What if I tell ye she is from the 'House of Doom'—is even of that accursed race herself? She is a Fitzgerald, and the enemy of our people!"

CHAPTER X.

AN APPARITION FROM THE DEAD.

It was a bright, cheery morning as Lady Lisle left the Castle and walked briskly in the direction of the cliffs. My lady was not in the most amiable of moods, in fact she felt out of sorts with herself and the world in general, judging by her remarks and inward communings.

"It is preposterous! I must speak—make the boy understand what is at stake, or he may ruin everything. Is it likely after planning and plotting, devoting my life to the scheme, that I will be baulked in the end by his youthful folly. No. Much as I love him he shall not—dare not thwart me. This marriage must take place for my sake as well as Norman's. Sir Geoffrey will hear of no other way, and I have sworn the property will be ours in spite of all."

Unknown to herself Lady Lisle had spoken the last words aloud, and as the echo died away on the stillness of the air another noise reached her ears causing her to start violently and gaze around in terror.

"Heavens! What is that? That voice again, or am I mad or dreaming? Am I never to be free from the hateful sound, that scene ever to be present before my mind's eye, that shriek to haunt me to my dying day?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

As if in answer to her query there sounded upon the stillness a shrill, discordant mocking laugh.

Her ladyship grew pale to the lips with horror. She stood like one petrified, unable either to advance or retreat, then shaking off her stupor with a gigantic effort, placed both her hands over her ears and was about to flee the spot when her terrified eyes rested on a well-known form—that of her nephew, Norman—making his way towards her from the opposite direction.

In a moment the lady had recovered her equanimity.

"How foolish I have grown," she murmured to herself, then advancing with eager manner, cried:

"My dear boy, you are the very one I am in search of. Norman I wish to speak to you seriously and privately."

"Indeed, aunt; and what may this important business be that induces you to follow me about like this? No fellows likes his movements watched and spied upon by his relatives," replied the young man, sulkily as his aunt turned and walked by his side.

Her ladyship frowned, then from under her eyebrows eyed him keenly.

"I feared as much," she said at last—"might have known that your great desire for my company, your longing to leave town, and spend so much of your invaluable time in this dull place—considering your former aversion to it if only for a day or two—boded no good. Norman, there is some other attraction here, I fear; or is it that you are lying low again to escape another scrape?"

The young man laughed cynically.

"'Pon my word, aunt, you are not over-complimentary to yourself, nor yet, I think, do justice to the charms of your guest—beg pardon. I mean Sir Geoffrey's niece. Did you not yourself bid me come and do the amiable to your visitor?"

The woman's eyes flashed.

"Yes, I did wish it, and for whose good but your own? Yet what has come of it? Have you obeyed my orders, carried out my instructions? No. Instead you have gone your own way, you go rambling over the hills and moors—alone, I will not say, for knowing you of old. I have my own suspicions on the matter; but Norman Lisle I warn you that while you are fooling about, playing with fate, indulging the whim of a moment, others are cutting the ground from beneath your feet, winning the heiress from you before your very eyes."

Her companion's face darkened.

"What more do you expect me to do? I cannot make love to a girl against her will. Besides Evelyn Fitzgerald is not my style. She is far too haughty and shand-offish for my taste. If ever a girl showed plainly, she wanted none of me, she did; and I have not yet reached the stage of hanging on to the skirts of one who shows me at every hand's turn that my very presence is distasteful."

"Norman Lisle, you are a fool—a simple weak fool. I gave you credit for more discernment than that. I know girls better than you do, and tell you it is simply pique on Evelyn's part that makes her act thus. Girls are naturally proud, quick to resent the least slight, and from the first she saw you were not attentive to her, did not court her society. Boy, you are handsome enough to win any girl's admiration Why not begin now? It is not yet too late. Surely you would not let the opportunity slip and be a beggar for life?"

The young man started violently, then turned and fixed his eyes on his companion's face.

"What—what do you mean?" he demanded hoarsely. "How can we be paupers? Have you not always led me to imagine myself Sir Geoffrey's heir? Why then, this sudden change? Has anything happened of late to disturb you, make you doubt it?"

Lady Lisle sighed. At length she made answer:

"Yes, a great deal has occurred which may blast all my hopes, tumble to earth the castles I have built. You know the history of my past, Norman, have learned the secret which links my life and that of Sir Geoffrey irrevocably together. But you do not know, have no idea of the struggle I have undergone lately to retain my power over him."

"Your power, aunt! Whatever do you mean?"

The woman smiled.

"I repeat, dear, my power over him is waning. It is some time now since first the idea of retribution to the dead entered his head, and it is only by constant watchfulness and pampering his superstitions that I retain any hold over him at all. I tell you plainly, boy, the worst has come to pass. He told me candidly that he could never hope to place me in my rightful position. What I have sinned and plotted to achieve, my ambition of reigning as mistress of Killeen Castle, has vanished—is swept ruthlessly aside and all through this wretched idea which has taken so strong a hold upon him."

Norman Lisle looked his utter amazement. At length he said:

"But, aunt, why take this so much to heart? What matters it that Sir Geoffrey refuses to bestow the title of wife upon you? You really never cared sufficiently for him to desire that honour. If he keeps to his other contract—leaves all to us—surely that will satiate your ambition?"

His relative turned upon him fiercely.

"If he keeps to his contract! It were well to add that. Foolish boy, are you so dense that you cannot see we are to be supplanted, ousted from his favour by this high-flown notion of making atonement to his dead brother's child? I have seen a copy of his will, and in it I am left a paltry pittance, while the residue is left to Evelyn on condition that she marries you. Can you wonder that I, ask—beg of you, for your own sake as well as mine—to win Evelyn Fitzgerald for your wife—separate her from Hugh de Lacy? Otherwise, nothing but absolute beggary stares us in the face."

An oath deep and strong, fell from the man's lips.

For some moments both walked along in silence. He seemed to be wrestling with himself and the victory was evidently one not easy to achieve. Presently he spoke again.

"Give me time to consider and to think things out; do not ask me to decide at once. What you suggest is no easy task to accomplish. I shall duly weigh the pros and cons, but, as you say, poverty is a bitter pill to swallow. I suppose I must needs acquiesce when the devil drives but would first turn the matter over, so will take you no further. You will not mind returning alone?"

"Not in the least; but, Norman, take my advice, and if there is another attraction in the shape of the fair sex, be warned in time. Give it up, for nothing is worse or more derogatory to happiness than entanglements of this kind."

"Never fear, aunt; I am well able to look after myself. Good-bye for the present. Will not be back for lunch."

Thus the two parted, the one to return to the house where she had long cherished the hope of reigning as supreme mistress, the other to ponder over a way out of the difficult problem of being in love with one woman and almost engaged to her and the circumstances forcing him to marry another.

As her nephew disappeared in the distance Lady Lisle turned and slowly retraced her steps. So absorbed had the two been that neither noticed their close proximity to a high hedge, or if they did, never for a single moment did it occur to them that behind the thick screen was crouched a form, that of a man, who moved along so quietly and cautiously, keeping pace with each step they took, that every word of their conversation was overheard by him.

As the young man disappeared from view, the eavesdropper gazed after him sadly.

"So this is the latest move, and yet— But this is madness. Regrets are vain and empty. It is useless brooding over and dreaming of what might have been. The past is dead and buried—remains but a dim shadow, a phantasm, in my brain. Yet he is indeed a comely lad—one that under other circumstances a man might well be proud of"— here there was a distinct break in his voice—"but doubtless under that she devil's tuition he has become like herself, a chip of the old block, ready and willing for any villainy if only his own ends can be advanced thereby."

So excited had the insidious listener become that he forgot his usual caution and stood upright. The grass rustled as he did so, and on the instant Lady Lisle turned quickly in that direction, and there, framed in an aperture in the hedge, the strange figure was fully revealed to her.

Only for a moment did her ladyship's gaze meet those wild-looking eyes which stared so relentlessly at her from beneath the shaggy brows; the next her looks wandered on the pale, pinched face to the crippled body and distorted form. Then, as the hideous deformity with every grotesque and horrible feature was imprinted on her brain, a terrible cry broke from her bloodless lips.

"You! Oh, heavens! You back from the grave to upbraid and torture me?" she cried; then frantically throwing up her hands, as if to shut out some awful vision and with a grasping moan of "Spare me! Mercy! Mercy!" fell unconscious to the ground lying prostrate at the feet of the man whose sudden and unlooked-for appearance was responsible for her terrible fright—had occasioned this collapse.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CRYPT IN THE GROUNDS.

Like one in a trance Evelyn heard the last words of the boy as unmindful of the distance the voice carried in those parts he excitedly raised his tone and almost shrieked the words into his companion's astonished ear.

That could she do to rectify this? It was not the first occasion on which she had noticed that people trembled on hearing the name of Killeen Castle or Fitzgerald Both seemed equally awe-inspiring—things to be avoided and shunned as one would the plague.

What could it mean? Yesterday more than once she had been plainly shown that her name was hated and feared by the villagers, while the wild creature they had encountered on the road on the night of her arrival, had made some terrible accusations against the house of her guardian, ending that blood cried for blood; and to Hugh de Lacy she had foretold that association with any bearing the name of Firzgerald would bring trouble and misfortune upon his race, as it had already done in years gone by to his forefathers.

Yet in spite of all this Hugh de Lacy had seen her to the very door of his enemy, but had refused to tell her what feud existed between the two families. "I will get to the bottom of this mystery," she told herself—"will contrive to meet this beautiful peasant girl again and glean all from her."

Could it be true then? Was this silent, rather taciturn man who was her uncle, really a criminal? And yet what crime had he committed—what had he done to make these people hate and shun him so? For all his reserve Evelyn felt strangely attracted to the master of Killeen. Why she could scarcely tell, unless it was that strange and subtle sympathy which sometimes draws us towards a creature we feel is downtrodden, misunderstood and despised without really having any foundation for such a suspicion.

Evelyn had somehow got hold of the notion that her uncle was more to be pitied than blamed, while the lady who was the recognised head of the house and acted more as its mistress than the simple cousin of its proprietor, her ideas were strangely at variance. There were times when, she told herself she positively disliked the proud, cold self-contained Lady Mildred; others when her feelings took such a change that she could not understand whether she loved or feared her most.

"Time alone will unravel the mystery. I must wait a little longer before I judge at all," was her thought, as she made her way into the long, dark avenue of trees which led to the house. But as the sunshine was suddenly excluded from her path, a chill, cold feeling came over the girl, and she shuddered in spite of herself, as she murmured:

"Oh, how gloomy and dark the house and grounds seem! Not a bird or living thing to break the silence; all cold, dull, and dreary! Well might the villagers term the home of the Knight of Killeen the 'House of Doom.'"

Evelyn had already made her way through the greater part of this avenue of huge fir trees when, on turning to the left, she came upon a small grey-stone building in the shape of a vault or crypt and from which the house was plainly visible.

The girl was delighted. This was just the kind of romantic-looking old chapel, with its grey-stone walls, diamond-shaped windows, all overgrown with thick, clinging ivy that appealed to her nature. There was something so venerable in its appearance—the sombre trees half-crumbling away and rotting with age, the ivy, the growth of centuries still clinging to it, and then the tall background of stately fir trees, making a canopy of leaves and branches, which caused one to dread the darkness which enshrouded it.

But Evelyn was not in the mood to be startled or scared by its gloomy surroundings. The picturesqueness of the spot, the loneliness and weird aspect of the little edifice appealed irresistibly to her, and she stood lost in mingled admiration and delight.

Going towards the worn, weather-beaten door, she tried to open it; but without avail. It was evident the entrance had been both securely locked and bolted from the inside, for the huge door only groaned and creaked on its hinges, resisting all her attempts to force it open.

The girl was not to be defeated so easily, however. She was dying for a glimpse of the interior of this old building, and her skill at climbing, the knowledge that she had been known as the most fearless girl at school now returned to her, and she determined to utilize this art in an attempt to reach the small windows at the side of the chapel.

Making her way round, she found a convenient piece of masonry on which she placed her foot, then with the aid of a higher angle, succeeded in drawing herself up. The window was completely covered by the wild, creeping plants, and it was with the utmost difficulty she could part the tangled mass and still retain her hold.

She had succeeded in parting the tendrils and was about to brush the dirt and mildew off the pane so as to obtain a better view, when suddenly the voice of some one calling her by name reached her ear. She paused and listened, and almost as soon as she recognised the tones of Lady Lisle, that lady appeared among the bushes.

While Evelyn was debating whether to reveal her whereabouts or not, the older woman caught sight of her perched up amongst the walls of the old building and almost concealed from view by the ivy and creepers.

For a second a look of fear, horror and indignation crossed her ladyship's face as she saw the position of the other; but though evidently anxious to ascertain what took Evelyn there, she was all smiles as she came forward and greeted the girl, who had by this time jumped down.

"Evelyn, you naughty child, whatever possessed you to go climbing like that? But there, never mind about it now, except that in the future you had better not attempt such a feat. Your uncle allows no one to enter or see inside that crypt. It is the mausoleum of the dead, the gone Fitzgeralds, the family vault, where none, not even I, dare intrude. He is strangely jealous of this sanctuary, will share it with no one, and he himself keeps the key."

Evelyn laughed.

"How weird and mysterious it all sounds, Lady Lisle! Why you almost make my blood run cold. Would you have me believe my uncle a second bluebeard, the possessor of some terrible secret which none may share? But I warn you, I am a very inquisitive person. I love secrets and mysteries—revel in them, in fact—and this romantic old chapel has aroused my curiosity. I will never let my uncle rest until he takes me there, shares his secret with me, in fact, disclose to me the hallowed remains of those who lie buried in that venerable and dear old chapel."

Lady Lisle shook her head, and it was easy to see the subject was one in which she took little or no interest, or which she preferred not to discuss.

"I doubt that your ambition will ever be realized, and warn you not to approach Sir Geoffrey on the subject. But enough of this, dear. Luncheon will be served by the time we reach the house, and you know your uncle's objection to being kept waiting. We had better make a move."

Then passing her arm through that of Evelyn, both set off at a brisk pace for the Castle.

We must now return to our fair songstress, Norah Clancy. No sooner had she left Evelyn and followed in the wake of her boy friend, Denny than the girl's eyes glistened again, and her cheeks assumed, if anything, a rosier hue.

"Ye tell me that Misther Norman is angry at finding me gone, Denny?" she inquired presently.

The youth whistled.

"Bedad, he is more than angry; faith, it's as mad as a hare the same gintleman is, Norah: an' if ye'd be takin' my advice, acushla, it is a wide berth you'd be givin' him."

The girl laughed softly.

"Denny, ma bouchal, ye don't understand the ways of the quality. Misther Norman can't bear me out av his sight. Shure, it's his great love fur me, an' me only a poor girl, too, that makes him jealous."

"Be jabers, thin, it's a run way he has av showing his affection, Norah. Begorra, there isn't wan av our bhoys beyant that 'ud address his colleen or spake av her as he did. Shure, he was swearing like a trooper bekase ye spoke to the lady."

"Thin he saw us, Denny? But he wouldn't be angry if he heerd her praising up my voice. Just think av it, Denny! The lady said I sang like a bird, that my voice would make a fortin if it was trained. Oh, Denny, avic, I am glad that it is so. Shure it is something I'll have to offer him in return for all he is giving up for me. My bhoy, think av it—he will make me, a poor Nomad, his equal, his wife. But here he comes. Denny, my bouchal, git off wid ye now, an' mind, as ye love me, not to have word av this to any wan."

"Bedad, an' ye can trust me, a-vourneen."

As he spoke the urchin took to his heels and was soon lost to view and at the same time a tall, gentlemanly looking youth advanced from the cover of an old boat-house and joined the girl.

"My Norah, you have come at last Oh, if you knew how I long, how I look forward to this meeting, you would not keep me waiting, deprive me of one moment of your dear society," the young man said as he stooped and kissed her.

The girl flushed crimson and for a moment her pride and girlish modesty asserted itself. Turning her flashing eyes upon her rather presumtuous lover, she cried, indignantly:

"Norman Lisle, you have no call to do that; you are too bold, too free in your manner. How dare you act thus without my permission? Plaze do not do it again, or we part."

Norman Lisle was not, as we have remarked before, a handsome man; his face was not one to be either admired or trusted. There was something weak and vacillating about it, and withal a cynical, sly expression lurking in the grey orbs, which rarely looked upon you squarely in the face, but instead took furtive glances from beneath the bushy eyebrows and out of the corners of his eyes. His chin was pointed, and fell away a little at the bottom, the lips rather thin and sensual, were partly hidden by a light moustache, while the lines gathered round both mouth and chin betrayed to the general reader of character, the fact that their owner could be both cruel, merciless, and deceitful as a tiger where his own interests were at stake.

Despite his companion's angry protest at his free way of greeting her, Norman Lisle was not in the least nonplussed. Being a thorough man of the world, this little rebuff but pleased him, and gave further impetus and zest to his passionate longing and desire to possess this girl.

Turning abruptly to her, he cried, in passionate tones:

"Norah, my darling, my first and only love, why are you still so cold, so stand-off with me? When will you feel towards me as I feel towards you? Girlie, when will you give me the proper right of a lover—surrender yourself unreservedly to me? How long am I to wait for that great blessing and comfort, a little woman to welcome and cheer me in a home of our own?"

The girl's face was beaming with pleasure, yet still her natural humility and the knowledge of her imperfections and shortcomings returned to her mind.

"Oh, Misther Norman, how can you ask me this—me, a poor peasant girl, a Nomad without home or roof to shelter me? What sort of wife or companion would I make to a gintleman like you?"

The young man winced for a moment as the truth of her words struck home, the next he clasped her fondly to him saying as he did so:

"Norah, I told you before to call me Norman. Why, then, will you persist in adding that hateful word, 'misther'? Oh, my darling what will all these things matter to us? Your love is all I crave for; all I want is my sweetheart, Norah. Once you are mine, dearest, all will be well. I shall have you taught all you need to know. You will be a lady then in every sense of the word and few will compete with my Norah in beauty and grace. Only say the word, dear. When will you come? I cannot wait much longer for my treasure."

(To be Continued.)

A LAKE ON FIRE.

The Lake of Waterloo is a phosphorescent sheet of water 1,000ft. long, near Nassau, in the Bahamas. At night it is like a sheet of living fire if the wind is stirring to ruffle the surface.

If the night be calm the water lies dark and still until some object sets it in motion. Little coloured boys are ready to swim out into the lake, where they seem to be clothed in garments of flame, leaving a long trail of molten splender behind them.

The oars when rowing are as when dipped in fire, and if one holds up a handful of water and lets it fall, it looks like beads of gold, while the fish that dart here and there, atartled by the visitors, leave flashes of mystic glowing splendor behind them.

The clumsy turtles that move about look like balls of fire, and when it rains the lake is like a mass of jewels.

This marvellous display of phosphorescence has never been accounted for, as the lake is of artificial formation, having been made for the breeding of turtles by a Nassau resident. The bed of the lake is cut out of limestone, and it is filled from the sea, in which there is little of the phosphorescent quality.

WHERE STEAM FAILS.

It is not generally known that the rope used daily in hauling the London expresses out of Glasgow over the steep Cowlairs gradient measures three miles in length, and costs about £600 when it is renewed every 10 or 12 months.

The gradient is so stiff for the first mile and a half that the large engines are rendered powerless, and then this endless steel cable is coupled on to the locomotive.

The cable runs on pulleys in the centre of the up and down tracks, and is worked by means of a stationary engine at Cowlairs.

This unique system has been in operation for 65 years—since the line was opened.

The commercial houses of Hamburg are to guard themselves against defalcations by causing their cashiers to affix their thumb-prints to all cheques and receipts. Finger-prints are obviously to take a more general place in our daily affairs.

The mark of Bill Stumps will in future be an impression of the thumb dipped in ink, instead of the cross made while he lays a finger upon the pen which another man guides. But the Turks had thought all this out centuries ago.

On the personal flag of the Sultan to-day you may trace the finger-prints of the Sultan Murad I., imprinted on it 550 years ago. He could not write, but needed a device for his standard, so he dipped his open hand in ink, and dabbed that upon the paper from which the design was to be wrought. They wrote in between the finger-marks his name and titles, and that device has lasted to this day. The names are altered for each reign, but the signmanual of the illiterate Sultan remains.

The real "Black Monday" was April 14th, 1360, when King Edward was besieging Paris. The cold was so bitter and the day "full dark with mist and hail" that many men died on their horses backs with the cold. (1580.)

MARIE VON VELTHEIM.

KNOWS WHERE KRUGER'S GOLD IS HIDDEN.

After the occupation of Pretoria by the British, and the voyage of President Kruger to Europe, it was rumoured that the ex-President had intrusted the treasure of the South African Republic to some friends to hide until the Boers should "come into their own again." The story was disbelieved by some, while others gave full credence to it, and several attempts were made to find it. About a year ago the truth of the report was demonstrated by the discovery of gold to the value of about £200,000.

How much was really hidden, and where was it deposited? Rumour had it that the total amount was equal to one million sterling, and the balance of the treasure has been stated to have been sunk in the sea in iron chests, or to have gone down in the wreck of the "Zululand," or to have been buried in the Transvaal itself. The truth of the whole matter has been made partly known by a woman who possesses the secret.

A WOMAA WHO CAN KEEP A SECRET.

Marie von Veltheim, the wife or widow of Ludwig von Veltheim, has the secret: she is a living example in disproof of the idea that a member of the fair sex is incapable of keeping a secret, for she will not divulge this one. She has told just enough of the history of the buried million to make everyone eager to learn more, and there she stops. Her story is a romance; it is more interesting than any novel, because it is true.

It is about eleven years since Marie Yearsley, an English girl of sixteen, met Ludwig von Veltheim in Australia. She was pretty enough to attract the attention of any man, and von Veltheim fell in love with her. She was fascinated by his dashing appearance, and they were ultimately married in Perth, West Australia.

Von Veltheim told her that he was a German, and that he was at that time travelling in Australia as a German secret-service agent. An attempt was made to settle down, but von Veltheim was too much of a rover, and they left Australia for America.

They took up their abode in New Orleans, and von Veltheim tried to find an occupation by which he could earn a livelihood for his wife and himself, but he met with no success, and they decided to go to South Africa. At that time the Transvaal offered inducements which charmed his roving and daring spirit.

THE PLOT TO KIDNAP KRUGER.

The German soldier of fortune, for that is what he seemed to be, made the acquaintance of Barnato, the South African millionaire, and his subsequent history is given by his wife. Here is her statement summarised briefly:

A plan was evolved for kidnapping President Kruger and some of his councillors, but Barnato's unexpected end made an alteration in the scheme. Barnato's affairs passed into the hands of his nephews, and in a way the scheme was further considered by Woolf Joel. A meeting took place in Johannesburg, and Joel wanted to back out of the plot. Von Veltheim declared that he had spent too time and money to withdraw, and then revolvers were drawn, and Joel was shot dead. Von Veltheim was tried for murder and acquitted.

The idea of kidnapping the President consequently fell through, and von Veltheim had to look about for an occupation. War was in the air, and he resolved to stay in the Transvaal and await developments.

The crisis came at last; hostilities began between Britons and Boers, and the Soldier of fortune threw in his lot with the South African Republic in its struggle against Great Britain. His wife says frankly that he hated the English and was glad of an opportunity to take sides against them.

TO SAVE THE GOLD FROM THE BRITISH.

Von Veltheim was placed in charge of a company and took part in several important engagements. So well and so bravely did the captain comport himself that he gained the esteem and confidence of President Kruger. The extent of this confidence was shown when the occupation of Pretoria became imminent.

President Kruger intended to leave South Africa. He did not wish to see the Transvaal treasure fall into the hands of the enemy, and he could not well take it with him, so he called to his aid four trusty men. Those were Captain von Veltheim, Jan Potgieter, Pieter Smuts, and another whose name is unknown to Marie von Veltheim.

It was determined to bury the treasure, and, as President Kruger did not like the idea of keeping all the eggs in one basket, the money was divided into four lots, to be buried in four places.

In the dead of night the four men conveyed the treasure to the Transvaal mountains and buried it. Captain von Veltheim appears to have been the leading spirit of the midnight expedition, and he took the bearings of the surrounding country. After the treasure had been hidden, von Veltheim grew uneasy about one of the chests, so he made a lonely journey to the spot and, quite unaided, he removed the chest to another place. He told his wife that it was a difficult task to accomplish without assistance, but he did it and felt all the more comfortable.

VELTHEIM GOES TO LONDON.

He made a chart of the surrounding country, indicating the exact spots where the chests were hidden; of this chart he made a duplicate some time later. One of these charts he kept; the other he handed to his wife when he saw her afterwards in London.

Captain von Veltheim seems to have given up fighting before the war was over and to have tried to settle down in Pretoria, but Lord Roberts was distrustful of him. The British Commander summoned him to his presence and bluntly told him that he was to be deported. "I don't think that your restlessness will be good for the Transvaal," was the shrewd remark of Lord Roberts, "so you must leave. Where would you like to go?"

Marie von Veltheim admits that Lord Roberts was correct in his judgement. Von Veltheim said that he would like to go to London, and he was accordingly placed on a ship bound for England. He wished to go to London because his wife was there.

Marie von Veltheim says that she had remained in London and had taken to painting miniatures; among her clients she numbered King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and various members of the Royal family. She made a good deal of money, and she was able to support herself, her husband, and her little son.

Captain von Veltheim endeavoured to make a living in England, but he did not succeed. He grew tired of this and declared that he would return to South Africa, in spite of the order of banishment made against him, but it was necessary to sink his identity and go by a circuitous route. It was in the beginning of 1902 that he left England for Trieste, intending to go to Egypt and so on to the Cape. He told his wife that she must not expect to hear from him for a long time when once he had passed out of Egypt, and so they parted.

"If you do not hear from me for four years," he said, "open the sealed packet containing the chart and do your best to recover the gold for the benefit of our boy!" That was more than five years ago, and Marie von Veltheim has not heard from her husband from that day to this.

WHEN WILL SHE OPEN THE PACKET?

She has endeavoured to trace him, but with very little result. She went to Trieste, and discovered that von Veltheim was there in January, 1903, or about a year after he was supposed to have left the place. She had followed several clues, but in vain. The last clue took her to New York; she heard from a reliable source that a man staying at a certain hotel had seen her husband quite recently, but when she approached him he denied the whole story. In the meantime, she has placed the precious sealed package in a safe-deposit building, and is trying to follow this broken clue.

Marie von Veltheim says that if her husband is dead she is the only person in the world who possesses the secret of the hidingplaces of the Transvaal treasure. Kruger is dead. Jan Potgieter has followed him, having died in Switzerland, Peter Smuts died on board ship, and the other man went to India and met his death there.

She will wait yet awhile for news of her husband, and then she may open the packet and make an effort to recover the bruied gold for the benefit of her son. It may be, of course, that Captain von Veltheim has actually recovered the treasure and has contrived to get it out of South Africa, in which case his wife is certain that she will soon hear from him. If he is dead and she cannot get the gold herself, it will be the boy's task when he is old enough to undertake it. Who will ultimately possess the buried gold?—"Smith's Weekly."

THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL RAILWAY.

On the 8th of June last, the Tsar formally ratified a resolution of the Council of Ministers in favour of commencing forthwith the construction of a railway from Kansk, Siberia, to the Behring Straits, and thence, by means of a submarine tunnel under the Straits, to the American Continent.

This, when completed, will be the longest, and in many respects the most wonderful railway in the world. It will run for many hundreds of miles across uninhabited deserts of snow and ice, and a considerable portion of it will have to be built of necessity, within the Arctic Circle.

