

The Riponshire Advocate.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

No. 1667.

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

POST AND TELEGRAPH RATES.

Information of our Readers will be published in the New Rates.

PLACES IN VICTORIA.

For every ounce or under... 0 1

For every ounce over 1... 0 2

For every ounce over 2... 0 3

For every ounce over 3... 0 4

For every ounce over 4... 0 5

For every ounce over 5... 0 6

For every ounce over 6... 0 7

For every ounce over 7... 0 8

For every ounce over 8... 0 9

For every ounce over 9... 1 0

For every ounce over 10... 1 1

For every ounce over 11... 1 2

For every ounce over 12... 1 3

For every ounce over 13... 1 4

For every ounce over 14... 1 5

For every ounce over 15... 1 6

For every ounce over 16... 1 7

For every ounce over 17... 1 8

For every ounce over 18... 1 9

For every ounce over 19... 2 0

For every ounce over 20... 2 1

For every ounce over 21... 2 2

For every ounce over 22... 2 3

For every ounce over 23... 2 4

For every ounce over 24... 2 5

For every ounce over 25... 2 6

For every ounce over 26... 2 7

For every ounce over 27... 2 8

For every ounce over 28... 2 9

For every ounce over 29... 3 0

For every ounce over 30... 3 1

For every ounce over 31... 3 2

For every ounce over 32... 3 3

For every ounce over 33... 3 4

For every ounce over 34... 3 5

For every ounce over 35... 3 6

For every ounce over 36... 3 7

For every ounce over 37... 3 8

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, including town and suburban, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 9d. Each additional word, 1d.

Intra-State, i.e., from any one State to any other State, including address and signature (not exceeding sixteen words), 1s. Each additional word, 1d.

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 other charges.

Make your District Known.

Concerning some parts of the district news comes but seldom. This is not entirely our fault; we have no miraculous power of knowing what is happening at all the places within our area of circulation. It is the fault of residents in the silent places.

Will some man or woman take the matter in hand and cause the silence to cease.

If no one else is doing it for your district, will you try on these lines?

Send accounts of public and social events in your township and neighbourhood, such as weddings, deaths, accidents, concerts, matters touching district industries, etc.

Write the names of persons very distinctly.

Don't bother about grammar or spelling; it's the editor's work to look after those trifles. The barest skeleton is enough.

Write only on one side of the paper.

Give information; but let criticism alone.

Write your name and address on some corner—not for publication, but to prove good faith.

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 unke people think well of their own town and their own shop.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys Boas Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all other insects which prey on domestic animals. It is a most effective and successful powder in exterminating the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article on page 10 of the "Riponshire Advocate," with the signature of THOMAS KEATING, on each tin, as imitations are numerous and in the market. Sold in tins, 6d. and 1s. each, by all chemists.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be greatly relieved by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous troches 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 & SONS, Foxton, U.S.A., European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Diseases from the Urinary Organs in either sex. These famous Pills also cure Gravel, Kidney Disease, Back and all other Urinary Disorders. Free of charge. Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, Book Seller, and Stationer, being authorized to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district to be Sole Agent for the Argus, Age Herald, Star, Courier, Melbourne Punch, Sydney Bulletin, Riponshire Advocate, Victorian 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 Beaufort papers. By sending through local agents advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wolkerspoon & Co.

CLARKE'S B. 41 PILLS.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, Book Seller, and Stationer, being authorized to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district to be Sole Agent for the Argus, Age Herald, Star, Courier, Melbourne Punch, Sydney Bulletin, Riponshire Advocate, Victorian 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 Beaufort papers. By sending through local agents advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wolkerspoon & Co.

BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

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

Year	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	June	July	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec	Total
1899	11.3	25.5	8.0	14.4	42.7	1.7	6.1	8.0	21.1	18.0	23.3	33.3	160.4
1900	23.3	33.3	30.0	34.1	12.0	4.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	100.8
1901	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0
1902	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	23.3	233.3
1903	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0
1904	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0
1905	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0
1906	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0
1907	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0
1908	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0
1909	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	18.0	180.0

Average per year—1900, 25.34; 1901, 23.85; 1902, 25.62; 1903, 25.57; 1904, 18.17; 1905, 27.51; 1906, 27.50; 1907, 27.30; 1908, 26.51.

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. WOLKERSPOON'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. It produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the inflamed membrane, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Wolkerspoon's Soothing Syrup is sold by Medicine Dealers everywhere.

J. Holdsworth, Wholesale and Retail BUTCHER, BEAUFORT.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER, AUCTIONEERS, Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance and Financial Agents, NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS, BALLARAT, EDMOND DOEPEL (28 years with Messrs CHANDLER, MORAY, and JUST), W. H. CHANDLER, Auctioneer and Architect.

AUCTION SALES OF LAND HOUSES, FURNITURE, &c., conducted at the request of the Proprietor of Private Sales to Let or to let in our register free of charge.

Properties Purchased for Clients, Valuations for Mortgage and Probate purposes by our qualified and experienced Valuers.

Mr. W. H. Chandler, the National Mutual Life Association, and leading investors of the city.

Agents for Absentees. Estates managed and Wounded Up.

MORAY.—Trust and other Matters to Lead 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, and New Zealand Companies, in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. Great Tourist Route of the World. Niagara Falls en route. Fares to London, 125 to 150.

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.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTS, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COMPANY, Limited, Office—Camp Street, Ballarat.

DIRECTORS, Hon. J. J. McDonald, Chairman, Hon. J. J. McDonald, M.L.A., Frank Hermon, J. H. Wolkerspoon, J.P., Dr. Robert Scott, George Lewis, John Glasson, Manager.

THIS COMPANY ACTS—As Executor and Trustee in Will, As Trustee in Marriage and other settlements, As Attorney under Power of Absentees, As Attorney for absent Executors and Trustees, As General Agent, Trustees in Estates can transfer Trustee-ship to this Company, Executors appointed in a Will can transfer to this Company before Probate applied for, and subsequently.

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO MAKE YOUR WILL, AND DO IT NOW, And Appoint Trustees.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTS, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED, Your Executor and Trustee.

Full information from JOHN GLASSON, Manager, J. R. WOLKERSPOON & CO., Agents for Beaufort and District.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES, ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS, MINGLING CARDS, REPORTS, &c., &c., PALM LEAFS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, POSTERS, DELIVERY BOOKS, DRAPERS' HANDBILLS, CATALOGUES, MORNUNG CARDS, SOUVENIR & DINNER TICKETS, &c., &c., PRINTED IN FIRST CLASS STYLE AT MELBOURNE PRESS.

Arthur Pirker, Printer and Estimator, LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

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—cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

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

It is wanted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For SCROFULA, 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 Pain; for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate 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.

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

Mr. F. R. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, writes: "I have had 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 eight bottles I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'—June 18, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr. W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, S.E., writes: "I have had 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 eight bottles I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'—June 18, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND BURNESSES.

Mr. James Waring, of City Cotton Lodge, near Buxton, 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, not getting much relief, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go in and stay for three weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I saw 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of the Mixture, which was my last leg 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. Can you write what ever you like of this letter.—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURETIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which is a 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 the best testimonial we have, 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.

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.

FUNERAL REFORM, Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS (Late Wm. Baker), UNDERTAKER, Opposite the State School, NELL 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.

THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES AND MORTGAGE CO. LTD.

WOOL WAREHOUSES, 573 to 579 COLLING STREET, MELBOURNE.

AUCTION SALES OF WOOL, HIDES, SKINS, TALLOW AND GRAIN WEEKLY.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES ON THE ENSUING CLIP OF WOOL For Sale in Melbourne or Shipment to London.

The Company act Strictly as Selling Brokers. ADVANCES ON GRAIN.

ROBERTSON & MOFFAT, Inexpensive Luxurious FURNITURE a Speciality.

Smart and Comfortable "QUEEN ANNE" OCCASIONAL LOUNGE CHAIR.

Upholstered in lovely Art Cretonne, in any of the following shades: Olive Green, Pink, Sea Green, Light Blue and Red. Price 30/- each.

Very soft and cosy Chesterfield Settees, covered in Art Serge, with deep flounce, any shade, from £6/10.

New Illustrated Furniture and Fashion Catalogues Post Free on request. Liberal and Extended Terms can be arranged.

ROBERTSON & MOFFAT, Drapers, Tailors, Boot and Shoe Importers, BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS. MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY. Closing Time. Melbourne ... 8 and 4.50. Ballarat ... 8 and 4.50. Geelong ... 8. Bunyip ... 8 and 4.50.

An additional mail is made up for Melbourne, closing at 8 p.m., for despatch by the following morning's express.

Registered mail and parcel post close 20 minutes prior.

Minutest, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. Ararat ... 11.50 and 7.50 p.m. Stawell ... 11.50. Middle Creek, 11.50. Murrumbidgee, 11.50. Bunyip ... 11.50.

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior. English mail notice by telegraph.

RAILWAY TIME-TABLE. The following is the local railway timetable:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.33 a.m., Traralgon at 12.10 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.10, and taking its departure at 12.27. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.49, and Bunyip at 12.58. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 7.40, and taking its departure at 8.30 (arriving here at 8.30). On Beaufort the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.29 a.m. (arriving at 6.24). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Bunyip at 4.40 p.m., Middle Creek at 5.29, Traralgon at 5.39, and Bunnibet at 6.59. Mixed trains will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell every week day at 5.10 a.m. (leaving Beaufort at 6.30) and 5.15 p.m. (Bunnibet at 6.10, Traralgon at 6.31, Beaufort at 6.50 (arriving here at 7.30). 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:—Bunyip, 7.53; Middle Creek, 8.4; Murrumbidgee, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Traralgon, 9.18; Bunnibet, 9.12. The 8.25 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat departs from Beaufort at 11.19 p.m.

GRAMOPHONES! Graphophones Phonographs! From 20s. to £37.

WHAT better amusement could you have for the long winter evenings than to hear the Greatest Artists of the World in your own home?

Vocal and Instrumental Records. The Very Latest Edison, Edison-Bell, Sterling, Clarion, and Columbia. Full Set of Quatrilles, Waltzes, &c. All Records reduced to 1s. 3d. Special Room for Ladies.

Golden Age Gramophone Depot. W. C. JONES.

BOOKBINDING ON REASONABLE TERMS. DELIVERY BOOKS, &c. Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT? 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. 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. W. SILVER, Postmaster.

FIREWOOD! The man who never asks for trade by local line or ad. dispenses Cares more for rest than giving him pain And patronage but give him pain? Treat lightly, friends, let no rudeness Disturb his solitude profound. Here let him live in calm repose Unthought except by men he owes.

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

Especially fitted for all work in building line.

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 issue of the local paper, tell him or her that for the small sum of 3/- per Quarter it is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

In addition to complete and impartial reports of all local meetings, and interesting 14-Column Supplement.

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR Plain and Ornamental JOB PRINTING.

Executed with Neatness and Dispatch.

Bear in mind that ADVERTISING ALWAYS PAYS.

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

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN SUPPLEMENT, Containing an Interesting Serial Tale, Amusing Anecdotes, Pastoral News, Poultry Farming, Agricultural Intelligence, Recipes, Gardening Hints, Etc., Etc., Etc.

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

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY CURES COLDS AND INFLUENZA.

The man who never asks for trade by local line or ad. dispenses Cares more for rest than giving him pain And patronage but give him pain? Treat lightly, friends, let no rudeness Disturb his solitude profound. Here let him live in calm repose Unthought except by men he owes.



J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST AND DENTIST. TELEPHONE 12.

INFLUENZA! It will be with us soon! Remedial Agent will be wanted—wanted promptly!

The Most Efficient Influenza Remedy is Harris' Cough and Influenza Mixture! It is especially speedy in curing the Cough and Influenza, reduces the fever, and relieves the aching experienced in the bones, back, head, &c.

I can help you in time of sickness by dispensing your prescription just as your physician expects it. Years of experience have taught me to be just as careful as it is possible, and the drugs I use act as the physician intends them to do.

All Medicines are Dispensed at Ballarat Prices.

J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST. Havelock & Neill Sts., Beaufort.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

COUGLE'S

Are Opening Daily

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

EARLY SPRING NOVELTIES

In All Departments.

Spring Millinery. New Dresses.

Dainty Blouses. Correct Corsets.

New Cambrics. New Blousings.

INSPECTION INVITED.

G. H. COUGLE,

The Store of Good Values,

BEAUFORT.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

W. H. HALPIN

Desires to inform the Public that he is prepared to Sell

Hay, Oats, Chaff, Bran, Pollard, &c.,

At Lowest Current Rates.

Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of Produce.

N. H. H. respectfully solicits a fair share of public patronage.

Fencing and Barb Wire always on hand; also Galvanised Iron and other Hardware.

CORN SACKS, new and secondhand, from 5s 6d.

Hay Forks, Water Bags, and Corn Sacks, at Lowest Prices.

The Most Reliable Garden Seeds at GEO. PRINGLE'S.

Tomato Plants a Specialty.

The mining plant of the Travalla Company was submitted to public auction on Wednesday.

Although three offers were received for the machinery, it was not sold.

The sundries, however, brought satisfactory prices, realising over £105.

The sale was conducted by Messrs Dixon Bros. & Halpin (Messrs W. H. Halpin, auctioneer).

The firm also report having held a very satisfactory clearing sale on account of Mr Vincent, Oak Mounts.

Contractor for the new Mawakulu home-coming of buildings, building material, and sundries.

A clearing sale of household furniture and effects will be held to-day on account of Mrs Mullins, "Claremont," Bourke-St., Beaufort.

At the conclusion of the monthly meeting of the Riponshire Council on Monday, the President (Mr Flynn) drew attention to an illuminated address which the council had decided to present to Mr J. M. Carroll, formerly shire secretary, and now town clerk of Newtown and Chilwell (Geelong).

The address was as follows:—"On your retirement from the position of secretary and collector to the Shire of Ripon, we, the members of the council, desire to express our appreciation of the satisfactory manner in which you have carried out the duties pertaining to the office during your connection with the council, extending over a period of eight years. In your public capacity you have been untiring in your efforts in serving all classes of the community, and we bear witness to the energy and ability at all times displayed by you. As a private citizen, you have identified yourself with many movements for the advancement of the town of Beaufort, and the various objects to which you have been associated will find great difficulty in obtaining a worthy successor to you. Wishing you and your family success and prosperity, we are, dear Sir, yours faithfully, W. H. Halpin, Mayor." (Here follow signatures of the councillors and secretary.)

The eighth annual sale at the Cross Roads, near Beaufort, will be held on Thursday by Dealey & Co. and Young Bros., from 10.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. There will be about 15,000 sheep, shorn merino wethers and ewes will be sold. Sale takes place at 2.00 p.m. after arrival of a first train from Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat, and Ararat. Drags will be drawn for Cross Roads a distance of about 10 miles, returning in time to catch evening trains.

Richardson & Co.'s New Style of Permanent Enlargements in Solid Art Wood Frames, with Oak Mounts.

Have your Bridal Portraits taken by Richardson & Co., and you will be more than satisfied. Size of Mount—2 1/2 x 3 1/2; Framed Complete—30/-; Mounted, with Buttons—always ready for the sinner.—4/-

Four Large, Airy Dressing-Rooms avoid Mail us your delay and confusion. Order.

M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

Samuel Young, Barrister and Solicitor, and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

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

Loans on Mortgage at Liberal Terms.

United Ancient Order of Druids

The Ordinary Meeting will be held in the LODGE ROOM, ROYAL HOTEL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp. By order of the Arch-Druid, J. H. COFF, D.P.P., Secy.

Religious Services.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1909.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. (Holy Communion); Middle Creek, 3 p.m.; Main Lead, 7 p.m.—Rev. C. Reed. Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Mr. MacIntyre.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Linton, 11 a.m.; Baginbun, 11 a.m.; Beaufort, 11 a.m.; New River, 11 a.m.; Main Lead, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Mr. R. Thompson.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Main Lead, 11 a.m.; Baginbun, 11 a.m.; New River, 11 a.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.—Mr. G. Boyd.

DEATH.—On 4th Nov., at Mawakulu, John, son of Richard and Margaret O'Neill, aged 4 years and 10 months.

The Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

Swiss made "Le Duc" Watches, Gunmetal or Nickel Silver, very reliable Gent's timekeeper, post free, 2/1.

HAWKES BREEZE, Beaufort, reports the following results with her poultry for October:—Pen 1—7 white leghorn pullets, 16 eggs, average 2.2; Pen 2—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 3.0; Pen 3—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 4—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 5—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 6—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 7—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 8—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 9—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 10—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 11—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 12—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 13—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 14—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 15—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 16—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 17—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; Pen 18—4 white leghorn pullets, 12 eggs, average 2.4; 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BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

A meeting of the above club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Monday evening, the 1st inst. (Mr. W. H. ...)

The secretary reported that the Riponshire Council had that day granted the use of the Park on Saturday, 11th inst.

Mr. J. R. Wotherspoon moved that the booths be sold on Saturday, 11th inst. at 11 a.m. Seconded by Mr. D. Stevenson.

Mr. E. W. Hughes moved, and Mr. Glover seconded, that the booths be sold at the auctioneers' office. Carried.

The president, treasurer, and secretary were appointed to fix reserves on booths, on motion of Messrs Sinclair and Bravo.

Sports officials were then appointed as follows:—Judges: Messrs Eastwood, Lynch, C. J. C. Baker, E. W. Hughes, D. R. Hannah, G. H. Cougle and Dr. G. A. Eadie; referee, Mr. Sinclair; starter, Mr. Thos. Williams; assistant starter, Mr. J. E. Loft; timekeeper, Mr. J. McKelich; timekeepers of heats, Messrs D. Stevenson, W. O'Sullivan, and W. S. Smith; color stewards, Messrs Cameron, W. J. Stevenson, H. Troy, J. George, and W. Hellyer; protest committee, president, referee, and secretary, the salary for ticket seller, subject to his being a member, was fixed at 20 for day and night, and Mr. W. C. Peilder was appointed to the position.

Distributors of competitors' tickets, Messrs Cameron, W. J. Stevenson, and W. S. Smith. The secretary was instructed to employ a man as bellman at 10 for the day, to be under the supervision of the timekeepers. Band stewards, Messrs J. H. Robertson, E. Helling, W. H. Stokold, and W. R. Glover. Mr. W. Bennett was appointed to look after the hot water, and the secretary was instructed to employ a boy to get tickets for people in vehicles, also to engage a policeman for duty at the sports.

A misunderstanding having arisen as to Mr. R. Thompson being able to supply a lantern entertainment instead of a microscope, it was considered that the microscope should be secured for the Park at night in connection with the band contest, and the secretary was accordingly instructed to make arrangements for the showing of moving pictures for two hours.

The lighting arrangements at the Park was also left in the hands of the secretary.

The secretary was instructed, on the motion of Messrs O'Sullivan and Dr. Eadie, to ask the council to erect a few posts on the left hand side of the gateway, to divert vehicular traffic down to the horse and cattle pens.

Mr. Sinclair moved that a member, his wife and family up to 16 years of land contest in the Park day and night on production of his membership card. Seconded by Mr. Eastwood, and carried.

In the event of a wet night, and the entertainment having to take place in the hall, it was decided, on the motion of Messrs Wotherspoon and Eastwood, that members would have to pay for admission, as is the case at concerts.

At the suggestion of Mr. Eastwood, the secretary was instructed to write to the Railway Department and ask for a passenger's carriage to be used for a leaving Ballarat at about 8 a.m.

Mr. Wotherspoon moved that Messrs Stevenson Bros., the president, secretary, and Bandmaster Collins be appointed a sub-committee to carry out the work of erecting a stand for the band contest. Seconded by Mr. Baker, and carried.

The secretary was instructed to write to the Thistle Club, asking for the loan of their dancing-band; the idea being to hold an extension.

The New Ideas.

SOME LOVELY DESIGNS IN SPRING MILLINERY



No 2132



No 2133

Where is the girl with soul so dead, who never to herself has said, 'Give me a lovely hat for Spring, Spring Millinery represents an embodiment of natural beauty—striking and charming floral effects and pretty colorings.

Our new models are artistic productions—fashioned on the most stylish London and Continental models.

