

MORNING THE DAIRY CATT

Owners of farm cattle have a keen idea of beauty when they see a cow or bull is more attractive than the horns...

MIDDLE CREEK.

OUR CORRESPONDENT.

was very promising on the whole. Unfortunately, before the rain turned to the south...

HOW TO NEUTRALISE DANGEROUS STOMACH ACIDS.

Few people besides physicians realize the importance of keeping the food contents of the stomach free from acid fermentation.

Do Not Neglect

Your opportunities. Some people have many opportunities, but they do not take them.

To Take

An occasional dose of Beecham's Pills, which are a remedy of proved and admitted value...

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 10/4. (26 pills) 1/11 (56 pills) & 2/9 (100 pills).

AN OLD NURSE FOR CHILDREN.

"Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children. Teething. Should always be used for Children.

Nurse Menzies

of Miss St., Broken Hill, N.S.W. who has a vast experience in fever and operating cases...

CLEMENTS TONIC

CLEMENTS TONIC LTD. For months I have read the testimonies of nurses in the papers...

"I qualified for the profession over 40 years ago, and in earlier days I was associated with some of Adelaide's cleverest surgeons..."

NURSE MENZIES

After Typhoid or Dengue Fever, Operations, attacks of insomnia, indigestion, constipation, nervous headache, take this medicine...

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND ROARSNESS.

All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be greatly relieved by the use of the almost famous "Brook's Bronchial Trochocaps."

NEURALGIC SUFFERING

ECZEMA, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, BOILS, WINDS, SORES OF ANKLES, PILES, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly attack, overcome, and expel from the blood all the poisons...

POISONED FOOT CURED.

"I had an accident to my left foot (ran a nail into it) it festered, and got so bad that the doctor was called in and said I had poisoned it."

DREADFUL SORES CURED.

"Two years ago I had the charge of a little girl who had dreadful sores continually breaking out on both thighs."

WORTH £5 A DOSE.

"I recommend to a Sergeant's wife who had an open sore for seven years, the result of a sword thrust in Burma."

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

W. R. GLOVER BUTCHER

GAMP HOTEL BEAUFORT.

STEVENSON BROS. BUILDERS

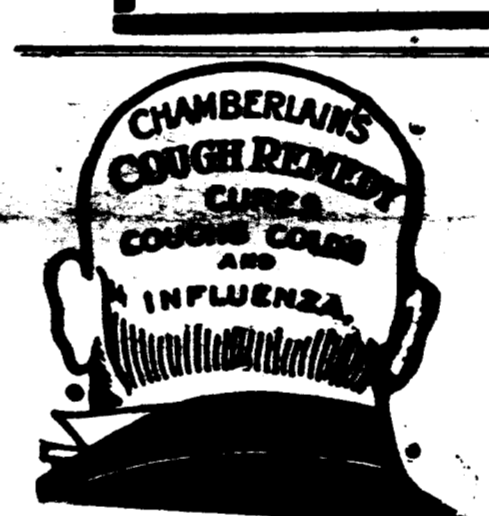


AFTER A CLOSE INSPECTION :: ::

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

- Adjustable Lounge Chair, strong and comfortable 22/6
Odd Saddle-Bag Gear 35/-
Leather Divan Easy Chair 37/6
Lounge Chair, upholstered in set cushions, from 18/6
Platform Rockers, in strong blackwood frames, covered with best Brussels Carpet 14/6

TUNBRIDGE'S



CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

A Warranted Cure for Acquired or Constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs...

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE BALLARAT TRUSTEES, EXCURSION AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Grandest Remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

STEVENSON BROS. BUILDERS

THE AUSTRALIAN ESTATES AND MORTGAGE CO. LTD.

WOOL AND GRAIN

THE BEST PLACE FOR BRIDAL PORTRAITS

ENLARGEMENTS.

DELIGHTFUL FAMILY MEDICINE

Frootoids

For Constipation, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Headache, Indigestion.

STEVENSON BROS. BUILDERS

A. H. SANDS

W. R. GLOVER BUTCHER

GAMP HOTEL BEAUFORT.

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MESHERS OF FATE.

THE CURSE OF THE BLUE DIAMONDS.

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

PART 12. CHAPTER XXII. THE PAST REVEALED.

The evening sun poured in at the drawing-room windows of The Cottage. Mrs. Morris was seated a little in the shade with her eyes fixed on Therese, who was looking moodily out of the window.

"Therese, shut both the windows." Her words were spoken in a quick, commanding tone, and the girl looked up with a start.

"Why should I shut them? The night is very hot," she answered. "Shut the windows!"

"Something in her grandmother's tone made Therese do as she was told; then Mrs. Morris moved her chair close to her granddaughter's, and leaning forward, she said, in a low, impressive tone:

"You cannot let Jack Carvill be hanged."

"What!" and Therese sat up, staring at her grandmother with her big, black eyes, while her face, which had been very pale of late, became even paler.

"He cannot be hanged for what you did," said Mrs. Morris, in the same low, impressive tone.

The girl raised her hand, as though she would strike her grandmother, who, however, looked at her fearlessly.

"It wouldn't help you to kill me. One murder is enough in a lifetime, I know by experience."

Therese looked at her with alarm and curiosity.

