

BEAUFORT GOLF CLUB

Dr. G. A. Eadie (President) presided over an attendance of 21 members at the annual meeting of the Beaufort Golf Club, which was held in the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst.

WEDDING.

REILLY—LOFT.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in the Chute Church on Wednesday afternoon, March 28th, the contracting parties being Miss Edith Reilly, daughter of Mr. Andrew Henry Reilly, of Conception, Queensland, son of Mr. James Reilly, of Corack, and Mr. Charles Loft, of Chute. The church, which was most tastefully decorated, was well filled.

MINING NEWS.

Shares in the Northern Hope Co. on which the first sixpenny call remains unpaid will be sold by public auction, at 12.30 p.m., at the Exchange, Ballarat, on Thursday, 10th April.

INSPECTION OF LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY ELECTORAL LIST, 1913.

THE General List of Electors for the above Division is now printed, and copies may be inspected at my office, and at every post-office, railway station, police station, and State School within the Division.



NEW SEASON'S GOODS. AUTUMN FASHIONS.

IN MILLINERY We have the daintiest and most taking styles direct from the world's best markets. The greatest care has been exercised in making our purchases, and never have we been in a position to offer prettier styles.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Dr. Eadie, in nominating Mr. Morgan as his successor, thought Mr. Morgan would make an excellent president and would give an impetus to the club.

MIDDLE CREEK.

An accident happened to Mr. R. Simpson and Miss S. Jess, of Middle Creek, and Mrs. T. Jess, of Middle Creek, three children, of whom Mr. Simpson paid a visit to Mr. J. Jess, of Ballyrogran, and when returning in the evening the horse shied as it was going through a gate, and caused the vehicle to come in contact with the gate post.

A SCRIPT CONVINCED.

"I was very bad with colic," writes Mr. Joseph Ryan, hotelkeeper, Pat, N.Z., "but my wife recommended to give me Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. I was compelled to take it, but at last I got so bad that my wife prevailed upon me to try it. After two doses I was almost cured, and ever since I swear by Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy now." Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

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METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11—Mr. T. Jelbart, Beaufort, 11—

By Edgar Lucien Larkin. A number of years after the discovery of galvanic electricity, and the magnetic and dynamic, all made use of wires to connect the place to place. The electricity is that derived from the transformation of chemical energy into metal and acid cells or from the cells combined. The electricity that produced by moving magnets in front of the wire in air in front of the end of a permanent steel magnet. The electricity is that developed by moving wires in front of the temporary soft iron magnets. The electricity that produced by the electricity thus secured from the magnetism in the wire in iron.

MS. BINKS—ONE AND TWO. The Bink family was a country family and home was in a star valley. The father was a farmer and the mother was a homemaker. The children were a boy and a girl. The boy was named Binks and the girl was named Binks. The father was a good man and the mother was a good woman. The children were good children. The father was a good man and the mother was a good woman. The children were good children.

The Riponshire Advocate.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1913. PRICE THREEPENCE.

BEAUFORT STOCK MARKET.

Tuesday. The market was quiet and uneventful. There was a slight advance in the price of wheat, but otherwise the market was uninteresting. The price of flour was steady. The price of sugar was also steady. The price of cotton was also steady. The price of wool was also steady. The price of iron was also steady. The price of steel was also steady. The price of copper was also steady. The price of tin was also steady. The price of lead was also steady. The price of zinc was also steady. The price of silver was also steady. The price of gold was also steady.

SKIPTON.

Mr F. W. Stradling, manager of the National Bank, has been transferred to the Pyramid branch, and Mr Stradling has been appointed manager of the Skipton branch. Mr Stradling has been in the Skipton branch since 1910, and has taken a leading part in public affairs throughout that period. The transfer means a slight promotion, as Pyramid Hill is one of the National Bank's largest country branches in Victoria. Mr G. H. Clark, branch manager in Skipton, is now in charge of the Skipton branch.

GEORGE SKENE BEGS TO INTIMATE

GEORGE SKENE BEGS TO INTIMATE that he is sending business as a SHOEBLING and GENERAL BLACKSMITH in the premises lately occupied by Mr J. H. Gazzard, in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a fair share of public patronage.

J. C. LLOYD.

Hullo! Have you heard that J. C. LLOYD, Cycle Builder, Agent, and Repairer, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, has now installed a Large and Up-to-date MOTOR CAR, which he is prepared to hire to the public on reasonable terms. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING

from any such disease as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, BOILS, PIMPLES, SORES OF ANY KIND, LEPUS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c., don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want is a medicine that will thoroughly clean and purify the blood, and remove the cause of all your suffering.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE,

THE WORLD'S BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

POISONED FOOT CURED.

Two years ago I had an accident to my left foot (near a nail into it) it festered, and got so bad that the doctor was called in and said I had poisoned it. For 3 years I was under different doctors, and for one year of the Brain. I only went out in a bath chair. Not only my left foot, but a gaping wound came in the inside of the same foot. It was so bad that when I lay down with the end of the second small bottle of the discharge had stopped and within a month I could get my foot to the ground. It is as well now as it ever was—of course, very scarred and a toe short, but I am sure I should have been a foot short had it gone on.

DREADFUL SORES CURED.

My father greatly objected to what he called "dressing" me, so I had a doctor. She laid all one summer on her back. The doctor used to burn it with caustic, causing awful agony, and she wasted to a skeleton. At last I started "Clarke's Blood Mixture" on my own, and when she started getting on so well I was too triumphant to keep it to myself, and her father now is as staunch an adherent to "Clarke's Blood Mixture" as I am. She has scars over three inches long and as deep as the bowl of a spoon. So you can judge what it was like. She has never looked back, and is as stout and bonny a girl as one would wish to see.

WORTH £5 A DOSE.

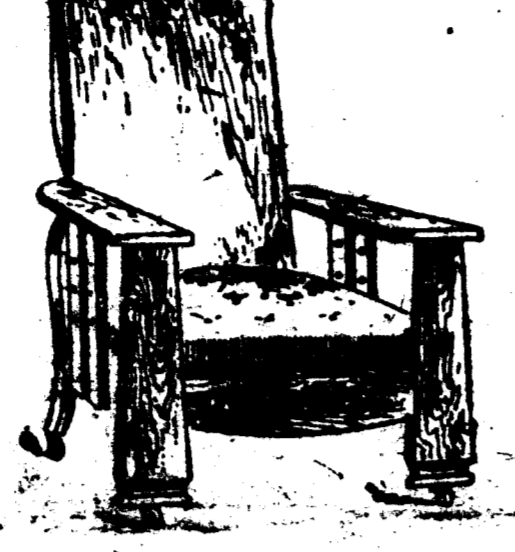
To Victorian people in any part of the country where medical men are few and a good reliable medicine is required, Clements Tonic is the one that should be kept in the house. It never fails to relieve in cases of Constipation, Biliousness, Low Spirits, Poor Blood, Loss of Sleep, Stagnant Liver, Sick Headache, and Palpitation. Keep it always in the house. All chemists and stores sell it through Australia.

AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.

"Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is the best for Children while Teething. It soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea. Directions for Using Mrs Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP.—For a child under one month a teaspoonful; three months old, half a teaspoonful; six months old, one teaspoonful; for a child over one year, a teaspoonful three or four times every two hours, until the above discharges are changed for the better. Sold Everywhere.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.



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Of the Furniture that comprises our stock, the prices come as a pleasant surprise. Your value price will be found to be well below what you have based your estimate on the prices charged elsewhere.

We're always pleased to see you on a visit of inspection only, because our stocks always create an impression of quality and value that it does not pay you to forget. Most interesting items are Lounge Chairs. Call in and see them or write for our free illustrated furnishing guide, filled with accurate pictures and saving prices. Here is an extract of some of the prices. No Melbourne firm offers you such value.

Adjustable Lounge Chair, strong and comfortable	22/6	Eight-Piece Oak Dining Suite, massive frame in solid oak, upholstered in best quality Fantasie to clear at	£9 10 0
Odd Saddle-Bag Chairs	35/-	Three-Piece Bedroom Suite, comprises Wardrobe with bevel mirror door and two copper panels, Dressing Table with large square swing mirror, Washstand with marble top and full tile back, up-to-date design.	£7 10 0
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Lounge Chair, upholstered in art cretonne, from	18/6		
Platform Rockers, in strong blackwood frames, covered with best Brussels Carpet	14/6		

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For Everything in House Furnishings, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT

ROBERTSON & MOFFAT, PTY. LTD.

Inexpensive Luxurious FURNITURE a Specialty

Smart and Comfortable "QUEEN ANNE" OCCASIONAL LOUNGE CHAIR

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

Very soft and cosy Chesterfield Settees, covered in Art Serge, with deep founce, 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, and Carpet Warehousemen, BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

FROOTOIDS

Cure Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and Biliousness. They are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are in fact a very valuable and an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. Frootoids are THE BEST 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 are in fact a very valuable and an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. Frootoids are THE BEST

CLARKE'S B. 42 PILLS.

A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Disorders from the Urinary Organs in either sex. These famous Pills cure Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Stricture, and all other Urinary Disorders. They are sold by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY CURES COUGHS COLDS INFLUENZA.

THE BEST medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They are in fact a very valuable and an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. Frootoids are THE BEST

A. E. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer.

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

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All commissions receive prompt attention.

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

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

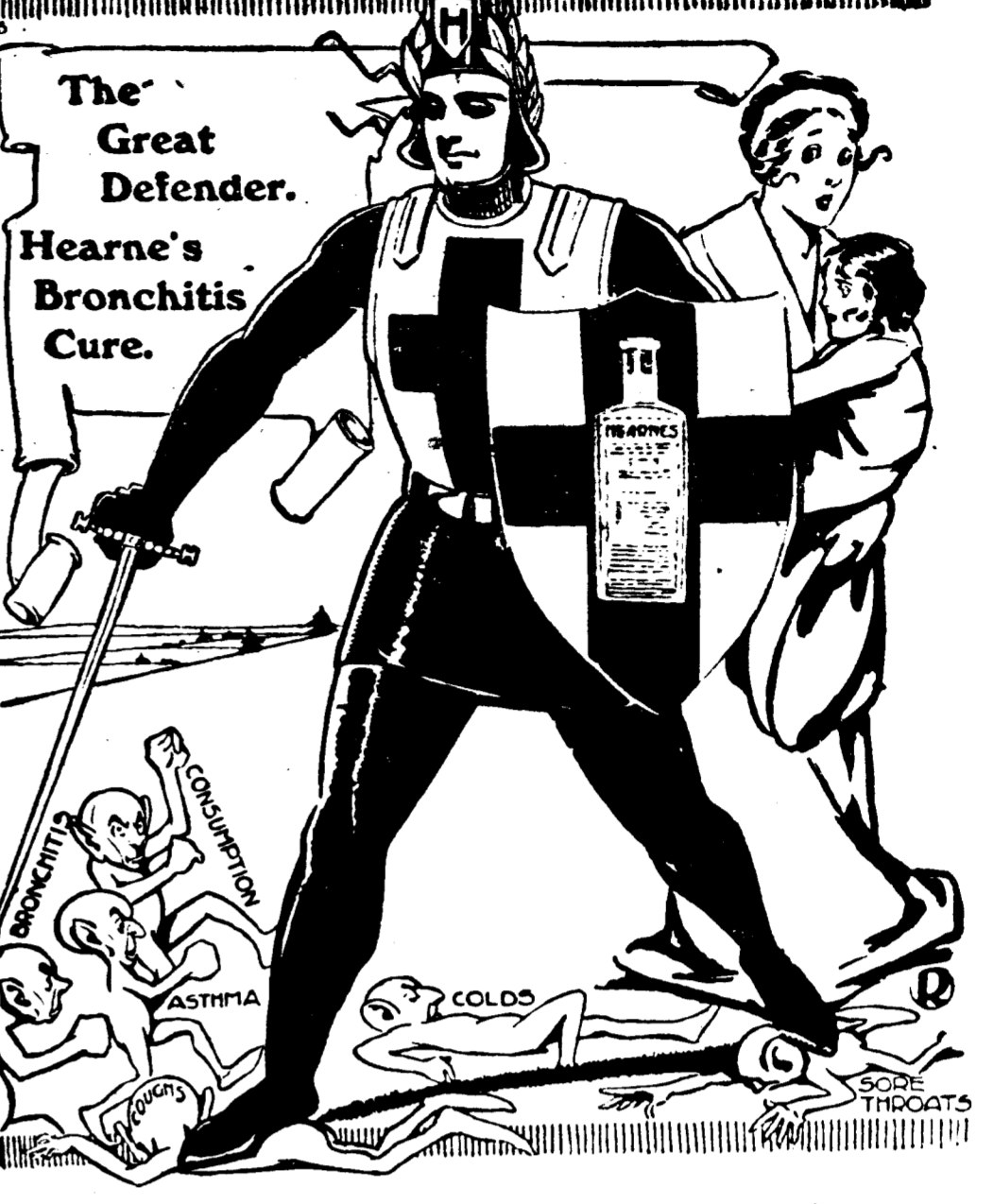
FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/2 Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/2

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER, AUCTIONEERS,

Auditors, Accountants, House, Land, Insurance and Financial Agents, NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS, BALLARAT.

DOEPEL AND CHANDLER, NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS, BALLARAT.

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



Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its splendid healing power. Sufferers from Bronchitis, Cough, Gout, Asthma, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, 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 or 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.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

BICYCLE BARGAINS!

200 Secondhand Bicycles,

All makes and sizes. in perfect order. Re-enamelled, and fitted with new tyres. Fully guaranteed. From £4. Easy terms arranged.

MASSEY BICYCLE DEPOT,

123 Sturt-St., Ballarat, Opposite P.O. Tel. 505.

Continental Clearance COVERS

(all sizes stocked), 8s. 6d. each. SPLENDID VALUE.

D. F. TROY, Agent for Beaufort.

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Established 1860. A Popular As Ever. The Great Event of the Year. 57th Anniversary Eight Hours Day. GRAND PRIZE, BAZAAR, AND ART UNION, Exhibition Buildings, Melbourne. Public and Bank Holiday, Eight Hours Day, 21st APRIL. 100 Prizes, Value £1,000.

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Established 1860. A. H. SANDS, UNDERTAKER, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT. Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country. Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges. Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

COAGULINE, KLINX, TENASTINE. Cements for brickwork, manufacturing purposes, etc.

Printed and published by the Proprietor ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of The Riponshire Advocate newspaper, Law-rence Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

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MATTHEW QUIN. WILD-BEAST AGENT

LEAVES FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

By W. Murray Graydon. Author of "The Curse of the Gardews," "The Heir of the Loudons," etc., etc.

THE AFFAIR OF THE PYTHON.

It was a busy day at the world-famed emporium of Lower Thames-street. Outside, for a wonder, a clear September afternoon lavishly poured a flood of golden sunshine on dainty thoroughfares throbbing with a ceaseless, congested flow of traffic.