COME AND SEE THE PRETTY SHAPES CITY SHOPS WOULD CHARGE YOU TWICE AS MUCH.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.,

The Store that Serves You Well, BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

attendance and such a deep interest being taken in the sports, which augured well for their success on Boxing Day.

DISTRICT RAILWAYS.

DEPUTATION FROM THE RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

At the monthly meeting of the Ararat Shire Council, on Thursday, a letter was read from the secretary of the Shire of Ripon, inviting the council's attention to the urgent need for finally being arrived at in the matter of the proposed railway through the country south of the Ripon Council.

The deputation consisted of the President, Mr. Flynn, Mr. Munz, and Mr. Lewis. Having regard to the fact that the Borough of Ararat was equally interested in the matter, the President of the shire very thoughtfully invited members of that body to meet the deputation, and Mr. Simpson and Mr. Burn were present, whilst the Ararat Railway League was also represented.

The President extended a cordial welcome to the deputation, and stated he had asked the Borough Council to be represented, with a view of discussing the whole subject of railway construction as it affected the district.

The President of the Ripon Council stated that the object of the visit was to seek the co-operation of the Ararat Shire with the Mortlake and the Ripon Shires in endeavouring to obtain from the Minister of Railways a definite statement as to when the proposed line of railway was to be constructed.

It was decided, on the motion of Mr. Wotherspoon and Dr. Eadie, to sell the right to the publican's booth, including the booth for the day, and that a separate booth be sold for soft drinks at night.

RATIONAL INDIGESTION CURE.

By "Sano."

Food must be eaten in sufficient quantity, and must be digested and converted into blood. Nature makes this one of her most imperative laws of life.

Food must be eaten in sufficient quantity, and must be digested and converted into blood. Nature makes this one of her most imperative laws of life.

The entire nerve energy of a person suffering from indigestion is weakened, owing to the contaminated condition of the blood, and the general feeling of mental and physical depression which is experienced during an attack of dyspepsia, is due to this cause.

Warner's Safe Cure is not a purgative medicine. It permanently cures indigestion and dyspepsia, simply because it restores the liver and kidneys to health and activity, so that the blood naturally becomes free from uric and biliary poisons, and reverts to its normal condition.

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HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES!

OPTICAL DEPARTMENT.

Your Eyes Scientifically Tested. ALL KINDS OF GLASSES For Indoor or Outdoor Work.

RIMLESS SPECTACLES,

Gold, Gold-filled, or Steel Frames. If you break your Glasses, bring in the pieces

FRAMES REPAIRED!

Melbourne Methods! Melbourne Prices! Physicians' Prescriptions and Home Recipes Carefully Prepared.

J. E. DENRY,

CHEMIST & OPTICIAN, BEAUFORT.

Important News to Farmers and WHEAT GROWERS!

"The market for jute goods generally is firm, cornsacks having had trade on the spot and to arrive next month (November) at five shillings and sixpence (5/6) per dozen."—MELBOURNE "AGE," October 26, 1909.

Australian Standard New Wheat Sacks,

which you will require later on to transport your waving fields of golden corn to the ship's side, and therefore place your orders NOW with

HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT,

who are still booking orders for forward delivery of best quality bags at Beaufort at Melbourne wholesale rate of 5/6 per dozen.

No. 1 Oat Bags (sound and clean), full size, at 6/6 dozen. Once-used Crude Sugar Bags, splendid value, at 7/- dozen.

For Bags of All Kinds, TRY HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT.

Sole Agents for "McCormick" Reapers and Binders, and all Farm Implements.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, likely a continuation from the previous page or a separate column.

No. 1668. POST AND TELEGRAPH RATES For the information of our Readers with Herewith Publish the New Rates.

DUE TO THE FOG.

Fog has a bewilderment effect not only on human beings but also on animals, save those who find their way by scent. Birds are entirely confused by it. Tame pigeons remain all day motionless and half asleep either just in or just outside their cootes. Chickens remain motionless for hours during heavy fogs. No bird sings or utters a call, perhaps because it fears to betray its whereabouts to an unseen foe. During one very thick fog in London a blind man was found wandering about quite lost as to his surroundings. As he was in the habit of visiting the city every day from a suburb, he was asked why he had gone astray. It was made no difference to him. "He said that in a fog the ground sounds quite differently."

SUCH IS OPTIMISM.

The man who believes that "everything will come right" is usually dubbed an "optimist." But he has no true claim to the title if he does not exert himself in the process of helping on the result which he believes. The world abounds with a class of so-called optimists who, when they find themselves confronted with a barrier, smile blandly and declare that the obstacle is quite transitory, and that all we need do is to wait until it disappears. The true optimist is the man who recognizes the barrier, and declares that with patience and energy he will open a way through it. It is said of a great soldier that he won the confidence of his men by never affecting to despise a difficulty. When in positions of danger he made it known that he quite realized the gravity of his position, but was content that if well backed he would emerge with success. He was a real optimist as compared with the sham variety who think to win their way through difficulties by pretending there are none.

MORE THAN PAINKATING.

"The definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains" is rather a dull one," recently remarked a student of men and things. "Generally speaking, genius means an inborn faculty for doing one or more things with a skill far beyond that of the ordinary worker. "It is true that many a genius has been an abnormally hard worker. But the work was always inspired by enthusiasm. Hard work done without hope and confidence never stirred the pulse of the world, or won laurels for the worker. "Even a worker without genius may achieve great things if he is fired with enthusiasm. Hence the necessity for men, and women, too, to select the kind of work in which they feel the most interest."

BE LOYAL TO FRIENDS.

If there is one trait more than another that should be assiduously cultivated by the woman who wishes to make herself popular, that one is loyalty to her friends. This trait embodies many other estimable ones, and is the basis of a lovely and noble character. To begin with, the woman who is truly loyal never even thinks evil of those whom she has chosen to closely associate herself with, let alone expressing sentiments that might be construed into appearing derogatory, therefore back-biting and unfriendly gossip never find place among the normal failings that even the most perfect being possesses. When a woman has been tried and has stood the test, there should well up in the heart of the one possessing so staunch a friend a great fountain of thanksgiving.

A Fruitarian.

"What have you got in that package?" said the attendant at the museum. "Bananas," answered the boy. "A dozen of 'em. Wasn't one?" "No; and you can't bring them in here." "Why not?" "It's against the rules. But you can check the package at that window and get it when you come out." "Cost anything to check it?" "Twopence." The boy said he wouldn't pay it, and went away. Ten minutes later he appeared with the package. "I suppose I can go in now all right?" he said. "Hold on. Have you got those bananas concealed about you?" "Yes, sir, all but the skins. I throwed them away."

A noted solicitor, who late in life had taken to golf, was once playing with a full equipment of balls and clubs. The game looked more easy than it really was. When he had handled all his clubs in turn without much progress being made, he turned to his caddy and, with troubled expression, said: "Here, boy, I have used all my clubs; what am I to do next?" The caddy, who had been watching the various strokes as if mesmerised, replied, with a sigh: "Gie it a whack wi' the bag, mair'er!"

Flattery is sometimes the ability to pay compliments instead of bills. There's a great difference between what we think we know and what we know we think.

THE CAUSE OF CONSTIPATION. The most common cause of constipation is a lack of exercise necessary to keep the muscles of the bowels active. This is why constipation is often brought on by too frequent use of purgatives. They act violently, but because instead of the bowels for them, and so weaken them that they will not act without assistance. Chamberlain's Tablets will cure constipation because instead of doing the work of the bowels they gently stimulate them to voluntary action. Their frequent use will not injure the most delicate person. For sale by J. R. W. Lister & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

"For some time prior to the winter of 1906, I was troubled with a pain in my back, then my legs and feet began to swell. I tried several (so-called) cures for backache, but all failed. In June I got a chill, and it flew to my kidneys, and I became worse. I called in a doctor, and he said I had heart trouble, which caused the swelling in my feet. After taking his medicine for a time I got no better, as my legs began to swell, and the pain in my back was dreadful. I then called in the leading doctor, and he told me my kidneys were the cause of the trouble. He treated me, but I got worse. The sharp pain left my back, but the swelling became worse, and a heavy weight seemed to be pressing on my kidneys. The swelling passed up into my body, and the doctor told a friend of mine that no doctor could cure me, so a third doctor was called in. He said he could cure me, but after taking his medicine for a long time, I was no better. I was undergoing treatment, consisting of sweats, leeching, etc., for some months, I still got worse. The swelling was all round my heart and up my back, whilst my legs were swollen all up to my knees. After the swelling left, I nearly went blind, and could not move without assistance. My friends and relatives came from all parts to see me before I died, as everyone thought that I could not recover, and the doctor told me that medical aid was of no use to me, and it was only a matter of time. He said he had done his best, and he tried every kind of medicine, and he said he would give me relief, and it was of no use to me to take any more medicine, and no use his coming to see me unless I sent for him. A friend then strongly advised me to try a course of Warner's Safe Cure and Pills, and, as a last hope, I commenced to take the medicine. After taking half a dozen large bottles of the Safe Cure and a number of vials of the Pills, I began to improve. The swelling gradually left my feet and legs, and after taking more of the medicine the swelling all left my body. After the swelling left, I was only skin and bone, not an atom of flesh seemed to be left on my bones, but I still kept on with the medicine and followed the instructions about the diet, and to-day, two months from the date I started your medicine, I am strong and well, and weigh as heavy as ever. I did, I am certain I should have died in a very short time if I had not taken Warner's Safe Cure. My case is well known in Graton, as many people saw me during my illness. I am writing this in the hope that any person suffering from dropsy, who has tried every other cure, also try Warner's Safe Cure." From Miss Fanny Ellem, Cowan-street, South Graton, N.S.W., 15th March, 1908.

Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints. Frootoids are elegant in appearance and more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident by the disappearance of headache, 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. Frootoids act splendidly on the liver; a dose taken at bed-time, once a week, is highly beneficial. 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. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicine. Price 1/6. Chemists, Medicine Vendors, or the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

ROAD-MAKING CONTRACT.

At the monthly meeting of the Riponshire Council on Monday, the President (Mr. Flynn) asked whether certain business mentioned to the council was to be dealt with in open council or in committee, which was seconded by Mr. Beggs. Mr. Douglas said that in the interests of all parties concerned, and especially of the person accused, it should be dealt with in open council, as it was a very serious thing. An amendment by Mr. Sinclair, seconded by Mr. Douglas, that the matter be dealt with in open council, was carried. Mr. Douglas, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Douglas, Stewart, and Mr. Lewis voted for the amendment, and Mr. Lewis voted for baring at Snake Valley, etc. I beg to report having examined Snake Valley and the surrounding country, and also the area to the north-west, lying between Snake Valley and Trawalla. The request of the applicants in Snake Valley is for boring in the immediate neighbourhood of the township, to test for tributary leads, and to determine whether the Bottle Hill lead joined the main Snake Valley lead. Regarding the first, there is a possibility of a small sub-basaltic lead trending north-westerly from the old Carnarvon township, and this will possibly traverse for some distance along the northern continuation of the Britannia, Baker's Result, and Sinclair reefs, and a line of boro on an east and west road in the N.W. corner of the parish of Carnarvon might be undertaken with some chance of obtaining successful results. Six bores will be necessary, at a cost not exceeding £250. To seek for a continuation of the Bottle Hill lead is not, in my opinion, worth considering. The lead, which is very broken, appears to consist of a number of old isolated remnants of a very old alluvial deposit, and it is probable that the lower portion between the last down stream workings and the Preston Hill stream was eroded prior to the deposition of the newer gravels and clays now overlying the whole of the lead. I must, therefore, recommend boring in this locality. At a meeting of Snake Valley residents it was stated that possibly shallow ground might be found in the country lying between Carnarvon and Trawalla, and that between these shallow areas numerous leads might be traced by boring with this possibility in view. I examined the basaltic plain due north from Snake Valley, but failed to discover any indication of ordovician outcrops or shallow ground. Boring in such locality cannot therefore be recommended at present. In the vicinity of Trawalla and north-eastward through the parishes of Livingstone and Kriehoune there exists a legitimate field for boring to test the eastward and northward extension of the Beaufort and Trawalla leads, and all those extending from Ballarat East, Cardigan, Haddon, etc., but such work is neither urgent nor warranted at the present juncture of mining operations. Should the mining operations now in progress at Trawalla prove successful, this work should be proceeded with. The letter was received, and Mr. Ommen thanked. It was also decided, on the motion of Mr. Douglas, seconded by Mr. C. L. Lewis, that the Mines Department be asked to go on with the work proposed by Mr. Stanley Hunter at the earliest possible moment.

ENGINEER'S ACCUSATION AGAINST CONTRACTOR.

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LEGAL ADVICE TO BE TAKEN.

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INGHAM'S INFLUENZA CURE

INGHAM'S INFLUENZA CURE drives influenza, colds and all chest affections out of the system quickly and thoroughly. It never fails. Meyer Bros., Merchants, Beaufort, say: "I have used Ingham's Cure in working wonders here." Get a bottle now.

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HEALTHY BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption. Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid 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 nor Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

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

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by W. G. HEARNE & Co., Ltd., Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. Registered. GRAND ATHLETIC MEETING. SPORTS MEETING. BRASS BAND CONTESTS! Under Patronage of Victorian Athletic League and Victorian Band Association. BEAUFORT RECREATION RESERVE. BOXING DAY, MONDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1909. £105 IN PRIZES! £105. Registered V.A.L. Handicapper of Footraces—Mr. W. H. TROUP, of Ballarat. Judge of Band Contests—Mr. T. L. HELLINGS, Bandmaster, of Ballarat. Judge of Quoits—Capt. J. C. WILLIAMS, of Ballarat.

PROGRAMME.

PROGRAMME. Entries (with last year's performance) close 1st December, 1909. ENTRIES NOT TAKEN WITHOUT RECEIPT OF 20 shillings. BOYS' DISTRICT SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTRACE, 100 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified to by head teacher. Prize, Gold Medal, valued at 30s, inscribed "Schools' Championship Footrace." Entry, 10s. GIRLS' DISTRICT SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTRACE, 100 yds. Under 14 years; within a radius of 20 miles. Competitors must be attending school and certified to by head teacher. Prize, Gold Medal, valued at 30s, inscribed "Schools' Championship Footrace." Entry, 10s. NOVICE FOOTRACE, 100 yds. (for runners who have never won a prize of more than 20s). 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 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JOEL THOMPSON'S QUEER WEDDING.

Joel P. Thompson was a young man of very few words—so few that on important occasions he found one at all. This was his trouble on one of the most important occasions, when the parents of Clara Owen declined to let him marry their daughter because, they said, he was not only poor, but he showed little talent for ever becoming a hermit. Now Clara had known Joel ever since they were children, when he used to fight her battles for her and do her lessons for her, all with the same silence. She should not have been surprised that he could not find words even on this momentous occasion. But girls' hearts demand things that their reason does not necessarily approve. Clara liked the silent, sturdy manner of her sweet heart, yet despite that, she was indignant that he failed in speech at the very time when most lovers would have been as eloquent as Demosthenes and Cicero combined. She was so piqued that when Joel tried to look at her mutely after her parents had condemned their marks, she tossed her head and said that she had a better part to play than to let him marry her. They ran out of the room and cried as if her heart would break. "I will—I will—I will run away with you to-morrow," said she to herself; but when a knock came there was no Joel P. Thompson to run away with.

THE BIG HAT.

The season's craze for large hats is only history repeating itself. In England in the eighteenth century women revelled in hats so big that they caused great inconvenience. Samuel Rogers once travelled to Ranelagh in the same coach with a woman who was compelled to sit on a stool on the floor of the coach, so high and so broad was her hat. Hannah More writes in her diary that she had seen women wearing on their heads "an acre of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass plots, tulip beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens, and green-houses," which led to the "big hat" craze. The credit of killing this fashion is given to Garrick. He appeared one night on the stage with a mass of vegetables on his head and a carrot suspended from each side, to the shame and confusion of many fair members of the audience. To-day, apparently, the "big hat" craze is being revived by the leading specialists and physicians in London, whilst more than one West-end practitioner got rid of his apparatus in disgust. The "big hat" craze is being revived by the leading specialists and physicians in London, whilst more than one West-end practitioner got rid of his apparatus in disgust. The "big hat" craze is being revived by the leading specialists and physicians in London, whilst more than one West-end practitioner got rid of his apparatus in disgust.

HIGH-TENSION ELECTRICITY.

Treatment by electric currents at enormous pressure—the so-called high-frequency treatment—which was first introduced by the medical profession in England as a marvellous means of curing all sorts of conditions that had hitherto proved incurable, has recently fallen somewhat into disrepute. The reason is not far to seek. When first introduced this system of treatment was held up to be a sort of universal panacea, which required very little technical knowledge to apply; the consequence being that various medical men, who had little real knowledge of the subject, installed a high-frequency apparatus in their consulting-rooms, and then expected very great results. The fact is, however, that the expected cures did not happen so easily. The next thing to bring abuse upon the treatment was its exploitation by individuals outside the medical profession, who endeavoured to make up for their lack of knowledge and experience by the remarkable display of "fireworks," which can be obtained from high-frequency apparatus. As a result of these things the high-frequency treatment soon became somewhat looked down upon by the leading specialists and physicians in London, whilst more than one West-end practitioner got rid of his apparatus in disgust. The "big hat" craze is being revived by the leading specialists and physicians in London, whilst more than one West-end practitioner got rid of his apparatus in disgust.

MENDEL'S LAW OF BREEDING POULTRY.

For many years breeders of horses, poultry and pet stock, florists, and expert gardeners have been working with a conscious view of the laws of inheritance. The "big hat" craze is being revived by the leading specialists and physicians in London, whilst more than one West-end practitioner got rid of his apparatus in disgust. The "big hat" craze is being revived by the leading specialists and physicians in London, whilst more than one West-end practitioner got rid of his apparatus in disgust.

Time, The Aven... THE UNRAVELLING A STRANGE WILL MYSTERY. By HEDLEY RICHARD... CHAPTER XXIV. MR. JONES. Mr. Dalrymple was seated at the desk of his private room. He had just finished reading a letter from his mother, which had been brought to him by a messenger from the hotel. The letter was dated from London, and was full of news of the family. Mr. Dalrymple was a man of a size of neat build, clear-cut features, and a keen eye. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant, manner. He was sitting at his desk, which was covered with books and papers. He was looking at the letter with a thoughtful expression. The letter was from his mother, and was full of news of the family. Mr. Dalrymple was a man of a size of neat build, clear-cut features, and a keen eye. He was dressed in a simple, but elegant, manner. He was sitting at his desk, which was covered with books and papers. He was looking at the letter with a thoughtful expression.

RIGHT-SIDED TONGUE.

IS THE TONGUE OF THE TALKATIVE MAN—PERSONS WHO CAN'T KEEP A SECRET. From the observations made by a physiognomist it appears that the tongue when quite still can be as eloquent in giving its owner away as when it is wagging about in a silly manner. The fact is, however, that the tongue is a very important part of the human body, and is used in many different ways. It is used for speaking, for eating, and for many other purposes. It is also used for expressing emotions, and for many other things. The tongue is a very important part of the human body, and is used in many different ways.

MY LIFE.

BY A STRAW HAT. I am a man of straw hat—no ordinary straw-hat. Being a straw hat, I am naturally, mostly straw; but into my frail form also enter cane, leather, gelatine, silk, and other things. My earliest straw days were spent in the mud of Japan, since I am made of Japanese rice straw, as, indeed, are most straw hats now. From the homes of the little brown men in the Far East, a journey of many weeks, I came to the shores of an English factory, and thence to an English cottage, where a white-aproned, rosy-cheeked English woman took me in hand. In busy seasons, when factories cannot supply straw hats quickly enough, the villagers of "Herts" and "Beds" get to work. A van takes to the cottages a 240 sewing-machine—a loan from the factory—and the women sew, while children watch the flying wheels, and learn, in their turn, how to make straw hats. One good woman vigorously set to work on my bones—i.e., straw plait—with the experience handed down from many generations. She drew the plait dexterously together in an ever-widening circle, now and again pressing and teasing the straw over a metal shape. Thus the crown was made, and, similarly, the brim. A thin piece of cane was inserted round the brim's edge, which was next rolled over the cane and sewn down. As I was somewhat rough, and of undecided shape, my next journey was to a stiffening room, with its hydraulic press more feminine than a man's. And next came the finishing touches. A woman sewed on the band of ribbon, the lining was fixed, and, lo! a straw hat. Me!

