Northcote Leader.

Ask for Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia

Largest Circulation and Best Advertising Medium in the Northern Districts,
Circulating throughout Northcote, Preston, Thomastown, Epping, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill.

{Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.} SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1908. Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WOOLLEY, at their office, 282 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria. Price 1d

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,

405 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,

WISHES to thank his patrons for their past favors, and also to inform them that he sells the best

BOX FIREWOOD,
NEWCASTLE COAL,
TASMANIAN COAL,

at Melbourne Prices for Cash.

Cut Green Bone, Victorian Chicken Meal, Pigeon Peas, Canary Seed and Sand, also Shell Grit for Fowls.

All kinds of Produce at Lowest Rates.

A. WATSON'S

HAY & CORN STORE, Wood & Coke Yard, is at

354 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE, corner Robb's Parade.

Best Wheaten and Oaten Chaff direct from country	Firewood and Coal of all Descriptions

At Lowest Prices.

MIXED BLOCKS (1ft.) by measurement,
2 tons 23/-
1 ton 12/-

A CHEAP FEED, suitable for pigs or poultry, worth inspection.

Announcements

William Brace,

NURSERYMAN AND FLORIST, CHRISTMAS ST., NORTHCOTE,

Desires to inform the Public of Northcote and surrounding districts that he has a splendid collection of Hedge Plants, Ornamental Shrubs of all descriptions, Roses, Carnations, Palms, and Ferns, including all Nursery Stock. General inspection invited. All orders promptly attended to and thankfully received.

Address—
WILLIAM BRACE,
CHRISTMAS STREET, NORTHCOTE.

H. C. Saunders,

Practical Tailor,
269 High St., Northcote.

Individual tastes and requirements of customers considered.

Moderate charges, coupled with first-class workmanship and fit.

Just received, Choice Selection Suitings, Vestings and Trouserings for this season's wear.

REMEMBER
THAT N.

Hansen's Dining Rooms

359 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,
can always be
RELIED UPON
For Good, Well-Cooked, Appetising Meals
Dinners a Speciality.

On Sale—Butter, Cheese, and general Dairy Produce and also Small Goods of the highest quality.

Good Accommodation for Boarders. Civility and Attention to all

Stabling for Horses.

N.B.—N.H. will always be pleased to see old friends from the country and new ones.

GET YOUR HAIR-CUT & SHAVE
at
F. SMITH'S
Up-to-Date Hairdressing Saloon,
242 High St., Northcote.

Cleanliness, Civility, Attention.
Razor Setting a Speciality.

Carl Oldenburg,

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,

365 HIGH STREET,

NORTHCOTE.

Whips, Bits, Sponges, and other Stables Requisites always in Stock.
Prices to Suit the Times.
Repairs Neatly & Promptly Executed

Undertakers

HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER,
And Certificated EMBALMER,
High Street, Northcote.
Head Office—Corner Johnston and Hertford Streets, Fitzroy.
Established 63 years.

H.J.L. is prepared to conduct funerals at the lowest possible rates to suit all classes.
Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral requisites.
Coffins, all sizes, for Country Orders.
Telephone 1160. The trade supplied.

Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1854.

W. G. APPS,
UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY,
Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel,
And High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda.
Also Branch Burgundy Street, Heidelberg.
Tel. No. 60, Heidelberg Exchange.

Patent and every description of coffin at five minutes' notice.
Hearses, Coaches, &c.

A.N.A. A.W.A.

R. ROBSON,
UNDERTAKER,

CORNER of
BRUNSWICK ST. and ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (opposite Cricket Ground),
NORTH FITZROY.
Telephone 1844.
Estab. 47 years.

Established 1854.

ALFRED ALLISON,
UNDERTAKER,

Head Office—321 Victoria St., Tel. 960. WEST MELB.
High Street, Northcote.
Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill.
Tel. 2776.

All Funeral arrangements promptly attended to.

Charges Moderate | Terms Arranged

Business Notices

R. B. LAWRENCE,

Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.

A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.

Illustrated Price List and Address Labels sent Post Free.

MELBOURNE—4 Elizabeth Street.
50 Swanston Street.
Royal Arcade.
ALL SUBURBS.

Offices & Works
CUNNINGHAM STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

WATCH THIS SPACE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
SEND YOUR LINEN TO THE

NORTHCOTE LAUNDRY

HIGH STREET (nearly opposite London Bank).

A VICTORIA HIGH-BOARD IRONING MACHINE USED, which turns out

Shirts and Collars Equal to New

and Saves Half the Wear and Tear.

Shirts, Washed and Ironed	4d	Collars, Washed and Ironed	1d
,, Ironed only	3d	,, Ironed only	½d

All Classes of Washing and Ironing done, also MANGLING.
Orders Called for and Delivered. A Trial Solicited.
MRS. FRAWLEY, Proprietress.

IF YOU HAVE

PICTURES TO FRAME

This will be found a It is best to go to a Real, Up-to-Date Establishment.

T. B. Twite's Art Framing Depot,

352 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill,
And HANDIEST SHOP of its kind to NORTHCOTE and PRESTON.

Shipment of Magnificent NEW MOULDINGS Just to Hand.
Prices to Suit Everybody's means. Photo Frames from 9d.
Picture Post Cards. Artists' Materials, Canvasses, Artists' Ware, &c.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

GLANFIELD'S EPPING HOTEL,

EPPING.