In the office of the firm, with its head of curios, photographs and mementoes illustrative of wild life in every part of the globe, men came and went with hurried, jostling movements—shipping clerks with bills of lading, clerks with papers to be signed, telegraph and errand boys, fresh-landed sailors with queer bargains to dispose of.

Curly and decisively Karl Hamrach gave each one his attention in turn, anon snatching a moment to drop into the pile of correspondence on his desk. He was hot and perspiring, and as he had been unable to go out to lunch at his usual time, he was hungry and thirsty as well.

Yet when the room suddenly emptied he did not avail himself of the opportunity. With knitted brows, with a perplexed look on his face, he took a letter from the top of the heap and read it for the second time. The letter was headed, "Messrs. Hamrach & Co., Paris." The few lines of writing were in French, and freely translated they ran as follows:

"To Karl Hamrach and Company, London. Dear Sirs,—I have concluded to pay your price for the python, and beg that you will forward it at once. That I did not reply earlier to your last letter is because I have meant while been in communication with Messrs. Moss and Crawley, of Liverpool. However, they have not what I desire, and are unable to supply me.—Yours, very amiably, Valerie Dupont."

Here, then, was the key to Karl Hamrach's abstraction, to his expression of annoyance. Quite recently Madame Valerie, the Serpent Queen of the great Devon's menagerie, had applied to Hamrach and Company for a large python. They had none in London, but there happened to be one at the time in the Hamburg warehouse, and the manager, Dressel, was notified to send it over immediately, since Madame Valerie had intimated that she might make a flying trip to London.

Pythons were very scarce then, and as this one was a remarkably fine and large specimen, a stiff figure was asked for it. The French woman did not visit London, but by the medium of the post she hagglod over the terms, and offered a lower price. Meanwhile, the vessel, "North Star," on which Dressel had shipped the python met with misfortune. She was blown out of her course in a storm and went to pieces on the Norfolk coast off Yarmouth, only four of the crew being saved. Five days had elapsed since this disaster.

"What a stroke of bad luck!" reflected Karl Hamrach, as he wheeled round in his chair. "A tidy sum of money gone to the bottom! And what a worse, I may lose Pezon's serpent now? I have no doubt that I can tell you whom it belongs to. Valerie's advice. And now that she has written to Moss and Crawley—"

At that moment the door opened, and Matthew Quin entered the room. A pipe was in his mouth, a newspaper in one hand, and he looked slightly elated.

"A word with you, sir," he began. "I was just thinking of you," interrupted his employer. "See here, Madame Valerie writes that she will take the python."

"Ah, I expected as much. And there is a good chance of—" "She will fly into a pretty rage," Hamrach went on, rapidly. "She is noted for her temper, and in future she will use her influence with Pezon against us. I had one of the survivors of the wreck here an hour ago—the others are still in hospital at Yarmouth—but he knows nothing. The python certainly went to the bottom, though I hoped at first it might float ashore. It was in a box that was waterproof on the bottom and sides, with a few air-holes on top. Here is a letter to that effect from Dressel. He said he was afraid the hold of the vessel might be wet, so—"

"I have something to show you," broke in Quin, extending the paper. "It's a queer affair, but—"

"And Moss and Crawley!" growled Hamrach, heedless of the interruption. "That French mix has been writing to them! Do you suppose there is any chance of their picking up a python?"

"Almost none," replied Quin, "and I don't think we need worry about it. I have an interesting bit of news for you, and if you will spare me a—"

"Yes, what is it? I am just going out to lunch—" "I have been trying to tell you," said Quin, "that in all likelihood our python is safe."

"Impossible!" cried Karl Hamrach, rising excitedly. "What do you mean?" "Judge for yourself," Quin answered. "In looking over the provincial papers that came in this morning I found this—"

"He handed his employer a copy of the "Northwich Mercury," bearing date of the previous day, and marked a certain spot with his finger. In a new, eager voice Hamrach read the following brief advertisement:

"FOUND.—A large serpent in a box. Partly-crazed label bears name like Harris. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses

ingured.—Apply to Solomon Backus, Woodbastwick, Norfolk."

"What do you make of it?" Quin asked. "Can it be our python?" "I think so. Harris means Hamrach."

"But Woodbastwick lies twenty miles back among the Broads."

"Exactly," said Quin; "and the River Bure, leading inland from the sea at Yarmouth, skirts it. The tide, which must have been high after the wreck, probably drove the box up the river. At least that is my theory."

"It is more than a theory. It is a fact," cried Hamrach. "Yes, I am convinced. Madame Valerie shall have her python. You must go to Woodbastwick at once."

"I have already looked up the trains," said Quin. "It is too late to start to-day, I will leave at six in the morning."

"Very good," assented Hamrach. "You know best. And now come out to lunch with me. We will talk further of the matter, and shall not be interrupted. Gott im Himmel! I am all but starved."

At nine o'clock the next morning the Cromer express, after a hundred and twenty mile dash from grimy London, landed Quin at the little station of Salhouse, on the Great Eastern line. He started to walk, beguiled by the rustling scenery and the fresh weather, and as he swung on the glistening, hedge-bordered roads of Norfolk he looked like a simple tourist just escaped from town.

A tramp of two miles brought him to Salhouse village, where he made inquiries at the Bell Inn. Pushing on a mile and a half further, by a low-arched cottage and quaint flower garden, he reached his destination—an old-fashioned farmhouse lying to the left of Woodbastwick village, and within sight of the Elizabethan turrets of the Hall. A portly, ruddy-faced man was crossing to the barn. When he saw the visitor he paused and waited.

"Mr. Solomon Backus, I believe?" said Quin. "That's my name, sir," was the reply. "I suppose you came to look at the big serpent—a lot of people have been here."

"Yes, that is what brought me," Quin continued. "I happened to see your advertisement in the paper—" "Many took it for a joke," interrupted the farmer, with a laugh. "How it's true enough."

"Where did you find the serpent?" "My eldest son found it, sir. He's the master of the wherry, and the morning of the storm he was sailing up Breyton Water, down near to Yarmouth, when he saw the box floating off shore. He and his men hauled it aboard with ropes, not suspecting what was in it. And the night they got when they opened the little panel on top and saw a big snake wriggling about in a couple of inches of water!"

"It must have been a surprise," said Quin. "The men were for heaving it over, but my son wouldn't hear of it," resumed Mr. Backus, "and carried the box up the river. He landed it yonder at the sheep-wash, and I brought it to the house in a cart. I was puzzled at first to guess where the reptile came from—"

"Is it in good condition?" "Well, it sleeps most of the time, sir, but they say that's only natural. I gave it two meals of rabbits; they told me at the "Mercury" office not to feed it often. And I turned the box over to let the water run out the air-holes."

"You did the proper thing, and you shall be paid for your trouble," said Quin. "Will you let me see the serpent now? I have no doubt that I can tell you whom it belongs to. In fact, I have been sent here—"

"I know already, sir. It belongs to Hamrach and Company, the wild animal dealers of London. The box was part of the cargo of the North Star, which was lost off Yarmouth."

"How did you learn this?" "The firm saw the advertisement, and sent a man up," was the amazing reply. "He came early this morning, and showed me that what I took to be Harris on the label, was Hamrach. And he treated me squarely. He gave me thirty shillings over expenses."

"The scoundrel!" cried Quin. "I know his little game. What sort of a fellow is he?" "Looks like a foreigner, sir, but speaks good English."

"Has he taken the serpent away?" "Not yet, sir. I'm just going to hitch up a horse and cart for him."

Quin's rage, which was on the point of exploding, was calmed by this statement. His mind had instantly grasped the situation. Moss and Crawley, having seen the advertisement and divined what it meant, had sent a man in all haste to claim the python by fraud. They hoped to outwit their rivals and secure the future custom of Pezon and Madame Valerie.

"Do you mean to say there is anything wrong?" asked Mr. Backus, with a half-suspicious look at his visitor. "Everything!" snapped Quin. "My good man, you have been deceived. I am the representative of Hamrach & Co. They sent me here for the python. And the other fellow is a daring impostor."

"But—but—sir—" "If you doubt it, bring me face to face with the rascal. Where is he?" "He was talking to my wife five minutes ago," was the reply. "I suppose we'll find him in the house—"

A hoarse, terrified shout, rising from a point close at hand cut short the sentence. It was instantly followed by a gurgling, gasping cry for help.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Quin. "I don't know, sir," replied the startled farmer. "Come this way—"

Speeding across the garden and around the left end of the house, they were guided by the conspicuous clasp on the open door of an outbuilding, until they were in the hall. There, amid a confusion of overturned chairs and trunks, lay a man, and in his hands a snake.

"What do you make of that?" asked Quin. "I don't know, sir," replied the startled farmer. "Come this way—"

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revealed a sight so tragic that Quin and the farmer halted spellbound on the spot.

A pile of cases with the lid partly off, occupied the middle of the floor, and just beyond it a man was striving to release himself from the embrace of a monstrous python, his cries growing feebler as the tenacious hold tightened. The reptile, which was a good seven feet in length, had thrown coil after coil around the body of the hapless wretch. Its scaly head, with hissing jaws and venomous eyes, darted to and fro, in dangerous proximity to the man's face; its gleaming tail squirmed and wriggled, flopping about in contortions of rage.

"The fool!" gasped Backus. "He's gone and opened the box, and out popped the snake. Here's a pretty mess!"

"He'll be crushed to death if we don't save him. Stir yourself, man!" With that Quin boldly started forward, and at the same instant his keen eyes made a discovery of an amazing nature. By a fleeting glimpse he had solved the identity of the python's victim; he recognised, in the swarthy face of his old enemy and rival Antonio Silva. There could be no mistake. The tool whom Moss and Crawley had sent to steal the snake was indeed the villainous Portuguese.

"Help! help!" came faintly from the exhausted wretch's lips. To abandon him to his fate was the last thought in Quin's mind. The brief moved him to pity. His brief feeling of resentment vanished, and he forgot the score of treachery and crime that he had charged in the past to this man's account. Warily he advanced, looking in vain for anything that might serve as a weapon. The python, seeing his approach, darted its head and neck in that direction.

"Hold on; he'll serve you the same way!" cried Solomon Backus, who was a man of no little pluck. "If you would do it, take this."

As he spoke, he snatched a cart-whip from a side wall and tossed it to Quin. Himself he armed with the spoke of a wheel, which he picked up on the floor. Just then the python uttered a gasping moan and sank down in a fainting condition. Rapidly the python uncoiled itself from the body, and, with an angry hiss, it rushed for Quin and the farmer. The latter aimed a futile blow, and leapt aside in such haste, that he fell on his back. Quin also dodged, but not until he had lashed out twice with the whip.

The python, chiefly intent on freedom did not resent the assault. Later on he regretted the deed, where by this time stood a knot of awestruck and frightened persons, drawn there by the commotion. They scatted in the wildest terror and panic, shrieking at the top of their voices, flapping skirts and hooded leeks mixed together. With head erect the big serpent glided out, and its long body swirled around the corner of the house.

Quin yelled loudly to someone to keep track of the reptile. Then he and the farmer bent over Silva. The man lay where he had fallen, his face of a purple hue, his eyes bulging, and his breath coming in gasps. He was too exhausted for speech—too dazed apparently to recognise Hamrach's agent.

"Only a bad squeeze," said Quin, after a brief examination. "No bones broken, and I don't think he is injured internally. He will be all right in a couple of hours. But he must not be moved. I will take charge of him before the nearest magistrate. And now, to recover the python."

"Easier said than done," growled the farmer. "It's no joke for such a reptile to be loose. But come along, sir."

"They hurried out of the door, to encounter the greater part of the scattered spectators, who had timidly ventured back. All tried to talk at once—Mrs. Backus, three of her sons, two burton maids, and several farm hands. A few precious moments were wasted before Quin finally ascertained that the serpent had been seen steering swiftly down the lane leading to the high road, with a man named Harker keeping at a safe distance behind.

"To think of that wild constricting thing at large in the country!" exclaimed Mrs. Backus, throwing up her arms. "Solomon, don't you stir a foot after it, and I must," was the farmer's hot reply.

"I'll divide five pounds among you if you help me to capture the creature," promised Quin. "We must catch up with it, before it does any damage; and remember that I want it taken alive. Quick, fetch a lot of rope and a couple of pitchforks! And send the box after us in a cart."

The farmer imperatively seconded these instructions, and then turned to his eldest son.

"John, you stay behind, and see after the fellow in yonder," directed he. "He's more scared than hurt. I reckon. Bring him to, and dose him with whisky, and don't let him get away. He's a lying impostor, as far as I can make out."

By this time the farm hands had returned with the ropes and forks. The search party numbering seven in all, started at once, leaving Mrs. Backus and the maids in what were termed by her ladies, "the hazy state," and at the end of the lane he found the man Harker; he had shouted himself hoarse.

"I was waiting for you," he cried, excitedly, as he pointed in the direction of Salhouse. "Yonder goes the snake!"

"Yes, that's it," exclaimed Quin, raising an iridescent gleam amid a little cloud of dust. "It's unfortunate that this snake should keep to the road. We can't hook it off any more, except by following it. We'll have to keep on the main road, and in the distance we'll see the smoke of the engine. We'll be guided by that."

"We'll be guided by that," Quin said, "and in the distance we'll see the smoke of the engine. We'll be guided by that."

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acting September day. The pursuers, with difficulty restrained by Quin from giving noisy vent to their feelings, pounded over the hard road. The panic and excitement left in the wake of the flying monster, who fled with the yell of rustling, who wildly gesticulated from the sides, the screaming of women and children in wretched cottages, the helpless retreat of all sorts of domestic animals. Augmented here and there by new recruits, they kept the python steadily in sight. At last they came within two hundred feet of it, only to suffer a check that their sturdiest efforts could not surmount. For the crafty reptile, seemingly on purpose, so regulated its sinuous pace as to keep just the same distance in front of them.

"We're doing our level best, but it is no use," panted Harker. "We will get to close quarters presently."

"And what then?" cried the farmer. "I'll take a gun to bring the ugly critter to terms."

The chase swept on, and rapidly the wave of terror spread. The python kept persistently to the road, gliding swiftly amid a little cloud of dust. The situation was too serious for laughter, else the pursuers must have been convulsed with mirth by the scenes that cropped up in front of them. At the approach of the monster, cottage doors were slammed and white, terrified faces peeped from upper windows. Peasants tumbled helter-skelter over hedges; squawking fowls flew in all directions; cats bristled like porcupines, and yelping dogs vanished with their tails between their legs; horses and cattle galloped madly over the fields. Occasionally men and boys joined the pursuit, until the number had swelled to a dozen.

The neighbourhood was a quiet one, and so far no vehicles had been encountered, vastly to Quin's relief. But soon the rattle of wheels was heard, and a sudden turn of the road revealed a butcher's cart advancing swiftly.