TIRED OF CIVILISATION.

Mene, an Eskimo, who was taken to America thirteen years ago by Commander Peary's Arctic Expedition and adopted by Mr. William W. Waller, the explorer, has gone back to Greenland. He has been, with the rest of the family, a human exhibit of a sort, and has suffered from bronchitis most of the time. Many friends saw him off, and were astonished by the frankness with which he expressed his dislike of America. Some of the ladies who went to see him became almost hysterical over the fact that Mene was turning his back upon civilisation for all time. How can you leave the comforts of a good home for an ice house and a diet of blubber? "one matron demanded. "You want to know the reason why I am glad to give up civilisation and cigarettes?" Mene asked. "Well, would you care to stay in a land where they will not let you bury the bones of your father? There is a museum in New York; holds my father's bones, his sled, his furs, even the furs which I wore when I came here as a baby. I have prayed to them to let me take some of my father's bones, that they might be buried in a manner befitting an Eskimo and a chieftain. They refused to even talk it over with me. I have learned some easier things which will help us to lead easier lives, and I have learned other things which I am going to forget."

HOW THE WORLD LOOKS TO THE SHORT-SIGHTED.

The common opinion regards short-sight as an ailment which merely prevents due recognition of distant objects. It is, however, realised that much more is involved than this. Our limited range of vision gives us not only a circumscribed but also a different view of our surroundings. Thus, in admiring Nature, I, the myopic, behold a landscape other than that which spreads before you. Vegetation, for instance, is blurred and soft like a water-colour painting. The light shining through the spaces. I see merely a soft mass with no spaces, the leaves all blotting into one another. The same holds good with other aspects of Nature—it is a world of soft, hazy, indistinct, and unobtainable things. Not only the inanimate, but the animate world presents itself in strange forms to the myopic. Humanity, for instance, is often revealed in somewhat inhuman guise. Thus, so far as ocular demonstration goes, the world to the short-sighted is peopled by men and women as faceless, sometimes even as featureless, as the horseman of a legendary tale. Indoors myopic persons get quite accustomed to talking with persons who have neither eyes nor nose; out of doors the phenomenon is more striking, because often repeated. At quite a short distance the face melts into the atmosphere and becomes either a cloud or, like H. G. Wells's invisible man, a nebula. I see the hat and the neck, sometimes the hand; I see the walking-stick—if the hand is unclothed this stick is waving miraculously a little way from the sleeve edge. The hand, like the face, has vanished. "Straud Magazine."

A ROSSMORE GHOST STORY.

Lord Rossmore is the holder of a title with which is associated a particularly grim story of the supernatural. The first Lord Rossmore, who died in 1801, at a function in Dublin Castle, invited Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington to dine with him on the following day. That evening Sir Jonah was awakened by a weird and unearthly music in the garden attached to the house. Opening the window and looking out, he failed to discover the origin of the music or see anyone in the place from which it seemed to proceed. He drew Lady Barrington's attention to it, and also her maid, and all three listened to the sounds, which lasted half-an-hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the specter, and was succeeded by a sharp, low voice crying, "Rossmore! Rossmore! Rossmore!" Lord Rossmore, who had been suddenly seized with illness, died at the very moment when Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington and her maid heard his name pronounced. "M.A.P."

Time, The Avenger

THE UNRAVELLING OF A STRANGE WILL MYSTERY.

By HEDLEY RICHARDS. Author of "The Hatches of Hither," "From Mill to Mansion," "Phana's Luberance," Etc., Etc.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXV. MR. JONES.

Mr. Dalrymple was seated in the detective's private room. He had made inquiries and learned that Mr. Hughes stood at the head of what he heard, was not a private detective there was not a private detective anywhere approaching him in capacity. Yard had given up. Scotland Yard had been successful in unravelling, and as one of the foremost lawyers in London had been retained by Mr. Dalrymple, "Hughes was a detective."

"You say this is a complicated case," said Mr. Hughes, looking at the detective. "The detective was a man of medium size, of neat build, clear-cut features, and keen grey eyes. Yes, I should say you were an expert in unravelling, and as one of the foremost lawyers in London had been retained by Mr. Dalrymple, "Hughes was a detective."

"I shall go on just as I have done ever since I came to Housesteads. It hasn't always been a bed of roses," said Mr. Dalrymple. "That's right; and remember if you happen to see me that I am an artist, staying in the neighbourhood for the purpose of sketching the wood. Let me see, I'll be called Owen Jones. It's an easy name to remember. Can you tell me of a comfortable country inn near the woods so that I can put in a little time sketching, yet be convenient for the town? And I should prefer being near Golder Hall, where you spent your childhood. There are sure to be one or two old servants living who may remember something about the past."

"The Golder Inn would just suit you. It's kept by a woman who has been housemaid at Golder Hall at the time the affair happened. It is close to the woods, and a nice walk to Wittonbury."

"Then I shall sleep at the Golder Inn to-morrow night. Any communications I have to make will be by letter, but it is quite possible you may not hear from me for a month or two; still, don't be uneasy. Never give up work I take in hand, but it may be some time before I get a grip of it. When I have anything to tell you will hear from me. What's this for?" he added, looking at the cheque Mr. Dalrymple had placed in his hand.

"It's the first instalment of your fee," said the detective. "I'll pay you in that way afterwards. Please oblige me by accepting that cheque," replied Mr. Dalrymple.

"Of course, if you wish it. Good morning." And with a cordial hand shake the two men parted. "Well, it's the queerest case I ever took in hand, but I'll get at the truth if it can be got at," he soliloquized.

About half-past five the next afternoon a gentleman, whose luggage consisted of a bag, leather portmanteau and a box which bore the name Owen Jones, Wittonbury—sauntered leisurely along the platform at Wittonbury station, and out of the gate, where he was met by the two bus drivers, who each tried to persuade him that his conveyance was the best in the world.

"Do you call these conveyances 'buses'?" he asked in a tone of contempt. "What would you call 'em?" asked one of the drivers in an angry tone. "I certainly shouldn't call 'em what you do; but as they are the only conveyances, which of you have to be satisfied. Which of you pass the Golder Inn?" and a broad grin crossed the face of the nearest man. "We don't neither of us pass it. It's a special journey."

them, and thinking no good would come of seeking her, when she was tied to another man, I came to London, and there met Lady Dalrymple, who is ignorant of my identity, and also that for some time I believed myself the husband of her sister's governess. Under these circumstances, you will understand that I do not wish my wife to know anything of these inquiries. Unless my innocence is made plain, I shall be buried as Richard Dalrymple, and allow the fate of Lionel Hudspeth to remain a mystery."

"I shall keep the whole matter absolutely secret, and moreover, as it is such an intricate piece of business, I intend taking it in hand myself. Of course, I may have to run up to town occasionally, but I shall be in Wittonbury to-morrow evening. Are you returning home shortly?"

"I travel by the night train. I have left Lady Dalrymple and my daughter at Brighton but I am too keen a sportsman to care to miss the shooting."

"By the way, I want to urge upon you not to let the blue you have received prevent you from mingling freely with your neighbours. When the truth is known, you can explain fully."

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luggage to the front bed room nearest mine. Then you can give him a glass of beer. Now, sir, if you'll step inside I'll show you the sitting room."

He did so and as they entered the passage Mrs. Hayes indicated the room on the right hand was the bar parlour.

"Not that there's any drinking in it worth naming except on a Wednesday afternoon, which is half-holiday in the neighbourhood. The cart-men and such-like who stop for a pint of beer 'nearly drink it at the door.'"

"I have kept this for pleasure parties, but you can take your meals in it if you like."

"The stranger shook his head. 'Haven't you anything smaller and snuggler, that I could have to myself?'"

"Yes, sir, it's what I call my own parlour; but I can easily spare it, only, of course, the charge would be higher."

Her companion, having signified that it did not matter, she led the way into the kitchen, where a pretty girl was sitting in a listless attitude, and, opening a door at one side, ushered him into the sitting room, where madame and Louise had once had tea.

"Yes, this will do," he said, in a satisfied tone. "That's right, then. Here, Sally, show this gentleman to his bed room and see that he has water and towels. By the time you're ready, sir, the tea will be served," said Mrs. Hayes.

Three-quarters of an hour later, having had a comfortable tea he rang the bell, and to his infinite satisfaction Mrs. Hayes appeared, who informed him that Sally had gone out. "She is a good worker, but awful fond of gadding about," she observed.

"Is that pretty girl whom I saw in your kitchen your daughter?" he asked. Mrs. Hayes looked gratified. "No, sir, she's my granddaughter—my only son's child—and as both her parents died young, I've brought her up."

"You surprise me. You must have married young to have a granddaughter that age," said the detective.

erectly weighing each word, and as he turned round there was a curious smile on his face. Sauntering leisurely forward, he came in a short time to the Hollies, and, opening the garden gate went up the path to the front door, which stood open, showing a pretty little hall.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am." "Two women were in the room—one, a tall, imposing looking person, with snow-white hair, the other younger, slim and careworn, but with a nameless grace about her—a gentleman evidently."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing you. Have you come about the advertisements I had put in the papers?" she said.

"So she had advertised in the papers. Evidently she was going to do her utmost to regain the lost paper," he thought. But aloud, he said: "I did not see the advertisement, but I have just read a poster further up the lane, and I thought I would tell you something I know about it."

"Tell all, and wherever took it shall not get into trouble," said Miss Holmes.

"My dear lady, I can only tell you what I know. Yesterday I travelled from London. I am an artist, come down to paint your beautiful woods. In the carriage with me were two other men. I did not see them; but I saw a thinking of other things. At last the heat caused me to fall asleep. I don't know exactly how long I slept, but I was roused by hearing these men saying, 'What shall you do with the paper now you've got it?'"

"I shall search earth and sea till I've found Lionel Richard Hudspeth, then my fortune is made," said the other.

"What if Miss Holmes traces you?" said the first speaker. "I shan't mind. But, hush, that's all I can say."

"A minute later the train stopped in a rather busy station, and I sat up, but almost as soon as I stopped the men jumped out. Whether they got into another part of the train, fearing I had heard too much, or went into the town, I cannot say; but I never saw them again, and I don't think I should have attached much importance to the conversation if I hadn't happened to remember some peculiar extracts from a will which are published at intervals in which the name of Lionel Hudspeth appears. Then your poster brought the matter to my mind, so I came to tell you what little I knew."

"Thank you very much. Do you think you could describe the men?" he asked. "I'm afraid not, and I regret that it didn't strike me to notice the name of the town, but we only stopped a minute."

"Let me see. Hadn't you something mysterious happen in these woods a bit since? I read about it—a man drowned or something of that sort. It almost looked as if there had been foul play," said the detective.

to watch him. She felt thankful that he had happened to call on the Wednesday afternoon, the weekly half-holiday, or otherwise she would not have seen him.

"Nina, I have something to tell you," said Hugh, in a tone of suppressed excitement, as he entered the room shortly after his sister, the two having dined alone, as Mr. Hudspeth had gone up to town on business.

"You know that mother left her jewellery to be divided between us?" "I know," and she looked still more surprised.

"Hush! it struck you that the governor was very slow in handing it over?" he asked.

"No. Why should he trouble himself about the matter just yet? I am in mourning, and, of course, mother expected that you would share your share for your wife, as the Hudspeth jewels will go to Lionel Hudspeth, or his heirs, if he proves his innocence, which she always believed he would do," said Nina.

"There hasn't given them because there are none to give," said Hugh, impressively.

"What do you mean?" "I mean that they are all gone. There isn't even a ring left. I was going upstairs to dress for dinner, and as I happened to be in good time I was taking it leisurely, and just close to the door of the governor's dressing room I saw a key lying on the floor. When I picked it up I felt sure it was the key of a jewel-case, and I guessed it belonged to mother's, so, as the pater was well out of the way I thought I'd have a look at the jewels, particularly as I wanted one or two trifles. You need not look so vexed, Nina. I should have told you I had taken them and made it square when the governor came home."

"Dear Hugh, I would gladly give you some of my share. But do not give any of our mother's jewels to Gerrie Hayes. I have heard that you are seen a great deal with her."

"Then you have heard a parcel of lies. Gerrie Hayes will never have any of those jewels, so make your mind easy, Nina. Well, I took the key and went into the governor's room and unlocked the door leading to mother's dressing room. I found it was the key, as it unlocked the case at once; but when I opened it, you could have knocked me down with a feather—every tray was empty. I couldn't believe my own eyes, and I stood staring at the empty trays till the second bell rang. Then I locked the case and went off to my own room. But I've the key of the jewel-case, and I mean to know where those jewels are gone. What do you think has become of them?" he asked, looking at his sister, who had turned very pale.

"I don't know. Surely, Hugh, father told me they were safe. Not one of them had been taken at the time mine were stolen, and he told the police the same."

"Then he's done something with them. The governor cannot be hard on me, or I should say he'd sold them. Don't look horrified—you needn't. He is no saint. Put him in a corner and he'll help himself the best way he could. But as I don't believe he is in want of money, I'm puzzled," said Hugh.

eye rested on a letter which lay on the floor, and, stooping, she picked it up, when she saw it was addressed in an uneducated hand that she had learned to know. With trembling fingers she opened it, and read: "Miss, you ask a party as we both know on to settle his property on you smart, as he'll soon be taking a journey on the conveyance below. Then came a rough sketch of the figure was dangleing."

With a low moan Nina crushed the letter in her hand and walked to the open window, near to which she had been seated. It would have been quite dark outside but for the moon, and the room was only dimly lighted by lamps, as it was a hot night. As she drew near the window she distinctly saw the face of the man whom she had seen one afternoon in the lane near Housesteads, and she looked at it with a gasp. Lord Ovingham had said he was the man who was drowned in Dead Man's Pool.

For a minute she gazed at him, then a loud scream escaped her, and she fell on the floor in a dead faint, and as she lay there an arm was stretched through the open window and a hand took the letter from out of hers, which still gripped it firmly. A moment more and the man was making his way across the park, keeping well in the shade of the trees.

Nina's scream brought the butler to her help, and in a minute or two Hugh and her maid appeared. But it was some time before she rallied and Hugh seeing that she was really ill, sent a groom for the doctor; but neither to Hugh nor to the doctor did Nina say what had made her faint.

To be Continued.

THE MAJOR'S LESSON.

Major Thornton, U.S.A., was an old bachelor and wealthy. If he had taken to any other walk in life except the Army he would have been known as a philanthropist. No Army officer has room for philanthropy and duty at the same time. It would demoralise the service and turn all barracks into nurseries.

Down in his heart Major Thornton had always a soft spot for general humanity, but he realised that he would have to wait until he left the service to show it.

He was finally retired under the age limit, made a trip across the water, and the day he found him he was strolling about Margate, and wishing he could do something for humanity's sake. An opportunity was soon afforded him.

When the major returned to his room to snoop a bit for luncheon he made a find in the lower hall. It was a magnificent diamond unbrist. His first thought was to go down to the office and turn in the lost jewel; his second was to wait and give the loser a glad surprise. It would not be long before such a costly thing would be missed and the whole hotel thrown into a flutter, and at the right moment he would produce the thing and make his dramatic point and grandly wave aside the profuse thanks of the loser.

They were discussing the matter in the lunch-room when he went down. While he was out on the promenade there had been an arrest in the hotel. The wife of a prominent manufacturer stopping at the house had made an outcry that the jewel had been taken from her room during a momentary absence.

Suspicion was directed to a waiter named Saunders, who had come up to the next room with an order, and when suddenly accused of the theft he became confused and embarrassed, and had been put under arrest and taken away.

conscious-stricken? On the contrary, wouldn't everybody declare that the real thief had become frightened and was still a guest at the hotel?

How we argue to ourselves and how other people argue about us are two different things. As a matter of fact the major was the last one to be suspected, and yet he had the feeling that all looked upon him with suspicion. Whether at table, in the smoking-room, or on the sands, the subject was constantly turning up, and he sometimes wondered why he was not arrested as the criminal.

He stood this sort of thing for two weeks, and then decided to go elsewhere. He would go up to London, and from thence mail the jewel to the lady, and go on to Paris at once. When he reached London he suddenly remembered that a valuable parcel like that must be receipted for and the name of the sender given. He might give a false name, but if the parcel was traced back wouldn't his personality be remembered?

The major sat on a bench in St. James's Park trying to figure it out when a voice spoke in his ear—"Major Thornton, sir, if you will permit the liberty, sir—"

It was Saunders, the waiter. He was well dressed, and looking pretty chippier. The major made room for him on the bench, and the waiter sat down to continue—"Major, that was a bad day they gave me at Margate."

"Y-e-s," was the reply. "It may be the means of ruining an honest man's reputation. Such things get out, you know, and once a man in this profession is spotted as crooked no hotel wants him thereafter. If I hadn't lost my head I should have made the lady pay five times the price she did."

"I am not one of those who thought you took the sunburst." "Thank you, sir—thank you from the bottom of my heart. You have given me hope."

"What I think," continued the major, "is that the lady dropped the jewel in the hall, and someone found it and kept it."

"Just my idea all the time, sir. It must have been dropped in the hall and picked up by somebody else."

There was further talk, and after a quarter of an hour Saunders arose, uttered his heartfelt thanks once more, and took himself on.

He had been gone ten minutes when the major felt in his pocket for the sunburst and its box. They were gone. Also his wallet. Also his watch. Saunders had cleaned him out as they sat talking.

It was a beautiful case of pocket-picking and thands-rendering in one, and though it had put the major in a hole financially, he heaved a sigh of relief as he realised that he was rid of the sunburst at last. Saunders had taken it from the room and dropped it in his hurry to get away.—M. Quad, in the "Boston Globe."

THE TALLEST TREES.

Australia's tall California in the matter of possessing the tallest trees in the world. The California "Big Tree"—Sequoia Wellingtonia—sometimes grows to a height of from 300 to 325 feet, with a trunk 25 or more feet in diameter. The tallest American tree is the redwood—Sequoia sempervirens—which in some instances has attained a height of 400 feet, or even more. In Australia the tallest trees are found in Victoria. There are, indeed, records of Australian trees approximating 500 feet in height but these are taken to be exaggerations.

A writer in the Sydney "Morning Herald," truly enough says that the mere guessing of heights is rarely attended with even approximation to accuracy. It seems well enough established, however, that there are trees in Australia which tower upwards of 258 feet into the air. Trees have been found in Africa which fell not much short of 100 feet in height.

HE GOT HER.

"The man I marry must be only a little lower than the angels." (He suddenly dropping): "Here I am on my knees, a little lower than one of them!"

HER EXPLANATION.

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner-party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?" "No," said mamma, "it is a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to go through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, explained—"Mamma, says that this is such an informal dinner, that we need not have grace to-day."

HIS SLICE OF LUCK.

A motor-car came pelting down the high street. Near the corner at the bottom it collided with and knocked down a pedestrian who was carrying a basket of potatoes on his shoulder. Fortunately the fellow escaped with a few bruises, and when he had recovered somewhat, a spectator said to him: "That was a lucky get-off, my man."

"Yes, so 'twas," replied the man, groping for his potatoes. "S'pose I'd bin carryin' eggs!"

The only part of the human body that is not hardened by age is the skin. 1691.

A MAN FROM AUSTRALIA.

By Ward Muir, in "The Weekly Telegraph."

Jack Rigby—a tall, sunburnt giant of thirty-two stepped from a first-class compartment of the Easton-to-Liverpool train, handed over his luggage to the porter of the North Western Hotel, and at once walked straight forth into the bustle of the street.

He was too intent to wait to look at a room at the hotel. The porter would see to that. Liverpool was waiting for Rigby to rediscover it after fifteen years, and Rigby was eager to commence the task of rediscovering it.

