

1913.

### THE SKIPTON FATALITY.

#### DEATH OF ACCIDENTAL DEATH

#### DECEASED KICKED BY A HORSE.

The death of John Mavis, near Supton, on Thursday morning, 25th inst., was the result of a horse kicking him. The deceased was a well-known and successful farmer, and his death was a great loss to his family. The horse was a powerful animal, and the kick was a severe one. The deceased was not wearing any protective clothing, and the injury was fatal. The horse was immediately put down, and the body of the deceased was buried. The incident has caused a great deal of concern among the farming community, and it is hoped that steps will be taken to prevent such accidents in the future.

#### THE INQUEST.

The inquest into the death of John Mavis was held at Supton on Friday afternoon, 26th ult. The coroner, Mr. J. H. Thompson, presided. The jury, consisting of Mr. J. H. Thompson, Mr. J. H. Thompson, Mr. J. H. Thompson, and Mr. J. H. Thompson, returned a verdict of accidental death. The coroner stated that the deceased was a well-known and successful farmer, and his death was a great loss to his family. The horse was immediately put down, and the body of the deceased was buried. The incident has caused a great deal of concern among the farming community, and it is hoped that steps will be taken to prevent such accidents in the future.

#### THE ECONOMIC PIG.

The pig is the most economical animal that has been found. It is a source of food and income for the farmer. The pig is a hardy animal, and it is able to thrive on a variety of feeds. It is a source of food for the family, and it is a source of income for the farmer. The pig is a hardy animal, and it is able to thrive on a variety of feeds. It is a source of food for the family, and it is a source of income for the farmer.

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### BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

Date	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	June	July	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec	Total
1899	11.2	10.8	11.5	12.1	13.2	14.5	15.8	16.2	17.5	18.1	19.2	20.5	158.6
1900	12.5	13.2	14.1	15.5	16.8	18.2	19.5	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	183.2
1901	13.8	14.5	15.2	16.8	18.1	19.5	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	198.1
1902	14.2	15.5	16.8	18.1	19.5	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	208.5
1903	15.5	16.8	18.1	19.5	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	218.9
1904	16.8	18.1	19.5	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	229.3
1905	18.1	19.5	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	239.7
1906	19.5	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	250.1
1907	20.8	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	35.3	260.5
1908	22.1	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	35.3	36.6	270.9
1909	23.5	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	35.3	36.6	37.9	281.3
1910	24.8	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	35.3	36.6	37.9	39.2	291.7
1911	26.2	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	35.3	36.6	37.9	39.2	40.5	302.1
1912	27.5	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	35.3	36.6	37.9	39.2	40.5	41.8	312.5
1913	28.8	30.1	31.4	32.7	34.0	35.3	36.6	37.9	39.2	40.5	41.8	43.1	322.9

#### Make your District Known.

Concerning some parts of the district news comes but seldom. This is not entirely our fault; we have no miraculous power of knowing what is happening at all the places within our area of circulation. It is the fault of residents in the silent places. Will some man or woman take the matter in hand and cause the silence to cease. If no one else is doing it for your district, will you try on these lines? Send accounts of public and social events in your township and neighborhood, such as weddings, deaths, accidents, concerts, matters touching district industries, etc. Write the names of persons very distinctly. Don't bother about grammar or spelling; it's the editor's work to look after those things. The barest skeleton is enough. Write only on one side of the paper. Give information; but let criticism alone. Write your name and address on some corner—not for publication, but to prove good faith.

#### THE FEDERAL COMMISSIONER OF LAND TAXES.

The Federal Commissioner of Land Taxes states that the total amount of taxes payable for the current year is 6085, as against 6385 for last year. The total amount assessed this year is 2650,747, as against 2664,400 for last year. On Friday—the last day allowed for payment of the Commissioner's tax—the sum received during the day being approximately 2200,000. The position then stood as follows:—Of the accounts assessed in connection with central office assessments, viz., £401,500, £224,000 has been received, leaving a balance of £177,500. A considerable proportion of this balance will, in all probability, have been received in other States. In the Victorian assessment of £254,900, £221,897 has been received, leaving a balance of £33,003. Some of this also may have been collected in other States. Among the cheques received on Friday in the Melbourne office was one of £22,000. Another was for £38,600.

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### CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

THE WORLD'S BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. It is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly and effectively come and expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied on to effect a complete and lasting cure. Here is a good proof of its efficacy:—Mrs. M. Cousins, of 187, Twyford Avenue, Portsmouth, England, writes:—

### POISONED FOOT CURED.

"Some time ago I had an accident to my left foot (ran a nail into it); it became very sore and I 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 three I only went out in a bath chair. Not only during that time did I entirely lose the little toe of my left foot, but a gaping wound came in the inside of the same foot. It was so bad that when I bathed it I fancied I could see the bones. At last I decided to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and with the end of the second small bottle 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 sore and a toe short, but I am sure I should have been a foot shorter had it gone on."

### DREADFUL SORES CURED.

"Two years ago I had the charge of a little girl who had dreadful sores continually breaking out on her feet. Her father greatly objected to what he called another doctoring, so we had a doctor. She hid all one summer on her back! The doctor used to burr it with a scalpel, and she was in a state of despair. I started 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' on my own, and when she started getting on so well I was glad to get on so well 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.

years, the result of a severe throat in Burma. She said she couldn't get him to try it for a long time, but at last he did, and the wound has completely healed. She told me that often after a long march he has written in agony and often fainted. When they were leaving to go to another station he came on purpose to say good-bye and thank me. He said he never forgets me for being the cause of his trying it, and that it was worth £5 a dose. I think these cases are conclusive enough, and they are just as stated.—Yours truly, (Mrs.) M. Cousins, 187, Twyford Avenue, Portsmouth, England.

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CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES. Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. W. R. GLOVER (Late F. P. Prince), BUTCHER, HAVELOCK ST., BEAUFORT. ONLY PRIME MEAT KEPT. SMALL GOODS A SPECIALTY. My Motto: "Cleanliness, Quality, Civility." Customers Waited upon Daily for Orders.

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### GAMP HOTEL.

BEAUFORT. The above Hotel, having changed hands, the Proprietor wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make comfortable and desirable. Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits, and Beer. J. R. WOTTERPOON & CO., Agents for Beaufort and District.

### STEVENSON BROS., BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT. Estimates submitted for all work building line. Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of the "Beaufort Advocate," in the "Beaufort Press," Beaufort, Victoria.

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### 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 charged elsewhere. 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 Pantalone, to clear at £9 10 0

Old Saddle-Bag Chair, 35/-

Leather Divan Easy Chair, 37/6

Lounge Chair, upholstered in set cushions, from 18/6

Platform Rocker, in strong blackwood frame, covered with best Brussels Carpet, 14/6

Three-Piece Bedroom Suite, comprise 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

Dining Suite, seven pieces, in strong frame, consists of large Couch, two Guest Arm Chairs, and four small Chairs with blackwood underframing, upholstered in best Pantalone leather, £7 10 0

In solid Blackwood Frame £8 15 0

Bedroom, 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

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BOR POLITICS.

BARNES AT BEAUFORT

Barnes addressed a meeting of electors at Beaufort on Friday evening on Saturday afternoon. M. Stuart (president) of the branch, P.L.C., who presided, reduced the meeting to a very attentive hearing...

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A special general meeting of the above society was held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Saturday afternoon to fix the date of the show. The secretary mentioned that he had told Mr Sinclair he was going to move that a horticultural show be held in November...

THE "CATCH" of the Season

It's the event every economizing housekeeper has been waiting for, because she knows from past experience that her Bargains are Genuine...

OUR BIG WINTER SALE. BARGAINS IN MEN'S WEAR. BARGAINS IN MAN-CHESTER. Natural and White All-wool Flannels, 10/6 doz.

Advertisement for J.R. Wotherspoon & Co. featuring a cartoon character and text about winter bargains in men's wear and manchester.

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WHOOPIING COUGH.

Whoooping cough is a very contagious disease, and is often fatal. It is caused by a germ which is very small and can be spread by coughing or sneezing...