"Stop! Go back!" Backus yelled to the driver.

There was no time to heed the warning. As the python drew nearly opposite to it the horse swerved on one side, upset the cart against the side of the bank, brole loose from the shafts and bolted in wild affright past Quin and his companions. Sawdust links and joints of beef strewn the ground. The lad who was the only occupant of the vehicle landed on his head, scrambled up, and then went through the helter-skelter with the agility of a scared cat.

"No use to stop," shouted Quin. The python, heedless of the disaster that had caused, sped on, with the crowd in hot chase. Now the red-tiled roofs of Salhouse were visible in the distance. An old lady struggling ahead, turned and saw the snake. In her haste to escape she fell into a wayside horse-pond, from which she emerged, muddily and dripping, as the pursuit trailed on. A gentleman's carriage now approached, but the driver saw the danger in time, and turned into a cross-road.

On went the noisy throng, and during the time that it took to reach the red-tiled roofs of Salhouse, the python reached the edge of Salhouse village, at a point where the road split in two. The python darted up the hilly ascent to the right, which was lined on both sides with cottages, and the thought of what might happen brought a haggard look to Quin's face.

"Faster!" he shouted, at the top of his voice. "Attack the creature with your forks if it seizes any person. Is a gun to be had in the village?" he asked the farmer.

"I—I don't think so," was the reply. "But, luckily, the inhabitants of Salhouse were forewarned. With shrill cries of alarm they took refuge indoors, and but few ventured to look out as pursued and pursuers went by, the rear brought up by a few yelping curs. At the crest of the hill the python suddenly tilted of the road and swerved into a farmyard on the right. With head erect it bore through cows and turkeys, scattering them in every direction, and entered a field by an open gate. Quin and his party now numbering nearly a score, followed like a pack of hounds.

In the middle of the field a rustic was ploughing, and it was comical to see him cut his horse loose, jump on its back, and gallop for life over the broken ground. The pursuers were less than fifty yards behind when the serpent dived into a game preserve. Frightened rabbits scuttled through the bracken, and, as the python advanced, leapt in valiantly at the far side, saw the reptile bearing down on him. He lifted his gun and fired at it, but his hand shook so badly that he missed. Dropping the weapon, he rushed for a convenient fir-tree, and climbed in frantic haste to the lower limbs, whence he indulged in profane language as the crowd passed beneath him.

From the edge of the preserve a long grassy slope led to the shore of Salhouse Big Broad, beyond which the River Bure, under ready broads and a distant line of hills made a lovely picture under the hazy September skies. And in this direction the fugitive python trailed rapidly.

"It's making for the water!" said Backus.

"Don't let it reach it!" shouted Quin. "Ten pounds if you head it off and get it cornered!"

But the men were too situated to notice a bit, and the burglar, scaling a wall, and putting on his boots again, ran away, but into the arms of the police.

Counsel said the lady lived alone, and such an adventure was a terrifying nature. The police said the man had only been out of goal a month.

"When I was a young man I was very fond of music," remarked Mr. Cleaver. "My singing laid the foundation of my fortune."

"Yes, and so well?"

"No, the captain of industry who started me in life said that anybody who would get up before folks and sing as I did had marvellous nerve and indomitable will power."

"No, there's a chance yet." He pointed eagerly to a small boat-house close by. The door was not locked, and in a trice a good-sized rowing boat was drawn out. Quin and the farmer scrambled in, taking the ropes with them. Each seized a pair of oars, and swiftly they pulled over to the edge of the Broad. There was not a sign of the python before them save a troubled wave of water, but along the opposite shore of the river a small steam-launch containing two men was resting, with its point turned up-stream.

"See anything of a lig snake?" Quin called.

"Rather," replied one of the men. "I went down yonder in deep water. My boatman gave out, and after struggling a bit it sank like a log. Was it yours?"

"Yes," Quin answered, hopelessly. "Got away from a travelling show, eh?"

A shrill blast of the whistle for-laud a reply, and as the steam was turned on, the launch ploughed swiftly up the river. There was nothing more to be done, for a drowned python was worse than useless, so Quin and the farmer pulled rapidly back to the boat-house. With their own party they gave the rest of their motley followers the slip—they made a beeline across country to the farmhouse.

Here they learned an unpleasant piece of news. Antonio Silva, who was undoubtedly less severely injured than he pretended to be, had escaped from the bedroom to which he was assisted, by dropping from the window, and John Backus had spent a futile hour in searching for him.

Quin was not to be comforted. He swallowed a hasty dinner, distributed a handful of silver to the men, and drove to the Salhouse station, with the farmer, where it was ascertained that a man answering the description of the Portuguese had caught a train to Norwich. Quin judged that he would go on to Liverpool from there, and that pursuit would be useless. So he took the next train to London, thinking it wise to get out of the neighbourhood as quickly as possible.

He will pass over Karl Hamrach's biting sarcasm when he heard the story, and Quin's keen sense of character and deft. At the solace of proceeding against Moss and Crawley was denied them, since no clear case could be made out. Various claims for right and damages caused by the python were showered upon Solomon Backus, and these the firm of Hamrach and Company settled at legal expense, though they were not legally bound to do so. And a short time afterwards, when a suitable python was obtained for Madame Valerie she wrote to say that she had recently purchased one from an agent in Paris.

Still worse was to come. The true sequel of the lost serpent, hitherto unsuspected, was revealed in a strange and exasperating manner.

One day an anonymous letter arrived, written under demand of strict secrecy. It was clearly in the hand of a former employe of Hamrach's, who was now a keeper at Pezon's menagerie.

"It will be useless to seek redress," the man wrote, "but it may put you more on your guard in the future to know that the python bought by Madame Valerie was yours, and that the French agent was a go-between for Moss and Crawley. That firm sent Silva to Norfolk, and he arranged for a steam launch to come from Yarmouth to Wroxham and receive the python there. But the launch happened to be going up the river when the python was swimming feebly across stream, and the crew, who were in the know, hauled the exhausted creature aboard and got it before you came in sight. It was not Silva who took a train at Salhouse. He joined the launch at Wroxham, and steamed down to Yarmouth that same evening. The python was shipped by sea from there, though I dare not reveal the source of my information."

So the cunning Portuguese had scored all through! The feelings of Karl Hamrach and Quin, when they had read the letter may be easier imagined that described.

PLAYED "POSSUM TO DECEIVE A BURGLAR."

How a middle-aged lady, Mrs. Helene Christian, had the presence of mind to sleep with a burglar in her bedroom has been told at the London Sessions, where John Bourne, twenty-seven, received three years penal servitude as a burglar.

The burglar, it was said, removed his boots and got into the house at Lodge Road, St. John's Wood, and ransacked the rooms on the ground floor.

Then, ascending to the lady's bedroom, he awakened her by his entrance. She remained still, and when he descended to the dining-room and lit the gas, she looked down the stairs, and demanded, "Who are you?"

"Don't you molest me, I'm a desperate man!" the burglar called back up the stairs.

His hostess hurried back to her room, raised the window, and called for the police. Her next-door neighbour heard, and throwing his window down, bombarded the flying figure of a man with flower-pots, but did not raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devour plentiful after plentiful, she plucked up courage and said—

"Mr. Shiftit, I shall have to raise your board to twenty shillings."

A sandy looked up with a start. "Oh, Mrs. Small, don't!" said he, in a tone of consternation. "It's as much as I can do now to cat fifteen shillings' worth."

In Korea, Ministers of State who gamble recklessly are liable to be caned by police officials.

Putney Bridge, near London, which it is proposed to widen, was only built twenty-five years ago.

LUCKLESS LIVES.

CASES OF ALMOST INCREDIBLE MISFORTUNE.

Jones overslept himself. He cut himself shaving, scalded his mouth with hot coffee, missed his train to the City, got a wigging from the boss for being late at the office, and, a little later in the morning, dropped his pet fountain-pen, and hopelessly ruined the gold nib.

"Pon my soul, I'm the unluckiest chap that ever lived!" he growled, quite overcome by the series of mishaps.

Of course, Jones was nothing of the kind; but we are all given to the same habit of thought. Readers who read the following true stories, and take comfort.

BATTALIONS OF TROUBLE.

An old man sits in the back parlour of a little house in Balford Lock. He is almost blind, he is so crippled that he can hardly rise unaided from his chair.

"Yes," he says, "I've had more than my share of bad luck. It began in 1868, when I hurt my right arm. That got better, and I went back to work; but in the following year I fell, and injured my leg. I'm lame still from that. The next year, 1871, I lost my right eye. Then the unlucky spell seemed to cease for a while, and for eight years nothing very bad happened."

"I went on working in the small Arms Factory. But in 1895 I had a bad fall, which laid me up for a long time, and two years after that I was struck by lightning. My left eye, and left me nearly blind. I went on trying to work, but in 1907 I caught it again, and smashed up my left hand, losing two fingers."

Here is another. There has just died, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, a woman, who, by reason of the extraordinary misfortunes which have dogged her footsteps, has become known all over America as the "troubled woman of Kentucky." She had a family of six children, of whom all except one died violent deaths.

The youngest was scalded to death; the eldest burned in a great fire; another was shot in a riot; a fourth was killed by the roof of his house falling upon him, while the fifth son was driving when his horse ran away, and he was flung out on his head and killed.

TWINS INCLUDED.

The daughter's husband also died a violent death, and so did the daughter's son. The poor old mother survived all her family, and then at last fell downstairs and broke a leg, dying as the result of the injury. Now these families seem to be haunted by ill-luck in the shape of illness. The following cases we have on no less authority than that of the "Lancet," and it refers to a family living in London: (1) Nurse had abscess; (2) eldest boy, adenoids; (3) all children, infectious sore throats; (4) all children, mumps;

OBITUARY.

MR. ROBERT FRUSHER.

A very sad and sudden death occurred at Beaufort early on Sunday morning, the victim being Mr. Robert Frusher, a very highly respected resident of the town. He retired to rest on Sunday night, apparently in good health, but waking early in the morning complained of pains in the chest. His wife administered home remedies, but as her husband got no better she went for Dr. Eadie. On returning she found her husband dead on the kitchen floor, and with the help of Mr. W. D. Smith, a neighbor, carried him to the bedroom. Dr. Eadie shortly afterwards arrived, and pronounced life extinct. Upon the death being reported to the police, and the coroner informed, Dr. Eadie made a post-mortem examination of the body on Sunday, and found that death was due to natural causes. The cause of death was angina pectoris, due to atheroma of the coronary arteries. An order for burial was accordingly given by Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, J.P., acting coroner, as he did not consider an inquest necessary. Deceased, who was 55 years of age, was a steady, hard-working man. For many years he followed the occupation of a woodcutter, but for about 14 years he has been employed as a carter at Hawkes Bros', and latterly as foreman of the timber yard. He was very trustworthy and straightforward, and was esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a widow, a son (Mr. F. Frusher, Wangarata), and daughter (Mrs. J. Laird, Melbourne), besides other relatives, to mourn their loss. The remains of deceased were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Tuesday, a very large number of sympathizing friends showing deceased the last token of respect by attending the funeral. Ten fellow employees of Hawkes Bros' preceded the hearse. The coffin borne to the grave by Messrs John and James Frusher (brothers of deceased), William Frusher (nephew), and J. Laird (son-in-law), whilst the pallbearers were Messrs H. Seager, G. Crowle, T. E. Sands, P. Stevenson, H. McKinnon, E. Lilley, R. Welsh, C. Loo, C. Meredith, A. Gray (representatives of Hawkes Bros.), and D. Stevenson. A large number of beautiful floral tributes of sympathy were placed on the coffin and hearse. The Church of England burial service was conducted by the Rev. W. B. Jessop, M.A., H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort, carried out the mortuary arrangements.

LOLA MAY WILSON.

The death occurred on Tuesday afternoon of Lola May, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wilson, of Beaufort. The child, who was a month old, had been ailing for five days from erysipelas and debility.

MR. D. D. CAMERON.

The death of Mr. Donald Davidson Cameron, herdsman and dog inspector, of Beaufort, occurred yesterday morning after a lingering illness of about 12 months' duration from an internal malady. The deceased, who was a general favorite and very highly esteemed by all who knew him, was 57 years of age. He was native of Ipswich, Queensland, and came to the Beaufort district to reside with his late uncle, Mr. James Cameron, farmer, of Lake Goldsmith, at 13 years of age. He has resided in the district ever since, excepting for a short period of about three months, when he lived at Ballarat. He was employed by Messrs Cochran Bros. as a cart driver, and was subsequently to securing the appointment of herdsman of the Beaufort United Common and dog inspector for the Shire of Ripon, which positions he held for 25 years, and only resigned on Monday last. He was married to Miss Mary Cochran (sister of Mr. J. B. Cochran and Mrs. J. Tulloch, of Beaufort) in 1880; his wife predeceased him, nearly 26 years ago. He held the position of steward of the Beaufort Methodist Church up to the time of his death, and was formerly a teacher in the Sunday school for many years. For over 25 years he filled the position of representative of the Methodist denomination on the Beaufort Public Cemetery Trust, and was secretary of the Lechabite Lodge for many years, a past chief ruler, and also a trustee up to the time of his death. Besides being an active and valued member of the Beaufort Athletic Club and Beaufort Thistle Club, he had also been the secretary of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade since its inauguration about 8 or 9 years ago, declining re-election through failing health this summer. Deceased had a very kindly and lovable disposition, and was always ready and willing to do anyone a good turn. In his position as herdsman of the common, he developed into a sort of veterinary surgeon, and doctored sick cows and horses almost incessantly—often refusing any reward. It can truthfully be said of Donald Cameron that he never had an enemy, but made and retained hosts of friends. His loss will be severely felt throughout the district, and it must be comforting to his family and relatives to know his death is so widely and so genuinely regretted. Of his four children, Mr. John D. and Misses Mabel and Florrie Cameron reside in Beaufort, whilst Mr. Donald Cameron is a clerk in the Railway Department and lives at Melbourne. Very general sympathy is felt for the family and relatives in their sad bereavement. The funeral has been arranged for Sunday afternoon at 5 p.m.

BEAUFORT RACES.