As he issued from the station he looked about him, and his heart beat fast. Lime Street hadn't changed much: it was still wide and windswept; a handsome space given over to the buildings and threaded by innumerable trams. When Rigby had left Liverpool they had been gliding horse-trains, now they were electric double-deckers, and glancing down the slope, Rigby saw that an asterisk near had been added to the Art Gallery. Yes—there were more changes than he had thought—Liverpool had moved with the times.

While he, in far-off Australia, had been changing, Liverpool had been changing too. He turned sharp to the left, Lime Street narrowed and grew meaner. Dr. Stone had found himself opposite the door of a squalid shop in a side alley.

Jack Rigby, owner of one of the largest stations in the world, and controller of a gold-mine, stopped and gazed at the door—or rather at the step in front of the door. The shop was not interested him—interest interested him—interest interested him—interest interested him.

It was a desolate night. A bleak sea fog swept in from the Mersey, and blanketed Liverpool in its clammy folds. The pavements were damp and grimy, the lamps shone dimly through the mist. Midnight had tolled from the church towers.

On a doorstep two small forms huddled—a boy of seventeen and a little girl of ten. The boy was shivering; the girl as best he could, and the rags of both of them were pitifully meagre, and the cold was penetrating.

"Taks my coat, Liz," said Jack, and he wrapped her in with rough tweed. "But even as he did so, a light flashed in their faces—the light of a lantern. 'The police!' gasped Jack, resentfully.

But it was not 'the police,' kind voices. 'More hares, now then, you say to the doo-er—what do you say to a bowl of hot soup and a hot apple, eh?' 'Jack staggered to his feet, and looked suspiciously at the speaker, prepared to defend little Liz to the best of his ability. But the face of the man who carried the lantern, with his gleaming, twinkling eyes—a face which many a poor gutter-sneak in that harsh northern city remembers to this day, and blesses.

"Come along," said the owner of the kind face. "It's not far." "I'm through Jack and Liz would have minded 'bow' if it was to soup and a hot apple."

They followed him, sleepily, found themselves in a comfortable-looking room, ready to eat and drink, and sent to bed. A great and noble institution, here nameless, had got hold of three two orphans, caught them in the lovely net of Compassion, and rescued them from the depths.

resident, with her husband, in the suburb of Waterloo. The address was given to Rigby.

He reached the house, which lay in a quiet and leafy avenue, and rang the bell. A sober-looking maid opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Grey at home?" he asked. Mrs. Grey was Eliza Blundell's married name. The maid shook her head sadly.

"Ha-ent you heard? Mrs. Grey died the day before yesterday." Jack Rigby's hand gripped the presence of plants, especially flowering plants, in a sick-room was injuring, since they were considered to absorb the oxygen of the air and exhale carbon dioxide.

Dr. Stone thought it possible that the vapour emitted from plants is passed to some extent in passing through the tissues, and in so doing gives greater sanitary value than ordinary atmospheric moisture. He gives several family histories which, as he considers, tend to show that affections of the lungs, in one family, the father and two sons gave a marked family history of consumption, but all enjoyed good health while they pursued the occupation of florist.

There was a noise behind him. The door had opened and someone had entered—a woman to judge by the sound of the rustling skirts. He turned. Liz stood before him.

"You were a friend of my sister's?" she murmured, indicating, by a gesture, the figure in the coffin. Then she looked at him more straightly. Her eyes became wide. She trembled. "Jack!" she breathed, almost with a sob. "Jack Rigby!"

And there was that in her tone which told him she had not forgotten. "It was a mistake, but not an unnatural one," she said. They were standing a week later, on the sandy shore of the Mersey estuary, where they had come to breathe the fresh sea air.

"At the Home, you know, they had a custom of pairing us off, as 'sisters' and 'brothers'—those of us who had no parents and who happened to make friends with each other. I knew my name—Elizabeth Blundell—but the little girl with whom I 'chummed,' and who became Mrs. Grey, never knew hers. So they called us sisters, and gave her the surname of Blundell to match mine. We really were sisters, too, in affection; and when she married she took me into her home, and I was 'sister-in-law' to Mrs. Grey as far as the world was concerned."

Jack Rigby nodded. "When I looked at the woman in the coffin I had an inkling that I must be mistaken. I tried to persuade myself that fifteen years must make a difference, that I could not really expect to recognize the Liz I had known—but well, my instinct was right. And when you entered the room I knew at once. You were Liz and no other!"

She smiled wistfully. "And I knew you, Jack."

"And I guessed—" he spoke more hesitatingly—"I guessed that if you had not forgotten me you had not forgotten our promise."

PLANTS IN THE SICK ROOM.

Recommended as a "Cure."

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Her face was rosy. "What promise?" she tried to say, but failed. Instead she was tongue-tied. "We were only children," he went on, "and if you would rather not hold to the promise, I shall not complain. Probably you have met other men since then."

His eyes sought hers with a quickness which he laugh, faintly. "And you," she said, "may have met other girls since then?" "Plenty. But the little Liz who was my pal on the doorstep in Liverpool has always been the one girl in the world for me. I ought to have found it out sooner, and come home to claim you, but I have been busy. I have been 'making my fortune,' as the phrase is. Only lately have I wakened to the fact that money isn't everything, and that there was an empress in my heart. Then I found that my heart wasn't so empty as I supposed. It had had an occupant all the time. So I came home to seek—you."

WHAT IS "SHODDY"?

The question is often asked—What is shoddy? In its widest sense shoddy means all fibrous materials of animal origin, having been once manufactured into clothes and felts, and recovered from this state and restored to a fibrous condition fit for manufacture. This revamped fibre is known in three varieties, "shoddy proper," mungo, and carbonized wool or wool extract.

For the invention of the first shoddy world must thank a Scotch second-hand dealer in London. It was during Wellington's campaign in Spain, when the shortage in the supply of Spanish wool drove the material to a great price. The quick wit of the old-cloth man perceived that it would be a paying speculation to tear up old blankets and white bannocks or curry-combs and mix the product with the little fresh wool that could be obtained. This was done, and these "doctored" bales realised a handsome profit for the inventive genius. A small weaver of Yorkshire named Benjamin Law discovered the secret and began the manufacture on a large scale. Shoddy "proper" is made only from "softs," that is, unmilld fabrics, like old blankets, flannels, and worn-out hosiery, which can be easily torn to pieces by curry-combs. However, the crafty Law or his partner, Parr, extended the process to "hard" ranges of milled goods, working up the re-ruined and shoddy of tailor shops and fust and shoddy of new garments. Quite a complicated machine had to be evolved before the scheme was successful, and the new product received its name "mungo" from the frequent ejaculation of Parr in the frequent dialect, that in spite of all difficulties "it mungo." However, the "mungo" was a class of cloth called "union goods," where the warp consisted of cotton and weft of wool, which could not be utilised until a canny ship captain Corbett got the idea of destroying the cotton threads by weak sulphuric acid in a lead-lined vat. The acid inflicted little permanent damage on the wool, but it was known as "carbonized wool" or "ex-fina." However, it destroyed its fluffing properties and rendered it extremely brittle. It forms a large proportion of the cloth in the "cheap" clothing, but it is really useful for "stuffing" in the carriage-building, saddlery, and upholstery trades.

Hot sponging is sometimes effective when the fomentation does not succeed. The sponge is dipped in very hot water, compressed to rub over the water and gently rubbed over the surface of the painful part. A higher temperature can be employed by this method than by any other. The higher the temperature the greater the effect. For the greatest efficiency the temperature should be high enough to produce a semi-anæsthetic effect. It is especially good in cases of neuralgia, particularly of the spine. A rubber bag filled with hot water is an excellent means of relieving pain in deep-seated parts—pain of the back, chronic intestinal pain, various neuralgias, and other pains which inflammation or congestion is not present. Hot bags should not be employed continuously on persons suffering from acute inflammation. For toothache, lay an ice-bag on the side of the neck, under the jaw, and fomentations to the side of the face. If necessary, employ the hot foot bath and the hot hip and leg pack.

TARTARY AND THE TARTARS.

To many minds the name of Tartary conveys a mythical, romantic, mysterious idea of a country, without cities, towns, or commerce, and of a people without settled habitations. Nor is this idea altogether incorrect, for the tract of land comprehended under the name of Tartary includes all that vast country of Asia which lies between the Frozen Sea to the north and Persia, Hindostan and China to the South—the generic name of Tartars being applied to a great variety of people owning the sway of many nations and called after the title of the countries within whose geographical limits they happen to reside. The Tartars all claim to be descended from the eldest son of Japhet; although from the time that Jenghis Khan subdued all Tartary and a great part of Asia, and made irruptions into Europe, they had been known under the name of Mongols, which that of Mongol, properly the prince, of the Tartars, and the name of Tartars preserve among themselves the name of Turks. They have always been a free, warlike people, wandering over the vast steppes or plains which lie like a sort of neutral ground between Europe and Asia, and have at various periods exercised a most important influence on the history of the world.

The independent Mohammedans inhabiting the borders of the Russian empire are especially a warlike people. The Tartars of Asiatic Russia, on the contrary, are represented as peaceful and quiet herds who live on the produce of their flocks and herds. The Mongol Tartars comprise a multitude of tribes, speaking different languages, on, rather, the present dialects of the same tongue. They possess, for the most part, neither towns, villages, nor houses—in the European sense of these terms—but form themselves into wandering hordes, and live under tents or rude thatched-covered huts. All the various tribes of people known as Tartars have one general peculiarity, and that is a fondness for a nomadic life; and it is no uncommon thing to find a Tartar tribe of Russia to encounter a whole tribe moving onwards to a more fertile region, with their horses, tents and baggage, and driving their vast flocks before them in the wilderness. According to the Chinese, the Tartars, they will either pass their lives on the banks of rivers or at the foot of some high hill which shelter them from the north wind. Each tribe, however, has its own peculiar limits, beyond which it would be an act of hostility to wander. Like the Arabs, they cultivate only as much land as is necessary for their subsistence, and dress in rude, primitive garments. They possess the art of dressing hides to perfection; but, for want of care, their goat and sheep-skin dresses are seldom free from a strong and disagreeable smell; hence some tribes of them are called by the Chinese the Stinking Tartars. They are generally a sober people, living on milk, cream, and vegetables, with very little animal food, but, like other barbarians, they possess knowledge sufficient to make a strong alcoholic drink from mares' and goats' milk. They have considerable dexterity in the use of the lance and bow and arrow, and are first-rate horsemen. Polygamy is allowed among them; but they generally restrict themselves to one wife. They burn the bodies of their dead, and transport their ashes to some high hill, there to await the summons of the Great Allah on the last day. They are unacquainted, for the most part, with the use of money, and trade only by barter. They cultivate gardens occasionally with considerable taste and skill, and generally a harmless, vigorous, and semi-barbarous people. These are the main characteristics of the great body of men known as Tartars; but as they live nearer or further from the civilisation of Europe and China, these characteristics partake of a greater or less degree of mildness or ferocity.

TURKEY'S ROTTEN NAVY.

Admiral Sir D. Gamble, who has been retained by the Turkish Government, by permission of the English Government, to reorganise the Ottoman navy, is making heroic efforts to evolve some sort of fleet from the collection of venerable relics which was first presented to it. It was a task some difficulty to know where to draw the line. In the end, however, it was resolved to class as effective all those warships which have undergone renovation within the last decade. Practically all the others are condemned to the scrap heap, and the local newspapers announce that some sixty battleships, monitors, gunboats, and torpedo vessels are to be sold by auction. Some of these discarded veterans are interesting specimens of the earliest types of ironclad. Practically all date their birth from the middle of last century. Among other oddities to be disposed of is one of the oldest ironclads existing, under the name of the Golden Horn, which was built in 1830. It was rescued after some hours' imprisonment, but apparently could never be persuaded to make another attempt. Barring some torpedo craft and two comparatively modern cruisers, the vessels retained on the active list are very few and far between. The battleship "Mesut," a coast defence vessel, which underwent so-called renovation at German hands in 1871. On her outward voyage from Kiel her commander esteemed himself fortunate when able to knock six knots out of her, and her condition has not improved since. The "Fethiye," an overgrown gunboat, complete the list. "Spare Moments."

Willie had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation. "Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now, don't bother me." Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then, reflectively—"Awful accident on the railway today."

Father looked up with interest. "What's that?" he asked. "An accident in the Tube?" "Yes," replied Willie, edging toward the door; "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

When ladies go to buy a dress in Japan, they tell the shopkeeper their age, and if they are married or not, because there are special designs for the single and double relations of life, as well as for ages. The consequence of this painful custom is that you can tell the age of every lady you meet, and know whether she is married, precisely as though she were labelled, or you were a census-taker.

The Retreat from Moscow.—Sir Horace Rumbold recalls a tragic experience of Baron de Meyendorff, who fought against Napoleon on the occasion of the terrible retreat from Moscow. Meyendorff acted as galloper to one of the Russian commanders, and was told of his extraordinary adventures. "In the fading daylight he would certainly have lost his way on the boundless and featureless, frozen plain, but for a track which the pursuing Russians had marked, by planting upright in the snowdrifts the corpses of the enemy that had fallen by the way. For a considerable distance, in fact, he had ridden literally through an avenue of frozen Frenchmen!"

HOT WATER FOR RELIEVING PAIN, ETC.

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TARTARY AND THE TARTARS.

To many minds the name of Tartary conveys a mythical, romantic, mysterious idea of a country, without cities, towns, or commerce, and of a people without settled habitations. Nor is this idea altogether incorrect, for the tract of land comprehended under the name of Tartary includes all that vast country of Asia which lies between the Frozen Sea to the north and Persia, Hindostan and China to the South—the generic name of Tartars being applied to a great variety of people owning the sway of many nations and called after the title of the countries within whose geographical limits they happen to reside. The Tartars all claim to be descended from the eldest son of Japhet; although from the time that Jenghis Khan subdued all Tartary and a great part of Asia, and made irruptions into Europe, they had been known under the name of Mongols, which that of Mongol, properly the prince, of the Tartars, and the name of Tartars preserve among themselves the name of Turks. They have always been a free, warlike people, wandering over the vast steppes or plains which lie like a sort of neutral ground between Europe and Asia, and have at various periods exercised a most important influence on the history of the world.

The independent Mohammedans inhabiting the borders of the Russian empire are especially a warlike people. The Tartars of Asiatic Russia, on the contrary, are represented as peaceful and quiet herds who live on the produce of their flocks and herds. The Mongol Tartars comprise a multitude of tribes, speaking different languages, on, rather, the present dialects of the same tongue. They possess, for the most part, neither towns, villages, nor houses—in the European sense of these terms—but form themselves into wandering hordes, and live under tents or rude thatched-covered huts. All the various tribes of people known as Tartars have one general peculiarity, and that is a fondness for a nomadic life; and it is no uncommon thing to find a Tartar tribe of Russia to encounter a whole tribe moving onwards to a more fertile region, with their horses, tents and baggage, and driving their vast flocks before them in the wilderness. According to the Chinese, the Tartars, they will either pass their lives on the banks of rivers or at the foot of some high hill which shelter them from the north wind. Each tribe, however, has its own peculiar limits, beyond which it would be an act of hostility to wander. Like the Arabs, they cultivate only as much land as is necessary for their subsistence, and dress in rude, primitive garments. They possess the art of dressing hides to perfection; but, for want of care, their goat and sheep-skin dresses are seldom free from a strong and disagreeable smell; hence some tribes of them are called by the Chinese the Stinking Tartars. They are generally a sober people, living on milk, cream, and vegetables, with very little animal food, but, like other barbarians, they possess knowledge sufficient to make a strong alcoholic drink from mares' and goats' milk. They have considerable dexterity in the use of the lance and bow and arrow, and are first-rate horsemen. Polygamy is allowed among them; but they generally restrict themselves to one wife. They burn the bodies of their dead, and transport their ashes to some high hill, there to await the summons of the Great Allah on the last day. They are unacquainted, for the most part, with the use of money, and trade only by barter. They cultivate gardens occasionally with considerable taste and skill, and generally a harmless, vigorous, and semi-barbarous people. These are the main characteristics of the great body of men known as Tartars; but as they live nearer or further from the civilisation of Europe and China, these characteristics partake of a greater or less degree of mildness or ferocity.

Willie had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation. "Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now, don't bother me." Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then, reflectively—"Awful accident on the railway today."

Father looked up with interest. "What's that?" he asked. "An accident in the Tube?" "Yes," replied Willie, edging toward the door; "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

When ladies go to buy a dress in Japan, they tell the shopkeeper their age, and if they are married or not, because there are special designs for the single and double relations of life, as well as for ages. The consequence of this painful custom is that you can tell the age of every lady you meet, and know whether she is married, precisely as though she were labelled, or you were a census-taker.

The Retreat from Moscow.—Sir Horace Rumbold recalls a tragic experience of Baron de Meyendorff, who fought against Napoleon on the occasion of the terrible retreat from Moscow. Meyendorff acted as galloper to one of the Russian commanders, and was told of his extraordinary adventures. "In the fading daylight he would certainly have lost his way on the boundless and featureless, frozen plain, but for a track which the pursuing Russians had marked, by planting upright in the snowdrifts the corpses of the enemy that had fallen by the way. For a considerable distance, in fact, he had ridden literally through an avenue of frozen Frenchmen!"

MODEL CITY FOR HEALTH.

A French hygienist, M. Henriot, has given the plans on which a city should be built for health and comfort, in our temperate zone. He says: "All the avenues ought to be parallel and run from north-east to south-west in order that the prevailing south-west winds may circulate through them freely and thus prevent any stagnation in the air. The houses should face one avenue and have their backs to the parallel one, without any interior court, and they should be only one room thick with a window in front and back, and a door on a corridor parallel to the street, and having as many windows as the number of rooms. Every 300 yards there should be streets running at right angles to the first. The avenues ought to be as wide as the houses are high, in order that the latter shall have as much sunlight as possible. About every half-mile there should be an open square. The avenues should be planted with groups of shrubs, 6 to 10 feet high, alternating with pedestals of flowers. All the floors should be flat, with plants, flowers, chairs, and tables, and, of course, with an awning that can be rolled up when not needed. To this plan another expert says there should be added an interior court where a good part of the family life is passed in some European countries."

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THE TRUTHFUL TARTAR'S TALE.

I stood one day by a breezy bay watching the ships go by. When an old tar said, with a shake of his head, "I wish I could tell a lie. 'I've seed some sights as would figger you lights. And they figgered me own for sooth, but I ain't worth a darn at spinning a yarn. That wanders away from the truth. We were out on the bark the Nancy Stark, just a league and half at sea, when Captain Snook, with a troubled look. He comes and he says to me: 'Bo'sun Smith, make haste forthwith, and benitch the spunker sail. And accension pleat the fo'rd sheet. For she's going to blow a gale. 'I straightway did as the Cap'n bidded. No sooner the job was through than the north wind crack took us dead aback. An' murderin' lights, how she blew! 'She blowed the tars right off the spars. The spars right off'n the masts; An' bows and sails and kegs and nails, Went by on the wings of the blast. 'Our galley shook as she blowed our cook Right out through the starboard glim. An' pots and pans and kettles and cans Went a clattering after him. 'She blowed out the fire in the galley stove. The coal right out of the bin; Then she whistled apace past the Cap'n's face. An' blowed all the hair off his chin. 'O wiggle me dead!' the Cap'n said. And them words blowed out of his mouth. 'We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer. An' blow wharf from the south. 'O wiggle me dead!' No sooner he'd said Them words that blowed out of his mouth, Than the wind hauled 'round with a hurricane sound. An' blowed straight up from the south. 'We opened our eyes in wild surprise, And never a word did we say, For in changing her tack the wind blowed back. 'The things she'd blown away. 'She blowed the tars back on the spars, The spars back on the mast. Back flew anchors and sails and kegs and nails Which into the ship stuck fast. 'And here we could look she blowed the cook Right under the galley poop. An' back came the kettles and pots and pans. 'We could even spill the soup. 'She blowed the fire back into the stove. Where it burned in its regular place. And we all of us cheered when she blew the beard. Back on to the Cap'n's face. 'There's more of my tale," said that siller hale, 'As would figger your lights for sooth. But I ain't worth a darn at spinning a yarn. That wanders away from the truth.'—'Scrap."

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SHIRE DEPUTATIONS.