Good Accommodation for Man and Beast. Best of Ales, Wines, and Spirits.
Splendid Shooting and Coursing in season. Billiards & Piano.
A PLEASANT DRIVE FROM THE METROPOLIS.
EASY RUN FOR CYCLISTS, GOOD ROAD.
G. H. GLANFIELD, Proprietor.

"Carbo."

(Patented). Registered Trade Mark "NONPARIEL."

CARBO	The Discovery of the Century.	CARBO
CARBO	The Purest and Most Powerful Disinfectant ever produced.	CARBO
CARBO	SPRAY for the Sheep and the Stock Breeder. Destroys Tick, Bot Fly,	CARBO
CARBO	Blow Fly, and all Insect Life Instantaneously.	CARBO
CARBO	FUMIGATOR, SPRAY & POWDER. For the Orchard, Garden & Nursery.	CARBO
CARBO	Destroys Black Scale, Looper, Aphis, Borer, Slugs, Snails.	CARBO
CARBO	Instant Death to the dread Pumpkin and Marrow Beetle.	CARBO
CARBO	FUMIGATOR OR SPRAY. For Flour Mills, Bakeries, Biscuit Factories,	CARBO
CARBO	Stores, Stables, Dairies, Piggeries, &c. Death to Moths,	CARBO
CARBO	Weevils and Insect Germ Life.	CARBO
CARBO	For Public Institutions and Asylums.	CARBO

In fact, "CARBO" is the Disinfectant

IN LIQUID POWDER and SOAP.

Prices and Quantities on application—

Australian Disinfectant Works,
615-617 VICTORIA ST., ABBOTSFORD, VICTORIA.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY 50 YEARS.

To Sell One Article Requires Experience, To Sell the Hundred and One Articles contained in the Furnishings of a Home Requires Many Years' Experience.

THIS

BEAUCHAMP'S

The Well-Known Auctioneers of
310-321 COLLINS STREET
(Close to Elizabeth Street)
HAVE

Messrs. C. F. & H. L. Beauchamp have each had about 50 years' experience in AUCTIONEERING FURNISHINGS, the only Firm in Melbourne with this Record. BEAUCHAMP BROS. make a Specialty of Conducting Sales of Furniture at Private Residences.

THEY Realise the Best Prices.
THEY are Economical in their Charges.
THEY do their Business straightforwardly.
THEY pay you your Cheque the day following Sale.
THEY have an Efficient Staff.

BEAUCHAMP BROTHERS

Charge 10 per cent. to cover all charges on Outdoor Sales of Furniture. This includes Commission, Advertising, Catalogues, Posters, Labor, &c.
Cash Settlement Day After Sale.
Tel. 97 (Central).

W. Q. HING,

TEA, COFFEE,
and
FANCY GOODS Merchant,

Bailey's Buildings,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Best Blends of China, Ceylon, and Indian Tea.

Guaranteed Pure and Unadulterated. None Better.

No. 1, 1/6 lb. No. 2, 1/3 lb.
No. 3, 1/- lb.

CHINESE & ORIENTAL FANCY GOODS

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

ASHES, ASHES, ASHES, ASHES.

Ashes delivered in Northcote and Fairfield Park, 2/6 per load. Sand and General Carting done. Horses and Tip Drays for Hire.

GRIFFIN, Edwin St., Fairfield, and 69 Reilly Street, Collingwood.

Boots & Shoes

The best of all Attraction Is to give Satisfaction.

William Pearl,

BOOT MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER,
181 Brunswick St., Fitzroy.
REPAIRS DONE IN A FEW HOURS TIME.

Business Established 50 Years.

Revolution

IN

FOOTWEAR.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH."

BOOTS

GUARANTEED TO

Wear 12 months.

THE Advantages to the People by reason of the invention of

Rubberised Leather

cannot be over-estimated. It is not a composition. It is a pure leather permeated with pure rubber, and is invaluable for its elasticity, comfort, and durability.

REMEMBER—
That a Guarantee is given with every pair of Boots that they will wear a certain period—Ladies,' 12 months; Gents', 10 months. If they fail to do this the Manufacturers undertake to replace or repair the boots free of charge.

DIMMICK

Is the Local Agent and is showing a large variety of these goods in his windows,
243 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

BRING YOUR REPAIRS TO

A. Parker,
PRACTICAL
BOOTMAKER,

HIGH STREET, NORTH PRESTON
(between Tyler & Regent Sts.)

GOOD LEATHER.—REASONABLE PRICES.
Rubber Heels, Cream, Nugget, Laces, Leather & Grindery stocked.
BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.
A Trial Solicited.

Milk Suppliers.

Pure Country Milk

ABSOLUTELY

Free from Suburban Contamination.

Our Milk Supply is drawn from Epping, 16 miles from the City and beyond the radius of City filth.

W. J. DOUTCH,

"ACME" DAIRY,
HENRY STREET, NORTHCOTE.

PRESTON DAIRY,

GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,

Cowkeeper and Dairyman.

Cattle and Premises under inspection of the Board of Public Health.
Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Strippings and One Cow's Milk a Speciality. Absolutely free from coloring matter or preservatives.
No second dealing or with other traders.
Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings.

Picture Framer.

Wholesale & Retai

Art Overmantels, Frames, &c., Made to Order.

Enlargements Framed from 2/6.

G. H. JACOBS,

254 JOHNSTON STREET, FITZROY
(5 doors from Smith St.)

T. KERR,

PASTRYCOOK AND CONFECTIONER
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD.