On these sections there will be, of course, no local traffic, and to attract the through traffic the most elaborate preparations are to be made. Thus each one of the Asian-American weekly expresses de luxe will carry with it an excellent restaurant car, a library, piano, boudoir retiring car for ladies, baths, and a barber's shop.

There will also be a nursery car for children, fitted with gymnastic appliances and provided with toys, and a doctor and a trained nurse will be carried. Furthermore, the whole train will be both heated and lit by electricity, which will be partly generated en route, and partly carried in accumulators of special make and design.

The principal hopes of the promoters of the railway, however, are centred in tapping the rich goldfields of north-eastern Siberia. These auriferous regions, corresponding to the Klondyke placer deposits on the opposite side of the Behring Straits, lie along the watersheds of the rivers running into Chani Bay. They are known to be of vast extent and amazing richness, but have hitherto proved to be unworkable, owing to the remoteness from civilisation of the desolate and uninhabited region in which they are situated.

BURIED BEAUTY.

There was a soft tenderness in the sweet evening breeze, and the passengers on the luxurious pleasure steamer, having just finished a really good dinner, were enjoying the beauties of the evening to the full. Little Maude Brondersby, the bride of the week, surveyed the glories of the wonderful Highland scenery and felt she could cry from sheer happiness. A majestic ravine came into view—all tender greys and shimmering browns and blues; Titania and all her dainty following could not have chosen a more idyllic dwelling-place. Maude held her breath till they had passed.

"Oh, Cecil," she said, "what a lovely gorge that was!"

"Yes, darling," he said absently, "quite the best feed we've had since we left London."

Wages are rising in Japan; but even skilled hands rarely get more than two shillings a day. Twenty years ago the average was sixpence a day.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed the elderly lady to a labourer who surrendered his seat in a crowded tramcar—"thank you, very much!"

"That's orl right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the lady sat down the chivalrous labourer added:

"Wot I ses is a man never ort to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she is pretty, but you see, mum, it doesn't make no difference to me!"

RESOURCEFULNESS AT HOME.

Never throw away empty cotton-reels; they have a hundred uses. In most kitchens there is a row of nails on which aprons and cloths are hung, with the result that they are frequently torn and rust-marked. This will be prevented if you force on each nail one of your empty reels, nothing could make a more useful peg.

A reel will make an excellent stop to prevent the door from opening too far and banging the furniture. Cover the reel with thick cloth, to prevent its injuring the varnish of the door, and screw it firmly to the flooring in the position required.

Often enough one finds the door of a cupboard provided with no better means of opening than a keyhole. you can make an effective knob by screwing on another of those ever-useful reels.

BUFFALO BILL'S UNBEATEN GREY.

HOW COLONEL CODY WON HIS FAMOUS PONY.

Over the grave of Tall Bull, a little grey horse buried at Fort McPherson, Neb., is a marble shaft bearing a brief record of the achievements which made him the dearest possession of Colonel William F. Cody, or Buffalo Bill.

At the risk of his life Buffalo Bill had made Tall Bull his property at the battle of Summit Spring, an engagement which is now made a feature of the Wild West Show.

Renegade Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes had been on the warpath for weeks murdering and committing depredations through Kansas and Nebraska. The Fifth United States Cavalry, under command of General E. A. Carr, had been sent against the Indians, and was close on their trail.

At the head of General Carr's scouts was buffalo Bill. The Indians were found at Summit Spring and a fight began.

While the engagement was under way Buffalo Bill was so amazed at the speed displayed by a little grey horse ridden by the Indian chieftain Tall Bull that he determined if possible to capture the horse and kill its rider.

The task, if accomplished at all, must be done after the battle and while the Indains were in full flight. When the result was no longer in doubt Buffalo Bill detached himself from the main body of the troops and rode nearly half a mile to the mouth of a ravine through which it was certain the Indians would flee.

Isolated and in danger of his life, Buffalo Bill waited and, true to his calculations, the Indians in less than half an hour broke into flight and headed direct for the hidden scout. Well in the rear, as though guarding his tribesmen from attack, was Tall Bull, the Indian chief. In a moment the opportunity Cody had sought was at hand and a manoeuvring duel followed.

Time after time the scout had opportunities to wound and possibly kill his antagonist at the risk of injuring the horse, but each time he refrained. The animal was the prize for which he was striving, and in the end he succeeded. The Indian was sent toppling from his saddle and the animal he was riding.

From that memorable afternoon until his death the little grey, whom Buffalo Bill named Tall Bull, after his former owner, knew no other rider and master than the scout. The history of Tall Bull from then is closely linked with that of the frontier during the perilous days of Indian warfare that followed.

From one fort to another, as the constant changes in the scene of the Indian warfare carried him, Buffalo Bill found time between the fights to race his horse in long or short distances, it made no difference, against the best horses of the Pawnee Indians who were friendly to the whites, and against the horses of the regulars, and the little grey was always victorious.

On the occasion of a race at Fort Sedgwick, the Indians had brought a horse from far in the interior. They believed that at last they had found a champion that could defeat the wonderful grey horse of Buffalo Bill, and they stipulated that at the conclusion of the race, which was to be for a mile, the horse that lost was to be shot.

They believed that at last they saw a way to get rid of Tall Bull and again make their own horses supreme on the plains. They had reached the conclusion that there was something supernatural about Buffalo Bill's pony and wanted it killed.

Buffalo Bill accepted the conditions and rode Tall Bull himself. It was close, but again was the grey horse successful. As the grey fairly flew across the finish line the Indian chieftain who had arranged the race with buffalo Bill drew a rifle from the folds of his blanket and shot dead the horse he had brought hundreds of miles to beat Tall Bull.

That was Tall Bull's last race against Indian ponies. Tall Bull's final race was years later on the track at Fort McPherson, which had been named after him.

Undefeated, Colonel Cody had sent the little grey to Fort McPherson to live out the rest of his life in comfort and rest. Buffalo Bill had intended that his little grey should never run again, but on a Fourth of July the officers of the post decided to hold a race. Tall Bull had not been ridden in a race for some years, and it was only after repeated solicitation that Buffalo Bill permitted his pet to contest once more, and again he won.

It was shortly after that race that Tall Bull died, and Buffalo Bill always believed his end had been hastened by the last race.—"Smith's Weekly."

There were tears in the eyes of Bernard Cowan, his hand shook, and dire trouble was marked on his usually placid and innocent brow.

"Vell, vell," he wailed. "Eferytings vas against me, eferyting—yet vot haf I done to deserfe it?"

"Vy, vot's the matter?" queried his friend and sympathiser, Elvy Lewis.

"I tell you. You know I took a beautiful varehouse just lately, and filled it up mit all my vinest goots, yes. Den, of course, as a matter of brecaution I insure it all vithout any troubles. But vould you tink it, der ferry next day der landlord he let the second floor to an agent for fire extinguishers for a show-room, and to-day, pless my life, if he ain't gone and let der ground floor to make a swimming-bath."

PAPER MILK BOTTLES.

Butter is received in tubes and cut into blocks and put into neat paraffin paper boxes; lard is also so handled; oysters are dipped from a tub into neat paper pails; ice-cream is sold in paper buckets; eggs are delivered in cellular boxes holding a dozen or half a dozen; chipped beef is delivered in paper boxes, etc. And yet milk, the article of food most susceptible to contamination, is served in bottles which are used again and again. This is vitally wrong. There is too much risk in it. The bottle may be put to many improper uses. It is not uncommon for the driver of a milk waggon to split a quart of milk into two pints, cap the bottles, and leave them where customers have requested additional pints. This split quart is divided between two unwashed bottles. It is not to be expected that the driver will return to the dairy for clean bottles.

To wash milk bottles clean is difficult. It cannot be done except in boiling hot water. But the men cannot work in boiling water, and so lukewarm or tap water is used, and they do the best they can. Many dairymen have not hesitated to invest large sums of money in the latest and best apparatus obtainable. This is a help, but not a cure. The refilled bottle is an anachronism.

Evidently the glass bottle is a misfit, and wrong. The solution is the abandonment of it, and the substitution of the single-service paper package for milk. These are now just beginning to be available, and many are the incidental advantages they will bring. They do away with innumerable troubles for the milkman.

One of the first paper bottles to be placed on the market is a plain paper cylinder, having a flanged bottom securely fastened therein, and a flanged top held in by frictional contact with the inside of the tube. the lid is provided with tabs folded down inside the flange, by which the cap may be readily removed, although some customers prefer to have the cap more difficult to remove as a further guarantee that the contents of the bottle have not been tampered with en route.

The bottle is made of new sprucewood paper in clean, sanitary surroundings. After the bottom is put in the bottle is dipped in hot paraffin, the same paraffin, the housewife pours over her jellies to keep out the air, moisture, and dust. The bottle is then passed into a sterilising oven, where it continues to absorb paraffin to saturation, the excess draining back into the dipping tank. The caps are then put in and the bottles packed in paper bags, holding a hundred each and the bags sealed, so that the milkman's waggon is laden only with bottles clean and perfectly sanitary.

The bottle weighs less than an ounce, but by reason of its cylindrical construction, with the caps inside, is quite strong, it will support a vertical crushing strain of more than a hundred pounds when filled.

The paraffin coating renders the paper impervious to moisture, so that it may stand for weeks or even months without losing any of its liquid contents.

The new bottle has no effect whatever on milk. The milk never comes into contact with the paper (or the printing thereon), for it is perfectly sealed in, and the paraffin has absolutely no effect on milk in any way.—"Scientific American."

A CAT WHO LOST HER KITTENS.

Captain Marryat records the strong affection exhibited by a cat for two puppies. She was mourning the loss of her kittens, when a little black spaniel suddenly added five puppies to the animal stock of the establishment. These were considered too many for her to nurse, and two of them were bestowed upon the disconsolate cat, who thereupon regained her cheerfulness and nursed them with motherly care. They became as active and playful as kittens, and in a short time, being considered fit to be removed, were restored to their natural parent.

The cat, on this second deprivation, wandered about apparently heart-broken, until, in the course of her melancholy perambulations, she encountered the spaniel surrounded by her puppy family, and immediately recognised her foster children. A fierce combat ensued, resulting in the defeat of the spaniel, and the departure of puss carrying off one of the puppies by the scruff of the neck. Presently she returned, fought another battle, gained the victory and another puppy, and departed triumphant and contented.

A CATASTROPHE.

The lodger's pet abomination was cats, and the cat that dared to show a tail on his horizon was usually sorry for it. Imagine, therefore, his feelings when, returning one night after a week's absence, he became suddenly aware of a suspicious hump under the counterpane of his bed.

Gingerly he ventured forth a hand. Great Scott! it was warm; and, yes, he could have sworn it moved. A cat, sure enough.

He seized a handy cricket bat, and with the air of a rural amateur about to make a century or die, whirled his weapon aloft for a mighty stroke, and struck——

Item in his next week's bill: One hot waterbottle, 2s.

PROTECTION AGAINST GNATS AND MOSQUITOES.

Drs. M. Otto and R. O. Neumann have tested about thirty different preventatives against gnats and mosquitoes. Amongst these were the volatile oils, which by reason of their powerful odour seem to be peculiarly adapted for this purpose, and they have arrived at the conclusion that of all these only clove oil, caraway oil, cassia oil, and cretic oil (oil of Spanish hops) in concentrated form, or diluted with olive oil in the proportion of 1 to 10 parts, will keep off these insects, and that only for a short time. The irritation caused to the eye by the volatile oil, and not the powerful odour, is, it seems, the effective agent in preventing the insects from stinging. Clove oil is the most suitable for practical purposes. It must be remembered that these oils cause irritation to the skin, and may produce a skin eruption if used for a long time.

CURIOSITIES OF ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

(From the "Royal Magizine.")

When the King or Queen sign their names in the visitors' book a new pen must always be provided. This is not used by the other guests or even the host or hostess unless it be handed to them by their Majesties. In connection with this a story is told of King Edward's visit to the great Roman Catholic College at Maynooth. A magnificent gold pen had been provided for the purpose of signing his name in the visitor's book, but when it was offered the King paused and inquired if the college did not possess a pen which had been used previously by Pope Leo XIII. This was at once found, and used by His Majesty with evident pleasure.

At dinner the King sits, not at the head of the table, but in the centre of one side. This is his custom at home, and the same is observed in all houses where he visits. It is etiquette that only the Royal personages should be provided with a menu. But this custom is not invariably observed, for at a banquet which the King gave at the British Embassy in Paris three years ago, and at which President Loubet was present, all the guests were provided with menus.

Another curious point is that finger-glasses at dessert are conspicuous by their absence. This tradition dates, of course, from Jacobite days, when some ill-effected guest might have laid his glass across the bowl in symbol of drinking of the King "across the water." It need hardly be said that invitations to meet the Sovereign are not to be treated lightly. Such invitations are of course, greatly coveted, and when they are issued they still rank as commands, and, even if the invited, person has arranged an entertainment at his or her own house, this must be put off. Nothing short of illness excuses a refusal to meet Royalty. Also no one must dream of leaving until the principal guest has retired. The late Mr. Gladstone once wrote to the King, then Prince of Wales, apologising most deeply because he had left a dinner at Lord Alcester's house without first asking His Royal Highness' leave to do so.

Neither the Queen nor the Princess of Wales can ever, in any circumstances, be entertained by a bachelor and Queen Alexandra has, we believe, never been one of a racing house-party except at Goodwood. One more point about entertaining Royalty is that if the Royal guests be in mourning, a not infrequent occurrence owing to the immense number of relatives, every other guest must appear in exactly the same degree of mourning as that prevailing at Court. If Royalty does a lady the honour of paying her a call, it is etiquette for the latter to deny herself to all other callers during the visit, and, in returning such a call, the visitor must not dream of rising to go until a sign of dismissal be given by her hostess. This rule holds good with members of all European reigning houses. When the Sovereign or heir to the Throne accepts an invitation to a ball, dancing must not begin until the arrival of the Royal guests, and if a Princess takes part in any round dance, it is not good form for any other couple to occupy the floor at the same time. At one time this rule was absolute, but nowadays it is frequently broken at the express desire of the Royal ladies themselves. It is also contrary to precedent that any foreign visitor to England who has not been presented at Court should be invited to a ball to meet the King or Queen.

The King, though no stickler for etiquette, never permits unwarranted liberties of any kind. There is a story illustrating this which may or may not be apocryphal. A good many years ago the King—or Prince of Wales as he was then—dined with a certain duke. One of the guests—a personal friend of the King—sat down to table wearing a black tie. Presently a butler handed a silver salver to the delinquent "with the Prince of Wales's compliments." Upon the salver was a regulation white tie. The following, however, is true, and well illustrates His Majesty's gift of observation.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield attended a levee at Marlborough House wearing, as he fully supposed, correct Court dress. Presently the Prince approached, and, smiling, whispered something to him. The Prime Minister started and looked downs Behold, his lower man was clothed in the breeches of the Trinity House, of which Lord Beaconsfield was an elder brother. His valet had laid them out, and he had put them on without ever noticing the difference. Neither, apparently, had anyone else except the Prince.

RED HAIRED AFRICANS.

THE OLDEST WHITE RACE.

How many have heard of the white race of the Atlas mountains in Morocco? Its people have features like ours, and some of them have blue eyes and red hair. Many have rosy skins and complexions so fair that if dressed in European clothes they would not be out of place in London or Paris. Others are darker from their admixture with the Arabs and Moors. This race is scattered through the mighty mountains of north-western Africa. It is composed of the Berbers, or Kabyles, who are numbered by millions and are found everywhere in these hills. The Berbers are the oldest white race on record. They are supposed to have come from southern Europe, but, if so, it was when Europe was savage and when our ancestors were still eating with their fingers and sleeping on skins in the wilds of the forests. Indeed, the Berbers were here when Athens was in its infancy and when Rome was yet to be born. There are records in the Egyptian temples dating as far back as 1,300 years before Christ, which speak of them as having rosy checks, blue eyes and red hair. And there is a dried specimen of one in the British Museum.

One of the most terrible mining disasters in Wales was the direct outcome of a ludicrous and trivial incident. A collier, chancing to slip, fell down and grazed one of his legs. In a fit of anger caused by the pain, he struck a pony standing near a smart blow on the nose. The pony kicked out, and, striking a safety-lamp smashed it, exposing the naked flame, which, coming in contact with fire-damp, caused a terrible explosion, in which more than a hundred lives were lost.

LOVELY LANDSCAPES FOR MERMAIDS ONLY.

SCENERY THAT TRIPPERS NEVER SEE.

Much of the finest scenery on the face of the globe is to be found under the sea, says "Smith's Weekly."

Take, for instance, the remarkable monolith, more than 5,000 feet in height, discovered by the "Andreas" in mid-ocean some 500 miles off the coast of Chili. The base of this stupendous under-sea needle is barely eighty yards in circumference; yet it rears itself, solitary and alone, to the height of nearly a mile, its culminating point, a flat, circular surface no bigger than a cart-wheel, reaching to within less than a hundred fathoms of the surface.

No such natural phenomenon, on any such stupendous scale, could possibly stand alone on dry land freed from its supporting and protecting envelope of perfectly still water. But even supposing, for the sake of argument, that it were possible to lift it bodily from the depths of the ocean, and set it up gingerly in the middle of Hyde Park, storm, heat, and frost would cause it to crumble to pieces in, geologically speaking, "no time at all."

Men speak admiringly of the grand Canon of the Colorado River, carved thousands of feet deep within the earth's crust by the ceaseless fretting of the tortured stream during countless ages.

And with reason! Nothing like it exists elsewhere on any of the land masses of our planet; nor was it supposed until comparatively recently that its terrific precipices, its towering crags, or its profound abysses, could, by any possibility, have their counterpart anywhere in the uncharted bed of the ocean.

Then, one day, a Government surveying vessel, engaged in making soundings off the coast of Japan, stumbled across an apparently fathomless submarine abyss. More than 18,000 feet of line were run off the reel without finding the bottom, and the captain, baffled and beaten, had to put back to Yokohama for additional tackle.

Subsequent investigations showed that the discovery was even more remarkable than had been at first thought. The ocean-filled gorge, or canon, proved to extend from opposite Tokio to almost within hailing distance of Cape Lopatka, or, roughly, 1,000 miles; and its average depth, reckoning as from the immediately adjoining ocean floor to westward, was found to be slightly over 15,000 feet.

Into this tremendous trench the Colorado Canon, which is some 200 miles long, with an average depth of about 3,000 feet, could, of course, be packed many times over.

Moreover, it was noted as a remarkable fact that, whereas for many miles at a stretch, both the walls enclosing the Grand Canon are more or less sloping in character, the western side of the Pacific gorge, at all events, drops almost perpendicularly from the sea-floor upholding the Kurile Islands.

Curiously enough, similar abnormal "deeps" in the bed of the sea, but of a circular character, are not infrequently found closely adjacent to correspondingly abnormal elevations. A typical instance is afforded by the Tokelau group of islands, from the north-western extremity of which one might almost step into a crater-like pit, measuring in depth between four and five thousand fathoms, and having an area almost exactly equal to the islands in question.

Multiply by millions of billions a child's sand-hole dug on the beach, and you have Tokelau and the Tokelau depression.

Imagine, if you can, a man standing in the middle of the latter, and the Pacific drained of its waters; he would find himself in a pit, the almost perpendicular walls of which would be over three miles high, reckoning from the floor of the ocean; while above him would tower the Tokelau archipelago—now transformed from islands into mountains—to an additional height of more than two miles. From lip to lip the crater would measure 200 miles across.

One of the most striking picturesque bits of submarine scenery lies in comparatively close proximity to the British Islands. For a distance of about 230 miles to the westward of Ireland the ocean bed slopes so gradually that the average increase in the depth of the water is only about six feet per mile; but in the next few miles it drops suddenly, in a series of tremendous steps or terraces, more than 9,000 feet to the great level, sub-aqueous plain which forms the true floor of the atlantic, and which stretches with scarcely a single break for 1,200 miles to the banks of Newfoundland.

"It would be difficult," remarks Mr. Hamer Smith, "to conceive of anything more stupendously grand than this series of terrace steps, extending for hundreds of miles north and south, each step measuring in verticle height from 800 to 1,200 ft. and in breadth varying between four miles and a few hundred yards."

THAT WISE OLD EDITOR.

Pasted over the desk of a provincial editor are the following instructions:—

"All brides are lovely, beautiful, and accomplished, except they be old and tough widows, and then they are amiable and cultivated.

"All merchants who advertise are enterprising, wide-awake, and a credit to our town. The names of those who do not advertise must not appear in our paper.

"All old lawyers are able and worthy of a place on the Supreme Bench. Young lawyers are promising and silvery-tongued.

"Conductors on passenger trains are gentlemanly and courteous.

"Doctors are eminent.

"Farmers are intelligent.

"Under no circumstances must these rules be broken.—F. Meddleton Pryor, editor and proprietor."

A village ne'er-do-well who was out early on poaching intent suddenly came face to face with the squire. There was no escape, so he said:

"Good-morning sir; what brings you out so early?"

"Getting an appetite for my breakfast," answered the squire. "And what brings you out so early?"

"Getting a breakfast for my appetite!" was the ready reply.

Ireland sends nearly eight million fowls every year to English markets.

CLOTHING FOR HOT WEATHER.

Discussing the influence of tropical light on white men, Dr. Charles E. Woodruff speaks of the mistaken notion that white is the best colour for clothing in the tropics. It is true that white garments reflect the heat rays, but the actinic (chemical) rays pass through them readily; hence if they are worn it should be in conjunction with yellow, red, or black underclothing. The negro with a white suit is the most contented of beings under a tropical sun, and the white man should imitate him, supplying the missing pigment by black undergarments. The use of white clothing for the tropics has been adopted in imitation of native custom, but those who borrowed this custom overlooked the fact that the native is already fully protected by a natural armour of pigment which is impervious to the harmful actinic rays.

The average person has no idea how much muscular effort is expended in writing a letter. A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this, he must draw his pen through the space of sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong, and in five hours a third of a mile. In writing an average word, the penman makes in the neighbourhood of sixteen curves of the pen. Thus in writing thirty words to the minute, his pen would make four hundred and eighty curves; twenty-eight thousand eight hundred curves in an hour, and eighty-six million four hundred thousand in a year of three hundred days of ten hours each. The men who succeeded in making one million marks with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four million while merely writing.

Thanks to Mr. John D. Hooker we may some day see photographs of the moon's surface distinguishing objects 100ft. apart, we are told by an American contemporary. In other words, anything there may be in the moon as large as, say, the Bank of England, will be plainly discernible. All this and many greater wonders will be brought about by means of a 100-in. mirror, which will be mounted in the Carnegie Institution's new solar observatory on Mount Wilson, Southern California. But it is several years in the future, our authority assures us, for in the first place a 4½-ton block of glass, 13-in. thick, must be cast without crack or blemish, after which four years must be consumed in grinding and polishing it. The cost of the big mirror and its smaller auxiliaries will be £9,000. A lens of equal size costs £200,000.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The Turkish Bath was introduced into England about fifty years ago.

The gold service at Windsor dines 130 persons.

In Russia there are no fewer than eighty-six general holidays in the year.

Leather cannon were used at the Battle of Leipzig on September 7, 1631.

An average man who lives to 70 years will have eaten in his lifetime about twenty tons of solid food.

Raindrops vary in size from one-sixth to one seventeenth of an inch in diameter.

Nearly 30,000 emigrants leave Italy every month, or nearly a thousand a day!

Shetland ponies live to a great age and retain their good looks in a wonderful way.

The Teme is said to hold more different varieties of fish than any other inland British river.

It would take more than seven million acres to grow the timber annually imported into England.

All South American theatres have galleries, to which ladies only are admitted.

The buildings of the Seraglio at Constantinople can accomodate 20,000 people with ease.

The number of horses in Europe available for military purposes is reckoned at about thirty-nine millions.

The bodyguards of all European Sovereigns consist of men chosen for their fine physique and great strength

A marine-store dealer may not buy of any person apparently less than sixteen years old, nor cut any rope more than five fathoms long without an order from a magistrate.

One would imagine coal-mining to be little short of a deadly occupation—what with the coal-dust-laden air, the cramped position, and the damp and confinement generally ever threatening consumption, rheumatism and other diseases; yet the death-rate is barely nine per 1,000.

Mrs. Roosevelt, the wife of the President of the United States, is prohibited from paying calls; but etiquette permits her to hold a weekly "At home," invitations to which are sent out on a small card bearing the words "The White House" in the left-hand corner in silver, with the date and time of the function.

The Kaiser has received many legacies from his subjects. A Munich testator once bequeathed £5,000 to him "as a humble subject's mark of appreciation of the splendid monarchical and statesmanlike qualities which His Majesty had displayed, and to signify dissent from the criticisms which are from time to time levelled against him."

The rhinoceros is the thickest-skinned quadruped, its hide being tough enough to resist the claws of a lion or tiger, the blows of a sword or the balls of an old-fashioned musket.

During the last twenty years the annual amount of gold used in filling teeth amounted to £300,000, which, being multiplied by twelve, would give £3,600,000. Probably one-third of this gold is now reposing in various churchyards, rendering them more valuable than many a paying goldmine of to-day.

1580.

APPROVED BY THE MOTHERS.

Bonnington's Irish Moss" is well in favor with the mothers of Australia. It is an economical and reliable medicine to have in the house. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Chest Affections.

Beaufort Fire Brigade.

The adjourned monthly meeting of the above was held in the brigade-room on Thursday evening. There were eight members present, and Foreman Welsh, in the temporary absence of Captain Sinclair, occupied the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The following correspondence was received:—From T. Grouse, secretary of the Country Fire Brigades' Board, approving of the appointment of W. Hannah as a member of the brigade. From same, notifying that the name of the late Lieut. Baker has been removed from the roll. From same, approving of the appointment of Brigadier L. Hains as lieutenant. Other routine correspondence was received from the Country Fire Brigades' Board and the Walhalla Fire Brigade. From Captain John Lynch, Smythesdale, re publication of a fire brigades' newspaper, notifying that the matter will be dealt with at the next meeting of captains, to be held at an early date, and asking for help of brigade. It was decided to hold the matter over till next meeting, pending inquiry by the secretary.

Apologies were received from Brigadiers Andrews, Tyrrell, and Lilley.

Captain Sinclair arrived at this stage, and took the chair.

An account (6s.) from S. Baker for firewood was passed for payment.

In regard to making of fire-plug in front of the station for practice, it was decided to limit the cost of the job to £2; the arrangements to be left in the captain's hands.

In regard to the proposed sports meeting and concert for the purpose of raising funds to purchase a demonstration reel, Secretary Pedder remarked that something should be done at once, as the time was getting very close. Personally, he thought they need not go to the trouble of running a sports meeting, but just have the concert. There was £11 in allowances that could go towards it, if members were agreeable, and £2 10s of their funds would be left after the new plug had been put in. If they put their shoulders to the wheel they should have a new reel by Christmas. The trouble was that they did not want to pay any prize money, and would have to go round cadging for trophies; and that would take a long time and a lot of battling.

In answer to the captain, the secretary said he would not have time to act as sports secretary, as he was studying for an examination. But he thought he could act as secretary for a concert only.

After a long discussion as to ways and means, it was resolved to purchase a new reel for about £32, the members agreeing to contribute their allowances, and a circular, explaining the object, and soliciting donations towards it, to be distributed around the district.

It was thought a Ballarat troupe could be engaged for about £8 or £10.

Secretary Pedder then moved that the motion on the books re holding a sports meeting be rescinded, that a concert be held instead, and that a committee be formed to carry out the arrangements. Seconded by Brigadier Hains, and carried.

Captain Sinclair thought they could fix the concert for about the first week in December.