"If you let Jack Carvill be hanged, it will be another murder," said Mrs. Morris, in the same curiously clear, low, incisive tone.

Therese roused herself.

"You must be mad," she hissed. "Don't deny it, I know you killed Dr. Fitzpatrick, and I suspect the reason."

"I am mad, mad. Why should I kill him?" answered the girl, but keeping her voice well under control.

Her grandmother drew her chair a little nearer.

"The night the doctor was killed I felt restless, and I thought I heard steps on the landing; so I got up and put my dressing-gown on, but I did not light the gas.

Opening the door quietly, I stood in the shadow on the landing, and I saw you go out of your room with some water. Then I slipped in, and there on the floor, with the moonlight shining on it, lay the dagger. A key was in the lock of one of the drawers, and turning it I took out a cloak which was wet with something. Locking the drawer again, I placed the key on the table, believing you would think you had left it there.

I took the cloak to my own room, and looking in the bureau I found the dagger, which had belonged to my grandfather, was missing. You had by some means discovered the secret spring and possessed yourself of the weapon. The next morning I heard of the murder, but you were my own flesh and blood, so I resolved to shield you. I thought the verdict of the jury would be 'murder against some person unknown.' But Jack Carvill was arrested, and I feared the result. Yesterday my fear became certainty, when he was condemned to death, and I waited to see what you would do. Then I found that you intended to let him suffer, so I resolved to speak to you."

"Six months later I saw in the papers the account of a terrible accident that had occurred at a theatre in Paris, and among those who were killed I read my husband's name. I wrote to a relation of his, and was informed that the papers had spoken the truth, my husband was dead. I cannot tell you what the news that I was free meant to me. Since then I have never looked at a newspaper, and I have never seen the man from whom the present master of the Hall inherited the estate. I knew he loved me, but I had repudiated him, knowing that I was not free. Now, however, I let him see that I cared for him, and very soon we were engaged."

"It was not to be a long engagement, and I was looking forward to a life of happiness, when one afternoon I received a letter from the man whom I believed to be dead—my husband. He asked me to meet him in the Wynthabay Woods."

"You know there is a way near the churchyard into the woods, and that part was then, as now, open to the public, but it was seldom used except on Sunday afternoons, when the village boys and girls would wander through them. That letter seemed to turn my brain, and I can never tell what made me take a dagger that had been in my mother's family for several generations, and in each generation there had been murder done by it, yet they dare not part with it, because there was a tradition that when the dagger passed away from the descendants of Luigi Ferra, the family would be extinct."

"My uncle had killed his dearest friend with it, in a fit of jealousy, then I forced my way into the house, and I dagger with my mother, and as he perished at sea, and they were the two last of the family except a second cousin, she had cautioned me to keep it, if I would live. Yet she had warned me not to handle it, saying that it lusted for blood, but I forgot her warning, and took it with me when I went to meet my husband."

Looking back, I have the impression that I feared he was going to try to force me to go with him, and I intended to resist. But he had no such intention, as I soon found. He told me it had been his cousin who had perished in the theatre disaster, and he had come to London to play at several grand concerts that had been given, and while there he had seen in some paper a notice of the engagement of Rupert Hetherington, of Wynthabay Hall, to Lucille Bray, the niece of the Rev. Edgar Bray."

"The news had caused him to make inquiries, and he discovered that Mr. Hetherington was very rich."

"Oh, you have spoiled my life," I said bitterly.

"No such thing. You will marry your rich lover, Lucille, and you will allow me a nice little income, say, five hundred a year to begin with," he said, in a tone that made my blood tingle.

"I suppose he must have fancied he heard a noise, as he turned round, and at the same instant I stretched out my hand, and the dagger pierced his heart, and he fell forward dead. In an instant I realised what I had done, and I would have given my life to bring him back; but he was dead, and I fled wildly from the place, leaving the dagger in the wound. Therese, I lived in hourly expectation of being arrested, but no such thing happened. But that night my lover came, and he told me he had heard all and seen the deed done, and I was so unexpected that he had not time to prevent me doing what he knew would be a life-long sorrow to me. He had, however, secured the weapon, and he told me that neither I nor the police would ever find it. Of course, our engagement ended. The public thought I had changed my mind, and no one connected me with the murder, save one man, Detective Short. I knew he suspected me, but he could not find proof enough to fix the crime on me."

"After a time my health began to fail, and I persuaded my uncle to let me go to live with my mother's cousin in Turin. I told her all, and we arranged it would be better that she should be believed I was dead. She was a woman of some means, and able to travel, so we went to Germany, and while there she wrote to my uncle saying I was dead. Years later I married an Englishman, a great deal older than myself, who was a merchant in Hamburg. There your mother was born, and when she was about eighteen my husband retired from business, and we came to London, where we took a house a few miles out. It was a big, old-fashioned place, but owing to my husband's health not being good, we had a very quiet life, which lasted, as I have said, even after a lapse of years, of being recognised as Lucille Bray. I had married my husband under my cousin's name. The only visitor who came to the house was Rudolph Morris, my husband's second cousin. He was a man about thirty, and I saw before long that he loved my mother, and she returned his love. I did not approve of the marriage, but my husband did, and before long they were quietly married, and it was arranged they should live with us. A year later my mother died, not knowing anything of the marriage, which had been kept a strict secret. She died suddenly, on hearing that every penny she possessed had been lost, and with her expired the passion that she had drawn as the widow of an officer."

