

Commonwealth Bank of Australia. General Banking Business. Savings Bank Department. War Service Honors, an Agent for Government Bonds.

IN MEMORIAM. ROGERS.—In sad and loving remembrance of our dear wife and loved mother, who passed away on Monday, 2nd February, 1920.

WIMBORNE COUNCIL. MONDAY, 2ND FEBRUARY, 1920. Present.—Crs. Sinclair (president), Beggs, Halpin, Russell, Roddis, and McDonald.

DEFENCE DEPARTMENT'S BLANKETS. QUESTION OF SALE BY MUNICIPALITIES. COUNCILLORS AT VARIANCE. There was rather an unpleasant incident at the monthly meeting of the Ripon Shire Council on Monday during the consideration of a letter from the Defence Department with reference to the sale of blankets to returned soldiers.

COUGLES SUMMER CLEARING SALE! DRAPERY, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES. IS NOW PROCEEDING. BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. G. H. COUGLE, BEAUFORT.

From Public Health Department, asking for report by health officer on condition and suitability or otherwise of premises at Beaufort to be used by Mr. A. J. Saph for manufacture, preparation, or sale of ice cream.

From Country Roads Board, stating that specifications forwarded for engineering of various main roads are considered satisfactory, and that tenders may be invited for the work.

From Analytical Laboratory, Public Health Department, certifying that fifteen samples of foodstuffs forwarded for analysis by the standards committee were found to be satisfactory.

From Forests Commission of Victoria, stating that letter addressed to Hon. D. S. Oman, M.L.A., regarding a State reserve, will be considered by the committee early in the New Year.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the finance committee: A. Parker, 22/6; C. F. Maxwell, 21/18; salaries, 250/0; G. Anderson, 28/18; J. L. Lay, 10; Mrs. Ball, 22/2; Public Health Department, 28/2; J. T. Kelly, 22/16; president's allowance (Cr. Sinclair), 22/16; Mrs. Evans, 22; Government Printer, 14/1; shires' grant 24/17; water loans—interest 23/12/1; redemption, 47/3/3; Mrs. Kelly, 10/6; G. Carver, 15/1; Municipal Association, 24/4; G. A. Gellie, 14/0; G. Norwell, 21/10; L. G. Nunn, 24/14; W. R. Cobden, 25/11; R. Ward, 23/16; J. W. Nunn, 24/15; J. A. Bates, 21/14; S. George, 23/11; Norman, 21/17; R. Nugent, 21/8/4; T. Had, Cleveland, 22/4; D. Carmichael, 21/0; H. M. Stuart, 21/1; vouchers, 245/13/6; 23/12/1; and 21/9/1; J. Gillespie, 29/18; J. A. Harris, 22/2/11; contract payment, 22/2/11; W. Ward, 22/2/11; Michael, 22/2; deposit refunded—J. W. Nunn, 21/1; total, 2428/18/6.

From Municipal Association of Victoria, asking for copies of any motions which the council desires to have placed on business paper for annual session to be forwarded by 31st May.

OBITUARY. The death occurred on Saturday at Geelong of Miss Maria McKinnon, second daughter of Mr and Mrs John McKinnon, of that city (formerly of Beaufort). Deceased, whose death is regretted by all who knew her, was 48 years of age, and had been in ill-health for some months.

From Director, Australian War Memorial, asking for list of names of soldiers who were killed in action during the war, and who were buried in the cemetery at Beaufort.

From Municipal Association of Victoria, asking for copies of any motions which the council desires to have placed on business paper for annual session to be forwarded by 31st May.

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W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER. HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT & VALUATOR. THEO. W. SCHLICHT, AUCTIONEER. STOCK AND STATION AGENT. BEAUFORT.

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KELLY & McDONALD, AUCTIONEERS. STOCK AND STATION AGENTS. BEAUFORT, LEXTON, CARRAN, BALLAC AND BUANGOR. AGENTS FOR DALGETY & CO. NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO. ROBINSON & CO. PTY. LTD. R. HORNBY & SONS LTD. M.T. LYLE MANURES. BUICK MOTOR CARS.

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BENNETT, DISPENSING & PHOTOGRAPHIC CHEMIST. NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT. Phone 29. Messrs Kelly & McDonald hold their Lexton stock sale on Wednesday.

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BY WHOSE HAND? A Story of Love, Plotting, and Mystery.

By DERWENT MIALI, Author of "The Missing Diamonds," "The Pride of the Troop," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MAN WITH THE BLACK BEARD.

So the detective went out to act upon these concrete directions, and was shortly engaged in severely questioning the ex-convict Alfred, whom he elected to accompany to his home for the purpose of procuring the stolen cheque.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MAN WITH THE BLACK BEARD.

One morning, while he was still staying at Field Court, Tom Minto received a letter which led him to hope that he was on the verge of solving the mystery of the forged cheque.

There was no address in the corner of the note-paper, and although it looked like a money-bearing letter—a letter that had been written on borrowed note-paper in a corner of some lowly public-house bar.

"You can't keep people from gossiping," said Warboys, "and they can't certainly talk if they see you in conference with a suspicious-looking stranger."

"Then I'll meet him after dark," said Tom. "He shall meet me by moonlight alone, and you shall hide behind a tree and see that he does me no harm."

So Tom wrote once more to 29, Little York-street, E., and appointed the cheque on the following evening as the time of meeting, and the toll-gate as the place where Tom was to await Mr. Manning's coming.

"And you'll hear no more of Mr. Manning until that sovereign is spent and he wants another," said Warboys.

"You're a cynic," said Tom, "and have no faith in human nature. He will keep his appointment to-morrow evening. Have no fear, Nancy; if Mr. Manning's appearance is sufficiently respectable to warrant his introduction to the Childery Arms, we shall hobnob in the coffee-room as comfortably as possible; and he will be a bold man if he attempts to murder me there. You are prepared to champion me, Warboys, through the unknown dangers that await me?"

"I regret," said Warboys, "that I am obliged to go up to town this afternoon, and may not be able to get back in time to be of service to you. But I hope you will not impatiently part with that thousand pounds," and the grave young lawyer smiled.

Tom was inclined to believe that George Manning, shifty rascal though he might be, really had some valuable information to impart, and awaited the coming interview with much interest.

The half-hour struck in a distant clock tower, and it was growing dark. Tom began to get impatient.

"After all, Warboys was right, I expect," he thought. "Mr. Manning has not seen a sovereign for a long time—not, at least, in the palm of his own hand—and he is by this time hopelessly fuddled in some East-end bar, where he is discoursing about me to his refined companions."

But Tom was mistaken. Mr. Manning was at that moment barely a mile away, and he was not talking about any subject under the sun. He had not spent the sovereign in drink—not all of it, at least—but had religiously invested in a railway ticket, and had set out to keep an appointment from which he hoped many more golden sovereigns would accrue to himself; perhaps he would hear the once familiar rattle of bank-notes again, and be able to go away for a flutter at Monte Carlo.

"Because he altered the cheque himself," said Nancy. "And he is convinced that if you go inquiring into the matter you will discover the truth."

But Tom made light of her fears; he assented, however, to her suggestion that the matter might be settled by correspondence.

"For my part," said Warboys, "I think that his evidence may prove to be untrustworthy. You say that he was discharged from the bank where he was employed, and that is a fair indication of the man's character. This letter looks like an afterthought. He did not see his way to make money out of you when he met you at your solicitors', but an interval for reflection has convinced him that he may be able to do so now."

"There is something in that, certainly," said Tom. "However, I shall write to the rascal and ask him what he wants for his secret."

Accordingly a letter was sent to 29, Little York-street, E., and the following day an answer was received. The second letter was as shiny, and chabby, and smudgy as the first, and bore indications of the fact that Mr. Manning had turned his attention to stronger liquor than beer.

"That's what I call a reasonable offer," said Tom. "I begin to fear that strong waters are sapping Mr. Manning's brains. I must meet the scoundrel, and bargain with him. I have no doubt that the sight of a bank-note, and a friendly glass of rum, will make him communicative."

But Nancy was as opposed as ever to this idea of a meeting, and had various traps, loaded sticks, and revolvers. "Don't go, Tom," she pleaded; "oh, please don't go."

"My dear Nancy," said Tom, "you will observe that Mr. Manning, with that gentlemanly consideration which is so pleasant a trait in his character, leaves it to me to appoint what place of meeting I please. I might ask him to lunch with me at my club, and settle the matter amicably over a bottle of Chateau Lafite; or he could hardly brain me with a knobkerry in the club dining-room. But, as Mr. Manning's outward appearance would probably send the club waiters into a fit, I shall choose some other place for the meeting."

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other money. The probability was that Manning had upon him letters which he intended to show to Tom, and which proved that the black-bearded man had submitted to blackmail, that he had forged that alteration in the cheque, and had paid Manning to keep silent about it; and presumably, as Manning's silence could not be purchased with gold, it had been purchased with lead.

It was now late in October. The leaves were beginning to fall in the park at Field Court, and the wind howled dimly round the big, solemn house. Nancy would have found the time long enough, in spite of Tom's weekly visits, had she not been kept busy with preparations for a great event. This was nothing else than the impending celebration of her twenty-first birthday.

It was Lady Childery's desire that this anniversary should be marked by much pomp and circumstance. Although Nancy was only of secondary importance as compared with her cousin Strafford, she had never been denied anything that seemed the due of one descended from the august family of Childery. So a ball at Field Court seemed to be the only fitting way of marking her coming of age, and invitations were sent out for some three hundred guests.

The ball was much like other functions of the same description. The band, embowered in ferns and shrubs—as though the blue-combed mustered army of the nation were perched aloft in the music gallery, and the music that floated from that leafy bower tempted middle-aged folks to dance who had come with the intention of doing nothing of the sort. Stout ladies were seen circling round the room with the frailest and shyest-looking youths; pretty girls, with their deftly averted eyes, were playing her part of hostesses, that the home that was in the future to be presided over by this high-bred and beautiful girl would be a happy one, ordered in all its ways by sense, and breeding, and kindness of heart.

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CHAPTER XIX.—BEFORE THE BENCH.

The law is an ass, of course—blundering, short-sighted, often cruel to the innocent and tender to the guilty fall of grave abuses which our Parliament gentlemen are too timid or too busy, perhaps, to abolish, although they can find plenty of time to talk about the parish pump; but the law is a painstaking sort of ass, after all, and employs a host of quick-witted servants in its combat against crime, who are brought up in a rough school, and acquire thereby a considerable knowledge of human nature.

It might appear absurd to Tom Minto, to Lady Childery, and to the ladies and gentlemen who witnessed Nancy's arrest, that a gentle, well-born, and highly educated girl should be suspected of so heinous a crime as murder. But to Mr. Lightfoot, whose patient exertions had brought about that arrest, there seemed nothing at all remarkable in the supposition that she would prove to be a poisoner. For Mr. Lightfoot had, in the course of his active life, spent in waging relentless warfare against crime, come into contact with a variety of pleasant-looking, well-born and innocent-looking criminals. He could remember loving husbands, whose wives had sickened and died of mysterious diseases; fond mothers whose children had departed this life no less strangely; and nice young men who had shot off the heads of heirs-apparent, when ostensibly out to shoot pheasants; and he had seen these fond mothers, husbands, and nice young men in the dock, arraigned, convicted, and condemned. The friends and relatives of the people Mr. Lightfoot tracked down usually were astonished and indignant. "It couldn't have been our Johnny who emptied the till. Why, he's incapable of stealing a pin," some terrified mother would say. But a judge and jury would come to the conclusion, nevertheless, that however honest Johnny might be in the matter of pins, he had not proved so successful in resisting a stronger temptation; and it was ten to one that he was presently despatched to quarry stone on the breezy isle of Portland.

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It might appear absurd to Tom Minto, to Lady Childery, and to the ladies and gentlemen who witnessed Nancy's arrest, that a gentle, well-born, and highly educated girl should be suspected of so heinous a crime as murder. But to Mr. Lightfoot, whose patient exertions had brought about that arrest, there seemed nothing at all remarkable in the supposition that she would prove to be a poisoner. For Mr. Lightfoot had, in the course of his active life, spent in waging relentless warfare against crime, come into contact with a variety of pleasant-looking, well-born and innocent-looking criminals. He could remember loving husbands, whose wives had sickened and died of mysterious diseases; fond mothers whose children had departed this life no less strangely; and nice young men who had shot off the heads of heirs-apparent, when ostensibly out to shoot pheasants; and he had seen these fond mothers, husbands, and nice young men in the dock, arraigned, convicted, and condemned. The friends and relatives of the people Mr. Lightfoot tracked down usually were astonished and indignant. "It couldn't have been our Johnny who emptied the till. Why, he's incapable of stealing a pin," some terrified mother would say. But a judge and jury would come to the conclusion, nevertheless, that however honest Johnny might be in the matter of pins, he had not proved so successful in resisting a stronger temptation; and it was ten to one that he was presently despatched to quarry stone on the breezy isle of Portland.

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The Ripanshire Advocate.

No. 2208

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

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1920.

PRICE, 3d

CONSERVATORIUM CONCERT.

The Conservatorium of Music, under the leadership of Mr. W. E. Thomas, gave a concert, which was a most successful one. The programme was a fine one, and the performance was of a high standard. The concert was held at the Grand Opera House, and was attended by a large number of people. The programme included a variety of pieces, and the performers were of a high standard. The concert was a most successful one, and the Conservatorium of Music is to be congratulated on its achievements.

WEDNESDAY, 12TH FEBRUARY, 1920.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

W. E. THOMAS

DENTIST

Visiting Personally

Good Staff
Reliable
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showed that she is endowed with considerable dramatic powers. Several violin solos were contributed by Mr. W. E. Thomas, who has great command over the instrument and plays sympathetically and with a high degree of technical skill. Miss Molly Hayes' numbers were—"The Robin's Song" and "The Waters of Minnetouka" (both with violin obligato), "Annie Laurie" and "O Night of Stars and Splendour." She knows how to use her rich, well-trained mezzo voice, and like Miss Wright-Smith is possessed of a great deal of dramatic ability. Her artistic singing of the old Scotch favorite, "Annie Laurie," was particularly enjoyable. Miss Isabel Biddell's beautiful contralto voice of extensive range and power was heard to advantage in her songs, "My Ships," "Away in Athlone," and "Still as the Night." The three ladies of the party also appeared in "The Gipsies' Laughing Trio"—a joyous item in which their voices sweetly blended. Mr. Harold Wright, in his sketches and songs, imparted much wholesome humor into the entertainment, and was well received. The programme commenced and terminated with "The National Anthem."

Mr. T. I. Campbell

General Secretary, Farmers' and Settlers' Association of New South Wales, one of the best known of Sydney's commercial citizens, having held this important position for years, gives this voluntary testimony to CLAMENTS TONIC, because he states it merits it—

Farmers' and Settlers' Association of N.S.W., 7 O'Connell Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

USEFUL READY RECKONER.

Every farmer should paste this table of weights in his pocket book.

One quarter equals 25lb.
Two quarters equal 50lb.
Three quarters equal 75lb.
One cwt. equals 112lb.
Two cwt. equal 224lb.
Three cwt. equal 336lb.
Four cwt. equal 448lb.
Five cwt. equal 560lb.
Six cwt. equal 672lb.
Seven cwt. equal 784lb.
Eight cwt. equal 896lb.
Nine cwt. equal 1008lb.
Ten cwt. equal 1120lb.
Eleven cwt. equal 1232lb.
Twelve cwt. equal 1344lb.
Thirteen cwt. equal 1456lb.
Fourteen cwt. equal 1568lb.
Fifteen cwt. equal 1680lb.
Sixteen cwt. equal 1792lb.
Seventeen cwt. equal 1904lb.
Eighteen cwt. equal 2016lb.
Nineteen cwt. equal 2128lb.
One ton equals 2240lb.
Two tons equal 4480lb.
Three tons equal 6720lb.
Four tons equal 8960lb.
Five tons equal 11200lb.
Six tons equal 13440lb.
Seven tons equal 15680lb.
Eight tons equal 17920lb.
Nine tons equal 20160lb.
Ten tons equal 22400lb.
Eleven tons equal 24640lb.
Twelve tons equal 26880lb.
Thirteen tons equal 29120lb.
Fourteen tons equal 31360lb.
Fifteen tons equal 33600lb.
Sixteen tons equal 35840lb.
Seventeen tons equal 38080lb.
Eighteen tons equal 40320lb.
Nineteen tons equal 42560lb.
Twenty tons equal 44800lb.