Captain Sinclair, Secretary Pedder, Foreman Welsh, Lieut. Hains, and Brigadier H. Stuart were appointed, on motion of Brigadiers Hellyer and Baker, as a concert committee, with power to carry out the arrangements and fix the date.

Captain Sinclair then remarked that he was very pleased to announce that their appeal on behalf of their late Lieutenant W. Baker's widow and family had turned out very satisfactorily indeed. When he took the matter up he had not anticipated anything like what they had received. The total receipts from the citizens of Beaufort, the different fire brigades, and from district people brought the total up to £109 10s. In this there were several unacknowledged fire brigade donations and £1 from Mr J. B. Cochran. The brigadiers had cause to be thankful to the people of the town and district, and their comrades of sister brigades in the fire service for this. 61 brigades had responded out of the 99 appealed to. He had the list here, and it had been gone over and checked, and nearly every amount had been acknowledged in the local paper. During the last few weeks he had received the following donations from other brigades:—Rupanyup, 10s 6d; Beechworth, 5s; Kyabram, 10s 6d; Avoca, 10s 6d; Wycheproof, 10s 6d; and Benalla, 10s 6d. These had come in since the last lot had been acknowledged. In the bank at the present time there was a balance of £78 17s. It was a remarkable thing that he had collected in cash £100 to a shilling. There had been a little expenditure. As their captain he handed them the sum of £78 17s, and left it in their hands to do what they liked with it.

After discussion as to whether it should be given to the widow in a lump sum or in instalments, it was resolved to defer the matter till next meeting.

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS,

The standard family medicine for the Cure of Coughs and Colds, and all Chest Affections. Used with success for over 35 years. Sold everywhere. Price, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

Mining News.

The following are the reported yields for the week ending Saturday, 14th September:—Last Chance, 3oz. 10dwt.; McCracken and party, 2oz. 5dwt. 22gr.; Carmichael and party, 10oz. 16dwt. 5gr.; Martin and party, 11oz. 12dwt. 8gr.; Whiting and party, 5oz. 6dwt. 15grs.; sundries, 9oz.

The manager of the Fiery Creek Dredging Co., Main Lead, reports:—Cleaned up fourth paddock of about an acre, of very shallow ground (chiefly slum) for a yield of 40oz. smelted gold. Expect better ground in next paddock.

Morris and Party.—Cleaned out boiler, effected slight repairs to machinery, and started reef drive; same in 60ft.

Trawalla Leads G.M. Co.—Engaged panelling with payable results.

The English company at Poverty Point are carting machinery on ground, preparatory to sinking.

Golf.

Last Saturday afternoon a most interesting and enjoyable golf match was played at "Lamonde," Stockyard Hill, between a team of twelve players from the Beaufort golf club and a team representing Stockyard Hill. The game was very close, and victory finally rested with the visitors. The best rounds were done by Misses Harris (77), B. McDonald (78), McRae (81), and M. Hannah (91); and by Messrs Williams (55), McLay (63), T. Hannah (67), Panton (68), and Wood (68). The players and all others present were most hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Hannah. The return match is to be played on the Beaufort links on the 28th inst.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Eases Asthma and relieves breathing.

New Millinery!

"In The Springtime—

Feminine thoughts turn to dress.
To-day is an important one in the Calendar of Spring preparations, for to-day we present to public view a lavish collection of charming goods in new Spring Millinery new Dress Fabrics—dainty Prints and Muslins, etc., etc.

It is a beautiful array.

It's to be a season of beautiful striped effects. The new Millinery is especially charming, black glace silk, fruit and flowers being the chief trimmings used.

COME—if it's only to look!

SOME OF THE NEW GOODS

Tuscan and White Straw Hats, trimmed with Ribbon and Flowers, from 7s 11d.

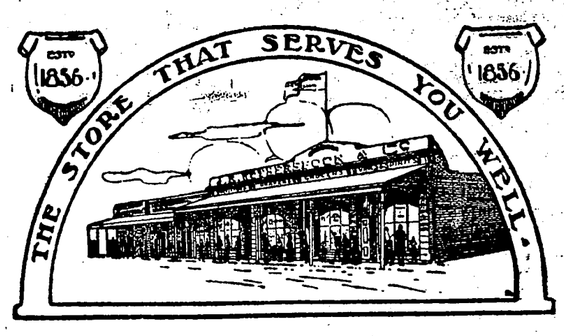
Crinoline Straw Hats, in pale blue, trimmed with Wreaths of Flowers, Ribbon on Bandeaux, 10s 6d and 12s 6d.

Crinoline Straw Hats, in all colors, trimmed with Floral Ribbons and Clumps of Grasses, 15s 6d and 17s 6d.

Panama Hats, Trimmed with Silk Scarfes, at all prices.

Children's Leghorn Flops, trimmed with Silk Ruche, from 4s 11d.

Children's Hats, trimmed with Bows or Rosettes of Ribbons, at all prices.



J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.,
—THE STORE THAT SERVES YOU WELL—
BEAUFORT.

A microbe born of a chill and cold
In a man's lung did reside,
And fast multiplying, grew so bold
It triumphantly defied
Each deadly drug and remedy sure
Till one day it was plied
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
When it collapsed and died.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS and AGENCY COMPANY, Limited.

Office—Camp Street.

DIRECTORS.
John Macleod, Chairman.
Hon. J. Y. McDonald, M.L.C.
Frank Herman.
J. D. Woolcott, J.P.
Dr. Robert Scott
George Lewis.
John Glasson, Manager.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?
Some reasons why you should do so at once:—
1. The uncertainty of life.
2. The delay, worry, and expense caused to those interested in your estate.
3. Your estate might otherwise go to those whom you wish to exclude.
4. The making of your will should be attended to when sound in health and mind.

THE ADVANTAGES OF APPOINTING THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.
1. Undoubted security.
2. The Company is not exposed to risks of the trade.
3. The Company's affairs are administered by men trained to the business.
4. £10,000 is invested in the name of the Treasurer of the State as security.
5. A continuous audit is made of all accounts.

Testators are advised to consult the Company or its agents, when about to make their wills.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
Agents for Beaufort and District.

Dixon Bros. & Halpin, in conjunction with Young Bros., will sell at Dixon Bros. & Halpin's auction rooms, Beaufort, on Saturday, 5th October, at 3 p.m., about 250 acres, known as Mulcahy's Eurambeen Farm.

Mr Bent stated on Tuesday night in the Legislative Assembly that the new income tax schedule would make an all-round reduction of 20 per cent. on the present one, except in the case of companies, which will continue to pay as at present. Donations to charitable objects in sums of over £20 would be exempt from income tax. For instance, if a taxpayer gave £100 to charity he would be allowed to deduct that sum from the taxable amount of his income. A similar exemption will be made in the Probate Bill. For the financial year ended 30th June last the income tax yielded £355,135 for the preceding year. The exemption has been fixed at £150.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club is announced for Monday evening, 30th inst., at the Mechanics' Institute. The business is to elect officers for the ensuing year arrange sports, and general. A full attendance of members and intending members is requested.

RUFUS WAGSTAFF, VETERINARY SURGEON, will attend Beaufort on SATURDAY (to-day), at 9 o'clock, and may be consulted at Mrs. Marks' Boarding-house.

STOCKYARD HILL DISTRICT COURSING CLUB.

THE FINAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the STOCKYARD HILL HOTEL on WEDNESDAY, 25th inst., at 8 p.m.

Business—Reception of Balance-sheet, Presentation to past Secretary, Arrangement of Dates for next season.

W. LYNCH, Hon. Sec.

SEEDS! * SEEDS!

Remember—
The Most Reliable
GARDEN SEEDS
Are Obtainable at
GEO. PRINGLE'S,
SPOT CASH GROCER.
Agent for Geo. Smith, Ballarat.

E. R.

TENDERS are invited up to 12 noon on MONDAY, 30th Sept., 1907, for the right to strip Wattles in the Mount Cole (Beaufort) district. Full particulars in "Government Gazette" of 11th instant, and on application to the Conservator of Forests.

D. McLEOD,
Minister of Mines and Forest.
Melbourne, Sept. 3rd, 1907.

BEAUFORT GUN CLUB.

SHOOTS WEDNESDAY NEXT, for £5 5s. Trophy. Sparrows and Starlings.
THOS. E. SANDS, Hon. Sec.

FOR SALE—PAIR PONIES, 4 years, quiet; single or double harness. Will separate. Also Single-seated BUGGY, single and double harness. COW, quiet, good, third calf at foot.
WM. BARTLEY, Raglan.

EYESIGHT.

MR. MARCHANT, Eyesight Specialist, of Geelong, will visit Beaufort on TUESDAY MORNING, Oct. 1st, from 9 to 12, at Mr. Harris' Pharmacy.

Beaufort Town Brass Band Carnival!

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, & FRIDAY, 25th, 26th, and 27th September.

Fancy Procession! Massed Bands! Tug-of-War! Stick-pulling! A Treat for Everyone!
Entries Close 21st Sept.
Season Tickets, 1s. 6d.; Admission Afternoon or Evening, 6d.; Children Half-price.
See Posters. THOS. THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, on MONDAY, 30th inst., at 8 p.m.

Business—Election of Officers for ensuing year, arranging annual sports, and general. A full attendance of members and intending members is requested.

A. PARKER, Secy.

To Let by Tender,

FOR GRAZING PURPOSES,
FOR 5 YEARS,
From the 17th day of January, 1908.

THE FREEHOLD ESTATE called "EURAMBEEN EAST," situated near Beaufort, in the Western District of Victoria, being the property of the late George Beggs.

PARTICULARS.

The Estate contains 830¾ acres 2 roods and 3 perches, or thereabouts, well fenced, watered and sub-divided.

The Improvements (exclusive of boundary and sub-divisional fencing, dams, etc.) consist of Stone Dwelling-house, containing 11 rooms, with kitchen, outhouses, stabling, coach-house, store, hut, yards, orchard, garden, &c. There is also a Bluestone Cottage containing 5 rooms on the Estate.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the Trustees of the will of the late George Beggs on and prior to the 7th of October, 1907.

Forms of tender and further information can be obtained on application to Messrs. J. M. SMITH & EMMERTON, Ludstone Chambers, 352 Collins Street, Melbourne, Solicitors for the Trustees.

STONELEIGH, BEAUFORT.

EARLY IN DECEMBER.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF AN
Important Subdivisional Sale (by Tender),
OF
About 4000 Acres
OF
Splendid Freehold Farm Land,
TO BE SOLD IN LOTS TO SUIT BUYERS;
BEING THE
NORTH-WEST PORTION
OF THE WELL-KNOWN
STONELEIGH ESTATE.

YOUNG BROS. and CHAS. WALKER & CO. (in conjunction) have received instructions from the Executors of the late Mr. William Lewis to Sell as above.

The land occupies a splendid position and is perfectly adapted for wheat growing and all kinds of farming.

Very easy terms of payment will be given.

Full particulars from
YOUNG BROS.,
Horsham, Hamilton, and Ararat; or
CHAS. WALKER & CO.,
Ballarat.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

LAND SALE,

SATURDAY, 5th OCT., 1907, AT 3 P.M.

DIXON BROS. & HALPIN, in conjunction with YOUNG BROS., will offer the Land known as MULCAHY'S EURAMBEEN FARM, about 250 acres, on the above date, at Dixon Bros. & Halpin's Rooms, Beaufort.

Particulars in future issue.

"Perfection"
THE ANTI-COMBINE
Tobacco

Smokers are reminded that
"PERFECTION" TOBACCO
Is not Manufactured by a Combine or Trust, and in their own interests they should support
"PERFECTION"
the Anti-Trust
TOBACCO
Against all others, as the Quality is equal if not Superior to any other Tobacco in the Market, and
"PERFECTION"
Can be obtained at a fair and reasonable price from all vendors of Tobacco, in
AROMATIC OR DARK PLUG
Also CUT, in 2 oz. and 4 oz. TINS
Therefore, go every time for
"PERFECTION"
THE
ANTI-TRUST TOBACCO
"PERFECTION" TOBACCO
Sweet and Cool Smoke

A TIMELY MESSAGE TO SQUATTERS—SHEARERS.

Shearing Season—it's again with us——————!

Soon the "Golden Fleece" will be flying here, there and everywhere, from the backs of Australia's greatest asset—her sheep——————.

Wool-packs will be busy—sheep-dips will be the demand of the day—oils, &c., will be required, and other items necessary to the well-appointed wool-shed——————.

Where to get these requisites—for the least money—will concern some few people.—Others, who have in past season traded at HAWKES BROS., will have no concern at all—for they will—for every requirement, make a bee-line for the Store that gives the most satisfactory service—HAWKES BROS.——————.

Wool packs—the packs of few and simple parts—the packs that have nothing to get out of order—the sheep-dips that afford the maximum amount of satisfaction at the minimum of expense—all will be found here at prices that will bring you to our Store for these goods—and others—next year—the year after, and for many future years to come——————.

HAWKES BROS.,
The Shearers' Supply Stores,
BEAUFORT.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No 1557. | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1907. | PRICE THREEPENCE.

COAGULINE, KLINX, TENASITINE. Cements for broken and other articles.

POST AND TELEGRAPH RATES.

For the Information of our Readers we Herewith Publish the New Rates.

RATES FOR PLACES IN VICTORIA

	s.	d.
Letters—Half ounce or under ..	0	2
For every ounce ..	0	1
Urgent Letters—For each letter in addition to ordinary postage	0	1
Late fee	0	1
Packets—Commercial and printed papers, maximum weight 5lb., dimensions not to exceed 2ft. in length, 1ft. in depth or width, for every 2oz. or fraction thereof	0	1
Patterns and samples, packets of merchandise, etc., maximum weight 1lb., dimension not to exceed 2ft. in length, 1ft. in depth or width: rate of postage for every 2oz. or fraction thereof	0	1
Books—For every 4oz. or under up to 5lb.	0	1
Newspapers—For each newspaper	0	0½
Newspapers, magazines and publications not published in the Commonwealth, 2oz. ..	0	0½
Post Cards—each	0	1
Reply Post Cards—each	0	2
Letter Cards—2 for	0	2
Registration fee	0	3
Parcel, 1lb. or under	0	6
Parcel, each extra lb. or under	0	3

PACKETS, Etc.
Preparation for Post.

Packets may be sent through the post without a cover (but not fastened with anything adhesive, such as gum, postage stamp, sealing-wax, etc.); in a cover entirely open at one end or side (if the cover be slit the opening must be of the full extent of the end or side, and the contents must be easy of withdrawal. The cover may bear the sender's name and address, and the words "packet," "sample" or "pattern," etc., as the case may be, "only." Packets may be tied with string, but officers of the department may cut the string to examine the contents, and tie the packet up again. Samples of seeds, drugs, etc., which cannot be sent as open packets, may be enclosed in bags or boxes, fastened so as to be easily undone and re-fastened. If addressed to places in the United Kingdom only they may be sent in closed, transparent bags.

Note.—If the above conditions be not complied with, packets are regarded as insufficiently paid letters, and charged accordingly.

TO ALL THE AUSTRALIAN STATES

	s.	d.
Letters—For every ½oz or under	0	2
Post Cards—Stamped on cards	0	1
Letter Cards to New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania, Queensland, West Australia, New Zealand and Fiji	0	2
Post Cards, Reply Post Cards, Packets, Books, Newspapers, Registration Fee same as for places within Victoria.		
Parcel Post—For every parcel of 1lb. or under	0	8
Each additional 1lb. or under (up to 11lb.)	0	6

RATES TO THE UNITED KINGDOM AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

	s.	d.
Letters to United Kingdom—For every ½oz. or under ..	0	2
Letters to Foreign Countries—For every ½oz. or under ..	0	2½
Post Cards—each	0	1
Reply Post Cards—each	0	2
Newspapers—4oz., each	0	1
Each additional 2oz.	0	0½
Commercial Papers—2oz. 3d., 4oz. 3½d., 6oz. 4d., 8oz., 4½d., 10oz. 5d., then every 2 oz. to 5lb. 1d.		
Printed Papers (other than newspapers)—For every 2oz. or under up to 5lb.	0	1
Patterns and samples—For every 2oz. or under up to 12oz.	0	1
Registration Fee	0	3
Acknowledgment of delivery of a registered article	0	2½
Parcels Post (wholly by sea)—For each parcel of 1lb. or under	1	0
Each additional 1lb	0	6

PARCELS POST WITHIN VICTORIA

Limit weight 11lb. Limit of size, 3ft 6in. in length, or 6ft. in girth and length combined. Postage (to be prepaid by stamps).—1lb. or under, 6d; each extra lb. 3d. The stamp to be affixed to an adhesive label to be obtainable at any post-office, which label will be attached to the parcel by the postal receiving officer after he has ascertained the weight. No parcel will be accepted unless fully prepaid.

RATES OF COMMISSION.

Money Orders Payable in the Commonwealth.—Any sum not over £5, 6d; over £5, but not over £10, 1s; over £10, but not over £15, 1s 6d; over £15, but not over £20, 2s.

Orders Payable in New Zealand.—Not over £2, 6d.; not over £5, 1s.; not over £7, 1s. 6d.; not over £10 2s.; not over £12, 2s. 6d.; not over £15, 3s., not over £17, 3s. 6d.; not over £20, 4s.

Money Orders by Telegraph.—To New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and Perth (Western Australia): Charge for a message in addition to above rates.

Money Orders to United Kingdom and other British Possessions and Foreign Countries—6d. for each £1 or fraction of £1.

POSTAL NOTES.

Postal Notes may be obtained at any Post Office in Victoria. Hours of payment—10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The following are the denominations of the notes, and the poundage or price charged for them:—1s. ½d.; 1s. 6d., ½d.; 2s., 1d.; 2s. 6d., 1d.; 3s., 1d.; 3s. 6d., 1d.; 4s., 1d.; 4s 6d., 1d.; 5s., 1½d.; 7s. 6d., 2d.; 10s 1d.; 10s. 6d. 3d.; 15s., 3d.; 20 ., 3d.

'Lo-Ex-El ... 40 ... prove effica... culty of breathing.

ORDINARY TELEGRAMS

Town and suburban, within prescribed limits, or within fifteen miles from the sending station, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 6d. Each additional word, 1d.

Other places within the State, except town and suburban, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 9d. Each additional word, 1d.

Inter-State, i.e., from any one State to any other State, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 1s. Each additional word, 1d.

On telegrams to and from Tasmania the charges to be those mentioned above, with cable charges added, which at the present time is ½d. per word.

Double the foregoing rates to be charged for the transmission of telegrams on Sunday, Christmas Day, and Good Friday, and for "Urgent" telegrams.

The foregoing rates are exclusive of porterage charges

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

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

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

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

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

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

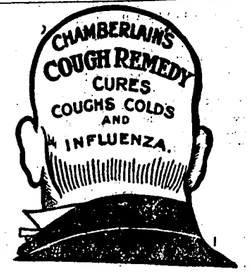
ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet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

W. EDWARD,
Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhanging, Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.
All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters Requisites kept in stock.

Public Notice.
J. H. ROBERTSON
(Late with Hawkes Bros.),
WISHES to intimate to the Residents of Beaufort and Surrounding Districts that he has commenced Business as a PLUMBER and TINSMITH, and trusts, by strict attention to business, to receive a fair share of public patronage.
Tanks, Baths, Troughs, Acetylene Gas Machines, Made to Order. Windmills Erected. Electric Bells and Telephones Fitted.
Estimates Given. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Address—NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Orders left at Mr. J. B. Cochran's will be promptly attended to.

YOU ARE GREY! THEN GET THE Half-Dollar Hair Helper.
You can never permanently alter the color of your hair by a mere dye, but the Half-dollar Hair Helper will without fail restore to grey hair all the rich brown or black of earlier life. Price, 2s 6d; by post, 2s 8d. Sample bottle, sufficient to produce desired effect, posted 9d. BRINSMEAD, Chemist, Traralgon, Gippsland.

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



WUNDERLICH METAL CEILINGS.
WHEN we tell you that all the most important buildings erected last year in the Commonwealth are adorned with WUNDERLICH CEILINGS, you can judge of their being likely to meet your requirements.
Wunderlich Metal Ceilings are specified by all the leading Architects and House Builders, because by experience they have proved them to be the Perfection Ceiling. Send in sizes of your rooms, and we will submit you a design and estimate without charge.
We also sell the famous Port Madoc Welsh Slate.
The Wunderlich Patent Ceiling and Roofing Co. Ltd., 123 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

FEDERAL SPRAY MIXTURES
Trade Mark.
COPPER SODA FOR BLACK SPOT.
In Mr. McAlpine's experiments conducted at Hatfield's Orchard as detailed in the Agricultural Department's Journal, dated 8th June, 1907, both in 1905-6 and 1906-7, COPPER SODA beat all Competitors, Bordeaux Mixture being second and all others nowhere.
FEDERAL COPPER SODA is absolutely reliable and most convenient to use.
COPPER SODA for BLACK SPOT.
DISPARENE for CODLIN MOTH.
APHISPRAY for APHIS.
Apply to our agents in all fruit-growing districts for Price Lists.
AUSTRALIAN EXPLOSIVES & CHEMICAL CO. LTD.
(FEDERAL MANURE COMPANY.)
136 Queen Street, Melbourne.
LOCAL AGENT—JOHN TAIT, MOUNT COLE.

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

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

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

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

14-Column Supplement

is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that

ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

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

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

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,
AUCTIONEERS,
Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance and Financial Agents,
NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS,
BALLARAT.
EDMOND DOEPEL (26 years with Messrs Cuthbert, Morrow, and Must).
W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.
AUCTION SALES of LAND, HOUSES, FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the shortest notice. Property for Private Sale or to Let entered in our register free of charge.
Properties Purchased for Clients. Valuations for Mortgage and Probate purposes made by our Mr W. H. Chandler, official valuator to the Ballarat Diocese, the National Mutual Life Association, and leading investors of the city.
Agents for Absentees. Estates Managed and Wound Up.
MONEY.—Trust and other Moneys to Lend on Mortgage at lowest rates, and first-class Investments found for Capitalists free of charge.
Local Secretaries National Mutual Life Association. Shipping Agents for the Canadian Australian Steamship Company, in connection with Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Tourist Route of the World. Niagara Falls *en route*. Fares to London, L36 to L66.
ARCHITECTS.—Plans, Specifications, and Estimates for all descriptions of buildings prepared by our Mr. W. H. Chandler, who has had a very wide architectural experience.
DOEPEL AND CHANDLER,
NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS,
BALLARAT.
District Representative—JOHN McDONALD, "Burnside," Middle Creek.

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.
A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.
Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.
Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.
A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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

DONT COUGH.—Relief can be obtained immediately. Use "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES"—well known as the utterly unrivalled Cough Remedy. Strongly recommended by many eminent physicians. They at once check the cough and remove the cause—without any after effect; the most delicate can therefore take them. One Lozenge alone gives ease—one or two at bedtime ensures rest. Sold everywhere in tins 13½d. each.

IMMENSE SUCCESS.
FROOTOIDS
THE NEW CURE FOR
HEADACHE, INDIGESTION & CONSTIPATION.
The immense number of orders for FROOTOIDS sent by post direct to the Proprietor is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their marvellous curing power. They cure quickly, are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take. Leading Chemists and Storekeepers are now stocking them. Retail price, 1/6. Ask for them locally, and so encourage business in your own district. If not obtainable, send direct to the Proprietor,
W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.
If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—t cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture
IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.
It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For
SCROFULA, SCURVY, ECZEMA, BLOOD POISON, ULCERS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, BAD LEGS, BLOTCHES, SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and SORES OF ALL KINDS,
it is a safe and permanent remedy.
It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.
NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.
Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne	8 and	4.50
Ballarat	8 and	4.50
Geelong	8 and	4 50
Trawalla	8 and	4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

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

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

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.
English mail notice by telegraph.

COUNTRY.

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

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

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
Nerring	9
Lake Goldsmith ...	9
Stockyard Hill ...	9
Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.	
Enrambeen	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

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

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.
From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat at 7 a.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Buangor, 8.30 a.m. daily.
From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.
From Enrambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.
From England.—Weekly.

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

CONVERSATION BY TELEPHONE.
Between Beaufort and Ballarat, 8d. for 3 minutes; each additional 3 minutes, 6d. To Buangor, 2d.; to Waterloo, 2d.

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

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

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

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

Justices' Fixtures.

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

J. Holdsworth,
Wholesale and Retail
BUTCHER,
BEAUFORT.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS
MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c
Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"Subscribers and Advertisers"

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

'The Riponshire Advocate'
is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon and is the
ONLY NEWSPAPER
That is
Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,
And as the advocate of the interests and of the welfare of this district it has a claim for considerably greater amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation
of the
Riponshire Advocate
Is
Steadily Increasing,
And the Proprietor, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use his utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded him by giving the Latest position, Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

"The Advocate,"
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Chute, Waterloo, Enrambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Skipton, and Carngham.
With every issue of the Paper is given
A FOURTEEN-COLUMN
SUPPLEMENT,
Containing an
Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Poultry Farming
Agricultural Intelligence,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

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

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

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES, ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS, MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c., PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS, DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS, SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c,
PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

...EARLY NOVELTIES...

IN

Spring & Summer Drapery

AT

COUGLE'S,

"THE QUALITY HOUSE."

Early Millinery, Blouses, Underskirts, Floral Ribbons, Laces, Belts, Motor Scarves, Costumes, &c. . .

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the above goods have not been subject to the NEW TARIFF, and every line will be sold at LAST SEASON'S PRICES.

N.B.—Ladies wishing to inspect the NEW GOODS will be welcomed as freely as BUYERS who desire to make an early selection from the NOVELTIES on view.

Yours for good value,

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper,

... BEAUFORT.

DIXON BROS.,

PRODUCE MERCHANTS, &c., BALLARAT.

Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Tents, &c.,

ALL HAND-MADE.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

MOUNT LYELL MANURES.

MOUNT LYELL SUPERPHOSPHATE, £3 18s. 6d. PER TON.

W. H. HALPIN, Local Representative.

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.

CAMP HOTEL,

BEAUFORT.

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

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-

Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

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

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

—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—

M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer,

BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria and the High Court of the Commonwealth of Australia for taking Affidavits.

TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND freehold and other securities.

Bridal Photographs

BY Richards & Co.

The Leading Ballarat Photographers.

RICHARDS & CO.'S STUDIO has become famous for their Bridal Photographs.

Bridal Veils, Wreaths, Bouquets, Buttonholes, Gloves, &c.—the latest styles kept at the Studio.

PRICES—

Although our work is of such a superior quality, our prices are just the same as others, so why not have the best when they cost you no more?

Two Positions taken of every sitter, and proofs from each submitted.

Enlargements. . .

Old or Faded Pictures Copied and Enlarged to any Size in the Newest Shades of Art Frames, from 20s. each.

RICHARDS & CO.'S

Famous Studio,

23 Sturt Street,

Ballarat.

CREDIT FONCIER.

LOANS to FARMERS.

INTEREST REDUCED TO 4½ PER CENT.

The Commissioners of Savings Banks are now granting loans at 4½ per cent. in sums of £50 to £2,000 on pastoral and cultivable lands in Victoria. Title must be Freehold or Crown Leasehold.

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

The Inspector-General of Savings Banks, 29 Market St., Melbourne.

United Ancient Order of Druids.

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

A. C. WELSH, Secy.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1907.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. (children's service); Chute, 3 p.m.; Lexton, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. McL. McIntyre. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr. R. Thompson.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7 p.m.—Rev. J. T. Kearis. Chute, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr. Davey. Raglan, 3 p.m.; Waterloo, 7 p.m.—Mr. Wheeler. Main Lead, 2 p.m.—Mr. D. Jackson.

THE

Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1907.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society will be held in the Shire Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. The business is the adoption of the balance-sheet and report, election of officers and general.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS,' for Mountain Flax. An agreeable Aperient. Worth a trial.