"My husband cursed loudly when he found that I should be penniless, and told me that he had done with me for ever, and advised me not to reveal my marriage to any one, but to let my uncle, my father's brother, who had come over on hearing of my mother's death, believe that I was unmarried. I had already learned to hate my husband, who was a bad man, and I was only too glad to be free of him, and returned to England with my uncle as Lucille Bray; but though I had resolved in my own mind to ignore my husband, I never intended marrying again."

girl of long ago, and I had a craving to see my dear wife again. I had spent the happiest hours of my life in Paris, and among those who were killed I read my husband's name. I wrote to a relation of his, and was informed that the papers had spoken the truth, my husband was dead. I cannot tell you what the news that I was free meant to me. Since then I have never looked at a newspaper, and I have never seen the man from whom the present master of the Hall inherited the estate. I knew he loved me, but I had repudiated him, knowing that I was not free. Now, however, I let him see that I cared for him, and very soon we were engaged."

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session is written," said her grandmother. "Go on," replied the girl, in a voice that shook with fear.

"For years I have thought it possible the murder, that I did. I say years ago might be brought home to me, and I never intended to die. I had a great deal to say for myself, and I should have been glad to see you again, but I shall place charcoal in your grate and mine; the chimneys are blocked so that the fumes cannot escape, and we have nothing to do but lie down in bed. Sleep will come; the heavy vapours will suffocate you into the deep sleep which knows no awakening, and you and I will have given our lives in atonement for the awful sin of which we have been guilty," said Mrs. Morris.

"The world will call it suicide," said Therese.

"Ah, but it would not be that; it meant safety for her—and a new life. She would leave Wynthabay and go among free people; she would forget the past. Of course, she must secure the confession, and she would take the bureau with her. Some time she would find a chance of getting rid of the dagger; until then it was safe. Time passed, but the lock struck, and she was alone, and she had the grim tragedy had begun in the other room. "Was it completed? Did her grandmother lie dead?" she wondered; then she told herself she must run no risks.

Two o'clock struck, three, and the dawn broke over the garden and fields beyond; then Therese shut the window, and as she passed the fire-grate she looked at the white dust, and smiled cynically. The vapour had since dispersed, and she was alone, and she had the grim tragedy had begun in the other room. "Was it completed? Did her grandmother lie dead?" she wondered; then she told herself she must run no risks.

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There she sat up in bed and listened. She heard her grandmother's door shut, and at the same time she became conscious that the fumes of the charcoal were already making her drowsy; so she got out of the bed and stole to the window, which she opened very quietly, and leaning with her head on the sill, she listened intently for any sound, fearing that her grandmother might return to see if the fumes were taking effect. If she did, she resolved to kill her rather than be forced to die or risk the truth being known; but there was no sound, and after half an hour had passed she opened the window wider and seated herself on a chair.

"How long did it take to die of the fumes of charcoal?" she asked her grandmother, but she dare not linger, as she heard Eliza coming upstairs.

"Your breakfast is ready, miss. Cook's just gone upstairs to get a paper the mistress gave her last night," said the girl.

"A paper my grandmother gave her?"

"Just then Phoebe appeared, holding in her hand a long parchment envelope."

"Yes, Miss Therese, your grandmother came to the kitchen just before we went to bed last night, and she says, 'Phoebe, you're lived with me a long time, and I know I can trust you, so I'm going to give this into your care,' and she hands me the envelope. Then she went on, 'I've an idea I shall die suddenly, and I want you to promise me that when I am dead you will open this envelope and follow the directions on the one inside.' I promised I'd do as she wished, and I asked her if she felt ill, but she said 'No; only life's uncertain.'"

"After that I wished her 'Good night,' and took the paper up to my bedroom, and I've only just thought of it," said Phoebe.

While she was talking, Therese had become ghastly white, but she spoke in her usual tone as she said:

"You'd better give it to me, I'm afraid grannie wasn't quite herself last night."

"Indeed, miss, she was, and I shall keep my promise to the mistress and open it myself," said Phoebe, and she went softly along the landing, she opened the door of her grandmother's room, and entered. The air was reeking with the fumes of charcoal, and casting one look at the bed, on which lay a motionless figure, she went quickly to the bureau, but there was no paper on it. Scarcely able to breathe, but not daring to leave the room until she had searched, the girl looked quickly, but keenly round.

The paper was not in the bureau; and feeling that she would suffice to take it, she remained longer, Therese went out, shutting the door carefully after her.

On entering her own room she locked the door. She had brought the key of her own door that her grandmother had taken the previous night. Sitting down, she tried to think where her grannie had put the paper that contained the two confessions, and as she thought, a great horror came over her lest it should be found by some one else. She was quite certain it was in the room, but it might be difficult to discover where. If she only dare have opened the window, then she could have made a thorough search, but the manner of her death must be apparent. Then Therese remembered the ashes in her grate.

Taking a piece of calico she gathered them up, and shook the ashes out of the window, dusting the grate until not a sign was left.

Next she removed her dress and put on a simple linen morning gown. She waited to hear the maids go downstairs, and as the clock struck six she heard them descending the stairs, meeting Eliza, the housemaid, who was taking her grandmother her usual cup of tea.