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"Knowing the value of Claments Tonic for personal use and experience, I do not hesitate to give you my opinion of it, simply putting into words what I have so often spoken."

"I believe it to be a very fine blood and nerve tonic. I know that it has benefited me greatly. It has relieved me of my various ailments, and has given me a new lease of life. It is a most valuable medicine, and I highly recommend it to all who are suffering from any of the ailments mentioned above."

"I make a point of recommending Claments Tonic to many of my friends, as I feel desirous of enabling others to benefit by my personal experience."

I am, Sirs,
Yours sincerely,
T. I. Campbell
General Secretary

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BE QUICK!
Keep Chamberlain's Pain Balm on hand and treat a sprain before inflammation sets in. If you do this, a quick recovery is certain. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.

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A Valuable Recipe

FOR COUGH, INFLUENZA, ASTHMA, AND BRONCHITIS MIXTURE.

An inviolable mixture for Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Whooping Cough, Influenza, and Sore Throats may be made up by anyone in a few moments. Here is the recipe, which is worth writing out. To a large, breakfast cup of warm water add three tablespoonfuls of treacle or honey, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. When cool, add two of mixture, such as any of the following: Coriander, clean bottle. (If you have a large amount of liquid, use a large bottle.) The above recipe produces a family remedy of mixture, which has no equal for loosening phlegm, easing coughs, and soothing sore throats. A like quantity of ordinary ready-made mixtures put up in a bottle will do little or nothing. As the above is of best quality, and may be obtained from any chemist or store for 2s., it will be readily seen that the mixture is well worth being effected by making your own Cough Mixture from the above. It may be noted that full-blown Hoop Cough is usually accompanied by a severe attack of Croup and Diarrhoea. 15 to 20 drops taken in a little water may be relied upon to give prompt relief.

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BEAUFORT RAINFALL.

Date	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920
Jan.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Feb.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Mar.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Apr.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
May	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
June	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
July	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Aug.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Sept.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Oct.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Nov.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2
Dec.	1.1	1.2	1.3	1.4	1.5	1.6	1.7	1.8	1.9	2.0	2.1	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.5	2.6	2.7	2.8	2.9	3.0	3.1	3.2

Mr. T. I. Campbell

General Secretary, Farmers' and Settlers' Association of New South Wales, one of the best known of Sydney's commercial citizens, having held this important position for years, gives this voluntary testimony to CLAMENTS TONIC, because he states it merits it—

USEFUL READY RECKONER.

Every farmer should paste this table of weights in his pocket book.

CLAMENTS TONIC LTD.

"Knowing the value of Claments Tonic for personal use and experience, I do not hesitate to give you my opinion of it, simply putting into words what I have so often spoken."

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There is Nothing Better than

HEARNE'S

Bronchitis Cure

For COUGHS, COLDS on the CHEST, CROUP and WEAK LUNGS

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This Medicine can be given with PERFECT SAFETY and the UTMOST CONFIDENCE to the YOUNGEST CHILD, as it does NOT contain, and has NEVER contained any poison or harmful drugs. It is very pleasant to take and children take it readily even CLAMOR for it. HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE is prepared by our MR. W. G. HEARNE, who is a REGISTERED CHEMIST with nearly forty years' experience.

The REMEDY with the REPUTATION

W. G. Hearne & Co. Ltd., GEELONG, VICTORIA, N.S.W., Wellington, N.Z.

Always ask for "HEARNE'S"

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

YOUR BLOOD WANTS PURIFYING.

IF YOU are troubled with Eczema, Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Sores or Eruptions of any kind continually bursting through the skin.

IF YOU are suffering the aches and Pains of Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores, Glandular Swellings or Blood Poison.

IF YOU have that constant itching and inflammation of Piles.

IF YOU are in the grip of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, etc.

All these are sure signs of clogging blood impurity, calling for immediate treatment through the blood, so don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments, which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have is a medicine that will get right to the root of your trouble, a medicine that will thoroughly free the blood of the poisonous matter, which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly attack, overcome, 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 lasting cure.

The True Value of CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is certified by a most remarkable collection of unsolicited testimonials from grateful patients of all classes—patients who have been cured after doctors and hospitals have given them up as incurable—patients who have been cured after trying many other treatments without success—patients who not only have been cured of the particular Skin or Blood Complaint from which they were suffering, but also have found great improvement in their general health. (See pamphlet round bottle.)

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD'S BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES ALL SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES.

Frootoids

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

Delightful Family Medicine

Make your District Known

Confering some parts of the district, news comes but seldom. This is not entirely your 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 men or women 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 trifles. The barest skeletons are 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.

FUNERAL REFORM

Established 1860.

A. H. HANDS

Late Wm. Baker, Undertaker.

Opposite the State School, NEILL STREET, BRAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that we will accept no advertisements for insertion in this paper after 5 o'clock on the day preceding the day of publication.

Advertisements must be accompanied by cash.

A. PARKER, PROPRIETOR.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

CURES COUGHS, COLDS AND INFLUENZA.

Uplains retonnes arpets

A ROOM WITH SHABBY RUGS

is like a person in shabby shoes. No matter how fine the other furnishings or the other clothing may be, we always look down on them if they are bespattered with mud. Now that people are beautifying their homes with new furniture, it would be a pity if they spoiled the effect by having old Rugs on the floor.

We have a fine show of Rugs, Mats, Dixie Mats, Carpets, Linos and Floor Coverings, the prices of which are very reasonable.

In Curtains our range of Cretonnes, Casement Cloths, Madras Mullins, etc., is most complete, and every price represents a welcome saving.

Will you let us help you to select the new Rugs and Window Curtains? Call to-day.

Tunbridge's Complete Furnishing Arcade, Sturt and Armstrong Streets, BALLARAT.

BRIDAL PORTRAITS

are necessary now-a-days.

The Bride of to-day demands the styles of to-day—in BRIDAL PORTRAITS as in everything else. She can get Bridal Portraits that are up to date, but which possess no distinguishing characteristics. If she sits to us, not only will she have a charmingly artistic portrait, but one that is beautiful and distinctive—two qualities that have made our Bridal Portraits famous.

ENLARGEMENTS of SOLDIERS.

Have you the Portrait of someone near and dear to you—a Portrait which should have an honored place in your home? No matter how old or faded it is, send it to us for enlargement. We guarantee satisfaction.

Note these prices:—

Size of Photo.	Size of Mount.	Price/6
10 x 8	15 x 12	£1/2/6
12 x 10	20 x 16	£1/7/6
14 x 12	24 x 18	£1/10/6
16 x 14	30 x 24	£2/1/6
18 x 16	36 x 28	£2/4/6

Complete with solid tin, card frame and silk slip.

RICHARDS & CO.

J. C. DEARDEN, Proprietor, 21 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

"Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Prepared to... Mr. A. Driver president of the U.F.S.A. moved a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman and speakers...

SETTLEMENT OF SOLDIERS. The Hon. D. S. Oman (Minister of Agriculture), who was in Beaufort on Saturday night, met 10 members of the Ripon Returned Soldiers' League...

BEAUFORT THISTLE CLUB. A general meeting of the Beaufort Thistle Club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Saturday night. Mr. H. J. Buchanan (chief) presided...

CRICKET. A cricket match between Beaufort and Skipton was played on Saturday afternoon at the Park. A well-contested game was anticipated...

MORE MANURE - BIGGER CROPS. In a bulletin issued the other day, Prof. Perkins, Director of Agriculture in South Australia, has given a succinct summary...

STARVATION OF THE BODY. The fact that indigestion and constipation are fruitful causes of organic diseases cannot be widely known...

STARVATION OF THE BODY. This condition may arise from either want of nourishment or excessive indulgence in rich, heating foods. A poisonous condition of the blood is produced...

BUANGOR STOCK SALE. THURSDAY, 26th FEBRUARY, 1920. 1,000 STORE AND FAT SHEEP, 10 HEAD MIXED CATTLE. K. KELLY & McDONALD, Auctioneers, Beaufort.

BUANGOR STOCK SALE. WEDNESDAY, 25th FEBRUARY, 1920, at 2 p.m. SHEEP, HORSES, CATTLE, IMPLEMENTS, AND SUNDRIES. K. KELLY & McDONALD, Auctioneers, Beaufort.

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THE "WEIGHT" OF ARGUMENT!

As to the Immense Savings to be realised at our Money-Moving Sale is altogether in our favour, as evidenced by the colossal Sale Price Reductions which have been made.

Prices that would make the Profiteer Tremble, in order to enable those with limited means to participate in the Bargain Festival—You don't want this knocked into you by way of the rolling pin!

OUR GREAT SUMMER SALE OF DRAPERY!

WILL COMMENCE ON WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1920. IT WILL CONTINUE FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY. * A GENUINE MONEY-SAVING EVENT! *

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS. BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

BALLARAT STOCK MARKET. Tuesday. Prime cattle realised late rates at the Ballarat sale yards to-day, when competition was less keen.

SKIPTON. At the monthly meeting of the Skipton Masonic Lodge, B. O. F. A. Angus was elected as W.M. for the ensuing year.

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Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT.

SEASONABLE GOODS. We desire to bring under your notice a few lines we have that are specially suitable for this season of the year.

E.P. WARE, CARVERS, * CLOCKS, etc., * GLASSWARE & CROCKERY, BRUSHWARE (LADIES' & GENTS'), TOBACCO POUCHES, LETTER WALLETS, SCENTS & SOAPS, WATCHES ENAMEL BROOCHES, and PHOTO. FRAMES.

Orders taken for Gold or Silver Watches and all classes of Jewellery. AGENTS FOR COOPER'S SHEEP DIPS, "JONES" SEWING MACHINE, ROYAL INSURANCE CO., HUPMOBILE CARS, BARNET GLASS TYRES.

AMUSU PICTURES. RUN SOLELY BY RETURNED SOLDIERS. SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT. SATURDAY (TO-NIGHT.) SESSUE HAYA KAWA, in "THE HONOR OF HIS HOUSE."

Religious Services. SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, 1920. CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Beaufort, 8 and 7, Middle Creek, 11; Trawalla, 8; Rev. W. C. Wood, Beaufort, 11—Mr E. J. Muntz.

GENERAL MEETING OF THE above will be held in Shina Hall on MONDAY, 16th FEBRUARY, 1920, at 8.30 p.m. Business—Appoint Judges, make final arrangements for Show, and General. W. H. RALPH, Secretary.

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BY WHOSE HAND?

A Story of Love, Plotting, and Mystery.

By DERWENT MIALI,

Author of "The Missing Diamonds," "The Pride of the Troop," Etc., Etc.

PART 9.

So Mr. Lightfoot had built up his case against Nancy, slowly and earnestly, underlined by any doubts as to the probability of her guilt. Any thing was possible, and probable, especially where women were concerned.

The consternation which her arrest occasioned at Field Court was profound and painful. There were some who recalled that a previous festivity in that house had been marred by the advent of a man in blue, and mystery seemed to overshadow the place persistently, and sincere sympathy was felt for Lady Childrey.

The hand ceased playing, the supper went unquenched, and the party broke up informally and hurriedly. Frightened girls waited impatiently for their carriages, with faces pale and horrified. Graves, who had condescended with Warboys, with Nancy herself, on the preposterous blunder the law had made, and through it all Nancy remained calm and self-possessed, although deeply indignant at heart that her birthday party had been spoiled.

For it was too late to remove her in custody—ominous phrase!—that night. The police officer's gruffness was partly due to the fact that he had lost a train and had arrived six hours late. He was obliged to submit to the suggestion that he should pass the night at Field Court.

On the morrow Tom and Warboys would accompany him and his captive to Devonshire, and see Nancy through the troublesome magisterial inquiry.

"There is no need to be afraid, dearest," said Tom, when he bade her good night. "The charge is so ludicrous that we shall soon be able to dispose of it, fancy."

It seemed ludicrous to Tom then, although vexatious enough, while Nancy's pathetic attempt to appear in court, now and then, was intended to realize the nature of the ordeal before her, made him feel very bitter against the strong arm of the law that had dealt her this undesired blow.

"It's too bad of them to spoil my birthday," she said, with a pitiful quiver of her lips; "but never mind, Tom, dear. I shall be quite brave if you are near me in court."

The cruelty of the charge was brought home to Tom more forcibly the following night, when he and Stratford and Lady Childrey's solicitor, Mr. Wimperis, dined miserably together in a quiet room of an inn, in the small Devonshire town where the magisterial inquiry was to be held. Nancy was hard by, in custody. It seemed almost incredible to Tom that such an indignity should be put upon her, for he could not take Tom Lightfoot's cynical, detached view of the case.

"If either of you gentlemen wish to appear for Miss Adair to-morrow, of course, it is open to you to do so," said Mr. Wimperis; "but seeing how closely interested you both are in my client's welfare, I daresay you would not be able to conduct the case with the dispassionate watchfulness that is necessary."

"No; you are right," said Tom, who was pacing the room restlessly. "I expect you will easily be able to break down the evidence of the fools they intend putting in the box. I should only bully them and lose my temper."

Then, amid much interest, the first witness was put into the box. This was the local chemist, who had sold the poison to Nancy. He repeated what he had said at the inquest on Sir Francis March. Miss Adair had come to his shop to make several purchases for a friend, who had written out a list of her requirements. The list was rather illegible, and it was possible that he had misread it, and supplied the poison in error.

So far the evidence was in Nancy's favour. She had not, at least, purchased poison with malicious intent, which fact Mr. Wimperis would lay stress upon in due time.

The next witness was Eliza Griggs, servant at Narracott's Farm, where Nancy had stayed with Mrs. Webster.

The girl was a rosy-cheeked, stocky lass, with a certain air of cunning, nevertheless, in spite of her stolidity. She was by no means disconcerted by the gaze of the onlookers, and gave her answers clearly and with decision.

"You remember," said Mr. Amerisham, "the occasion when the prisoner delivered the poison to Mrs. Webster?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Tell us what took place."

"The other lady said, 'What's this here poison for?' Throw it away, will you? And she—jerk her head in this witness the red-armed waiting-maid who had attended upon her at the farm—she threw it out of the window."

"Did she say anything?"

"She said, 'I owe you now a pound of the pegs.'"

body had been prying about the hedge.

"You happened to be opposite the window the time when Miss Adair threw the bottle away and the time when she went to look for it?"

"Yes; we was having our dinner, and I sat facing the window all the time."

"Now, Eliza Griggs, you remember the late Sir Francis March calling at the house?"

"Oh, yes, lots of times."

"Was he well received by the prisoner?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Eliza was enjoying the importance of her position, and answered the polite lawyer's inquiries with much complacency."

"Now, Mr. Minto," he said, "is there any truth in the statement made by the late Sir Francis March to the effect that you had forged a cheque?"

"None whatever."

"You deny it on oath?"

"Most assuredly I do."

The witness on the bench were seen confer with one another, and with the clerk of the court. Finally, the chairman said:

There was no moisture in it at all?"

"No."

Mr. Wimperis did not deign to cross-examine this witness. His expression showed plainly that he thought his learned friend, Mr. Amerisham, was trifling with the court, and wasting his time, when he elicited the story of the dropped handkerchief.

Other witnesses were able to prove that Nancy had been on the moon on the day of the baronet's death, near the place where his body was found, and at about the time when he must have died.

Mr. Wimperis only called one witness—Mr. Thomas Minto, barrister-at-law.

"Now, Mr. Minto," he said, "is there any truth in the statement made by the late Sir Francis March to the effect that you had forged a cheque?"

"None whatever."

"You deny it on oath?"

"Most assuredly I do."

The witness on the bench were seen confer with one another, and with the clerk of the court. Finally, the chairman said:

"We think this is immaterial to the case, Mr. Wimperis."