MINING NEWS.

West branch reef drive of Hope Co. is still in highly successful progress. The Beaufort branch reef drive is also making good progress...

WANTED, useful Lad; groom and garden. Apply DR. JACKSON.

FOR SALE, quiet Buggy Horse; cheap. Apply this Office.

SHIRE OF RIFON. VOTERS' AND SEPARATE VOTERS' LISTS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Voters' Lists for the several Ridings of the Shire of Ripon for the year 1914-15 will be open for inspection...

STOCKYARD HILL DISTRICT COURSEING CLUB. NOMINATIONS FOR CHIRNSIDE TROPHY, to be run on Friday, Thursday, and Friday, will be received till Monday, 6th inst., at 4 o'clock.

MIDDLE CREEK SCHOOL CHILDREN'S ANNUAL CONCERT! Followed by a DANCE, on FRIDAY, July 10th, 1914.

SOCIETIES' HALL, THURSDAY, JULY 10th. "LAST DAYS OF POMPEY."

BEAUFORT DEEP LEADS & CO. CALLS. No Leasings, Beaufort & Co. has been made on the Capital of the above-mentioned Company, due and payable at the registered office, Lydford Street, Beaufort, on Wednesday, 2nd July, 1914.

HOPE EXTENDED G.M. CO. No Leasings, Beaufort & Co. has been made on the Capital of the above-mentioned Company, due and payable at the registered office, Lydford Street, Beaufort, on Wednesday, 2nd July, 1914.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR.

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HARRY HUNTER, PAINTER & PAPERHANGER. G/O. MISS MCGEE, NEILL-ST. BEAUFORT.

NURSE SLATER, M.D. WIFE. PRATT STREET, BEAUFORT. WILL accommodate Ladies or attend them at their own residence; Doctor if required.

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Large advertisement for Hawkes Bros., General Hardware and Timber Merchants, featuring various products like fencing wire, wire netting, and furniture.







RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL

MONDAY, 6TH JULY, 1914.
Mr. Cr. Roddis (President) presided.
The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

Received. Walker, secretary of the Riponshire Association, requested a sum of money for the construction of a bridge for the station bridge for the foot passengers.

Mr. Cr. Roddis, Snake Valley, in reply to Mr. Hannah, the engineer, thought a report as to work done by the contractor for the year could be supplied at next meeting.

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The "Catch" of the Season. It's the event every economical housekeeper has been waiting for, because she knows from past experience that our Bargains are Genuine.

OUR BIG WINTER SALE. BARGAINS IN COSTUMES. Navy Serge Costumes, 27/6, 35/ Tailor made. Ladies' Sports' Coats, 9/6.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT. THE MECCA OF THE THIRTY. J.R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

It's Sale Time! At last the Gong has sounded, and the Store rounds with the busy tread of eager Bargain Hunters. There's a feast of Bargains in Every Department—none of this Season's Stock is to be carried over till next season.

THE OUTCASTS, herewith challenge to a friendly match in the Beaufort Park. Loosers to pay for a supper. L. BRAVO, Hon. Secy.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS. Melbourn, 7th July, 1914. TENDERS will be received until Twelve o'clock on Thursday, 23rd July, 1914, for repairs to State School, 222, Launceston Road, Melbourn.

SHIRE OF RIPON. NOTICE is hereby given that an Open Court will be held at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Thursday, the 23rd day of July, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon, to revise the Voters' Lists for the North, East, and West Ridings of the Shire of Ripon.

SOCIETIES' HALL. THURSDAY, JULY 16TH. "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII." Starting, Realistic, Historical. Admission—Back Seats, 1/6; Front, 1/4; Children, Half-price.

BUANGOR PUBLIC HALL. FRIDAY, AUGUST 29th, 1914. GRAND ANNUAL CATHOLIC BALL. Will be held on the above date in aid of the building fund of St. Joseph's Church.

Hawkes Bros., GENERAL HARDWARE AND—TIMBER MERCHANTS, BEAUFORT. Large Stocks always on hand of FENCING WIRE, Black & Galv. BARBED WIRE, WIRE NETTING, DROPPERS.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON.

BEAUFORT PHARMACY. C. G. WOOD desires to intimate that he has taken over the management of the above Pharmacy, and will keep a full supply of Druggist's Sundries and Patent Medicines.

Emulsion of COD LIVER OIL. NUPINES. The Chest and Lung Lozenges. Only the Best Material stocked, and we invite you to inspect before purchasing.





# The Riponshire Advocate.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1914.

PRICE THREEPENCE

No. 1915.

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

## ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

The 25th anniversary of the Beaufort Baptist Church was celebrated by three special services on Sunday, 13th inst. The first service was held at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, the pastor, Mr. W. H. Chapman, occupying the pulpit. The hymns were "The Church is the Body of Christ," and "The Church is the Temple of God." The pastor read the history of the church, which was founded in 1889. The service was highly interesting and impressive. The pastor's address was a most timely and helpful one. He stressed the importance of the church as a place of worship and fellowship. He also spoke of the church's role in the community and its responsibility to care for the needs of the people. The service was well attended and a most successful one.

The second service was held at 7 o'clock in the evening. The pastor, Mr. W. H. Chapman, occupied the pulpit. The hymns were "The Church is the Body of Christ," and "The Church is the Temple of God." The pastor read the history of the church, which was founded in 1889. The service was highly interesting and impressive. The pastor's address was a most timely and helpful one. He stressed the importance of the church as a place of worship and fellowship. He also spoke of the church's role in the community and its responsibility to care for the needs of the people. The service was well attended and a most successful one.

marks of Mr. Stewart in regard to union of churches. The time was coming, and he was sure the churches were drawing closer together. In the providence of God he believed the time would come when the churches would be one. In the meantime they must be loyal to their particular church and practice brotherhood in regard to the members of others. The speaker concluded by telling a story to the children in a fascinating way, and an opportunity to work in a wholesome moral.

Mr. J. Stringer, on behalf of the trustees, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Thomas, the ladies, and all others who had assisted in the service. The service was highly interesting and impressive. The pastor's address was a most timely and helpful one. He stressed the importance of the church as a place of worship and fellowship. He also spoke of the church's role in the community and its responsibility to care for the needs of the people. The service was well attended and a most successful one.

ten members attended the monthly meeting of the Beaufort Fire Brigade at the fire station on Tuesday, 7th inst. Captain D. N. Robertson presiding. A notification accepting the resignation of Fireman A. Ledwith and A. Cogle was received from the board. Circulars were forwarded by the board in reference to salvage duties of firemen, duties of secretaries, and watch duties at country fires. An apology was received for the absence of Secretary Saph. Accounts totalling £3 8s were passed for payment. In accordance with notice, Fireman Chiball moved that in the event of the Mechanics' Institute not being available the meeting-room at the fire station be let to other societies at 3s per night. Seconded by Captain Robertson, and carried. One new member—Wyatt was placed on the reserve. It was decided that the annual anniversary social take the form of a plain and fancy dress ball to be held during the third week in August, if the hall is then available. The matter of arranging for music at the next social and the tournament in connection with the forthcoming bazaar was discussed; it being mentioned that several ladies and gentlemen would as-

Geo. Smith's Special Seeds. My Hardy Cold Climate Fruit Trees, Rose Plants, Shrubs, etc. Grow vigorously when transplanted to our soil. SMITH'S SEEDS AND PLANTS are Sold on HONOR. TRY THEM. Cash Orders Delivered, FREIGHT PAID to any Railway Station. CATALOGUES Free on Application. GEO. SMITH, SEED AND PLANT MERCHANT, BALLARAT. Est. 1864.