"It's a beautiful morning, miss. I've been telling Phoebe it's a sin to be in the dumps on such a day," she said, standing aside to let her young mistress pass.

"Is she in the dumps?" replied Therese, who wished to appear as usual.

"Yes, miss; she says she's been dreaming of coffin the night long." Therese shivered slightly, she was unable to help it.

"Yes, miss, it's enough to give you the creeps to hear her talk."

"You shouldn't listen to her," replied Therese as she went on her way, and turned into the breakfast room and waited.

Eliza, you'd better come and lay the cloth for Miss Therese, as you'll have to fetch the police as soon as you've had a bit of breakfast."

"The police?" echoed Eliza, as she followed the cook out of the room.

"Yes, therell have to be an inquest. Whatever that stuff in the room was, it's killed her," replied Phoebe.

CHAPTER XXIV. A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

Therese lifted the bedclothes and searched carefully for the paper, then she felt between the bed and the mattress, she examined the drawers, finally she was forced to the conclusion that in her disturbed state her grandmother had hidden it in the bureau, but she dare not linger, as she heard Eliza coming upstairs.

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THE DAIRY.

27 COWS NET OWNER £150 IN ONE MONTH.

It was recently my pleasure, as representative of the Oklahoma Agricultural College, to supervise the Jersey Cattle Club's Register of Merit, Novata County, Oklahoma. This thirty herd of cows, and an equal number of calves and yearlings, are recognised as one of the best in Oklahoma, and with its strain of producing show animals will be best Jersey farms in America.

At the head of this herd is Financial Congress's Lad, who was grand champion bull at the 1912 Iowa Dairy Cattle Congress. This was the largest and most strongly contested dairy cattle show ever held in America. In selecting Financial Congress's Lad, Mr. Jones obtained a bull that is not only a great show animal, but one that is also a proven producer of the greatest Jersey cows ever imported, made 935lb. 10oz. butter in the Faby's Shylock, a great show animal and a wonderful producer of high testing daughters.

As I looked at the young stock bred by this great bull, I did not wonder "blood will tell" kept running through my mind. A number of his two-year-old daughters now are making an excellent showing and will be started on test in the near future. The reputation of Financial Congress's Lad is becoming widely known, and is evidenced by the large number of good Jersey cows that are being shipped to other parts of the Farm to be mated with him.

I was strongly impressed with the type of the cows in Mr. Jones's herd. Several have already made "seven-day test" and those that are started in the year's test this month will probably all enter the Register of Merit. If one may judge from this month's record. One of these is a Jersey cow, named "Lad's daughter," which has produced 450lb. of butter-fat in two days from 56 1/2 lb. of milk.

The Westview dairy barn is equipped with concrete floors and impervious, litter carriers and individual automatic water cups between each cow. A Sharpless milking machine is being installed. A large concrete silo, holding 25 tons, provides excellent feed. The milk and cream produced is retained in the city of Okemah, the milk being sent to the Westview Dairy Farm in Okemah, Oklahoma.

Some butter is also made for the home market, and the cream is sent to the city of Okemah. The milk and cream produced is retained in the city of Okemah, the milk being sent to the Westview Dairy Farm in Okemah, Oklahoma.

Several have already made "seven-day test" and those that are started in the year's test this month will probably all enter the Register of Merit. If one may judge from this month's record. One of these is a Jersey cow, named "Lad's daughter," which has produced 450lb. of butter-fat in two days from 56 1/2 lb. of milk.

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SOLDIER FAREWELLED.

Herman Jaensch, a native of Prussia, who resided here until a few years ago, returned to his native land on Saturday last.

Mr. Jaensch was a member of the Prussian army, and served for several years in the ranks. He was discharged from the service in 1910, and returned to his native land.

He was a very kind and generous man, and was well liked by all who knew him. He was a member of the local German community, and was active in its affairs.

Mr. Jaensch was a very successful business man, and had accumulated a considerable fortune. He was a member of the local German community, and was active in its affairs.

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COUGLE'S STOCK TAKING SALE NOW ON.

THE BALANCE OF OUR WINTER STOCK WILL BE CLEARED AT SALE PRICES DURING STOCK TAKING.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Oil Coats, W.P. Coats, Sweaters, etc., Will be Sacrificed to make room for

NEW SEASON'S GOODS.

SPECIAL SALE PRICES FOR

White and Gray Blankets, Eider and Java Down Quilts.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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 8.30 p.m. Wednesdays, 9 a.m. to 12 a.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.

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

Commonwealth Bank of Australasia

HEAD OFFICE SYDNEY. This Bank is open for all classes of GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. BRANCH OFFICE: BEAUFORT, 277 COLLINGWOOD STREET, BEAUFORT.

BETTER CLOTHES For Less Money.

MEN! Before you decide on your New Suit learn how it is YOUR advantage to wear a MILLER 'XTRAGOOD' SUIT.

SEND FOR PATTERNS AND CATALOGUE. Of absolute Latest Patterns for Suits to Measure at 70, 85, 90, and 105; also Catalogue of all Winter apparel for Men and Boys. Or write and have our traveller call on you in your own home.