The Beaufort Jockey Club's races on Wednesday next promise to be one of the most successful meetings yet held. Splendid entries have been received, and a capital afternoon's sport should result. Every care has been taken to study the comfort and convenience of patrons in the shape of providing refreshments at reasonable cost. The course is in capital order, and as well-known racehorses are competing, some very close finishes are confidently anticipated. The handicaps have been adjusted as follows:— Trial Stakes, 5 furlongs, w.f.a.—Caimanor, 9.0; Fair Caimen, Lah Lady, Volvo, Miss Storm, 8.12; Hold On, Proteller, Jay Pat, Gnata, Paddy, 8.11. Beaufort Cup, 1 mile.—Brookly, 10.0; Chapote, 8.13; Bella Belle, 8.9; Carronside, 7.12; Nyaka, 7.9; Caimanor, 7.3; Last Dream, Volvo, 6.9; Paddy, 6.7. Waterloo Handicap, 6 furlongs.—Moonmoth, 12.7; Wotan, 11.3; Royal Donald, 10.13; Carronside, 10.10; Nyaka, 10.3; Kilmir, 10.7; Volvo, 8.13; Proteller, 8.10; Fair Caimen, 8.9; Gnata, 9.7. Flying Handicap, 5 furlongs.—Brookly, 10.8; Moonmoth, 10.0; Chapote, 9.0; Wotan, 8.7; Royal Donald, 8.0; Nyaka, 7.10; Kilmir, 7.9; Volvo, 7.0; Proteller, 6.10; Fair Caimen, 6.7.

RAGLAN PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fine weather favored the anniversary celebrations held in the Raglan Public Hall on Sunday in connection with the local Presbyterian Sunday school. Large congregations were present on each occasion. The stage was tastefully decorated. A pleasing feature of the celebrations was the tuneful and vivacious rendering of appropriate hymns by a choir of about 40 voices, under the conductors of Mr. J. P. Hamilton. The chorists were assisted by a small orchestra made up as follows:—Messrs A. E. Collins (cornet), R. Welsh (trumpet), and G. Cougle (violin). Miss Jean Grant acted as accompanist. Mr. Hamilton occupied the pulpit, and delivered an interesting address in the afternoon, which he based on the text, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me"—John 12, 32. The preacher's evening text was, "Ye are the light of the world"—Matthew 5, 14. In both his sermons, Hamilton, by means of objects, illustrated his points so that the children could clearly comprehend them. Miss Allen contributed a solo during the afternoon service and another in the evening when Miss Allen and Mr. Hamilton also gave a duet. A children's concert was held on Monday evening, and was well patronized. Mr. Hamilton presiding. Miss J. Grant was an efficient accompanist. The programme, in addition to a number of fine choral items, was as follows:—Recitations, Eddie Lancy and Dora Connor; song, Miss Allen (encored); recitations, Effie Lilley, Irene Grant, and Willie Connor; song, Mr. Hamilton (encored); recitations, Nellie Lilley and Ray Harrison; song, Miss Allen (encored); recitation, Laurie Brody; duet, Miss Allen and Mr. Hamilton (encored). The whole of the items were very enjoyable, and particularly so the old Scotch songs rendered by Miss Allen and Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton, as Sunday school superintendent, reported on the year's activities, stating that there were 45 scholars on the roll. This said something for the work of the teachers, who labored under great difficulties. For the most part the attendance was good. During the term were £9 1/2, and the expenditure £6 8/1, leaving a credit balance of £2 13/1 at the time of this anniversary. The sum of £4 1/3 was taken at the services on Sunday and £2 3/7 to-night. Owing to the success of its anniversary celebrations, the school was fairly financial. He thanked the teachers and particularly Miss Jean Grant and Pitcher, for the time they devoted to the children. They wanted two more teachers, and he invited volunteers to come forward and take up the work. The parents were urged to see that their children did their home lessons, and to see that the teachers were unhampered by any neglect on the children's part. He thanked all those who had attended, and all who had come from a distance to sing or assist in the orchestra. The distribution of prizes for the past year was then made by Mr. Hamilton, who had a kindly word of encouragement or congratulation for each child. Before the programme concluded Mr. Jas. Carmichael, on behalf of all present, offered a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Hamilton for conducting the choir and presiding over the three services. If they had any Scotch blood in them it ought to be stirred up. The motion was warmly seconded by Mr. Tucker, and carried by acclamation. Mr. Hamilton, in responding, apologized for the absence of the Rev. A. J. Stewart, 19th inst., remarking that the gentleman had 13 meetings on this week and was unavoidably detained. An enjoyable picnic was held on Wednesday afternoon, and was followed by a social at night.

MINING NEWS.

The half-yearly general meeting of shareholders in the Hope Extended West G.M. Co., Trawalla, is announced to be held at the George Hotel, Ballarat, on Saturday, 19th inst., at 2 p.m. The manager of the Hope Extended West (Mr. A. W. Moore) reports:—Shaft sunk 22ft. for four days; total, 102ft. Stopped pending the erection of plant, which is now being pushed forward. The manager of the Northern Hope (Mr. F. M. Rankin) reports:—Shaft sunk 7ft.; widened out and put in second pump frame. Delayed part of week through having to make repairs to sinking pump. Pumping plant about completed; now fitting and connecting steam pipes to boilers. Contractors for puddlers expect to be finished in three weeks' time. The manager of the Hope (Mr. Derrick) reports:—Two parties panning west end; shifted party from east to west end truck-riding. East branch reef drive extended 16ft.; total, 48ft. Last 4 days stopping and cutting decline to gain more level. No. 2 north off east branch reef drive extended 8ft.; total, 48ft. Last 8ft. prospects poor; opened same and opened No. 1 south off east branch reef drive and driven 48ft.; carrying 8ft. of nice wash; prospects payable. West branch reef drive extended 39ft.; total, 381ft. Mr. J. Daniels has been appointed manager of the Southern Hope, and will take charge of the mine on 29th April. It is anticipated that sinking will be started at the Hope Extended in about 3 weeks' time. The machinery has started to arrive on the ground.

BEAUFORT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Secretary of the above Society will be pleased to receive outstanding Subscriptions by Wednesday next, when the books will finally close. W. H. HALPIN, Secretary.

BEAUFORT PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.

The ANNUAL MEETING of the SHIRE HALL on THURSDAY, April 17th, at 8 o'clock, for Election of Officers and to decide on procedure for ensuing twelve months. A full attendance requested. JAS. H. ROBERTSON, Secy.

BEAUFORT FOX TERRIER COURING CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING will be held at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on TUESDAY Evening, 15th inst., at 8.30 o'clock sharp. Business: Election of Officers for 1913-14, on Wednesday, 17th inst. J. STRAUGHAN, Hon. Sec.

EURAMBEEN DISTRICT COURING CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at Mrs. Kelly's Hotel at 8 o'clock on THURSDAY evening, 17th inst. Business: Election of Officers for 1913-14, on Wednesday, 16th April, 1913, until after the meeting. Business: 1. To receive and adopt Reports and Balance Sheets. 2. Election of Directors. 3. Election of Auditors. 4. To transact any other business that may be lawfully brought forward. A. J. P. COCK, Manager. Lydiard Street North, Ballarat. N.B.—Nominations for the Board must be lodged at the Company's Office two full days, and Proxies must be lodged 24 hours prior to the commencement of the meeting.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

CAMERON.—The friends of the late Mr. D. D. Cameron are respectfully invited to attend his remains at his late resting place, in the Beaufort Cemetery. The funeral will leave his late residence in Speke-street to-morrow (Sunday), at 5 p.m. A. H. SANDS, Undertaker.

Religious Services.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13TH, 1913. CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Beaufort, 8 (10.30); Traralgon, 8.30; W. B. Jessop; Raglan, 11; Shirley, 3; Main Lead, 7.—Mr. T. D. Martin. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11; Middle Creek, 3; Beaufort, 7.—Rev. J. Stewart, Main Lead, 11; Raglan, 3; Chute, 7.—Mr. J. P. Hamilton. METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Raglan, 3.—Mr. R. Harvey. Chute, 3; Raglan, 7.30.—Mr. C. Waldron. Waterloo, 3 and 7.—Mr. J. Stringer.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER.

HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR. Rents Collected. Loans negotiated. Highest Cash Price for all kinds of Produce. Agent for South British Insurance Co., Mount Lyell Manures, and Alfred J. Spauling, Lime Manufacturer, Lead, Tarpanlines, Horse Rugs, Tents, etc., always on hand. On hand, Bags at lowest current rates. W. H. HALPIN, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

JAB. H. ROBERTSON, PLUMBER, TINSMITH, AND GAS FITTER.

Wishes to intimate that he has on hand a large stock of Tanks, Spouting, Blowing, and Drains, Pipes, Water Pipes, and Fittings, Gas, Steam, and Water Pipes, and all kinds of Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' work. Also, a large stock of all kinds of Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' tools, and all kinds of Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' materials. JAB. H. ROBERTSON, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

ACID STOMACHS ARE DANGEROUS.

COMMON SENSE ADVICE BY A DISTINGUISHED SPECIALIST. "Acid" stomachs are dangerous because acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, thus hindering and preventing the proper action of the stomach, and leading to nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble from which people suffer. Medicines and medicinal treatments are useless in such cases, for they leave the source of the trouble, the acid in the stomach, as dangerous as ever. The acid must be neutralized, and its formation prevented, and the best thing for this purpose is half a teaspoonful of bisulphated magnesia, a simple antacid, taken in a little warm or cold water after eating, which not only neutralizes the acid, but also prevents the fermentation from which acidity is developed. Foods which ordinarily cause greatest distress can be eaten with impunity if the meal is followed with a little bisulphated magnesia, which can be obtained of any chemist, and should always be kept handy.

NEURALGIA AND SHOOTING PAINS.

For seven years I have suffered with neuralgia and shooting pains in the head, writes Mrs. M. A. Craddock, John-St., Salisbury, S.A. "I tried many things, but found nothing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm for giving immediate relief. I had neuralgia very badly but found a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured me." Sold by J. R. Witherspoon & Co.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Fox Terrier Coursing Club is to be held at the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, to elect officers and consider a proposal for a 250 meeting.

The Secretary of the Beaufort Agricultural Society desires payment of outstanding subscriptions by Wednesday, when the books will finally close.

TENDERS, returnable on Saturday, 19th April, are invited for Ploughing and Scooping about Sixty (60) Chains of Drains on Waterloo Swamp. Particulars at Store, Waterloo. M. FLYNN.

BEAUFORT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Secretary of the above Society will be pleased to receive outstanding Subscriptions by Wednesday next, when the books will finally close. W. H. HALPIN, Secretary.

BEAUFORT PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.

The ANNUAL MEETING of the SHIRE HALL on THURSDAY, April 17th, at 8 o'clock, for Election of Officers and to decide on procedure for ensuing twelve months. A full attendance requested. JAS. H. ROBERTSON, Secy.

BEAUFORT FOX TERRIER COURING CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING will be held at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on TUESDAY Evening, 15th inst., at 8.30 o'clock sharp. Business: Election of Officers for 1913-14, on Wednesday, 17th inst. J. STRAUGHAN, Hon. Sec.

EURAMBEEN DISTRICT COURING CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at Mrs. Kelly's Hotel at 8 o'clock on THURSDAY evening, 17th inst. Business: Election of Officers for 1913-14, on Wednesday, 16th April, 1913, until after the meeting. Business: 1. To receive and adopt Reports and Balance Sheets. 2. Election of Directors. 3. Election of Auditors. 4. To transact any other business that may be lawfully brought forward. A. J. P. COCK, Manager. Lydiard Street North, Ballarat. N.B.—Nominations for the Board must be lodged at the Company's Office two full days, and Proxies must be lodged 24 hours prior to the commencement of the meeting.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

CAMERON.—The friends of the late Mr. D. D. Cameron are respectfully invited to attend his remains at his late resting place, in the Beaufort Cemetery. The funeral will leave his late residence in Speke-street to-morrow (Sunday), at 5 p.m. A. H. SANDS, Undertaker.

Religious Services.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13TH, 1913. CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Beaufort, 8 (10.30); Traralgon, 8.30; W. B. Jessop; Raglan, 11; Shirley, 3; Main Lead, 7.—Mr. T. D. Martin. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11; Middle Creek, 3; Beaufort, 7.—Rev. J. Stewart, Main Lead, 11; Raglan, 3; Chute, 7.—Mr. J. P. Hamilton. METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Raglan, 3.—Mr. R. Harvey. Chute, 3; Raglan, 7.30.—Mr. C. Waldron. Waterloo, 3 and 7.—Mr. J. Stringer.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER.

HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR. Rents Collected. Loans negotiated. Highest Cash Price for all kinds of Produce. Agent for South British Insurance Co., Mount Lyell Manures, and Alfred J. Spauling, Lime Manufacturer, Lead, Tarpanlines, Horse Rugs, Tents, etc., always on hand. On hand, Bags at lowest current rates. W. H. HALPIN, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

JAB. H. ROBERTSON, PLUMBER, TINSMITH, AND GAS FITTER.

Wishes to intimate that he has on hand a large stock of Tanks, Spouting, Blowing, and Drains, Pipes, Water Pipes, and Fittings, Gas, Steam, and Water Pipes, and all kinds of Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' work. Also, a large stock of all kinds of Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' tools, and all kinds of Plumbers' and Gas Fitters' materials. JAB. H. ROBERTSON, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.



NEW SEASON'S GOODS. AUTUMN FASHIONS.

IN MILLINERY We have the daintiest and most taking styles direct from the world's best markets. The greatest care has been exercised in making our purchases, and never have we been in a position to offer prettier styles. IN MEN'S SUITS We're right up-to-date with new patterns to select from. Splendid cut, finished in champion style, and priced to please. Do you know that you can buy all your wearables at our store as good and as cheaply as you can get in the City? You can, and we'll prove it any time.

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE. J. R. Witherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB'S ANNUAL RACES.

To be held at the Racecourse, WATERLOO FLAT, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16th, 1913. MEMBER'S TICKET, 10/- Admission to Course, 1/-; Children under 15, 6d.

BEAUFORT PICTURES.

SOCIETIES' HALL. EVERY MONDAY NIGHT. An Up-to-date Programme. New Electric Light Plant. Prices as Usual. JAS. H. ROBERTSON, Secy.

Beaufort Pharmacy.

NOTICE.—On and after November 1st, the undermentioned hours will be observed:— Week Days—9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Wednesday—9 a.m. to 12 p.m. 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. Saturday—9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sunday—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

TRIAL STAKES, of £7.

Five furlongs. Weight for age. For horses that have never won an advertised race of £50 or over. 1st, 25; 2nd, 21. Nomination, 7/.

NOVELTY PONY RACE (14-1)

hands and under, of 58. Four furlongs. 1st, 27; 2nd, 21. Nomination, 8/.

BEAUFORT CUP, of £15.

One mile. 1st, £18; 2nd, £2. Nomination, 9/; acceptance, 5/.

WATERLOO HANDICAP, of £10.

Six furlongs. Amateur riders. 1st, 25; 2nd, 21. Nomination, 7/6; acceptance, 3/6.

FLYING HANDICAP, of £10.

Five furlongs. 1st, 25; 2nd, 21. Nomination, 7/6; acceptance, 2/6.

TIME HANDICAP TROT (regis-tered), of £5.

Two miles. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5/.

A copy of the handicaps will be posted to nominators.