"I only wished to show, your worship," replied the lawyer, "that my client had no reason to be alarmed by the alleged threats of the late Sir Francis March, since they were based upon an accusation that was utterly absurd and groundless."

"That fact was not known to her at the time," said the chairman, "so it is irrelevant to the matter before us. We cannot hear this witness."

he admitted, but he did not think it would stand. His client had certainly bought a certain quantity of poison owing to an error of the chemist who supplied it. The fact that the death of Sir Francis March was caused by the same kind of poison was a coincidence, nothing more; it was not even a significant or singular occurrence, because the poison was not an out-of-the-way variety of poison, but a simple compound often used for killing domestic animals.

His client had very sensibly recovered the poison after throwing it into the road. She had admittedly been on the moon on the day when Sir Francis died; it was her habit to walk on the moon; and again, there was nothing significant or singular in that. It had been a rainy morning, and she may have taken shelter under some trees. She may have dropped her handkerchief, or she may not. It was not beyond belief that the female witness Griggs, who listened at her door, had a confession, was not above pilfering small articles, such as handkerchiefs, from the young lady whom it was her duty to wait upon, but whom she preferred to spy upon. It was not beyond belief that her brother may have got hold of this handkerchief, and, inspired by the kind of literature which boys of his class delight in, thought it would be natural to play the amateur detective. The way in which these two witnesses, brother and sister, had given their evidence was far from satisfactory, and the fact that three months elapsed between the crime—if crime there was—and the making of their statements to the police led to the supposition that they had manufactured their evidence out of trifles, after constant harping upon the subject of the tragedy.

Again, his client had, it was alleged, said, when she learnt of the death of Sir Francis March, "I am not to blame," or words to that effect. That would be easily explained. She knew that he was mortified and distressed by her refusal to marry him; that he was a man of violent passions; and she had committed suicide. Shocked by the sudden news, she might very naturally, if very needlessly, acquit herself of blame for his act, of which she might suppose herself the innocent cause.

Mr. Wimperis concluded by asking that she should be instantly set at liberty, and not subjected to the indignity and distress of further trial. Adair purchased some dangerous poison for half an hour, during which Tom suffered agonies of suspense. To him the evidence against Nancy appeared dimly enough, and Mr. Wimperis agreed with him.

But, alas! the bench thought otherwise.

It was so grave a charge, said the chairman, and certain facts had been brought out in the evidence which, in their opinion, were of serious import. The prisoner must be committed for trial.

"I trust that your worships will grant bail," said Mr. Wimperis, "owing to the youth and high social position of my client, and the trifling nature of the evidence against her."

"That is impossible," said the chairman; "we cannot grant bail when a capital charge is brought."

And so poor Nancy, who had lived in luxury and comfort all her life, was to be deprived of her liberty for three dreary weeks until the assizes commenced. Guilty or innocent, she was a pathetic captive in the web of the law, and neither wealth, nor influence, nor the love of her friends could free her from its meshes.

CHAPTER XXI.—BACK TO LIFE.

Those who have been through heavy grief, or who have had to face trying ordeals, know how the daily return from sleep to consciousness is accompanied by momentary forgetfulness of the things that has to be faced; and then it comes home to one with the suddenness of a blow, and one would willingly shrink back into the kiddly shelter of dreamland again.

So it was with Tom Minto nowadays. The morning light became hateful to him, for every uprising of the sun brought the day of Nancy's trial nearer. The whole affair had seemed so wildly improbable at first that he could not grasp the idea of its reality. But after the lapse of a few days he realized that the position of the girl he loved was not only distressing, but perilous. The fact that publicity had been given to the story of the forged cheque, and that his honesty was probably questioned by the public, had troubled him at all, but it was not until the fact that she had actually entered that grove, and unsold was strong presumption of the important fact that she had entered or left that grove on that particular day when Sir Francis March died, and not earlier than twelve o'clock on that particular day.

He would ask their worships to remember that the angrier knapsack was lying in that grove, easy of access to any one entering that grove. A fatal draught of poison had been mysteriously introduced into the angrier's satchel. It might be suggested that he had mistaked that fatal draught himself. He had had a bitter disappointment, and he might have resolved on suicide. But he would ask their worships to consider would any man who intended to destroy himself be so fastidious as to admit the poison he meant to take with wine and water? Would he fish unconcernedly all the morning, and then sit down and drink the waters of death to the accompaniment of a substantial lunch? It was absurd to entertain the theory of suicide for a moment. The poison had been introduced by some one who had entered the grove. The prisoner had, to all appearances, entered the grove, and Sir Francis March had a little later been found dead, poisoned by a dose of having lain on the ground she had purchased after her quarrel with the deceased. On learning of his death she had declared she was not to blame—a curious remark, surely. Under these circumstances, he must ask their worships to commit her for trial at the coming assizes.

was haunted by a terrible dread that the law might err. He had grown haggard in face and restless in manner during the last few weeks, while his brain went on wearily trying to solve the enigma of March's death.

"It must have been suicide, Nancy," he said. "You are sure he never threatened suicide?"

"Quite sure, Tom."

"Can't you give us any chance of proving an alibi?"

"I fear not. I was certainly very near the scene of the tragedy that afternoon. I do not think any of the witnesses lied."

"But the poison you picked up—what became of it?"

"I don't remember."

"You took it into the house?"

"Yes; I thought some child might pick it up if I left it where I had thrown it."

"Didn't you empty the bottle? Surely that would be a natural thing to do."

"I don't remember, Tom, dear," said Nancy. "Don't worry so much on my account. You are looking so ill," she said, with tender solicitude. "and I am not afraid. Don't fret about me, Tom."

"My darling, it is terrible to see you here," he groaned, "and I feel so helpless in the matter. If I could remember to whom I gave that accursed cheque, I might bring the guilt home to the right quarter. The man who forged that cheque had a strong reason for fearing March. It must have been he who killed him, if it wasn't a case of suicide."

So Tom went on, recapitulating the same arguments day after day, but getting no nearer to proving them. When he was in Devonshire, where he stayed to be with Nancy, he reproached himself for waste of time, and would fly forthwith to London to seek useless interviews with detectives; and then he would reproach himself for having left his darling so far away, and would return again to Devonshire as useless.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

CHOKED OFF.

"I must tell you frankly, Mr. Meek, that my consent to your marrying my daughter has been wrongfully withdrawn under protest," said the lady, assuming a berilligent expression.

"I knew that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything, we all have to give in to her, or take the consequences; and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she loses her temper, especially if there is a fat-tiron or a rolling-pin handy, and so I just give in at once. Has the wedding-day been fixed yet, Mr. Meek?"

Mr. Meek: "Um-er, not yet; and, in fact, madam, I'm—I'm a little afraid I can't afford to marry very soon, anyhow. Good-good day."

HAD REACHED THE LIMIT.

"Goodness gracious!" cried Cholly Marjorie-banks, "what evah is the matter, chappie? Why these bandages and what-d'you-call-em?"

"Nothing much, ole fellah," answered Gussie. "I've just come from Miss Sweetgirls. I had thrown my maily dignity to the winds and was kneeling at her feet, when her pap jumped from behind a curtain, where the ghoulish vampire had concealed himself, and pulled my nose, made a corkscrew of my hair, twisted my neck, used my collar to light my pipe, and got me into a dose more than I need. When he was done, he turned me upside down, called me a 'pied-faced cad,' and then dropped me out of the window."

GOT NOTICE THEN.

Green had been in new lodgings just one week, and had arrived at the conclusion that his tenants would not be of long duration unless there was a material difference in the quality of the breakfast egg. He did not like to tell the landlady; point-blank, so he adopted a roundabout method of communicating his opinion on the subject.

"Didn't you tell me your fond reading Macaulay, Mrs. Bluff?" he asked her, as he broke the shell of the egg.

"Really!" exclaimed Green, with a pronounced sniff. "These reminds me most forcibly of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Funny, isn't it?"

NOT LOSING ANYTHING.

"Well, Thomas, what is it?" asked the boss, as he looked up from his desk at one of the men employed in the workshop.

"I want to know if I can knock at two to day, guv'nor."

No. 2204

MILITARY TITLES.

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SEPARATION OF THE BODY.

The fact that indigestion and constipation are fruitful causes of organic diseases is somewhat generally known, and those only to whom common sense would be neglected as they are in some cases out of touch. "The only indigestion is a common remark, and few realize that indigestion may be relieved by the use of the body, for food that is not digested is not assimilated by the body and the body is not properly nourished. Chamberlain's Tablets will relieve indigestion and constipation. Many a long suffering sufferer has found health in the course of Chamberlain's Tablets. Sold by J. R. Worthington & Co.

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Nine cwt. equal 1008lb.
Ten cwt. equal 1120lb.
Eleven cwt. equal 1232lb.
Twelve cwt. equal 1344lb.
Thirteen cwt. equal 1456lb.
Fourteen cwt. equal 1568lb.
Fifteen cwt. equal 1680lb.
Sixteen cwt. equal 1792lb.
Seventeen cwt. equal 1904lb.
Eighteen cwt. equal 2016lb.
Nineteen cwt. equal 2128lb.
Twenty cwt. equal 2240lb.
Twenty one cwt. equal 2352lb.
Twenty two cwt. equal 2464lb.
Twenty three cwt. equal 2576lb.
Twenty four cwt. equal 2688lb.
Twenty five cwt. equal 2800lb.
Twenty six cwt. equal 2912lb.
Twenty seven cwt. equal 3024lb.
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Twenty nine cwt. equal 3248lb.
Thirty cwt. equal 3360lb.
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Thirty five cwt. equal 3920lb.
Thirty six cwt. equal 4032lb.
Thirty seven cwt. equal 4144lb.
Thirty eight cwt. equal 4256lb.
Thirty nine cwt. equal 4368lb.
Forty cwt. equal 4480lb.
Forty one cwt. equal 4592lb.
Forty two cwt. equal 4704lb.
Forty three cwt. equal 4816lb.
Forty four cwt. equal 4928lb.
Forty five cwt. equal 5040lb.
Forty six cwt. equal 5152lb.
Forty seven cwt. equal 5264lb.
Forty eight cwt. equal 5376lb.
Forty nine cwt. equal 5488lb.
Fifty cwt. equal 5600lb.
Fifty one cwt. equal 5712lb.
Fifty two cwt. equal 5824lb.
Fifty three cwt. equal 5936lb.
Fifty four cwt. equal 6048lb.
Fifty five cwt. equal 6160lb.
Fifty six cwt. equal 6272lb.
Fifty seven cwt. equal 6384lb.
Fifty eight cwt. equal 6496lb.
Fifty nine cwt. equal 6608lb.
Sixty cwt. equal 6720lb.
Sixty one cwt. equal 6832lb.
Sixty two cwt. equal 6944lb.
Sixty three cwt. equal 7056lb.
Sixty four cwt. equal 7168lb.
Sixty five cwt. equal 7280lb.
Sixty six cwt. equal 7392lb.
Sixty seven cwt. equal 7504lb.
Sixty eight cwt. equal 7616lb.
Sixty nine cwt. equal 7728lb.
Seventy cwt. equal 7840lb.
Seventy one cwt. equal 7952lb.
Seventy two cwt. equal 8064lb.
Seventy three cwt. equal 8176lb.
Seventy four cwt. equal 8288lb.
Seventy five cwt. equal 8400lb.
Seventy six cwt. equal 8512lb.
Seventy seven cwt. equal 8624lb.
Seventy eight cwt. equal 8736lb.
Seventy nine cwt. equal 8848lb.
Eighty cwt. equal 8960lb.
Eighty one cwt. equal 9072lb.
Eighty two cwt. equal 9184lb.
Eighty three cwt. equal 9296lb.
Eighty four cwt. equal 9408lb.
Eighty five cwt. equal 9520lb.
Eighty six cwt. equal 9632lb.
Eighty seven cwt. equal 9744lb.
Eighty eight cwt. equal 9856lb.
Eighty nine cwt. equal 9968lb.
Ninety cwt. equal 10080lb.
Ninety one cwt. equal 10192lb.
Ninety two cwt. equal 10304lb.
Ninety three cwt. equal 10416lb.
Ninety four cwt. equal 10528lb.
Ninety five cwt. equal 10640lb.
Ninety six cwt. equal 10752lb.
Ninety seven cwt. equal 10864lb.
Ninety eight cwt. equal 10976lb.
Ninety nine cwt. equal 11088lb.
One hundred cwt. equal 11200lb.

For the second time most of the 3000 members of the various building trade unions who are employed on building jobs were absent from work on Saturday morning.

Certain high military officials who have been active service are now busily engaged in sounding returned soldiers as to whether they would be prepared to enlist in an expeditionary force for service in India against a possible Bolshevik invasion. The proposed force has not so far been authorized officially; recognition of the desirability of its promoters is to have a sufficient body of men ready should it be made.

Mr. Kirby, M.H.R., in his scheme for providing for soldiers who are waiting for employment, suggests that the weekly amounts due for sustenance, ranging from 47 to 69, should be paid to a trustee authority to be spent as an employment grant, the authority having work for the men, who would work a varying number of days in accordance with the payment made to them, any man refusing to work to be struck off the list.

Since 1911, when the law was amended to provide for a universal holiday throughout Victoria, the tendency has been gradually to reduce Saturday as that day. There was at one time about 150 separate localities observing other days than Saturday. However, that number was gradually reduced, until there are now less than 100 of such places. At a recent State Executive Council meeting notice was received that two localities were to be abolished on Saturday, namely, the township of Tiora. As time goes on it is believed that with the exception of such places as Queenscliff, Portsea, and others where Queen's Birthday is observed on Saturday, the whole of Victoria will have adopted the whole day half-holiday, and will enjoy the benefits originally provided for in the Act.

"This is an age of steel," said the after-dinner speaker.



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Commonwealth Bank of Australia. General Banking Business. Savings Bank Department. War Service Homes, an Agent for the Commonwealth.

The Riponshire Advocate. Published every Saturday Morning. Printed and published by the proprietor, Arthur Parker, at the 'Riponshire Advocate' Office, corner of Pratt and Lawrence Streets, Beaufort.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. Sixteen members of the Beaufort Agricultural Society were present at a general meeting at the Shire Hall on Monday night.

It was decided to ask Miss A. Cochran to judge the school exercise books. Mr. Greville suggested that it be a matter for the school committee to consider.

RETURNED SOLDIERS' LEAGUE. Fourteen members of the Ripon branch of the Returned Soldiers' League were present at the monthly meeting at the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Saturday night.

The president made a similar appeal. Rev. A. H. Ross referred to many of the 'diggers' having to sleep in the parks in Melbourne during General Birdwood's visit.

BEAUFORT MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. The annual meeting of subscribers to the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute was held on Monday evening.

COUGLE'S AFTER-SALE ODDMENTS & REMNANTS. Bread and Butter Lines, waiting for Live Buyers to come in and reap the Benefit of Low Prices. THERE ARE USEFUL LENGTHS OF Dresses, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Sheeting, Damask, Calicoes, Flannelette, &c. G. H. COUGLE, THE STORE FOR GOOD VALUES, BEAUFORT.

Monday was one of the hottest days for the season, the thermometer registering 96 degrees in the shade at 4.30 p.m.

The Pictures. There was a good attendance at the Amuse Pictures Pty's weekly entertainment at the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on Saturday night.

Bush Fire. A bush fire broke out near Chute on Saturday afternoon, and swept a strip of bush country for about two miles before it was extinguished.

Lecture. The Ven. Archdeacon Tucker, who visited Beaufort in the course of his duties on Tuesday, delivered a lecture on the life of Earl Kitchener, at St. John's Parish Hall, in the evening.

Proposed Bowling Club. An enthusiastic general meeting of the Beaufort Bowling Club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday night.

Presbyterian Church. The amount of the special offering to wipe off the debt on St. Andrew's Church, Beaufort, was over-subscribed by £10.

Welcome Home Committee. Twelve members of the Beaufort Welcome Home Committee attended a meeting of that body at the Shire Hall on Tuesday night.