MILLER'S BRIDGE STREET, BEAUFORT.

Australian Natives' Association. The main object of the Association is to provide for the education and training of the children of the natives.

The Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914.

The sum of £18 0s was offered by Messrs. J. W. Harris and Co. for the purchase of the Estate and for the purchase of the Lord Mayor's patriotic fund, Melbourne.

Mr. T. W. Hood, of "Wongah" formerly a portion of Stoneleigh Estate, since in the form of the high lambing average of 94 per cent. this season.

Following the oppressive weather of the preceding three days, there was a cool change on Monday evening, and a light fall of rain, which was again followed by a heavy shower on Tuesday.

At a public send-off to Private Herman Jaensch, at the Siree Hall, Beaufort, on Monday afternoon, Mr. A. J. Saps, secretary of the company, presided.

Whist going his rounds the other day an employee on Langi-Kal-Kal Estate came upon the scene of a battle royal between two of the station rams.

With the approach of warm weather snakes are making their appearance. During the week Mr. George Topper, of Long Gully, had a ferret bitten by a brown snake which he saw coming out of a burrow.

What apologizing for the brevity of his speech on Monday night, Mr. Jaensch, at Beaufort on Monday afternoon, Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair remarked that perhaps some people might be tempted to think that he was being beat on Saturday.

For Cast Shares, all makes, Plow Chains, Harness, American Plows, Seed Drills, and up-to-date implements, you should visit Messrs. The Ironmongers, Beaufort.

A most enjoyable cribbage tournament was played in the Mechanics' Institute, Waterloo, on Friday night, 28th August, when the following were selected as the winners.

LIÑSEED COMPOUND. Trade Mark of Kava's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

Messrs. E. W. Hughes and D. F. Troy, J.P., presided over the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday. Remington Chas. Cripps, Barrister, appeared for the prosecution.

On Thursday, 3rd inst., the Beaufort Hall at Snake Creek, the "Courier" was crowded to the doors.

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Mr. H. C. Coyle, of the Riponshire Advocate, has been elected to the position of Secretary of the Riponshire Association.

In consequence of the war, and with a view of providing an excellent display of the products of the Riponshire Association, the Riponshire Association has decided to hold a patriotic meeting.

The death of Mr. William Baynes, an old and respected resident of the Chute Creek, occurred at the residence of his wife, Mrs. Baynes, on Thursday.

The monthly meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute committee was held on Tuesday evening, 8th inst.

Mr. Keith Rogers, the eldest son of Mr. Rogers, of Beaufort, is now in the service of the Australian Imperial Force in Adelaide.

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PATRIOTIC MEETING. A patriotic meeting, convened by Mr. H. C. Coyle, was held at the Riponshire Association on Thursday night.

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MADE A NEW MAN OF ME. For some time I suffered with liver attacks and biliousness, says Mr. J. H. Mathison, Constable, Hawdon, N.Z.

At times I would be quite dizzy, and would hardly know how to walk down the stairs. I had to be carried to bed.

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FEDERAL ELECTIONS. At Beaufort on Saturday evening the Federal election was held in the district of Beaufort.

The following were the candidates: Mr. J. H. Mathison, Mr. J. H. Mathison, Mr. J. H. Mathison.

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GENERAL ELECTIONS.

On Saturday keen interest was shown in the Federal elections. There was a steady stream of voters and vehicles in the direction of the principal booth at the Shire Hall. The principal booth was Mr. A. Parker (who was assisted by returning officers Mr. B. Acton; and the other returning officers were Messrs E. O. Welsh and D. ...)

Table of election results for various constituencies including FLINDERS, THE SENATE, VICTORIA, and SHIRE ELECTION. Lists candidates and their respective vote counts.

There is now little doubt that the Germans are withdrawing troops from France and Belgium. The people at Liege have been ordered to remain indoors while this transportation is in progress. A Rome newspaper of high standing states that a Russian army to the number of 250,000 is in France; but there is no confirmation of the news here. Sir George Reid cabled at 9 p.m. on Tuesday: 'It has been ascertained from reliable sources that the Anglo-French forces have taken many prisoners, including a battalion of infantry and a mitrailleuse company.'

FOUR FACTS WHICH POINT TO ONE CONCLUSION. You may trust us to do your Out-fitting. WE HAVE NO EXPENSE at all in our Tailoring Department. WE CARRY NO DEAD STOCK. WE ALLOW the Big Woollen Merchant and WHOLESALE TAILOR to hold the Stock and simply carry their samples, representing an immense Variety of Cloths. We just take the Measures—they do the rest.

Fact No. 1 - WE HAVE NO EXPENSE at all in our Tailoring Department. Fact No. 2 - WE CARRY NO DEAD STOCK. Fact No. 3 - WE ALLOW the Big Woollen Merchant and WHOLESALE TAILOR to hold the Stock and simply carry their samples, representing an immense Variety of Cloths. Fact No. 4 - You may never expect to get £1 value for 20/- spent with the City Tailor's Travelling Representative, as he wastes nearly half in expenses—hotel, travelling, salary, incidentals, etc. WHEN YOU ORDER A SUIT FROM US.