Dixon Bros. & Halpin will sell on Saturday, 5th October, on the premises, Ararat road, the household furniture and effects of Mr J. Nicol, assistant forester. The same firm will sell at their rooms, Beaufort, on Saturday, 12th October, the furniture and effects of Mrs Hocking.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club will be held at the Mechanics' Institute on Monday evening, when the election of officers takes place, and arrangements will be made for holding the annual sports. A full attendance of members and intending members is requested.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Eases Asthma and relieves breathing.

Young Bros., auctioneers, Ararat, will offer for sale by public auction, on Saturday, 12th October, at 2 p.m., at Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, on account of Mrs Annie Humphreys, 60 acres freehold land, situated about a mile from Beaufort railway station, on the main Beaufort to Skipton road. This property is described as good grass land, lightly timbered, and a valuable site for accommodation paddocks or building allotments.

Dixon Bros. & Halpin, in conjunction with Young Bros., will sell at their auction rooms, Beaufort, on Saturday, 12th October, at 3 p.m., the property known as Mulcahy's Eurambeen farm, consisting of about 250 acres of first-class agricultural land, which has been cultivated, but lying out for over 20 years. This property is well fenced with sheep-proof and live fences, permanently watered by running creek and dams, and is situate on the main road between Beaufort and Ararat, about 2½ miles from Middle Creek railway station. It is recommended as one of the finest in the district, and well worth inspection.

There is nothing that will so effectually refresh and brace up the system, clear the brain, cleanse the complexion and brighten the eyes as a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. Their effect is to stimulate the bowels to perform their work in a natural and gentle manner, thus cleansing the system of all those poisonous matters that cause biliousness and sick headache. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A letter has been received by the Shire of Ripon from H. Collingwood, Melbourne, on behalf of a syndicate or company to be formed, applying for the right to construct a tramway line within the shire. The route of the proposed line would be from the railway line to the boundary of the shire along the Beaufort and Waterloo road, or, as an alternative, along the Trawalla and Waterloo road, as may be decided upon by Railway Department as being the most suitable to connect with the main trunk line. It is proposed that the shire engineer be appointed to supervise the work. The letter will be considered by the council at its monthly meeting on Monday, 7th October, and Cr. Flynn has given notice to move that the council grant permission, subject to an agreement to be fixed.

A very fine specimen of the photographer's art, a large framed group of the Skipton team of footballers, with a photo. of the donor (Cr. D. Stewart), the work of Richards & Co., Ballarat, is now on view at Wotherspoon & Co's., Beaufort, prior to being hung in the Skipton Mechanics' Institute. This is the trophy won by Skipton in the competition against Beaufort last season. Cr. Stewart is also presenting a gentleman's dressing case to the best player of each team, viz., M. Tyrrell (Beaufort) and W. Rawlings (Skipton), and these trophies will also be on view for a few days at Beaufort.

Mr Thomas Sneddon, Family Grocer, Mornington, Dunedin, N.Z., writes regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy:—"My little grandchild was very bad with croup, and we had tried nearly everything we ever heard of, but with no result. We secured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and gave it to him according to directions. It only took a couple of doses to cause all the phlegm to come away, and soon he was out of danger. I really think," he adds, "that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best remedy sold for children." For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

The remains of Mrs John Nicol were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Saturday afternoon, a large number of sympathising friends attending the funeral. Messrs N. H. Matthews, J. M. Carroll, J. R. Wotherspoon, and M. Felsenthal acted as coffin-bearers; and the pall-bearers were—Dr. G. A. Eadie, Messrs J. B. Cochran, G. H. Cougle, E. Buchanan, H. H. Menzies, T. E. Sands, and R. Thompson. The Rev. L. W. Lee, congregational minister, of Melbourne, conducted the burial service, and made very feeling reference to the sad event.

The following additional games have been played in the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute billiard tournament:—C. W. Jones (45) beat J. A. Harris (20 behind scratch), 200—196; E. J. Muntz (10) beat G. H. Cougle (30), 150—106. Draw for third round B division—M. Flower (25) v. S. Young (30); A. H. Garde (scr.) v. E. J. Muntz (10).

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy, and speak from experience," says Mr F. Schmaka, Paddington, W.A. "I have never known it to fail in an attack of colic, cramps or diarrhœa, so always recommend it to my friends and customers. To my mind, no mother should be without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhœa Remedy in the house. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A SAFE AND VALUABLE REMEDY.

"Bonnington's Irish Moss" is a safe and valuable remedy for Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Affections. Bottles, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. All medicine vendors.

The Band Bazaar.

A HUGE SUCCESS.

The bazaar held by the Beaufort Town Brass Band on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, in aid of the uniform fund, was a huge success, over £100 being realised. Prior to the opening of the bazaar, a fancy dress procession took place, and headed by the band, marched by a round-about route to the Societies' Hall. There was rather a poor muster of fancy dress characters, the number not nearly equalling that of previous processions held by the band. The success of the undertaking is greatly due to the ladies, who have taken a practical interest in the matter, having worked hard, not only at the bazaar, but for weeks prior to it, in order to ensure its success. Mr. Thos. Thomas proved a hard-working, capable and obliging secretary, and was ably assisted by Mr Alf. Synnot. The hall presented a pleasing appearance. From the ceiling were suspended Chinese lanterns, strings of artificial flowers, and other decorations, while the windows, walls, and stage were also beautifully decorated with evergreens. The stalls were really works of art, and their construction and decoration must have entailed much labor. They were arranged round the sides of the hall, and up the centre, while the ticket office was used as a tea-room, where the good things were dispensed by Mesdames J. R. Hughes, W. Ingram, W. Pearce, A. Driver, and Misses F. Driver, F. Cameron, T. Glenister, B. Cochran, A. Tolloch and W. Ingram. A shooting-gallery in the supper room, attended to by band members, appeared to do brisk business. The delight of the children, the fishpond, was in charge of Misses Nellie Eastwood and Vera Halpin. Next to this was a post-office, where you could write a post-card to anyone in the hall and have it delivered for the small sum of twopence. Miss K. Bourke and Mr A. Juler formed the staff. Next came the plainwork stall, in charge of Mrs Stuart and Misses M. and E. McDonald, where anything could be obtained from a tablecloth to a penny handkerchief. Undoubtedly the finest stall in the building, the produce stall, adjoined the plainwork stall. This was constructed by Mr Thos. Thomas, and was in charge of Mesdames Eastwood and Collins and Misses Cameron and K. Jackson. At this stall could be procured eggs, butter, ham, bacon, etc. The jumble stall, well worthy of its name, came next, where photo-frames, pincushions, pipes, pictures, etc., were on sale in charge of Mrs A. H. Sands and Misses McFarlane and E. Andrews. Next to the jumble stall were arranged the exhibits, and then the art stall (a truly fine stall), where the goods were sold by Mesdames A. Nicholson and A. Synnott and Misses Philp and R. Mitchell. The first of the centre stalls, the flower stall, contained a fine assortment of pot plants, flowers and shrubs, and the following ladies acted as saleswomen:—Misses E. Nickols, D. Nicholson, N. and W. Humphreys. The centre of attraction for the little folks was the lolly stall, where the sales were conducted by Mrs H. Trompf and Miss Nellie Troy.

A prize was given for the best stall, and the judges (Mesdames A. Jackson, J. McKeigh, and E. J. Muntz) awarded it to the produce stall; the art stall being second.

On Wednesday afternoon the bazaar was opened for business at 3 o'clock, and business continued briskly until 6 o'clock.

Mr Eastwood introduced the chairman of the bazaar committee, Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair.

Cr. Sinclair remarked that first he had to apologise for Dr. Eadie, the president of the band, and read a letter from that gentleman, who regretted very much his inability to be present. They had tried to get some public personage to come and open the bazaar, but they had found them all engaged, so they had to get someone to fill the gap. As he looked a pretty good man to fill a gap, they had asked him to do so. (Laughter.) In the first place, he congratulated the ladies of Beaufort for the very beautiful and efficient way in which they had decorated the hall and carried out the arrangements this afternoon. For a number of years past he had seen such bazaars, but he could safely say that none approached this one. On this occasion the ladies had turned the hall into a bower of loveliness. He might here say that the ladies deserved every credit for the manner in which they had set to work to make the bazaar a success. If it had not been for their efforts, the bazaar could not have been carried out. He took this opportunity to thank them on behalf of the band committee. A number of people were murmuring that the band were coming too often before the public. It was a matter of impossibility to carry on without coming before the public. These young men gave their time to the work, and the public ought to support them. The band at present looked a very piebald crowd in their marching dress. It was time they got a new uniform. He trusted that on this occasion they would get a better uniform than they had done on the last, when they had had very inferior material. He would trust that they would select something that would last a great number of years. He would thank the band publicly for their numerous appearances on the evenings of the last few weeks. Their music had been much appreciated. He then formally declared the carnival open for business, and he sincerely trusted that the ladies' efforts would be crowned with success, and that they would make from £150 to £200. (Applause.)

For competitive exhibits the following awards were made:—Fancy Work and Floral—Best cushion, Miss Vera Halpin; best stocking tidy, Mrs J. R. Hughes; best home-made present for father, Master B. Hughes; best set of kettle-holders, Mrs J. R. Hughes; most original pincushion (apple), Miss Selina Hughes; best home-made present for mother, Miss Beatrice Hughes; best tea cosey, Miss Vera Halpin; best floral design, Mrs Jas. Eastwood; best basket of sweets, Mrs Jas. Eastwood.

Cookery—Swiss roll, Mrs H. Trompf; plain cake, Mrs Jas. Eastwood; Victoria sandwich, Miss Topper; seed cake, Miss Vera Halpin; water scones, Mrs Jas. Eastwood; milk scones, Miss Vera Halpin; fruit salad, Miss Dolly Schlicht; home-made tomato chutney, Mrs A. H. Sands; home-made Worcestershire sauce, Mrs A. H. Sands; home-made jelly, Mrs A. H. Sands.

Miscellaneous—Best dressed doll, Miss Gertie Andrews; best exercise book, Miss Alma Trompf.

The prizes in the fancy dress procession were awarded as follows, and Cr. Sinclair presented them amidst great laughter:—Most original character, Dutchman, Mr Jas. Robertson (a small bar of soap); best sustained character, Nurse, Master A. Nicholson (bottle of influenza cure); funniest character, "Ally Sloper," Mr Reg. Welsh (half-pound of tea).

The other prizes were trophies.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

Large crowds attended both in the afternoon and evening of the opening day, and nearly £40 was taken.

In the evening a graceful club-swinging exhibition was given by Miss Nesbit, of Ararat, and Mr Geo. Collins skilfully played a euphonium solo. Miss Crowther, of Bendigo, very feelingly sang "When the heart is young."

Numerous shooting competitions for trophies were got off on Wednesday and Thursday, and the following were some of the winners:—E.P. jam dish, A. Ramsay; E.P. hot-water jug, J. Day; tobacco cutter, L. Bravo; Spot plants, W. Milne. Several competitions were shot off on Friday night.

There was again a large attendance on Thursday night, when £25 was taken, bringing the funds in hand up to £100. During the evening an exhibition of club-swinging was given by Misses Ivy Andrews, Winnie Buchanan, and Ivy Trompf; and Mr Ben. Stuart sang, "If those lips could only speak." A Bruce auction was also held. Cr. R. A. D. Sinclair acting as auctioneer, and causing considerable fun by his good-humored banthage.

A quoit tournament, for which there was a large entry, was commenced on Wednesday night, and concluded last night.

The bazaar was very largely attended on the concluding night, when stick-pulling competitions, a tug-of-war, and a comic song competition were held, evoking keen interest. At the closers Bruce auction was held, and everything disposed of.

The band, in addition to marching and playing through the principal streets and outside the hall, rendered several selections each evening.

In Memoriam.

In connection with the death of Mrs J. Nicol, an In Memoriam service was held in the Beaufort Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning. The pulpit was draped in black, relieved by white flowers. The preacher, Rev. J. Griffiths, took his text from 1st Timothy, 4, 7 and 8—"But refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself rather unto godliness; for bodily exercise profiteth little, but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." After making reference to the fact that these epistles of Paul to his fellow-laborers were specially designed to inspire renewed hope and impart new courage and fresh heart in those to whom they were written, he spoke of the great need and the use of encouraging one another in our holy faith and in our good works. To look after the body was not condemned by the writer, and physical culture was a good thing—to have a sound mind in a sound body was most desirable—but these things in the light of eternity profited little comparatively. Indeed, nearly all the things that we hold so dear in this life profited very little, in comparison to the things that pertained to eternity and godliness. Godliness was profitable unto all things, present and future. To seek to do the will of God was the only real thing, both for the present life and that which is to come; and it was only upon this foundation a successful hope could be built. The preacher then made reference to the sad bereavement in the midst of the Church's members, and exhorted his hearers to cling closer together in loving sympathy for him who had lost a dear one, rejoicing in the assurance that she had gone to be with Jesus in Glory, "which was far better"—absent from the body, but present with the Lord. He spoke of the death of those who die in the Lord as being but a mere passing hence—a mere transition from life here to a fuller, purer life, and a glorious translation to those heavenly mansions where joy shall be their portion for ever. A very feeling discourse was concluded by a touching prayer. The congregation was much affected.

Middle Creek.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

The local branch A.N.A. held its usual meeting in the Public Hall on Friday, 20th inst.; President W. Roberts in the chair. There was a fair attendance of members present. Correspondence was received from general secretary, re Working Men's College; from Member McNish, asking for clearance; an appeal from Austin Hospital. Member W. Foster was reported on and off sick list since last meeting. Mr P. Russell said Mr C. Jones would give a night's entertainment on any of the branch's meeting nights, if they gave him a few days' notice. Mr Jones' offer was accepted, the secretary to write thanking him for his offer, and to fix Friday, the 11th October, if acceptable; if not, Mr Jones to choose a night suitable to himself. Contributions amounting to £15 3s 4d were received.

On Monday night a heavy thunderstorm passed over the district. This will do good to the crops and grass, which were beginning to feel the effects of the late frosts and drying winds. It will also help farmers to complete operations, which were being carried on under difficulties on account of the hardness of the ground.

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS.

For the chest, throat, and lungs. This medicine will loosen the grip of a cold from the first dose. Pleasant to take and always reliable; but be sure you obtain the genuine article.

Mining News.

Yesterday a 3oz. nugget was picked out of the face at the Tipperary dredge, which cleans up to-day. A yield of between 40 and 50 oz. is expected. The Yam Holes dredge cleans up next week.

The following are the reported yields for the week ending Saturday, 21st September.—Fiery Creek Dredging Co., 40oz.; Martin's Reward, 5oz. 6dwt. 15gr.; Carmichael and party, 13oz. 1dwt. 14gr.; McCracken and party, 3oz. 5dwt.; Last Chance, 3oz. 5dwt.; Pitcher and party, 5oz. 19dwt. 20grs.; sundries, 6oz.

Morris and Party—Reef drive extended 45ft. for the week.

Carmichael and party washed off on Monday for a yield of 8oz. 13dwt.

A fight of colds set out one day,
Great ugly things, and flew away,
Across the hills and o'er the sea,
Determined vengeful thus to be.
But all at once these colds grew fewer,
Vanquished by Woods' Great Peppermint
Cure;
And so they died, all cure by one,
Their deadly work left all undone.

Miss L. Stuart (daughter of Mr A. Stuart, of Beaufort), who has acted as book keeper at the Wertheim Machine Co's. depot, Wangaratta, for 4½ years, has been appointed to the responsible position of overseer and manageress of the firm's Melbourne show-rooms. Miss Stuart (says the *Dispatch*) will leave about the middle of next month. During her residence in Wangaratta, Miss Stuart lent valuable assistance to the promoters of concerts, as she is the possessor of a fine soprano voice, which has been heard to advantage in the local halls on many occasions, when charitable entertainments were organised. She also takes a leading part in St. Paul's Presbyterian choir, and her services will be greatly missed. On Thursday evening, 10th inst., Miss Stuart was tendered a farewell social at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Wangaratta, and was presented by the members of that church and choir with an engraved gold cable bangle as a parting token of their sincere friendship and good wishes.

Stockyard Hill District Coursing Club.

A general meeting of the above club was held at Kirkpatrick's Stockyard Hill Hotel on Wednesday night; Mr W. H. Halpin (vice-president) in the chair, and eight members present. The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, correspondence was received from the National Coursing Club, re submitting for approval dates of next year's meetings, and from J. T. Stratton, asking whether it was intended to pay him over the stake or not, and stating he could produce a receipt to show that he had purchased the dog.—The secretary (Mr Lynch) said he saw by "Punch" that the dog had been purchased by a man named Scanlon at Tatura, and if so it was necessary he should be a member of the club. He had not paid any account, as the money was coming in slowly and there had not been a meeting. Mr Jones thought the secretary should be commended, and moved that his action be endorsed, which was seconded by Mr A. M. Hannah, and carried. It was decided to hold three coursing meetings next year; an amendment, that there be four, being lost by six votes to three. The following dates were selected, subject to their suiting the judge and being approved of by N.C.C.:—Wednesdays, 3rd June, 15th July, and 26th August. Mr A. M. Hannah moved that the first meeting be for an unlimited number of greyhounds at £1 1s each, with £5 5s added; also that a half-guinea sweepstake be run for dogs beaten in the first, second, or third rounds. Seconded by Mr J. C. Anderson, and carried. After some discussion, it was decided, on the motion of Messrs D. R. Hannah and Jones, that no action be taken about fixing places of meeting. Mr A. M. Hannah moved that the second meeting be for an unlimited number of dogs at £2 2s each, with 20 guineas added by the club. Seconded by Mr J. A. Harris, and carried. It was also decided, on the motion of Messrs D. R. Hannah and J. A. Harris, to run an unlimited puppy stake at £1 1s, with £5 5s added. Mr Harris moved, and Mr Jones seconded, that the stake for the third meeting be fixed on the night of the draw for the second meeting. Carried. The secretary was instructed to wire to Mr Caple (judge), asking him if the dates will suit him, and if not to appoint others, before submitting them to the N.C.C. The secretary submitted an approximate statement of the receipts and expenditure for the year, the former amounting to £121 16s 6d, and the latter to £105 15 5d, thus leaving a Cr. balance of £16 1s 1d. There were 49 members at 10s each, and 5 outstanding subscriptions; while £81 6s was given in stakes. Mr D. R. Hannah, in congratulating the secretary, said he had no idea the credit balance was so good. It spoke volumes for the club, especially as they had given more money away than in any previous year, and it showed the club was managed on right lines. Mr A. M. Hannah also congratulated the secretary, and said he was more convinced than ever that Mr Lynch was the right man in the right place. Mr J. Caple was appointed judge and Mr J. A. Harris slipper; Messrs D. R. Hannah and Jones expressing the fact that it was the opinion of competent men that Mr Harris was one of the best, if not the best slipper in Victoria. Mr Harris accepted the position on condition that an assistant was appointed, as he would not slip his own dogs. On the suggestion of the chairman, a vote of thanks was accorded by acclamation to Mr Harris for his past services. Votes of thanks were also passed to Messrs Russell and Austin for the use of their paddocks; to Messrs Stewart, Lynch and Anderson for providing horses for the judge; and to the secretary for the highly creditable manner in which he had discharged his duties. Mr Lynch suitably responded.

PRESENTATION TO MR. A. M. HANNAH.

Mr Halpin said that as a vice-president of the club, the duty devolved on him of making Mr A. M. Hannah a presentation from the members, although he would much rather that Mr D. Stewart, the other vice-president, were here to do it, as it would have been in better hands. However, it gave him very great pleasure to do it. As they all knew, Mr Mac Hannah was the first secretary of the club, and he doubted very much if there would have been a club at all but for Mr Hannah, who was very enthusiastic about starting it, and although a good many tried to throw cold water on it, he overcame all difficulties, and made it a success. Owing to his absence from the district for a time, he was unable to continue in office, but during the time he held the position there could not have been a better secretary, he having done all he possibly could to make the club a success; and now it was known far and wide throughout the State as being one of the best. Mr Hannah was a good sport, and although he was going to Waubra, he hoped to always see him at their meetings. In handing to Mr Hannah a very handsome gold locket as a token of esteem and as a slight recognition of services rendered, Mr Halpin hoped that he would be long spared to wear it, that his life would be as bright as the medal, and that in future years he would be able to hand it down to posterity. It was the club's intention to get the medal suitably inscribed, and have engraved on it two greyhounds chasing a hare; a number of medals being obtained to allow Mr Hannah to make a choice. He then proposed Mr Hannah's health.

Messrs W. Lynch, W. C. Jones, and J. A. Harris having endorsed Mr Halpin's remarks, the toast was enthusiastically drunk.

Mr Hannah heartily thanked them for their kind present. As had been said, he had something to do with the pioneering of the club, and was glad to see that it had gone ahead by such leaps and bounds. No individual could take the credit for it, for they had had the luck to fall in with good sports. He made up his mind to move heaven and earth to have a good club, and was pleased to see that that had been brought about. Their success, he thought, was due to their connection with the National Coursing Club. He had met with strenuous opposition when he proposed registration, but a few of them thought there was only one thing for it, and could see, after running a few unregistered meetings, that the best dogs were coming from the one quarter, and that unless they could induce others to come in the club must go to the wall. They had therefore run registered meetings, with the result, as the secretary informed them to-night, that they now had 54 members. He hoped he would be long spared to wear the medal, and would be a member of the Stockyard Hill District Coursing Club as long as he lived. He hoped to be a nominator next season. With such a capable slipper and judge as they possessed, owners of dogs could always be sure of a fair go, and with Mr Lynch's aid as secretary he was sure the club would progress and be one of the largest in the state in the near future. They had decided on larger stakes than ever before, having entered into an agreement to run a stake that would go into something like 70 or 80 guineas, and there was no reason why they shouldn't get up to 100 before long. He again thanked them for their present, but did not think he deserved it in one sense, although he had had a lot to do with the pioneering of the club; but believed that when a man took an honorary position he should work for the love of the game. That was the sole reason he took it.

The secretary apologised for the absence of Mr Stewart.

The toast of "The Press" was very cordially honored, and acknowledged by Mr Parker.

Advantage was taken of the presence of Mr B. R. Carthew by Messrs Halpin, Jones, D. R. and A. M. Hannah, Lynch, and H. Stuart, junr., to testify to the excellent work so obligingly done by Mr Carthew at the Beaufort post-office, to congratulate him on his promotion to Stawell, and to express the hope that his advancement in the department would be rapid. His health having been drunk with musical honors, Mr Carthew made a suitable response.

During the evening harmony was contributed by Messrs Jones and Carthew, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair, proposed by Mr D. R. Hannah, and acknowledged by Mr Halpin.

Beaufort Branch A.N.A.

A well-attended meeting of the above was held in the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, 23 members being present. The president (Mr H. Smith) presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, and the following correspondence received:—From Member M. Franc, Beaufort, asking for clearance to Terang branch.—Granted. From Member Geo. Nothnagel, Beaufort, apologising for non-attendance owing to being on night-shift, also forwarding his resignation from the committee, as he found it impossible to attend every meeting.—It was decided to ask Member Nothnagel to reconsider his decision. From General Secretary, Melbourne, re the establishment of an endowment fund in connection with the Working Men's College.—Received. One full benefit member was elected, and one member declared off the sick list. Sick-pay amounting to £3 was passed for payment. The secretary mentioned that the trustees were arranging a deal to put the money at the disposal of the branch in broad acres at 5 per cent.

Mr Menzies moved that the present resolutions in regard to the secretary's salary be rescinded. Seconded by Mr Muntz, and carried.

Mr Muntz moved that the secretary's salary be fixed at 3s 6d per benefit member per year, which would work out at about £19 5s. Seconded by Mr Sinclair.

Secretary Carroll read a statement of the credit balances of the incidental fund back to 1903, and also a statement of the membership for some years back. He then spoke at some length on the matter before the meeting.

Mr Sinclair wished to withdraw as seconder of Mr Muntz's motion.

Mr Eastwood spoke against the motion, and moved as an amendment that a fixed salary of £20 be paid.

Mr Sinclair wishing to speak again was ruled out of order by the President.

Mr Menzies spoke in favor of and then seconded Mr Muntz's motion.

Mr Sinclair seconded Mr Eastwood's amendment.

Dr. Jackson advocated a further amendment, and considered that £20 was insufficient.

Mr A. H. Sands supported the proposal to give a straight-out salary.

Mr Muntz then spoke to the amendment, which was put to the meeting and carried by 12 votes to 11.

Mr Sinclair moved, that Mr Carroll be re-elected as secretary of the branch. The lodge would take it as a great favor indeed if he would continue to act.

Mr Eastwood seconded the motion. He was sure Mr Carroll was the right man in the right place, and he had never found a more capable secretary.

Mr Carroll said he was not prepared for this. He had taken part in the discussion with not the slightest idea of this coming about. It had come altogether as a surprise to him to be nominated again. As the branch had had a great deal of time to consider the matter, he had thought they would be prepared to nominate a successor to himself. He had no personal desire of giving up the secretaryship from one standpoint. He had worked not only as secretary, but as one of the members and officers, ever since he had been in Beaufort. He knew there were men in this room who had done this work for a lifetime. His position now was that it would be very unwise for him to continue as secretary. The branch could be served as well by others in the room, and there were others who would become quite as capable in time. There were parts of the work he considered himself capable in and others he did not. He had considered the matter carefully, and for a time at least, he did not think it was wise that he should continue as secretary. He would like to be entirely free of the work. He would be willing later, if necessary, to take it up. He had not wanted to bring that forward at all, and was sorry that he had done so, for the man who got the position would keep it if his conduct was good. The branch was in a good way, its affairs were in a good condition, and there was no great difficulty in its way that he and no other man could overcome. It was not that there was nobody else in the branch who could act as secretary. As he wished to be free of any anxiety in connection with branch matters, he would ask them very seriously to nominate someone else for the position. If he thought the branch was in a position that it could not really get a man to fill the secretaryship, he would not like to as it were desert.

Mr Muntz could not see why Mr Carroll should not be nominated again. They could give him a fortnight to consider it. But he thought they ought to nominate someone else.

Mr Menzies said that from the remarks of Mr Carroll, he did not think that he should be put in such a position that he would be compelled to take the secretaryship. He felt that his desire to be free was a genuine one, and he did not think that it was right that they, solely for their own interests, should make Mr Carroll secretary again against his own wish. He then nominated Mr B. Wood for the position.

Mr Munts, in seconding the nomination, thought that there would be no objection if Mr Carroll decided to go on.

The election will take place at next meeting.

Sparrow Shooting.

Twelve members of the Beaufort Gun Club shot for the third eight-bird competition for a silver tea-set, valued at £5 5s (to be won twice), on Wednesday afternoon, with the result that "What-oh" (A. L. Wotherspoon) won the "leg-in" with eight kills; "North-west" (J. W. Harris) and "Owen" (T. E. Sands), who had each obtained a "leg-in" previously, being runner-up with seven kills; "North-west" missing his first bird, and "Owen" his last. "Longfellow" (D. F. Troy) came third with six kills.

The first sweep was won by P. Hains with two birds; the second was divided by J. McCracken, "Longfellow," and "Phœnix" (F. G. Prince) on the fourth round; the third by "North-west" and "Owen" with three birds; the fourth by P. Hains and J. Ellis with three birds; and the fifth by "What-oh," J. Ellis, and P. Hains with six birds. A double-rise sweep was divided by P. Hains, F. Ellis, "What-oh," and "Owen" with one bird; whilst a sterling sweep, on the second round, was divided by "What-oh," S. Boyle, "Longfellow," "Owen," "Phœnix," and P. Hains.