RAILWAYS AND ROADS.

The Riponshire Council having received petitions from settlers on estates lately cut up in the Skipton district for roads involving an expenditure of about £2000, are deeply concerned as to the proposed railway line from Ghering to Maroona and the date on which they are likely to be constructed, for the simple reason that without a railway a considerable amount of traffic will naturally come to Beaufort, and with a railway the traffic will be diverted to the nearest station, and consequently any money spent in making roads would be practically wasted. Ararat and Mortlake are being similarly situated, the Riponshire Council appointed its President (Mr. E. J. Muntz) as a deputation to interview the shire council to intervene in the shire council on Thursday.

As Araratshire met on Thursday, 4th inst., and Mortlake on the following day, a Russell motor car was engaged from Keil & Loveland, Ballarat, to take the deputation to Beaufort. On Wednesday morning the deputation returned to Beaufort, and on the following day, a telegram awaiting him to the effect that Mr. Clark, an engineer of the Public Works Department, would arrive that night by the Adelaide express with a view to inspecting flood damages next morning. The motor was used in consequence, and Mr. Clark to Raglan and Travelling, where the worst damage was done, and that gentleman consented to bridges, and that gentleman afterwards stated unofficially that he thought the shire would get a grant of £1000 in the amount claimed—£2200 on Ball's bridge at Raglan and £1000 on the Salt Creek bridge.

We are very much indebted to the President for his kindness in inviting a representative of the "Advocate" to accompany the deputation, and needless to say it was eagerly and gratefully accepted. A start was made for Ararat shortly after 12 o'clock, and that town was reached in slightly under the hour. Mr. Richardson, President of Ararat, who was joined at the Ararat Shire Hall by Mr. Geo. Lewis, and extended to them a hearty invitation to lunch. The deputation then proceeded to Araratshire's hospitality and co-operation. Subsequently the President of Araratshire proposed the health of the deputation, to which Mr. Flynn and Stewart responded.

Shortly after 5 p.m., the deputation proceeded on its way across country to Mortlake, a distance of about 60 miles, and despite a "blow-out" which necessitated half-an-hour's delay in putting on another tyre, their destination was reached at about 10 minutes past 8 o'clock. En route the Cathcart mine was passed. The traffic on this road at Ararat at the present time is fairly heavy, and the effect is plainly to be seen. A large drag laden with miners was met. Throughout the Rossbridge, Maroona, and Woondoo districts the crops are very backward, and unless rain comes shortly the yields will be poor. Very comfortable accommodation for the night was found at Quiney's hotel. One of the travellers was somewhat surprised to find two bibles in his bedroom. Mortlake is badly lighted; the streets being very dark at night. The main street has a fine row of very even poplar trees, and presents a beautiful appearance. The roads are simply perfect, and admirable attention has been paid to street channeling; but what struck the visitor as being sadly wanting to a town showing abundant evidences of prosperity is the absence of a reticulated water supply. The visitors saw a fine lot of delivery horses (about 15) turned out of the yard of the principal business establishment, and were informed that this was only half the number used. The State school children were practising physical drill outside a very fine building. The school garden, a picture of neatness and beauty, was very much admired; the roses receiving special attention, and the number of plants being very large. The school building is a fine specimen of modern architecture, and the school is well equipped for the purpose.

The President then introduced the deputation. Mr. Flynn said their business had been stated in the letter just read by the president (Mr. Brumby), next by all the councillors present. Acquaintance was renewed with the Hon. Thos. Dowling, who for 20 years represented the Nelson Province in the Legislative Council, and for many years was a judge of sheep at the Beaufort show. Mr. Dowling, who is 90 years of age, and time is full of mental vigor, and although a trifle deaf, is wonderfully preserved man physically. He related some interesting reminiscences of the difficulties experienced by himself as a settler before and after gold was discovered in Victoria, and missed no opportunity of explaining his views on taxation—the Surplus Value Tax. He had travelled specially from Geelong to attend the meeting of his council. As that a quorum would not be present, he was in full swing, it was feared. As a matter of fact, that would not have made any difference, for once the deputationists obtained the ear of Mortlake councillors, they made out such a strong case as to excite a keen interest in the matter, that without allowing time to lapse for want of quorum (there being one short of the required number when proceedings commenced), the Shire of Ripon, drawing attention to the urgent nature of the proposed railway through the country south of Skipton, they had under consideration the question of construction of certain roads at a considerable expense, and in view of the fact that, in the event of the proposed railway being constructed, the roads will not be required, considered that the Minister of Railways should be approached by a joint deputation from Mortlake, Ararat and Ripon Shires, to urge that a decision be arrived at at an early date, and the matter definitely settled. Representatives of their council would attend the Mortlake Shire Council meeting to submit the full information. They trusted that the Mortlake Shire Council would see its way clear to appoint representatives to attend the deputation to the Minister of Railways.

The New Ideas.

SOME LOVELY DESIGNS IN SPRING MILLINERY.



No 2132



No 2133

'Where is the girl with soul so dead, who never to herself has said, 'Give me a lovely hat for Spring.' Spring Millinery represents an embodiment of natural beauty—striking and charming floral effects and pretty colorings. Our new models are artistic productions—fashioned on the most stylish London and Continental models. COME AND SEE THE PRETTY SHAPES

CITY SHOPS WOULD CHARGE YOU TWICE AS MUCH.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co., The Store that Serves You Well, BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

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from Carranballa, the settlers on which were paying 10s per acre for the land and 12s an acre to get their produce to market. They could not afford to pay that, and it meant a heavy expenditure to his council to keep these people on the land, and they should certainly ask the Minister of Railways to do so as possible outline the route the line was to take constructed. Mortlake Shire could support that very strenuously. Mr. Dowling said he had been made acquainted with the object of the deputation, which was a very good one. It seemed to him that this shire should heartily render any assistance it could to further the object in view. He trusted that a deputation to the Minister would be appointed, and he would be pleased to accompany it if possible. Mr. Dowling was informed that he was included in the deputation, and he also agreed that Mr. Moffat should be added. The motion was carried unanimously. During the discussion, Mr. Clifford attended and made up the quorum. Mr. Flynn, on behalf of his colleagues and himself, thanked the council for the hearty reception given them. He was sure they would remember the Mortlake Shire Council when at their prayers later on. These little deputations are very timely, and give them a certain amount of enlightenment as to procedure. The visitors were asked to stay to lunch, but as they were anxious to push on to Colac, they had to regretfully decline. Mortlake, with its pleasant associations, was left shortly after noon, and the party lunched at the Leura hotel, Campdown. The Western district has been applied for as the garden of Victoria. Terang, Campdown, and Colac all show abundant proofs of the general prosperity of the district. The land, which is worth up to £500 and over per acre, carries more cattle, per acre, than the Beaufort land, and the dairies and creameries and butter factories are constantly being met with. The pig industry also seems a valuable adjunct to the farms. The homes are very comfortable, and all the surroundings distinctly show what a wonderful source of wealth land is when put to its proper use. The only disadvantage the trip had was to make one somewhat discontented with his lot, and regret that he had not

settled in the Western district. From Pompanet over the Stony Rises there was a stretch of barren hilly country with a plentiful crop of bracken, but near Colac the sight was a beautiful one. The country right through from Mortlake is well dotted with lakes. There was an entire absence of dams, but windmills, tanks, and troughs were very common, and, of course, a distinct advantage. Colac was left on the Friday after 5 p.m., and Beaufort, a distance of over 100 miles, was reached at 10 o'clock. The route taken was through Bassac, Crossac, where a stretch of very bad road was met with, due, no doubt, to the construction of the railway line, Lismore, and Skipton. A great deal of land through this country has not been put under the plough, and the advancement of these districts has been rapid in consequence. We were travelling at the rate of from 30 to 35 miles an hour, and of course only a cursory glance at the country could be obtained. Upon arrival at Beaufort, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart entertained the visitors most hospitably, and Beaufort being safely reached, a very pleasant trip thus ended.

RIFLE SHOOTING. At a prize meeting of the Ararat and District Rifle Club's Union on Wednesday, a team from Beaufort competed in the Teams Match, ten shots at 500 yds., for seven gold medals valued at £8 15s, but only came eighth on the list; Stawell No. 1 team being the winners with a score of 340. Beaufort made 322. In the Hopkins Handicap, seven shots at 200 yds., E. Buchanan won, and W. H. Collins 5. The first prize of £3 in the Stawell Match Handicap at 500 yds. was won by D. F. Troy; J. E. Buchanan winning 15, and J. H. Collins, A. Saph, and G. Wilson 5 each. In the Irvine Match, 7 shots at 600 yds., J. H. Collins and D. F. Troy each won 5. In the Service Match, 7 shots at 200 yds., J. Prentice won 10, and W. Dunn and J. H. Collins 5 each.

CROSS ROADS SHEEP SALE. Messrs Dalgety & Co. Ltd. (Melbourne) and Young Bros. (Hamilton) held their eighth annual sale of station-bred shorn merino sheep on Thursday, at the Cross Roads, near Beaufort. There was a large attendance, and the sale, considering the quality of the sheep, was a highly successful one. Buyers were present from the north, north-west, and north-eastern parts of Victoria, as well as from the surrounding district. Bidding was very brisk, and the sheep, which were culled principally from district stations, realised very fair prices, more particularly old sheep, which brought up to 4/1. The top price (7/6) was obtained for Mawallok ewes and for Stoneleigh crossbred lambs (in wool). A total of 12593 sheep was yarded, every hoof being sold. The sale realised £2610 0/11, or an average of a fraction under 4/1 per head. Last year 17,576 sheep were sold for a total sum of £3728 3/5, or an average of a little over 4/2 per head—about 1d per head better than this year. In 1908 the sales varied from 1/2 for old sheep to 8/1; this year the prices ranged from 2/4 to 7/6. The sheep on Thursday were, for the most part, in poor condition; no really prime sheep being offered. Mr. Chas. Matthews, as usual, officiated as auctioneer. After stating the terms, he mentioned that it was an absolutely unreserved sale. The vendors of the some of the best selling in Victoria. The sheep were from surrounding stations, and for soundness and constitution could not be beaten; in fact, it was a by-word with everybody who had bought sheep at these sales that they had done well out of them. That was the reason they had such good buyers here. There had never been a better season. He quoted high prices ruling in New South Wales, and pointed out that when the present congestion of fat stock was relieved, prices would increase. E. H. Walsh, of the Beaufort hotel, again had charge of the catering arrangements. The crowd, however, had healthy appetites, and provisions ran out. Appended are details of the sales:— Account executors late Mr. W. Lewis, Stonelike—220 merino wethers, 2 years old, 4/8; 156 merino wethers, 1 year old, 3/; 56 crossbred lambs (in wool), 7/6. Account Messrs Beggs Bros., Eurambien—45 merino wethers, 1 year old, 3/6; 102 merino ewes, 1 year old, 4/1. Account Messrs Dalgety & Co., Narceeb—655 merino ewes, 2 years old, 4/; 180 merino ewes, 3 years old, 4/1. Account Messrs Dalgety & Co., Hopkins Hill—159 merino ewes, 2 years old, 4/1. Account Mr. Chas. Fairbairn, Banongah—540 merino ewes, 2 years old, 3/5; 389 merino ewes, 1 year old, 3/2; 1200 merino ewes, aged, 2/9; 291 merino wethers, 1 year old, 2/8; 1300 merino wethers, 2 years old, 4/2. Account Mr. Philip Russell, Mawallok—657 merino ewes, 1 year old, 5/; 107 do., 3/; 353 merino ewes, 2 years old, 7/6; 794 merino ewes, 6 years old, 4/1; 795 merino ewes, 7 years old, 3/4; 60 cast rams—38, 3 to 6 years old, 6/5; 22, aged, 5/4. Account Mr. W. Weatherly, Blythvale—22 merino wethers, 4 years old, 7/3; 1366 merino wethers, 4 years old—850 at 6/8, and 516 at 6/6; 1459 merino ewes, 6 years old, 2/6; 902 merino ewes, 7 years old, 2/4; 275 merino ewes, 1 year old, 4/2.

WANTED, General SERVANT; no washing; Wages, 10s. Apply this Office. OST a TARPULIN off a Wagon, between St. Maroon's and Beaufort, on Thursday, 11th inst. Reward £10. Apply to the Manager, BEAUFORT HOTEL. STOCK SPOUTING, Riding, Down Pipe, and Roofing Nails, and undertake all work in the Plumbing line. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Apply to E. NICKOLS, The Firm, Beaufort. FOR SALE or TO LET—Premises lately occupied by Mrs. Cuthbertson as a Bakery, at Corner of Livingstone and Willerby Streets, Beaufort. Apply to E. NICKOLS, The Firm, Beaufort. OST or STOLEN from TRAWALLA ESTATE, 20 2-year-old MERINO EWES in the wool, branded black T on back of head, front right eye, leaving for Recovery of Sheep if lost, and 25s for information leading to the conviction of the person or persons stealing same. THE MANAGER, TRAWALLA. BEAUFORT GUN CLUB. SHOOT will take place near Old Shear on WEDNESDAY NEXT at 1.30 p.m. TROPHY and SWEEPS. W. R. GLOVER, Secretary. BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB. A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE, on MONDAY NEXT, 15th inst., at 8 p.m. A full attendance of members and intending members especially requested. THE MANAGER, BEAUFORT. To Woodcutters and Others. TENDERS invited by the BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB, till 8 p.m. on MONDAY, Nov. 15, 1909, for the supply of 100 copies of paper of 24 inches by 36 inches in diameter and 24 lbs. weight, delivered at the Beaufort Park by Road, Beaufort. Price to be at net. Deposit 2s. to accompany tender. The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. Specifications to be had on application. THE MANAGER, BEAUFORT. FURNITURE SALE, RAGLAN. WEDNESDAY, 24th NOV., 1909, at 2 p.m. DIXON BROS. & HALPIN will sell, account Mr. T. McMISH, on above date. Particulars next issue.

HORSE AND CATTLE MEDICINES!

OPTICAL DEPARTMENT.

Your Eyes Scientifically Tested.

ALL KINDS OF GLASSES

For Indoor or Outdoor Work.

RIMLESS SPECTACLES,

Gold, Gold-filled, or Steel Frames.

If you break your Glasses, bring in the pieces

FRAMES REPAIRED!

Melbourne Methods! Melbourne Prices!

Physicians' Prescriptions and Home Recipes Carefully Prepared.

Orders from Outlying Districts Promptly Forwarded.

J. E. DENTRY,

CHEMIST & OPTICIAN,

BEAUFORT.

Important News to Farmers and WHEAT GROWERS!

"The market for jute goods generally is firm, cornsacks having had trade on the spot and to arrive next month (November) at five shillings and sixpence (5/6) per dozen."—MELBOURNE "AGE," October 26, 1909.

Are you aware, gentlemen, that this refers to Australian Standard New Wheat Sacks,

which you will require later on to transport your waving fields of golden corn to the ship's side, and therefore place your orders NOW with

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IRONMONGERS,

BEAUFORT.

who are still booking orders for forward delivery of best quality bags at Beaufort at Melbourne wholesale rate of 5/8 per dozen.

No. 1 Oat Bags (sound and clean), full size, at 6/6 dozen. Once-used Crude Sugar Bags, splendid value, at 7/- dozen.

For Bags of All Kinds,

TRY HAWKES BROS.,

THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT.

Sole Agents for "McCormick" Reapers and Binders, and all Farm Implements.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid 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 nor Asthma to become chronic nor Consumption to develop. Consumption is not known where "Coughs" have, on their first appearance, been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose or two is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by W. G. HEARNE & Co., Ltd., Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

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

VARIETIES.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man... there are a hundred that will stand adversity to her husband.

Miss Passer says Mr. Golden proposed to her on Wednesday night, but she didn't give him her answer until Thursday.

"You" exclaimed the indignant old gentleman... "Why, sir, it is only a few years ago that you were caddy for me."

"Yes," the young man replied, "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. I hope I am philosopher enough to understand that a very bad girl may make a fairly good father-in-law."

"What a murderous-looking villain the prisoner is," whispered an old man in the courtroom... "I'm afraid to get near him."

"Hush!" said her husband. "The isn't the prisoner, that's the magistrate."

Mason: Is it true that Bankes died poor? Green: Yes, you see, he lost his health pursuing fortune, and then lost his fortune pursuing health.

"Gerald, have you asked papa yet?" said the young lady... "Oh, yes," he answered, "I'm afraid it's all right, Lucy."

"What did he say?" "Gerald hesitated before he answered. 'Well, he said there was no account for tastes, and that if you had your heart on bringing me into the family, he'd have to make it his mind to stand it.'"

"Oh!" murmured Lucy. "Isn't he kind?"

Here is a story which must have originated in America and the proverbs of which must have been derived in that "home of cliches," Boston.

Noticing a passenger with the end of a cigar in his fingers, a train conductor requested him to throw it into the street.

"It is out, you chump!" responded the passenger.

"Parson me," resumed the conductor. "If I have failed to make myself clear, the condition to which I refer is not one of mere temporariness, but of permanent nature."

"Excuse me, professor," replied the passenger meekly, and the incident was closed.

Discounted Sympathy. "See that poor afflicted boy sitting in front of that shop? No doubt his tooth is aching with pain—an ulcerated tooth, perhaps. See how he holds his jaw with both hands and wags from side to side. Poor fellow!"

"My dear boy, you are badly mistaken. The lad is perfectly happy. He is playing a Jew's harp."

Beyond Belief. "Good gracious!" said the lady visitor. "That ball seems very angry doesn't it?"

"It's your red hat, ma'am," explained the farmer. She flushed and bit her lip.

"You know it is old-fashioned," murmured, "but who'd have thought a stupid old country ball would have noticed it?"

Mother's Experience. Fond Mother. Now look here, George, I want you to break off with that girl. She is very pretty, and that, but I know her too well to want you to risk your life and happiness by marrying her. Why she knows no more about housekeeping than I do about Greek—not a bit!

George: Perhaps not, but she can't leave. Mother: After marriage is rather late for that, George. George: But you said yourself that you did not know a thing about housekeeping until after you were married.

Mother: Very true, George, and your poor father died of dyspepsia twenty years ago.

One Better. Pat and Mike were good friends both given to boasting. One day, while walking towards the place where they worked, they were discussing the various beauties of their senses, when Mike declared:

"I tell you, Pat, my eyesight is the good that I'll deny anyone to be far as well as Pat's. I'm a church stealer in the distance."

Pat raised his eyes and looked away to the distant spire. "Well, now, Pat, that's not crawling around the middle at all."

Pat raised his hand to his brow and gazed intently for a moment. Then his happy smile faded and he turned angrily, as he replied:

"No, Mike, but I kin hear his footsteps."

"PUTTING OFF IS PERILOUS. An old business man expressed the view that procrastination was one of the greatest of evils.

"People are for ever denouncing imprudence, but the denunciation of the word is not work so much as to live as the habit of putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day."

"And this is why the improvident man does not believe in thrift. He simply says to himself he will practice thrift to-morrow and go with the idler, the drunkard, and the gambler, and all going to be industrious sober, and steady at some future time."

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

The anniversary of the Main Lead United Sunday school was celebrated by special services on Sunday 8th Monday; the seating accommodation of the Public Hall being somewhat overtaxed on each occasion.

A choir of over 50 voices, under the capable conductorship of Mr Dan Jackson, acquitted itself admirably; and was assisted by Misses May Morris, Ada Jackson, and Stella Jackson (singing).

Three scholars officiated in turn as organists, viz., Misses A. Dickman, N. Palmer, and Master A. Carmichael. Mr. Tho. Dickman carried out the secretarial duties, and the takings at the services amounted to £11 12/10.

Rev. J. T. Kearns, of the Beaufort Methodist Church, addressed the Sunday afternoon gathering, taking as his text—"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof"—Zech., VIII. 5. Here was a grand picture by the prophet Zechariah, intended to raise the hope and stimulate the expectation of God's ancient people during a period of national adversity.

The ancient prophecy was being fulfilled in a wider sense in their day. Never was there a time in the past when the interests of boys and girls received so much attention as they did now. This was one of the most striking signs of the progress of humanity.