From F. and L. McIntosh, Dimboola, suggesting that the table show be made back to Beaufort show, stating that their father was one of the first members, and asking price of non-exhibiting members' tickets.

From V. J. Parson, Raglan, suggesting certain improvements to poultry pens.—Received.

From Riponshire Council, granting leave of absence to Mr. H. H. Halpin, from Railway Department, granting holiday excursion fares on Show Day.—Received.

From correspondence was received from the Chamber of Agriculture and from members forwarding subscriptions. Mr. Philip Russell, Mavalook, wrote, forwarding a cheque for £10.

From Mr. W. J. Stevenson, Skipton, notified the society that he was returning his membership ticket for private reasons, independent of the present one, and the society should launch out and spend a lot of money there and ask landholders to contribute, as Beaufort had a future.

Judges were appointed for the various classes of stock, &c., to be exhibited on show day. The following stewards were also elected.—Draught horses, Messrs J. L. Macdonald, A. Betheras, and G. West.

The secretary was authorized, on motion of Messrs T. W. Hood and W. J. Wood, to act as secretary of the show, and to fix the date, and to act as secretary of the show, and to fix the date, and to act as secretary of the show.

Mr. Sinclair moved that the right to the booth be given to the ladies of the Welcome Home Committee, and that they take the whole of the proceeds. Seconded by Mr. Hood, and carried.

The secretary said there was no chance of getting the hall on show-night, and he thought if the Amuse Pictures Pty. had a good house they might give a donation.

Mr. Sinclair thought it hardly fair to ask these young fellows to divide the proceeds with the different societies in Beaufort. They lost £4 on their picture show the other night.

The president said that he had no objection to the ladies who ran the luncheon booth. The driver of the vehicle was Mr. Gilbert Smith (president of the Ripon branch of the Returned Soldiers' League), who was returning to Waterloo after attending a meeting of the league at Beaufort.

Mr. W. J. Stevenson agreed that the picture people should not be asked by every affair to share their proceeds, but they might be prepared to give a donation if they got a bumper house. Last year they took £24 at the pictures on show night, and the former proprietor returned the same amount.

Messrs Miller and the secretary were appointed to interview the shopkeepers, about the necessity of having a show on the grounds, to close all day on show day, on the motion of Messrs D. R. Hannah and Bennett.

The secretary said an application had gone in to the Government to proclaim it a holiday.

Mr. B. Thomas suggested the erection of a stand indicating to the public the events being judged in the ring, and asked that to effect. Seconded by Mr. Sinclair, and carried.

Messrs Kelly & McDonald hold an unreserved clearing sale of stock, implements, and sundries, at Mr. J. B. Stewart's, at Mt. Mitchell, Lexton, next Wednesday, at 2 p.m.

Mr. Hannah spoke in support, and said he would like to see a great deal more than £5 given, as £100 should be spent there, for the sake of the present one, and the society should launch out and spend a lot of money there and ask landholders to contribute, as Beaufort had a future.

Mr. Lynch considered that sand should be used in the schedule in regard to brood mares. It was understood that a brood mare should have a foal at foot.

The secretary said they had discussed the matter in regard to the draught mares, but it was not possible to do so.

Mr. Sinclair moved that an exhibitor's ticket be allowed for entry fees up to 10/.

Mr. Hannah thought it better to let it alone, as there was a definite ruling on the point.

The matter was dropped.

The secretary said all attendants had to pay.

The matter of issuing luncheon tickets was left in the hands of the president.

ACCIDENTS. A vehicular mishap occurred in Neil street, Beaufort, on Tuesday afternoon. Owing to its being turned too sharply, a hooded buggy, in which Mr. Gibson (manager of Trawalla Estate), his sister, and a child were seated, was capsized and the occupants thrown out.

Mr. E. J. Muntz, junr., met with an accident while playing tennis on the Beaufort court on Friday, 19th inst. He fell heavily, sustaining an injury to the shoulder and severe abrasions on the legs.

Mr. John Shaw, senr., met with a painful mishap when working on a stable at Beaufort on Friday, 13th inst. He fell from a beam and broke his collar-bone (which had been fractured some years previously) and three ribs.

Mr. Wm. Anderson, of Trawalla, who returned to Australia about six months ago after passing unscathed through several years active service abroad, had the misfortune to meet with a very serious accident on Saturday night, owing to the motor cycle he was riding colliding with a vehicle, between 11 and 12 o'clock, at a culvert on the Waterloo road, about four and a half miles from Beaufort and a short distance from the residences of Messrs J. Saddler and Lyons.

The driver of the vehicle was Mr. Gilbert Smith (president of the Ripon branch of the Returned Soldiers' League), who was returning to Waterloo after attending a meeting of the league at Beaufort.

Mr. Anderson was riding his motor cycle in the opposite direction, and it is stated that he was about to change the gears when the accident occurred. In passing the vehicle his right leg struck the compound fracture of the right leg, which was broken in three places.

Both the motor-cycle and vehicle were carrying lights. The vehicle was not damaged and the driver escaped injury; the motor-cycle being only slightly damaged. Prior to the arrival of a motor ambulance from Ballarat, which was summoned by telephone from Waterloo, Dr. Humphreys and Constable Evans rendered all the aid possible, and the patient was made as comfortable as possible at Mr. Lyons' residence, and was later admitted to the Ballarat Hospital.

It was reported that there was some danger at first of his leg having to be amputated, but the patient is now progressing favorably.

Mr. A. J. Saph, of Beaufort, announces that he has had two additional machines, and is prepared to show notice to supply ice cream for parties at 2s per quart.

From same, outlining alterations of procedure in regard to transfers, &c., due to amendment of constitution.—Received; the president mentioning that an appeal had been lodged against the present division of districts by branches in the northern area.

From same, forwarding list of 30 returned soldiers transferred automatically to the Ripon branch.—It was understood that the secretary would notify the members concerned.

No action was taken relative to a request for an order for a frame for photograph of group of generals from a city firm.

From secretary Lexton sub-committee, stating that a quorum had not been present at several meetings, and that if one were not obtained at next meeting, he would forward books for audit.—Received; the president considering an effort should be made to revive that sub-committee by visiting their meeting.

From Member Gray, Lexton, re prices of suiting material.—Received; the secretary stating he had received no information yet as to same.

From Mrs Roberts, Beaufort, a acknowledging letter of thanks for services rendered.—Received.

GENERAL BUSINESS. The president made a verbal report of a recent deputation to the Minister of Lands, organized by the Ballarat Progress Association, concerning land settlement in the district.

Mr. Young said the director of closer settlement (Mr. McIver) had informed their secretary that the board would decide one way or the other in five or six weeks, so Mr. Smith should not say it was a standstill.

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THE DIRECT CAUSE. Boils and pimples may be directly traced to the condition of the blood, and to this condition may arise from either want of nourishment or excessive indulgence in rich, heated foods.

Chamberlain's Tablets to clear off the impurities and purify the blood. They will also tone up and strengthen the system, and aid digestion. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.

CRICKET. By defeating Beaufort on Saturday the Linton team advanced to second position in the Corangamite cricket competition.

The match, which took place at the Beaufort Park, was not well attended. The visitors won by the wide margin of 82 runs.

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The election of office-bearers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. J. G. Macdonald (the two vice-presidents, Messrs D. Stevenson and W. H. Halpin declining nomination in Mr. Macdonald's favor); vice-presidents, Messrs D. Stevenson and W. H. Halpin; secretary and treasurer, Mr. N. B. Acton; auditor, Mr. H. B. Seager; committee, Messrs Cougle, Dames, Parker, A. L. Wotherspoon, Hannah, J. W. A. J. Harris, and Dr. Eadie.

Mr. Dames, in installing his successors, thanked members for the courtesy extended to him during the past two years, and wished Mr. Macdonald a pleasant and successful term of office.

Mr. Macdonald suitably returning thanks, Mr. Stevenson also returned thanks on behalf of himself and Mr. Halpin (the latter having to leave to attend another meeting).

It was decided, on the motion of Messrs Dames and Lovitt, to increase the librarian's salary from £5 to £6 per month from the beginning of the year. A bonus of £10, in recognition of the extra work done last year, was also passed to the librarian, on the motion of Messrs Hannah and Wotherspoon, while the usual bonus of £60 was voted to the secretary, on the motion of Messrs Hannah and Stevenson.

The president urged that more attention be paid to the library; and Mr. Evans, one of the book selection committee, stated that it was difficult to procure the books that had been selected, £2 out of the last £5 voted being expended on this account. Mr. Lovitt requested that another magazine, such as the "Royal" or "Strand," be procured. Reference was made to the great number of complaints made with regard to the "Herald" being removed from the library before half-past nine every evening, and to the likelihood of a copy being also occasionally taken, notwithstanding that Mr. P. Lewis, who generously agreeing to provide both copies, specially stipulated that the papers should not be taken out of the Institute. Complaints were also made that the latest illustrated papers were taken out of the Institute every Saturday evening. The committee subsequently requested the secretary to instruct the librarian to enforce the rule forbidding the removal of any paper of periodical from the Institute until the next issues were received.

Mr. Lovitt drew attention to the need of repairs being effected to the back fence, and this matter was referred to the committee.

A committee meeting was afterwards held. The secretary's financial statement showed that the receipts for December and January had amounted to £39/6, and that there was a credit balance at the bank of £9 12/6. Accounts amounting to £51 8/6 were passed for payment; the secretary stating that only £5 was now owing on the Gloria light. As several members were anxious to attend the Agricultural Society's meeting, it was resolved that a general meeting be held over till next meeting. The secretary was instructed to send notices of meetings to members of committee.

IS VERY DISTRESSING. While pain in the stomach is not dangerous, it is a distressing complaint, and anyone subject to attacks of it will be glad to learn how quick and reliable the remedy in a little water is all that is necessary. It is an ideal remedy for this ailment. It always affords prompt relief, and is pleasant to take. For sale at all stores.

E. R. Sergt. E. W. Rogers, of Beaufort, is returning to Australia on the transport, "Friedrichshub," which left England on 22nd January. He is the son of Mr. E. Rogers, junr., and has been abroad for about five years. His six brothers have already returned.

A special meeting was held on Monday afternoon, at which a departmental supervisor from Melbourne was in attendance.

No cases were listed for hearing at the Beaufort Police Court on Monday. Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, J.P., was in attendance.

STATE SAVINGS BANK OF VICTORIA. THE FARMERS' BANK!! Credit Foncier Loans on Farm Properties. Two-Thirds of Valuation up to £2,000 at 6 per cent. Repayable over 27 1/2 years £3 15 half-yearly for each £100.

VICTORIAN PRODUCERS' CO-OPERATIVE COMPANY, LTD. Nominal Capital, £250,000. Subscribed Capital, £140,000. Paid-up Capital, £103,000. Reserve Fund, £36,000. Head Office: 589-605 Collins St., Melbourne. Branches and Agencies throughout the State.

A. H. SANDS, Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Picture Framing. A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand. H. W. HARRIS, CHEMIST & DENTIST. For Accuracy, Confidence, Satisfaction. HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

When you are sick, THE BEST IN MEDICINE IS NONE TOO GOOD. RELIABLE REMEDIES. LITTLE LIVER PILLS—Relieve Constipation, Flatulence, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Foul Breath, and all Stomach and Liver Troubles. Easy to take and purely vegetable.

BENNETT, DISPENSING & PHOTOGRAPHIC CHEMIST, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT. Phone 29.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MEETING of the Beaufort Branch, N.S.A., will be held in the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on TUESDAY Evening next at 8 o'clock sharp. J. FULLERTON, Secretary.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. When there is a sudden change in the weather, take a dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and you will prevent an attack of bronchitis. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.

Many local sportsmen went far afield for the opening of the duck season on Monday, and obtained good bags in other districts. The bags obtained in and around the Beaufort district so far have been on the small side.

Chamberlain's Tablets to clear off the impurities and purify the blood. They will also tone up and strengthen the system, and aid digestion. Sold by J. R. Wotherspoon & Co.

BEAUFORT MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The annual meeting of subscribers to the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute was held on Monday evening.

The secretary presented an audited statement of receipts and expenditure for the past year, the former amounting to £285/18/6 and the latter to £287/17/2.

The secretary also stated that £10 was owing on the Gloria light, and a sum of £27 against which £20 would be credited on the generator.

The secretary also mentioned that £52 had been expended on the recreation room, the billiard receipts last year amounting to £105 against £19 for the previous year.

The election of office-bearers resulted as follows: President, Mr. J. G. M. Donald (the two vice-presidents, Messrs D. Stevenson and W. H. Halpin).

Mr. Donald, in installing his successor, thanked members for the courtesy extended to him during the past two years, and wished Mr. Macdonald a pleasant and successful term of office.

Mr. Donald suitably returning thanks, Mr. Stevenson also returned thanks on behalf of himself and Mr. Halpin, the latter having to leave to attend another meeting.

TENNIS.

The Beaufort Tennis Club has just completed a ladies handicap for a trophy presented by Mr. E. J. Muntz, which resulted in a win for Mrs. Young.

The return match with Buangor will be played on the Beaufort court this (Saturday) afternoon. The previous match was won by Buangor, but the Beaufort team has been strengthened for the game.

SETTLEMENT OF SOLDIERS.

At a meeting of the Skipton Repatriation Committee on Saturday, 7th inst. (reports to the Standard), a letter was read from the Closer Settlement Board.

Mr. D. Mackinnon, Assistant Minister for Lands, referring on Monday to the report from Beaufort that practically every large landowner in the Ballarat, Beaufort, and Skipton districts had been served with preliminary notices under the compulsory purchase clause, pointed out that these districts had not been singled out for such treatment.

MORE MANURE—MORE MONEY.

Last week attention was directed in these columns to remarkable increases effected in the stock-carrying capacity of the Central Research Farm, Werribee, by liberal application of manures to the cereal crops.

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BEAUFORT THISTLE CLUB.

Eight members of the Beaufort Thistle Club committee attended a meeting on Thursday night presided over by Mr. D. Mackinnon.

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The following district sales were effected at the Ballarat stock market on Tuesday: 102 merino wethers, exors, late Mr. Geo. Russell, Lang-Ville, to 25/10, averaging 22/7, top price for merino wethers; 45 ewes and wethers, Mr. J. Ringin, Mortchup, wethers to 26/4, ewes to 23/4; 26 ewes, Mr. W. Southland, Clepworth, at 23/7; 109 sheep, estate late Mr. W. Lewis, Stoneleigh, merino wethers 24/; merino ewes 17/; 110 crossbred ewes, Mr. J. Greenbank, Snake Valley, 20/8 to 19/4, 50 lambs 19/ to 15/10; 83 crossbred wethers, Mr. J. J. Jess, Middle Creek, 25/ to 17/2, 21 lambs 16/8 to 14/1; 70 sheep, Mr. R. Simpson, Lake Goldsmith, crossbred wethers 31/11 to 29/1, comeback wethers 29/11 to 27/; 59 sheep, Messrs. J. and J. Liston, Carranah, crossbred wethers 31/6, comeback wethers 23/6, crossbred ewes 23/7 to 22/11, 5 lambs 23/3 to 17/9; 50 sheep, Mr. R. Ward, Lake Goldsmith, comeback wethers 29/; 19 comeback ewes 26/1 to 22/; 2 lambs 20/3; 35 crossbred ewes, Mr. C. H. Taylor, Middle Creek, at 21/1/6; 23 lambs, Mr. J. Fay, Middle Creek, at 15/7.

VICTORIAN FARMERS' UNION.

A MEETING of the Raglan branch of the above will be held in the Raglan Hall on Saturday, Feb. 28th, at 8 p.m. Business important.

WANTED, a competent maid for housework. Wages, 20 per week. Apply Mrs. L. WATKIN, "Belmont," Main Lead.

ICE CREAM FOUNDRY. We endeavour to please.

OWING to the increasing demand for our ICE CREAM, we have found it necessary to install two additional machines (each 14 quart), having now a freezing capacity for 38 quarts.