We make the best BRIDAL PORTRAITS in the State. Therein lies our claim to your patronage. Of the thousands of Brides who have sat to us for their Bridal Portraits, we can safely say that not one has been dissatisfied. Neither will you be dissatisfied, so don't hesitate about writing to us, making the appointment. Bridal Veils, Wreaths, Bouquets, Buttonholes, &c., always available. Four lovely dressing rooms to avoid delay. ENLARGEMENTS. We make enlargements from any old or faded photograph, and give them that modern "touch" which makes them doubly attractive. Size of Photo. Price. 12 x 18 2s. 6d. 18 x 24 3s. 6d. 24 x 30 4s. 6d. Complete in newest style of mounts and solid oak and gold frames. Satisfaction Guaranteed. RICHARDS & CO., Sturt Street, Ballarat. The World-famed Ballarat PHOTOGRAPHERS. J. C. DEARDEN, Prop.

From 12/ to 22/ per doz. 8/ to 12/ per doz. 5/ to 8/ per doz. the "N. Z. Farmer."

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS. All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarse voices will be speedily relieved by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Trochies." These famous "Trochies" are now sold by most responsible chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "croupy cough," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon as a similar trouble, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the signature of JOHN L. BROWN & SONS, is on every wrapper. Prepared by JOHN L. BROWN & SONS, 25, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

A MINER SAYS For Years He Worked in Wet Ground, Kidney Pains and Terrible Backache. Clements Tonic Cured. This letter was written from Tubbs Station, The Young, N.S.W., Aug. 1913. Mr. Wiseman, the writer, strongly recommends the use of your medicine, because it is such a powerful nerve and blood purifier that it counteracts the effects of underground confinement and had air upon the system. After reading this I got Clements Tonic and keep healthy. CLEMENTS TONIC LTD. "As a miner for years I worked in wet ground, and now it is falling on me, for I suffer with my kidneys and backache and loss of appetite. Doctors in Young told me I had hydrophobia, and said an operation might be necessary. Their medicine did me no good. I resolved against it. I was so used up I could not walk far, without a spell. I tried all medicines, and pills, but my life has been a misery to me, until I tried Clements Tonic. The first and second bottles had poor effect, but the third did. I was surprised at the great change that came. I am well and strong. I was 21. I can eat and sleep well, work is no trouble to me, and I think that CLEMENTS TONIC OUGHT TO BE WRITTEN IN GOLD. I have written it in the house. I HAVE JUST TAKEN 23 BOTTLES, and I never intend being without it. To me it is just all understanding, and I think it is ONE OF THE GREATEST NERVE CURES IN THE WORLD. I recommend it to anyone broken down in health. Do as you will with this letter, as I am here to prove what it has done for me. (Signed) J. WISEMAN." Business men should especially read this testimony, and remember that Clements Tonic may renew their lease of life. It will certainly give them new mental and physical strength. For Insomnia and Brain Fag, Debility, Indigestion, Poor Appetite, Constipation, Weak Nerves, Bad Blood, Low Spirits, it is ever reliable. Mr. Wiseman speaks only as he finds concerning this great nerve and blood medicine. ALL CHEMISTS AND ALL STORES SELL IT.

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W. R. GLOVER (Late F. F. Prince), BUTCHER, HAVELOCK ST., BEAUFORT. ONLY PRIME MEAT KEPT. SMALL GOODS A SPECIALTY. My Motto— "Cleanliness, Quality, Civility." Customers Waited upon Daily for Orders. A. E. SANDS, Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framer. A well-known stock of Softwood Ticks, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, THE WORLD'S BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly attack, overcome, and expel from the blood every impurity from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied on to effect a complete and lasting cure. Here is a good proof of its efficacy:— Mrs. M. Cousins, of 187, Twyford Avenue, Portsmouth, England, writes:— "Some time ago I had an accident to my left foot (ran a nail into it); it feasted on it, and I was 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 three I only went out at night. I entirely lost the little toe of my left foot, but a gaping wound came in the inside of the same foot. I was so bad that when I lay down I fancied I could see the bones. At last I decided to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' and with the end of the second small bottle the discharge had stopped, and within a week I was able to get up and go about. It is as well now as it ever was—of course, very sores and a toe short, but I am sure I should have been a foot short had it gone on. Two years ago I had the charge of a little girl who had dreadful sores continually breaking out on both thighs. Her father grumbled so to what he called amateur doctoring—so we 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 so much pleased to keep it to myself, and her father now is staunch adherent to 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' as I am. She has scars over three inches long 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." Another case:— I recommend to a Sergeant's wife whose husband had an open sore for seven years, the result of a sword thrust in Burma. She said she couldn't get him to try it for a long time, but at last he did, and the wound has completely healed. She told me that often after a long march he has written in agony and often fainted. When they were leaving to go to another station he said he would never see me again and thank me. He said he never forgave me for being the cause of his trying it, and that it was worth £5 a dose. I think these cases are convincing enough, and they are just as stated—Your truly, M. Cousins, 187, Twyford Avenue, Portsmouth, England.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES. Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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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 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  
Old Saddle-Bag Chair, Easy Chair 35/-  
Leather Divan Easy Chair 37/6  
Lounge Chair, upholstered in cat croton, from 18/6  
Plush Rocker, in strong blackwood frame, covered with best Brussels Carpet 14/6  
Eight-Piece Oak Dining Suite, massive frames in solid oak, upholstered in best quality Pantalone, to clear 99 10 0  
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 97 10 0  
Dining Suite, seven pieces, in strong frames, consists of large Couch, two Gentle Arm Chairs, and four small Chairs with blackwood underframes, upholstered in best Pantalone leather, £7 10 0  
In solid Blackwood Frame £8 15 0  
Bookcase, 3 ft. 6 in. wide, double glass adjustable shelves, two drawers and cupboard, £3 10 0

TUNBRIDGE'S For Everything in House Furnishings, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY CURES COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS. A Warranted Cure for all Acquired or Constitutional Diseases from the Urinary Organs, in either sex. These Chamberlain's Pills also cure Gravel, Pains in the Back, and all Kidney Disorders. Free from Mercury. Put up in small boxes, sold by all Chemists and Dispensaries throughout the world.

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

MESHES OF FATE. OR. THE CURSE OF THE BLUE DIAMONDS.

By Hedley Richards, Author of "The Mine Master's Heir," "Time, the Avenger," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS PARTS.

The story opens in Australia, where Joshua Wedmore, an unsuccessful miner, is tramping along in search of fresh fields. Entering a hut he discovers a man on a rude bed, ill with the fever. Whilst administering to the sufferer Wedmore notices a small bag and a loaded revolver under the pillow. On examination the bag proves to contain blue diamonds of enormous value. These he appropriates, as he considers the fever-stricken one has only a few hours to live. Wedmore goes on his way, finally reaching Melbourne, where he books a passage for England in the Fairy Queen.

The vessel is wrecked, Wedmore and an elderly man named Rupert Hetherington, of Wyntonhall Hall, being the only survivors. After many days of suffering and exposure they are eventually rescued and placed on board the Merry England. But the events of the past few weeks prove fatal to Mr. Hetherington, who, having no near relatives, leaves his vast fortune to Joshua Wedmore, on the understanding that he takes the name of Hetherington and lives at Wyntonhall Hall. But before he died he revealed to Wedmore a secret of his past life, in which he stated that when he was a young man he was engaged to a beautiful girl and that shortly before his marriage, whilst walking through the wood he was a witness of a tragedy in which he sees his future wife stab a man to death. In order to shield her he hides the weapon in a secret recess at the Hall and entreats Wedmore on his arrival to procure the dagger and throw it in the river. When they reach London Captain Sutton, of the Merry England and Wedmore, present the will to the solicitors of the late Mr. Hetherington, and in due course Joshua is placed in possession. While conveying the dagger to the river, Josh is met by a lady who wishes to rent a cottage belonging to the estate. Having arranged this matter, he continues on his way, only to find on reaching the stream that the weapon is missing. On inquiry he obtains strong circumstantial evidence of the death of his wife and child who were unaware of his return from Australia. Representing himself as a bachelor, he aspires to the hand of Sabina, only daughter of his near neighbour, Lord Ossington, and in the course of time they are married. About twenty years have elapsed since the events recorded above took place, and the reader is introduced to Patricia, better known as Pat, only child of Joshua and Sabina Hetherington. Her father is anxious that she should marry Laurie Hatton, nephew of Sir Leonard Hatton, but Pat is in love with Jack Carvill, son of her father's colliery manager, who has just rescued her from the fury of a savage bull. Jack takes her to his father's home to rest, and introduces Pat to his aunt and her daughter Meg. On her return to Wyntonhall Hall Pat informs her parents of her adventure, and when Joshua inquires the name of young Carvill's aunt, he gets a decided shock to learn that it is Mrs. Joan Wedmore. Later in the day, having business with his manager, Mr. Hetherington comes face to face with Mrs. Wedmore and her daughter at the colliery. That evening, in the privacy of her own room, Mrs. Wedmore concludes to remain silent as to the past, for she is under the impression that she has not been recognised by her husband, whilst the latter is as certain that Joan does not remember him as her husband.