New Season's Pattern Books just to hand, comprising a splendid range of Tweeds from which to make a Selection. Suits to Order from 35s to 90s. Style and Fit Guaranteed. WE CONFIDENTLY INVITE INSPECTION. J.R. Wotherspoon & Co. BEAUFORT BUANGOR

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JAS. H. ROBERTSON PLUMBER, TINSMITH, AND GAS FITTER. Wishes to intimate that he has on hand a large stock of Tanks, Spouting, Ridding, and Down-Pipe, Water Pipes, and Fittings, Gas, Steam and Water Taps, and every Requisite necessary for the trade. AGENT FOR VARIOUS MAKES OF WINDMILLS and STOVES. A large and varied country experience. NEILL STREET (opposite Bank of Victoria).

THE PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE STALLION, SCOTTISH KING, Will stand this season at "Ruradene," Lake Goldsmith. SCOTTISH KING is a handsome bay; foaled November, 1911, and bred by Mr. A. Bain, "St. Enoch."

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. Large Stocks always on hand of FENCING WIRE, Black & Galv. BARBED WIRE, WIRE NETTING, DROPPERS. PLOUGH SHARES, TRACE & PLOUGH CHAINS. FURNITURE, CROCKERY & GLASSWARE SPECIALTIES. Only the Best Material stocked, and we invite you to inspect before purchasing.

Religious Services. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1914. CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Beaufort, 8 (H. C. and) Raglan, 11; Traralgon, 11; Mr. W. B. Jemp. Beaufort, 11—Mr. E. J. Stuart, Shirley, 3; Main Road, 7—Mr. D. Jackson. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Main Road, 11; Main Road, 3; 2; 3; Beaufort, 11; Mr. A. J. Stewart, Beaufort, 11; Mr. E. J. Stuart, Shirley, 3; Main Road, 7—Mr. D. Jackson. METHODIST CHURCH—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Winton, 3; Mr. W. H. Chapman, Beaufort, 3; 2; 3; 4; 5; 6; 7; 8; 9; 10; 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.

Hawkes Bros., GENERAL HARDWARE AND TIMBER MERCHANTS, BEAUFORT. THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON. AGENT FOR—Geo. Haught & Co., Geelong; JAMES DELL & Co., Wheat Buyers, Melbourne; FEDERAL MANAGERS CO., INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO. OF AUSTRALIA; YORKSHIRE INSURANCE CO. 'Phone 9. 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 Mines, and Alfred J. Spalding, Lime Manufacturer, Lara. Tarpsauls, Horse Rugs, Tents, etc., always on hand. On hand, Bags at lowest current rates. CASH BUYER OF WHEAT. Highest Price given. UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. 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 Druggists', Sundries and Patent Medicines. SPECIALTIES FOR THE WINTER. WHITE PINE and TAR COUGH SYRUP. A valuable remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. Price, 1/6 per bottle. NUPINES. The Chest and Lung Lozenge. Emulsion of COD LIVER OIL. HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA. NERVE FOOD. RESTORATIVE. Price, 1/6 per bottle. Agent for the NEW SERIES FAMILY MEDICINES. C. G. WOOD, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT. Mr. Daniel Reid, General Dentist, of Beaufort, has the above Pharmacy every Friday afternoon. Hours, 12.30—5 p.m.







COUGLE'S FOREMOST IN VALUE GIVING WE ARE READY FOR THE SPRING TRADE WITH A LOVELY LOT OF SPRING MILLINERY, BLOUSES AND COSTUMES. All the latest Creations of Fashion are Blooming Luxuriously with us now. BUY NOW AND GET FIRST PICK. The Noted House for Uniform Good Value. G. H. COUGLE, Havelock Street, BEAUFORT. PHONE 22.

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 8.30 p.m. Wednesdays, 9 a.m. to 12 a.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Sundays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. J. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT. Commonwealth Bank of Australia HEAD OFFICE SYDNEY

TO LOOK YOUR BEST—BE MILLER DRESSED! It's time to change! Let there be none but MILLER'S attire for you. It shows more than ordinary taste at but ordinary prices. MILLER SPRING SUITS LEAD AGAIN. Smart New Spring Browns, Greys, Blues, etc. are here in patterns to please every eye. MILLER'S tailoring is right in MILLER'S tailoring—IT IS RIGHT 100 per cent. for it is planned to suit the individual body measurement of the man who is to wear it. HAVE OUR TRAVELER VISIT YOU With patterns, measure and forms, etc. Drop us a line to-day and have a Miller Xmas gift this time. YTRAGOOD CLOTHING. MILLER'S

Religious Services. SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th. Morning Service. 11.0. St. Andrew's Church. 11.0. St. Andrew's Church. 11.0. St. Andrew's Church.

Published every Saturday Morning. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914. Mr. G. H. Cougle, of Beaufort, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the district.

Mr. G. H. Cougle, of Beaufort, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the district. The Adelaide express arrived at the Beaufort station on Monday night, and was delayed whilst the engine of a goods train was attached to it.

At the termination of the September vacation, there will be several changes in the staff of the Beaufort State school. Mr. White has been appointed head teacher, and will relieve Mr. Scott.

The remains of the late Mr. William Baynes, of Chute, were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Saturday afternoon, the funeral being largely attended.

Mr. J. E. Prentice (president) occupied the chair at the fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort Club on Wednesday night. The meeting was held at the club, and was attended by a large number of members.