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Speciality.

Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.

REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

LOON KEE,
CHINESE LAUNDRY,
216 High St., Northcote.

Washing and Laundry Orders promptly attended to.
Good Workmanship and Polish Guaranteed.
Prices Moderate.
White Shirt, ironed and washed, 4d
,, ironed only, 3d
Collars ironed only, 2d per doz.
Collar washed and ironed, 1d

Business Notices.

FOR GOOD FURNITURE

SPRING CLEANING always reveals the need or new furnishings—sometimes only little odd things, other times whole suites. Whatever it is, you'll be able to get it here good, at a price well within your reach. Why not pay a visit of inspection here—it's a house noted for its artistic designs, fine finish and solid construction.

Oak Suite.

Comprising six small and two carver's chairs, with loose seats, grill backs, heavy undercarriage, and square tapering legs, with diamond-shaped feet. The suite is handsomely upholstered in red morocco line and wax finished throughout. ——— £10 15/.

Blackwood Leather Suite.

A very handsome 9-piece suite, comprising a couch, two large chairs and six small chairs, all covered in real leather and castored. The wood is thoroughly seasoned, and will last and look well. A really high-grade suite, at an economical price. ——— £13 10/.

Inlaid Chippen. Chairs.

These exquisitely-designed chairs are beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl and colored woods. In the silk tapestry upholstering of recent art shades they look particularly attractive, and are priced from ——— 24/.

Japanese Screens.

We're showing a collection of beautiful hand-painted Screens. The design is most artistic, and the adjustable folds are quite a new idea. ——— 10/6.

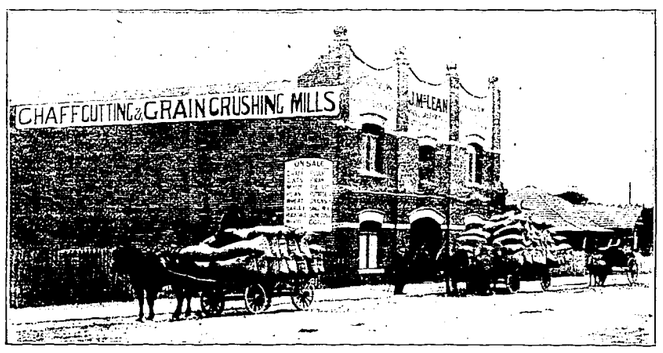
CLAUSCEN & CO.

194-6 Bourke St., Melbourne.

ESTABLISHED 1872. PHONE 48 (BRUNSWICK).

J. McLean's New Premises,

Plenty Road & High Street, South Preston.



J. McLEAN, in thanking his numerous friends and patrons for their past favors, desires to notify them and other residents of Preston and surrounding districts that he has erected commodious and up-to-date premises—Grain Crushing and Chaff Cutting Mills and Produce Stores—on the site of the old original flour mills. The machinery and appliances (22 h.p. gas engine) are of the most improved and labour saving type.

The new premises are now open for business, and we trust that by strict attention to the requirements of the people we may continue to receive the liberal patronage so long bestowed upon us.

No effort will be spared to give customers every satisfaction in the supply of first class quality goods, and delivery of same at most reasonable rates.

Call and inspect our new premises and our up-to-date machinery, which cannot be surpassed in Melbourne or Suburbs.

Estate Agents

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.

W. Freebairn & Co.

(SWORN VALUER),
HOUSE & LAND
Agents,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Houses for Sale—small deposit; balance as rent.
Rents Collected. Insurances Effected.
Loans Negotiated.
Commissions executed.
Valuations made. Auction Sales arranged.

Agents for the Manchester Fire Assurance

Membrey & Deane

(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),
Estate, Financial & Insurance Agents,
Accountants, &c.,

HAVE much pleasure in informing the general public they have commenced business at York Buildings, 43 Queen St., Melbourne.

Mr Membrey has had a lengthened experience as a municipal valuer and is also a sworn valuer under the Transfer of Land Act.

Mr. Deane has had over 17 years' experience with two leading city firms of solicitors.

Fire and Life Insurance a speciality.

Large and small sums of trust monies to lend. Loans negotiated on usual terms.

All business placed in the hands of the above firm will receive prompt attention.

NORTHCOTE and PRESTON
Auction & Estate Agency.
GORDON GARRETT & CO.
600 HIGH ST., UPPER NORTHCOTE
(Tram Terminus).

Agents for The Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, and the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of N.Z.

Nurse Phillips,

CERTIFICATED MIDWIFE,

HAS Vacancies for Ladies during Accouchment. Fees, £3 3/. Every home comfort, doctor if required. Patients admitted any hour.

Outdoor cases attended. Fee, £1.

"St. Heliers,"
Merri St., Northcote (near P.O.)

Private Hospital,

22 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE SOUTH
(3 doors from Walker St).

ALL Patients carefully treated. Outside Cases visited. Doctor if desired.
MIDWIFERY AND SURGICAL.

MRS. SPARROW,
Women's Hospital, Melbourne.
Reg. R.V.T.N.A. Terms Moderate.

Russell's Suits

Have a Distinctive Style.

EVERY GARMENT CUT and FITTED by MR. RUSSELL PERSONALLY.

New Goods. New Designs.

Our INDIGO TWILL SAC SUITS at 75/- and 80/- ARE VALUE for MONEY.