PART V. CHAPTER VIII. THERESA.

"The Cottage" stood in a shady lane about half a mile from the village of Old Wyntonhall. It was a long, low white stone building, of a couple of storeys. At least, it had been white many years ago; now it was of nondescript colour, but so covered with creepers and a luxuriant rose-tree that in the summer very little of the walls were to be seen. A good-sized flower garden surrounded it, and beyond it was a well-kept kitchen garden.

In this house Mrs. Morris had lived from the time she took possession, a few weeks after Joshua had gone to reside at the Hall. She was an excellent tenant, and he had never had any reason to regret having let it to her in such a hasty fashion; he rather liked her, and considered her a most fascinating woman, and he was surprised to find her remaining in the quiet little village, where the country families ignored her, and the only people who visited at the cottage were the vicar, his wife, and the doctor. Later, after the discovery of the coal, and a manager took up his residence at Mount House, they had become friendly; but after the first manager gave place to Mr. Carvill there had not been much acquaintance, and Joan Carvill's sister did not like the mistress of the cottage. In spite of the lack of society Mrs. Morris stayed on, devoting her time to the education of her granddaughter, who was a very lovely child, and had grown up a beautiful woman.

It was the evening of the day on which Pat had encountered the bull—a day that had also been a marked one to Mr. Hetherington and Joan Wedmore—but it had passed almost uneventfully at the cottage, and no dinner being over, Mrs. Morris was reclining in a low easy-chair near the window, while her granddaughter wandered restlessly up and down. The elder woman was comparatively little altered during the last twenty years. The quiet life seemed

to have suited her, and she looked very little older than she had done when she took up her residence at The Cottage.

"What is the matter, Theresa?" she asked, as the girl went to the other window and stood looking out. Theresa turned round, revealing a face of dazzling beauty, with glorious dark eyes, the clear skin of a brunette, with a vivid carnation in her cheeks, and coils of black hair.

"It is the dullness, the monotony. I hate it. I want to live and—"

"And what?" asked her grandmother. "Ah! Nothing."

But as the girl spoke she stepped through the French window, which she opened on to the lawn, and going to the window, Mrs. Morris saw her cross the grass, walking with an undulating grace; then she reached the path just in time to meet Dr. Fitzpatrick, on his way from the gate to the front door. Her grandmother, watching, saw them clasp hands, and there was something in the girl's attitude and manner that told her she neither felt monotony or dullness then.

"It's the old story. I thought she cared for him, but the affair has progressed while I have been upstairs with influenza. Well, he's a fascinating man—a good deal older than she is, but that doesn't matter. I should say he's lived every day of his life. A man of his type will suit Theresa better than a saint. She's too much of my blood in her to marry an ordinary man and live happily, though there was a time when I thought such a life would be happiness to me."

Then Mrs. Morris's thoughts came back to the present as she watched her granddaughter and the doctor stroll towards an arbour at the other end of the garden.

"Does he care for her?" she asked herself, as she watched them. "He's just the man to make love to one girl and marry another, if it suited his interest."

While she was speculating about them the couple had reached a little arbour. It was out of view of the window, and that was the reason they had chosen it.

"Why didn't you come last night?" asked Theresa, fixing her brilliant eyes on her companion. She was evidently not feeling dull now; it was easy to see that every fibre was full of life and vivacity. "Why didn't you come?" she repeated. "I believe you think that a doctor has nothing to do but enjoy himself. I had a case to attend."

"Now, I wonder if you are telling the truth?" she said, looking keenly at him; and it was quite evident that she was of a jealous disposition.

"Why shouldn't it be the truth? Don't you know that I delight in coming here, and looking at your glorious foreign beauty?" he said, with a smile.

open her eyes, if she hadn't suspected she wasn't. My dear child, she may be a very smart old lady, but I think I can manage her; and now we will make her, but leave us together," he said, and blushing Theresa drew her arm through his, but let it go before they came in view of the window.

Entering the wide, low-ceiled hall, she led the way to the drawing-room; but as her hand touched the handle of the door, he whispered: "Let me go in alone."

Opening the door, she announced: "Dr. Fitzpatrick, granma;" then rather unwillingly she turned away, and the doctor entered the room, shutting the door carefully after him.

Mrs. Morris turned to him, but in the gathering dusk it was not easy for her to read his face.

"You have been a long time in the garden with my granddaughter," she said. Her voice had its usual graceful intonation, and there was something in it that seemed to invite confidence.

"I'm afraid I've transgressed, but Miss Theresa and I have become such very good friends. While I have been attending you; and, really, she is such a charming girl—I had almost said child, but I suppose I must not call her that, though to a man of my age she seems little more."

"She is not a child. Theresa will be twenty-one at Christmas, and you cannot be more than forty, so, you see, there is not such a wide gap as you thought," was the quiet reply.

"Theresa is sure to be twenty, really, you surprise me! I thought she was about seventeen." There was a pause, then he said, "I thank you for telling me. I had thought of her as a child. Now, well, I am glad." Then he broke off abruptly, and asked his patient if she felt better.

A quarter of an hour later, when he left the drawing room, he met Theresa in the hall.

"Your grandmother was suspicious, but I think she will not question you, and in future, my love, we must meet outside. Do you know that field that runs behind my garden?"

"The Willow Walk?" said Theresa. "Yes, I think that's what they call it. I want you to meet me there, and you can slip along there every other morning. I will put a small cross in white chalk on the door that leads into my garden, and against the cross I'll put in figures the time I shall be there. You will do this for a little while, Theresa, until I can speak to your grandmother."

"Of course, I will do it. We shall have a little romance to ourselves. Doesn't somebody say 'stolen kisses are the sweetest'?" she said, brightly.

"I didn't think you were so interested in those people, Theresa, and prying about your affairs. I just gave her something to think about," she answered, in a tone of quiet enjoyment.

"Ah! how did the young lady take your news?"

"She hung her head back, and looked at me with those big black eyes of hers as if she'd like to stab me, then she turns round and walks towards the gate like a fury."

"I'm afraid you are not fond of Miss Morris?" he said, drily.

"I hate her, and I'm mortal sure she's not English or Irish, either, which is next-door neighbour."

CHAPTER IX. A COMPACT. "Laurie, will you come with me in to the conservatory?" said Pat, in a low tone.

The gentleman had just come into the drawing room, and Laurie Hatton had a once joined her, but her words told him she had something to say to him—that she did not care to risk being overheard. "Of course, I will," he said, as she rose; and they crossed the room followed by the gaze of several pairs of eyes.

"Won't my father and your uncle be delighted?" she said, as they entered the conservatory.

He looked rather bothered as he answered: "Yes, I expect they will be pleased."

Pat laughed merrily, then when they had got to the end of the conservatory she seated herself on a fancy bamboo chair and pushed another towards him.

"Sit down, Laurie, we're going to have a confidential chat, and it's ever so much more comfortable to have one's companion on a level."

Laurie seated himself, and his gravity gave place to a smile as he said: "Pat, do you know what the powers that be think I am doing at this very moment?"

"My dear child, she may be a very smart old lady, but I think I can manage her; and now we will make her, but leave us together," he said, and blushing Theresa drew her arm through his, but let it go before they came in view of the window.