Speaking at the conclusion of a meeting on Monday night, the A.N.A. meeting on Tuesday night, in the course of which one of the speakers had touched upon the subject of rating on unimproved values and the matter of making it optional for municipalities to adopt the system.

Mr. W. H. Baynes, A. McKenna, W. Anderson, J. Dunn, and R. Madson, who were accepted as volunteers for the first Australian expeditionary force and greatly distinguished themselves in the week to date, are being sent to the front in the transport ship "Hesperus".

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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 14. CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

"Then I'll wish you luck," and Jack went quickly down the lane, while Laurie passed through the gate.

In answer to his query, the maid said that Miss Wedmore was at home, and she showed her into the dining room, where Meg was busy mending table linen.

"If you please Miss Meg, Mr. Hatton wants to see you," said the girl. Meg looked up and her face flushed quickly.

"He's in the drawing room, miss," said the girl, who scented a love affair.

"Very well, Jane, I'll see him." But Meg put the needle again into the darning, then drew it slowly out and folding the cloth neatly up, she left the room.

"I've come for my answer now," he said, drawing her towards the couch.

Meg was no coquette, and she did not ask him what he meant, but her face flushed rosy red.

"I'm not going to be put off this time. You know I love you, and I think you care a little bit for me, Meg, so I want you to promise to be my wife," he said, earnestly.

Meg met him in the same spirit. "I do care for you, but I cannot spout your prospects," she said.

"Look here, Meg, you will ruin my life if you send me away hopeless. I should have my uncle's money and estate, but there would be no happiness for me. I don't say that I shouldn't be sorry to see some one else master at Ridgeway Court; but it would embitter my whole life if I lost you, and I have it in me to love you. Mr. Hetherington has promised to use his influence to get my uncle to consent to our marriage. He saw I cared for you, and he is sorry that he interfered between Pat and your cousin, and he said if my uncle didn't consent, he would help me to get something to do. I can tell you he seemed to think I could make my way in the world. And now, darling, just say you will be my wife."

at the house or furniture, but he finished," said Mrs. Wedmore. "But you won't take me away from me now?" pleaded Laurie. "But Meg interposed, saying: "If mother thinks we would be better there, we must go. I know she has not been well lately."

"The strain must have been terrible," said Laurie. "I should be better away from Wrythshay, but I will not decide anything until I hear what your uncle says. If you have to make a position before your marriage, then I think we must go to Satterfield. It is only about eighty miles from here, and you could come and see us occasionally."

"Eighty miles!" said Laurie, in a tone of such intense disgust that Mrs. Wedmore smiled, and Meg laughed outright.

"Now, I'm going to send you off," said Mrs. Wedmore. "I think you ought to tell your uncle about this. He is added, then left the lovers to say "Good-bye," while she went upstairs.

"I wish this hadn't happened," she thought. Meanwhile Jack had reached the Hall, and was shown by the butler into the library, where he was quickly joined by Mr. Hetherington, who shook hands with him heartily.

"I want to talk to you about the future—yes, and I suppose I must touch on the past; though I expect you, like the rest of us, would rather blot it out—at any rate, the last few weeks," he said, seeking an expression of surprise on Jack's face.

"Well, I should like to forget it, though I don't think I ever shall," then he added in another tone that betrayed something of his feelings: "How is Miss Hetherington this morning?"

"She is getting on splendidly. I told her what a glorious reception the men had given you, and I'm sure it did her good. I don't think I shall see you again, but your wife?" said Mr. Hetherington, looking at Jack and smiling.

"It is the one thing I desire the most in the world," replied the latter. "Well, I'm going to let you be happy in your own way. I don't say I would not rather Patricia had married a man of position and wealth; but she loves you, and when she did as I wished, it ended in trouble for you both. As for the old scheme that she should marry Laurie, that's done with. He loves your cousin, and I've promised to intercede for him with his uncle. When one does turn round he may as well go the whole way, so I've decided to be a sort of providence to both your young couples. And now about Patricia. I will consent to her becoming your wife; but you must have a position, and I don't want her to wait years for what I suppose will be her happiness. I intend to make you my partner; henceforth the coal mines will be yours, and never again will be Hetherington and Son, and you will have to take the name of Hetherington on your marriage with Patricia. I suppose you don't object to either of those items?" said Joshua Hetherington, drily.

Jack's voice shook with emotion as he said: "You are very generous. I need not tell you that I shall do my best for the concern, and as to changing my name, I am quite willing. We can long time, but one has put me off, until this morning I have won her consent to be my wife, he said, with hot impetuosity.

"Meg did right to hesitate, and I am afraid she has done wrong to give way." "No! Oh, no!" interposed Laurie. "Have you forgotten your uncle, upon whom you are dependent? Sir Leonard Hatton bears the character of being a very proud man. I do not believe he will receive Meg as your wife."

"Mr. Hetherington has promised to intercede for us, and if that does no good, he will help me to get work," said Laurie.

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MINING NEWS. The mine was closed for some time... The mine was reopened on Monday...

WAR IN EUROPE. A report has been received from the Admiralty... The submarine was sighted on September 14...