Nominations must be accompanied by the fee. First race to start at 1.30 o'clock sharp. V.R.C. rules strictly adhered to. Jockeys must ride in colors. W. O'SULLIVAN, President. W. H. HALPIN, Secy.

EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL.

HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA. An excellent NERVE FOOD and RESTORATIVE. INVALUABLE as a FLESH BUILDER in PHTHISIS, DEBILITY, and WASTING DISEASES. Given to CHILDREN with Wonderful Results. PRICE, 1/6 PER BOTTLE. H. W. JONES, Manager.

THO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

Agent for GEORGE MAQUE & Co. Mr. Dalsell Hind, Surgeon Dentist, of Ballarat, visits the above pharmacy every Friday afternoon. Hours, 12.30-5 p.m.

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One mile. 1st, £18; 2nd, £2. Nomination, 9/

No. 1862.

A SCHEMATIC CONVINCED.
I was very bad with colic," writes Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Public Health Officer, Beaufort, N.Z., "and my wife was very bad with colic. I was sceptical and did not believe in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, but at last I got so bad that my wife and I were obliged to try it. After two doses I was better and have been ever since. I have since recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to all my friends. Sold by J. B. Wetherston & Co., Beaufort."

BALLARAT STOCK MARKET.
Tuesday.
Fat Cattle—242 cattle came forward for today's sale, a fair proportion being good to prime quality. There was only a good attendance of buyers present. Values for about last week's rates, but opened at the improved prices of the previous sale were not maintained. Quotations—Prime pen lambs, 21/2 to 21/6; good pen lambs, 14/ to 15/6; medium, 11/ to 12/6.

AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.
"Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Should always be used for Children while Teething. It soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is a Remedy for Diarrhoea. Directions for Using Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup.—For a child under one month old, 6 to 10 drops; three months old, half a teaspoonful; six months old and up, one teaspoonful. For Diarrhoea, repeat the above dose every two hours, until the character of the discharges is changed for the better. Sold Everywhere.

The World's Family Medicine

The reason why Beecham's Pills have come to occupy this premier place among family medicines is clear to everyone who has had occasion to test their unequalled medicinal value. Between the many so-called cures for digestive disorders and the wonderful remedy there is a wide gulf. The unshakable superiority and efficacy of

Beecham's Pills

rest upon the fact that they are scientifically prepared from the finest remedies existing in the vegetable kingdom for the cure of disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. If your stomach is in any way out of order, if you suffer from indigestion, biliousness, and headaches, if you are at all "out of sorts," the famous remedy, Beecham's Pills, will do you good.

Those especially will find that Beecham's Pills will restore free and regular conditions, and give them that physical grace and beauty which only come through perfect health and regularity.

Will Do You Good.

NO MEDICINE LIKE CLEMENTS TONIC

A LEADING PUBLICIST & MASTER OF ARTS AND EXPERT IN CRIME & CRIMINALS, & JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, SAYS:

There is no equal to this medicine; for old and young alike. I speak from personal experience of its wonderful powers for creating health.
Mr. Albert Sydney Watson, M.A., LL.B., J.P., who gives this Clements Tonic testimony, was recently a sitting Magistrate for Queensland; also J.P. for South Australia. He founded and was Secretary of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society of New Zealand, and on his departure was presented with an illuminated address, signed by the Chief Justice, the Stipendiary Magistrate, the Visiting Justice of Prisons, the Mayor of Wellington, Members of Parliament, etc., in recognition of his organizing services. The Government of the Australian States have always been glad of his opinion on their prison systems. He is Director of the Prisoners' Aid Society, and Press Agency Ltd., 366 Bourke Street, Melbourne, 6/11/10.

CLEMENTS TONIC LTD.
"Undoubtedly Clements Tonic is the standard medicine of Australia. There is no imported remedy to equal it, and nothing manufactured in Australasia to be mentioned in the same breath with it. It has the most powerful possible tonic and recuperative properties, while at the same time it is a perfectly safe remedy, and may be used by old and young alike. I have proved the value of this medicine, and hence speak from personal experience of its merits. You may use this as you think fit."

(Signed) **ALBERT S. WATSON, M.A., LL.B.**

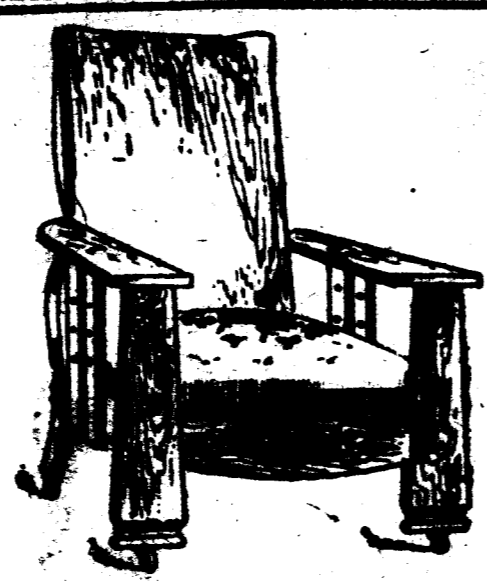
Very many persons who have used CLEMENTS TONIC, and have been entirely cured, declare this remedy in the house to be ensured against ill-health. They write thus:—Therefore, it is wise to keep it. There are three things it effects:—(1) It makes the liver active; (2) the heart regular; (3) the nerves sound as steel. If these vital functions are in order, you keep well.

A TESTIMONY FOR WOMEN TO READ:
Miss Ada Maylor, 38 Withers Street, Albert Park, had to give up her duties and but for Clements Tonic would perhaps be in ill-health still. She writes:—

CLEMENTS TONIC LTD.
"I was ill for six months, wasting away to a shadow with nerves all unstrung and dyspepsia, my poor thought I was in a decline. I had to give up my business. I only used a few bottles of Clements Tonic, and thanks to it I am bright and happy again and in the best of health."

(Signed) **ADA MAYLOR.**

ALL STORES & CHEMISTS SELL THIS MEDICINE



AFTER A CLOSE INSPECTION :: ::

Of the Furniture that comprises our stock, the prices come as a pleasant surprise.

Your notion of cost will be found to be woefully extravagant if you have based your estimate on the prices elsewhere.

We're always pleased to see you on a visit of inspection only, because our stocks always create an impression of quality and value that it does not pay you to forget.

Most interesting items are

Lounge Chairs

Call in and see them or write for our free illustrated furnishing guide, filled with accurate pictures and saving prices.

Here is an extract of some of the prices. No Melbourne firm offers you such value.

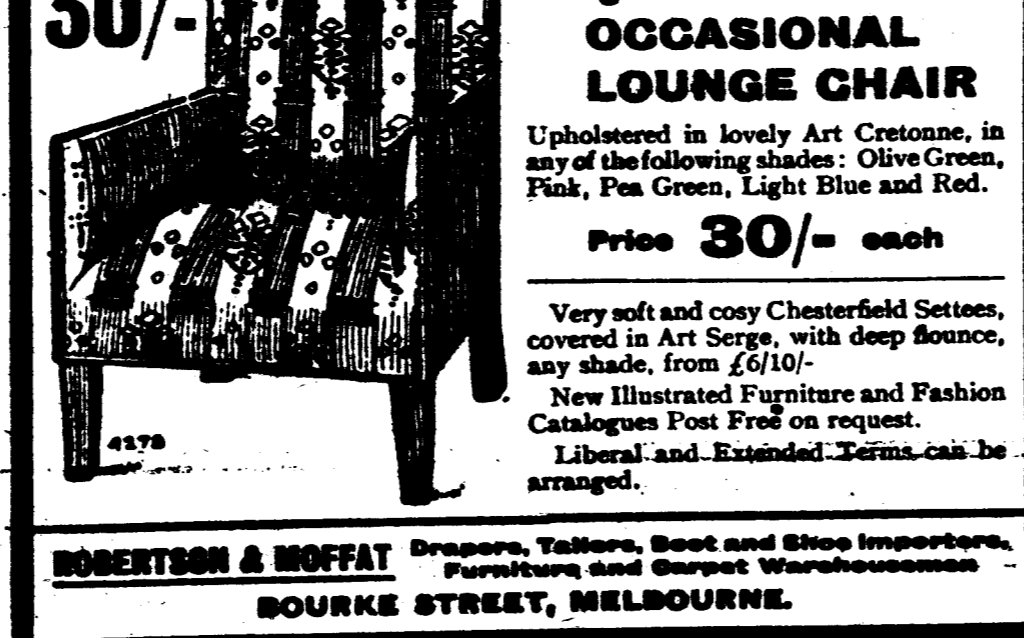
Adjustable Lounge Chair, strong and comfortable	22/6	Eight-Piece Oak Dining Suite, massive frames in solid oak, upholstered in best quality, Pastel shades, to dress at any shade, from 2/10/0	£9 10 0	Dining Suite, seven pieces, in strong frames, consists of large Couch, two easy chairs, and four small chairs with blackwood underframing, upholstered in best Pastel shade leather.	£7 10 0
Odd Saddle-Bag Costly Easy Chair	35/-	Three-Piece Bedroom Suite, comprises Wardrobe with bevel mirror door and two copper panels, Dressing Table with large square "wing" mirror, Washstand with marble top and full the back, up-to-date design.	£7 10 0	In solid Blackwood Frames	£8 15 0
Leather Divan Easy Chair for Lounge Chair, upholstered in set costume, from Platform Rockers, in strong blackwood frames, covered with best Brussels Carpet	37/6 18/6 14/6			Bookcase, 3 ft. 6 in. wide, double glass doors, adjustable shelves, two drawers and cupboards,	£3 10 0

TUNBRIDGE'S

For Everything in House Furnishings, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

ROBERTSON & MOFFAT PTY. LTD.

Smart and Comfortable "QUEEN ANNE" OCCASIONAL LOUNGE CHAIR



Upholstered in lovely Art Deco style, in the following shades: Olive Green, Pink, Fox Green, Light Blue and Red. Price 30/- each

Very soft and cosy Chesterfield Seater, covered in Art Deco style with deep button, any shade, from 2/10/0.

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

ROBERTSON & MOFFAT Dealers, Tailors, Boot and Shoe Importers, 100 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

FROOTOIDS

Cure Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and Biliousness. They are elegant in appearance, and they are so pleasant to take; they are immensely 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 channels that lead to and from them. Frootoids are

THE BEST 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 are absolutely unrivalled for

FAMILY use; their beneficial effects are evident by the disappearance of headache—a bright cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish depression, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested. Frootoids are a very economical

MEDICINE. A dose taken once a week, at bed-time, is highly beneficial. They act speedily on the Liver, a common habit of body will be completely cured, when the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids in the evening, as an ordinary aperient. The sufferer thus gradually becomes quite independent of aperient Medicines.

Price 1/2. From all Chemists and Dispensing Vendors, and W. G. Hosmer & Co., Ltd., Geelong, Victoria.

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Agents for New Zealand: Messrs J. & L. McEwen, 100, Queen Street, Auckland.

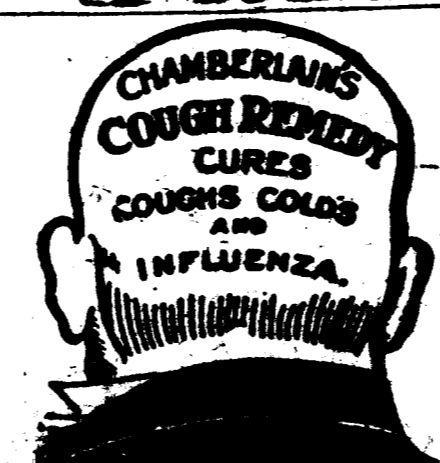
Local Representatives: Messrs J. & L. McEwen, 100, Queen Street, Auckland.

Agents for the Dominion: Messrs J. & L. McEwen, 100, Queen Street, Auckland.

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CLARKE'S R. 42 PILLS

A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Obstructions in either sex. These Pills also cure all cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, and all other ailments arising from a disordered state of the bowels.



DOEPEL AND GRANDLER, AUCTIONEERS

Auditors, Accountants, House Land, Insurance and General Agents.

NATIONAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS, BALLARAT.

EDMOND DOEPEL (38 years with Messrs Cutler, Morrey, and Hunt).

W. H. GRANDLER, Auctioneer. Sover Value under T.L.A.

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

Valuations for Mortgages and Probate purposes made by Mr W. H. Grandler, who is a member of the Ballarat District, (the National Mutual Life Association), and leading investors of the city.

Agents for Australia: Estates Manager & Wood & Co.

Agents for New Zealand: Messrs J. & L. McEwen, 100, Queen Street, Auckland.

Local Representatives: Messrs J. & L. McEwen, 100, Queen Street, Auckland.

Agents for the Dominion: Messrs J. & L. McEwen, 100, Queen Street, Auckland.

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.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COMPANY, Limited.

Office—Camp Street.

DIRECTORS: John Macleod, Chairman, Hon. J. Y. McDonald, M.L.C., Frank Herman, J. H. Woodcock, J.P., Dr. Robert Scott, George Lewis.

John Glasdon, Manager.

THIS COMPANY ACTS— 1. As Executor and Trustee in a Will. 2. As Trustee in Marriage and other settlements. 3. As Attorney under Power for Absentees. 4. As Attorney for absent Executors and Trustees. 5. As General Agent.

Trustees in Estates can transfer their Trusteeship to this Company.

Executors appointed in a Will can transfer to this Company before Probate is applied for, and subsequently.

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO MAKE YOUR WILL AND

DO IT NOW.

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Your Executor and Trustee.

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

V. G. JONES, STOCK AND SHARE BROKER, BEAUFORT.

All commissions receive prompt attention.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

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

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales kept. F. H. T. CLASS BEDS, 1/- each a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free Horses and Vehicles on hire. The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will create a fair share of patronage.

—A TRIAL SOLICITED— M. MALPIN, Proprietress.

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The Good Samaritan JUST IN TIME

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Grandest Remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

A dose or two is generally sufficient

KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE

SOLD by all CHEMISTS and STORES

BICYCLE BARGAINS!

200 Secondhand Bicycles, All makes and sizes, in perfect order. Re-enamelled, and fitted with new tyres. Fully guaranteed.

From £4. Easy terms arranged.

Continental Clearance COVERS (all sizes stocked), 8s. 6d. each.

SPLENDID VALUE.

D. F. TROY, Agent for Beaufort.

MASSEY BICYCLE DEPOT,

123 Sturt-St., Ballarat, Opposite P.O. Tel. 505.

£1,000 IN PRIZES £1,000

MELBOURNE EIGHT HOURS ART UNION. Acknowledged to be one of the most genuine of all 8th Year AS POPULAR AS EVER.

THE GREAT EVENT OF THE YEAR. 87th Anniversary Eight Hours Day. GRAND PRIZES, BAZAAR, AND ART UNION.

In aid of the Charities (Town and Country). Exhibition Standings. MONDAY, 21st APRIL (Eight Hours Day). Public and Bank Holiday. EIGHT HOURS ART UNION. 100 PRIZES. VALUE £1,000.