Religious Services.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1920. CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Main Lead, 2; Waterloo, 3.30—Rev. W. C. Wood.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Chute, 2; Raglan, 3.30—Rev. E. H. Colman, Raglan, 7.30—Mr. V. J. Ferguson, Waterloo, 7.30—Mr. G. Boyce, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Beaufort, 11 and 7; Buangor, 3—Rev. A. H. Ross.

Benefit by Experienced Dentist's Visit

Arrange Fees for Artificial Teeth, &c.

CONSULT

W. E. THOMAS

WEDNESDAY, 3rd MARCH AT RAILWAY HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

Still in stock, strongest, nicest looking teeth, bought before the one hundred per cent. rise in price. Same applies with purest, best preparations together with wonderful new addition painless extraction is why I charge 1/6 others charge up to 2/6.

The appreciation patients is evidenced many thousands of artificial sets made by me different States. No hazardous methods, result wide experience some largest Australian city practices.

Seven years guarantee or your money back. Repairs free, if any, for three years. Rail fares allowed request when ordering new denture.

CALL FIRST VISIT—Result: satisfaction, enhanced appearance, etc.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS—(Many Others) Also Regards Painless Extractions

Have twenty sets teeth my home, by three or four dentists South Australia, Victoria, others England, France. Besides plates breaking, I could not eat. Several months ago Mr. Thomas made an upper and lower; can masticate anything.

(Signed) G. G. GILHAM, 4/11/1919. Mount Gambier.

Full plates you made for me can get on well with. I could not manage others by dentist—some ten miles from Nhili, which cost me ten guineas.

(Signed) J. H. ERVIN, 1/11/1919. Woork, Vic.

Two dentists supplied me sets of teeth; had to discard them. One set you fitted satisfactory from start.

(Signed) A. SMITH, 2/10/1919. Miram.

Three sets of teeth, but I could not eat. Cost several pounds. Plates from W. E. Thomas chew any food.

(Signed) J. E. PALMER, 7/11/1919. Narricoorte.

Two full upper and lower sets; dozen visits to a dentist some miles from Nhili. I couldn't eat. Cost ten guineas. Teeth continually breaking off. Used over pounds worth suction powder trying keep them position. Mr. W. E. Thomas made new plates. I can masticate any food.

(Signed) J. J. RILEY, 7/11/1919.

Full sets your system. I can eat anything from the start; very different by the other dentist, which cost me ten guineas.

(Signed) C. G. HOFFMAN, 18/11/1919. Victor South, Horsbarn.

Plates made France and England; beside teeth breaking off, couldn't wear them. By Mr. W. E. Thomas' New System, can eat as well as with my natural teeth.

(Signed) S. J. H., November 13, 1919. Kambija.

Full upper and lower plates constructed your new system. Eat well from commencement. Others paid Ten Guineas for were no use.

(Signed) R. RYLE, 19/9/19. Dinbulla.

THE "WEIGHT" OF ARGUMENT!

As to the Immense Savings to be realised at our Money-Moving Sale is altogether in our favour, as evidenced by the colossal Sale Price Reductions which have been made. The Blue Pencil Army has been busy, and most unsparing in its efforts to bring much-wanted goods within the reach of all, having marked them down to—

Prices that would Make the Profiteer Tremble, in order to enable those with limited means to participate in the Bargain Festival—You don't want this knocked into you by way of the rolling pin! We are out to make this a memorable occasion in the history of Bona Fide Sales, and if you can "see a hole through a ladder," as the saying goes, you'll recognise this as one of the mile-posts on the road to fortune—and one which you can turn to good account!

OUR GREAT SUMMER SALE OF DRAPERY!

WILL COMMENCE WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1920. IT WILL CONTINUE FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY. * A GENUINE MONEY-SAVING EVENT! * REALISE THAT IT IS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO VISIT THIS GREAT BARGAIN-GIVING EVENT.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR.

PHAWELL ATHLETIC CLUB'S 3rd Easter Festival to be held in Central Park, Stavely, adjoining Railway Station, on Saturday & Monday, April 3 and 5, 1920. Most extensive Sports Meeting in Australia. Special Trains and Cheap Fares from all Stations. 550 given in Prizes. Easter 1920. Band Contest, 2100. Entries close 2nd March, 1920. G. D. BELL, Secretary.

TRANSFER OF LAND ACT, 1915.

PHILIP LEWIS, of Blythedale, Street, Ripon, in the County of Ripon, Manager, has applied to bring the land described at the foot hereof under the above Act, and the Commissioner of Titles has directed notice of the application to be advertised in The Riponshire Advocate newspaper, and has appointed fourteen days for such advertisement, after which time the land may be brought under the operation of the Act, unless a Caveat shall be lodged forbidding the same.

KELLY & McDONALD, AUCTIONEERS, STOCK AND STATION AGENTS, BEAUFORT, LEXTON, CARRANBALLAC AND BUANGOR.

AGENTS FOR—DALGETY & CO. NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE CO. T. ROBINSON & CO. PTY. LTD. R. HORNSBY & SONS LTD. MT. LYELL MANIFACTURES. BUICK MOTOR CARS.

UNRESERVED CLEARING SALE AT MT. MITCHELL, LEXTON.

WEDNESDAY, 25th FEBRUARY, 1920, at 2 p.m.

SHEEP, HORSES, CATTLE, IMPLEMENTS, AND SUNDRIES.

KELLY & McDONALD have been favoured with instructions from Mr. J. RETALLICK, Senr. (who has leased his farm), to Sell by Auction as above:—SHEEP. 150 4, 6, and 8-tooth Crossbred Ewes and Wethers. CATTLE. 13 head Cattle—Cows, Heifers, and Yearlings. HORSES. 4 Draught Horses. IMPLEMENTS. 1 Double-furrow Plow, 1 Robinson Stump Jump Disc Plow, 2 Single-furrow Plows, Reaper and Binder (Oshorne), Drill, 2 Wagons, 4 sets Leading Chains, 2 sets Harrows, 1 Roller, 2 Buggies, 1 set Harness; Sundries too numerous to mention.

KELLY & McDONALD, Auctioneers, Beaufort.

Rabbit Skins.

We have unlimited demand for above, and are prepared to give prices equal to best Melbourne quotations. Sellers can thus save all charges and commissions. We pay absolute net CASH PRICES on delivery.

H. REHFISCH & CO., 223 MAIR STREET, P.O. Box 29, BALLARAT. Phone 531.

MR. GEORGE GOE TONG, Chinese Herbalist, of Peel St., Ballarat, may be consulted at Halpin's Camp Hotel, Beaufort, every fortnight (Wednesdays). Next visit—3rd March, 1920.

AMUSU PICTURES. RUN SOLELY BY RETURNED SOLDIERS. SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY (TODAY-NIGHT.) "WOLVES OF THE RAIL" Featuring WILLIAM HART. Fifteenth Episode of "RAILROAD RAIDERS." Splendid Accompanying Programme. PRICES—1/7, 1/1, and 7d.

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

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, AUCTIONEER, STOCK AND STATION AGENT. BEAUFORT.

AGENT FOR—Yorkshire Insurance Company. H. R. Carter & Co. Wm. Crosby & Co. and Federal Manure Co.

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

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

W. R. GLOVER, LATE F. G. PRINCE, BUTCHER, HAVELOCK ST., BEAUFORT.

ONLY PRIME MEAT KEPT. SMALL GOODS A SPECIALTY. My Motto—Cleanliness, Quality, Civility. Customers Waited upon Daily for Orders.

Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT.

SEASONABLE GOODS. We desire to bring under your notice a few lines we have that are specially suitable for this season of the year.

E.P. WARE, CARVERS, * CLOCKS, etc., * GLASSWARE & CROCKERY, BRUSHWARE (LADIES' & GENTS'), TOBACCO POUCHES, LETTER WALLETS, SCENTS & SOAPS, WATCHES ENAMEL BROOCHES, and PHOTO. FRAMES.

Orders taken for Gold or Silver Watches and all classes of Jewellery.

AGENTS FOR COOPER'S SHEEP DIPS, "JONES" SEWING MACHINE, ROYAL INSURANCE CO., HUPMOBILE CARS, BARNET GLASS TYRES.

BY WHOSE HAND? A Story of Love, Plotting, and Mystery.

By DERWENT MIALI, Author of "The Missing Diamond," "The Pride of the Tropics," Etc., Etc.

PAINT 10.

Lorimer looked nervously at Tom's faint face: it was pitiful to see how he had changed from the hearty, self-possessed Tom of the party...

"It admits it is possible," said Lorimer. Then, after another pause, he added, "Tom, did you sleep last night?"

"No."

"Did you go to bed?"

"No," said Tom, with an impatient gesture.

"What did you do?"

"I 'd' walked about. What does it matter what happens to me?"

"You must hear up, old man. You had better stay here to-night."

Tom made no reply, but gazed into the fire.

"Do you think that you really picked up her handkerchief?" he said, at last.

"Yes," groaned Lorimer; "the little beast told me all about it, and I put lighted on his track."

"You did?" shouted Tom, savagely. "You—forgive me, Lorimer, he broke off. 'Of course, you did not think they would charge her.'"

"Of course I didn't. Tom. I would sooner have cut my tongue out clean."

"There was another long silence, and the fire burned low."

"So it's the day after tomorrow," said Lorimer at last.

"Yes; God help us all," said Tom; and laying his face on his arms, he sobbed like a child.

Lorimer led him to a chair and let him have his cry out. "Poor chap, his nerves are all unstrung," he thought.

Presently he lit the lamp and raked the fire together. Then he made Tom eat and drink, and was pleased to note that before long he fell fast asleep.

"I hope it will turn out that we are worrying ourselves about nothing," he thought. "I don't think, no, I don't think the jury can convict, unless they have strengthened the evidence for the Crown. It must have been a case of suicide, for we know that March had started the man who forced that cheque. I cannot think with Tom that the forgerly business had anything to do with it."

Tom slept on deeply while Lorimer was brooding over the matter. Another rap at the door startled Lorimer out of his reverie.

"What a confounded nuisance!" he thought. "I shall say I'm busy, never it is."

"He entered the door a few inches and saw a fashionably-dressed, well-groomed young man on the threshold."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm particularly busy to-night," said Lorimer. "Can't you—?" And then he stepped back a pace and stared in silent bewilderment.

"Awfully busy, Reggie, are you? Well, I'll call again," said the young man, with smiling nonchalance.

"Lindsay," gasped Lorimer; and no array of explanation marks could express the amount of astonishment that he contrived to put into the pronunciation of that name.

"Yes; I'm not a ghost. You needn't look scared. Here's my hand. You can shake it if you like; it's quite real."

Lorimer took the outstretched hand and led the young man into the room, speechless with amazement. It took some moments to adjust his ideas to this resuscitation.

"It's really you!" he gasped, almost awestruck.

"Positively me," said Lindsay. "I am glad."

"That's decent of you, old chap. Can you give me a cigarette?" asked the young man, as though he had only parted from his friend a few hours previously.

"But, Lindsay, this is wonderful. Have you been home?"

"Oh, yes, and aunt had hysterics. You are not going off in the same way?" said Lindsay, with mock anxiety.

"Well, it's marvellous."

"Not when you know the circumstances. Hallo! you're not alone."

Lorimer walked over to Tom, and shook him by the shoulder.

"Tom," he cried, "wake up; here's Lindsay, here, alive and well."

Tom sprang to his feet and gazed in a bewildered fashion at the sun-browned youth.

Then he shouted, "Lindsay, you can save her; you can tell us who forged the cheque! Save her, Lindsay, save her! You will, won't you?" He clutched the startled youth by the arms. "For the love of God, Lindsay, tell us who did it—tell us!" Then his hands fell, and he stepped back, while Lindsay gazed from one to the other with cool surprise.

"Forgive me," said Tom. "You must think me mad; but I am in great trouble. I am glad to see you; I am more glad than I can say. I did my best to save you, Lindsay, but you went out without telling me you may remember; and it was nobly done."

The returned traveller was more amazed than ever. "Er—yes," he said, and he wondered vaguely why Lorimer was cloyed with a lunatic; for he did not recognize in the haggard man before him the stalwart British Commissioner whose wrath he had aroused a few months ago.

"again," he said. "My aunt! that was a shindy, wasn't it? I'm glad to have a chance of apologizing to you once more. You wouldn't listen to me before, you know. I was a precious fool; but I didn't know the negroes would cut up so rough about their idol."

"And it's really you! But how did you escape?" asked Tom.

"One of your darkies smuggled me into a canoe. I don't know how he did it, as my thinking apparatus was not in good order just then, for some one had given me a nasty crack on the head. When I came round I was alone with a darky on the deep blue sea. We had a few days' boating, but it wasn't much fun—not a bit like Henley. There was a ball of fire overhead, and that worried us a good deal. I have thought since that perhaps it was the sun; but it seemed like something that was alive and had a special grudge against me. So I lay still, and the darky lay still; and we had forgotten to bring a lunch basket with us. Then I wondered when we were coming to a lock, and thought it would be all right when we reached Skindells. But the water never got there, and the black things splashed about in the water beside us, and the fiery furnace overhead blazed at intervals. Then I heard music, and it wasn't a bad entertainment at first; but afterwards it made my head ache, so I went to sleep. When I woke I was in a berth on board ship, and I asked the man who told me he was dead. So I cried myself asleep again, and then woke and had some breakfast. After that I pulled round, and found that I was on a liner bound for San Francisco, and there was a lot of pretty girls on board."

"But why didn't you come home when you got to America?" asked Lorimer.

"Blessed if I could remember who I was! I remembered other things, but I couldn't recall my name, and the doctor said I was an interesting case. I stayed with some people in California for a few weeks, and had a ripping time. Then I went to sea again, and one day it all came back to me, and I knew that I was none other than the illustrious Sholto."

Lindsay, Esquire, who had played the part of the hemispheres, and had been deservedly knocked on the head for it at last. May I have a whisky-and-soda, Reggie? You look ill, old man," he said to Tom.

And then Tom's troubles were narrated, the impending trial, and the baffling mystery of March's death.

Lindsay sat and sipped his drink and listened attentively. He was dead sorry to hear that March was dead, and Tom explained yet once again his reason for wishing above all things to discover the name of the man who tampered with that cheque.

"And you knew who it was," cried Tom. "A letter found in March's pocketbook, in your handwriting, told us that. Here"—and Tom fumbled eagerly, almost tremulously, with some papers and produced a copy of Lindsay's letter to March—"that is a copy of what you wrote. You were pledged to secrecy, but circumstances absolve you from your promise. Who was the forger? Don't tell me that March suspected me."

Lindsay read the copy of his brief note, and thought silently for a minute. "I remember March telling me something, but I can't recall the name of the forger."

"For Heaven's sake try," said Tom.

Lindsay shook his head. "I don't remember."

"But you said you had recovered your memory."

"So I have, but this is a matter that didn't concern me much, so it has slipped my memory."

Tom's distress was painful to witness. Lindsay smoked on in silence. At last he said:

"I don't want to awaken false hopes, but it is just possible—just possible—that I may have March's letter among my papers at home."

Tom got up.

"Let us go to your house at once," he said.

CHAPTER XXVII.—AN UNCALLED WITNESS.

Augustus Lindsay leaned back in a jingling handcart that he and Tom hailed at the Temple gate, and gazed beatifically at the gas-lit streets. The glare of the busy Strand, the ceaseless roar of the traffic, the very smell of the fog—all these things were dear to the returned wanderer. He was in high spirits, and but for the distress of his companion his cup of pleasure would have been full.

"Isn't this good?" he said, sniffing at the thick November fog.

Then, remembering that Tom sat the world through anything but rose-coloured spectacles at present, he remained silent, greedily drinking in the sights and sounds of the bustling streets.

The cab drove up at last to a tall mansion in a western square. The two young men entered the house, and Lindsay at once led Tom to a room in an upper story.

"This was my den when I was in town," he explained, "and my papers are all stored away here."

Tom watched him with nervous eagerness as he unlocked a desk and turned out its contents on the table.

"Come on, Minto, fall to," he said, "and look out for March's crest on the letter paper—an eagle's head erased, or some such nonsense."