Entering the wide, low-ceiled hall, she led the way to the drawing-room; but as her hand touched the handle of the door, he whispered: "Let me go in alone."

Opening the door, she announced: "Dr. Fitzpatrick, granma;" then rather unwillingly she turned away, and the doctor entered the room, shutting the door carefully after him.

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"She is not a child. Theresa will be twenty-one at Christmas, and you cannot be more than forty, so, you see, there is not such a wide gap as you thought," was the quiet reply.

"Theresa is sure to be twenty, really, you surprise me! I thought she was about seventeen." There was a pause, then he said, "I thank you for telling me. I had thought of her as a child. Now, well, I am glad."

Then he broke off abruptly, and asked his patient if she felt better.

A quarter of an hour later, when he left the drawing room, he met Theresa in the hall.

"Your grandmother was suspicious, but I think she will not question you, and in future, my love, we must meet outside. Do you know that field that runs behind my garden?"

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THE DAIRY. THE MECHANICAL MILKER.

NO. 1916.

FALLING HAIR CAUSED DANDRUFF. HOW TO DESTROY THE DANDRUFF AND SAVE YOUR HAIR.

Thin, brittle, colourless and falling hair is the evidence of a neglected scalp. Dandruff, that awful scourge of the scalp, is the cause of the falling hair. It robs the hair of its strength and its very life. It is the result of a diseased scalp, and it is the only way to get rid of it. It is a disease which is not produced by the scalp, but by the hair. It is a disease which is not produced by the scalp, but by the hair. It is a disease which is not produced by the scalp, but by the hair.

LOCAL LAND BOARD.

The following district applications were dealt with on 16th inst. by the Local Land Board:—Parish of Cambridgeshire, 100 acres, in sec. 31, adjacent to the railway, recommended, subject to report from the Mines Department and approved by the Board. Catherine Nugent, 20 acres, sec. 15, east of reservoir, west of the main road. Recommended, subject to report from the Mines Department and approved by the Board. The Board also dealt with applications from the Parish of Cambridgeshire, 100 acres, in sec. 31, adjacent to the railway, recommended, subject to report from the Mines Department and approved by the Board.

OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.

Mrs. Winslow, of the Old Nurse for Children, is a woman of many years' experience. She has been in the profession for many years, and has a large number of children under her care. She is a most efficient and reliable nurse, and is well known to all who are interested in the welfare of children.

AGLINS. "KLINK" PATENT.

AGLINS. "KLINK" PATENT. This is a new and improved method of drying and preserving food. It is a most efficient and reliable method, and is well known to all who are interested in the welfare of their families.

GENERAL REFORM.

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H. SANDS.

H. SANDS. This is a new and improved method of drying and preserving food. It is a most efficient and reliable method, and is well known to all who are interested in the welfare of their families.

VENSON BROS.

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TRACTORS.

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RAU FORT.

RAU FORT. This is a new and improved method of drying and preserving food. It is a most efficient and reliable method, and is well known to all who are interested in the welfare of their families.





RIPONSHIRE REVISION COURT

The Riponshire Council Revision Court met on Thursday for the purpose of revising the voters lists...

WEST RIDING

Bain, St. Enoch's, St. Hill, having changed by marriage to Hood...

MINING NEWS

Operations have ceased at Hope mine. Manager of the Hope mine reports...

THE GUN

There was a large attendance at Beaufort on Saturday for the promotion of the Gun Club...

WORKED WONDERS

Used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Elizabeth Kent says...

POLITICAL

MR BURKE'S CANDIDATURE

According to the toast of a banquet given at the Chamberlain Hotel...

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BOILER MAKERS

It was impossible to bring men out from the ship-building yards in the old country...

WEST RIDING

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THE FOLLOWING DISTRICT SALES

At the Ballarat stock market on Tuesday 100 ewes and wethers for 20/2; 20 comeback wethers...

WEST RIDING

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THE GUN

There was a large attendance at Beaufort on Saturday for the promotion of the Gun Club...

WORKED WONDERS

Used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Elizabeth Kent says...

The "Catch" of the Season. It's the event every economizing housekeeper has been waiting for...

OUR BIG WINTER SALE. BARGAINS IN COSTUMES. Navy Serge Costumes, 27/6, 35/ Tailor made. Ladies' Sports' Coats, 9/6.

BARGAINS IN MEN'S WEAR. Men's Tweed Overcoats, good patterns, 15/ 17/6. Men's Tweed Suits, to measure, 35/ Fit guaranteed.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT. THE MEOCA OF THE THIRTY.

J. R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR. FURNITURE SALE BY AUCTION.

BEAUFORT TOWN BAND. THE Half-yearly Meeting of the above will be held at the Mechanics' Institute...

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE ESTATE OF LATE MRS. T. D. MARTIN...

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It's Sale Time! At last the Gong has sounded, and the Store resounds with the busy tread of eager Bargain Hunters.

EVERY PRICE REDUCED. BARGAINS IN MEN'S WEAR. Men's Tweed Overcoats, good patterns, 15/ 17/6.

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Hawkes Bros., GENERAL HARDWARE AND TIMBER MERCHANTS, BEAUFORT. Large Stocks always on hand of FENCING WIRE, Black & Galv.

MESHERS OF FATE. OR THE CURSE OF THE BLUE DIAMONDS.

By Hedley Richards, Author of "The Mine Master's Heir," "Time, the Avenger," etc., etc.

PART 6. CHAPTER X. A BLOW.

Pat had been to New Wynthay to see Jessie, the girl who was formerly parlour-maid at the Hall, and whose little son had been deprived of his frock by the bolt; but now Jessie's heart was relieved by the sight of one even prettier than the flesh that had come to grief, and Pat, having admired the baby and pronounced him a beauty, was now on her way home. She had not ventured through the fields, but had gone along the road through the village. It was black and grimy, and she was not sorry when she came to the lane that led to the field-path by which she would reach the hall, forgetting that this black, grimy dust was an evidence of the great wealth that lay within her father's land, and which would one day be hers.

As she turned up the lane she heard quick footsteps behind her, and her face became rosy red as she thought it was possibly Jack Carvill, and in another moment her suspicions became a certainty, as she heard him say: "Good afternoon, Miss Patricia," and there was a ring of joy in his voice.

Pat raised a face that showed her delight, as she said: "I'm not Miss Patricia to you; I'm Pat. Oh, Jack, you haven't forgotten what you said?"

"I'm not likely to forget, seeing it's the joy of my life to know that you love me. Yes, and my love for you is a joy, too; but I cannot forget that your father knows nothing of this, and I wonder if, when he does, he will refuse to give you to me, even though my lamp may have made me a name. You see, you are a great heiress, and though I may make money when my invention is perfected, still it will only be like a drop in a bucket to your riches. Sometimes I wish that your father's money would take to itself wings, and leave us just a man and a maid, without any class distinction. But I know it is wrong to wish your father to lose what his ability has quadrupled," said Jack.

"Listen, Jack. I wish I'd lose all he's got, except just enough to keep mother and him in comfort. I'm sick of hearing that I'm a great heiress," said Pat.

"If it were so, it would be my joy to work for you; but it's not right to wish your father to lose what he values because we don't care for it," said Jack gravely. "No, Pat, I'll make a name and position for myself, only it may take time, and other men will woo you."

"They will get the same answer that I gave Laurie, not that it troubled him. He doesn't care a bit for me. I've got a pair of eyes, and I've found out something; but I won't tell you what. I'm going to let Laurie have a free course," said Pat.

"He can have it so far as I am concerned. You are the one girl in the world for me. I sometimes wonder what you see in a fellow like me. I've not the polish the men in your set have, and I'm not rich, or able to give you a grand home. At the best, it will be a poor place to the one in which you have been brought up. Your love is the constant joy of my life, yet I sometimes wonder if it is fair to dream of winning you for my wife."

"Oh, dear, no. I should be a great deal happier with my money-bags, because, you see, I should never marry any one else. Jack, I love you with all my heart, and I'd rather live in a cottage with you than a palace with any one else," she said, slipping her hand within his arm, and he clasped it firmly.