Works of Art by Australian Artists. 1st PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £200. 2nd PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £100. 3rd PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £50. 4th PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £25. 5th PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £10. 6th PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £5. 7th PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £2. 8th PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value £1. 9th PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value 50c. 10th PRIZE. OIL PAINTING. Value 25c.

NOTE.—The Committee are purchasing and paying for the Pictures the amounts at which they are valued as above stated. In order, however, to fully satisfy the Public and Subscribers of the bona fides of the Art Union, and that in their opinion the Pictures are worth these prices, the Committee offer (if applied to within one month from the drawing of the Art Union) to had purchasers for drawing of the first three prizes for the value of the pictures which they are so valued.

The Art Union will be drawn at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, 21st APRIL, in the presence of representatives of the Press and all Ticket-holders who may desire to attend. Winning numbers will be published in the three Melbourne dailies on the 14th May. Every Ticket sold, and an artist has a chance of winning a picture.

Tickets (1/- each) can be obtained, with full list of names, from any of the following agents, or direct from the Secretary, at the office of the Art Union, 100, Queen Street, Melbourne. Tickets may be ordered by Postal Note, P.O. Order (with stamp for reply) to:

JOHN EYMA, Secretary Eight Hours Committee, Trades Hall, Carlton, Victoria.

Local Agents: Messrs J. & L. McEwen, 100, Queen Street, Auckland.

Buy your Tickets at once from your Local Agents.

S. WHITING wishes to intimate to the residents of Beaufort and surrounding district that he has fitted up a room where light Refreshments, Ice Cream, and Summer Drinks will be served to patrons. Only first quality Fruit and Vegetables kept. Agent for Gordon Bros' celebrated Garden Seeds. All orders promptly attended to.

—LINDSEY COMPOUND, for Coughs and Colds. Lenses phlegm, always irritative.

Printed and published by the Proprietor ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of The Riponshire Advocate newspaper, Leveson Street, Beaufort, Victoria.

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LEAVES FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK. By W. Murray Graydon, Author of "The Curse of the Cardeaus," "The Heir of the Loudouns," etc., etc.

THE MYSTERY OF THE OUDH JUNGLE.

Captain Algoner Medhurst muttered something under his breath as he saw, through a rift in the dense, tropical forest, that the ruby sun was on the point of kissing the crest of a distant range of hills. Then he leant back in the saddle, mopped the perspiration from his brow, and said pettily to his travelling companion: "Only an hour yet till darkness, and Faisabad sixteen miles away. We must put up for the night presently, worse luck!"

"On climbing out of the saddle to lead head to his low-cast eyes, the old Hindoo saluted again, and vanished around the corner of the bungalow, no doubt bound for his own hut in the rear. Golab Singh glanced after him in time to see only a pair of lean, brown legs. "A fine-looking man, the caretaker," said Quin, as he dismounted. "Rather out of the common," he sent the captain, "Faisabad, I suppose. But these fellows are invariably a nuisance, and I don't care to have him about. He'll make himself scarce till morning and then come whining for rupees when we are ready to start. Golab Singh!" "Yes, sahib."

"Take the horses to the stables yonder, then see that the beds are clean, and prepare supper." Accustomed to the exercise control, Captain Medhurst had taken upon himself that day to command Quin's servant. The latter led away the horses and the Englishmen entered the bungalow, finding it in good order. They took possession of the inner room, which contained a couple of beds, a table with a lamp, and three easy-chairs. The outer room was furnished a little less comfortably. A hearty supper, washed down with a bottle of excellent wine, put the captain in better spirits and made Quin feel content with himself and the world. The table cleared, they drew their chairs close to the warmth of the lamp, and lighted their pipes. In the outer room, the door of which was open, Golab Singh squatted drowsily on a rug. Rip was sleeping at his master's feet, pricking up his ears now and then to listen to the sounds that came fitfully from the dark surrounding jungle.

"The shock of the discovery combined with the knowledge that he was named, staggered Quin for an instant. He lay on his back in time to avoid a fatal thrust, and then, in his turn, he sprang pluckily at his assailant. But a savage bark, simultaneous with a shout, warned the caretaker to be off. He jerked open the door leading from the bungalow, and slammed it behind him as he vanished in the darkness. Yelping furiously, Rip bounded to the spot and sniffed the track. Behold the dog came Captain Medhurst, his hair dishevelled, and a pistol in each hand. "What does it mean?" he cried. "Murder! Quin answered. He put down the lamp—he had been holding it all the while—and bent over Golab Singh, from whose chest a red stream was flowing. "Is he dead?" gasped the captain. "Quite dead," was the hoarse reply. "He has just breathed his last—he was stabbed to the heart."

"Heaven bless it!" gasped Quin. "How can the brute natives hope to trap. Doubtless it is a man-eater, Quin." "If he would only chase the assassin!" "He is more sure of us," the captain said, hoarsely. "We are lost unless we can kill it with our revolvers." "It leaps," replied Quin, "it may be impaled on the stakes." "The caretaker is dead, though the situation was truly frightful. The tiger was as wary as it was hungry. It showed its massive head and fiery eyes at the opening for an instant, but vanished before the Englishmen could level their weapons with sure aim; otherwise, they dared not fire. Then the great brute prowled for a time about the three covered sides of the pit, cunningly keeping to the firm earth. It uttered a frenzied, blood-curdling growl, which increased in frequency and rage. The men shifted their positions constantly, crouching under the side where they detected the soft footfalls, so that the tiger, if it should resolve to spring, would land beyond them. "This is getting tiresome," Quin said. "How will it end?" "In our making a meal for the brute," the captain answered gloomily. "I don't see much hope. Ah, if it would only show itself long enough to be impaled!"

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RULERS OF THE KING'S "NAVEE."

MEMO WHO MAKE BRITANNIA MISTRESS OF THE SEAS.

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea. And you will be rulers of the Queen's Navee. The merry lines of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert are not without point; for the First Lord of the Admiralty, the man who has practically supreme control of naval affairs, is always a Cabinet Minister, who has achieved his position with pen and speech, and who probably doesn't know the difference between a cruiser and a battleship.

LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

The Controller of the Navy is the Naval Lord charged with the supervision of the whole of the "material" of the Navy, including the construction, repair, armament, general equipment, and upkeep of every ship in the Service. He is also responsible for the administration of the dockyards and for the construction of ships and machinery by contractors, and in these matters he has the assistance and advice of the Director of Naval Construction, the Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy, and the Director of Dockyards. The Junior Naval Lord deals with transport, coaling, matters relating to pay, pensions, and medals, naval prisons, and collisions.

SALARIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

The arrangement of the departments of the Navy Board appointed to take up the duties of the Lord High Admiral was somewhat different from that which exists at the present time in connection with the Board of Admiralty, but the system of administration was practically the same. The Board of Admiralty as it works to-day was really established in 1832 by Sir James Graham.

ON THE WAR-PATH.

"Good-afternoon, Johnny!" said the nice young lady, visiting his mother's house in the sweet cause of charity. "Why don't you come to our Sunday-school? A lot of your little friends have joined, and we are going to have a lovely party at Christmas."

EUGENIOS EXPLAINED.

ALL ABOUT THE SCIENCE OF RACE CULTURE.

There is a good—of bad—thing called the Eugenist. He will tell you that it is good, grand, splendid, and he runs short of magnificent and enthusiastic adjectives. He will tell you that the Eugenic policy needs to be put in force, and that the Eugenium has come. Eugenics is the science which concerns itself with the development of the human race—race culture, as it is called. The deterioration of the human race is to be arrested, and the world is to arise in which there shall be no "unfit" or "inferior" body, mind, and character, but a race of giants.

QUALITIES OF DEPENDENCY.

The Eugenist takes the view that the quality of the human race is to be improved by the selection of the fittest. This law of heredity, which governs the quality of the offspring, is to be applied to the human race. The Eugenist believes that the quality of the human race is to be improved by the selection of the fittest. This law of heredity, which governs the quality of the offspring, is to be applied to the human race.

POOH-POOH AND THE EUGENISTS.

The Eugenists are a very odd set of people, and being very odd, they are going to do some very odd things. We must not be misled by the excellent people, Eugenic science: it may be a very odd thing, but it will win in the end. Their creed is that of a liberality to consider character, and quality of breeding generations, which has frustrated the work of Nature's law, "the survival of the fittest," by a mistake which cherishes and takes credit to itself for the character of either be segregated—survives—or incinerated.

BURGLAR VICTIM.

One professor of the Eugenist Congress has been chosen for a robust burglary. The burglar, who is a very odd set of people, and being very odd, they are going to do some very odd things. We must not be misled by the excellent people, Eugenic science: it may be a very odd thing, but it will win in the end.

No. 1853.

ALLIANCE STOCK MARKET

BEAUFORT RAINFALL

GAVE UP HER BUSINESS BECAUSE FOOT FORCED HER

CLEMENTS TONIC CURED HER

CLEMENTS TONIC

Signed ADA C.

In cases where the system is shattered through business stress, nervousness, or brain-fog, it generates nerve pain in health-creating, create bodily strength in a new guise. In Headache, Insomnia, Brain-fog, Weak Nerves, Constipation, it is All Chemists and

COUGLE'S

Have opened up a large assortment of

NEW AUTUMN and WINTER GOODS

in all Departments, and are offering exceptional value in

Becoming Millinery, Stylish Ready-to-wear Hats, Fashionable Costumes, Newest Blouses, Smart Long Coats, Newest Dress Fabrics, &c.

Special Value in

MEN'S, YOUTHS', & BOYS' OVERCOATS, READY-TO-WEAR SUITS, HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, BOOTS and SHOES, &c.

All the smartest of the New Season's Goods are shown here.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Orders by Post or Carrier receive prompt attention.

G. H. COUGLE, "The Store for Good Values," BEAUFORT.

Telephone 12.

J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST.

THREE STERLING REMEDIES:—

Harris' Rheumatic Powders, Harris' Influenza Mixture, Harris' Teething & Cooling Powders for Children.

HOURS on and after NOVEMBER 1st. '12:

Ordinary Week Days, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Wednesdays, 9 a.m. to 12 a.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST, For Accuracy, Confidence, Satisfaction HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

Commonwealth Bank of Australia

Branches are open for the transaction of General Banking Business throughout Australia...

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Agencies are open in practically all Post Offices which issue Money Orders in the Australian Commonwealth and Papua.

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IS THIS YOU? Would you like to be as well dressed in a Winter-defying-latest-style Suit? Well, then, send along for our illustrated Catalogue and a batch of new Season's Suitings, such as we tailor to special measure from 70/- to 105/-. Early delivery & utmost satisfaction guaranteed.

Perfect Bridal Portraits.

No Wedding nowadays is complete without a set of perfect Bridal Portraits...

RICHARDS & CO'S, The Leading and Fashionable Dressmakers and Tailors, 31 Sturt-St. BALLARAT.

Australian Natives' Association

The Fortnightly Meeting of the Beaufort Branch, A.N.A., will be held in the MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE on TUESDAY Evening, next, at 8 o'clock.

PROGRESS TENT, I.O.R., 43. THE Fortnightly Meeting will be held in the Societies' Hall on Tuesday next, at 8.30 p.m.

The Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1913.

The Rev. W. H. Chapman, who has succeeded the Rev. J. Barningham as minister in charge of the Beaufort Methodist Church...

AN enjoyable afternoon's sport was provided at the Beaufort Gun Club's grounds on Wednesday, when 9 sweepstakes (sparrows) were disposed of.

LINSEED COMPOUND: Of 40 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c.

The Beaufort Rifle Club's competition for the best aggregate in two matches was concluded on Wednesday afternoon.

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WEDDINGS.

SLATTERY-BRENNAN.

On Tuesday, 25th March, the marriage of Mr. Wm. Slattery, of Melbourne, and Miss Lily Brennan, daughter of the late Mr. J. Brennan, of Ararat, and Miss Lily Brennan, daughter of the late Mr. J. Brennan, of Ararat, was celebrated at St. Joseph's R.C. Church, Beaufort.

The officiating clergyman was the Very Rev. Father P. O'Hare, who was assisted by the Rev. Father Coughlan.

The church was effectively decorated by the girl friends of the bride with flowers and white ribbon.

Numerous friends were present to witness the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of cream satin charmeuse, richly trimmed with Brussels lace and pearls.

She also wore the customary wreath and veil, and carried a shower bouquet of white water lilies, bride roses, and supergus fern (the gift of the bridegroom).

The bridegroom, Mr. Geoff. Brennan (brother of the bride) gave her away, and she was attended by her sisters, Miss Mary Jackson, Mrs. W. H. H. Slattery, and Miss Lily Brennan.

The ceremony was followed by a reception which was held at the residence of the bridegroom's parents, Messrs J. Brennan and E. Brennan.

The bride and bridegroom were accompanied by the bridesmaids, Misses Mary Jackson, Mrs. W. H. H. Slattery, and Miss Lily Brennan.

The ceremony was followed by a reception which was held at the residence of the bridegroom's parents, Messrs J. Brennan and E. Brennan.

The bride and bridegroom were accompanied by the bridesmaids, Misses Mary Jackson, Mrs. W. H. H. Slattery, and Miss Lily Brennan.

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BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, APRIL 22nd, 1913.

(Before Mr. W. Goldsmith, P.M., and Mr. D. F. Troy, J.P.)

A debt case, in which Mr. S. Young appeared for complainant, was withdrawn.

VACCINATION. In a vaccination case against J. E. Lof, Senior-constable Rohan handed in a note from defendant asking for an adjournment. The case was adjourned till 27th May.

A similar charge against another defendant was withdrawn by the Senior-constable, the child having been successfully vaccinated.

MISSING DEFENDANTS. Senior-constable Rohan informed the bench that M. White, who was fined recently for being found on licensed premises after hours, and W. Shannon, who was fined some months back for being in a railway carriage without a ticket, had not met their obligations.

The bench would remember that Shannon had been given time to pay, and had been in prison, but had not met his obligations. Constable Wishart said he served the summons White had said nothing about appearing.

The P.M. said the distress warrants not having been returned, the bench would inflict 14 days' imprisonment in the case of White, and in Shannon's 7 days.

GARNISHEE CASE. The garnishee case of E. Schlicht v. H. W. Stewart and the Hope G.M. Co. was called.

The P.M. said the informant, asked for an adjournment for 31st May. There had been some little misunderstanding, and it would not be fair to take an order.

THE RETRACTICAL JOKE RESENTED. An elderly man named Hugh Peacock proceeded against a young laborer named Stanley Wright on an alleged charge of having at Mawallack, on 4th April, feloniously stolen, taken and disposed of a number of animal skins, consisting of 22 lbs. of rabbit skins, 38 hare skins, and one fox skin, valued at £22.