He littered the table with letters, and they both looked them over eagerly. "Bill—bills," said Lindsay, "and bills again—none unpaid. Hallo! here's a pink little note. I was spoony on that girl, and no mistake. Wonder what's become of her. Here's Lorimer's first—more pink little notes. I say, old man, I'm giving myself away; but never mind, we're going to be a good boy now. Never mind that photograph, nor that sprig of heather," he rattled on. "Et ego in Acadia—you know what it goes on. What's this? 'My own darling Gus. Oh, dear, the skeleton are popping out of my cupboard. More billets—more bills, an I.O.U.—that was drawn the night

that March lost a couple of thousand at baccarat. Ah! we've heard the chimes at midnight, and will again, thank heaven, though poor old Franky won't be there to hear them. Ah!"

He took up a letter and read it through while Tom watched him breathlessly.

"No, that's not it," Tom's face fell. "It's from March, but it's not the one we want. Cheer up, Minto; we're getting warm. Not in that desk? Never mind I have other coffers to empty."

He unlocked boxes and drawers, and ransacked them until the room was littered with paper. Ankle-deep in bills and old love-letters, he went on chatting cheerily, with intent to keep Tom's spirits up, as he tore letter after letter from their envelopes, while poor Tom's hopes of a successful termination to their search grew fainter and fainter. Midnight chimed, and they went on busily.

"The trial is to-morrow—no further off that to-morrow," thought Tom, with a sudden thrill of terror; and his face was pale as he looked at Lindsay emptied out the contents of the last drawer on the table.

They sat down, one on each side of the table, and examined each document carefully and in silence, for Lindsay felt the gravity of the situation, and the excitement of the chase possessed him. The letter, when found, might prove absolutely useless from Tom's point of view, but there was just a chance that it might cast some light upon a mystery.

The pile on the table dwindled and dwindled, as Lindsay threw letter after letter impatiently on the floor. He took up the last sheet of paper eventually, flung it down with a sigh and looked across the table at Tom, who was sitting with his head sunk on his chest.

"That's the lot," said Lindsay.

"Yes," said Tom, in a despondent tone.

"After all, it might have been no use," said Lindsay.

"No; it might have been no use," repeated Tom, dully. Then he looked round the room. "Let me go through the papers again," he said. "We may have overlooked it; but never mind, you stop up. It's past two."

"No, no, you go to bed," said Lindsay. "I'll go through everything again in the morning. Shall you come round in the morning?"

"Yes, before I go back to Devonshire," replied Tom. "You've been very kind. Good night."

The following forenoon he found Lindsay had just completed the task of searching through the papers and without result. It had been a forlorn hope from the first, and it had failed.

Tom bade him good-bye sadly, and started on his melancholy journey.

He found the old assize town unusually wide-awake when he arrived there. The judge had been received with the usual formalities, and the inns were full of lawyers and witnesses who were to appear in forthcoming trials. The great murder case was discussed everywhere.

Tom drove to a quiet back street where Lady Childeroo had installed herself in apartments with her grandson. In spite of her advanced age the old lady had insisted upon leaving home in order to be near Nancy during her captivity; and she went about the town with her head proudly erect, so that all might know how she felt. The great murder case was discussed everywhere.

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whether the guilty ones who dwell there were always as guilty, could their inmost hearts be known, as the world believed them to be, and whether the punishment meted out by man is always commensurate with the offence? Is the man who strikes down the villain who has wronged his domestic peace as guilty as the so-called murderer who stabs in the dark for the sake of gain? One can injure a man in worse ways than by relieving him of his watch, and yet go scot free; while the wretched purloiner of a twopenny loaf gets no mercy.

Brooding thus upon the apparent differences between law and justice, Tom passed an hour of doubt and agony of mind, as he stood in view of the massive goal in which Nancy lay awaiting her trial. Then he walked back to the inn where he had taken a bed-room, but sleep scarcely visited his eyes during that night of misery.

Stratford Warboys had professed himself to be very confident that Sir Charles Ayling, to whom he was acting as junior, would be able to rout the Crown witnesses in cross-examination, but the young barrister's face and manner had belied his words; there was no question but that he was terribly anxious about his cousin's position, and his anxiety redoubled Tom's.

While Tom sat sleepless at his window, watching the clouds scudding across the moon, and listening to the chimes of clocks at every quarter hour, the prisoner whose hapless fate he was wakenfully lamenting slept on her hard pallet as sleep as untroubled and restful as that of a little child. Hard by, separated from her by walls of stone and locks of iron, the haggard-eyed girl watched for the dawn with terror and despair. In some cases the demon of remorse kept the tenant company; in others reckless infancy cursed aloud, or folly bewailed lost opportunities and weaknesses that had led their victims slowly but surely to the felon's dock.

But the gently-nurtured girl lay on her hard bed with her lips parted in a smile, for innocence kept her company, and her heart, without guile, beat evenly and quietly, as though the morrow had no terrors for her.

The grand jury had returned a true bill, and she stood in the dock and faced judge and jury, counsel and witnesses, with quiet dignity.

A lawyer whose name was renowned throughout the civilized world, appeared against her, and all the morning he went on slowly, quietly, and deliberately questioning his witnesses, bringing out a fact here and there, till all telling against Nancy. Much of the evidence was naturally a recapitulation of that which had been given before the magistrates. The solemn court was hushed and awestruck, and the jury vigilant and attentive. More than one jurymen had resolved that, if needs be, he would straddle his fellows in bringing in a verdict of "Not guilty."

But the appearance and demeanour of the prisoner combatted the idea of guilt. But as fact after fact was elicited, telling against her, these soft-hearted jurymen, who had sworn to do justice, began to feel their resolution wavering. The court adjourned for lunch, and Tom sought Warboys.

"Wait till Ayling begins," said Tom. "Ayling is holding back at present, but he will twist their witness round his little finger, and shiver the case to atoms."

The young man's face was white, and glistening with moisture. Tom had never seen him so shaken before and began to feel that it was a pity he had appeared in the case, cool and shrewd though he was ordinarily.

But he was so worried by questions until the morning, that he was unable to deal with it as he was wont to deal with criminal charges in general.

The court reassembled, and Tom sat with clenched hands listening to the ceaseless alternation of question and answer. Once a woman among the many spectators in court fainted, and had to be carried out; and there was a pause until the disturbance subsided.

A sudden November darkness enveloped the place, and the lights were lit. Tom sat blinking at a glaring gas-jet until a sudden faintness overcame him, and he stumbled out of the hot court to recover himself by taking a turn outside.

The afternoon editions of the papers were out, and boys were calling, "Full report of the trial—appealing!" It seemed like a nightmare to Tom. He had often heard that cry before, without any emotion, but now it seemed like the raucous cry of ghouls.

"Full account of the murder trial, sir," said one boy, holding a paper up to him.

Tom turned away with savage indignation.

But now there was a sound of galloping hoofs, very noticeable amid the sound of the leisurely traffic that filled the street of the quiet old town, and a cab pulled up outside the court. A slim young man, with a bronzed face, jumped out, paid the cabman, and dashed up the steps towards Tom.

He poured out his words breathlessly and earnestly into Tom's ear, and catching him by the arm, led him into the court again. Tom heard him as though in a dream, and made no comment on what Lindsay—for it was he—had told him. The letter had been found in the pocket of an old dress-coat, and the information it conveyed was startling in the extreme.

Sir Charles Ayling had just risen when the two young men entered the solemn, gas-lit court. And then a strange thing happened. Two bewigged barristers were seen to be standing up at the same time. Sir Charles looked angrily at the man who had risen after him. But the latter remained standing, though some one plucked at his gown. Then, while "And can it be that he caused the death of Sir Francis?" he continued at last. "Surely he would not sit and see his cousin condemned for a crime of his own doing!"

"He may have thought her acquit-

"Sit down—sit down," said one and another; but the white-faced barrister persisted: "I know who committed this crime—I know who did it, and he tottered and fell forward senseless on the barristers' table."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—LIGHT AT LAST.

There was something resembling a panic in the crowded court while the fainting man was being borne off to the robing-room. The usher called angrily for silence until the hubbub of talk died out. Counsel were seen whispering with their heads close together, while the jurymen looked from them to the judge in expectation of some comment upon what had happened.

Tom saw the whole scene like a person in a dream. It was not until Lindsay pulled at his arm that he realized that the judge had adjourned the trial for inquiries.

Then he heaved a sigh of intense relief. New light was to be shed upon the gloomy mystery, and Nancy would shortly be free. He looked across at her, and she smiled and nodded cheerfully, although her face was wan and wonder-stricken; for the man whose sudden outcry had set all hearts beating faster was none other than her cousin, Stratford Warboys.

The pavement outside the court-house buzzed with talk, and excited people pushed towards the doors to learn what had occurred.

"Trial stopped; she'll get off," Tom heard voices exclaim, as he shouldered his way through the crowd. At present his feelings were all dull and numb, and he could not quite realize that a heavy burden had fallen from him, and that a nameless terror that had rendered life a hideous nightmare was passing like a ghost from his mind.

For one who heard it could doubt the sincerity of Stratford's outcry.

Through the cheerful streets, past glowing shop windows and the faring lamps of taverns, Lindsay led his friend, until they reached a quiet place by the river. Tom bared his head to the cool night wind that came up from the estuary salt with the sea, and began to recover his ordinary calmness of demeanour.

"I think the worst is over," he said. "I think I begin to see light at last. I felt as though something would snap inside my head if it had gone on much longer."

Then he pondered upon the startling intelligence that Lindsay had found brought him. For Lindsay had found the letter he had sought so perseveringly in the pocket of an old dress-coat; and the name of the man whom Sir Francis March had accused of forgery was Stratford Warboys.

"Was he guilty?" thought Tom. Yes; or the sudden reappearance of Lindsay, who alone of living men knew the forger's name, would not have caused him to lose his head. Was he guilty of murder also? Perhaps; at all events, there was some connection between one crime and the other.

The two young men turned at last towards the house where Lady Childeroo lodged, and were shown into the drawing-room. The old lady, agitated and mystified, had retired to her room.

Which Tom and Lindsay were standing in a bow-window overlooking the street, a cab drove up at the door below, and Stratford Warboys was helped from it by two men, one of them being Mr. Wimperis. The young barrister was still faint and dazed, and had to be almost carried up stairs. He was taken to his room, and a doctor was summoned, who gave orders that he was to be kept until the morning.

After he had seen that Stratford was properly tended, Mr. Wimperis entered the room where Tom and Lindsay were talking together.

Tom presented Lindsay to him. The solicitor bowed and began pacing the room.

"What can have occasioned this remarkable outbreak of Stratford's?" he asked. "I have never been so startled and puzzled in my life. Can his mind have broken down under the strain of this wretched trial?"

"I cannot account for it yet," said Tom; "but I can tell you something that will astonish you very much. My friend Lindsay is the same Lindsay whose letter was found in March's pocket-book."

"But," interrupted Mr. Wimperis, looking at Lindsay with some interest, "I understood that that young man lost his life on Cumberland Island."

"I am glad to say that he escaped with his life, and here he is. When he entered the court, Stratford at once saw him, and made that startling statement immediately afterwards," said Tom.

"By what?"

"I cannot see to the bottom of it yet, but I can tell you this. Lindsay was supposed to know the name of the man who forged that cheque, which is at the bottom of this case against Miss Adair; and Lindsay was thought to be dead. The name of the forger is Stratford Warboys."

Mr. Wimperis pulled up in his perturbation of the room, and looked at Tom in blank astonishment.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Stratford a forger!"

Lindsay unfolded the letter in which Sir Francis March had revealed Stratford's guilt, and handed it to Mr. Wimperis. It showed plainly that the young barrister—the hope and prop of Lady Childeroo's old age—had indeed committed the grave offence of which Tom had been suspected.

"How terrible for poor Lady Childeroo!" said the solicitor. "This will quite break her up."

It was some time before he gained his composure. He had known Stratford since the latter's boyhood, and the knowledge of his guilt was painful.

"And can it be that he caused the death of Sir Francis?" he continued at last. "Surely he would not sit and see his cousin condemned for a crime of his own doing!"

"He may have thought her acquit-

EXPERIENCE IN WHEAT GROWING.

WHAT FARMERS SAY.

...the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been... the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been...

ANZAC DAY has been gazetted as a Commonwealth public service holiday.

For the first six months of 1919-1920 Federal revenue and expenditure both showed increases. Mr Ernest W. Greenhalgh, who has been on the staff of the Snake Valley State school for the past two years, has received notice of his promotion to the position of head teacher in the Stradbroke school, near Sale.

THEO. W. SCHLICHT, AUCTIONEER, STOCK AND STATION AGENT, BEAUFORT.

UNRESERVED SALE BY AUCTION. WEDNESDAY, 3RD MARCH, 1920. At 12 Noon sharp. EURAMBEN, 4 miles from Middle Creek and Beaufort railway stations. LAND, BUILDINGS (for removal), CATTLE, HORSES, PIGS, FOLIAGE, FARMING IMPLEMENTS, BUTCHER'S CARTS, FURNITURE, HARNESS, HAY, GALVANISED IRON TANKS, SUNDRIES, ETC.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE STALE GROCERIES,

Deal where the trade is so brisk that Fresh Supplies are constantly being received. If there is one business where quick selling methods and a constantly replenished stock are necessary, it is the Grocery business. People who relish good things are awake to the opportunities we offer to secure the best of everything, at the most reasonable prices. Clean Fresh Goods. * No Other in Stock.



During these strenuous times you cannot allow DRAPERY wants to go unsupplied whilst we are offering really GREAT OPPORTUNITIES In our DRAPERY DEPARTMENT. All the many wants necessary to personal appearance and home requirements are here in endless profusion. Prices are lower than those ruling in the large Cities. Our compelling values speak for themselves.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, BEAUFORT AND BUANGOR. All Correspondence promptly attended to. Enquiries solicited.

...the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been... the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been...

FOR SALE, Horse, Harness (new rubber and gold set), and Gig (new rubber-tired, brass mounted). Apply H. F. SMITH, Chute. I WISH to gratefully acknowledge the valuable and courteous manner in which the Head Teacher of Waterloo State school (Mr. Williams) assisted me in all matters which led to success in my recent examinations. NUPE A. B. CRICK, Thistle Street, Suva, Fiji.

BEAUFORT JUBILEE SHOW. WEDNESDAY, 10TH MARCH, 1920. ENTRIES CLOSE SATURDAY next, 6th March. Schedules on Application. W. H. HALPIN, Secretary. SHIRE OF RIPON. POSTPONEMENT OF MEETING. THE Ordinary Meeting of the Council, to have been held on Monday, 1st March, has been POSTPONED to MONDAY, 8TH MARCH.

...the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been... the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been...

SHIRE OF RIPON. TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing 5 per cent. each deposit (minimum deposit £1) will be received up to 11 a.m. on Monday, 8th March, 1920, for the following works: Contract 1020. Clearing out the Beaufort water supply race, 3 miles, extending from Jackson's reservoir. Contract 1120. Clearing out the Beaufort water supply race from Jonathan's reservoir, 3 miles, towards Raglan. Contract 1220. Supplying 800 c. yds. quartz in the Ballarat-Carghan road. Excavating dam in Beaufort Common paddock, Main Road road.

...the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been... the wheat-growers... the most successful... the Department of Agriculture... the results have been...

AUSTRALIA'S WAR RECORD.

INTERESTING STATISTICS. The Defence authorities have issued a booklet containing the A.I.F. figures prepared by London Records Department. The figures are as follows: Officers, 2826; other ranks, 17,000; total, 19,826. Officers, 2826; other ranks, 17,000; total, 19,826. Officers, 2826; other ranks, 17,000; total, 19,826.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF LICENSE.

WE, RACHEL MURISON, of Beaufort, the holder of a Victualler's License for the house and premises known as the Golden Hotel, Beaufort, in the County of Ripon, in the Licensing District of Beaufort, transferor, and MARGARET TURNER, formerly of Perry Street, Alphonso (late of Mill), proposed transferee, do hereby give notice that it is our intention to apply to the Licensing Court sitting at Melbourne on the fifteenth day of March, 1920, for a transfer of the said License to the said MARGARET TURNER to the said MARGARET TURNER.