Shooting in a £100 pigeon match at Clunes on Thursday, "Owen" was one of five who each took £15 out of the stake, while P. Hains also won £5.

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...d the presence of Mr B. ...bin, Wones, D. R. and ...nd H. Stuart, junr., to ...ork so obligingly done ...Beaufort post-office, to ...promotion to Stawell, ...hat his advancement in ...be rapid. His health ...h musical honors, Mr ...response.
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...eeting of the above ...Beaufort Mechanics' ...evening, 23 members ...president (Mr H. ...e minutes of the ...read and confirmed, ...espondence received: ...rane, Beaufort, ask... Terang branch.—...ber Geo. Nothnagel, ...for non-attendance ...ight-shift, also for...tion from the com... impossible to attend ...as decided to ask ...to reconsider his ...eral Secretary, Mel...shment of an endow...on with the Working ...ived. One full bene...d, and one member ...ick list. Sick-pay ...passed for payment. ...ed that the trustees ...to put the money at ...nch in bread acres at

...d that the present ...n to the secretary's ... Seconded by Mr

... that the secretary's ...l per benefit member ...l work out at about ... Mr Sinclair.
...read a statement of ... the incidental fund ...so a statement of the ...e years back. He ...ngth on the matter

...d to withdraw as ...'s motion.
...e against the motion, ...vinced that a fixed ...
...e to speak again was ... the President.
... in favor of and then ... motion.
...ded Mr Eastwood's-

...ted a further amend...ed that £20 was

...upported the proposal ...at salary.
...ke to the amendment ...e meeting and carried

...d that Mr Carroll be ...y of the branch. The ...s a great favor indeed ...e to act.
...onded the motion. He ...was the right man in ...he had never found a ...ary.
...was not prepared for ...part in the discussion ...st idea of this coming ...e altogether as a sur... nominated again. As ...a great deal of time to ..., he had thought they ...to nominate a successor ...d no personal desire of ...ecretaryship from one ...d worked not only as ...e of the members and ...e had been in Beau...here were men in this ... this work for a life... now was that it would ...r him to continue as ...nch could be served as ... the room, and there ...ould become quite as...here were parts of the ...himself capable in and ...He had considered the ...d for a time at least, ...was wise that he should ...ry. He would like to ...e work. He would be ...essary, to take it up ...to bring that forward ...y that he had done so, ...ot the position would ...inct was good. The ...way, its affairs were ...n, and there was no ...way that he and no ...vercome. It was not ...dy else in the branch ...retary. As he wished ...anxiety in connection ..., he would ask them ...nominate someone else ...he thought the branch ...at it could not really ... the secretaryship, he ...it were desert.
...not see why Mr Carroll ...minated again. They ...tnight to consider it. ...ey ought to nominate

...that from the remarks ...id not think that he ...ch a position that he ...o take the secretaryship. ...ire to be free was a ...e did not think that it ..., solely for their own ...ake Mr Carroll secre... his own wish. He ...r B. Wood for the

...onding the nomination, ...would be no objection ...d to go on.
...l take place at next

...y Shooting.

... of the Beaufort Gun...ird eight-bird competi...a-set, valued at £5 5s ...n Wednesday afternoon, ...at "What-oh" (A. L. ... the "leg-in" with eight ...t" (J. W. Harris) and ...ands), who had each ...n" previously, being ...even kills; "North... ...irst bird, and "Owen" ...fellow" (D. F. Troy), ...k kills.
...was won by P. Hains ...e second was divided by ...ongfellow," and "Phœ...) on the fourth round; ...th-west" and "Owen" ...the fourth by P. Hains ... three birds; and the ..." J. Ellis and P. Hains ...double-rise sweep was ..., F. Ellis, "What-oh," ...h one bird; whilst a ...the second round, was ...-oh," S. Boyle, "Long... "Phœnix," and P.

...£100 pigeon match at ...y, "Owen" was one ..., £15 out of the stake, ...o won £5.

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THE MYSTERY OF KILLEEN CASTLE: OR A BRANDED BROW.

BY A. M. AND W. I. ROWE.

FIFTH INSTALMENT.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS PARTS.

Evelyn, a beautiful girl of eighteen summers, had come to take up her abode in Killeen Castle. At the moment of her arrival she was unexpected, and she overheard Lady Mildred Lisle's warning to Sir Geoffrey Fitzgerald, that he was mad to receive the girl. Evelyn and Hugh De Lacy sought refuge from a storm in the cave-dwelling of Kenny Carey, the hunchback, and were warned by his old mother that evil would befall the Fitzgeralds. The strange disappearance of the Countess Fitzgerald and Sir Maurice was a mystery that Sir Geoffrey's enemy, Squire De Lacy, was eager to unravel. De Lacy engaged a celebrated detective from Dublin Castle (Matthew Cleary) to solve the mystery. Cleary concludes that some persons were playing the parts of the legendary "Red Woman" and the "Brown Monk." Lady Lisle urges her nephew, Norman to propose marriage to Evelyn, in order to keep the property in the family; but Norman preferred to make love to Norah Clancy, a lovely gipsy, although he had no intention of marrying her.

CHAPTER XII.

A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

They were sauntering slowly along side by side, and the man's passionate gaze was fixed upon the face of the simple trusting girl beside him. Shyly she raised her eyes to his, and with a pleading look, inquired:

"But, Norman, now that you really wish me to marry you, you will not mind if I tell Judith, our queen, of my prospective happiness? She is so good, so beautiful—a real lady you know—and Norman, I owe her so much. She has been a mother to me since I was left an orphan. It was she who taught me to sing, instilled in me all that makes you love me. You won't mind her knowing, will you?"

The young man started and a curse deep and low burst from his lips; but the girl did not hear it. Unfortunately too, she failed to see the look of horror and alarm which crossed his countenance at her suggestion. It was a moment or so before he found voice to reply.

"Norah, that will spoil all. If you let any one know our intentions my aunt will get news of it and will do her utmost to separate us and prevent our coming together. Darling, unless you wish to be parted for ever do not breathe a word of this. Later when I come into my own money and am independent it will be another story."

The girl's face clouded; but even now she did not doubt this man's honesty. Poor, simple, trusting maid! She had surrendered him her heart in all the freshness of a girl's first love, and it is one of the characteristic of her race that the Irish colleen is the most trusting, faithful and affectionate of natures once that precious jewel, her maiden heart, is won.

Her own perfections, her great beauty were as nothing in her eyes. She had been taught from her childhood up that these were not attributes of which she had any reason to be proud. They were a gift from Heaven, and must only teach her to be more humble. Humility, indeed, was such a factor in her early training that it took some time after her first meeting with Norman Lisle before the girl could be brought to realize that she was really beautiful.

Even when their friendship and constant meetings ripened into something warmer on both sides, it was difficult for poor Norah to realize that this fine, and, in her eyes handsome man really meant all he said, and that he loved her, a peasant girl; yet strange to say, once her own feelings changed into love for him this diffidence seemed to grow less. It was not her own ideas of her personal qualities increased, nor yet again that she grew more self-confident. It was simply that her love and trust in him, her first love, was so strong and pure, that because he said these things she accepted them as facts, or appeared to do so; though in her inmost heart was always the wonder that he so good, noble, and handsome, saw anything to admire in poor Norah Clancy, the Nomad.

They had been on these terms for some time now, meeting in secret when and where they could, and Norman Lisle was beginning to grow impatient.

When he mentioned loving companionship and spoke of a future which they should spend together in some lovely cottage away from the rest of the world, living only for one another, Norah thought the idea splendid; but just as her lover thought how well he was working his point, and gaining his ends, the simple girl would stagger him with such remarks as:

"Yes, Norman, and what a loving little wife I shall be! Your Norah will study hard, so that she will be a fit companion for her husband. Norman, you will always love me, won't you, dear—you will never be ashamed of your peasant wife?"

And then, though taken aback for an instant, while under the fascination of those beautiful blue eyes and with the spell of the girl's love and trust upon him, Norman Lisle could say no less than that he would always love her, and that as his wife she would be the most beautiful and stately lady in the land.

Then seeing that any other advances but those of marriage would only frighten off the beautiful wild flower—a thing not to be tolerated by this passionate, self-willed young man—Norman Lisle began to cast about for other ways and means by which he could entrap his bird without the girl being cognizant of either deception or danger.

Thus it was poor, trusting, loving Norah, thinking herself the affianced wife of Norman Lisle, now gave and received her lover's warm, passionate kisses and fond embraces as they parted for the night, she to return to her humble home in the Nomad camp, with only the broad canopy of heaven for roof; yet the girl's thoughts were all of her new and coming happiness.

No unpleasant dreams visited her maiden couch that night, no banshee wailed round the camp to warn the people of danger to one of their tribe; yet in the heart of one man and that the lover she trusted, was being woven a plot so vile, so atrocious in its deceit and wickedness that the very angels above must have trembled and wept for the future safety and honour of that innocent young girl who slept on and dreamed of pleasant things regarding the lover who was already plotting her downfall and destruction.

* * * *

To return to Tim Brogan and the detective whom we left upon the road by the ruined abbey.

No sooner was Inspector Cleary's first surprise over than he did his best to persuade his companion to wait and discover for themselves what the strange apparition meant. That this was no supernatural being but one of a band of ruffians who, for their own nefarious motives was acting the ghost so as to frighten off the inhabitants, and prevent them from learning the secret which he, the inspector, felt sure was at the bottom of all this mystery, he was more than convinced.

Yet to have offered Tim his weight in gold could not have induced the carman to slacken speed just then, and to all the man of law's entreaties to wait and see what would happen, he turned a deaf ear, and drove the faster.

There only remained one way, then of pursuing his investigations, and that involved great risk to life and limb, for at the pace the car was going, and taking into consideration the narrow roads and deep ditches which lined both sides, to alight in safety was no easy matter. Tim, too, seemed to divine his companion's thoughts, for, leaning over, he gripped him firmly by the coat-sleeve, crying at the same time:

"Is it wantin' to have me up for murdher, ye'd be, Misther Cleary? Shure, it's a poor return anyway fur a lift I've been givin' ye to have a crime loike that laid at a poor man's door; but the devil a bit'll ye lave this car wid or widout my consint until ye git away from this place. Faith, the very mare herself knows the danger that's hereabouts. Bedad, she is the sinsible craythe entoirely: she 'udn't wantin' to be throwin' her life away for such nonsense. Oh, be the holy St. Patrick, but it's the commether they've put on the horse. Shure it will take yersilf and me to hould her in now her mettle is up. Sit tight man; kape your place. Can't yer see there is no stoppin' her. It is drivin' to perdition instead of to ghosts this time anyhow, we are, the Lord betune us an' all harm! Come, my beauty; good mare. Whoa! whoa!"

So in spite of his own desire to follow up the ghost, for the second time the inspector was baulked of his prey, for, as he himself agreed, it was impossible to desert Tim now that the horse had taken fright and was beyond his driver's control.

With this thought the inspector consoled himself as he saw the abbey along with its ghostly visitant fade from sight. Never for a moment did it enter his head that this was but a ruse on Tim's part to save his fare from what he considered the clutches of the red-haired woman, while the poor mare, the innocent scapegoat of all the trouble, and the most even-tempered of brutes, was as much under her master's control as ever, yet acted the part to perfection of a runaway horse.

No wonder her master proudly boasted Boris was indeed an intelligent animal, unlike most of her dumb companions in Ireland; yet surely Inspector Cleary had good reason to bemoan his luck in again missing his opportunity, and could only hope that Dame Fortune would deign to frown less severely on his next visit to the Abbey, which he still firmly believed contained an important clue to the mystery he was trying to unearth.

* * * *

From the time of her meeting with the strange apparition on the moors Lady Lisle was both changed and very nervous in manner. Her wonted calm and placid demeanour now gave place to a sudden and excitable temperament. She repeatedly snapped at her cousin, Sir Geoffrey but the next moment would be trying to make amends, as if regretting her former harshness, anxious to conciliate him once more.

Sir Geoffrey himself seemed scarcely conscious of the change; so wrapped up did he appear in his own affairs that often her ladyship's pettishness and curt answers remained unnoticed. In fact, so used had he become to her presence that her vagaries and moods were like part of his life and failed either to interest or disturb him from his ordinary routine.

It was only when alone together one evening in the library that his ears were startled by a remark of her ladyship, following on a conversation:

"Mildred, what was that I understood you to say? A ball! A ball here, in this house? You must be mad."

"Not so mad as you think Geoffrey. What I said I mean. If you do not give a party or ball, you cannot expect things to work out as you wish. I tell you there is no better way of bringing young people to a proper understanding than a dance or ball. Evelyn is not used to these amusements and it is high time she was brought out. At present she is indifferent to Norman's love and attention; treats him as a brother, a friend—nothing more. Yet if she saw and mixed more in society I believe she would soon grow to value them. Seeing other girls admire him, Evelyn may change her tactics."

Sir Geoffrey sighed; then a bitter smile stole over his face.

"So the gist of all this means you will fill the house with people who only loathe and scorn us; those who are not beneath pointing the finger of contempt at us behind our backs, yet who smile and fawn upon us to our faces. Oh, Mildred, how can you think of such a thing when you remember our present standing in the county, the secret and horror of the past?"

"I do recollect all, and for that reason am determined to live it down. For Evelyn's sake as well as the boy's this barrier of reserve, this veil of mystery and exclusiveness must be swept aside. Had you taken my advice long ago, defied public opinion lived and entertained as befitted one of your station, all this shadow and suspicion would have been forgotten by now."

The baronet groaned.

"No, not forgotten," he replied, bitterly; "only overlooked and cast aside because of what I could give them. Mildred, I am no fool, and am well aware the guests a man invites to sit at his table are often the very ones who find fault and carp about him, to administer the first kick when he is down. Besides, who would you ask? Who would deign to accept hospitality of the Knight of Killeen?"

"Leave that to me and then see if I am not right in declaring that the county will flock here. All will be delighted to have the doors of the Castle thrown open once more to receive them. I assure you by these means alone will the desire of both our lives be accomplished; it will work wonders in the matter. Have I your consent?"

Sit Geoffrey sighed wearily.

"I suppose so; you generally have your own way Mildred. What did I ever refuse you?"

The woman turned upon him sharply.

"Only one thing, certainly; but the greatest thing of all—the one boom I would willingly surrender half my life to obtain," she exclaimed passionately.

Sir Geoffrey winced as if he had received a blow; then suddenly rising from his chair, paced the room with long, uneven strides.

"Woman," he cried at last, "I believe you are inhuman. It is cruel—cruel to torture me thus. Why revive the miserable past, taunt me when you know my lips are sealed, my hands tied in the matter? Woman, I believe you love to torment me, to gloat over my agony, triumph in my pain."

Lady Lisle laughed mockingly.

"And what price my pain and misery, the humiliation and degradation I have undergone and endured for all these years, yet been faithful to you, clung to you in spite of it all?" she inquired.

"I know it, I am well aware of all you have done and endured for all these years. But leave me now Mildred; I cannot bear this constant reaping up of the past. I have sinned, I know; but you, of all people should be the last to reproach me with it. Leave me, I say, and go and see about this ball, for such, I suppose is your latest whim."

The lady gazed upon him in silence for a moment; then crossing to his side gently laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Forgive me, dear Geoffrey, if at times I seem cross and unreasonable, but you understand, know the reasons why."

Then, without giving him time to reply, she glided from the room, leaving the man alone. As the door closed upon her a moan broke from Sir Geoffrey's lips and he buried his face in his hands.

"God help me, I deserve all the reproaches and more—more a thousandfold; my sin has found me out, and the punishment is greater than I can bear. Oh, why is it that our misdeeds do not recoil alone on our heads? Why is it that those we love must suffer too?"

"Because the love you speak of is a guilty affection, Sir Geoffrey Fitzgerald. No innocent tie binds you two together; the compact was sealed by crime, stained with the blood of innocent people. How, then can other than sin and misery follow in its wake? I tell you the promised atonement has not yet been made, the time of reparation passes, and that of vengeance draws nigh."

The words were uttered in the same solemn, wailing tone that had before pronounced the words, "Too late! Too late!"

Sir Geoffrey started up as the voice reached his ears, and his features assumed a horrified, startled expression as his eyes rested upon a tall figure standing motionless beside him.

How it had entered, whence sprang, the Knight of Killeen neither knew, nor troubled to think; he asked no questions only sat staring with wide distended eyes at the strange apparition before him.

The tall, majestic form was clad in long, flowing garments of black, her abundant red hair falling in loose tresses around her shoulders and down past her waist; over her dark, gipsy-like face, and banded across her brow, so as to fall down her back in mantilla-like fashion, was a black silk shawl or scarf that gave an added charm of grace to her figure.

For some moments after she had spoken the woman remained silent, while her large piercing, coal-black eyes were glued upon his face seeming to read the cowering figure before her, searching out his inmost secrets as though she were reading a book.

Then suddenly a hoarse cry broke from the man's pallid lips; the perspiration stood out in great beads upon his forehead, and throwing out his hands imploringly towards his nocturnal visitor, he gasped wildly:

"Mother, mother, have you come back from the grave to blame and upbraid me? I swear—promise it shall be done, atonement made, all given back. Oh, spare me! Spare me!"

And with a loud moan the Knight of Killeen fell unconscious to the floor. When, a few minutes later, Evelyn, attracted by the noise and sudden fall entered the library, it was to find her uncle lying still and prostrate on the hearthrug, many of his papers and the contents of his writing-desk tossed hither and thither about the room, while, to add to her horror, the same weird, spectral-looking figure which had so startled her on the night of her arrival was just disappearing through the open French window.

CHAPTER XIII.

A VILE CONSPIRACY.

On parting with his aunt on the moors, Norman Lisle walked briskly along in the direction of the cliff road, his head bent forward, his mind deeply engaged in settling a knotty problem to his own satisfaction.

"The devil take the thing! Just my luck, of course, when everything was going smoothly, to have the other beastly business thrust upon me. But I will not give the girl up not for any of them. Norah, my beautiful wild mountain flower, will be mine in spite of all. They talk of honour, and all that; a fig for it! That is all very fine when a fellow has everything he requires—money and such like; but to think of losing my prize when a little waiting and patience might have won my ends, it is monstrous. I shall not submit. But now, as to ways and means. Norah will hear of nothing short of marriage, and that is out of the question. I cannot carry her off against her will; she is too much of a spitfire for that; might tear my eyes out if I tried it on. No, some other and more peaceful method must be found."

Then, suddenly, as he saw a tiny wreath of smoke issuing from what at first sight appeared but a huge cleft or hole in the rocks, a new idea seemed to occur to him.

"I have it; a grand thought! Why not consult Mother Carey? She is just the one to help on a work like this, and, besides, she dare not refuse, now I have discovered her little secret. Nothing like having a few of this class in your power. Why, I verily believe the old crone would sell her very soul for a few shillings. She will find a way out of the difficulty, I'll swear."

A few more minutes found the young aristocrat giving a peculiar knock upon the secret door which led into the interior of Mother Carey's apartments. It was evident from the reception that this was not the young man's first visit to the vanithee's abode; there was no scurrying about or sudden movements inside, as if something or other was being hidden away before his entrance. No, unlike our last visit here, no secrecy reigned; the peculiar knock was an indication that the visitor could be trusted, or was one of themselves.

Norman Lisle was therefore, readily admitted and greeted with "Good-day your honour" from the son of the vanithee, a big, hulking, broad-shouldered specimen of his class, with a not over-intelligent face, and a tendency to lean against any article that he came in contact with, showing distinctly a decided aversion to manual labour and likewise a decided partiality for lounging about.

With a nod and a dip to the newcomer, the vanithee still continued tending some large stills of liquid which she was boiling, while in another corner of the apartment were piled large quantities of grain ready to hand for the worm before its distillation could be accomplished. In another part of this secret abode reclined large vessels filled with that golden liquid which had neither been subject to the gauger's test nor yet boasted the King's seal.

Having plentifully supplied their visitor with potheen, the two occupants seated themselves on the rude log seats and prepared themselves for the news they were confident he had to disclose.

"An' how is the colleen gettin' along this while back, Misther Lisle? Faith, it's lovin' enuf and quite sinsible she ought to be to have the honour ye was payin' her. Shure, it's a great talkin' I myself gave her the last time she was here."

"You did? Oh, that was kind of you, Mother Carey; but it is more than speaking a good word for me I want now."

"Indade, an' what may ye be wantin' av me sor? Shure, ye know it's plazed to be sarvin' ye I'd be."

"Yes, I know; but this is a most serious matter. I want that girl, Mother Carey and yet cannot really wed her—make her my wife."

The old crone chuckled.

"Av course not. Begorra I never expected ye 'ud do that same, Misther Norman, an' if it wasn't that Norah Clancy is a bit simple shure it's not expectin' it she'd be either. What 'ud a poor ignorant colleen loike her be doin' as your wife, sor?"

The young man groaned. Despite his own depravity, he somehow felt annoyed that this old hag should so speak about his beautiful Norah. He liked, loved, he considered, the wild mountain maid better than any girl he had ever met, and being of an unprincipled, licentious disposition, his one idea was to make this beautiful, and as yet, unplucked flower all his own. No thought beyond the accomplishment of his vile purpose entered his breast, and to attain this he must needs solicit the help of this infamous old creature, who possessed neither heart nor feeling for any one but herself.

Galling as was this fact, he still needed the woman's assistance, so listened in silence to her insolent remarks and insinuations about the girl he loved and would have married, despite her lowly origin, had circumstances permitted.

Few men like to see themselves in the same light as others see them, or view their actions from another's standpoint. The most hardened criminal tries to find an excuse for his misdeeds, saying to himself that such and such things would never have happened, that crime would never have been committed, only circumstances and fate were against him.

Thus trying to excuse his own wickedness both to himself and the vanithee, Norman Lisle only plunged still deeper into the mire by explaining that at all costs he wished to secure the girl. Broadly speaking what he desired was some scheme by which she could be deluded into thinking that he would marry her, as some pretence at a marriage ceremony would alone satisfy her simple upright nature.

Thus it was that the young man in an indirect manner, first suggested the foundation and weaving of a plot which was the delight of that wretched woman's heart. Conspiracy and plotting were her best achievements her fertile yet unscrupulous brain often produces schemes truly diabolical in their wickedness, while somehow, the planning of the downfall of the beautiful and the virtuous were acts she gloried in, for she hated all the humankind with an undying hatred.

Rumour had it that during the troublous times in Ireland Mother Carey was most assiduous in forming societies and arranging meetings with the young hopefuls of the place for what she termed the freeing of their country from the foreign yoke; but just when things were prospering most and the aims of the patriotic but headstrong youths seemed about to be accomplished, secrets began to leak out in a truly alarming manner, and the members were arrested in dozens.

Although no real proof was forthcoming it soon spread abroad that Mother Carey as she was termed by her admiring, and simple followers, was the informer; she who had stirred the people up to this state of unrest and discontent, organized and arranged the assemblies, was herself the Castle hack, the paid renegade and spy of the Government. She, the leader and fosterer of the rebellion in these parts, had gathered her prey; collected her flock, and led the party into the danger then turned and betrayed them, and sold them as a farmer would his live stock.

Thus, although she never appeared in court against them, the suspicions of the people were aroused at her safety when others suffered for their acts; so the inhabitants of Killeen avoided and shunned her. She grew more resentful and bitter each day, while the nickname of "Mother Carey and her chickens" still clung in memory of the many dupes she had led like lambs to the slaughter.

At the suggestion of a little double dealing and treachery the old crone was all animation. Like the sound of battle to the ears of a warhorse was the thought of intrigue to this strange, evil-minded old creature. Her whole soul and energy were thrown into the work, and there and then was arranged a scheme so vile and wicked that it caused even Norman Lisle, its instigator and prime mover, to blush and feel uncomfortable at the thought of how he would betray and ruin the life of that noble trusting, innocent girl, who, in her confiding innocence had surrended both heart and honour into his keeping.

* * * *

When Evelyn rushed into the library and saw her uncle lying upon the floor, and the strange woman disappearing through the window, her first inclination was to ring and summon the servants; but on second thoughts she did not deem this advisable. She remembered the very fussy, excitable nature of Lady Lisle and the confusion subsequent on their arrival might not suit her uncle, who detested anything in the shape of a scene.

Hurriedly she knelt by the side of the master of the house, and sought to restore him. She chafed the cold hands and brow, bathed the forehead with water from the carafe near by, and at last was rewarded by her uncle opening his eyes and looking round in a dazed fashion.

"Where am I? What is wrong?" he asked.

Gently the girl told him all that she knew; how she had found him insensible, his papers and drawers ransacked and strewn about the room, and the disappearance of the strange figure as she entered.

"Now that you are better, uncle, I will give the alarm. Let this thief be searched for. She cannot be far away, and may be caught in the grounds," the girl observed.

Sir Geoffrey laid a detaining hand on her arm as she rose to go.

"No, no; not that," he cried, excitedly. "Evelyn, do not leave me. Those things can wait, but you are sure, positively sure, it was a real live person you saw leaving this room? It was no spirit or ghost I suppose?"

"A spirit, ghost! Uncle, what can you mean? Of course it was a real person—a woman, too. Spirits do not ransack drawers and search cupboards, I think. But you do not yet know what is missing. Although my entrance disturbed the thief much may have been taken. But how came you to faint? Did she attack you?"

Sir Geoffrey rose, with his niece's assistance and staggered to a chair; then a frightened expression stole over his face as he murmured:

"It was not her spirit then? others saw it as well as myself. Oh, what can it mean? Who was it if not she, and what brings them here?"

Then seeing the perplexed look on Evelyn's face he continued:

"Yes, of course, it was no spirit. Robbery, too, must have been the motive, as this disorder proves. But you disturbed their little game, dear. I do not think they secured much. And Evelyn, dear, as the thief was a woman—you say, probably a lunatic—suppose we say nothing about it. Lady Lisle is very nervous, and we might needlessly alarm her."

Evelyn looked astonished. This was indeed an unusual way for her uncle to view matters. But as he insisted on her keeping silence she readily gave her consent not, however without a strange feeling of uneasiness that all was not right and above-board, which was not decreased by her noticing as she assisted her relative to put the papers straight and in order again, that the absence of one caused him great anxiety, while these words falling from his lips, made her wonder more and more.

"It was no spirit, not her ghost come to torture and upbraid me? No, that paper was taken by human hands. But whose? That is the question. Yet who but one person can it concern? To whom does it matter whether Maurice Fitzgerald was married or not? That document was valuable to one only, and she, alas! is unable to grasp the reality of her position; her mind on this matter is a blank. Frances is incapable of the act. Who, then, accomplished it, and for what reason?"

Evelyn had overheard only part of this muttered conversation, but she caught the portion as to Frances, and her mind being a blank, also something about marriage, and although unable to connect the whole, it made her feel strangely uncomfortable.

Sir Geoffrey, not being aware that he had expressed his thoughts and fears aloud, never for an instant dreamed that, after leaving the library and promising to keep silent about the supposed burglary, his niece was haunted by the strange words she had overheard, or that she kept asking herself, "Who was Frances, and what connection had she with a marriage certificate and the Fitzgeralds?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"Oh, by all that's wonderful, here's a rum go! Faith, miracles will never cease afther this, I'm thinking. It's a letter for you, Misther Hugh, an' be the same token it's got the coat-of-arms an' the monogram av the Fitzgeralds upon it. Begorra, perhaps, it's open war or a jule the spalpeens are afther! Shure it's puttin' the dirthy thing in the fire yer honour'll be, bad scan to their impudence for writing to ye!"

Tim had been to town, and returned from the post-office bearing for Hugh what he considered must be an insulting, blackguardly letter, taking into account from whence it came.