The preacher's address was along these lines:—(1) They had here an important element in the proper development of childhood; (2) a pledge and a promise of better things to come in their national life; (3) the presence of happy childhood was a distinct benefit to the aged and the careworn; (4) Play was a good preparation for work; (5) and a revealer of character; (6) whilst in young or old a healthy soul in a healthy body would make life most valuable.

Antonyms.—"Heartfelt Song"; "Reach the Gospel Banner"; "The Shining Gates of Day"; "Victory"; "The Christian Army"; "God has opened the Gates"; "A Song of Thanksgiving"; and "Make your Life a Christ."

Recitations:—"Love of Christ," Florrie Dickman; "Not for Pay," Alice Notcott; "The Last Bird," Winnie Crawley; "A Brother's Promise," Olive Morris; "It Pays," Elsie George; "A Little Girl's Speech," Ivy Morris.

The evening service was conducted by the Rev. Chas. Reed, of St. John's Church of England, Beaufort, whose special message was to the children. Mr Reed's text was from Proverbs, vi. 23. His advice to young and old was to keep their hearts pure. Above all keeping guard to their hearts. He who knew anything of himself knew how apt his affections was the fountain whence all the streams of life proceeded, care must be taken that the fountain be not scummed up or injured. A double watch for its safety must be kept up in spiritual things. The heart was the seat of the Lord of life and glory. The streams of spiritual life proceeded from Him to all the powers and faculties of the soul. All the evils which proceeded from the heart must be guarded against. How could it be kept pure? By constant watching and earnest prayer to God. The preacher concluded by congratulating the children on their splendid singing and good behaviour.

Antonyms.—"Sing ye to God"; "No Stranger There"; "Wonderful Love"; "Marching Home"; "Church of God, Arise"; "When the Ages Eternal Go by"; "Just the Same"; "Forward in the Sunshine."

Recitations.—"Wishing," Selina Dickman; "Drifted out to Sea," Alice Notcott; "How to Learn a Lesson," Doris Morley; "Babbling in the Wood," Ivy Morris; "Little Katie," Evelyn Morris; "Sister Blessings," Pearl Carmichael.

On Monday afternoon the annual Sunday school picnic was held, and thoroughly enjoyed by the little ones and the children of an older growth. The tea in the public hall was partaken of by 66 persons; the tables being well stocked with the edibles provided by the caterer, Mr J. R. Hughes. The following ladies waited at the tables:—Meadames Gibson and Morley, and the Misses A. Dickman, E. Veal, J. and M. Ball.

The after-meeting at 8 p.m. was conducted by Mr Robert Thompson, of the Beaufort Presbyterian Church. All through the audience perspired freely, they seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves; and the chairman kept them in good humour. One minute joking, the next sermonising, Mr Thompson spoke of all that was desired in a Sunday school teacher, giving reminiscences, humorous and otherwise, of his own experience in that capacity.

Mr Alex. Nicholson (an elder of the Presbyterian Church, Beaufort), also spoke. The speaker posed as Mr Thompson's biographer, and borrowed freely from the store of dry humour to be found in Scotch anecdotes appertaining to "all important" kirk functionaries. He experienced a peculiar pleasure in being here to-night, for he had seen the mothers and fathers of these dear children in the selfsame position, when attending this church as a boy on many past anniversary occasions. Dealing with the pitfalls and snares of youth, the speaker declared that it was most essential to have the influence of religious training. He was therefore glad to see so many of his old friends taking such a keen interest in Sunday school work. He knew his young friend Mr Tom Dickman was an ardent worker in the Sunday school and church, and was very gratified to see it. He wished the Main Lead Sunday school every success, and was pleased to note the successful issue its anniversary had brought to.

Antonyms.—"Heartfelt Song"; "Shining Gates of Day"; "Victory";

"Church of God, Arise"; "Song of Thanksgiving"; "Forward in the Sunshine"; "Just the Same"; "Make Your Life a Song."

Recitations:—"Old Willie," Annie Broadbent; "A Little Girl's Speech," Ivy Morris; "Babbling Fairy," Isabel Crawley; "It Pays," Elsie George; "Dressed Up," Amy Broadbent; "Mary's Cake," Martha George; "Grannie's Story," Doris Broadbent; dialogue, "Vanity," Misses Lillian, Florrie, and Selina Dickman.

The secretary (Mr T. Dickman) reported that the collections had amounted to £24 8/4; that £18 18/ had been collected by the Misses May Ball and Minnie Dickman; and that £2 6/6 was received at the tables; the total amount raised being £11 12/10, as against £12 14/4 at last anniversary. He moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Dan Jackson (who had trained the children's choir) and the members of the Jackson family for their assistance. And carried by acclamation.

Mr Dan Jackson briefly responded, stating that the Jackson family were willing at any time to assist in such good work. (Applause.)

Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frotoide, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is a convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints.

Frotoide are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than any ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and clogging the channels that lead to and from them.

The beneficial effects of Frotoide are evident by the disappearance of headache, a bright, cheery sense of perfect health, feelings of the place of sluggish, depressed or irritable. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have done any good at all.

Frotoide act splendidly on the liver; a dose taken at bed-time, once a week, is highly beneficial.

A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will take a dose of Frotoide, instead of an ordinary aperient. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of aperient medicine.

Price 1/6. Chemists, Medicine Vendors, or the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

TWO BOYS DROWNED.

A sad drowning fatality occurred at Snake Valley on Saturday; two boys, who were returning from a shooting excursion, being the victims. Thomas Chieseman, nine years of age, and son of the licensee of the United States hotel, and William Suttie, eight years of age, left their homes early in the morning, and as they did not return in the evening some relatives and friends formed a search party. About midnight the boys' clothing was discovered on the bank of a water-hole, known as the Blue Dam, some distance from Suttie's home; the search party being directed to the spot by the whining of a dog. Two elder brothers of Suttie entered the dam, and in about 4 feet of water Thomas Charles Suttie stepped on the body of his brother. He lifted it up to the surface and then drowned. He also was in danger of drowning, but was rescued in time.

The search party made a great race, and won by three lengths. Five starters. The race was won by A. Nicholson, 10yds, but he was disqualified, on a protest being lodged by A. Carmichael, on the ground that he was not in the second round. The race was then re-run, and won by Fred. Smith, who traversed the mile in 7min. 55sec.

Smoker's Handicap. First, box of cigars, Theo. Schlicht, 1. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 2. W. A. Pedder, 3. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 4. W. A. Pedder, 5. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 6. W. A. Pedder, 7. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 8. W. A. Pedder, 9. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 10. W. A. Pedder, 11. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 12. W. A. Pedder, 13. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 14. W. A. Pedder, 15. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 16. W. A. Pedder, 17. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 18. W. A. Pedder, 19. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 20. W. A. Pedder, 21. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 22. W. A. Pedder, 23. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 24. W. A. Pedder, 25. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 26. W. A. Pedder, 27. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 28. W. A. Pedder, 29. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 30. W. A. Pedder, 31. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 32. W. A. Pedder, 33. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 34. W. A. Pedder, 35. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 36. W. A. Pedder, 37. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 38. W. A. Pedder, 39. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 40. W. A. Pedder, 41. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 42. W. A. Pedder, 43. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 44. W. A. Pedder, 45. J. L. Lloyd (scr.), 46. 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Time, The Avenger THE UNRAVELLING OF A STRANGE WILL MYSTERY.

By HEDLEY RICHARDS, Author of "The Heights of Hillcrest," "From Mill to Mansion," "Diana's Inheritance," Etc., Etc.

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT. CHAPTER XXVIII. JULIE.

The doctor had seen Mr. Dalrymple again and gone away, leaving madame in sole charge of the sick room. The injured man was very restless, fever had set in, and he talked incessantly, but there was no sense in his words.

"Julie, have you come back? I tried to find you but it was no use. I shall not let you go again," he said, clasping her disengaged hand, and he lay quiet for a few minutes, then fell into a broken slumber. Presently he opened his eyes and called out:

"Who said I was No. 649? Hush, you mustn't let Mildred know." "No one shall know. It is our secret," said madame, soothingly. "Is that you, Julie? Why have you been away so long? If I could have found you we could have discovered the truth before."

"Never mind; we shall soon know all about it," she said, stroking his hand gently. "Did you know about that letter? I cannot remember what was in it. Do you know?" he asked, in a puzzled tone.

"No, but you will remember in time," she answered. "Should I tell you what that letter was about?" he asked, almost in a whisper. "No, but you will remember in time," she answered.

"I don't want it," he said, quite sternly. "Without a word he drank it, and for a moment he lay quiet; then he opened his eyes which were feverishly bright and looked at her, saying, almost in a whisper:

"Who called me Lionel? I'm Richard-Richard. I cannot remember the other name. Don't let Mildred hear you call me Lionel. Promise me, Julie."

"She promised, and he fell asleep. Madame bent over him, trying to trace in the face of the man of sixty some likeness to the Lionel Hudspeth she had known and loved—yes, and did love then. Such a love as hers could not be killed by time or separation, and she told herself that it didn't wrong his wife, as she sought to return. All she had desired and did desire was to help him, and Heaven had put it into her power to do so.

Looking at him as he lay slumbering fitfully, madame told herself that he had not led the trials of his youth spoiled his life. It was the face of a good, honourable man and she thanked Heaven that he had come unscathed out of his fiery trial. Presently he opened his eyes.

"Julie, are you there?" he asked, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he dozed off. "All through the night she watched him, and when at seven in the morning Dr. Bowers appeared, he expressed himself well satisfied with his patient's condition, and offered to watch him while she had some breakfast, refusing to listen to her suggestion that she should wait until Miss Holmes could take her place, saying he had told the maid who opened the door to get her some breakfast; so madame went into the dining room and was surprised to find that she could not get a good breakfast, and she returned to the sick room feeling much better. As she entered, the doctor rose and came towards her, saying:

"He keeps calling out for Julie. Has he named her during the night?" "Julie. There is no accounting for a sick man's fancies," she answered, quietly.

"I think he has known and loved a woman of that name. I hope he won't talk about her after Lady Dalrymple arrives," said the doctor. Madame went to the bedside, and smoothed the bedclothes saying, gently:

"Would you like a drink?" And she put a glass containing liquid to his lips. "It is good to have you here. Why didn't you come back sooner?" he said, clasping her hand in his.

"You must lie still," she said, gently; then went to the window and opened it a little wider at the top, doing all so quietly, that she won't be noticed by the doctor.

"Good morning, madame. I am going to telegraph to London for a nurse, though I tell you candidly I don't expect to get a better one than you; but Lady Dalrymple will be more satisfied if I get a trained one. But you are a born nurse, and that is even better than one that has been trained. I shall look in again about noon."

"When he had gone madame seated herself near the bed, and told herself that for that day the man she loved would be entirely hers. Later

his wife would come and a nurse; then she would have to relinquish him into their hands. But at present he was all her own, and she sat listening to his talk about the past. There were many things he said which showed he had not forgotten the time when he was her lover. Once or twice he spoke of Mildred but it was Julie that seemed to be present in his thoughts.

About noon Dr. Bowers returned, and told her that he had telegraphed to several places for a nurse, but he could not get one for a week. You madame, I shall have to beg of you to continue here another week. You won't fail me?" he said, in an anxious tone.

"I will gladly stay and nurse Mr. Dalrymple," she said, in an earnest tone. "Thank you, madame. You ought to take up sick-nursing as a profession, instead of making hats and bonnets for a lot of frivolous women. It's a waste of talent."

"They are good hats and bonnets," she said, with a smile. "So my wife and daughters say. I heard your praises sounded loudly, and I have no doubt you find it a very lucrative employment," he said, smiling; "but now I must tell you that I have a telegram from Mr. Gar Hatton. Lady Dalrymple and her daughter are on their way home and expect to be in Wittonbury about half-past seven. They will dine on the way, and I was to tell Miss Holmes her ladyship would only require a cup of tea. Miss Dalrymple is going to Gelder Hall. Miss Hudspeth sent a telegram begging her to do so as she would be nearer her father than at Housesteads. Of course Lady Dalrymple will stay here, but there would not be room for both of them. Last of all, I insist upon not being fit to undertake tonight's work, so I shall be here at three o'clock and remain until Lady Dalrymple arrives. If I tell Miss Holmes to call you at a quarter past seven, you will be able to get a comfortable tea before they arrive."

"Thank you, doctor; but can you spare the time?" she asked. "I shall spare it," and with a few words of direction he left the room.

It was quite a quarter past eight when madame saw the Hudspeth carriage stop at the gate and Gar Hatton, Miss Dalrymple, Mona, and Miss Hudspeth alight. Then they came up the little path, and she heard a subdued murmur of voices in the hall. After a few minutes she saw the two girls go down the path and enter the carriage, accompanied by Gar Hatton. Then she heard the room door open, and looking round saw the doctor, and Lady Dalrymple, who looked white and ill. She went very quietly to the bedside and gazed down at her husband, who just then appeared to be dozing.

Stooping down she kissed his hand, which lay on the quilt, unconscious that madame was trying to still the raging jealousy which possessed her at this quiet taking possession of the man whom she loved better than her life.

The sick man stirred uneasily, and murmured "Julie." Lady Dalrymple raised herself and looked at the doctor, as she said: "I thought he would have known me."

Dr. Bowers shook his head. "He must be kept very quiet. Had your ladyship not better have a cup of tea and see him presently?" "Yes."

Then she turned to madame, and clasped her hand. "Dr. Bowers tells me you have been invaluable. I can never thank you enough."

"I don't want any thanks. I am glad to have been of use, and I have had experience," madame returned so quietly that Lady Dalrymple thought her manner cold.

"Still, I cannot help being grateful and I should like to help. Dr. Bowers tells me he cannot get a nurse for a week, so you will need assistance."

"I do not assist a tired, and I can do with very little sleep," said madame. "I think Lady Dalrymple had better attend to her husband while you sleep in the day time, and you ought to have a walk every day," said the doctor as he opened the door for her ladyship. Then he turned and gave madame some instructions about her patient, and wishing her good evening left the room.

An hour later Lady Dalrymple entered the room, and remained some little time seated quietly by the bedside, while madame withdrew to the other end of the room. Once or twice when she spoke of Julie, a puzzled look came into her ladyship's face, but she did her best to soothe him.

"That night he was strangely restless, and it taxed all madame's strength to prevail on him to lie still; and he talked incessantly of the past, but in the morning he seemed a little better, and she left him with Lady Dalrymple, while she got a few hours sleep.

Day after day passed, and the fever began to abate, but he was still delirious, and one day, when madame was sitting by the bedside, Lady Dalrymple entered the room just as the sick man exclaimed:

"Julie, you mustn't let Mildred know you have come back. I never told her about you."

Madame glanced at her ladyship, and saw that her face was flushed, and she looked pained, but she took not the slightest notice of his words.

"He will be rational in a day or two. The doctor says the crisis will be to-morrow," remarked madame. "Yes; and to-morrow the nurse comes. You will give him into her charge when the real work is done. Madame, I shall always be your debtor. I can see your own health has suffered through the confinement of a sick room. When Mr. Dalrymple is well and we return home, you must come and stay with us and grow strong again," said Lady Dalrymple.

Madame smiled half-sadly. She was thinking of the time when she had lived at Housesteads and taught her ladyship's elder sister and brother. She would have liked to visit it again, but she knew it was impossible. But the very thought of the place where she had first met her lover, who was now this other woman's husband raised a flood of recollections, and she felt she must be alone; so rising, she said:

"I think I should like a stroll, Lady Dalrymple. Do you think you can manage without me?" "Yes; and you ought to go out," but before her ladyship had finished speaking madame had left the room.

Putting on her bonnet and mantle, she went out and walked quickly in the direction of the Gelder Inn, but she had not gone far when she met the stranger who had called at the Hollies to inform Miss Holmes that he had heard two men discussing the lost paper.

She was going to bow and pass on, but he paused, saying: "Excuse me, madame; I want a few words with you."

"I am waiting," she said, quietly. "First of all I must tell you that I know you sent to Mr. Dalrymple that paper which Miss Holmes had lost and that I am aware you are Madame Julie, the lady who was married to the unfortunate Lionel Hudspeth; that you married him believing your first husband to be dead, but that he deceived you, and of course, your second marriage was void."

While he was speaking, madame had grown pale as death, but she did not utter a word, and stood quite still, waiting to hear all he had to say.

If the detective had doubted the truth of his surmise before, he knew now that his supposition had been correct.

"If you will tell me that I am right, I can give you some information that I think will be a source of satisfaction to you," he said after a slight pause.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I am a detective," he said, watching her closely, and he saw a look of satisfaction.

"I am glad to hear that. Yes, you have guessed correctly; I am that unfortunate woman, but I beg of you not to tell Mr. Dalrymple. It would do him no good, and cause him a great deal of discomfort," she said, pleadingly.

"I will keep your secret, madame; and I may tell you that the paper you sent him was the key to the mystery surrounding the crime. I cannot tell you more at present, but I am doing my best to elucidate the mystery."

"Did Mr. Dalrymple suspect that I had sent the paper?" she asked. "No. He was quite at sea as to who had sent it. In fact I never thought of such a thing until I saw you at the Hollies, but when I considered the matter it seemed likely."

Madame smiled almost triumphantly, as she said: "Years ago I vowed I would clear his name, but for a time my hands were tied, and I didn't even know whether he was alive, though I always thought he would be spared to stand before the world an innocent man. Quite by accident I discovered where he lived, and that he was known as Mr. Dalrymple. Then I came to live here, and my landlady being the niece of Miss Holmes, I got to know the old lady. I knew she had been housekeeper at the Hall when the affair took place, so I made friends with her, and from what she told me I believe the late Mr. Hudspeth before his death believed in his son's innocence."

"He did, and he wished to prove it before the world," replied the detective. "I was sorry to have to rob my friend, but it was necessary," said madame, with a smile.

"I'm glad you did. And now, madame, I want you to look well after Mr. Dalrymple. He was not shot accidentally."

"I suspected as much, but he is safe from harm. I go to-morrow, but a trained nurse takes his place, and he has recognized my voice as he has talked incessantly about Julie. I am afraid Lady Dalrymple will suspect that her husband has loved before he ever saw her. I am glad I am going, lest when consciousness returned he should trace some faint likeness to the Julie he remembers," she said, trying to speak calmly.

"And when his innocence is established, what shall you do?" he asked, regarding her with interest. "Leave Wittonbury, happy in knowing that he is in his rightful position, and that I have helped to place him there."

"Madame, you are one of the most disinterested women I have ever met with. And now, just one more question, and I promise you that what you tell me shall go no further. Were you the woman who was seen to enter the wood on the night before the man's body was found in Dead Man's Pool?"

"I was, and I saw Marcus Hudspeth come out of the wood, looking like a ghost."

"Thank you, and in return I will tell you that it is the dead man's twin brother—the very image of him—who is playing ghost in the neighbourhood; and he can swear that his brother was flung into the pool, and he can point out the murderer when the time comes. He can also swear that Mr. Dalrymple is really Lionel Hudspeth."

"Then No. 645 was not drowned?" she said, in accents of surprise. "He is dead," he answered.

"I see you know more than I thought. You would make an admirable detective, you madame. And now I will say good evening, as there is someone coming across the field. This has been a good place for our chat, as the low walls on either side afford no shelter for eavesdroppers; and raising his hat, he went towards Wittonbury, while madame walked to the opposite direction.

I wonder if Lady Dalrymple would be capable of it? She's a good woman from all I hear, but madame's price is above rubies," reflected the detective.

CHAPTER XXIX. MADAME GOES HOME.

The new nurse had come and madame was waiting to say good bye to Lady Dalrymple when the doctor and her ladyship entered the dining room at the Hollies.

"He is conscious. He opened his eyes just before the nurse came into the room, and I gave him a soothing draught which has sent him to sleep. I hope he will do now, but there is much to thank you for, madame," said Dr. Bowers.

"Did he know you, Lady Dalrymple?" she asked, ignoring the doctor's words and looking at the sweet, gracious woman whose face showed how much the week had tried her.

"Yes, but he is very weak now the fever has left him, though if he can take nourishment that will alter. But, madame, how am I to thank you for what you have done? I may not even reimburse you for the loss of your business' has sustained through your absence," said Lady Dalrymple.