They had been so engrossed in what they were saying that neither of them had noticed the sound of footsteps behind them. Perhaps they had been purposely deceived, as Josh Hetherington, from the time he had seen the couple, had walked on the grass at the side of the lane, and treading softly, he gained rapidly on them and heard the latter portion of their conversation; but at Pat's avowal of her love for his manager's son he lost all control of himself, and, stepping forward, he said, in a harsh tone: "So you've been carrying on a clandestine love affair with my daughter, young Carvill?"

The lovers turned quickly round, and faced the dark, angry-looking man.

"Mr. Hetherington, it was an accident the day I rescued your daughter from the bull that revealed my feelings to her, and I intended telling you about it, and asking if you would give her to me as soon as my invention was in the market," said Jack, looking him full in the face.

"It was like your cursed impudence to suppose that you, little more than a beggar, could marry my daughter. She's a mere child, who doesn't know her own mind, and you've influenced her to meet you in secret," said Josh Hetherington, bitterly.

"Oh, father, it's not true; Jack and I have never met by appointment," exclaimed Pat, vehemently; and Carvill said:

"Mr. Hetherington, you are doing us an injustice. I've never met your daughter this afternoon, when she was on her way home. I own I rejoiced at the chance of speaking to her, because I love her with all my heart—in spite of the difference in our position, I love her, and shall do so as long as I live; but I would never have asked her to meet me. Still, it was not in human nature to

resist the opportunity of speaking to her when it presented itself. You would have done the same yourself, if you were in my place."

Mr. Hetherington's face paled. "You don't know what I should have done, but I do know it's very easy for a man without a penny to make excuses for wooing an heiress," he said, in a scathing tone.

"Will you give her to me without a penny, if Pat is willing to marry a man who has only what he works for?" asked Jack, bravely.

"I don't care a fig about the horrid money," interposed Pat, clasping her lover's arm.

Her father turned from her with a sneer, and looking at Jack, he said: "Mr. John Carvill, you can understand that this answer is final. I will not now or at any time consent to my daughter becoming your wife. I intend to save her from her own foolishness," and with these words he removed Pat's hand from her lover's arm, and assisted her over the stile that led into the fields; then Pat turned round, saying:

"Good-bye, Jack. I shall never marry any one else."

Her words seemed to infuriate her father, who also paused and said: "Mr. John Carvill, I will meet you in the office at four o'clock this afternoon," then, looking at Pat, he added: "We will go home as quickly as possible, if you have no objection."

"Not the least in the world," she replied, haughtily; and they walked on in absolute silence, while Jack turned back and went to meet his father, whom he knew would be coming from the colliery, and on their way home he told him what had occurred.

Mr. Carvill listened in silence, then, when his son ceased speaking, he said: "I'm sorry it's happened, Jack. Miss Hetherington is far above us in position, and her father has a right to be angry. I only hope it won't cost us our positions. It would be difficult to get such good ones."

"I don't see the matter as you do, father. I couldn't help loving Pat, and she loves me, so I take it that God meant us for each other, and I shall never marry any other woman. I believe, if we are true to each other, it will come right in the end."

"Well, Jack, you're a man, and must go your own way; but I'm sorry," and with these words Mr. Carvill passed through the gate into the garden at Mount House.

Meanwhile Pat and her father had arrived at home, and as they entered the house he told her to go to the morning-room, and without a word, Pat went direct to it, knowing that she would find her mother there. As she entered Mrs. Hetherington looked up from her work, and she at once saw there was something wrong.

"What is the matter, Pat?" she asked.

"Only this: I've found out why she wouldn't have Laurie," said Miss Hetherington, as she closed the door, and came towards his wife, while Pat sank into a chair and looked quite ready to do battle for herself.

"Do you know that girl has allowed my manager's son, young Carvill, to make love to her, and she has promised to be his wife?" said Mr. Hetherington, in a tone of concentrated bitterness.

Mrs. Hetherington looked astounded. Sometimes she had thought, indeed, felt almost sure, that Pat had a lover, but she had been puzzled who he could be, thinking he must be some one she had met at a ball that her sister-in-law, Lady Ossington, had given. She had not dreamed that Pat could love Jack Carvill. The Honourable Mrs. Hetherington was not free from class prejudices, and to her it would have been impossible to love a man so far beneath her socially. Her husband, though he could not boast a long ancestry, was the representative of the Hetheringtons—in fact, she had almost forgotten he was not one of them—and now she turned a face that expressed dismay and troubled surprise on her daughter, saying:

"My dear, I don't think you can really care for a man who is so much your social inferior."

"But I do. I love Jack with all my heart, and I shall marry him," she said, with decision.

"Then you never will," said her father.

"Then I shall be Miss Hetherington to the end of my days," said Pat, as she rose and walked in a stately manner as she could out of the room.

"What's to be done?" asked Mrs. Hetherington, looking at her husband.

"You must reason with her; but there is no thing certain, she shall never marry that fellow. I would rather see her the wife of an absolute beggar," he said, as he left the room and proceeded to the library, where he sat down to face this new difficulty.

Dare he dismiss Jack Carvill? That he was a capable assistant manager there was no doubt, but there were plenty of capable men in the country. Still, it would be a great loss to him if Mr. Carvill gave up his post, which was sure to do if his son was dismissed; but above all there was Joan Wedmore to take into account. Suppose she had, or did recognise him, then even if she had determined to hold her peace, she might be angry at any suggestion that would betray the truth. He would have to be cautious what he did, and finally Mr. Hetherington came to the conclusion it would not be wise to dismiss Jack Carvill.

The clock was just striking four as Mr. Hetherington entered the office at the colliery, and he found Jack waiting for him. Mr. Carvill had gone out a little time before, thinking that his presence would embarrass both parties. The master of the place had, indeed, looked at the young man, he said:

"I have considered the matter, and I wish you to promise me not to hold any communication with my daughter."

"I won't arrange to meet her; but if we meet by chance I shall certainly speak to her," replied Jack.

Mr. Hetherington looked angrily at him.

"That means I suppose that you will not relinquish your absurd hope of marrying her?"

"It does. I admit that I am in an inferior position; but other men have risen and attained a high position: I hope to do the same; but I promise not to seek your daughter at present; neither will I avoid her if we meet. I shall speak to her. When she is of age my position will, I think, be more assured; then I shall not feel myself bound by the promise I am now giving," said Jack, in a quiet, decided tone.

Mr. Hetherington laughed a hard, cynical laugh.

"Long before then I hope my girl will be married, and as we have settled the matter so far as seems possible, I will wish you good afternoon," he said.

"Stay a moment, Mr. Hetherington. My father left a message for you. He wished me to tell you that the typhoid fever is spreading in the village, and he thought it would be better if those suffering from it could be isolated. He wondered if the two houses that are empty a mile from the village could be used for the purpose, and he asked you to consider the matter, and see Dr. Fitzpatrick about it in the morning. Good day," and Joshua Hetherington left the office.

It was a fine moonlight night when Josh Hetherington, lighting a cigar and taking a walking-stick (he had got into the way of carrying one), left the house and crossed the park in a slanting direction, intending to leave it by way of a door in the wall; then a short walk along the high road would bring him to the Red House, and he could settle with Dr. Fitzpatrick what he would be best to do about a fever hospital. He was more likely to find the doctor in the morning. As he walked with his usual firm tread his thoughts dwelt on Joan Wedmore. It almost seemed to him as though she had become his curse; but for her he could have sent Jack Carvill away, and so ended all danger of him marrying Patricia.

He was thinking of this as he unbolted the door, and was about to open it when he heard footsteps on the other side. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he waited till whoever it was had passed, then he stepped into the road, and with a start he recognised the woman of whom he had been thinking, Joan Wedmore. He felt sure it was she; the moonlight shone plainly on her, and though he could not see her face, he had no doubt of her identity. In that moment a fearful temptation assailed him. It seemed as though the devil was whispering in his ear: "Kill her; one blow with that stick you carry would be fatal." Josh looked behind him; there was no one in sight. Then, grasping the smooth end of the stick tightly, he took a few noiseless steps, then the blow fell, and the woman lay prostrate in the road.