The P.M. said the informant, Stanley Wright, Senior-constable Rohan said he had sent the mounted-constable out to make enquiries. He could not find the skins, but they were subsequently found in the lake. They were so rotten that they could not be brought into court.

The P.M. said they could let informant prove his own case. Mr. Young, who appeared for defendant, objected, with regard to the information, to the words "did feloniously steal, take and dispose of."

The P.M. said the informant would mean carrying away. Feloniously stealing and taking constituted an offence. Stanley Wright stated that he was a laborer, residing at 40 Victoria-street, Warrack. On 4th April, witness was rabbiting at Mawallack. At 5 minutes to 7 a.m., he placed a bag of animal skins, consisting of 22 lbs. of rabbit skins, 38 hare skins, and one fox skin, to the total value of £22, on a wagon standing on the road, and on going out about 5 past 7 from the hut to go to work, he found that the bag and skins were gone.

Mr. Young objected to this as evidence. Witness, continuing, said he looked for the bag, but did not find it. Next morning at breakfast Cleary said something further. He spoke to Cleary about it, and made further enquiries from him. From what he learned he issued the summons. He next saw the bag of skins on the morning he issued the summons. He saw the bag of skins on the morning of the 7th April, in the lake near the hut. He was taken to that spot by Cleary. He had known defendant for some time. Peacock was an electrician residing at Mawallack. The fur on the skins was rotten by the immersion in the lake. He was taken to that spot by Cleary. He had known defendant for some time. Peacock was an electrician residing at Mawallack. The fur on the skins was rotten by the immersion in the lake.

Mr. Young—He issued the summons against Peacock from what Cleary told him. Before doing so he did not speak to Peacock. He thought he had no need of a defendant with such easy distance of where he lived. Witness complained to the overseer, Mr. O'Neil, of his loss. Witness had meals in the same hut with defendant, but none after he missed the skins. The reason was a good pack defendant did not come near the hut. It was not a fact that witness and two companions were waiting for him to give him a hiding. Witness never showed up. He was not there. He did not throw food at him at meal time. Witness never saw his companions throw food at him. He saw defendant hit with a stick but could not see what person threw it. Witness did not throw it.

Witness, continuing, said the morning after Cleary showed him the skins, Peacock asked him if he wanted to buy a bag of skins. Witness said, "No; but if you know where they are the best thing you can do is to give them to me." Defendant only laughed.

To Mr. Young—Peacock would know the skins were witness' by the tags on the bag with his name on them. John Cleary stated that he was a station-hand, employed at Mawallack. He knew both informant and defendant. He was on duty on the morning of the 4th April. Accused, after leaving the bag there, walked along the edge of the water to his power-house. Witness saw him walking down the road towards the wagon before seeing him at the lake, but he was actually seen at the wagon. If accused went up to the wagon, witness could have seen him if he had not at that time been engaged in filling his pipe, and having his head bent down, next day when someone else had occurred, witness showed informant the bag in the lake at the spot where he saw Peacock leave it. The bag was then tipped on one side, and the skins were shown. To the best of his belief it was the same bag Peacock was carrying.

To Mr. Young—He would be over 100 yards from accused when he saw him approaching the wagon. At that time he had not the slightest idea what was in the bag. If Peacock had looked round he could have seen witness. Witness had his meals in the hut with informant and defendant. He was present when Peacock complained to the overseer, Mr. O'Neil, about the conduct of Wright and his companions. The overseer asked witness if Peacock ever interfered with them. Witness told Mr. O'Neil, "No; he was a man who interfered with nobody." Witness had not seen articles of food thrown at Peacock, but had heard such had been the case. Through the conduct of these people Peacock's life in the hut had been made rather miserable.

To informant—You were one of those who tended to make accused unhappy. This was done by rude behaviour. Informant was very bad at "slinging off" accused. He was not standing at the wagon when he saw Peacock approaching.

The P.M. having administered the usual warning, defendant pleaded guilty.

THEY ALL USE IT. "If anyone could tell me which cold was immediately recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I would be glad to hear from you. I have used it in my family for over ten years and am a married man. I have seen it do more good than any other medicine I have ever used. It is the most reliable of all medicines for the treatment of all the ailments which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cures." Sold by J. R. Wetherill & Co.

Messrs. M. Greenfield & Co., auctioneers, Ballarat, announce, on account of Mr. A. M. Hannan (who has left his property to the late Mrs. Hannan), an extensive clearing sale of horses, cattle, implements, harness, tools, and household furniture, at "Garvagh," (near) Warrack, on Thursday, 11th May, at 10 o'clock.

The rainfall for the week at Beaufort amounted to 50.2 points.

HOPE EXTENDED.

NORTHERN HOPE.

An optimistic note was struck at the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders in the Northern Hope, held at the George Hotel, Ballarat, on Saturday.

The reports and balance-sheet showed that the company was in a very satisfactory position. The directors had decided to take advantage of any ground met with. They had put down bores, and they had not wished to destroy the skins permanently.

The P.M.—He does it by his action. Mr. Young said the informant might take action in the matter, and make it damage to property. They might deal with the matter under section 59.

The P.M. said section 54 was a favorable section. The clerk of courts (Mr. Minchin) suggested that they should deal with it as willful damage to property.

The P.M. asked what Mr. Young proposed to do. Mr. Young said they would be quite willing to pay the value.

The informant asked for costs and damages amounting to £310. The P.M. said he was making no order. It would be optional.

Mr. Young and his client withdrew for a consultation, and on returning defendant he would pay the £310.

The P.M. said he hoped it would be distinctly understood that he was not making any order with reference to the charge. It was outside that altogether. Clearly incidentally swore that he took the lead to the lake because of something else. It was his duty to absolutely put a stop to this, and it was not only right but it was necessary that he should tell Wright of defendant's conduct.

Otherwise they did not know where it would go to. Sometimes a man was blamed wrongly. The bench were extremely pleased to see that Cleary had done the right thing. In regard to the conduct in the hut, no doubt defendant was an old man and they took advantage of it.

In answer to the P.M., Mr. Young said his client had never been before the court before except as the complainant in an assault on the witness. The witness Cleary asked for 5 costs, which counsel for defendant volunteered to pay.

The P.M. said there was nothing previous recorded against defendant. The defendant had taken things, the property of informant, and the law must not justify his action in taking them. If Cleary had not seen him and told informant not one man, but all the men on the station, would have been under suspicion. Accused had acted most unwisely, but they were unwilling to record a conviction against him in his old age. Informant was justified in his action, and the charge had been proved. Upon defendant entering into a bond, in his own surety of £20, to be of good behaviour for 12 months, the case was dismissed.

PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS BALL. When a man or woman is fighting against the heaviest odds in life's battle—sickness and poverty—a little kindly sympathy does much to help; but practical assistance, given in the proper spirit, does more. Recognising that many such battles are being fought in our midst, the members of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.L.O.O.F., recently tried the practical way of sympathising, and organised a bioscope entertainment in aid of local needy and deserving cases. Something like £17 was realised. This effort was followed up on Wednesday night by an invitation plain and fancy dress ball, organised by the lodge for the same laudable purpose.

Over 90 couples put in an appearance, for whom card tables were provided. Bros. T. Whitfield and W. Cheeseman shared the duties of M.C. During the interval Mr. Arthur Downs sang "While London Sleeps," and was well received. Mr. and Mrs. Haggis had charge of the supper arrangements, the edibles being provided by Mr. H. Blunden. The refreshments, which were very tasty, were handed round by the lodge members. The secretarial duties were well carried out by Bro. A. J. Saph, and the complete arrangements reflected the highest credit to their organising capabilities. He was greatly assisted by Bro. Jas. Jaensch, N.G., and other officers. Appended is a list of fancy costumes worn:—"Queen of Hearts," Miss Martin; "Winter," Misses Winnie Deans and Myrtle Murdoch; "Orange," Miss Alice Topp; "Nurse," Mrs. Jas. McCracken; "German Girl," Miss Pearl Chibnall. The profit on the two efforts is about £15.

FEELS FIT AND WELL. "Four years ago I was troubled with a heavy sleep for long periods. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I felt decidedly better, and in a week felt fit and well. I have since used it in my family and it has done me much good."—J. R. Wetherill & Co.

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Over 90 couples put in an appearance, for whom card tables were provided. Bros. T. Whitfield and W. Cheeseman shared the duties of M.C. During the interval Mr. Arthur Downs sang "While London Sleeps," and was well received. Mr. and Mrs. Haggis had charge of the supper arrangements, the edibles being provided by Mr. H. Blunden. The refreshments, which were very tasty, were handed round by the lodge members. The secretarial duties were well carried out by Bro. A. J. Saph, and the complete arrangements reflected the highest credit to their organising capabilities. He was greatly assisted by Bro. Jas. Jaensch, N.G., and other officers. Appended is a list of fancy costumes worn:—"Queen of Hearts," Miss Martin; "Winter," Misses Winnie Deans and Myrtle Murdoch; "Orange," Miss Alice Topp; "Nurse," Mrs. Jas. McCracken; "German Girl," Miss Pearl Chibnall. The profit on the two efforts is about £15.

FEELS FIT AND WELL. "Four years ago I was troubled with a heavy sleep for long periods. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I felt decidedly better, and in a week felt fit and well. I have since used it in my family and it has done me much good."—J. R. Wetherill & Co.

HOPE EXTENDED.

NORTHERN HOPE.

An optimistic note was struck at the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders in the Northern Hope, held at the George Hotel, Ballarat, on Saturday.

The reports and balance-sheet showed that the company was in a very satisfactory position. The directors had decided to take advantage of any ground met with. They had put down bores, and they had not wished to destroy the skins permanently.

The P.M.—He does it by his action. Mr. Young said the informant might take action in the matter, and make it damage to property. They might deal with the matter under section 59.

The P.M. said section 54 was a favorable section. The clerk of courts (Mr. Minchin) suggested that they should deal with it as willful damage to property.

The P.M. asked what Mr. Young proposed to do. Mr. Young said they would be quite willing to pay the value.

The informant asked for costs and damages amounting to £310. The P.M. said he was making no order. It would be optional.

Mr. Young and his client withdrew for a consultation, and on returning defendant he would pay the £310.

The P.M. said he hoped it would be distinctly understood that he was not making any order with reference to the charge. It was outside that altogether. Clearly incidentally swore that he took the lead to the lake because of something else. It was his duty to absolutely put a stop to this, and it was not only right but it was necessary that he should tell Wright of defendant's conduct.

Otherwise they did not know where it would go to. Sometimes a man was blamed wrongly. The bench were extremely pleased to see that Cleary had done the right thing. In regard to the conduct in the hut, no doubt defendant was an old man and they took advantage of it.

In answer to the P.M., Mr. Young said his client had never been before the court before except as the complainant in an assault on the witness. The witness Cleary asked for 5 costs, which counsel for defendant volunteered to pay.

The P.M. said there was nothing previous recorded against defendant. The defendant had taken things, the property of informant, and the law must not justify his action in taking them. If Cleary had not seen him and told informant not one man, but all the men on the station, would have been under suspicion. Accused had acted most unwisely, but they were unwilling to record a conviction against him in his old age. Informant was justified in his action, and the charge had been proved. Upon defendant entering into a bond, in his own surety of £20, to be of good behaviour for 12 months, the case was dismissed.

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MATTHEW QUIN. WILD-BEAST AGENT LEAVES FROM HIS NOTE-BOOK.

By W. Murray Graydon, Author of "The Curse of the Cardew," "The Hear of the Londones," etc., etc.

THE RINGED JAGUAR OF AMAZONAS.

"I have wandered for days in the jungles of India, the mighty forests of Western Africa, and the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains and the Trades," said Matthew Quin, "but I have never found anything to compare with this. When I was a youngster at school, I remember how I discredited the accounts geographers gave of Brazil. I am convinced that they told only half the truth."

He was speaking partly to himself, and as he finished he stopped abruptly, almost shoulder deep in tangled thorn-bushes, trailing vines, and spike-edged plants. There was a look of exasperation, of exhausted patience, on his bronzed face. He hit savagely at a low-drooping limb, which yielded his nose, and turned to his companion, who carried a flaming torch.

"Where are we, Matto?" he demanded.

"I truly do not know, senior," the Indian quavered, "but I feel fairly good English. He was strapping, fellow, with gravelly-shred features, and clad in semi-civilized attire.

"Then we are lost?"

"Surely, unless we find the path!"

"We missed it a mile back," Quin grumbled, "and I don't see any chance of picking it up again. So even you are at fault."

Matto shrugged his shoulders, sulimly.

"It is the first time," he said, "and I warned the senior—I promised him nothing."

"Yes, that's true," Quin admitted. "But it doesn't improve matters to cast the blame on me. We are hopelessly lost, and I am afraid we will stich here till morning. I would rather be anywhere else."

A few moments before there had been light enough to enable the Englishman and the Indian to push forward slowly, to continue the search for the barely perceptible trail. They had lost at sunset. But now the thick night had fallen swiftly, and the feeble glow of the torch was powerless to penetrate the matted walls of vegetation, the thickets of dark grass and nauseous-smelling flowers, the interwoven trunks and boughs of trees.

On all sides was the vast, awe-inspiring, pre-haunted forest, an unbroken tropical forest of rubber trees and palms, wonderful ferns, botanical treasures unheard of by any collector. A forest infested with monkeys, gorgeous birds, and venomous snakes; the habitat of the wolf and the taur, the bear and the armadillo, and that monarch of the southern continent, the jaguar. This magnificently spotted creature, noted for its powers of climbing, is no less dreaded than the tiger, which it fairly equals in strength and ferocity.

This forest, which Matthew Quin had penetrated on a strange quest, was in the wild province of Amazonas, far up in the north-west corner of the recently-established Republic of Brazil. It was six hundred miles from civilization and the coast, and in the basin of the Amazon, that mighty river which is four thousand miles long, one hundred and fifty miles wide at its mouth, and is navigable for vessels as far as the interior towns of Peru.

By reason of the difficulties and perils it presents to travellers and explorers, the heart of Brazil, where dwell savages of the most debased and cruel type, is little known to-day. Yet Karl Hamrach's agent had fearlessly attacked this ill-omened country, and by sheer pluck and perseverance triumphed, where others would have failed. Starting from a coast town, and accompanied by Caruthers and two more English assistants, Quin journeyed up the Amazon in a Peruvian hound vessel. The party were put off at an Indian village along the river. They made their headquarters here, hired native helpers, and constructed a supply of cages and boxes. In three months' time they possessed a splendid collection of birds, reptiles, and mammalia, and man-chil they drew a gigantic cargo down the Amazon to the sea, where it would be shipped by steamer to England.