CROMWELL BUILDINGS, 366A BOURKE ST., MELB.
Tel. 4169. Bike Knickers are a Speciality.

HOWSE BROS.

BUTCHERS,

PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON,
will sell
PRIMEST QUALITY MEAT
at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

FOR
FRESH FRUIT
and
VEGETABLES
GO TO
J. H. MICAH,

Corner PLENTY RD. and BELL ST., SOUTH PRESTON.

He guarantees to satisfy you, both as to price and quality—so kindly send your orders along.

Johnson's Celebrated Lunch and Fruit and Almond Cakes kept in stock.

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS

Of Preston & Epping shires.

PLEASE NOTE!

—THAT—

T. HERLEY & CO.,

Woolscourers," &c.,
Oakover Rd., South Preston,

ARE CASH BUYERS OF

WOOL AND SKINS.

Highest Price Paid No Commissions Charged.
Write or Call if you have Anything to Sell—*it will pay you.*
T. HERLEY & CO., South Preston.

Good Printing Pays.

Effective Advertising ditto.

Tailors

INCE BROS.

Clothes do not make the man, perhaps,
But if he's poor in dress,
The world will sure to notice it,
And somehow love him less.

WE GUARANTEE TO PLEASE YOU In Every Detail.

Call and I spect our £3 3/- Suitings.

174 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.

IF YOU are are looking for a really good stylish Suit, write at once to
"OUR TAILORS,"

VEREY & CROSS,

242 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD,

Where you get a fashionably-cut and serviceable Suit at bed-rock prices. Every article made on the premises by experienced workmen and under person.' supervision.

Country orders attended to with utmost despatch.

Don't forget the only address—
"Our Tailors,"
VEREY & CROSS,
242 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Tailor and Outfitter,

PLENTY ROAD and GARNET ST.
SOUTH PRESTON.

ARCH. WILKINSON

Has opened the above premises with a first-class Stock of Woollens and Mercery.

SUITS to ORDER.

Hats, Shirts, Ties, Hosiery, in great variety.

LADIES' TAILORING A SPECIALITY.

Established 20 years.

W. FIRTH

GENERAL DRAPER,

344 SMITH STREET,

COLLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston St).

Announcements

W. T. ROWE,

(Over 17 years with F. Yann, also large English experience),

COACHBUILDER, WHEELWRIGHT, and GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Corner of HIGH and DUNDAS STS., UPPER NORTHCOTE
(opposite Tram Terminus, Preston).

Buggies, Jinkers, Waggons, Drays, and Carts of every description built on the most reasonable terms.

Repairs Promptly Executed.

Vehicles Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.

Horses Carefully Shod, called for and and Returned.

Best Materials Used. All Work Guaranteed.

J. McCarthy, Jun.,

PRACTICAL FARRIER
corner of
BEAVER'S ROAD and HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
solicits a share of patronage.

Horses Carefully Shod and Ailments of the Foot scientifically treated.

Hunters', Trotters' and Racing Plates a Speciality.

J. A. Kreitling,

FARRIER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

DESIRES to notify the residents of Thomastown and surrounding district that he has started business on the Main Road, Thomastown.

All kinds of Farming Machinery and Implements Repaired.

Best Workmanship at Moderate Prices.

IF YOUR
WATCH
DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
GEO. H. ARMFIELD,
128 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(next to Foy & Gibson's).

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES to SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

Plumbers.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

J. DENYER.

LICENSED PLUMBER & GASFITTER, TINSMITH & IRONWORKER,
Next Wesleyan Schoolroom,
232 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Water Meters Fixed and Repaired.
Gas and Water Laid On
Estimates Given for General Repairs.

To Landlords, Householders, and Builders.

Edwards & Howard,

Licensed
PLUMBERS, GASFITTERS,

Mechanical and Electric Bell Hangers, Steam, Hot, and Cold Water Engineers and Sanitary Plumbers,

Guarantee All Work for Twelve Months.

Gas & Water laid on. Estimates submitted Work promptly executed.

Corner High and Clarke Streets, NORTHCOTE.

Does Your
WATER-PIPE LEAK
GAS-PIPE LEAK?
OOF LEAK?

S. McDOUGALL,

LICENSED PLUMBER,
Next Railway,
NORMANBY AVENUE,
NORTHCOTE,

WILL SET MATTERS RIGHT—
Promptly—Reliably—Cheaply.
Water Meters Fixed. Gas & Water laid on

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.
Sunday Services:
Rev. A. C. KELAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY.
EASTER DAY.
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Matins (Choral) and Holy Eucharist.
2 p.m., Children's Service.
7 p.m., Choral Evensong and Sermon.

INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Town Hall, Northcote.
Rev. HECTOR FERGUSON, Minister.
Morning, "Christ before Pilate."
Evening, "Communities in the Spiritual World."

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)
Morning, Rev. R. W. ROSS.
Evening, Rev. FRANK PATON, M.A., B.D. (son of Dr. Paton).

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH
Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. T. ALLYN.
Evening, Rev. SAMUEL KNIGHT.
Strangers warmly welcomed.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH, Kimberley Hall, Lt. Collins St.
Sunday Services:
Morning and evening, Rev. T. NICHOLAS.
Sunday School at 3.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Davis Street.
Minister—Rev. GEO. CARSON.
Sabbath Services:
Easter Sabbath, Children's Day.
Sabbath School, 3 p.m.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.
Sunday Services.
Morning, Rev. S. DEITRICK.
Evening, Mr. J. BROWN.
All Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.
Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. C. DU JAN, B.A., Sch. Inst., "The Power of a Modern Light."
Evening, Mr. A. TREGILLIS.
Bright singing. All welcome.