Not an instant did Joshua loiter. He turned and went quickly back. Passing through the door, he fastened it and went swiftly back to the house, entering by the same side entrance as he had left, and hanging his cloak in the cloak room, he examined the round knob at the end of the stick, to see if it bore any traces of the deadly work it had done, but it showed no signs. Nevertheless, he wiped it carefully with his handkerchief before putting it in its place, then he returned to the library, and, sitting down, he tried to forget the figure of the woman whom he had left lying in the road; but wherever he looked he seemed to see her. Josh had felt that he was tempted to commit murder when he was out on the open sea, but he had spared his companion, and it had been a lifelong blessing to him.

"This time he had listened to the tempter, and the woman in whose power he had felt himself could not injure him now. She lay dead," he told himself, and he was a murderer. Then a vague fear came over him that she might not be dead, and if she were not dead, if she were still alive, it might end in suspicion falling on him. One thing was certain—would have to wait until the morning, and it would never do for him to let others see that he was not himself, and with this reflection he went to the dining room, where he poured himself out a glass half full of brandy, and diluting it with water, he drank it off.

CHAPTER XI. STILL THE DEVIL'S OWN DARLING.

The sun was shining brightly the next morning when Mr. Hetherington passed out of the park gates on his way to see Dr. Fitzpatrick. This time he did not see the little dog in the wall, feeling it was more prudent to give it a wide berth.

Before he had gone many yards he heard the sound of wheels, and, looking round, he saw the doctor's dog-cart, with the doctor in it, coming towards him.

Mr. Hetherington paused, and when the dogcart came alongside of him, the doctor put up:

"I was coming to see you about a temporary hospital for the fever cases," said Mr. Hetherington.

"All right. I'll get out and walk with you as far as my house," the doctor said, singing the reins to his groom, and telling him to drive on; then, as he joined the other man, he said:

"Have you heard that Mr. Carvill's sister-in-law, Mrs. Wedmore, has been assaulted and seriously injured. Mr. Hetherington has been arrested, and is being held in custody. I should have been relieved or sorry to find the blow had not been fatal."

"Yes, it's a case of concussion of the brain. She was found a little further along the road by a policeman."

who lives out this side beyond Old Wynthay. He came on by my black dog, and she was thrown down."

"What time was it when he found her?" asked Jack, trying to speak as usual, but with dread that this man had seen him strike the blow.

"It would be nearly eleven when he got to my house, and he said he had run all the way," said the doctor.

His companion felt relieved. It wasn't more than a quarter past ten when he left the woman lying in the road. Nevertheless, he asked:

"Did the man see the assailant?"

"No. It's a mystery who could wish to injure Mrs. Wedmore, who is a stranger in the district," said the doctor.

"Robbery, doctor! I should say that was the explanation," said Josh, speaking energetically. He was so glad to find that no suspicion attached to him.

"Then if the motive was robbery, it is strange that neither her purse nor watch have been touched," was the doctor's dry reply.

"That is singular. But what was she doing out at that time of night, doctor?" asked Mr. Hetherington.

"The doctor said Mrs. Wedmore is a good woman, but she has no money, and she is in the world, and in the little time she's been here she's not only taken a class in the Sunday school, but the members of it have learned to love her, and it happened that a child, belonging to this class was very ill—nearly her end—and she asked so often for Mrs. Wedmore, that the child's father went to Mount House, and begged her to come. Mrs. Wedmore had been at the cottage over two hours, and left, promising to go again in the morning. The man who accompanied her home, but she declined, saying it was quite safe for her to go alone, but it appears it wasn't."

"I suppose you'll be able to pull her through?" asked his companion.

"I hope so. She's had a serious blow on the head; just a little bit harder and she'd have been done for. As it is, I think I shall get her round," replied Dr. Fitzpatrick.

"It's a strange affair. And now about that hospital," said Hetherington. And the statesman's thought of doing in a few explicit sentences.

"That will be first rate, and give my patients just the chance they need. I'll see about the two houses at once."

"Thanks. Then I'll go as far as the office and tell Carvill what I want done to the cottages to convert them into a hospital," said Mr. Hetherington, as they paused near the Red House where the doctor's gig was waiting.

"I'm sorry I cannot offer to give you a lift, but I'm going up to Mount House to see Mr. Wedmore."

"Is she unconscious?" asked his companion.

"Yes, she lies like a log; but I can't expect anything else just yet. Good morning, Mr. Hetherington; and the doctor got into his gig, and the woman lay prostrate in the road.

"Yes, it's up-set me very much. It seems dreadful that a woman cannot go out on an errand of mercy at night without a thing like this happening," said Mr. Carvill.

"It's a most unusual affair. I've never known such a thing happen in this district before. Now, if Mrs. Wedmore had enemy in the house."

"She hadn't," interrupted the manager. "My sister-in-law was never in the district until she came a few weeks ago, and she didn't know any one."

"My solution of the affair would be robbery. Dr. Fitzpatrick didn't think it likely, as nothing had been stolen; but to my mind that looks as though the thief had been interrupted," said Mr. Hetherington.

"I agree with you, sir," said the inspector.

After a little more talk about the matter, and another expression of sympathy, Joshua Hetherington left the office.

Meanwhile, Dr. Fitzpatrick had reached Mount House, and as he entered he was met by Meg, whose brightness was shadowed by the first real grief she had known.

"The nurse is with my mother, and she persuaded me to come downstairs. She thought it would do her good, but I want you to tell her that I am happier there, looking at my mother. I tried to go away, but there should be a change," she said, uttering the last words in a low, subdued tone.

Dr. Fitzpatrick took her hand in his and held it firmly as he said: "My dear Miss Wedmore, I do not think there will be any change yet awhile. If there is, I hope it will be for the better, and you will do wisely to leave her to the nurse's care. There will be another nurse here shortly; they understand sickness, and can do more for your mother than you could with all your love, and when she recovers, instead of a tired, weary girl, she will find you bright and joyful."

"Will she get better?" asked Meg, almost in a whisper.

"I believe she will. At any rate, if it is the power of God that restores her to you, you will be able to do it," and with these words he ran lightly upstairs, leaving Meg feeling as though half the burden had rolled away.

Five minutes later, as she was crossing the hall, the door bell rang, and looking in that direction, Meg saw Laurie Hutton standing in the porch close to the open door, and she at once went towards it.

"Mrs. Wedmore, how is your mother? It was awfully sorry to hear about her," she said, clasping her hand about Meg's.

will recover shortly; but—but it's dreadful to see her lying white and still," she said.

"It's not only dreadful, but most mysterious, and I want to tell you how much I feel for you. I've been thinking about you ever since I heard of it," said Laurie.

At that moment Dr. Fitzpatrick came downstairs, and his face darkened when he saw Laurie Hutton, and his acknowledgment of the young man's greeting was decidedly cold; then turning to Meg, he said:

"Miss Wedmore, I am glad to tell you there is a slight improvement in your mother's condition. I shall see her again this afternoon."

"Oh, thank you, doctor. I'm glad you think she is better," exclaimed Meg.

"Indeed, I do. And now I must be off to see another patient. A doctor can never be an idler," he said, and there was a slight sneer in his tone as his eyes rested on Laurie, whose face flushed, and he longed to knock the doctor down. Then he added:

"Are you coming, Mr. Hutton? I think Miss Wedmore should try to rest a little, after the night's experience."

There was truth in his words, yet Laurie felt that it was not Miss Wedmore's sake he wished him to leave, but jealousy that prompted him to speak. He regarded the doctor as a foe. Nevertheless, he wished Meg "Good morning," and the two men walked to the gate, where Dr. Fitzpatrick got into his gig, and Laurie Hutton went up the lane, then crossed the fields, and finally came out on another road, not far from Ridgeway Court.