A rumour, coming to Quin's ears when he was ready to start, caused him to make a slight alteration in his plans. He was informed by some Indians, who belonged to a forest village twenty miles to the east, that an immense jaguar, which differed from its species by having a snow-white ring about its neck, infested that part of the country. Mr. Quin was disposed to be incredulous, but he could not resist so tempting a chance. He determined to look into the matter, and, in case the story should be true, to do his best to capture so remarkable and valuable a beast.

It happened that the Amazon, beginning at the headquarters village, made a wide sweep of nearly a hundred miles. The short cut across was only forty miles, and midway in this loop, which was covered with dense forest, was the village near which the ringed jaguar had its lair. The Indians who were responsible for the tale refused, for some reason, to guide Quin. So he fell back on Matto, his chief helper, who spoke several native dialects, and was familiar with that part of the country. The raft started down the river a day ahead of Quin and Matto, who set out on the following morning across the forest. They intended, if their investigation was successful to join the raft on the far side of the loop and

arrange for the trapping of the ringed jaguar. In what plight they found themselves at nightfall, after weary hours of tramping through the most terrible forest in the world, has already been explained to the reader. Quin lit his pipe, and a few whiffs of the strong Eastern tobacco, always a solace to him, roused his dogged pluck. "Forward, Matto!" he said, curtly. "We will stick to it for another hour. Then, if fortune is still unkind, we must spend the night in some tree."

The Indian, nothing loth, led the way. He dived and twisted like an eel amid the disheartening obstacles of the forest, in one hand holding and protecting the torch. Quin came behind, guided by the flashing light. With the barrel of his rifle he beat aside the tangled vegetation, or lifted up the heavy ropes of lianas that dangled from tree to tree. Beyond the trunk of the tree, the darkness was Cimmerian. Fiery eyes glared from thickets, and, under foot, hissing serpents sped away. A frightened tapir grunted as it scurried through the brake, and at no great distance the rasping cry of a jaguar was heard.

"I hope it won't come any nearer. It might be the very creature I want, and I would hate to shoot it," Quin thought.

"Senior, the path!" cried Matto, who was several yards in the lead. Quin hastily joined him, and he chuckled with delight when he saw that the Indian had not made a mistake. For there was the lost path—a narrow, barely perceptible track curving through the trees, between the serried walls of plants and the bushes and creepers. Will they give us food and shelter, or are they more likely to treat us as enemies?"

"Senior, that is difficult to say," Matto replied. "Truly, we are taking a grave risk."

"The stake is worth the game," declared Quin. "A jaguar with a white collar, if such an animal exists, would fetch a fabulous price. And then the glory of adding such a curiosity to natural history! Ah, I hope I have not been deceived! What is your opinion, Matto?"

"How should I know, senior?" the Indian replied. "There are strange things in the forests of Brazil. Those who told you the story declared that they had seen the beast. And there is no reason why they should have lied to the senior!"

"None!" Quin assented. "You are right."

For half a league the weary travellers pressed on. They were not moving rapidly, for the path was extremely difficult to follow, even by the aid of the fresh torch which Matto had lighted.

Suddenly the Indian paused. He stood with alert face and rigid body, his chin uplifted as he sniffed the air. "What is it?" Quin asked.

"Senior, I smell smoke."

"Yes, from the torch."

"No, it is the smoke from burning leaves and grass."

"I can't detect it," said Quin. "but I know how keen your scent is, Matto. I hope the forest is not on fire! At this dry season—"

The sentence choked on his lips, for just then a noise, fashioned from a stout creeper, was dextrously dropped about his neck from the thick bough of a tree that projected over the path. The noise was instantly drawn tight, causing a pang of suffocation and as Quin clutched desperately at his throat, he saw whirling stars and flashing lights.

At the same moment two half-naked Indians, of immense size and brutal features, sprang from the dense thicket to the right of the path. At the sight of them Matto lost heart. With a yell of fear, the cowardly fellow dropped the torch and dived headlong into the forest on the left, where he was heard retreating in frantic haste. The Indians did not pursue him. One picked up the torch and fanned it into a blaze. The other seized Quin from behind, and adored the rifle from him.

A third Indian dropped off the tree to the ground, leaving the end of the rope secured overhead, and took part in the struggle. Quin, now in the clutch of two brawny savages, was suddenly relaxed, and he drew a long breath. He was bracing himself for a hard effort to escape—he did not know that he was hatched to the bough of a tree—when he heard an authoritative voice. Then a man stepped into view—a ghastly-looking object in tattered clothing and ragged boots, hairless, with a matted beard. From under his thick, unsmiling face a pair of deep-sunken eyes glared like balls of fire, and he held a formidable knife in one hand.

"Don't stir, or I will kill you," he said, in good English.

For a moment Quin gazed at the stranger in astonishment, with fear and aversion.

"Why have you committed this outrage?" he demanded, angrily. "What do you want with me?"

"If I mean you no harm, if you are reasonable," the man replied. "There was no other way to take you, save at the risk of bloodshed." He said something to the Indians, who looked their hold on Quin. "You are the Englishman who has been trapping wild animals at the village of Para?" he asked.

"What brought you here? Where is your raft?"

"It should be waiting, across the end of the Amazon," Quin answered. "I am on my way to return it."

"Then you must take me with you to the coast—help me to reach Europe. Heaven sent you to my rescue. I have done no wrong, committed no crime. I am a political fugitive—an escaped prisoner. What is your answer? You will not refuse me?"

"I must," said Quin. "I am only an agent for other people, whose interests I dare not risk."

"You will decide otherwise," the man cried savagely, "when you know all. You will hide me on your raft and take me to the coast. You will swear not to betray me. Listen! I am Joachim Barbosa. Does that tell you anything?"

Joachim Barbosa! Quin's lips repeated the name in astonishment. With strange emotions he recalled the history of this unfortunate man, the sensational accounts that had appeared in the European press two years before. At the downfall of the Brazilian Empire the Senator Joachim Barbosa, formerly a member of Dom Pedro's Cabinet, was for some reason retained in office under the Republic, and appointed Minister of Marine. But in a few weeks' time he was arrested on a charge of holding treasonable communication with the deposed Emperor. Concerning his subsequent fate no news had reached Europe.

"You do not doubt me?" exclaimed the poor wretch, who had been studying Quin's face intently. "You are satisfied that I am Joachim Barbosa? I swear it is true. And I am innocent of the charge; it was a false one made by personal enemies. Yet the Government which I was serving faithfully sent me to this living death."

"Sent you here?" cried Quin. "Yes, eighteen months ago! I was secretly condemned to a fate worse than that of the unhappy Frenchman who languished on the Isle du Diable. I was brought on the Amazon in a steamer, and taken to a native village back in the heart of this awful forest. A foul hut was my home. Barbarous Indians, worse than the people of the Siberian province of Yakutsk, were the paid gaolers set over me by the Government. I was allowed no books, writing material, or tobacco."

As he spoke his voice rose to a shrill pleading passion.

"Such a life was torture—death by inches," he went on. "You wonder that I did not go mad. But hope and courage sustained me through it all, and at last my chance came. By the aid of these Indians, whom I won to my cause, I escaped early this morning. Pursuers are likely on my track, but for the present I have put a barrier between them and me. Such is my story, sir! I implore you, in the name of mercy, if it is true, and I have not been deceived! What is your opinion, Matto?"

"I can only repeat what I told you before," said Quin, who was deeply moved. "I pity you from the bottom of my heart, I deplore your sufferings, and I will do all in my power to help you, except one thing. If I tried to smuggle you down the river on the raft, the result would almost certainly be ruin to myself, recapture of you, and a loss of many thousands of pounds to my employers."

"So you refuse?"

"My first duty is to those I serve," Quin answered, firmly.

Joachim Barbosa's eyes gleamed with a fearful rage.

"Yield or die!" he snarled. "I am a desperate man! Unless you agree to my demand I will stab you to the heart, exchange clothing with you, and have my Indians mutilate your body beyond recognition. If you agree, none will doubt that it is I who am about to at least have a better chance to escape. Decide at once—at once!"

The Brazilian drew nearer, his knife uplifted. For an instant Quin meditated a rush at him, but he suddenly discovered that he was noosed to the limb of the tree. What should he do? He realised that he was in a tight place—that Barbosa meant murder. Yet he could not make up his mind immediately.

"Give me five minutes to consider," he asked.

"Not a second. Your answer now!" But just then, as the enraged Brazilian was about to strike, an ominous noise, mingled with whistling and shrieking was heard far overhead. The Indians, suddenly stricken with terror, cried out in their native tongue. Senior Barbosa lowered the weapon.

"A storm!" he muttered, hoarsely. "The wind has changed, and is driving this way. It will bring upon us the fire—the fire which I started a few moments ago to cut off my enemies. Merciful Heaven, there is no escape."

"You know the way?" Quin cried. "Yes; keep by me."

"They tore on at a reckless speed, now that what obstacles might be in front. Overhead the wind-storm raged, and behind them was the roaring and crackling of the conflagration, which was devouring everything in its way as it advanced with leaps and bounds."

"Only at the river will we find safety," said Barbosa.

"Heaven help us to reach it!" muttered Quin. "But we seem to have gained a little."

It was true. They had gone half a mile or so at a rapid pace, forcing a track through reeds and bushes, and now the voice of the flames reached them less distinctly.

But the odour of smoke was strong, and they could see a red glow as often as they looked back, so they knew it was too soon to count on safety.

There put another mile behind them without apparently gaining or losing, and then they plunged into a thicker part of the forest. Here their real difficulties began. Timber, tangled vegetation, trailing creepers retarded their progress. But the fear of death lent them almost superhuman powers.

"They were like madmen. Clinging to one another that they might not be overtaken in the darkness, they literally fought their way through thickets of spike-edged plants and patches of thorn-grass, which tore and scratched their skin. They tripped over rotting logs, dashed into the trunks of trees. They felt no pain. Bruised and bleeding, panting for breath, they continued their headlong flight."

At the end of half an hour they came to a difficult ground, where the timber was wilder apart, and the undergrowth yielded more readily.

The top of the forest, swayed by the storm, gave forth a shrill, moaning noise, and now and then a tree crashed to earth; and the conflagration was very close behind. It had gained rapidly, and the roaring and hissing of the flames struck terror to the hearts of the fugitives. Smoke curled around them, and when they turned back they could see the expanding glare of the fire.

"Faster! Faster!" urged the Brazilian.

"It's no use!" cried Quin. "I'm getting winded. I can't go much farther!"

"But the river must be near! We will escape! Courage, my friend. Press on—on!"

The next ten minutes were full of horrors, of countless perils. The advancing conflagration had rounded all the denizens of the forest from their nests and lairs, and with one common instinct of preservation they made for the same goal that the fleeing men were striving to reach.

"Your Indians carried off my rifle," Quin exclaimed.

"They won't molest us," cried Barbosa. "They are more frightened than ourselves."

As he spoke a great jaguar darted past the men, and stopping a few feet ahead, as if to attack them; but a shout from the Brazilian caused the creature to change its mind, and it bounded out of sight. The next instant a venomous-looking serpent sprang up and coiled about Quin's arm. Like a flash Barbosa seized the reptile by the neck and flung it into the bushes.

"You saved my life!" Quin exclaimed, gratefully.

"As I hope to save you from the fire," was the reply.

"I fear we can't escape!"

"Don't despair. The river can't be far off. Forward!"

But death was at his very heels. Sparks danced in the air, and thick smoke filled their eyes and throats. The forest close behind them was a sea of fire, and the awful roar of the flames caused all other sounds to be forgotten. For several hundred yards they advanced blindly; then Quin suddenly discovered that he had lost his companion, and at the same instant he tripped and fell. As soon as he could get to his feet he hailed the Brazilian loudly, and fancied he heard a faint response. But it was not repeated during the next two or three minutes, while he staggered on through the smoky smoke, his head aching, his eyes heated and unable to see a yard before him.

As he uttered a despairing cry, wringing from his lips by the certainty of a terrible death, he felt water oozing at his feet. Animated by hope, he pushed ahead over a strip of reedy, marshy ground. Suddenly he was submerged to his breast, and before him he saw a lagoon-like body of water several hundred yards in width, with a border of trees on the left.

Refreshed and strengthened by the cold plunge, Quin struck out. On and on he swam; his strokes growing steadily feebler, and it was all that he could do to reach the shore.

Breathless and exhausted he climbed the low bank, and took a few steps. Then he reeled and fell heavily. Through the remainder of the night Quin lay there unconscious in the grass, sleeping off the effects of his terrible race for life. So it was in a fairly good condition when he awoke at dawn. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and instantly remembered what had happened. But where was he? The question was easily answered. A few moments in front, across the narrow strip of land, roiled the mighty Amazon. Close behind him the lagoon stretched indefinitely right and left, parallel with the river, and from the opposite bank where the fire had burnt itself out, clouds of grey smoke were rising.

"Poor Barbosa has perished, beyond a doubt," Quin said, aloud.

"My escape was miraculous. And now to search for the raft. If it is on the other side of the bank, it can't be far."

The sentence froze on his lips; for at that instant a spotted jaguar leapt from a thicket twenty yards away, and a jaguar of enormous size, and its neck was marked with a collar of white fur!

Quin was not elated. He wiped his face, and the beautiful beast was any other animal. It was a jaguar of enormous size, and its neck was marked with a collar of white fur!

him of the danger, and dashing to a tree that stood on the edge of the lagoon, he climbed nimbly out on to the limb overhanging the water. As he looked down across the water a thrilling sight. A raft—his raft—was moored to the river-bank two hundred yards away. Men were moving among the stacked-up boxes and cages. The jaguar was creeping forward through the leaves, snarling horribly. There was no time to hesitate, and with a shout Quin dropped. He came to the surface after going deep under and as he swam on he heard a great splash. He looked back to see the jaguar—the limb had broken with its weight—swimming in pursuit.

For a moment or two the two held an exciting race. Then the jaguar altered its mind and tried to make the shore—a feat that was impossible, owing to the straight and tremendously-swift current. Man and beast, separated only by a few feet, was borne on towards the raft, where now men were shouting and gesticulating.

Nearer and nearer. The animal endeavoured vainly to steer a different course. Quin gained a little at the last, and with his strength all but exhausted he was grasped by Caruthers and hailed aloud.

"The jaguar!" he cried. "Catch it!"

Ropes and ropes were at hand, and as the current brought the third raft within reach, it was secured and drawn against the end of the raft, whence it was pulled with some difficulty into an empty cage. Quin turning round after watching the proceedings, came face to face with Joachim Barbosa. Their hands met in a hearty clasp.

Explanations followed. The Brazilian had escaped from the flames, and was only a lumberer of what he called his raft. It was secured and drawn against the end of the raft, whence it was pulled with some difficulty into an empty cage. Quin turning round after watching the proceedings, came face to face with Joachim Barbosa. Their hands met in a hearty clasp.

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him of the danger, and dashing to a tree that stood on the edge of the lagoon, he climbed nimbly out on to the limb overhanging the water. As he looked down across the water a thrilling sight. A