SALVATION ARMY, MITCHELL ST., NORTHCOTE.
Saturday, 18th inst., at 8 p.m., Farewell Demonstration of Capt. and Mrs. Goldstack, Instructors of Local Officers.
3 p.m.
Tuesday, Tuesday, 8 p.m.

Notice to the Public.

HAVING now purchased the late R. T. JAMES NURSERIES, Union Street, Northcote, I am now prepared to supply at lowest rates—Hardy Ornamental Shrubs and Trees and Plants of all kinds, Climbing and Twining Plants, Roses, &c.

ROSES in great variety.

FRUIT TREES of all kinds.

YOU ARE INVITED TO INSPECT

C. J. Jackson,
UNION STREET, NORTHCOTE.

INSURE AGAINST FIRE.

And insure with a GOOD CORPORATION, that is, the

London Assurance,

which will quote you the LOWEST POSSIBLE RATE.

Transfers from other Societies may be arranged with our Local Agents.

Ernest Lees,
290 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE,
WITHOUT ANY EXPENSE, and NEW BUSINESS is always welcomed.

CH. ARCHBOLD is the MANAGER for VICTORIA.

DANCING.

MRS. EDWENDEN'S ASSEMBLY, Bradford Hall, Preston, every Saturday night. Society Class every Thursday night in each month. Strictly select. Juvenile Class every Saturday afternoon, 2 to 5. Ballroom every Tuesday evening, 8. Gentlemen's Private address—Ballaterpar street, Northcote.

Beginners' Class (Adults) every Tuesday night. All latest dances taught. Success guaranteed. Private lessons any hour. Mrs. CZANNY, Wall out-let, Fawkner (Regent station).

F. C. CORNISH
Cash Grocers,
255 277 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

NEW PRICE-LIST:
New Lily Fish 3d lb, by 5th
Jam Pure Honey 5d per lb
Prime Salt Salmon, 6d lb
Prime Red Herrings, 2 for 5d; 7 for 2/1
Bottles Pure, 1/11 doz.
White Rose Kerosene, 3/4d tin
Good Salmon, 6d lb
Prime Salmon, 7½d lb
Jam, 2lb Pure Fruit, 9d tin
Jam, 2lb Fruit Delight, 5d tin
Morton's Herrings in Sauce, 6d; large tin
Morton's Kippered Herrings, 7d lb
Preserved Pineapple, 5d tin
Ham Sardines, 3d tin
Large Ox Sardines, 3½d each
Large Tin Pilchards, 5½d
Pilchards in Tomato Sauce 10½d
Large plus Salmon, 5d
Stanley's Raspberry Jam, 2lb tin 7½d
Dymock's Tomato Sauce, 4½d bottle
Herrings in Oil, 8½d tin
VALUE WHERE SHE TRADES.

House & Land To Let.

PRESTON—Handsome new Queen Anne Villa; 7 rooms; every comfort; bathroom; 2 lots; healthy; first-class railway ticket, 20; New up-to-date Villa, 5 rooms, bathroom, tiled, 15/6. Brick Villa, 6 rooms, conservatory, 14. W. E., 7 rooms, usual conveniences, 7/6. McGregor Bros., rent collectors, Preston.

Notices

NOTICE TO RATEPAYERS.
NOTICE OF PRELIMINARY OBJECTION.

We, the undersigned, do hereby give notice that we intend to apply to the Shire of Preston for permission to enlarge our factory building.

Yours faithfully,
BUTTON PROPY. LTD.
April 7th, 1908.

Law.

MADDOCK and JAMIESON
SOLICITORS
and
CONVEYANCERS.
Market Buildings 445 Collins Street, MELBOURNE.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CADDY
SOLICITORS,
PROCTORS,
CONVEYANCERS,
Etc.
436 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE
(Next to Scott's Hotel).
Telephone 196.

HOME AND WILKINSON
SOLICITORS,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
Commercial Union Chambers,
113 Collins St., Melbourne.
Tel. 3548.

W. J. HOME, Commissioner for Victoria, A. S. WILKINSON, Prince Albert—Bell Block, Melbourne.

Educational.

ELOCUTION.

MISS ELSIE BERYL
(Associate Trinity College, Dublin),
Teacher of Elocution, Physical Culture, Dancing and Mayfieldian Calisthenics, 1904, and Gold Medalist, leading Competitions.
"Homelea," 203 HEIDELBERG RD., CLIFTON HILL.

MISS MAUD MOORE,
Certificated
TEACHER OF ELOCUTION.
Rooms—Glass Street, Merlynston.
Postal Address—Dalziel Street, East Melbourne.
Attending Northcote Wednesday by appointment.
Terms on application.

MISS MAY WILKINSON
Teacher of
ELOCUTION
"Dragslea," corner High and Walker Streets, Northcote.
Terms on application.

MISS LILLA REIDY,
ARTIST,
Pupil of E. Phillips Fox and Tudor St. Counter Tucker.
Resumes Tuition after Vacation in February. Special Terms for Children. Studio No. 2, Centre and Full Information on application.