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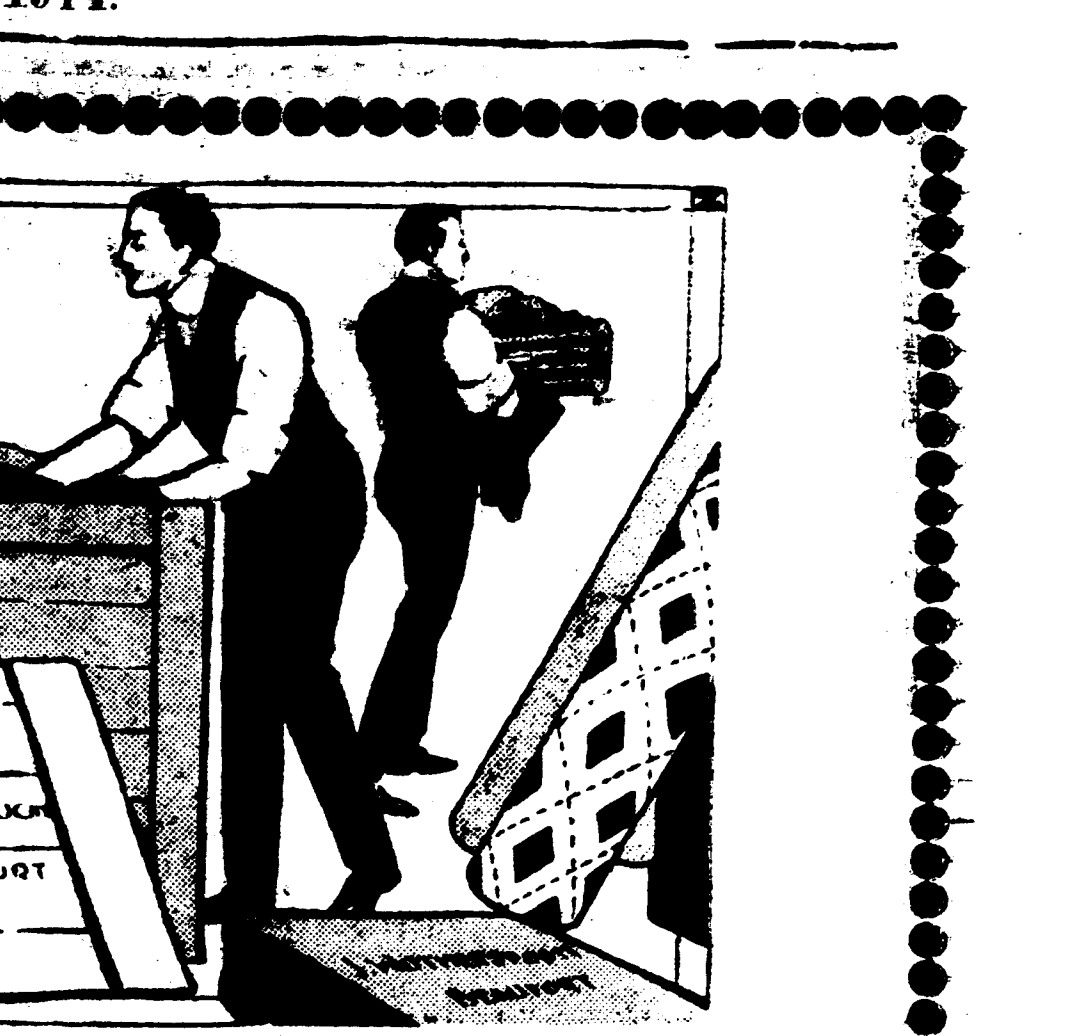
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CAPTURE BY GERMAN WARSHIPS EVADED. We have pleasure in announcing that the S.S. Benalla, from London, having run the Gauntlet of the German War Ships, has arrived in Hobson's Bay...

Manchester Goods—Dresses—Silks—Trimmings—Prints—Zephyrs and Cambrics—Costumes and Wearing Apparel—

Do you know that you can buy all your Wearables at our Store, and that they are as good in quality and priced as cheaply as in any of the large centres?

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THEO. W. SCHLICHT, Auctioneer, Stock and Station and Financial Agent, BEAUFORT & SKIPTON. AGENT FOR—GEO. HAGUE & Co., Geelong; JAMES BELL & Co., Wheat Buyers, Melbourne; FEDERAL MANURES CO., INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO. OF AUSTRALIA; YORKSHIRE INSURANCE CO.

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Only the Best Material stocked, and we invite you to inspect before purchasing. G. S. WOOD, CHEMIST, BEAUFORT.

THE Board of Examiners for Mining Managers will hold Examinations in the several mining centres about the end of November next, of candidates for the position of Mining Manager of Metalliferous Mines (1st and 2nd class), BATTERY MANAGER, CYANIDE WORKS MANAGER, and FLOATION WORKS MANAGER. Competitive Examinations for WORKING MINERS' SCHOLARSHIPS will also be held about the same time.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS. CHEAP EXCURSION. FRIDAY, 28th October. To Melbourne from Stawell and stations to Wimmera inclusive. Thursday, 22nd October. From Melbourne to those stations. Tickets close noon, 21st October. Particulars at stations. J. S. REES, for Acting Secretary.

LOST, a Gold Cable Bangle, with a Locket attached. Finder rewarded. J. W. HARRIS.

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