Hugh took the envelope in silence—he was used to Tim's outspoken manner—but when he saw the well-known crest and monogram of the family at Killeen Castle, he could hardly believe his eyes. The writing too was not Evelyn's and what was his further surprise to find that it contained an invitation to a ball to be given by the Knight of Killeen and inscribed by himself.

The young man's astonishment over, he began to think. Luckily for him his father had not seen the letter, otherwise trouble might have ensued at the idea of his son receiving correspondence from his enemies. At first Hugh was inclined to refuse the invitation with thanks. The notion of being entertained at Killeen Castle and by the enemies of his race, was repugnant to him; but as time passed on, and Evelyn herself during one of their rambles begged him to accept for her sake, he began to waver.

What man who does this for the sake of a woman remains long undecided? Not an Irishman, certainly, if the woman is young and pretty and the one in all the world to him. Hugh hesitated, and was lost. Excuses rose up now in plenty, and he did not see why he should give up such a chance. To be at a ball with her, to spend a whole evening in her company, have the happiness of holding that graceful form in his arms was a pleasure too great to think of. How, then, could he contemplate giving up such enjoyment? It would be like relinquishing a glimpse of heaven.

Hugh de Lacy was no fool. He knew well that the hours spent in Evelyn's society were dangerous to his peace of mind; realized also that he was growing to madly love this girl who was niece to his father's bitterest enemy. He felt that such a union would be, practically speaking, impossible because of the terrible opposition it would receive from both houses, yet with this stern fact staring him in the face the young man could not bring himself to remain away.

He loved Evelyn Fitzgerald with all the strength and ardour of his passionate nature, and with that happy-go-lucky way so common to his race accepted the happiness of the present, leaving the future to look after itself. Thus it was on the night of that rare event, a ball at Killeen Castle we find Hugh de Lacy, full of excitement at the thought, of pleasure for him, busily engaged dressing, while he gave instructions to Tim how his absence was to be kept from his father, who on no account was to learn of his presence at the ball.

"Bedad, an' he'll niver larn it from me, yer honour; niver fear but I'll kape a saycret. An' it's the quare man the squire is to want to kape ye from a ball, sor. Shure, it's little enuf balls and dances ye have round here, anyway, for young people. An' be the same token, shure it was mesilf was thinkin' av axin' Kitty Murphy—a nice little gersha, God bless her!—to accompany me to the next fair. Faix it's a stiffness in me joints I'm gettin'—the Lord betune us an' all harm!—for the want av that same dance."

"And pray who is Miss Kitty Murphy, may I ask, Tim? You know it is not wise for young boys to be running after the colleens in that fashion, Tim; they are a dangerous set at best," said Hugh with a twinkle in his eye.

"Faith, an' mabbe you're right, there, sor, an' I won't say agin it; for there is no knowin' what thricks an' divilment a man will be up to plaze the darlints. But shure, 'twas a lesson from your honour's own book I was afther takin'. What's good for the goose is good for the gander, they do say," answered Tim, demurely.

His master burst into a hearty roar of laughter.

"Brogan, you will be the death of me one of these days. But you haven't answered my question?"

"Begorra, I hope not, Misther Hugh. Shure, I don't want anything to happen suddint loike to you, fur it's lookin' forward to a high time, an' a dance at yer honour's own weddin' I am. My colleen, Miss Kitty Murphy is the maid to Miss Fitzgerald up at the Castle, sor."

Hugh could hardly repress a smile at the man's cute way of fencing round a difficulty.

"I see; so on the strength of that you want a holiday?"

"Bedad, an' it's the same I haven't the heart to be afther axin' for mysilf. Yer honour is a foine masther entoirely, so ye are. Good luck to ye, an' a long life, sor."

"But I warn you, Tim, if you wish to win that girl, it isn't much whisky you'd better have in her company. She is not the one to stand much nonsense judging from what I saw of her."

"Ne'r a lie in it, yer honour. She will kape a man straight if ever a colleen did, an' it's mindin' me p's an' q's I am whin wid her."

At last Hugh was ready, and left for Killeen Castle, while his mother and Tim excused him to the squire on the ground that he had retired for the night with a bad attack of neuralgia.

* * * *

The night of the ball at Killeen Castle had at length arrived; for days preceding the great event all was excitement and bustle at the mansion. Tradesmen of different descriptions, decorators, florists, caterers from the big hotels and restaurants near were to be seen making their way about the once silent house.

Poor Sir Geoffrey felt anything but at home during this confusion, and tried his best to avoid it by keeping to his own apartments, Evelyn, on the other hand, was overjoyed at the prospect of a real ball, and full of the pleasure and happiness she anticipated it would bring her.

Of fashionable life she knew nothing, so that both its sweets and bitters, its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and failures were as a sealed book to her. With all the eager impetuosity of youth, Evelyn looked forward to her first appearance into society. Her dress was a perfect dream of beauty—one of those soft confections of lace and chiffon that give their wearers the appearance of being swathed in beautiful fleecy clouds of white mist which would evaporate and disappear if touched.

Lady Lisle had indeed displayed good taste in the choosing of it, and the return more than paid for her care and trouble. My lady had her own reasons for this. She intended that her nephew's future wife should make an impression on the county—the acknowledged belle of the ball, and place. By this means the chaperoning of such a beauty would assure her own success in society; houses formerly religiously closed to her would gladly receive her as the future aunt of the heiress of Killeen.

As to the girl herself, she was inexpressibly pleased with everything. The beauty of the ball room, with its rich hangings and gorgeous decorations, the tall palms and garlands of flowers and rich exotics which lined the beautiful hall were a revelation to her, while the brilliancy of the numerous electric lights almost dazzled her vision.

The thought that she, too, looked lovely, was a fitting figure for the grandeur around her, was pleasing to her mind, and a happy smile played about her mouth, a look of delight entered her eyes as she beheld her reflection in a long mirror.

"He will be here—he will see me. I am glad I look nice for his sake," she thought as a lovely blush rose to her cheek.

"You look splendid, Evelyn, dear; Norman will be quite proud of you to-night. Of course you will reserve your first dance for him, as well as save him others during the evening?"

Then, without giving the girl time to reply, Lady Lisle hurried away to attend to some of her numerous duties, little dreaming that the heightened colour of the girl was the outcome of surprise and resentment, rather than shyness and pleasure, at the suggestion her words implied.

Both Sir Geoffrey and Norman were loud in their praises of Evelyn's appearance, and the latter congratulated her, declaring he felt quite honoured in being favoured with so many dances from her, who, he felt assured would prove the belle of the evening.

The girl's graceful figure, and great beauty had never appealed to him so vividly before. Strange to say he began contrasting her stateliness and grace with the wild, uncultured loveliness of Norah Clancy, and, needless, to say, the poor, untutored flower suffered in consequence. He could never, he told himself, introduce poor, simple Norah to his own set as his wife, while he certainly might go further and fare worse than by choosing the girl beside him for the position. Norman had also the pleasing knowledge that by remaining near Evelyn he became the envied of many of the men around, and this, of course, piqued his vanity, making him more than usually attentive to her.

Evelyn, meanwhile, neither encouraged or repulsed his attentions. Her thoughts were far from him and all her other partners. She was eagerly watching and wishing for the arrival of that well-known form. Anxiously her eyes turned upon each fresh arrival, for the spaces of her programme were becoming less every moment, and if he did not come soon she would have scarcely one waltz for him.

At length, just as she was beginning to lose hope, the longed-for figure made its appearance at the door; another few minutes and, with his easy swinging gait and graceful manner, the young Irishman had gained her side.

The look of genuine delight and pleasure which entered Evelyn's eyes at the approach was not lost upon Norman Lisle, who for the last few minutes had been seeking in vain to interest her, and it was with a pang of jealous anger, and a black scowl at the newcomer, he gave up his position at her side.

He would play second fiddle to no one, he told himself; and by way of consolation as he walked away he conjured up visions of how different things would be if only a certain little peasant girl were in the shoes of Evelyn Fitzgerald.

Meantime the ball had assumed a much brighter aspect all round to Evelyn. She was in a very heaven of delight. Hugh had plainly told her in looks if not in words how very beautiful she looked. He, then was proud of her, and had she not dressed to please him alone?

To be Continued.

EARLIEST ANCESTOR OF MAN.

The earliest known ancestor of man is a queer little animal known to science as the actinodon. It is now on exhibition at the Museum of Natural History in Chicago. It is a reproduction of the only remains ever found of this animal. It was discovered in the Parmian strata of Bohemia.

The actinodon is the connecting link between fish and animal life, and was the first creature to crawl up out of the sea on land. That was very many years ago—14,000,000 years back, so eminent scientists have calculated.

The period in which the actinodon lived has been calculated by consideration af the strata in which it was found embedded.

The actinodon is not only the ancestor of all mankind, but is also the ancestor of all land animals and of all winged creatures.

The forelegs of the actinodon are really half-way between legs and fins. They were a very poor substitute for legs, and doubtless they were equally miserable affairs to employ as fins, but the actinodon got along with them some low and served its purpose in the scheme of evolution.

NOT READY TO DIE.

LITERAL ANSWER OF A MOUNTAINEER TO INQUISITIVE STRANGER.

Two tourists travelling in the mountains of Kentucky had gone for hours without seeing a sign of life. At last they came to a cabin in a clearing.

The hogs lay in their dirt holes, the claybank mule grazed round and round in a circle to save the trouble of walking, and one lank man, whose clothes were the colour of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"How do you do," said one of the tourists.

"Howdy?"

"Pleasant country."

The native shifted his quid and grunted.

"Lived here all your life?"

The native expectorated pensively in the dust.

"Not yet," he said, languidly.

In 1307 a horseshoe in England cost sevenpence.

Bohemia has nearly 140,000 separate manufactories.

Three thousand marriages are performed every day all over the world.

Eleven cubic feet of water, when frozen, makes twelve cubic feet of ice.

Ormolu was originally a powder of fine brass with which the surface of objects was covered. It contains equal parts of copper and zinc.

As a rule, tears do not accompany a baby's cries until it is three months old.

THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

The farmer's friend is the old black crow,
But the farmer doesn't think so, ho!
A robber he is, as all men know.
Caw!

He wears a coat as black as a sloe,
And pulls the corn before it can grow
Up with a hand, and off he'll go!
Pshaw!

Peetles and worms, his friends maintain,
Furnish his crop and feed his brain;
But the farmer thinks it isn't so plain.
Pshaw!

While shabby old clothes, too ragged to mend,
Flapping its arms, you may depend
Will never deter the farmer's friend!
Caw!

A RING MOTIVE.

"You will find your ring enclosed. I think you will understand why.
Katherine Desmond."

The note lay on the table, and beside it was the ring to which it referred. They were placed immediately in front of Mr. Robert Aylwin, who gazed at them with consternation and blank astonishment. It was fortunate that he had come to the conclusion of a remarkably good breakfast before the arrival of the epistolary bombshell before him, for otherwise his body would, in all probability, have had to do without its usual nourishment.

It cannot be denied that the note was rather a curious one for a happy lover to receive something less than twenty-four hours after the writer had consented—with every appearance of enthusiasm, too—to appoint him her bridegroom elect. With the eye if his imagination Robert could see his lady love dashing off the extraordinary epistle. Kitty always had a fine sense of the dramatic. He felt sure she had scribbled that note looking as stage heroines look in similar circumstances. There would be a flash in her eyes, and a rather tumultuous heaving of the laces upon her breast. A thought struck him, and he examined the note again. Yes; there it was an unmistakable blur where a tear had fallen on the signature. Quite in the picture! He could see her dashing the moisture from her eyes with an angry hand, as, after writing with incredible swiftness, she sealed the missive, and rose to give it to a waiting messenger.

But why had she written it? Why had she wanted to send back to-day the ring that yesterday she had worn with such a beautiful shy pride? Could he have offended her? It seemed too absurd. There had been absolutely nothing to mar the perfection of those glorious hours of yesterday; and, if ever he knew how thoroughly he had won her heart, he had known it when they parted in the twilight of the garden.

Yet there was the letter, and there was the ring—two most undeniable facts. "You will understand why!" she said. Well, he did not in the least, but he meant to. Robert had the sort of chin that is supposed to denote firmness or obstinacy, according to the point of view of the critic and in his case it was no untrustworthy indicator. His puzzlement gave place to anger—for he was very much hurt—as he went forth to demand an explanation of Miss Katherine Desmond.

A neat maid-servant, coquettishly capped and blushing under the burden of an unaccustomed perversion of the truth, informed him that Miss Katherine was not at home, but he caught a glimpse of a notable gray gown in the garden beyond, and took the law into his own hands.

Katherine was plucking the blossoms from a hedge of sweet peas, and he was upon her before she was aware of him. When his shadow suddenly fell across the flowers she rose in a panic, and stood as if she had been trespassing in someone else's garden, the bright colour coming and going in her small, dainty face. She was really overwhelmed with confusion, but not quite so much so as to be unaware that her confusion was in its way becoming.

"You!" she whispered, at length.

He noted the dramatic fitness of her tone and attitude.

She stepped back, and the blossoms she had collected dropped from her hands upon the path.

Robert gave a short, hard laugh.

"Perfectly done," he said. "It's a pity we could not arrange for a little slow music."

She drew herself up to the full of her inconsiderable height, and drew her head back with the haughty little gesture he had so often teased her about.

"What do you mean? And why do you come here?"

He had generally a difficulty in taking her chameleon moods seriously but there was no mistaking her frame of mind at present. There was anger, not unmixed with contempt, in every curve of her erect little figure, as well as in her face; and the voice that spoke had none of the velvet softness that caressed his ear yesterday.

"Why do I come here?"

"Yes. I meant to make it tolerably plain that I did not want to see you again."

She was positively majestic, in a pocketable sort of way.

"You made that plain enough," he returned, in a cold voice, that barely succeeded in hiding the anger ringing beneath; but, I thought that in view of —er—yesterday, perhaps I was entitled to some small degree of explanation."

Katherine gave him a look that made him wince; and, bending down, began to gather up the fallen flowers.

Without offering to help her, he waited until she had completed her task. She would have left him without a word but he barred the way.

"Surely, you have some reason for that extraordinary note Besides the desire to create a telling situation?"

"Oh, what is the good of pretending to know nothing about it?" she said, wearily. "You made a fool of me once—isn't that enough, without trying to do it again? And I am not always acting," she added, with sudden fierceness.

"My dear girl, what insane idea has got into your silly little head? How on earth can I do anything if you don't tell me what it is?"

Katherine looked at him with unrelenting eyes.

"Po[illegible] me your 'dear girl,' if you [illegible] and—and please go away. [illegible] want any explanations. [illegible] them to your other 'dear girl.'"

"I should be delighted to, if I knew her; but, unfortunately, we have not been introduced yet," he returned, with a sarcastic smile.

"Then what about your 'heart's delight'?" she flashed back at him, her eyes on fire with indignation.

For an instant he was more puzzled than ever; then a light broke upon his mind. A smile—of genuine mirth this time—curved his lips, and he had to give way to an irresistible fit of laughter.

The sight of Katherine's outraged face brought him to a sense of the seriousness of the situation again.

"So it was the ring, Kitty—was it?"

There was a fluttering in her throat, and she could not trust herself to speak.

Robert came forward masterfully and possessed himself of one trembling hand.

"Kitty," he said—and she had never heard him speak quite in the same tone before—"yesterday you told me that you loved me, and yet you could not trust me more than this."

Katherine began to realise that she might have made a mistake that would have consequences.

"Didn't you like the ring, Kitty?"

After one hasty glance at his unsmiling face, she found her voice again. It was a little tremulous— as, indeed, by all the rules that govern drama it should have been.

"You know I did, but—but—"

"But what, Kitty?"

She made no answer. Things seemed to be going all wrong. She had meant, after punishing him well first, as he deserved, to have made Robert happy again by a generous forgiveness; and now all she could think of was that he might not forgive her. Katherine had failed to make sufficient allowance for the unexpected as a factor in dramatic situations.

Robert put one finger under her chin, and gently raised her flushed face upwards towards his own.

"Look at me, Kitty."

She slowly raised her downcast eyes, and met his earnest gaze.

"Now, tell me whether you trust me or not?"

Whatever kind of guarantee of good faith Miss Katherine Desmond perceived to be written on Mr. Robert Aylwin's countenance must have been sufficient, for her answer was, if inarticulate, entirely satisfactory, although it left her rather out of breath and a trifle dishevelled.

Afterwards they sought a more retired spot, where was enacted a decidedly pretty scene of penitance and forgiveness, in which there is every reason to believe that, in spite of her meekness and contrition, Katherine secretly revelled.

When the old vows had been renewed and ratified, with all the fulness of ritual which is fitting on such occasions, Robert sat Katherine right away from him to the other end of the seat in the jasmine arbour —which meant that they were divided by at least half a yard.

"Now, about the ring?" he began, in a matter-of-fact manner.

Katherine was in a flutter at once.

"I don:t want to know anything about it," she declared hotly; "I never ought to have been so—so horrid."

"Of course, you ought not," he agreed; but you were, and so to prevent any recurrence of—er—horridness perhaps it would be as well for me to explain."

"Oh, Bobby, you know I'll never be like it again."

"Heroines always live in the part they are playing for the time being," observed Robert, sapiently.

"Now you are being horrid." she said, tearfully.

"I was about to add, my dear, which does not prevent them being the most charming people in the world."

Katherine instantly accepted the note of comedy, and produced an expression of exagerated scepticism.

Robert continued.

"I meant to tell you about the ring yesterday, but I think I must have been a bit—shall we say, excited Kitty?"

She gave a low happy laugh.

"You nearly smothered me, Bobby"

"Did I? In that case I think we may say excited. The result was, anyhow, that I forgot all about mentioning that I gave you that particular ring because there was no other ring that I prized so much. It was my mother's."

Kitty sprang up impetuously, and then knelt down in front of him.

"Oh, Bobby, can you ever forgive me? I might have thought—but it made me mad to see another girl's name in the ring."

He tried to raise her, but she would not let him.

"Not yet, Bobby." She held up her left hand. "Can you trust me with it again, after—"

Robert took the ring from his pocket, and slipped it on the finger that it fitted so well. Then she let him lift her to another resting-place. And—well, it has all happened before, and will happen again and again; but, none the less, they felt like people miraculously and peculiarly privileged.

The farewell at the gate was, as farewells are apt to be, given the correct conditions, a protracted business: but at last Robert made a genuine attempt at departure.

"Won't we make life happy, Bobby dear?" she called softly after him.

He looked back with a cryptic smile.

"At all events, you will make it interesting, Kitty," he said—"as interesting as a play."

Katherine made a dainty grimace at him, and ran into the house.

It was really a most effective exit. —Sidney Allnutt, in "Reynolds's"

AN IRISH YARN.

One day an Irishman sat by the roadside enjoying his dinner. A priest passing at the time exclaimed, "Now Pat, don't you know it's wrong to eat meat on a Friday?"

"Sure," says Pat, "this is not meat; it is a sausage."

The priest assured him it was meat and went on his way. A few days later he ordered Pat to bring him a load of wood. Pat arrived in due time with a big load of sawdust.

On seeing it the rev. gentleman became very angry, and asked, "Did I not order you to bring me a load of wood?" "Ah, sure," says Pat, "you did, but you said that sausage was meat, so I thought sawdust was wood."

There's life in the old world yet,
And dreams to be dreamed, I ween;
There's one more carpet to beat,
And there's one more room to clean.

A VETERAN OF THE BATTLEFIELD.

SOME STORIES OF LORD WOLSELEY'S FIGHTS.

It would seem, from the many narrow escapes from death which Lord Wolseley has had, that the spirit of his saintly mother watches over him in time of danger; when he first saw active service in Burmah as an ensign in the 80th Foot he bore a charmed life, and his good fortune has never deserted him. One morning he was told off to skirmish with four companions; of the party of five all were killed except Wolseley. A few days later he was included in the battalion formed under Lieutenant Allen Johnson; of the 4th Sikhs, to storm the position held by a strong force of rebels. The storming party had scarcely got within firing distance of the enemy before Wolseley disappeared. He had fallen headlong into an ingeniously-constructed pit, covered with boughs, which had been prepared by the natives, with a dangerous spike in the middle to spit any unfortunate individual who might fall into it. Luckily he missed the spike, but was stunned by the force of his fall. When he regained his senses he scrambled out of the pit—as he says, on the enemy's side —and instantly found himself their target, Johnson's party having failed to carry the position. Back into the hole he dropped like lightning, and crawling to the other side, he made for the British lines as fast as his legs would carry him. Many years later came the call to go to China, and to reach the goal through difficulties which were destined to cause Lord Loch and Sir Harry Parkes such appalling tortures. Lord Wolseley was a brief space too long in accepting the commission; another brave soldier eagerly valunteered, went almost at once, and in an hour was butchered.

A MEMORY OF GORDON.

General Gordon and Lord Wolseley were subalterns together in the Crimea, "bright young fellows, just beginning life, full of spirits and go," as Wolseley once said. I will quote a story once told of the hero of Khartoum:—

"In spite of all hardships, the road before us seemed bright, interminable—always leading upwards. Gerald Graham, Gordon, and I were often together in the advanced works in front of the Redan. We had already come to look on Graham's courage as something almost supernatural. He used to stand up in the trenches, and pay no more attention to the Russian fire than if the bullets had been snowballs, and when he was relieved in the evening, instead of crawling along the trench under cover, he used to step out on to the open ground and make a beeline for his quarters. He walked away, with his back to the Russian sharpshooters, evening after evening, as cool as a cucumber, and was never touched. Again and again we remonstrated with him, told him he had no right to make a cocksby of himself; but nothing we could say altered his resolution.

"He'd be hung," he said, "before he'd take the trouble to crawl a quarter of a mile out of his way to avoid the Russian fire."

"As to how I used to go to my tent," went on Lord Wolseley, "I crawled along the trench in the mud and slush till I was well beyond gunshot. I suppose my disposition was calculating and ambitious. I did not see the use of getting a bullet in the back when it could be avoided. But Gordon's behaviour was the curious part of the affair. One evening would link arms with Graham and walk away as if a hailstorm of bullets would have no power to hurt him, and the very next evening he would crawl along the trench after me as if he would like to hide in the slush."

Lord Wolseley it was who moved heaven and earth to impress the home authorities with the necessity of sending out relief to General Gordon at Khartoum: and it was not his fault that delay on delay occurred, until finally, when he was commissioned to start, it was impossible to reach Khartoum in time to save Gordon from his fate.

WOLSELEY AND SWEARING.

As an instance of Lord Wolseley's dislike of bad language in the service, a story may be told of a swift conversion which he one day effected. The commander, G——, of an Irish garrison was a man whose reputation for "fluent" language was great. At an inspection at which Wolseley was present, G—— gave the bugler the order to sound the "charge." To G——'s consternation the man blew the "retreat." Then G—— braced himself for the usual volley. Suddenly, however, he caught Wolseley's eye upon him, and he stopped short. The oaths that were upon his lips died away unspoken, yet say something he must. For a moment he gazed blankly round; then turning quickly to the unhappy bugler, he roared out, to the intense amusement of Lord Wolseley and his staff, "You naughty, naughty trumpeter."

ENJOYMENT OF WAR.

"War is a horrible thing" Lord Wolseley thinks is a very nice heading, for the schoolgirl's copy-book; but he confesses that in his heart he enjoys war, and says that it has a glorious side to it. You find man at his best and at his worst there. What can be grander than to see men boldly face death for the honour, the glory, and the prosperity of the country they love, and whose interests they put before self and all earthly considerations! It is self-sacrifice of a most pronounced type, the acme of noble excitement, the apogee of patriotic enthusiasm. In the quiet humdrum of home life, and of all its dull humanising, but often vulgar influences, we may moralise over the angry passions which war develops. The heart is easily saddened by thoughts of widows and orphans made to satisfy war's greedy maw; but what nobler heritage can poor sinful man leave his children than the fact that he willingly died that England might be renowned and great, and her people safe and prosperous? This is not the outburst of some frenzied poet; it is the sober, calm opinion of a soldier who knows from experience what war's vile horrors are, and who still suffers much from the penalties that it exacts.—"P.T.O."

All over the world there are 562,436 miles of railway lines now open. America, with its vast territory, has 285,781 miles, and Europe is a poor second with 193,183 miles.

FROM NATURE'S BOOK.

BLIND AND DEAF.

The sight of reptiles is generally good, and is probably their most acute sense, yet their vision is very limited. Crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances over ten times their own length. Fish see for only short distances. The vision of serpents is poor. The boaconstructor, for example, can see no further than one-third of its own length. Some snakes see no further than one-eighth of their length. Frogs are better endowed, and see twenty times their own length. The hearing of nearly all reptiles is even worse than their sight. Most of them are deaf, especially boa-constructors. "Deaf as an adder" represents a careful observation of our ancestors.

EAGLE AGAINST MAN.

A farmer living on a mountain ridge in the western district of the United States was watching the grey squirrels in his woodland one evening, when an eagle flew past with one of his lambs in its talons. The bird had done a lot of damage in the district, and many sufferers from its depredations desired to shoot it, but feared the heavy penalty imposed by the State for slaying a balled eagle. The eagle was flying low, and thinking he could save his lamb, the particular farmer referred to struck the bird sharply with a stick. The eagle dropped the lamb, but instead of flying off made for the man, frightfully injuring his face, hands and chest with its talons, and practically tearing off his clothes. After it had partially blinded the farmer, the eagle picked up the lamb and flew off. The eagle is still at liberty, the man disfigured for life.

ENEMIES OF THE OYSTER.

The oyster has three great enemies. First comes man, who seeks only the full-grown bivalve. It is his aim to protect and nourish the young oysters until they grow to an edible size. The other two enemies are the drill—a tiny snail-like creature of the shell-fish order—and the starfish. They are not so discriminating. The starfish wraps itself about an oyster with its five arms, and eventually pulls it apart and devours it. The drill has a peculiar method of its own. It selects a young oyster, and crawls upon the oyster's upper shell Then it begins to drill. In a remarkably short time it has bored a clean round hole through the lime roof of the bivalve. The oyster is absolutely helpless, and can do nothing to protect itself. After the drill has bored its way into the vitals of the oyster it feeds upon the choicest parts, and then seeks another victim. The boring is accomplished by means of many sharp, hard teeth that cover its tongue.

HOW EAGLES DECK THEIR EYRIES.

In the eyrie of a golden eagle, built in a remote and secluded spot in the Highlands, a naturalist recently discovered a rubber ring, carried thither by the birds as an adornment. An observer in another neighbourhood noted that a pair of the same noble birds decorated their nest with stolen sacks. "When the kite builds, look to lesser linen," says Shakespeare, alluding to the robberies committed by those birds from the hedges where linen was put to dry. One of the standard books on the birds of North Britain describes a sort of bower made by some aesthetic eagles in Scotland, quite of an ornate character.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

No grain of sand that goes down to the sea ever comes back.

Yet countless particles leave the earth's surface every second, and are carried, suspended in the water of many rivers, out into the ocean.

Each tiny spring and rivulet clasps the hillsides and drags down some of the surface into the brooks and the creeks, down into the rivers, down into the sea beyond. And there the atoms rest patiently, each atom waiting for others now resting in the green fields, but soon to join the comrade gone before.

This process has been going on since "the earth was without form and void." The ancient rocks have been worn down and spread wide in fertile fields, to be slowly lifted out and washed into the ocean, perhaps again to be upheaved and formed into islands and continents—abiding places for coming generations.

Millions of years of this moving-down process would make the earth devoid of hills or valleys. But Nature has provided a remedy in earthquakes. The earthquake heaves up the land in one section as fast as it sinks in another, and in a million years from now the earth will be little different from its present shape.