MISS C. GLADSTONE
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TEACHER OF DRAWING AND PAINTING.
Classes are now forming at Studio, corner Rowe and Oldridge Sts., North Fitzroy.
Private Lessons given at Pupil's Residence.
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MICHAEL ST., NORTH FITZROY.
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Principals: MISSES WESTGARTH, assisted by (and resident).
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CLASSICS for Music, Singing, Drawing, Painting, Elocution, Physical Culture, Dancing, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Languages, Etc. Northcote tram to train and train (Heidelberg line). Large grounds, tennis court, poultry, cow. Boarders, 12 to 15 guineas. All terms quarterly in advance. Prospectus and references forming for Book-keeping, Short-hand, Typewriting. Pupils not attending do cheap may join.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
A mission from Heidelberg and Clifton Hill Trains, Mr. Northcote Trams.
Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., Dublin Univ.
Assisted by
T. COCHRANE (Melb. Univ.),
Assisted by Visiting Staff.
30-acre Play-Ground. Gymnasium.
FREE, in 36 Guineas.
First terms begins 4th February.

COMMONWEALTH EXAMINATION.

90 Clerks Wanted,
July, 1908.

SPECIAL CLASSES day or night.
EXPERT COACHING.
We Coach for all Public and University Exams.
Special attention is paid to Commercial Subjects:
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Metropolitan Business College,
139 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE.
F. THOMAS, B.A.
Local Agent—E. LEES, Land and Estate Agent, High St., Northcote.

Wanted to Buy.

BOTTLES, Boxes, Bags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest prices given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bailey, Darebin Rd., Fairfield.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.
TENDERS.
Tenders will be received until four p.m. on the 27th inst., for the following works, viz.:—
1. Construction of streets and lanes situate in Pender's Grove Estate, for the Grover Syndicate, and Reserve Action, channelling, and metalling, in two sections.
2. Channelling in St. George's Road, east side, from Normanby Avenue to Shaftesbury Parade.
Plans and specifications at the town hall.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.
Town Clerk's Office,
Town Hall, Northcote.
April 3rd, 1908.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.
NOTICE OF INTENTION TO BORROW THE SUM OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF PERMANENT WORKS AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS WITHIN THE TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.
* The Council of the Town of Northcote proposes to borrow Five Thousand Pounds on the security of the Mayor, Councillors and Burgesses of the said Councillors, on the issue of fifty (50) debentures of £100 each. The rate of interest to be named in such debentures shall be £4 per cent per annum, such interest to be payable on the first day of the month of January and the 1st day of July in each year, at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited Northcote, or such other Bank as shall for the time being
The principal moneys secured shall be repayable on the 1st day of July 1918 at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, Northcote, or at the council's option before the time named.
The purposes for which the Loan is to be raised are as follows:—
1. Storm water Sewer, completion of works now in course of construction in accordance with plans and specifications adopted by the Council, from the Merri Creek to Pioneer Street £1800
2. Storm water sewer continued from Pioneer Street northerly to the Preston Shire boundary, together with all the necessary easements and extensions in connection therewith. 770
3. Storm water sewer construction, Hawthorn lane and Railway parade, with all necessary adjustment of channels, and extensions in connection therewith. 570
4. Construction of footpaths in connection therewith, from Mitchell street to Clifton Hill railway station, including and all costs and expenses in connection therewith. 570
5. Bridge street continuation to Separation street, inclusive of land, compensation, channelling and metalling and all costs and expenses in connection therewith. 500
6. Towards providing a Public Library in the place of the Council. 500
7. Towards providing Swimming Bath on the property of the Council. £5000
The Loan is to be liquidated by a Sinking Fund of not less than one hundred pounds (£100) in the year of the principal sum, to be invested annually in the Government Stock or by the repurchase of the debentures. The plans, specifications and estimates of cost of such works and improvements, and the amount of the proposed expenditure of the money to be borrowed, are open for inspection at the Municipal Offices, High Street, Northcote, during office hours.
The Council will meet at the said offices on Monday, the 1st day of June, 1908, at 7.30 p.m., for the purpose of hearing a complaint for borrowing the said moneys.
By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.
Municipal Offices,
Northcote,
16th April, 1908.

E. J. Pollard,
PIANO MAKER, TUNER, REPAIRER.
PIANO FIRMS CAREFULLY TUNED.
Organ Repairs and Tuning a Specialty. Motor successfully established.
Pianos Polished, Refitted, New Actions, Keyboards, and all Repairs Done at Moderate Prices.
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Tailors are Experts.
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OUR MATE AND BUMPUS OF STYLE.
OUR METHOD UP TO DATE.
Tel. 3610, Cent. T. TREVENA.

Localisms.

Northcote town council loan sinking fund now total £19 981.

Mr. J. G. Merifield, M.L.A., is visiting Adelaide during the Easter holidays.

Mr. Ernest Lee, of the Northern branch of the Australian Natives' Association, left on Tuesday for Sydney, to attend the annual conference. He will also be a display of roses and flowers.

Messrs Lees, Dun, and Whalley were appointed to prepare designs and specifications for the proposed Northcote Public Library, at the monthly meeting of the council.

"He's always out of pocket, and never has a penny," remarked a councillor, re Cr. Stanley, who acknowledged all the attentions speaking of the municipal councillor.

There were 41 applications for the position of junior clerk in the municipal offices. North Fitzroy council on Tuesday night decided to consider them and reduced the applicants to the following six: Messrs. Hopper, T. Phillips, and T. Sutherland.

Mr. Edgar McLean, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McLean, left for England in the Omrah on Tuesday. He is going home for after an operation for appendicitis.