"Louise has managed very well. A little extra work will have done her no harm. And as for what I have done, it has been a joy to do. When one has suffered it is natural to help others in trouble. You were not here; I knew what to do and I did it. Why speak of it?" she said; and her tone and manner were those of one lady speaking to another.

Lady Dalrymple noticed it, but she was not annoyed. She felt sure that madame was a gentlewoman, poor, but well-born.

"I will walk with you to the gate," she said, and passing her arm through madame's they left the house, and walked silently down the little path. At the gate they paused, and Lady Dalrymple clasped the other woman's hand as she said:

"Madame, if I can ever serve you I will do it. I long to do something to show my gratitude, and I know my husband will feel the same. Before long we shall pay you a visit, then we shall carry you off to Housesteads."

"Madame shook her head. "I am a business woman, and have little time for visiting. Good bye, Lady Dalrymple."

"Good-bye, and God bless you," said her ladyship, earnestly, as they parted.

Madame walked slowly into the town, thinking of the sick man. She had chosen to walk, and her trunk had been sent before her; but slowly as she walked it was only a quarter-past seven when she reached home. The shop was closed, and Mary informed her that Miss Louise had gone for a walk—a piece of news she was not sorry to hear, as just then she did not feel in the mood to undergo the cross-questioning through which she knew her daughter would put her, though she rather wondered where she had gone; but as Miss Penman had undertaken to keep an eye on Louise, while she was at the Hollies, she concluded she had gone out with that lady. Moreover, she was quite aware that the girl was well able to take care of herself being as worldly-wise as most women double her age; she madame settled down in her easy-chair, and thought of what the detective had told her.

Meanwhile Mr. Dalrymple woke from his sleep and took the food which the nurse gave him, then he looked round in a questioning manner.

"Have you nursed me all the time?" he asked, in a feeble tone. "No, sir; the doctor could only get a local nurse. I came this afternoon. But I must say she has done well for you," said the nurse, who evidently thought that a woman trained in London was the best that could be got.

He looked dissatisfied, but did not question her further.

Presently Lady Dalrymple came into the room, and the nurse left them together; and as Lady Dalrymple kissed her husband the tears fell on his hands.

"Poor Mildred!" he said, in a whisper; then, after a minute, he asked in a low tone: "Has there been any stranger here besides the woman who nursed me?"

A pang of jealousy shot through her ladyship's heart. Evidently he thought that Julie of whom he had spoken had really been there; but she answered, gently: "No, Richard."

She saw a shade cross his face, but he did not speak again, and she did not explain that the woman who had nursed him was not really a nurse. He was weak and tired, and she could explain all about madame's goodness when he was stronger, she told herself. Moreover, she could not help wondering who this Julie was of whom he raved, but she would never ask him. The secret belonged to his past life, and unless he told her of his own free will, it should remain a secret so far as she was concerned. But in spite of this resolution Lady Dalrymple often thought of Julie, and speculated as to when and where her husband had known her.

While her ladyship was thinking thus and madame was considering what the detective had told her, Louise and her lover were strolling up and down a lane at some distance from Gelder Hall.

"You go away to-morrow afternoon?" said Hugh Hudspeth looking lovingly at the girl by his side. "Yes, Miss Penman is impatient to depart. She has waited for my mere return."

"Do you think your mother is certain to come home?" he asked, anxiously. "Of one certainty, the box has come, and one little note came with it saying that ma mere would be home about seven; so Louise did hasten, and was out before that hour."

enjoy myself for a week or so; but I shall only remain a few days and get a special licence, then I shall come down to you at that little watering-place. There is an hotel there and a day or two after my arrival we will be married quietly; then we will start for home, but we will time our arrival to take place at noon the next day before letters can reach my father, and you must leave a note telling Miss Penman that she will spoil all our chances of happiness if she communicates with your mother before that time."

"I will do it unless"—and Louise paused. "Unless what?" he asked, anxiously. "Unless Louise should change her mind. What for should I marry, after all, and when you're gone may say, 'Exit, Monsieur and Madame Hugh; I have nothing to do with you?'"

"Louise, you don't mean it—you wouldn't throw me over now! By Jove, if you did I should go mad and do some mischief!" he said, in a tone that showed something of what he felt. "Say, you don't mean it sweetheart," he said, gripping the girl's hand so tightly that he hurt her.

She drew herself up haughtily as she said: "Monsieur. I am not one silly, frightened girl. You may threaten, but that will not win Louise."

"Forgive me, darling; but do not drive me wild by talking of giving me the pater noster turn us adrift; and if he did, we have the interest on what my mother left me. Promise Louise that you will stick to me."

She looked at him smilingly. "Louise will be your wife, and we will manage on that little money unless you're pere forgives—and he will forgive. Oh, the loving daughter he will have in Madame Hugh! He will be charmed, and you, poor fellow, will be jealous."

Hugh looked as though he did not like the prospect as he said: "Louise, you are the most charming girl I ever knew, and I believe you would flirt with Old Nick."

"Who is he?" she asked looking up bewitchingly at her lover. "His Satanic Majesty, commonly known as the devil."

She laughed, and showed her white teeth; then, as they reached the bottom of the lane, she said: "Adieu. That is your way, this mine; and she pointed towards the town."

"Good-bye, darling, and be true to me. Write to me at the Metropolitan; and drawing her into his arms, he kissed her passionately.

"That will do. You are one silly boy," she said, withdrawing herself from his embrace; and before he realized her intention she was flying down the lane towards Wittonbury.

"Did ever any man love a girl who is so hard to win? She's as skittish as a young colt, and altogether the most charming girl in the world," Hugh reflected as he turned homewards.

"Mon Dieu, he has danced to a tune! He would go through fire and water to marry me, because he thinks I care not one button for him. Oh, the perversity of men!" and Louise laughed heartily, and when she reached home was so pleased, and seemed to look forward with so much glee to her visit to the seaside that her mother was glad she had consented to let her accompany Miss Penman.

Hugh was late for dinner, and his father looked black as he entered the dining room.

"Don't trouble to apologize," he said, before his son had time to speak. "All right, pater," Hugh returned in a satisfied tone.

During dinner there was very little conversation, but when Nina had gone to the drawing room and the servants departed, leaving the father and son to enjoy their wine, Hugh looked at his father, saying:

"I say, pater, what has become of my mother's jewels?" "If a bomb had gone off it could not apparently have started Mr. Hudspeth more as his face became almost livid, and his hand shook so that a portion of the wine was spilled out of the glass that he was raising to his lips.

"Why do you ask?" inquired Mr. Hudspeth after a moment, but his voice was still unsteady. "Because I found the key of my mother's jewel-case on the landing that day you went to town, and as I wanted a trifle or two I took the opportunity to help myself, as I thought, but the case was empty. I kept the key expecting you would make inquiries about it, then I thought we could go into the matter. Where are the jewels?" he repeated.

"What business have you to open the case and help yourself?" said his father, in a tone of concentrated passion. "Come, that's rather good. The jewels were left to Nina and me, and they ought to have been handed over before this, yet you ask what business I had to open the case and help myself!" said Hugh.

"For a minute Mr. Hudspeth did not speak. He was evidently trying to control himself. When he did answer his tone was quiet and composed. "Perhaps you had a right, but I was thinking of Nina. You ought to divide them before you appropriate any trifle for your own special use; and, of course, you know that your mother expected you to keep them intact for your wife," he said.

"It doesn't look like having a chance to keep them as the case is empty. Where have they gone?" said Hugh.

Mr. Hudspeth leaned forward and spoke quietly and impressively. "I don't know. I wish I did."

"By Jove, you don't mean to say they were stolen at the same time as Nina's?" exclaimed Hugh. "No, they were safe then. I examined the contents of the case and there wasn't one missing. The fact is I cannot say when they did go. All I know is that they were there after Nina's had been stolen." Hugh looked amazed.

"When did you miss them?" he asked brusquely. He didn't feel very amiable now he heard that they were really lost. He had thought it queer the case should be empty, but he expected his father had got them safe somewhere. Now he blamed himself for not having pamed the matter sooner.

"I missed them the day before I went to town. That was the reason I went and I suppose in my anxiety I was a trifle careless and lost the key. I have hunted for it but wasn't able to find it."

"Have you put the matter in the hands of the police?" asked Hugh. "Not of the Wittonbury police. I have placed it in the hands of a private detective, and he is going to try to find Nina's as well. At present he cannot find a clue, but he says he is sure to discover them in the long run. I gave him as exact a description as it was possible to give," said Mr. Hudspeth.

"That's all very well; but the jewels are worth forty thousand pounds and half of them belong to me. It's not pleasant to think you may lose twenty thousand pounds," replied Hugh.

"I shall not let you lose the money. If the jewels cannot be found I shall either replace them or give you their value in money; and to show I don't intend to act shabbily about it, I will give you a cheque as some compensation for the annoyance you have experienced. But I would rather you did not name the matter to Nina."

"I told her the jewels were not in the case. You couldn't expect me to keep a piece of news like that to myself," said Hugh.

"What did she say?" asked his father, sharply. "She said you had told her they were safe when hers were stolen, and she expected you had taken them to the bank for safe keeping. I told her that was all moonshine, as you wouldn't carry them loose in a bag, and I think she's as much puzzled as I was."

"My advice is, don't worry about it. The jewels will be found," said Mr. Hudspeth, as he rose from the table. "You can come with me to the library, and I will give you that cheque," he added.

Hugh followed his father from the room, pondering what he had heard, and still not satisfied about the matter.

"What is the name of the detective you have employed?" he asked, as his father unlocked a drawer and drew out his cheque-book.

Mr. Hudspeth did not answer him, but filled in the cheque and handed it to his son.

Hugh's eyes glistened when he saw the amount—five thousand pounds. "Thanks. You haven't been mean, that's certain; and if the jewels are not found you'll make them good?" he said.

"Of course, I shall; but I don't want you to name the matter to Nina at present. It's no use annoying her, and I'm sure it would annoy her to know her mother's jewels had disappeared."

"All right; I won't name it. And I think I'll run up to London the day after to-morrow," said Hugh, speaking as though on the spur of the moment.

"Very well. As you and Mona Dalrymple don't seem to be very good friends you may as well have a little change; and of course, I know it's not very lively for a young fellow here. But you won't find any one in town in August."

"That won't trouble me. I shall enjoy myself, never fear."

"And spend as much of that cheque as you can get rid of," his father thought.

"By Jove, there is something shady about the disappearance of those jewels! All the same the cheque is a boon, and if he cuts up rusty after he hears I have married Louise I'll go at him about the matter. I'll set a good detective to work, and if they are not forthcoming, I'll have their value to the utmost. What the dickens can he have done with them? He isn't short of money, or I shouldn't have got this cheque," thought Hugh.

To be Continued.

AN INFANT TERRIBLE.

A wireless telegram from Tokio, says—Melchisedek P. Wanamaker, the wonderful boy-flautist, gave a concert on Tuesday at Tokio. The Emperor and Empress, the Heir Apparent, Marquis Ito, Baron Suematsu, and General Oku were present, and expressed the most unbounded satisfaction with the performance. General Oku having subsequently to be removed to a rest-cure owing to the violence of his emotions, their Majesties repeatedly remarked, "Hara-kiri" (i.e., "en-core"), and presented the young performer with an accordion-pleated kimono and a large decanter of Tatcho. On the following morning Melchisedek, though far from well, went with Baron Suematsu to visit the tomb of Hokusai, and laid upon it a silver piccolo with the touching inscription, "To a great man, humbly, from the only Melchisedek."

The first photographs were taken in England in 1802.

"It is strange," says the "Gentlewoman," "that no poet has yet been found sufficiently courageous to write an ode to spring cleaning." Such remarks, in my opinion, are altogether too risky.

German public men, and especially Prince Buelow, are insistent in their declarations that the peace of the world is maintained by the unquestioned superiority of the German Army. At the same time Germany is intent upon building a Navy superior in strength to anything the world has ever hitherto seen. Naturally, people are asking, What is Germany's object in trying to become the greatest naval as well as the greatest military power upon earth? "Statist."

VISCOUNT KITCHENER.

General Horatio Herbert, first Viscount Kitchener of Kharoum—who is just completing the great work he undertook in 1902 of reorganising the British Indian Army—was born on Midsummer Day at Ballylongford, in the county Kerry.

During his exceptionally brilliant military career the retiring Indian commander has asserted himself with characteristic confidence and unbounding will, and Lord Kitchener must be accounted one of the most strenuous soldiers that the British Empire has ever possessed.

Coming of a military family, Lord Kitchener passed thirty-eight years ago from Woolwich into the Royal Engineers. Since then his career has been one of scintillating brilliance, called "for short"—has been to the fore in many expeditions and campaigns, and has "built himself an everlasting name" for thoroughness in the profession of arms.

A veritable "glutton for work," he assisted in the Palestine survey of 1874-78, and that of Cyprus of 1878-82.

Then he was sent to Egypt, and entrusted with the command of the Khedive's cavalry and the remodeling of the native army. Having effected this to his own exacting desire, he, as Sirdar, conducted a vigorous opposition to the forces of the Khalifa. He found it necessary to build a railway to Omdurman before he finally broke the power of the prophet, annihilating the Khalifa's army in 1898.

By this time he had reached the rank of major-general and been made a K.C.B., and he came home covered with Egyptian honours, to receive the thanks of the British Parliament, a peerage, and a grant of £30,000.

In the following year, when matters seemed to be going wrong with our forces against the Boers in South Africa, Lord Kitchener was sent out as Chief of Staff to Lord Roberts. Here, again, he distinguished himself for determination and dash in combination; and when Cronje had been circumvented at Paardeberg, and the British flag hoisted in Pretoria, he was promoted to the command of the forces in South Africa on Lord Roberts's return to England.

Kitchener brought the long campaign to a close. Again the gallant fighter and fine organiser was thanked by Parliament, given a further £50,000 from the country's public purse, and raised in the peerage to a viscount.

As a full general

IN OTHER LANDS.

The seditious movement both at home and in India may be said to have reached its culminating point in the murder of Sir Curzon Wylie at the Imperial Institute, which has brought to light, it is said, an association of Indians in London called 'The Sons of Siva.' This name is an equivalent to murderers, for every deed of blood in India is done to the greater honor and glory either of the god Siva or the goddess Kali, both of whom typify destruction. From time immemorial murderers in India have mingled religion with slaying; their weapons are generally dedicated to the god of destruction, and if robbery is part of their crime, a portion of their spoil is offered at the shrine. The images of Siva have a most terrifying appearance. He has five heads, each with three eyes, and in his four hands he carries a bow, a sword, an arrow, and a club. Round his hair and wrists cobras are coiled, and his necklace is of human skulls. 'I should not be at all surprised,' says a writer in the 'Sketch,' 'to hear that the two hours unaccounted for of the murderer's time on the fatal evening were spent in religious exercises—the dedicating of himself and his weapons to Siva.' A crafty, bloodthirsty hand of Indian assassins were the Thugs, who were stamped out by Sir William Sleeman and his assistants, who took their lives in their hands in doing so. The Thugs believed that in slaying their victims for gain they were doing a honorable and religious deed, and they offered a portion of their spoil at the shrines of the goddess Kali. To her the handkerchief or rope with which they strangled their victims was dedicated, and they worshipped this noose and the pick they used in burying them. Kali is as ferocious in her robe as in her deed, and rides on a tiger. Other images show her as a black woman with earrings of corpses and a garland of skeletons, her eyes starting from her head, and her tongue lolling from her mouth. She is held to be Siva's wife, and even more terrible than her husband.

America's "Brooklands."

The construction of a motor racing track at Indianapolis is proceeding rapidly. It will be known as "Speedway Park," and has an area of 328 acres. There will be forty-one buildings, including grand stands, gates, aerodromes, refreshment houses, and other buildings. The total cost will be \$350,000. The circumference of the outer track and road-course is five miles. The track is gravel surface, using 300,000 gallons of asphalt oil. Over three miles of fence enclose the grounds. Four miles of six-inch gas-main have been laid to connect Speedway with the Indianapolis Gas Company for lighting balloons and dirigibles. Nine miles of gas-pipe will be used for the lighting plant for illuminating the grounds for twenty-four hour contests. Three thousand hitching places will be provided for horses. An electric timing and score-board will be erected at a cost of over 10,000 dollars. One mile and a half of riding has been laid out, and a number of sleeping and dining-cars of the Pullman Company, so as to accommodate those who come in private cars and the automobile touring public. The entire grounds will hold 200,000.

Death of the Price of a Kiss.

Lieutenant Zwiters, a young German officer, while under the influence of liquor, attempted to kiss the fiancée of another officer, Lieutenant Granier, while escorting her home from a regimental ball. He lost his life in a pistol duel with Lieutenant Granier. The conditions were the severest imaginable, namely, alternative pistol shots, with thirty seconds' aim, at ten paces, till one of the two should be unable to continue the combat. At the second shot Lieutenant Zwiters was hit in the right chest, and expired a day and a half later. The cause of the fatal quarrel was nothing more serious than an attempted kiss. On the Emperor's birthday, Lieutenant Zwiters attended a ball given by his regiment in celebration of the occasion. Among the guests was a young lady affianced to Lieutenant Granier, and the duty of seeing her home fell to Lieutenant Zwiters. On the way, under the influence of the liquor which he had swallowed, he forgot the obligations incumbent on an officer, a gentleman, and an escort as to attempt to kiss his companion. She vigorously and successfully repelled his advances. He then became conscious of the gravity of his fault, and apologized to the lady, who agreed to forgive it. They arranged on her parents' doorstep that nothing was to be said to anyone about the incident, and then the matter was left. At Whitinsville, however, seventeen weeks later, Lieutenant Granier came to Blankenburg on leave, and his fiancée, for some reason or other, thought it best to tell him what had happened. The result was a challenge and the duel described above.

How Waltzing Began.

Germany has the honor of producing the waltz, the exact date being in doubt, but lying between the last of the seventeenth and the early eighteenth century. It was first danced very slowly. But when its popularity spread to Vienna her musicians quickened the pace and gave it the form which rapidly was adopted throughout the civilized world. The city of Vienna reserves the chief credit for the promotion of this dance, because the finest waltzes ever written were by Viennese composers.—'Scribner's Monthly.'

Veiled Ladies.

The Church of Corinth understood the Apostle to intend that all women, young or old, should wear veils during worship, and observed this as the usage. So did certain

other churches in Greece and the Italian districts adjoining Greece. Other churches held that the Apostle had laid no command upon girls, and left the matter to the discretion of parents. But towards the end of the second century, owing to the strong movement towards Asceticism, an effort had been made to bind the rule upon girls also. Tertullian insists that all girls of marriageable age, that is to say above twelve years, should be covered. Apparently he wished them to wear the veil in the streets as well as in church, and even at home.—From 'The Origin of Christianity.'

Getting Lost in the Tropical Forests.

The trackless land is as difficult to travel without a compass as the trackless sea. The Chief Engineer of the Honduras National Railway cautions engineers to take special precautions against being lost, as in the tropical forest one speedily becomes bewildered, and without a compass there is absolutely no way of determining direction. The sun is always invisible, except possibly when directly overhead. There is no moss on the trees to serve as a guide, and any neighbouring elevations are hidden by the density of the foliage. It is further pointed out that there are sunny plains where also the compass is much needed. On the treeless llanos of South America, with no hills in sight, the sun indicates direction when it is near rising and setting, but at mid-day it gives no clue, as it is directly overhead, so that a man covers his own shadow.

Go into any public school in any American city, and you will find the boys and girls assembled in a quasi-military formation. At a signal they march off to their classrooms. Above the teacher's desk hangs the Stars and Stripes. Before the day's work begins the pupils take a vow of allegiance to their country. The oath varies from school to school. Here is one that Mr. H. G. Wells came across in an alien East-side school—"Pledge of our great Republic, inspired in battle-guardians of our homes, whose Stars and Stripes stand for Bravery, Purity, Truth, and Union, we salute thee! We, the natives of distant lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honour to love and protect thee, our Country, and the Liberty of the American people forever. And here is another which I myself heard recited by some hundreds of present and absent pupils in the Metropolitan—"I pledge my allegiance to this Flag and the Country for which it stands, one Country, indivisible, with Justice and Liberty for all."—Sydney Brooks, in the 'World.'