IT WASN'T THEIR BOAT.

Will and his Winnie were tossing about in a little boat on a wild sea, quite a hundred yards away from the beach.

Poor Will was battling bravely with the surging waves in his design to make the shore.

Winnie was sitting in the stern of the frail barque, holding on like grim death, and mentally vowing that she would never again be tempted by her lover's daring spirit to venture so far from land. "I know we shall go over," she shrieked, as the boat gave a big lurch. "Oh, Will do keep it steadier!"

"I'm doing my best," said Will. "I could get on all right if the waves didn't make the boat go all ways at once. Don't be afraid, Winnie; we're getting nearer, aren't we?"

"A little, I think. Oh, Will, what shall we do if the boat is lost?"

"Don't you worry yourself about that, my dear," said Will, soothingly. "You mustn't upset yourself about other people's business. It isn't our boat."

And he continued his fight with the cruel remorseless waves.

The other day a lady chanced to get into a smoking carriage, where two navvies and myself were sitting. Throwing away my cigar, I remarked to the navvies:

"I do think you might extinguish your pipes in a lady's presence!"

"Lor' bless ye, sir," returned one of them, "I'm sure the lady'll excuse us, 'cos me and my mate 'ave jis come out of a fever 'orspital, and the baccy might 'elp to keep off the infection."

THE FUTURE FORETOLD.

The King and Queen of Norway's visit to Paris brought forth a very curious story of an adventure which the King, as a young man, had with a fortune-teller. In the year 1890 King Haakon, then Prince Charles of Denmark, was on board a training ship with other naval cadets, when they sighted the port of Malaga. The pupils, as soon as they got into harbour, got permission to go on shore, and before starting they asked the captain was there anything of special interest that they should not miss seeing. "I know of nothing," he replied, "but the beautiful fortune-teller, Dolores de Isla. She has a cafe in the Rue del Carmen, and I believe she is wonderful." The evening saw all the young future Danish officers in the cafe of the Rue del Carmen. Prince Charles, who was in no way to be distinguished from the others, asked the landlady to tell his fortune. She took his hand carelessly, but, after staring at it for a moment, dropped it and looked at him frightened and curious.

The Prince, seeing her so serious followed her to a little distance, when she whispered a few words in his ear. When he returned to his place he looked so pale and so terribly upset that none of his companions dared to ask him what had been said. About a month later, as the training ship was entering Copenhagen, Prince Charles said to his friend, Herdebred, who was standing near him:

"Do you remember the fortune-teller of Malaga!"

"I should think I do," replied Herdebred.

"What she said to me was of course nonesense," continued the Prince. "Still, there are between heaven and earth things that scholars have not yet discovered. You have always been my most sincere friend, and I want to make a confidante of you. I wrote down what the fortune teller said to me, and I have enclosed it in this sealed envelope. I want you to keep the packet for me until I ask for it, unless I die, when you can open it and read it, since in that case it will be all proved to be a lie."

Herdebred took the envelope and put it safely away.

The next time that the friends met it was in Copenhagen. Prince Charles was then married, and he invited Herdebred to come to lunch with him and meet Princess Maud. "And," he said, as they were parting, "if you still have the package I gave you containing the words of the fortune-teller bring it with you." After a very jolly luncheon the envelope was opened with much laughter by Prince Charles, who read aloud the words: "You will inherit a throne, and you will change your name without changing your language."

"No one," he said, "will ever know how much torment these few stupid words have caused me. I could only inherit the throne through the death of my brother, whom I love better than my life. When Christian got married my mind became easier. Then when his boy was born I was still more assured. Finally, when his second lusty youngster was born a few days ago, I felt I could put all fears for my dear brother aside, so that is all the fortune-telling is worth. Don't think me too foolish to have let such a nightmare weigh on me all these years. I was very young and impressionable. I was an unknown stranger in a far off land, and the fortune-teller's words connecting me so closely with a throne seemed very strange. I now see it was some trickery, or a mere coincidence, on the part of the Dona Dolores de Isla of Malaga."

But it was not. Five years later Charles became King of Norway, changing his name to King Haakon, but keeping his language Danish, which is also spoken in Norway.

"FIRST AID."

So you cruelly break off our engagement, Jenny, you heartless jilt!" he exclaimed, bitterly, in the parlour of her to whom he had plighted his troth and lost now for ever. "Then in your presence let me end the life which you have blighted."

Drawing forth a phial labelled "Poison," he put it to his lips and drained it to the last drop. As he sank back, in either real or well-simulated unconsciousness, did the beautiful girl fling herself upon his breast in an agony of remorse and burst forth into frenzied sobs? No.

Hastily quitting the room, she returned presently, her sweet face tragic, yet composed. Kneeling beside the young man, she forced between his lips in succession the following: (1) One tablespoonful of turpentine, (2) one pint of milk, (3) a bowl of warm soapsuds, (4) a small bottle of aromatic ammonia, (5) a cup of black coffee, (6) a glass of mustard water, (7) a gill of vinegar, (8) juice of a lemon, (9) the beaten whites of six eggs, (10) one cup of flour and water.

"William," she observed, coldly, as he began to revive, "it is evident you did not know that I hold a certificate in first aid to the injured, and keep everything possible in readiness for emergencies in the house. My one regret is that, since it was impossible for me to ascertain whether the poison you swallowed was an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes of which we had learned."

Many a teacher has found himself repeating year after year some favourite stroy without considering the logic of it until called to halt by a small boy listener. So it was with Mr. Frisbie when he told his pupils this year as usual of a certain Roman athhlete who every morning swam the Tiber three times.

As the detail of this achievement burst upon him, little Willie Barns nudged his next neighbour and sniggered audibly. The teacher undertook to rebuke him.

"Willie," said he, "you seem to see something very humorous in this. Will you explain to the class what it is? Do you doubt that he could swim the river three times?"

"No sir, 'tain't that!" gasped little Willie. "But I was wondering why he didn't make it four times, so as to get back to the side where his clo'es were."

While the average man is satisfied with a maximum of forty-two teeth a Turk, near Baiburt, in Asia Minor boasts of forty-five, all perfect. He belongs to a well-toothed family, his mother and sister each have the same number.

NOT CLEVER ENOUGH.

He was a smart commercial traveller visiting a small town in the middle of summer, when water was scarce, thermometers burst, and flies alone were lively. At the hotel he took some cooling drinks and asked for a bed. The landlord said he could have half a dozen beds, because no one in the place wanted them—the flies would allow no sleep. The traveller smiled, paid for his room, and retired. In the morning he went down stairs, looking fresh as paint and whistling merrily. All round him were heavy-eyed men who envied him his brisk spirits. The landlord marvelled.

"Did you sleep?" he asked.

"Like a top?" he answered. "Your flies don't know enough for me I just closed the windows against newcomers, set a jar of honey on the floor, and waited till all the flies in the room had settled on it. Then I hived them with my sample-box. No, your flies are hardly educated enough to beat me!"

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Half a teaspoonful of table salt dissolved in half a glassful of cold water will give instant relief in case of heartburn.

Many cases of indigestion, headache, neuralgia, cold hands and feet can be quickly cured by drinking slowly one or two pints of water so hot that it almost burns the throat.

To inhale steam from a bowl of boiling water is very good for a sore throat. The sufferer should lean over the steam, drawing it in both throat and nostrils.

People with poor digestion should drink no water with meals, but take a glassful half an hour before and drink plentifully an hour or so after each meal.

Warts may be entirely removed by washing the hands two or three times a day with the water in which potatoes have been boiled, or by bathing the wart several times with potato water.

PLANNED IN PRISON.

STRANGE VOWS FULFILLED BY EX-CONVICTS.

A most cruel and purposeless murder was recently committed in the French convict island of New Caledonia. The victim was a missionary, who was found lying in the bush near his house with his head battered in. The crime was traced to a newly-released convict, a native Polynesian, and when taxed with his guilt he did not attempt to deny it; "I was convicted without reason," he declared; "therefore I swore that when I was liberated I would kill the first white man whom I met."

MANY MYSTERIOUS FIRES.

This is not the only case on record of convicts having made strange vows during the term of imprisonment, and afterwards carrying them out to the letter. A man named Hobelt was arrested about a year ago in Switzerland on a charge of arson. Investigation by the police went to show that Hobelt had been responsible for more than a dozen serious fires in the Canton during the previous four years. The man, it was proved, had been in gaol for larceny some six years before, and a warder swore to having heard him say that when he got out he would first burn all his prosecutor's home down, and then those of all his enemies.

DOWN THE DRAINS.

John Marsham, son of a wealthy St. Louis banker, got into trouble while tipsy, was arrested, and sent to prison for some months.

His father was furiously angry, and turned the boy off without a penny, to make his own living. Young Marsham then swore that he would do all in his power to destroy the liquor traffic. He joined the Rechabites and became a Prohibitionist speaker. Shortly afterwards his father died and left everything to his son. The young man's first act, upon taking possession of his late father's house, was to pour nearly five thousand pounds worth of the choicest wines and spirits down the drains.

HIS OWN IMPRISONER.

Another odd case of a convict vow was that of Miles Jackson, a Kentucky mountaineer, who was imprisoned for taking what he considered to be just vengeance on an enemy. He shot the man dead with a rifle, and but that there was a plea of self-defence he would undoubtedly have been hanged. He had a sentence of ten years, and his dreary life in the penitentiary undoubtedly drove him partly insane. When he came out he had the impression that every one could see by merely looking at him that he had been in prison. He therefore swore that no one should look upon his face again. He hid himself in one of the limestone caverns under Stony Mountain, and never emerged from his refuge except upon the darkest nights. This dreadful death-in-life existence went on for nearly fourteen years, and the hermit of Stony Mountain became an object of curiosity to all the country round. Then came the great blizzard of 1898, and after it was over Jackson was found dead in the snow, about a hundred yards from the mouth of his refuge. He had evidently gone out to collect firewood, lost his way in the storm and darkness, and fallen exhausted.

A HUMAN SAVAGE.

Perhaps the most dangerous of any living ex-convict is the human brute known as "Soiled Donald," who haunts a lonely expanse of mountain and forest beyond Allegash, in Northern Maine. The story is that this man, who barely escaped a death sentence for killing a man in a tavern brawl, swore while in prison to take vengeance upon mankind at large. More than one sportsman has mysteriously disappeared amid the forests of Allegash, and, rightly or wrongly, "Soiled Donald" bears the blame. The man, who is at best a savage hermit, has the appearance of a modern Robinson Crusoe. His brawny body is covered with coarse hair, and his only garments are made of moose-hide and bear-skin.—"Scraps."

The largest quill toothpick factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use it was converted into a toothpick mill.

A HUNT BREAKFAST.

In the days when fierce volcanoes would promiscuously dump them down where valleys stood o'ernight and gave the earth the "hump," when any day an earthquave might engulf your native town, and folks would sooner settle up for choice than settle down, a member of the "upper ten" procured a costume grand from her pet Phoenician pedlar, who was innocent and blind. He said, "The Price is far below its worth"—(the common tale)—"because I've just embarked upon my summer clearance sale. The lady cried "With envy I will turn the neighbours green; a finer string of oyster shells the tribe has never seen. For evening dress I'll wear it as a necklace;" and she felt for morning wear 'twas just the thing, adapted as a belt. Now, on the day she bought this prize she sent a "tribal call" unto her friends—"On Wodensday a picnic and a ball;" because it chanced a moon before, chased by a tidal wave, a whale had been and gone and blocked the entrance to her cave. and she was sick of whale; besides, the "elders" wrote, and said, "Madam, you must remove your whale—it is so very dead!" And so the picnic—clever dodge! "I'll show my dress," said she. "Remove the whale, and gain renown for hospitalitee, thus killing with one stone two birds." She sniffed, and, with a sigh, remarked, "That 'bird' outside of late has mounted rather 'high.'" The longed-for day arrived at last. the guests as well in force, and did full justice to the feast by bolting every course. Indeed, as Dion O'Sarus said that morning to his wife, "A coarser feed I never saw in all my blessed life!" The whole affair was a success until, just as the fun was growing rather "rapid," Uncle Ug-le shouted, "Run!" The guests were unprepared for this; they wildly gazed around in search of cracks among the rocks where they could get "to ground." May Monke was in sorry case, because her future "hub" had just proposed, and she felt stunned. He did it with a club! But still she found a crevice, and, betwixt myself and you, would have escaped had not her swain observed the opening too. He had a "brain storm" at the time, so, with a mighty shout, he promptly bolted down the hole and chucked poor Mabel out. The "smart set" all were "gone away" about a mile or more; in fact, they never in their lives were half so smart before. The moments passed, and all was still; the landscape, cold and grey, revealed upon its bosom naught save rocks, the whale, and May. Then, with a rush of mighty wings, upon the scene there came a giant lizard: I forget the creature's beastly name. It took the situation in; it also took the whale; Miss Mabel next. some ornaments, and last the lover pale; and having licked his lips "for luck," it next set out to see if it could overtake the crowd a-sprinting o'er the lea. I think he said, "I'll bet I can! I'll lick the youngsters yet!" At any rate, he might have done, and easily won the bet.

* * *

When next the fat Phoenician came a-sailing o'er the waves, and paid a visit to that row af snug suburban caves, he found that "silence reigned supreme" where noise had ruled before—a string of shells, some whalebone, and a smell, and nothing more. He took the whalebone and the shells. He was not greedy, mind, because 'I'm fairly certain that he left the smell behind.—"Scraps."

An English lady while travelling in the North of Scotland, spent a few days in the house of a Scotsman of the old type.

"Dear me, Mr. Macleod," she said one Sunday afternoon, when an errand took her to the parlour, where the family sat, "I should think you and your wife would be stifled sitting indoors this hot day with the windows shut. If you'd just open one and get some fresh air I'm sure it would do Mrs. Macleod good; she looks pale."

"We can hae fresh air ony day," he said, calmly. "We've no need to hae it rushing aboot the house on the Sawbath."

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year, of boys in their seventeenth.

There are 44,000 teetotal soldiers in the British Army, according to a statement made by Army-Surgeon Evatt.

British India has the swiftest river in the world. It is the Sutlej, which, in 180 miles, has a descent of 12,000ft.

Savings banks are established in 228 schools in Scotland. There are 35,712 depositors, with £9,798 to their credit.

The world's oceans hold in solution at least 2,000,000 tons of silver, there is also much copper and a little gold in sea water.

The Vatican was thoroughly cleaned lately, and a quantity of repainting done. The work employed 5,700 people for six months. Merely in cleaning wallpapers 1,000 loaves of bread were used daily.

The largest orchards of the world are at Werder, near Berlin. They extend without a break to about 13,000 acres. They yield about 48,000,000 pounds of apples and pears every year.

Some trees are much more liable to be struck by lightning than others Thus the oak and the elm are often struck and destroyed; but the ash is rarely struck, and the beech, it is said, never.

Amputating a horse's leg at the fetlock joint, Professor Udriski, of the veterinary school at Bucharest, has replaced the lost portion with a leather artificial leg that enables the animal to walk about and take exercise.

In the Philippines the use of tobacco is universal. The native child begins to smoke as soon as it is able to walk. In the northern provinces especially it is no uncommon sight to see a child of five or six puffing vigorously at a big cigar.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in some parts of Russia. In the district of Kamyshin, on the Volga, for example, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well-to-do family ranges from £20 to £40, and in special cases a much higher sum is obtained. In the villages the lowest price is about £5.

Social and Presentation to Mr. B. E. Carthew.

Mr B. E. Carthew, who has been stationed at the Beaufort Post Office for the past four years, and has recently been promoted to the rank of telegraph operator and transferred to Stawell, was on Tuesday night entertained at a social in the St. John's Parish Hall, prior to his departure. There was a large gathering present, including representatives of other denominations.

Apologies were received from Messrs E. W. Hughes and H. H. Menzies.

A pleasant hour or two having been spent with games and music, the Rev. Chas. Reed announced that a presentation was to be made to Mr Carthew, and called upon Mr R. A. D. Sinclair to perform the function.

Mr Sinclair, in the course of a humorous speech, referred in highly eulogistic terms to Mr Carthew's cheerful, efficient, and tactful services as a public officer, alluding particularly to his work in connection with the public telephone, and the great assistance he had been to those using the instrument. He congratulated him on his promotion, which was thoroughly deserved, and was sure he would rise rapidly in the service and ultimately attain a very high position. He had been asked to perform the pleasant duty of presenting Mr. Carthew with a handsome gold double albert. The movement had been started by the church choir, but the public had joined in, and he was sure that had the time not been so short they could easily have got a gold watch as well. (Hear, hear.) However, he had much pleasure in handing Mr Carthew the chain, and wished him long life, happiness and success.

The Rev. Chas. Reed endorsed all that Mr Sinclair had said with regard to Mr Carthew's qualities as an officer. He would be greatly missed by those doing business at the Post Office. St. John's would also feel the loss of his valuable assistance in the choir. As a chorister and a church member he had been very regular and reliable, and his voice had been of great assistance in the musical part of the services. He wished him all happiness and prosperity in Stawell.

Mr. J. M. Carroll said he was glad of an opportunity to express his appreciation of Mr Carthew's ability and conscientious work as an officer. He had known Mr Carthew as a boy in knickerbockers, when he lived in Horsham. As a junior in the Horsham Post Office he had displayed the same obliging disposition and the same care in his work as at Beaufort. On behalf of the Presbyterian Church, he would like to acknowledge Mr Carthew's kindness in so frequently assisting as a vocalist at socials and concerts in connection with that denomination. Mr Carthew, he might say, came of a good stock. All the members of the Carthew family, though they were now rather scattered, showed the influence of a good home life and sound training. He would add his best wishes to those already expressed for Mr Carthew's future.

Mr J. Eastwood also spoke in high terms of Mr Carthew, both in his public and social capacity. As an officer he was as kind and obliging to children as to any of the business people of the town. In fact, Mr Carthew was one of nature's gentlemen. (Applause.) He was always ready to give his help as a singer, but it was in the choir of St. John's that his absence would be most felt. However, he was glad that Mr Carthew was getting on in the department, and was sure he would continue to do so. He wished him all happiness and prosperity.

Mr W. H. Halpin spoke feelingly of the obliging and attentive way in which Mr Carthew had always carried out his duties at the post office. In the course of his business he had to do with a good many offices, but the Beaufort Post Office was the most efficient that he knew. He was glad of the opportunity afforded to acknowledge his indebtedness in this respect to Mr Carthew, and also to the other officials, who were all equally obliging.

Mr Carthew, who was received with great enthusiasm, said it was the first time he had had to stand up and thank a public audience. With regard to the church, it had been a pleasure to him to do what he could, and he had not done any more than any young member should. In the office his work was made easy for him by Miss Creagh, who had been very kind to him and had made his stay in Beaufort a very pleasant one. Alluding to the telephone work, he said that it was not always plain sailing. On one occasion an exasperated person had asked him over the wire if there was an ass on the telephone, and he had replied, "Not on this end, old man!" (Laughter). Any services he had been able to render in the vocal line had been a pleasure to him. He thanked them heartily for the very handsome present they had given him.

Refreshments were handed round, and further amusements were indulged in, winding up with Mr Carthew's popular recitation, "Mother and the Kids," which as usual pleased the young folks immensely.

During the evening musical items were given by the following, and were much enjoyed:—Miss Ada Jackson (voilin), Miss Edie Stuart, Mrs A. G. Jackson, Mrs Reed, Miss Crowther, Messrs. Carthew, Seager, B. Stuart, and W. Jay.

The evening was concluded with "Auld Lang Syne" and cheers for the departing guest.

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THE ANTI-COMBINE
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Smokers are reminded that
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AROMATIC OR DARK PLUG
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Here you can form a correct idea of the styles that will be worn this season.

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Crisp, fresh and bright are the beautiful new hats that are assembled here for you to choose from.

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Coupled to high quality are least prices—based on actual worth. Better come!

A FEW PRICES PICKED FROM THE NUMBERLESS ASSORTMENT.....

Tuscan and White Straw Hats, trimmed with Ribbon and Flowers, from 7s 11d.

Crinoline Straw Hats, in pale blue, trimmed with Wreaths of Flowers, Ribbon on Bandeaux, 10s 6d and 12s 6d.

Crinoline Straw Hats, in all colors, trimmed with Floral Ribbons and Clumps of Grasses, 15s 6d and 17s 6d.

Panama Hats, Trimmed with Silk Scarfes, at all prices.

Children's Leghorn Flops, trimmed with Silk Ruche, from 4s 11d.

Children's Hats, trimmed with Bows or Rosettes of Ribbons, at all prices.

COME EARLY, EARLY, EARLY!

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.,
—THE STORE THAT SERVES YOU WELL—
BEAUFORT.

When you need a good and reliable liniment try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has no superior for sprains and swellings. A piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm is superior to a plaster for lame back or pains in the side or chest. It also relieves rheumatic pains and makes sleep and rest possible. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

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Some reasons why you should do so at once:—
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J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,
Agents for Beaufort and District.

Beaufort Police Court.

TUESDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1907.
(Before Messrs M. Flynn and G. Topper, J's. P.)

W. P. Schlicht v. Andrew Callander.—Goods sold and delivered, £1 9s 10d. Mr S. Young, for plaintiff, stated that since the issue of the summons 10s had been paid on account, leaving a balance of 19s 10d, with 25s costs.

Another debt case was settled out of court.

Verdicts were obtained as follow by the Shire of Ripon against ratepayers for non-payment of sanitary charges:—Wm. Lindsay, £2 10s; Henry Bending, £2 16s; Duncan Carmichael, £1 16s; Jabe Cuthbertson, 18s; Chas. Broadbent, junr., £5 12s. Two similar cases were settled out of court.

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS,
The standard family medicine for the Cure of Coughs and Colds, and all Chest Affections. Used with success for over 35 years. Sold everywhere. Price, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

Record rates were obtained at Ballarat on Thursday at the sale of show sheep skins. Top price was got for a magnificent skin from the champion fat sheep, grown by Mr Donald Stewart, of Wongan, Streatham. This skin tipped the beam at 24lb., and was bought for 17s, the highest price yet given for a skin at the local sales. Two fine crossbred skins from Mr Stewart's Wongan sheep also brought 14s each, and 12s was given for three skins raised by Mr P. Russell, Carngham.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' The 'Stockport Remedy,' for Coughs and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

SEEDS! * SEEDS!

Remember—
The Most Reliable
GARDEN SEEDS
Are Obtainable at
GEO. PRINGLE'S,
SPOT CASH GROCER.
Agent for Geo. Smith, Ballarat.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO MAKE A RATE.

Section 294, Local Government Act 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Council of the Shire of Ripon, at a Meeting to be held in the Shire Hall, Beaufort, at 11 a.m., on MONDAY, 7th October, 1907, to make a General Rate of One Shilling in the Pound Sterling of the Valuation of the Shire, for the period ending 30th September, 1908, and to make such Rate payable in one payment.

The Estimate prepared in accordance with the Local Government Act is open to the inspection of all Ratepayers, at the Shire Offices, Beaufort, during office hours.

J. M. CARROLL, Shire Secretary.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing five per cent. each deposit (minimum deposit, £1, in cash or marked cheque), will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 7th October, 1907, for the following works:—

EAST RIDING.

Contract 418—Construction of bridge, Snake Valley.

Contract 419—Construction of pipe culvert and stone crossing, Mortchup.

WEST RIDING.

Contract 420—Supplying 300 c. yds. bluestone maintenance metal on the Beaufort and Streatham road.

Contract 421—Supplying 400 c. yds. of maintenance metal on the Beaufort and Streatham road.

NORTH RIDING.

Contract 422—Construction of drops at end of culverts, Fisher's Hill, Eurambeen.

Contract 423—23 chains forming, metalling, etc., Waterloo.

Contract 424—Supplying 500 c. yds. maintenance quartz, Beaufort and Waterloo road.

Contract 425—Supplying 200 c. yds. maintenance quartz, Beaufort and Raglan road.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton; Greyhound Hotel, Snake Valley; and Shire Hall, Beaufort.

E. J. MUNTZ, B.C.E., Shire Engineer.
Shire Offices, Beaufort, 27th Sept., 1907.

W. HANNAH, Havelock-street, Beaufort, notifies that as he is retiring from business, the whole of his first-class STOCK OF BOOTS & SHOES is now FOR SALE at SWEEPING REDUCTIONS and UNDER COST PRICE FOR CASH.

EYESIGHT.

MR. MARCHANT, Eyesight Specialist, of Geelong, will visit Beaufort on TUESDAY MORNING, Oct. 1st, from 9 to 12, at Mr. Harris' Pharmacy.

Beaufort Agricultural Society.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Society will be held in the SHIRE HALL on SATURDAY (this) afternoon, at 2.30 p.m.

Business—Adoption of Balance-sheet and Report; Election of Officers; General.

DAVID F. TROY, Secretary.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, on MONDAY, 30th inst., at 8 p.m.

Business—Election of Officers for ensuing year, arranging annual sports, and general. A full attendance of members and intending members is requested.

A. PARKER, Secy.

FURNITURE SALE,
AT DIXON BROS. & HALPIN'S ROOMS,
SATURDAY, 12th Oct., 1907, at 3.15 p.m.

MRS. B. HOSKING, who is leaving the district, has instructed DIXON BROS. & HALPIN to Sell, at their Rooms, on above date, all her well-kept Furniture and Effects, particulars of which will appear in future issue and posters.

W. H. HALPIN, Auctioneer.

UNRESERVED SALE OF ALMOST NEW
FURNITURE AND EFFECTS,
On the Premises, Ararat Road, Beaufort.
SATURDAY, 5th OCT., 1907, AT 2.30 P.M.

DIXON BROS. & HALPIN have received instructions from Mr. JOHN NICOL, Assistant Forester, to Sell, on above date, all his Household Furniture and Effects, comprising the following:—

D. Bedstead (black and nickel), single do., D. wire Mattress (4-ply), single do., Bedding, Blankets, down Quilts, &c., Washstand (marble top) and Ware, Mirror, Curtains and Poles, Linoleum (9ft. x 9ft.), Mats, &c., fancy Japanese Table, Tapestry Carpet, passage Linoleum, box Couch (large), large patent spring Armchair, 3 fancy wicker Chairs, Overmantel, mohair Hearthrug and Mat, coir Door-mat, Pictures, dining-room Chairs, platform Rocker, handsome Sideboard (mirror-backed), dining Table, Linoleum (10ft. x 12ft.), Axminster and Wilton Mats (3), skin Mats, dinner Ware, Tea-set, table Mats, Jardiniere, Fender, Knives and Forks, Lamps, Manilla Matting, Wardrobe, Saucepans, Kettles, Tubs, kitchen Safes, kitchen Utensils, Hammock, Firewood, garden Tools, &c., &c.

Note the Date—
SATURDAY, 5th OCT., 1907, AT 2.30 P.M.
W. H. HALPIN, Auctioneer.

LAND SALE,
At Dixon Bros. & Halpin's Auction Rooms, Beaufort.
SATURDAY, 12th OCT., 1907, AT 3 P.M.

DIXON BROS. & HALPIN, in conjunction with YOUNG BROS., have received instructions from the Executors in the Estate of the late DANIEL MULCAHY to Sell their Property known as the EURAMBEEN FARM, consisting of about 250 acres first-class Agricultural LAND, which has been cultivated, but lying out for over 20 years. This property is well fenced with sheep-proof and Rye fences, permanently watered by running creek and dams, and is situate on the main road between Beaufort and Ararat, about 2½ miles from Middle Creek Railway Station.

The Auctioneers can strongly recommend this property as one of the finest in the district, and well worth inspection.

Either of the above firms will arrange to show intending purchasers over the property.

The above property is for sale, owing to its being some distance from Mulcahy Bros.' property at Lake Goldsmith. EASY TERMS.