TRANSFER OF LAND ACT, 1915.

APPLICATION No. 43523. CATHERINE SMITH, of Beaufort, in the County of Ripon, Spinster, has applied to bring the land described at the foot hereof under the above Act, and the Commission of Titles has received notice of the application to be advertised in the "Riponshire Advocate" newspaper, and has appointed fourteen days from such advertisement after which time the land may be brought under the operation of the Act, unless a caveat shall be lodged forbidding the same. Dated 20th day of February, 1920. LAND REFERRED TO. Part of Crown Allotments 1 and 2, Section 3, Town and Parish of Beaufort, County of Ripon.

1000 CROSSED, COME-BACK & MERINO SHEEP, 10 HEAD MIXED CATTLE 10.

Full particulars, KELLY & McDONALD, Auctioneers, Beaufort. LAND SALE. THURSDAY, 11TH MARCH, 1920. At 3 p.m., at KELLY & McDONALD'S OFFICE, BEAUFORT. 98 ACRES OF FREEHOLD LAND. KELLY & McDONALD have been favored with instructions from Mr. J. A. FORBES to Sell by Auction as above: 98 acres 33 perches of freehold land, with all improvements thereon, situated 1 mile from Middle Creek Railway Station and 9 miles from Beaufort, subdivided into three paddocks, and watered by dams. Full particulars, KELLY & McDONALD, Auctioneers, Beaufort.

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

FURNITURE SALE, BEAUFORT. SATURDAY, 6TH MARCH, 1920. At 2 p.m., on the Premises known as Cuthbertson's Bakery. W. H. HALPIN & SON have been favored with instructions from Mr. J. G. CAMERON to Sell, on above date, as follows: Diningroom Suite, Bedroom Suite, Oak Bedstead, Dining Table, Linoleum, Oak Round Table, Writing Desk and Stool, Fender, Rug, Single Bed, Stretcher, Chairs, Washstand and Wardrobe, Dressing Table, Mirror, Dresser, Kitchen Table, 12 x 12 Matting, Tubs, Cooking Utensils, Glassware, Crockery, Boilers, Cooker, Cast-iron Frame and Copper, Child's Cot, Push Cart, Harness, etc. As Mr. Cameron has disposed of his business, everything is for positive sale. The Furniture is practically new, and affords a good opportunity for persons about to furnish. W. H. HALPIN, Auctioneer. RAGLAN METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL. ANNIVERSARY SERVICES on SUNDAY, MARCH 7TH, at PUBLIC HALL, RAGLAN. Afternoon at 8; Evening, 7.30.—Rev. E. H. Colman. A. PANTEER, Secy.

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

Orders taken for Gold or Silver Watches and all classes of Jewellery. AGENTS FOR COOPER'S SHEEP DIPS, "JONES" SEWING MACHINE, ROYAL INSURANCE CO., HUPMOBILE CARS, BARNET GLASS TYRES.

Hawkes Bros., BEAUFORT.

SEASONABLE GOODS. We desire to bring under your notice a few lines we have that are specially suitable for this season of the year. E.P. WARE, CARVERS, * CLOCKS, etc., * GLASSWARE & CROCKERY, BRUSHWARE (LADIES' & GENT'S), TOBACCO POUCHES, LETTER WALLETS, SCENTS & SOAPS, WATCHES, ENAMEL BROOCHES, and PHOTO. FRAMES.

SETTLEMENT OF SOLDIERS.

According to a paragraph published on Monday in the "Ballarat Star," it was stated that the purchase of Traralgon Estate, the property of the late Albinus Dodgins, has been effected at the price of £7 per acre, for the purchase of 1000 acres, particularly of 500 soldiers, particularly of 500 soldiers.

BEAUFORT BAKERY.

HAVING disposed of my Bakery business to Mr. WALLISH (late of the A.I.F.), I take this opportunity of thanking my customers for their past patronage, and trust they will continue to support my successor. JOHN G. CAMERON.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. E. WALLISH (late of the A.I.F., 1st M.G. Bn.), BAKER, PASTRYCOOK & CATERER. I BEG to notify the public of Beaufort and surrounding district that I have taken over the Business lately carried on by Mr. J. G. CAMERON in Wilby Street (next Golden Age Hotel). With this extensive and up-to-date plant and staff, we will produce an article of the public second to none. Support a Returned Digger. J. E. WALLISH (late of the A.I.F.). Try our Delicious Pastry and Cake. Fresh daily.

W. H. HALPIN, AUCTIONEER.

AGENTS FOR: DALGETY & CO. AUCTIONEERS, STOCK AND STATION AGENTS, BEAUFORT, LEXTON, CARRAN, BALLAC AND BUANGOR. AGENTS FOR: DALGETY & CO. AUCTIONEERS, STOCK AND STATION AGENTS, BEAUFORT, LEXTON, CARRAN, BALLAC AND BUANGOR.

IS VERY DISTRESSING.

While pain in the stomach is not dangerous, it is a distressing complaint, and anyone subject to attacks of it will be glad to know how quick relief may be had. A dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in a little water is all that is necessary. It is an ideal remedy for this ailment. It always affords prompt relief, and is pleasant to take. For sale at all chemists.

Mr. W. E. Thomas, dentist, visits Beaufort on Wednesday, 3rd March.

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BY WHOSE HAND? A Story of Love, Plotting, and Mystery.

By DERWENT MIALI, Author of "The Missing Diamonds," "The Pride of the Troop," Etc., Etc.

PART II. "The statement—read the statement!" So Tom took it up, and began at the beginning.

"In the event of Anne Adair being found guilty of the murder of the late Sir Francis March," it ran, "this statement is to be given to the solicitors for the defence, who will be able to take the necessary steps to procure a free pardon.

"Anne Adair is guiltless of the crime of poisoning the late Sir Francis March, and it is incomprehensible to me how the police can have thought it worth while to work up a case against her. I believe her acquittal to be certain, but lest there should be a miscarriage of justice I make this statement.

"About eighteen months ago, Mr. Thomas Minto, of the Upper Temple, barrister-at-law, handed me five pounds, in payment for some law books he purchased from me, preparatory to his departure for Cumberland Island. As he had not his cheque-book with him, he tendered me a cheque drawn in his favour for the amount—five pounds—by the late Sir Francis March, which he had, of course, endorsed in the usual way.

"Tom looked up in surprise. "That had troubled my memory entirely. But I know it, what a world of things might have been saved! I remember buying up a stock of books from Warboys."

"Mr. Wimperis nodded impatiently. "Well, well, what follows?" "I had this cheque in my possession for a week or two," read Tom, "before it occurred to me that the five could easily be altered to fifty.

"It will surprise my friends to learn that I was desperately pushed for money at that time; but this was the case. My position was terrible, and I could not approach my grandmother, Lady Childerooy, for reasons which will appear presently.

"In a moment of desperation I altered the cheque, which was unobserved, presented it, and received the money. A few days later a respectable-looking man stopped me at the Temple gate. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'but I had the pleasure of cashing a cheque for you a few days ago.' 'Well,' I said, 'what of it?'

"Then I saw it was the cashier who had paid me fifty pounds for that altered cheque, and I became alarmed. 'Only this,' he said, 'that the bank authorities say that it has the appearance of having been tampered with. If there is anything wrong about it I shall lose the money. They asked me if I remembered who presented it. I did not remember then, and my memory will continue to be bad if it is made worth my while.' 'You are an impertinent fellow,' I said, 'and I have half a mind to call a policeman.' 'Oh, no, you haven't,' he said, 'and you had better come to terms with me. Which is your name?'

"Which is your name?" "George Manning," he replied, evidently under the impression that I was reticent. "Well, George Manning," I said, "I shall report your conduct to your manager," and I turned and left him. But I was greatly alarmed for all that. If the man's tale were true, the cheque would be referred to the drawer, Sir Francis March, and he would at once declare it to be a forgery, although he could not suspect, unless George Manning told him that it was I who presented the cheque. I began to fear that I should yet have to buy Manning's silence. But this fear proved to be groundless for the present, at all events.

"I found Sir Francis March waiting for me in my chamber. He greeted me at once with a smile. 'They have referred the cheque to me,' he said, 'and, of course, the forgery is obvious. That cheque was in your possession after Minto had it. I saw you take it out of your pocket a few minutes ago in Fanton-Street. I believe you even tendered it to some one as payment for losses.' I was nonplussed, and had nothing to say. 'Beyond that,' he continued, 'the cashier who paid the money described you exactly as the person who received it. I have no doubt he would swear to you in court.'

"I was in despair, and could make no reply. Sir Francis continued: 'They referred the cheque to me, and I assured them that it was absolutely correct.' I was startled. Manning had evidently hoped to blackmail me before this knowledge reached me, and to frighten me into paying him money down on the spot. I had no more to fear from him, that was clear, but I could not account to myself for March's leniency. He soon told me the reason of it.

"'Now,' he said, 'I don't suppose the truth and lose forty-five pounds wholly out of regard for you, Warboys, although I am sorry to see you stooping to forgery. But I want to marry your cousin, and I don't want my wife's relations sent to gaol. Moreover, I want you to help me to win your cousin, and in this you must be my slave, or I shall be merciful to you.'

"Tom paused for breath. "Here is a pretty plot," he said. "I am beginning to understand matters at last."

"CHAPTER XXIV.—THE CLOUDS DISPERSE. Tom resumed reading the statement presently, after Mr. Wimperis had expressed his astonishment again at this revelation of Stafford's duplicity of character.

"March thus obtained a hold over me which he used in furtherance of his own ends," continued the document, "and I dared not disobey him. I knew that he admired my cousin, Anne Adair, but he was seldom able to meet her, as Lady Childerooy had a special prejudice against a man so notorious as he. As my wife was never received at Field Court, Sir Francis knew also another secret of my history. Four years ago I was married to Clara Webster."

"Ah!" said Tom, "that explains much." Both he and Mr. Wimperis were profoundly amazed, and it was a few minutes before Tom continued reading.

"My dear wife is now dead, or this statement would not be made. I kept my marriage secret from Lady Childerooy, because she greatly disliked Clara, and had she known her to be my wife might even have disapproved me. At all events, there would have been a painful family difference. March's scheme was that Anne should visit my wife, who, as Mrs. Webster, was well known to her, and my wife was to give Sir Francis every opportunity of meeting her.

"As Anne would probably be unwilling to leave Lady Childerooy solely on Mrs. Webster's invitation—our grandmother being advanced in years and never very willing to part with her—Lettitia Harmer, Lady Childerooy's companion, into my service. I persuaded her to tell my cousin that it would be better for Lady Childerooy that she should leave Field Court for a time, as her engagement to Mr. Minto had occasioned annoyance. Lettitia Harmer consented to aid me. I did not tell her the real reason why I wished my cousin to visit Mrs. Webster, but pretended that I was jealous of her influence with my grandmother, and feared that she might inherit a larger share of the property than I cared to contemplate. Miss Harmer did her share of the work very willingly. It may be inferred from this and from what followed that I had promised to meet her, but this was not so. Whatever may have been my conscience with regard to my conduct towards her, I solemnly declare that I never gave her reason to suppose that I would marry her.

"My cousin was thus induced to stay with my wife, whom she knew only as Mrs. Webster. My wife was, of course, aware of all that had happened, and although she cordially disliked Sir Francis March, she had learned with annoyance that Anne was engaged to Mr. Thomas Minto, but did not inform Sir Francis of this, fearing it might cause trouble. When my cousin Anne expressed annoyance at meeting Sir Francis, and suggested returning home, my wife feigned illness in order to keep her with me. She soon divined that Sir Francis was not to be refused, and dreaded the consequences. He was a passionate man, and might expose me, although it was not my wish that Anne should marry Minto. At last she overheard Sir Francis angrily threaten to prosecute the forger of the altered cheque. She had no idea that the cheque was drawn in favour of Minto, or that Sir Francis pretended, for his own ends, that March had forged the cheque; but she supposed that he was threatening to prosecute me, and thus strike at Lady Childerooy. His threats failed to move my cousin, and my wife was in terror. Owing to her feigned illness, she could not write to me, and she could not leave the house. She passed a night of great anxiety, and was almost distracted with fear that March had carried out his threat. The next day, by pure chance my cousin brought home a bottle of poison, which my wife directed her to throw away. She did so, but afterwards recovered the bottle, and my wife took possession of it. It was not until then that any thought of crime entered my wife's head.

"After fear that I might be disgraced and my prospects ruined was at last strong enough to make her resolve to compass March's death. The risks she ran were great, but her anxiety on my account was greater, and she accomplished her task by poisoning the contents of his flask. She narrowly escaped being seen by Sir Francis, in the grove where he was walking, and she found her way to the house, where she passed close to where my cousin Anne was sheltering from the rain; but, apparently, no one noticed her, and she got back to the house without any one knowing where she had been; hence suspicion never fell upon her at any time.

"My wife regarded it as a fortunate accident that suspicion should fall upon Lettitia Harmer. The latter consented to travel to Devonshire for the purpose of questioning Sir Francis about me; for she had begun to suspect that I was married, and her suspicions were based upon something that March had once said in her presence, which, presumably, she asked him to explain at her last interview. Her suicide followed; she was guiltless of the crime of which she was suspected. It was my wife, Clara Warboys, known as Clara Webster, who poisoned Sir Francis March. This is the whole truth about the murder."

"Tom delivered this astonishing document to Mr. Wimperis, who departed with it at once. There was a second letter, unattested, which ran as follows:

"My dear Minto, I have done you as much harm, perhaps, as one man can do another; but it has been absolutely in self-defence, and not owing to any personal animus against you. When that matter of the cheque was made public, shortly after your home-coming, I certainly tried to make the guilt seem yours. Detection meant not only ruin to me, but might imperil my wife, as a knowledge of my guilt might give the police a clue to the murder mystery. I thought myself secure, as only Lindsay had been told about the forgery, and Lindsay was supposed to be dead. But when you began to take steps to clear yourself I grew alarmed, fearing that you might chance upon the rascal Manning, who knew quite enough to damage me, although his evidence, perhaps, would not legally have proved my guilt. I tried to put a stop to your efforts to clear yourself by apologizing, and by persuading your grandmother to recognize your engagement to Anne once again. But you persisted in looking for Manning, and, in defence of my own liberty, and, perhaps, of my wife's life, I shot at you in the dark. It was I who fired at you between Field Court and the railway station.

"Shortly afterwards my dear wife died. She was always of a highly nervous temperament, and lived in a state of terror after having killed March. This resulted in insomnia, and she had recourse to sleeping draughts, much against my will. It was an overdose that eventually killed her.

"I came very near confessing to the forgery then, and going abroad for good. I had nothing much to live for, since Clara was dead, and it was only fair to you to admit the truth. I considered the matter for a time, and then the habit of worldly ambition reasserted itself, and I could not bring myself to confess to my disgrace. Then you found Manning, and the rascal wrote to me at once. He said that his memory was still bad with regard to that cheque, and it would remain bad if I paid him well. I like a fool, but I submitted to being blackmailed, until his demands became to extortionate. Then he saw a chance of making money out of you, by selling the secret of my guilt. I visited him, disguising myself before I entered the low quarters where he lived, as I did not wish to be known that I was an associate of thieves and blackmailers. He was the real reason why I wish my cousin to visit Mrs. Webster, but I see you. That sealed his fate. Next day I followed him down to Hampshire. You had told me when and where he was to meet you, and I took steps to ensure that the meeting should never take place. I was the black-bearded man who shot him.

"I felt badly when I fired at you, and was not sorry when I knew I had failed to hurt you. I killed Manning with as little compunction as I should feel in killing a rat. He was a low wretch, and I did the world a service by ridding it of him.

"Then I thought my troubles were over; but Nancy's arrest followed. I did not confess my knowledge of the crime, partly because I did not want the world to know of my dead wife's guilt, and partly because the revelation of her guilt would probably have led to my being detected also. So I like a fool, but I killed her, and I am glad to have done it. I know; and yet I did not intend that any harm should come to her. I never thought she would be found guilty until just before the trial had actually opened; and then I wrote out the statement which I have left with you. Had she been found not guilty, of course my troubles would have been over; but she was found guilty, and I am glad to have done it. I had done murder and committed crimes and mean actions to no purpose. Lindsay knew me to be a forger, and could ruin me with a word. There was no use in keeping Nancy in the dock a moment longer. Whether they found her guilty or not guilty, the truth would be out. I had fought hard in self-defence; but I surrendered then at once, as you know.