The Mayor (Cr. Thornett) desires us to say that he does not acknowledge all the articles received for the Northcote children's treasure basket, which appeared in last week's *Leader*, only articles received in the meantime he will be pleased to acknowledge.

In connection with the Young People's Christian Citizenship League, Mr. F. E. L. Beaurepaire, K.C., will lecture in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. The hall will be decorated with flags, pot plants, and palms. The singing will be led by Mr. Frank Healey formed a prominent feature at each meeting. On the following Wednesday a concert and distribution of prizes took place in which the whole of the members were invited by the solicitor. The secretary's report showed that the society was conducted successfully on the up grade. The officers for the past year have been—Superintendent, Mr. Brown; Secretary, Mr. L. Smith; Treasurer, Miss Williams. A pleasant evening was brought to a close by the Pastor, Mr. Nicol, distributing the prizes that had been won by the scholars during the past year.

The following was the programme submitted:—Pianoforte solo, Miss Lillie Bailey; solo, Miss M. Skinner; recitation, "Pops's Letter," Miss Ethel Hall; action song, "Little dickey birds," Infants; recitation, "The great submarine," Miss Bailey; solo, Miss C. Lyle's Lullaby," Miss M. Skinner; recitation, "The Shepherd of Sorbe," Miss Agnes Nichols; recitation, "The Hockshead of the School," Hazel Skinner; action song, "Stocking mending," Girls; song, "The Bathman," Miss Doris Nichols; recitation, "Guilty or not Guilty," Dolly Hughes; action song, "Young soldiers," scholars; recitation, "The little boy who ran away," Annie Hughes; action song, "The two brigade," and "The flowers bedtime," Girls; recitation, "The Last Spike," Miss Ethel Hall; pianoforte duet, Misses Bailey.

Smith and Bastings, auctioneers and agents, report the sale at auction on Saturday afternoon, at 3 p.m., of the following properties:—No. 1, Rose street, 74 (12ft 6in); also, privately, 3 allotments in Rose street, adjoining the above, 3 allotments in Queen street, and late shop and dwelling, Queen street, £1800.

On the Sunday School anniversary, which will be held on Easter Sunday, the Rev. Hector Ferguson will preach in the morning and evening, and on Monday, 20th May. Distribution of prizes will take place in the afternoon. A splendid programme will be delivered by the children on Tuesday evening, 21st May. Programmes will be issued shortly. *Leader* for full particulars.

A grand social and dance under the auspices of the Northcote Wednesday Social Club will be held at the new Town Hall on Wednesday evening. The hall will be decorated with flags, pot plants, palms, and looked very nice indeed. The floor was pronounced quite as large as it might have been, but all the same the event passed off very pleasantly and successfully, all appearing to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Among those present were the Mayor and Mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. Thornett), Mr. Swift (the former presenting the two latter with a handsome silver cake basket on behalf of the club), Cr. Stanley, Mr. Bastings, Mr. Smith, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Bowers, Mr. Brown, Mr. Hall, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hall, Mr. Hall, Mr. Hall

The Younger Miss Grayson

By E. Burrowes.

CHAPTER I.
Welcome by Proxy.

"If you cared a button about him you'd want to walk to Portsmouth, if you couldn't get there any other way," said Ursula, with fierce contempt in her fresh young voice. "And if you don't care—why not say so? It would be only honest."

The elder Miss Grayson looked up from the account-book she was diligently studying, and for a moment a little frown marred her white forehead. Then it cleared, and she laughed indulgently, as one might laugh at an impatient child.

"My dear Ursula, how violent you are," she said sweetly. Miss Grayson was invariably described as a particularly sweet girl. "I could not think for a moment what you were talking about, but I suppose you mean that I ought to upset all my plans simply because the St. Andrew is arriving a few days sooner than we expected, and fly down to Portsmouth to meet Jim. If you knew him as well as I do—of course, you can't be expected to do that—you would understand that there is nothing he hates more than an exhibition of sentiment in public. He will infinitely prefer me to wait here, where we can meet in privacy and comfort. I hate public demonstration quite as much as he does, and I should not think of joining the excited crowd that usually assembles to welcome home a man-of-war."

"And yet the man you love, your future husband, is returning home after an absence of three years, more or less. Well, if I were Jim, I should like my welcome to be warmer than the tepid thing you are going to offer him."

The account-book leaves fluttered a little. Selina Grayson looked up surprisedly at her tall, young sister, standing before her with the air of a judge, an accuser.

"You don't know what you are talking about," she said evenly; "and really, after all, it is entirely my own private affair."

And with the air of having settled the question for good and all, Miss Grayson bent her fair head over the village account-books — clothing-club, coal-and-wood club, and so on, which she was making up for the overworked curate as a labor of love. At least, that was what Ursula called it.

Ursula went to the window with an impatient exclamation, and looked out at the dreary view of sodden fields and leafless trees. Far away might be seen a dim line of sea, glancing blue like a peacock's breast under a sunny sky, but only showing faint and sullen against a grey horizon this winter morning.

What a dreary outlook! And what a welcome for Jim Brabazon after three years in the tropics—a cold, damp winter, and Selina's chilly, so-called affection. Supposing he was expecting something warmer, something better? Supposing he should be disappointed.