LAND SALE.
Saturday, October 12th, at 2 p.m.,
AT GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

60 acres Freehold Land,
Situated about one mile from Beaufort Railway Station, on the main Beaufort to Skipton road. Splendid accommodation paddocks for townspeople.

YOUNG BROS. (Ararat) have received instructions from MRS ANNE HUMPHREYS to offer by Public Auction, as above, her Property, containing about 60 acres, close to Beaufort, and being Crown allotments 5E, 5F, and 6M, in the parish of Eurambeen, county of Ripon.

This property consists of good grass land, lightly timbered, and its close proximity to the town renders it a valuable site for accommodation paddocks or building allotments. Inspection invited.

NOTE DATE—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, AT 2 P.M.

A TIMELY MESSAGE TO SQUATTERS—SHEARERS.

Shearing Season—it's again with us——————!

Soon the "Golden Fleece" will be flying here, there and everywhere, from the backs of Australia's greatest asset—her sheep——————.

Wool-packs will be busy—sheep-dips will be the demand of the day—oils, &c., will be required, and other items necessary to the well-appointed wool-shed——————.

Where to get these requisites—for the least money—will concern some few people.—Others, who have in past season traded at HAWKES BROS., will have no concern at all—for they will—for every requirement, make a bee-line for the Store that gives the most satisfactory service—HAWKES BROS.——————.

Wool packs—the packs of few and simple parts—the packs that have nothing to get out of order—the sheep-dips that afford the maximum amount of satisfaction at the minimum of expense—all will be found here at prices that will bring you to our Store for these goods—and others—next year—the year after, and for many future years to come——————.

HAWKES BROS.,
The Shearers' Supply Stores,
BEAUFORT.

Headache, Indigestion and Constipation.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

It will interest sufferers to know that a valuable medicine, called Frootolds, has been discovered, which is now completely curing each of the above-named complaints. Frootolds are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief. You do not require to go on taking them for a prolonged period, as is necessary with some medicines, which even then are mostly disappointing; you simply take a dose of Frootolds when ill and repeat the dose if necessary, but generally one dose is quite effective.

Frootolds are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs all the waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootolds are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootolds are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

Frootolds act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cure bilious attacks that antibilious pills make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by antibilious pills that could have been cured at once by Frootolds. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Frootolds have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootolds, instead of an ordinary aperient; by so doing, the patient will require doses only at longer intervals, and will so become quite independent of the necessity of taking any aperient medicine.

Frootolds are only now being placed on the Australian market, consequently you may at present have a difficulty in getting them from your local chemist or storekeeper; but ask for them, and if you cannot get them at once, send stamps or postal note for price, 1/6, to W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, and a bottle of them will be immediately forwarded to you post free. Chemists, storekeepers, and wholesalers can now obtain wholesale supplies from W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

Too Well Known to Need an "Ad."

This idea that you have lived so long in town that everybody knows you and you don't need to advertise is a mistake. This very indifference to advertising, indifference to doing business as it is done in this day and age, is what has enabled the catalogue or mail order houses to grow from mere nothing to great concerns. The merchant who can convince the people of his section, and keep them convinced that his store is the best place to buy this and that article, will not lose trade to the mail order house. Of course, he cannot afford to get out a catalogue as thick as a Bible, but he can keep an advertisement in his local paper, and see that it is changed every week, thus keeping new bargains continually before the public. He should also have a mailing list, and send out a circular letter at least once a month. Don't look upon your country newspaper as an object of charity. There is not a single country newspaper in the State, with a general local circulation, which is not able to give full value for money received. The country papers can help you solve this question if you give them a chance.—Ed. K. Slater, in "Merchants' Record and Show Window."

Talk to the local editor, and between you try to raise the general tone of advertising, and make people think well of their own town and their own shop.

During last year the number of scholars attending State schools increased by about 5000, and this has created a demand for additional teachers.

Mr McLeod, Minister of Mines, has promised to bring before the Cabinet a request made by a representative deputation that in order to stop gold-stealing the law should be so amended that only the Mint and banks would be empowered to buy gold.

Mr Mathew, the newly-elected member for Southern Melbourne, informed the members of the House of Representatives that he was pleased to belong to the Labor party. "To read the newspaper criticisms of the labor members," he said, "one would think that we were a terrible party of incendiaries, trying to throttle the world by submerging it on a pinnacle of material vapor." Mr Mathews had no difficulty in proving that this was not the case.

At the meeting of the St. Arnaud Agricultural Society, a letter was received from Mr Hans W. H. Irvine, M.H.R., stating—"You may be quite certain that I will oppose any increase on agricultural implements. Though I am a protectionist, I do not believe in prohibitive protection, and never did. I am quite satisfied that most members sitting in the Opposition Corner will support the proposals of the chairman of the Tariff Commission instead of the Government's as being the best way out of the difficulty. I am totally opposed at all times to excessive duties, at the same time I recognise the absolute necessity of protective duties to establish and encourage industries, but these should not be so protected to become a burden and a tax on the people. I quite agree with your committee, and will do all I can to help to get the proposed duties reduced.

TAKING HIM DOWN.

Several lawyers, witnesses, jurors, and litigants left the county town by train at the close of the assizes. A sedate-looking gentleman took his seat directly opposite a young solicitor.

"I am one of the witnesses you pitched into pretty hard yesterday," the gentleman said as an introduction, "and I have been a little curious about you ever since."

The passengers were all interested, and the sedate man continued.

"You seem to be a person of superior intelligence, and there are one or two little matters I want to ask you about. Now, if I were to say to you that the three faces which include a trihedral face of a prism are equal in all their parts to the three faces which include a trihedral face of a second prism, each to each, and are like placed in all their parts, what would you understand by it?"

"Why, really, sir—um—er——"

"You don't mean to tell me you're beaten by a little question like that? Well, never mind, here's something easier. If I were to suggest to you that a certain object is a polyhedron in which two of the faces are polygons, equal in all their parts and having their homologous sides parallel, what would be the impression conveyed in your mind?"

"Well, the subject—er—is—er—one I've never looked into deeply," gasped the young lawyer.

"Do you mean to own that you wouldn't know it was just a plain everyday prism? I've got a boy at school, and he would have answered those questions without stopping to think."

FIRST ENGLISH COFFEE-HOUSE.

The earliest record of a coffee-house in England dates back to the year 1650. It was then opened in the parish of St. Peter, Oxford, by a Jew named Jacobs.

The first London coffee-house was started in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, in 1652, and of this the account is more complete. An English merchant, Daniel Edwards, brought some coffee home from Smyrna, and the novel beverage created such a sensation that his house was soon thronged with friends and visitors eager to taste it.

To save himself from this annoyance Edwards established his Greek servant Pasqua in a public coffee-house. This man knew how to roast and serve the fragrant berry, and did good business in partnership with one Bowman, under the sign of a Turk's head.

The elder D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," tells us of their handbill for advertisement, which ran in part as follows: "The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publiquely made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

DIDN'T USE WEIGHTS.

A baker in Lubeck, Germany, who for some time had obtained his whole supply of butter from a dairy near the city, noticed a deficiency in the weight and took the precaution to carefully ascertain the exact weight of each supply. He found the same every time more or less deficient, until he lost patience and summoned the dairyman before the Court for supplying short weight butter. When before the Court the dairyman was asked by the presiding magistrate whether he used proper scales for weighing the butter, to which the dairyman replied in the affirmative.

"And as to your weights, have they been tested lately?" queried the magistrate.

"I used no weights at all, your Honour," replied the offender, "when weighing for him."

"But how can you use your scales without weights?"

"Well, your Honour," replied the dairyman, "since I have been supplying the baker with butter I in return have taken my supply of bread from him, and have used his 1lb. and 2lb. loaves as weight, and if the butter he got from me is deficient in weight it could only have been caused through the deficiency of weight in his loaves."

The case was dismissed.

"BROTHER JONATHAN."

The origin of the term "Brother Jonathan," as a personification of the United States, is here given:—When General Washington, after his appointment as commander of the army of the revolutionary war, went to Massachusetts to organise it and make preparation for the defence of the country, he found a great want of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the result might be disastrous. On one occasion, at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others took place, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull the elder was then Governor of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid General Washington placed the greatest reliance, and remarked: "We must consult 'Brother Jonathan' on the subject." The general did so, and Trumbull was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterward arose and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term "Brother Jonathan" has thus become a designation of the whole United States, as "John Bull" has for England.

THE FIRST STARCHER.

Starch originated in Flanders. It was introduced into England, with the big ruff, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was like our starch of to-day, except that it was made in colours—red, yellow, green, blue. The effect of this was to tint delicately the white linen to which the starch might be applied.

Before Queen Elizabeth's time ruffles and ruffs were made of fine holland, which required no stiffening. Then the ruffs of cambric came, and these must of necessity be starched.

It is recorded that when the Queen had ruffs made of lawn and cambric for her own royal wearing, there was no one in England who could tell how to starch them; but the Queen made special enquiries for some woman that could starch, and Mrs. Guilham, wife of the Royal coachman, was the first starcher.

In 1564 a Flanders woman, Frau Van der Plasse, came to London and established there a school for the teaching of starching. The school succeeded, and the Flanders frau got rich. She charged £5 a lesson, and an extra 20/- for a recipe for the making of starch out of wheat-flour, bran, and roots.

The ten American poets who are generally placed in the front rank are: Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Halleck, Lowell, Holmes, and two ladies—Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs Rose Terry Cooke.

THE PRINCE AND MAGICIAN.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures, and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a rowboat on the lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to teach him lessons that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something new.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy and said to the king: 'I can make your son happy, but you must pay me a great price for the secret.'

'Well,' said the king, 'whatever you ask I will give.'

So the price was paid. Then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle and told him to light it, and hold it under the paper and then see what he could read. He then went away.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: 'Do a kindness to someone every day.'

The prince made use of the secret, and soon became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

LEAVING THE NEST.

The mother who fancies that she can hold the heart of son or daughter by thrusting her own loneliness, or regret, or pang of parting, between them and a happy, reasonable marriage, makes the most fatal mistake which a blinded judgment can commit. A warm sympathy, an understanding interest in the new emotion which God and Nature have planted in their young hearts, a generous effort to make the way easy to fulfil the desire which it is ordained should carry human lives onward in the great progress of the world, will refresh the springs of love in a child's heart, and draw the souls of parent and offspring closer together. What is all unselfish parental life but a long self-abegnation? Love's highest aim is to give freely and without a sign of what it costs.

A SENSIBLE DOGGIE.

Perhaps you have heard the story of the dog that was run over in a London street, and had its legs broken. A young medical student, passing at the time, had the poor animal carried to his home, set the broken limb, put on splints, bandaged it up, kept his patient until he had nearly recovered, and then gave him his liberty. Some months afterwards he heard a prodigious noise outside the house. There were evidently two voices; one was a bark of appeal, the other a dismal lament. He went down, opened the door, and there found two dogs. One of them was his old patient, now quite restored, the other a poor cur holding up a drooping broken leg, as a claim upon his humane sympathies. The student's heart was open to the claim of any of God's suffering creatures, and the eloquent appeal so powerfully supported, was irresistible. The sufferer was carried up into the surgery attended by his friend, who stood by till the painful operation of setting the limb was completed.

CHARACTER IN THE NECK.

While people profess to read indications of character in the hands, in the eye, and even in the mouth, very few pay much attention to the neck, in that connection. There is as much character in a woman's neck as in her face or hands.

If it is round, white, and perfectly shaped, the hair should be arranged to reveal it entirely, but sometimes it is as much a composite as the face, the front or throat revealing a softness and roundness of contour, but the back being disfigured by a hollow at the base of the skull. This characteristic denotes strength of physique, moral or mental endurance. The deeper the cleft, the greater the degree of either quality.

SOME QUEER CRADLES.

What queer cradles some little folks have! The Indian baby is strapped to a board and hung up in a tree or carried on its mother's back. He has no toys; and if the sun shines in his face or the storm beats on his head, it does not matter. In Lapland the cradle looks something like a big slipper. The baby is laid in it, covered up with a sheet. There are holes in each side of the cradle, and through these a stout cord is laced across to keep the baby from tumbling out. When the Lapland baby's mother attends church she leaves him outside to keep warm in a hole made in the snow. Sometimes several cradles are left in a cluster, and then the children set up such a chatter that they disturb the meeting.

When the Laps are travelling from place to place, these cradles are slung on the mother's shoulders. And they go through some dreadful storms and snow-drifts.

LIME IN THE EYES.

A simple remedy for lime in the eye is as follows:—Wash the eye with sugar-water. The lime enters into a chemical combination with the sugar-water, which soon takes away its corroding action.

Knew the Description.

'Who's that at the telephone?'

'Your wife, sir.'

'What does she want?'

'The only word I can understand is 'idiot.'

'Let me come. She probably wants to talk to me.'

When He Got It.

Old Gentleman: 'Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy?'

Dickey: 'No; she gives it to me when I ain't.'

It is said that in the pursuit of pure knowledge there is little to gratify the vanity of an individual.

Silence is golden; but it is other people's silence that is meant.

Life's evening will take its character *from the day that preceded it.*

The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know.

Whooping Cough is a very dangerous disease unless properly treated. Statistics show that there are more deaths from it than scarlet fever. All danger may be avoided, however, by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It liquifies the tough mucous, making it easier to expectorate, keeps the cough loose and makes the attacks of coughing less frequent and severe. For sale by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Famous Remedy for

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, & CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

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

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S and to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE.—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1A does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most agedperson

SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

TRUTH UNVARNISHED!

No Fairy Tales Needed.

The Case of Mr. J. BROOKE.

(*By a Special Reporter.*)

How many people are there in Glenferrie who have not heard the story appearing below? They may believe it or not, as they please, but we venture to express the opinion that Mr. Joseph Brooke, of No. 188 Glenferrie-road, especially favoured a reporter with the minutest detail on the occasion of his recent visit, "in the interest of humanity," as Mr. Brooke announced. Continuing he said:—

"It is twelve years ago since I first began business on this road. I have never left the neighbourhood all that time, and it was whilst living here that I had the bitter experience you enquire about."

"Does the circumstance date very far back?" enquired the writer.

"Several years ago, but I remember as though it were only yesterday, what my sufferings were like. They lasted a twelve-month or more, and all the time I could only get a little relief for a day or so now and then."

"How did you obtain it?"

"From the medicine which had been prescribed for me by my doctors. But, bless you, it was not worth mentioning, as if I got a little ease to-day I would be ten times worse to-morrow, so there was nothing in that. Indeed, I got tired of their treatment, and undertook to cure myself. I bought physic after physic, but the results were most unsatisfactory, and I dread to think how long my miseries would have continued only for a little circumstance that I am always glad to speak about."

"May I have the pleasure of hearing it?"

"Certainly. It was just through reading about Clements Tonic that the change I so longed to effect was realised, for I went into town one day and bought some, and that was the first time I noticed any real improvement in my health since I was taken ill over a year previously. I had suffered intensely from flatulence, and had a feeling in the stomach as though it was overloaded, even if I had not been eating anything at all. There was pain located between my shoulders, and I had to bear no end of misery through aching sensations in my back. The doctors said my liver was very sluggish, and I suppose they were right, for, truth to tell, it did not seem to be working at all. The whole day through I felt drowsy and had no desire whatever for work or anything, and often I knocked off for a day or two simply because I had no energy to keep going. Had I been able to eat well, goodness knows what my sufferings would have been like, for they were bad enough as it was, with no appetite at all. My chest had a nasty heaviness in it that caused difficulty in breathing, which was sometimes particularly distressing at nights, when I could rarely sleep owing to fits of restlessness which came on, and at other times I lost my sleep through having to get up and walk about the room owing to the excruciating pains in my stomach."

"No wonder you felt disinclined for work, with your rest broken like that."

"Of course, I could only expect to be continually weary when I slept so little, and I shall never forget the bitter taste I used to have in the mornings. That and the coated condition of my tongue were very disagreeable, and I was greatly pleased when Clements Tonic had so acted upon my internal organs that those unpleasantnesses were over. Now, does it not seem a strange thing that Clements Tonic should be capable of restoring one's appetite and digestion when so many other physics had failed? Well, that's a fact, and for building up the nervous system I do not think any medicine comes within reach of it. At all events it was a happy day for me when I began with that remedy, for in a short while afterwards it was good-bye to my years' suffering, and from then to the present time my health has been grand, which shows that Clements Tonic cured me properly. After spending so many restless nights it was glorious to retire and sleep soundly as Clements Tonic made me, and it would be base ingratitude on my part if I did not give that fine remedy a word of praise for restoring activity and strength to my body like it did, besides releasing me from every one of my painful ailments."

"These acknowledgments are useful to other people."

"They should be a guide, certainly, so please publish my statements in any style you think best."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, JOSEPH BROOKE, of 188 Glenferrie-road, Glenferrie, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Joseph Brooke

Declared at Glenferrie, in the State of Victoria, this 19th January, 1904, before me, RICHARD ARDAGH, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, etc.

Beaufort Rainfall.

We are indebted to Mr Jas. McKeich for the following interesting information as to the rainfall at Beaufort since 1899.

	1899	1900	1901	1902	'03	'04	'05	'06	'07
Jan.	181	113	255	80	149	462	107	8	61
Feb.	180	20	33	180	203	141	126	94	106
Mar.	274	407	158	158	149	73	96	387	89
Apr.	232	329	363	121	406	71	144	58	309
May	195	451	151	94	229	330	335	362	205
June	414	350	362	355	301	404	298	339	126
July.	99	100	158	103	565	180	250	258	317
Aug.	77	403	289	194	117	325	169	197	302
Sep.	180	237	410	250	237	132	383	361	[illegible]
Oct.	281	151	261	120	295	329	278	465	[illegible]
Nov.	252	91	50	271	340	213	176	432	[illegible]
Dec.	106	181	88	365	387	16	246	42	[illegible]
Tot.	2572	2413	2675	2189	3597	3076	2996	2983	1574

Total for 8 years (1899 to 1906), 222.48, averaging 27.80 per year.

APPROVED BY THE MOTHERS.

Bonnington's Irish Moss" is well in favor with the mothers of Australia. It is an economical and reliable medicine to have in the house. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, and all Chest Affections.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway timetable:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.23 a.m., Trawalla at 12.10 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.27, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.49, and Buangor at 12.58. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.45 (arriving here at 8.40). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. Mixed trains will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell every week day at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.54; Middle Creek, 8.4; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.17. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat arrives at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

HAVING served nearly 20 years in my last employment, including 14 years or thereabouts with the late J. W. Harris, as Carter, Storeman, and Manager of Carrying Business, I beg to notify that I have now left that service of my own free will, and started in the General Carrying Business on my own behalf. I am now prepared to accept Orders for any kind of Carrying or Loading, including Wool, Machinery, Furniture and Produce. As my capabilities are well known to the town and district, it is sufficient guarantee that I may solicit a share of your patronage; Civility, Promptness, and Cheapness being my aim. Goods, Parcels, and Luggage called for and delivered to any address in town and district. Arrangements are made for the Careful Removal of Furniture by up-to-date Vans to any part of the State on Shortest Notice.

Agencies Wanted. See next issue of this paper.

Office will be erected at Railway Station, opposite Goods Shed.

W. DRIVER,

The Cheap Carrier,

BEAUFORT.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

SEASON 1907—1908.

GEORGE HAGUE & Co.

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

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES,

built expressly for the Storage of Wool.

SHOW ROOMS

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

Railway and Shipping right at the doors.

FARMERS' CLIPS

receive special personal attention, and no lot, however small, is sold under fullest market value.

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

Charges.—The lowest ruling in the Colony.

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

Act strictly as Selling Brokers only.

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

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

THE THOROUGHBREED AMERICAN TROTTING STALLION,

BENTWOOD,

WILL STAND AT MT. LONARCH, And can be met at the Camp Hotel, Beaufort, alternate Mondays and Thursdays, And Travel through Chute, Waterloo, Buramboen and Raglan.

BENTWOOD is a dark bay with black points, 15.3 hands, by Baywood, from Hattie Benton (dam), record 2.42 at 2 years of age, by General Benton, sire of 18 trotters in the 2.30 list, including Daly 2.15, Sallie Benton, full sister to Hugo Benton, 2.17¼ (world's record for 4-year-old); sire of the dams of Sunol 2.8¼, Retford 2.24, Electrician 2.24¼. Second dam by Mohawk Chief, sire of the dams of Lot Slocum 2.17¾, Sallie Benton 2.17¾, Sport 2.22, Conductor 2.25¼, at 3 years of age, Pedler 2.27¾, at 2 years of age, Eros 2.29¾, and 16 others under 2.30; Baywood, sire of Bentwood, by California Nutwood, dam Julia, imported by Dr. G. M. Slate, and bred by J. C. Haggin. Baywood lost his life through snakebite; 2.45 gait was easy within himself. California Nutwood is the sire of Maud C. 2.18, Smith C. 2.25, Albert H. 2.27¼, Marwood and Guild Porter 2.30, double harness, great grandsire, Nutwood, 2.18¾, by Belmont, dam Lady Russell, dam of Maud S. 2.08¼, Julia (dam of Baywood and granddam of Bentwood), by Echo, dam by Ten Broeck, bred by J. C. Haggin, Esq., California, U.S.A., and full sister to Annie Laurie, record 2.30 at 3 years of age. Julia only started in one race since arriving in Australia, three minutes class trot, Sydney Driving Park, winning 1st and 3rd heats. Echo, sire of Julia, is sire of 15 trotters and two pacers in 2.30 list. Echo, by Rysdyks, Hambletonian sire of Harold, and grandsire of Childe Harold, 2.25.

This pedigree demonstrates that Bentwood represents the best strains of Hambletonian and Clay blood, also inbred to Abdallah and Messenger, a combination that cannot fail to produce fast and game racehorses as well as great brood mares.

TERMS—Three Guineas; £1 10s to be paid by 1st December, 1907; balance when mare proves in foal; all mares missing to be served next season for remaining money. As a guarantee, all mares leaving the district to be paid for in full. Good grass paddock provided free. Every care taken, but no responsibility. Upon receipt of due notice, mares from outlying districts will be met half-way and taken on to Mt. Lonarch.

Groom's fee, 2s 6d.

B. PELLETT, Proprietor, Mt. Lonarch.

THE TROTTING PONY STALLION,

TOMBOY,

WILL STAND AT BEAUFORT, And Travel the Surrounding District.

TOMBOY is a brown or black pony, stands 14 hands high, with flowing mane and tail, plenty of bone, also is a fast trotter in saddle or harness. His sire, Brigham Young, is a jet black with a long flowing mane and tail; stands 15½ hands high, in possession of great strength, and is a very fast trotter. He has taken over 100 first prizes, including the Grand Champion prize of Australia at the Melbourne Exhibition, also the Grand Champion prize at the Geelong show. Tomboy's dam, Maggie, was by St. George, the well-known pony of Mr Bell's, late of Healesville. St. George's ponies fetch the highest price of any sire coming to Melbourne. Tomboy's granddam was by a Welsh pony owned and bred by Mr Ward, of Barwidjie.

All mares removed or sold to be paid for as if in foal. Mares paddocked from a distance.

TERMS, £2; £1 to be paid at time of service, and £1 when mare proves in foal. Guarantee as per agreement.

A. PALLING, Beaufort.

TO STAND THIS SEASON AT THE TRAWALLA HOTEL, TRAWALLA, And Travel the Surrounding Districts,

The Trotting Stallion,

"BARWON."

BARWON is a beautiful rich bay horse, 15½ hands high, with plenty of bone of the finest quality; a very fast Trotter and a perfect buggy horse; bred by J. B. Willis, Esq., of Moolap, Geelong; foaled 2nd October, 1902; and has proved himself a very sure foal-getter.

BARWON, by Ospray—Doll; Ospray by Osterley; Doll by Carrevalanous—Jinney. His sire, Ospray, has a record of 2min. 28sec. Dam, Doll, a fast trotting mare, always in private use. Granddam, Jinney, has a record of 2min. 40sec.; and was owned by Mr. W. Leigh, of Barrabool Hills. His grandsire, Osterley, is winner of the time test at the Royal Show, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1899; and fastest trotter, 1900; as well as being four times champion; his records are—one mile in 2min. 25sec., two miles in 5min. 2½sec., three miles in 7min. 30½sec. Osterley, by Childe Harold (141) imp., and was said to have cost the late Mr. Andrew Town 3000 guineas landed in Sydney. Barwon should breed perfect buggy horses.

Terms, £3;

£1 10s to be paid when mares are stinted; balance when mares prove in foal. Any mares sold, exchanged, or leaving the district to be paid for in full. Guarantee as per agreement.

H. W. JAENSCH, Trawalla

TO STAND AT "BURNSIDE," MIDDLE CREEK,

The Celebrated Roadster Stallion,

"BLARNEY STONE."

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

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

BLARNEY STONE'S sire, Treaty Stone, bred by Mr. Henry, Tipperary, Ireland, imported by Mr. Reh, by the celebrated Old Victor; dam by Uncas, one of the best sires in England. Bachusan, by Uncas, was the best hurdle racer of the year in 1897, winning the Welter Race at Cursigh. Treaty Stone took first and Champion at Taturu Show, and first at Nunurkah and Nathalia Show in 1890. In 1891 he was again awarded first prize at Nunurkah and Nathalia Show. Treaty Stone has obtained numerous prizes since at various shows.

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

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

For further particulars apply—

J. McDONALD, Middle Creek.

A Reminder.

ANYBODY CAUGHT on my Premises with the intention of

OBTAINING GOOD VALUE

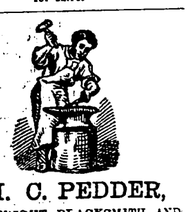
Will be

AMPLY REWARDED.

GOLDEN AGE HOTEL, Beaufort

W. C. JONES, PROPRIETOR.

Best Accommodation. Horses and Buggies for Hire.



WM. C. PEDDER,

WHEELWRIGHT, BLACKSMITH, AND HORSE-SHOER,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 19 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute and orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod

DISTRICT AGENT for the FARMERS' FAVORITE GRAIN DRILL and FARM MACHINERY.

FIREWOOD!

J. B. COCHRAN is now prepared to supply good sound FIREWOOD, Sawn, in 1ft. or 2ft. lengths, at Reasonable Prices, delivered or arranged for at the Mill, Raglan Road, Beaufort.

Orders left at the Shop will be punctually attended to.

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

J. A. HARRIS.

Orders received and attended to for trucking Live Stock, Produce, &c.

Office at Railway Station, Beaufort.

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

F. G. PRINCE,

Wholesale and Retail BUTCHER,

HAS REMOVED to the Premises known SMITH'S BUTCHER SHOP in

HAVELOCK STREET

(Opposite the Golden Age Hotel), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Finest Beef and Mutton, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

Small Goods a Specialty.

A SUIT TO SUIT YOUR FIGURE AT A FIGURE TO SUIT YOU.

All the world's a stage; we are merely players. To live up to our parts good clothes are essentials—clothes that carry an air of dignity and refinement—clothes with the impress of careful workmanship—clothes with a comfortable "feel," and good for long wear. "Miller" Suits have a reputation for excellence—inside and out. Beneath the dainty outside appearance is a foundation of solid material. Those little details that make a suit look well and keep so, are fully represented in "Miller" Suits—suits of all-round merit. Why not come and select your Spring Suit from these excellent fabrics?

Australian and Scotch Tweeds,

50s., 55s., 63s.

Diamond Black and Indigo Blue Twills,

THREE GUINEAS.

Patterns and Self-measurement Forms Free if you ask.

MILLER'S,

THE CLOTHIERS,

7 & 9 Bridge St., Ballarat.

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