"And now you know all—the full measure of my guilt. You are aware for we have often talked upon the subject, that I believe that all which happens in the world is inevitable and preordained, and part of it I cannot, therefore, feel any remorse for what I have done, as I suppose for what you put into the world precisely in order to do it. Moreover, self-preservation has been my sole motive all through, and I had no more animus against you than I have against the world I kill for food. You stood in my way, that was all; so I tried to kill you. Manning stood in my way, and I killed him, and all my misdeeds arose from the fact that in a moment of folly I altered five to fifty on a cheque.

"I shall not kill myself, as you may perhaps think probable, but shall go abroad instantly under a new name and in disguise, and shall never return to England. If the law may permit me, I will keep a phial in my pocket always, that will put me beyond its reach, and I am glad to have a nervous system, this scheming and struggling, and I am glad it is over, although it means the wreck of all my ambitions.

"I hope you will be happy with Anne, and will both do your best to console my grandmother, to whom I have written a long letter."

"It was the conclusion of the confession, and that was the last ever heard of Stafford Warboys. He succeeded, it was supposed, in escaping from the country before the warrant was out for his arrest.

"Twelve British jurymen listened with amazement to the new evidence that had been imported into the case. They were trying, and having heard the evidence, they found Anne Adair guilty. Whereupon Anne Adair was warmly congratulated by counsel and solicitors, and the spectators cheered loudly, until the usher cleared them out of the court. The cheers spread outside, and a large crowd that was awaiting the verdict roared itself hoarse in the street, and waited to see the vindictive lady leave. But the crowd waited in vain, for the lady had already left by a side door, and was with Lady Childerooy, trying to console the old lady in her grief at having lost her grandson. Perhaps his flight was not so bitter a blow as was the knowledge that he had deceived her through many years. But Nancy's release was a matter of rejoicing, and Lady Childerooy held up her head again, and took her granddaughter back to Field Court, where half the country called to congratulate Miss Adair upon her happy deliverance.

Lorimer and Lindsay overwhelmed Tom with congratulations when he reappeared in London.

"I never thought," said Lindsay, "when I slipped out of your house on Cumberland Island, and left you cursing me for a fool, that I should live to don the top-hat of civilization as best man at your wedding."

"A duty that would have fallen to me," said Lorimer, "had Tom's cannibals eaten you. But 'tis the position 'tis nasty yours, as you came back and said 'so situated.'"

"Trouble and perplexity and pain enter into the lives of all; but there come also, to those who have the wit to love wisely, moments of happiness that pay for much tribulation. Such came to Tom when he stood, watching a wistful spring twilight, and watched the dusk gather over the sea.

"Little person, are you happy?" he said to his companion, after a long, long silence.

"Oh, Tom!" was all she could say, as she rubbed her cheek against his arm—a childish act, which, however, he did not resent.

"For it does not do to begin fault-finding on one's wedding-day." (THE END.)

BEHIND THE WINDFALL.

East of Mount Katahdin, in the heart of the Maine wilderness, lies a small and lonely lake. Miles of very rough country separate it from the nearest railway, and not even the lumbermen has disturbed its solitude or marred its natural beauty. On every side but one the great woods are thick, and the water's edge, and trees which have been felled in the trimmings for a hundred years, stand at length by their old bones in the familiar depths.

But on the western side of the lake is a swamp, with clumps of elders and maples; and the shore itself is a sandy beach, on which, early in the morning, there will be great ox-like tracks so fresh that the water has not yet filled them; and smaller hoof-prints, like those of sheep, and other tracks that make one think a man has walked there barefoot; and still others again—great round ones—which suggest that the man had a dog with him.

To the shore of this lake, one day in midsummer, came Enoch Mitchell, a "rough" of the area, and it was these signs of moose and deer and bear and lynx which convinced him that he could find no better place for his winter trapping.

By the middle of October he and his son Joe were comfortably settled in a tight log cabin, the winter's stock of provisions laid in, and the traps out—a line towards the mountain for sable and fisher, a line for weasel and mink, and a few smaller traps near the cabin, and a few isolated traps at isolated places along the lake shore.

For two or three weeks nothing interrupted the routine of making stretchers, "running the line," skinning the catch, and curing the pelts. Joe did the cooking, washed the dishes, cut wood, and built and tended the fire.

But one day towards the end of November Mitchell started to visit some traps at the base of the mountain, six miles away. The trail was harder than he had expected to find it, and the necessity of repairing a log-bridge delayed him considerably, so that the end of the short day found him still a good way from camp. In the log which spanned the footing on the log which spanned the Five Mile Brook, and was plunged into the icy waters, to his arm pits. He pushed on as fast as possible after his ducking, but before he got home he was chilled to the marrow, and shaking like a man with the ague. The next morning he was too stiff and sore to leave the cabin.

"You'll have to look after my traps for a day or two," he said to Joe. "You'd better go down along the outlet this morning, to the bear traps I set Tuesday. The first one is right behind a big spruce windfall. I cut out some branches and left the log across the trail. The other one is half a mile or so further down the trail, and set the same way, behind a windfall."

"There's big holes in both of my mocassins," said Joe, dubiously. "Take my larrigans, then. You can put on some extra stockings if they're too big."

Joe started about nine o'clock. The larrigans—heavy mocassins with legs reaching nearly to the knee—were large enough to take four pairs of stockings easily, but the temperature was such that comfort would hardly have been had with less. Some matches, a bit of bread and cheese, a skinning knife, and his rifle, were Joe's equipment.

It was a clear, still morning. Not a sound broke the silence except the crunching of the snow underfoot, and now and then the rapping of a woodpecker, but all around were signs of that abundant life of the wilderness which Nature shows freely enough to her intimates. The snow was crisscrossed with tracks. Here a rabbit had jumped, there a fox had nosed about under the young spruces. Mice and squirrels and partridges had worked their intricate and lacerated pattern on the snowy fabric and come up from the bog on one side and crossed the ridge to the larger bog on the other.

But these were everyday matters, and the boy noticed nothing which he considered worth much attention until he reached the spruce windfall behind which the first bear trap had been set. When he looked through the opening, the other had cut in the branches his pulse leaped. The earth and dead leaves on the other side were ploughed up and ground into the snow, branches were broken off, a stump had been thrashed to pieces and scattered about, and a broad trail led away down the old "tope road," which offered the path of least resistance.

The trap, according to the usual practice, had been chained to a clog seven or eight inches in diameter, and as many feet in length, cut from a green tree, with the branches lopped off a foot or so from the trunk;

and as Joe followed the trail almost on a run, he gathered a new sense of the strength of the game he was pursuing. When the bear had found he could not free himself, he had started on the jump, and in several places the clog had been lifted entirely free from the ground and jerked bodily through the air. In a little while, however, the pack's weight had begun to tell, and the bear had settled down to a walk. The clog had caught once or twice, but each time he had thrashed around till he had freed it.

With his eyes fixed on the trail, Joe pushed rapidly ahead till he found his pathway blocked by a fallen tree. A branch or two had been broken out in the centre, as if some one had forced a passage, and instead of stopping to go around, Joe threw his leg over the trunk, squeezed his body through the opening, and dropped on the other side.

The instant his foot touched the ground, there was a harsh rasping sound, a vicious snap, and something seized his leg with a crushing grip that he screamed with the pain of it. The shock was so sudden that he fell flat on his face, while his rifle went flying through the air and stuck, muzzle down, in a clump of bushes.

In his eagerness to come up with the bear, Joe had forgotten about the second trap, set behind the fallen hemlock, and had stepped squarely into it.

As he felt the quick rattle of a chain and an angry growl sounded in his ear, and the bear he had been pursuing rose, huge and hairy and black, from the tangled mass of the tree-top, hardly six feet away.

The trap which had caught the bear was fast to one of his hind legs. He succeeded in forcing his way under the fallen hemlock, but the clog had caught. The harder he had pulled, the tighter it had wedged itself, and the sharp teeth of the trap, working deeper into his flesh with every effort he made to extricate himself, had goaded him to fury.

The growl and the rattle of the chain so near at hand galvanized Joe into action. With a movement half voluntary in its suddenness, he threw himself backwards as far from the bear as possible. The bear leaped towards him, but the sharp teeth of the trap gave him such a twinge when he strained against them that he stopped to turn and bite savagely at the steel.

Joe stood up and tried to pull himself free. The way, but the clog to which he was chained would not move an inch, and he knew that the double springs of the trap were so strong that even a man who had the use of both hands and feet would need experience and a strong lever to free himself. The clog lay in a little hollow. The water had settled around it, had frozen, and now held it immovable.

Joe kicked it with his free foot, but without effect. Every time he made a motion the bear jumped towards him, but the trap on the brute's leg brought him up sharply each time, and there he stood, snarling like an angry dog, his wicked little eyes bloodshot and shining like beads.

When the boy recovered a little from his first fright he began to think. So long as the clog which held the bear remained wedged in the branches of the hemlock, the creature could not quite reach him. On the other hand, so long as the clog which held Joe remained bedded in the ice, he could not get away from the bear.

The pain from the trap was growing more severe, so that he could hardly keep from crying out. Nothing but the heavy larrigans and the providential four pairs of stockings had saved him from a broken leg. His rifle which would have settled the matter very quickly, lay hopelessly out of reach. There was, of course, the possibility of the clog which held the bear might be jerked loose at any moment.

Joe drew his knife from its sheath, and with his eye on the bear, began to hack at the ice round the clog. It was slow work. The sound, or the motion of Joe's arm, seemed to irritate the beast still further, and every few minutes would hurt himself forward; and of course Joe would stop hacking and spring up, half involuntarily, with his weapon raised to meet the rush. Then, when the danger seemed over for the moment, the steady "chuck, chuck," of the knife in the ice would begin once more.

At the end of an hour Joe had worked a notch in the bear as he dared to, and a third of the clog still remained fast. To cut out any more, he would have to work between the bear's paws.

The boy drew away as far as the chain would permit, and sat down on the clog to think. As he did so something fell out of his pocket and rattled down with a metallic ring on the ice. It was one of those little match-boxes which woodsmen make by stopping the end of an empty forty-five-calibre cartridge shell with one of forty-four calibre. Joe grabbed it. "Why didn't I think of that an hour ago!" he cried.

In a few minutes he had broken and cut a pile of branches from the hemlock windfall and gathered all the dry wood he could reach. At the touch of a match it leaped into flame, and he added larger and larger sticks until the fire burned with confidence and strength.

As soon as the blaze shot up the bear drew back. With a stick Joe pushed the burning brush nearer to him, forcing him to shrink back still further. The flames devour it, and watched the pile on more fuel, the certainty that the bear would not charge upon him while the wood burned between them, and the heat was slowly thawing out the clog. For half an hour he fed the flames with every combustible thing he could reach.

Then he crawled to the other end of the clog, and lifted with all his might. It came up with a sharp crack. Joe took hold of the chain with his hands to ease the pull of

the trap on his leg and slowly hitched himself along till he could reach his rifle.

He drew a long, deep breath and sat a moment with the rifle in his hands quietly watching the bear. Then he carefully wiped the snow from the muzzle, crawled out a little further, to one side, where the smoke of the fire could not interfere with his aim, and slowly drew a bead just under one of those little black eyes. The roar of the rifle echoed wide through the woods, and the hairy black mass tottered a moment and settled down in its tracks without a sound.

There was now nothing more to fear from the bear, but Joe had still to free himself from the trap, which by this time was causing him almost intolerable agony. He hitched himself along to a young birch tree and laboriously cut from it a section for a lever. He crawled to the butt of the fallen hemlock, and using it to force down the springs enough to open the jaws.

He next got more wood, replenished the fire, and held the end of the trap in the flames till the curve of the spring was red-hot. Then he hammered it nearly flat with the butt of his rifle. Turning the other end to the fire, he heated and hammered that in the same way, but even this did not release the jaws.

When both these plans had failed, Joe stopped and looked the trap over carefully. As he turned it hot to him, he noticed the nuts which held the springs to the jaws, and he remembered that his father always carried a small wrench for just such an emergency as he was now facing. Joe had no wrench, but he had something which might serve the purpose.

Turning his foot till the bottom of the trap was exposed, he held the muzzle of his rifle almost against the nut, and fired. He threw another cartridge into the chamber and fired a second shot, and then still another. This time the nut and the end of the bolt were cut cleanly off. The bed of the trap dropped from the jaws, and Joe stood again on his two legs, nervous and sore and tired, but free.

"I didn't stop to skin the bear," said Joe, when he told me the story. "It took me nearly two hours to hobble into camp, and it was only three miles. But dad went down after the pelt next day. It was an extra good one, and we got nine six pounds for it."

Then he added, with a grin, "Dad made me pay for the trap, though, and the larrigans. I burned a hole in them. Said it might teach me to be more careful next time."

"THE TIGER."

"Is France's boast that she begot a son who, when his country's faith had nearly gone and war's black thunderclouds concealed the sun, with grim determination carried on. And though the hours rang sad and the towers ruined lands, and swollen eyelids laboured with sad tears.

For desolated towns in German hands, His name brought comfort to the listening ears, Great Clemenceau I enrolled is thy name In golden letters on the roll of fame.

"RANDOM REMARKS."

"All that I know I learnt after I was thirty."—M. Clemenceau. One never realizes what an awful desert London is until one finds oneself a stranger within its walls.—General Feilding. A snail is an express train compared with the rate of progress towards Christian unity.—Rev. J. H. Shakespear. The average Englishman never properly opens his mouth and never properly shuts it, so that one never hears half of what he says.—Prebendary Gough. Children attending school should be fed properly. We cannot have a healthy nation when children have to study on empty stomachs.—Mrs. Lloyd George. It is high time we gave consideration to providing shorter hours for housewives—easily the most overworked class in the community.—Sir Robert Hadfield.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

A gentleman who had been away from home was met at the station by his groom, who greeted him very miserably. "Bad news, Joe?" inquired his master. "Yes, sir. The magpie's dead."

"What did he die of?" "I think too much horseflesh, sir."

"Where did you get the horseflesh, then?" "From the carriage-horses, sir."

"What are they dead, too?" "Yes, sir; died from over exertion carrying water the night of the fire."

"The fire? What fire?" "Your house, sir."

"My house? When was it burnt?" "The night of the funeral, sir."

"Whose funeral?" "Your mother's, sir. She died from the shock when your father died."

"My father dead, too?" "Yes, sir. The shock of losing his business killed him."

"Good heavens!" "Yes, sir. And the magpie's dead, too."

Wilson: "Why do you roll your cigarettes?" Melson: "Well, old chap, I must take some exercise, you know!"

Frank: "I see that a burglar was arrested last night and two clocks were found on his person." Jack: "Well, probably if he hadn't taken so much time the police would not have caught him."

NOTHING SERIOUS.

THE VERY THING. "This would be the very book to read to your wife," urged the book-agent. "I don't read, and I haven't a wife!" snapped Mr. Nobbs. "Dear me!" said the book-agent. "Well, but if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children read this book."

"There are no children!" interrupted Mr. Nobbs. "There's nobody but me and the cat!"

"Well," said the desperate book-agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy volume to throw at the cat, just to ease your feelings? Now, most books you would be sorry to spoil in this manner, but this one—"

FORGOT TO TELL HIM. "Drive like the dickens!" shouted Smith, springing into a taxi. With a flourish the car darted forward, and away they went like lightning through the gathering fog. Crash! They took off the wheel of a passing wagon. They missed, scattering out a small child by two-thirds of a hair. Clang! They upset a milk-cart.

People shouted and constables held up their hands as the taxi dashed up one street and down another, taking corners on two wheels, and then—Crash! They took off the wheel of a passing wagon. They missed, scattering out a small child by two-thirds of a hair. Clang! They upset a milk-cart.

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