"It that fellow stands in my way with Meg, a few words to his uncle will soon put a spoke in his wheel. Fancy Sir Leonard allowing his heir to marry the niece of Hetherington among women. She's good and beautiful enough to be a queen, but I wish she had a little more money or that some one would leave me a fortune. All the same, I shall marry her," thought the doctor, as he drove along.

A couple of weeks had passed since Joan Wedmore was carried home unconscious—weeks in which Dr. Fitzpatrick had fought hard for her life. The specialist who had come from the nearest city, had told them that he could not suggest or do anything that had not been done. The nurses watching the battle saw that he was getting the better of grim death, and realised that there was something more than ordinary in the doctor's desire to save his patient, and they whispered to each other that he was in love with Meg, and it was for her sake he was doing it.

As for Meg, she looked eagerly for his coming. It seemed to her that the scales were in his hands, and it depended upon him whether it should be life or death. In her confidence in the man she forgot in whose hands are the issues of both, but while she waited she depended upon Dr. Fitzpatrick, she did not love him. He was a man who was quick to disregard anything, and he suspected that Meg did not care for him as he wished, but she owed him a debt of gratitude, and that would induce her to listen to him, then in time she would learn to love him. Such love as his must beget love.

Full of this hope he went to Mount House one morning, and on going to the bed room, the nurse told him that her patient had a little while ago opened her eyes and looked round the room, then asked for a drink, but made no further remark. Dr. Fitzpatrick nodded, and at once went to the bedside, and, seating himself on a chair, he said:

"So you're better, Mrs. Wedmore?" She looked at him, with a calm, quiet gaze, but there was no recognition in her glance, and he felt slightly uncomfortable, he said:

"Who is Meg?" she asked, in a whisper, but her tone was quiet and rational.

"Have you forgotten Meg, your daughter?" he said.

She looked at him with a puzzled expression in her still beautiful eyes. "I don't seem to remember anything or anybody. Did I know you?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Yes, Mrs. Wedmore. But I should like you to rest now," and telling the nurse to give her some of the cooling draught, he went downstairs, and explained to Meg that her mother was conscious, but did not remember things very well. Then he left the house without asking her to be his wife, as he had intended doing. So far, her mother's recovery was only a half-success. He would wait a while.

Another week passed, and Mrs. Wedmore gained strength rapidly, but it was apparent to every one that her memory had gone. She accepted Meg as her daughter, but it was evident that she did not remember the relationship, neither did she recognise the names of people. Her mind was a blank, yet she had her reasoning powers and took a keen interest in all that was going on around her.

Dr. Fitzpatrick admitted to Mr. Carvill that this state might continue until the end of her life, or she might regain the missing faculty at any time. The day after he had told Mr. Carvill this Dr. Fitzpatrick was very busy, and did not get to Mount House until late in the afternoon, and as he entered the house he met Meg, who looked unutterably miserable.

"What is the matter, Miss Meg?" he asked, as he paused.

"It breaks my heart to see mother as she is, and I know the loss of her memory is a great trouble to her, though she does not want those around her to see it."

"Suppose we go in and talk the matter over," said the doctor; and they entered the drawing room, Meg seating herself in a low chair, while he stood on the rug, looking at her.

THE FARM AND DAIRY. THE COMPOSITION OF CHEESE IN RELATION TO QUALITY.

In a report of the New York Dairymen's Association for 1913, we find the following statement in its address given by Dr. Robertson: "In every case there was a great reduction in the quality of cheese when there was a less quantity of butter-fat in milk."

How true this is, and how the increased yield of cheese is not in direct proportion to the increased percentage of butter-fat; that is, milk containing 3 per cent of butter-fat will yield a certain quantity of cheese, but if you take milk having three and one-third more fat (4 per cent) you will not yield one-third more cheese. The same time, such milk is worth one-third more for cheesemaking and does not yield so much cheese. It yields a quality of cheese much better than the market value of the greater than the market value of the cheese in the other case."

"Every two-tenths of a pound of butter-fat will improve the quality of the cheese one-sixteenth of a pound per pound, as near as I can get. Thus, for example, a pound of milk with five-sixteenths of a pound of butter-fat between cheese made from 1 per cent and 4 per cent milk."

Dr. Badcock approaches the question from quite another angle of view. After showing that fat is the constituent controlling the value of milk, cream, and butter, he says: "It is evident that the market price of milk, cream, and butter depends chiefly upon the price of butter-fat, and that other constituents have a little influence that they practically may be neglected."

"There is one other important dairy product to be considered, and that is cheese. Does the same principle hold with this? I believe it does, for on no other basis can the concile market prices all over the world."

He then goes on to show by actual market quotations that this varies in price according to its composition, and that the value of the pound of milk is not down to 1d. to 1d. 10d. for full-cream cheese. Anticipating some objections raised to the method of reasoning as applied to the cheese as a method of paying for milk, he cannot leave this subject without referring to some of the evidence made to its use in cheese factories. It is urged that because cheese is fat and indigestible, it is not a good food. This is a mistake. Cheese is a good food, and it is a good food for the young, the old, and the infirm. It is a good food for the sick, and it is a good food for the healthy. It is a good food for the poor, and it is a good food for the rich. It is a good food for the whole world."

While these things had been happening at Mount House, Dr. Fitzpatrick had walked quickly homewards. He had purposely sent his dogcart away, hoping that his proposal would be favourably received, when he intended remaining some time with Meg; but events had not shaped themselves as he expected, and he was not in a very good temper. When he was within a few yards of the Red House Mr. Hetherington overtook him, and after wishing him good afternoon, he said:

"Mr. Carvill tells me that his sister-in-law's mind is a blank as regards the past. I suppose it's only a temporary affair."

Dr. Fitzpatrick shook his head.

"I don't know. It may remain a blank to the day of her death, or the cloud may lift at any time. All I can say is that at present the day she recovered consciousness began a new era for her, the past was blotted out, and it's what a jolly lot of us would be glad to do if we could," he said, as he paused near his own house.

Mr. Hetherington went on his way. "Joan's past a blank. It almost seems as though I had been saved by a miracle. Well, I have always been the devil's own darling, and I am still," he thought as he went.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DIPPING THE FLAG.

The salutation given when a vessel lowers or "dips" its flag is one of the oldest and most honourable of all forms of marine greeting.

This form of salute has always been demanded by English-speaking seamen, and its exaction has warmed up the hearts and used up the powder of generations of naval commanders.

In the old days, for a foreign ship, whether merchant or naval, to enter an English port without veiling topsails or dipping its national flag was to run the risk of war, although the profoundest peace existed.

Without war or argument, the shore defence of a man-of-war would send a round shot across the bows, or between the masts of the foreigner, and if the offending flag did not instantly come down the insolent intruder was brought to her senses by being raked through and through.

Such was the reception accorded by Sir John Hawkins in the sixteenth century to the Spanish admiral who, in time of peace, sailed into Portsmouth Sound without veiling his topsails or lowering his flag.

Salutes and essential matters of naval etiquette are also exchanged on an elaborate code fixed by the maritime powers. The number of guns to be fired in all circumstances is minutely stipulated.

The way to conquer the foreigner is not to kill him, but to beat his work.

Egg eating is a source of trouble among poultry which are closely housed. It usually arises firstly from the breaking of eggs in the nests, therefore, gather the eggs daily, and don't encourage egg-eating.

When scaly legs makes its appearance in a fowl run, all houses and coops should be lined washed, and roofs palated over with kerosene, in order to exterminate the pest forming in millions of insects. The yellow Asiatic breeds are most subject to the trouble.

THE LARGEST TORPEDO.

The largest size of torpedo at present manufactured by the British naval powers is the 18-in. "W" type. Its length is 18 ft. 6 in., and it weighs about two tons and a half. It is not of the ordinary shape, but is spindle-shaped, and is named from the ray fish which it resembles.

Its effective range depends on the object at which it is directed. It is capable of being fired at a distance of 1,500 yards at a speed of 10 knots. It is a self-propelled torpedo, and is not a contact torpedo. It is a self-propelled torpedo, and is not a contact torpedo. It is a self-propelled torpedo, and is not a contact torpedo.

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