The sacred beetle of Egypt was so called because it was considered an emblem of fertility, and is thus worshipped by the curious fellows of that curious land. Its habit is to roll little balls in which its eggs are hidden and bury them in the soil, where they afford nourishment for the crops. This amazingly industrious beetle may be seen on the road anywhere in the summer, rolling these balls of manure with great labour, and with instinct sufficient to call help when the path is too steep for one to do the work.

Singer Snubbed Pluto-car.

Rover, the celebrated French tenor, on one occasion was engaged for the sum of fifteen hundred francs to sing at the house of a rich financier. Rover sang his first song magnificently, but no one paid him the slightest attention, and the guests talked their loudest. Presently the host thought the time had come for another song, and sent for Rover. He could not be found, and that evening was seen no more. Next day a note came from him, accompanied by the sum of two thousand francs. The note ran thus: 'I have the honour to return the fifteen hundred francs which I received for singing at your party; and I beg leave to add five hundred francs more for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests.—'Royal Magazine.'

Never Satisfied.

A gentleman in Dublin, speaking of the Irish, said that nothing ever satisfied them, and that he was willing to prove his words on a wager that if he should go to the door and call a cab, no matter what fee he would give, the driver would ask for more. The wager was taken for ten pounds sterling. The gentleman called a cab, drove about a quarter of a mile, stepped out, and handed the driver half a sovereign, the legal fee being one shilling. Cabby drove off. The gentleman who had taken the wager was exiting in his triumph, when suddenly the cabby returned, and, touching his hat, said: "Please, sir, have ye a dirty penny bit about ye? It would be such a pity to break a bright piece of gold like this for a drink!"

AND ECHO ANSWERED "LIAR!"

"A great country," said Mr. Gasser, speaking of the land of Stars and Stripes at his wife's At-home. "A great country! Been all over it, I have." "Yes?" queried the uninterested visitors. "Yes, indeed!" continued Gasser. "Noo York, Seattle, San Francisco, Rockies—everywhere! Wonderful range, those Rockies!" "Indeed!" murmured the company. "Yes, indeed! It takes eight hours there before you can hear the sound of your own voice. When I was camping up there every night before I pulled the blanket around me I used to shout out, 'Time to get up!' and—do you believe it?—the echo used to wake me up next morning!" "They didn't."

Rice is the principal food of at least one-third of the human race.

A USE FOR SURPLUS CAPITAL OF MULTI-MILLIONAIRES.

Engineers have probed the earth only to a depth of about 6500 feet below the surface, and M. Camille Flammarion, the famous astronomer and geologist, has just renewed his old suggestion that a great exploration shaft should be sunk to the utmost possible depth in a thorough investigation of the crust of our planet. This pit should be 200 or 300 yards in diameter, cased with a massive iron ring. The heat in creases at an average rate of one Centigrade degree for every 108 feet, and the temperature of boiling water might be expected at a little less than two miles, but the boring should be much deeper. The land in France, as well as certain plains of Belgium, Holland, and Roumania, should have favourable spots for excavation. Such an undertaking would offer unknown possibilities of practical and scientific results, geological and palaeontological curiosities, iron mines, copper mines, precious metals, veins of gold, platinum, silver, radium, etc., and multi-millionaires with a dread of drought have here an opportunity of acquiring fame and adding to human knowledge.

FORTUNES IN HORSEFLESH.

£50,000 Offered for a Single Animal.

Yet another record has been added to the long list of racing stock. The other day 15,000 guineas was realised at Newmarket for the celebrated brown mare Flair, the property of Sir Daniel Cooper. This is no less than 2,400 guineas in excess of the amount paid for La Fleche by Sir Tatton Sykes some years ago, 12,600 guineas being the best previous price ever paid for a horse for breeding purposes at the Newmarket sales. The 15,000 guineas for Flair, however, is by no means the highest price paid for a racehorse. M. Blanc paid no less than 37,000 guineas for Flying Fox, yet he proved one of the cheapest horses that ever went through a sale ring, for his stock went to the purchase-price several times over.

FAMOUS MONEY-MAKERS.

Which reminds one that Belphe, perhaps the most famous thoroughbred that was ever foaled, although purchased in the first instance for 75 guineas, earned, with his progeny, over £200,000. Another record money-maker was St. Simon, who died last year at the age of twenty-seven, and whose sire, Galopin, the Derby winner of 1875, led to the same ripe age. St. Simon belonged to the Duke of Portland, and was bought for the comparatively small sum of 1,600 guineas. He was never beaten, and at one time was bringing the Duke a net income of £10,000 a year. Altogether he earned over £500,000.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS AND ENGLISH RACEHORSES.

This, however, by the way. Amongst other prices paid for famous racehorses of the past might be mentioned the 30,000 guineas given for Diamond Jubilee, while it is generally believed that an ambitious breeder endeavoured to acquire the King's horse, Persimmon, for the sum of £50,000. He was told that Persimmon was not for sale. When Velocity won the Doncaster Cup three years ago, 20,000 guineas was offered for the winner by a foreign Government, but it was refused. Foreign countries have always been very anxious to acquire English horseflesh. The Argentine Government, for instance, bought the late Duke of Westminster's Ormonde for £12,000, and last year secured Mr. Bass's thirteen-year-old Cyllene for no less than £25,000. Two years ago Steve Gallion was sold to an Austrian sportsman for £15,000; while Galtee Rose, the winner of the Derby of 1897, was sold by Mr. Gubbins to the Russian Government for £25,000.

ROMANCE OF ORMONDE.

The mention of the sale of Ormonde reminds the writer that this horse, after going to the Argentine Republic, was resold for more than twice the price given for it by that country. After the horse had been resold to Argentina, several English Turfmen, displeased with the loss of the splendid animal, raised between them £20,000 for the purpose of restoring it to the English Turf. A young American getting wind of this, hurried to Argentina and offered £25,000 for the animal. The offer was about to be accepted, when a millionaire secured the horse for £30,000.

Few owners were more lucky in the purchase of racehorses than the late Duke of Westminster. Doncaster was bought by him for £15,000. This animal won a fortune during its Turf life for its owner, and then sire Bend Or, which won the Derby of 1880. Bend Or afterwards sired Ormonde, which won for the Duke considerably more than £30,000.

35,000 GUINEAS REFUSED.

Recently, Mr. J. B. Joel refused 35,000 guineas for his racehorse, Your Majesty. This animal is the son of Persimmon, and has already won over £20,000 and stands a chance of winning the racing winners of recent years, of course. Sceptre, by Mr. Stewer sold to Mr. Bass for £25,000, holds a prominent place, and Rock Sand realised a similar price. "Tit Bits."

The Egyptians must have studied the art of distilling perfumes to perfection. Some of their ointment preserved in an alabaster vase in the museum at Alwakh is said to still retain a powerful aromatic odor, though it is believed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old. Goodwood was first held in 1802 as a two-day meeting.

HOUSE-CLEANING WITH A BALLOON.

In the centre of the Pittsburgh gash there is a dome one hundred and eleven feet high, inaccessible except by balloon or high scaffold. Round the inside of the dome are several strong barred windows, and they, like the balance of the dome's interior, are absolutely black, showing in strong contrast with the white walls below. How to clean the dome has been a puzzle that every official about the building, including the judges of the court, have endeavoured to solve. The county commissioners suggested a scaffolding, but the cost was considered too much for simple cleaning of windows and a couple of coats of whitewash on the dome. Block and tackle and other schemes have been suggested, but all were discarded as impracticable but one. That one is an idea of the warden's which may be put into execution, no better one is presented. He proposes to send a man up in a hot-air balloon to do the work. He calculates that a canvas bag ten feet high and about the feet wide would support a man in perfect safety if filled with hot air. A volunteer among the prisoners will be called for. He will be attached to the balloon, seated on a chair, and provided with a mop or whitewash brush as the work to be done may require. The balloon can't get away and a rope will connect it to the floor, so that it can be pulled down at will.

MY JUMP.

From the Prison-House to Freedom.

It was at Cambridge that I found out what a fool I was teaching myself to be. From 1881 to 1884 (which was my third year) it had been given me to do something upon me. I suppose, though it came with a rush at the end. I don't know just how or why I found out what I had to do, if I was to justify myself to myself. One morning, anyhow, I woke up outraged by the ceiling of my room, shocked at the four walls of it, seemed to be strangling. I thought that they were closing in upon me. I checked everything. I walked, as a matter of fact, to King's Lynn, and got there lateish. I found a solemn-looking buster in an inn-yard ruminating over an ostler at his horse, and jingling half-crowns in his breeches' pockets. That was the rhythm of his life—"Property, property, property," but he was better than that, he had a book in him somewhere which saved him.

We got talking. He was a good sort with a humorous twist on his long face, and a good twinkle in his heavy eye. Presently I said, "I'll tell you what. It's time for dinner. I'll toss you who dines the other." He looked at the ground, then at me—heavily. Then he said with tremendous solemnity, "Done with you, codger. We toss." I said, "I'll have three dinners, three times, and you." That was a friendly turn (one of many) done me by Pan and the Nymphs, or by Artemis Eiondi, "Our Lady of the Ways"; for I give you my word I hadn't a stiver nearer than Cambridge. "I've lost, it appears," says the chap. I said, "You've lost more than it appears. I'll have three dinners, three times, and you." That was a friendly turn (one of many) done me by Pan and the Nymphs, or by Artemis Eiondi, "Our Lady of the Ways"; for I give you my word I hadn't a stiver nearer than Cambridge. "I've lost, it appears," says the chap. I said, "You've lost more than it appears. 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WESTERN DISTRICT RAILWAY.

THE GERRINGHAP TO MAROONA LINE. APPROVED BY LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

In the Legislative Assembly on Tuesday, the Minister for Railways moved that, in the opinion of the House, it is expedient to construct a 5 ft. Sin. railway from Gerringhap to Maroona.

DISTRICT WOOL SALES.

The following sales of district wool at Geelong on Thursday are reported:—By George Hogue & Co., Pty. Ltd.

LOCAL LOCAL BOARD.

Mr. J. Joy sat as a local Land Board at Ballarat on Thursday, and dealt with the following district applications:—

The New Ideas. SOME LOVELY DESIGNS IN SPRING MILLINERY



CITY SHOPS WOULD CHARGE YOU TWICE AS MUCH.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.,

The Store that Serves You Well, BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

A meeting of the above club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Monday evening, Mr. W. H. Halpin (president) in the chair, and 12 members present.

BALLARAT LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Fat cattle: 228 head were penned for to-day's market, only a small proportion being good and prime quality.

Local Land Board.

APPLICATION to be dealt with at this Office on THURSDAY, 2nd December, 1909, at 10 o'clock:—

SOME SEASONABLE LINES.

WATER-GLASS SOLUTION, THE Best and Cheapest Egg Preserver. Magnesia Fluid, Grape Saline, Magnesia Citrate, Fruit Salt.

Important News to Farmers and WHEAT GROWERS!

"The market for jute goods generally is firm, cornsacks having had trade on the spot and to arrive next month (November) at five shillings and sixpence (5/6) per dozen."

Australian Standard New Wheat Sacks,

which you will require later on to transport your waving fields of golden corn to the ship's side, and therefore place your orders NOW with

HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT,

who are still booking orders for forward delivery of best quality bags at Beaufort at Melbourne wholesale rate of 5/6 per dozen.

No. 1 Oat Bags (sound and clean), full size, at 6/6 dozen. Once-used Crude Sugar Bags, splendid value, at 7/- dozen.

For Bags of All Kinds, HAWKES BROS., THE IRONMONGERS, BEAUFORT.

Sole Agents for "McCormick" Reapers and Binders, and all Farm Implements.

QUAINT FACTS ABOUT FASCINATION.

Miss Katherine Kaedler, in order to portray on the stage the role of a woman who fascinates a man...

The fascination which is pure in its nature, the attraction of the opposite sex, the power that goodness, grace, gentleness, and tact have over a man...

As for general rules of conduct for those who would be interesting to men, there are some laid down by Miss Kaedler...

he does about things. Even if you're sure he's wrong, don't correct him. Appear to receive instruction and let your knowledge be a sort of cushion for his.

Give him your full attention when he talks. Remember that the man wants always to think himself the hunter. Be careful about dropping the cent...

Prize the other woman's beauty; this is the quickest way to have your own praised.

TALENTS TO DISCOVER A MAN'S GOOD QUALITIES AND TALENTS, AND THEN PRAISE THEM WITHOUT LIMIT.

THE ADMIRING AUDIENCE. The rival milkman and baker as they chatter to her.

Vegetables are freely used, and at certain seasons prices are exceedingly moderate.

PRYITS AND VEGETABLES are brought to the door of the house, and offered by clean, well-dressed men.

TEA STOVE. This is a quaint little pile of rosewood or mahogany, with a brass pan inside containing a por with charcoal...

NOT ALLOWED. Little Oswald King was "playing at green-grocers" the other day, and after delivering imaginary potatoes...

A TRUE STORY THAT WILL BRING TEARS.

Sir Henry Irving used to tell the following story of an experience of his early days.

"On tour with an Edinburgh company we were playing a good old melodrama, 'Cromwell Brig.' When the play was being rehearsed our jolly manager said, 'Now, boys, I shall stand a real supper to-night; no past-board and parsley, but a real sheep's head and a little drop of real Scotch.'"

"To-morrow night came, and as the piece was going on, to my amusement, she produced from the pocket of her little plaid frock a bright piece of brass and held it out to me.

When the curtain fell our manager came forward and patted the child's head. 'Why, my little girl, said he, 'you are quite a genius. Your gag is the best thing in the piece.'

"I took a fancy to the little thing and wished to know her secret, for a secret I felt sure there was. After the performance I saw my little study came out.

"Oh, Willy, I wish we had more, so that it might cure the pain." "Having lighted a red candle, she rubbed the child's rheumatic shoulder with a few drops of spirit, and then covered up the little thin body, and sitting before the fire, took the boy's hand on her knee and began to sing him to sleep.

"I too; another look into the room through the half-open door; my foot crept in; the frightened eyes met mine. I put my fingers on my lips and crept away.

"Dick, you are an electrical expert," remarked Bert Summers, at the club. "Your sister adores you; I adore your sister. She laughs at me for my ignorance of the science. Give me some notions."

Flowers can now be kept by freezing. They are picked in the bud, and preserved by refrigerator white being transported.

WELCOMING THE WINNER. How the King's Prizeman is Received Home.

The reception accorded to the winner of the "Blue ribbon" of the National Rifle Association's annual meeting, when he comes marching home, is equalled only by that accorded to the football team which has achieved the distinction of winning the English Cup.

When Sergeant Davies, of Llanelly, returned to that town after winning the King's Prize, just six seasons ago, his fellow-townsmen accorded him a magnificent reception.

MR. PROVOST'S WELCOME. When Lieutenant Yates, of the 3rd Lanark, achieved the same distinction he had a still more imposing reception on returning to the great city of Glasgow.

PIEPERS TO THE FRONT. The music of the bands and pipers was drowned in the immense roar of cheers which went up as the procession wended its way along the great thoroughfare leading to the headquarters of the 3rd Lanark.

IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. There was great doings in Guernsey on the return from Bisleys of the team which, after a hard-fought battle, had carried off the Kohler Cup and the substantial Colonial Prize of £80.

WHY HE WONDERED. A clergyman tells this story, rather against himself, with some unctuousness. He was suddenly called upon, away from home, to preach at a lunatic asylum, and he decided to make use of a rather favourite missionary sermon of his.

LOVE'S ELECTRICITY. "Dick, you are an electrical expert," remarked Bert Summers, at the club. "Your sister adores you; I adore your sister. She laughs at me for my ignorance of the science. Give me some notions."

"I can't, father; Willy's head is on my knees." "Get up!" The girl bowed her head lower and lower.

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A MAD TEA-PARTY.

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that I'm glad to hear that you're not a pig!"

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CONCRETE BOATS.

One of the most striking applications of concrete is in respect to its use in boat construction. The idea of building a concrete boat is, however, not a new one.

About eleven years ago Mr. D. B. Banks built a two-masted schooner, 65 feet in length and 16 feet beam and drawing 14 feet of water, of concrete, reinforced by multitudinous small steel rods.

On September 1, 1870, the final battle between the army of Napoleon III and the German Army began on the broken upland ground surrounding the fortified town of Sedan.

Passing at last under the heavy arch of an ancient town-gate, the Emperor saw before him, spread over the wide semicircle of the surrounding hills, the opposing armies of his own more than twice outnumbered by the enemy.

For the next five hours he remained in the saddle, unflinching under intense sufferings, always in the thick of the fight, commanding and encouraging the men, whose blood boiling to madness struggled against overwhelming odds.

Every moment the enemy drew nearer, and the suffering within Sedan grew worse. Gaining the surrounding hills, the Prussians drove the shells of whose houses were blown to atoms, whose walls blazed.

One very important function of humus is to act like a sponge and hold moisture. To illustrate: Take a tin pan and punch the bottom full of holes, then fill it with coarse sand and turn on a quart of water.

THE ONLY CLASSES OF IMMIGRANTS specially wanted in Canada at the present time are farmers financially able to take up free homesteads or purchase lands, farm labourers, and domestic servants.

Indian yak is made from burnt camphor.

FEEDING WHILE MILKING.

Most farmers claim that cows will stand quiet and let down their milk more freely if they are given something to eat while they are being milked.

If the cow is fed at the same time that she is being milked, she is so great a hurry to get her feed that she becomes restless, and will not give down her milk freely.

Not only is it pleasanter to milk before the cows are fed, on account of their better behaviour, but from a sanitary standpoint the keeping qualities of the milk are much better when the feeding is done just after milking.

SILAGE AS A MILK PRODUCER. Silage is, above all, a food for dairy cows. It is succulent and nutritive. In Virginia, after considerable experimenting with silage, corn fodder and hay, with concentrates as feeds for dairy cows, Professors A. M. Soule and J. R. Pain, state that, "The basis of the roughness in a ration for dairy cows, when grass is not available, should be silage."

VALUE OF HUMUS IN THE SOIL. The meaning of the word "humus" is decayed vegetable matter. Agricultural chemistry calls it organic matter. Soil is composed of two principal elements—mineral matter and humus.

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OF INCREASING VALUE.

So many fine jewels are now being made in connection with machinery that the price of these stones is sure to increase very considerably.

RUSKIN'S FAIRY TALE.

There is an interesting story connected with Ruskin's fairy-tale of "The King of the Golden River," which has been added to "Books for Boys."

A STORY OF JENNY LIND.

The late Mr. Otto Goldschmidt had a notorious rival for the affections of Jenny Lind.

No Cause for Alarm.

There were several people in the shop when the stranger entered, and he addressed them at large.

Not for His.

A prominent lawyer, who formerly practiced at the Irish Bar, told me of a funny incident which occurred in a trial in which a certain young doctor was called as a witness.

Parliament Was a Lawyer.

Mr. Parment was very angry. "Somebody had broken his favorite meerschaum and replaced it in his case."

As a Help.

Husband: "What did you go with those meerschaum pipes for?"

Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Protoids, sent by mail to the various parts of the world, is a proof that the power over the above-named complaints...

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

The 48th anniversary of the Beaufort Methodist Sunday School was celebrated on Sunday and Monday.

WESTERN DISTRICT RAILWAY.

A deputation, representative of the district lying between Geelong and Melbourne, has waited on the Minister of Railways and asked for a deviation of the proposed route to meet the requirements of the people of Lake Bolac.

LAKE BOLAC RESIDENTS MOVING.

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DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Croup, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and rapid relief...

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

CHRONIC INDIGESTION.

AN IRISHMAN'S STORY.

The following story tells in plain Anglo-Saxon what results may be expected from the correct course of treatment in similar circumstances to those dealt with by Mr. John Murphy...

LACK OF ENERGY.

If you lack energy, you need your food, food and your nerves. You will find that a new man and give you a healthy appetite...

THE CAUSE OF CONSTIPATION.

The most common cause of constipation is a lack of exercise necessary to keep the muscles of the bowels active.

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