Ursula felt a lump rise in her throat at the thought. She had been just a schoolgirl when he had gone abroad, leaving Selina behind, and then Selina had been a gay, bright girl, full of spirit and charm. But the three years had changed her. Some hidden influence had transformed the pleasure-loving girl into a prematurely grave young woman, with a taste for the serious side of life, and a dread of sentiment or any demonstration of affection.

Ursula had watched this change with dismay. What would Brabazon think of it?

Her recollections of Brabazon were rather vague: but she remembered his pleasant, boyish laugh, the dancing brown eyes, and splendid physique of the man who had apparently taken her sister's heart by storm, for after an incredibly short acquaintance they had announced the engagement which had lasted now for more than three years. And Selina, in her quiet, sedate fashion, was at present beginning to busy herself with her trousseau, for there was no longer any reason to delay the wedding. But what of Brabazon?

The thought of the man haunted her persistently long after Selina, who ought to have been the agitated one concerning this home-coming, had taken her way serenely to the village schools, where she loved to play the Lady Bountiful. For during these past three years she had found much interest in good works, somewhat to the exclusion of the man who was now on his way home to her. That was Ursula's hot-headed opinion, at any rate.

And now she actually would not go to meet him at Portsmouth, although she had a cordial invitation from a cousin living there, who had offered to put her up when she came to meet the St. Andrew. It would, she declared, upset all her plans at home. She didn't want to go, either. Jim would not care about it, and so on.

"If you think so much about it, Ursula," she said, in her sweet way, "why don't you go? You like the excitement—which I hate. And as you seem to think someone of the family ought to meet Jim, well, I shall be delighted if you will act as proxy for me."

"He wouldn't remember me," said Ursula, suddenly confused.

"Does that matter? When you tell him who you are that will be quite sufficient. I thought it might amuse you; but, of course, if you would rather not go——"

"Oh, I'll go!" said Ursula brusquely—"only don't blame me, Selina, if——"

"If what?"

Ursula was silent for the moment. Something stirred within her. Some sort of pity for her sister, who had changed both outwardly and inwardly in such an incomprehensible manner. Was she missing something which made life all the more worth living?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Ursula. "I was only thinking."

CHAPTER II.
Brabazon's Home-Coming.

The St. Andrew lay at Spithead, waiting for her signal. It was a cold, clear morning, sharp with frost, but a streak of sunshine crept through the grey clouds, and lit upon the harbor with its busy craft, and no one on board minded the unaccustomed cold much, after all—were they not nearly home?

Jim Brabazon was not the only man, probably, who gazed shorewards so eagerly, as when at last the signal flew out from the signal-station, the St. Andrew weighed anchor, and swept majestically towards the harbor, her paying-off pennant streaming behind her in the breeze, the marine guard, formed across the quarter-deck, a vivid scarlet line in the sunshine.

Three years since he had last sighted the old familiar landmarks!

The Victory, flying the Commander-in-Chief's flag, the haze over the big, busy seaport, the familiar spires and landmarks, the salt, cold air—why, this in itself was a welcome home.

But a better welcome would be awaiting him at the jetty, towards which they were steaming. It was in sight now, the black crowd swaying, always on the move, could be clearly seen. Now faces became distinguishable. A faint cheer reached them, and a little flutter of handkerchiefs showed where the crowd of women were waiting for their mates. Somewhere in that eager crowd Selina would be waiting for him. Of course, she was there. He had not a doubt of it.

Would she be changed at all? Hardly, for her peaceful, happy life could leave few marks on her charming face. She would be the same dear girl he had wooed with such fervor, whom he soon hoped to call wife.

* * * * *

His bronzed face flushed a little, and he scanned the crowds eagerly, as slowly the gallant ship came alongside the jetty, saluted with cheers and the merry strains of the band.

He had not altered, save that he had broadened a little perhaps, and had grown very brown in that tropical climate. But, of course, she would know him, and there she was!

Wouldn't he have known her anywhere? The tall, slim girl, in the well-cut coat and skirt and pretty hat, the rounded cheeks flushed like an early rose, the brown furs about her shoulders no browner than her sweet, smiling face as their eager eyes met!

He saluted, and bent over the rail, for the gangways were not down yet, and her sweet voice reached him clearly above all the hub-bub about him.

"Welcome home, Jim! Welcome home!"

He laughed—a laugh of sheer happiness.

"It is good to be back," he called. "I'll be with you in one moment, dear," and turned away before he could see the bewilderment in her face.

It was not possible that——

"By your leave, miss!"

"The gangways were run out, the crowd swayed, parted, and for a moment Ursula simply stood and looked helplessly about her. Then the next thing she knew was a pair of strong arms clasping her, and Brabazon's eager, smiling eyes looking into hers.

"My own girl! My darling!" he said, joyfully, and kissed her. "Oh, Sally, dearest, what ages it seems since we parted. And you haven't changed a bit! Just the same dear, pretty girl—just the same. Jove! I can't believe three years have gone since then! Time has stood still with you. Come on board, darling, and then I'll be ready to go ashore with you very soon. Take care of yourself. This way. Let me introduce Captain Graham—Miss Grayson!"

And like a person in a dream Ursula found herself bowing to the captain, and responding to his pleasant words of greeting and congratulation. Then she followed Brabazon meekly to his snug little cabin, and there, as he would have taken her in his arms again, she faced him resolutely, her face shorn of a little of its lovely color, her eyes strangely bright.

"Jim," she said, and her voice seemed a little hard—perhaps she was doing her best to prevent its trembling, "Jim, don't you know? I'm not Selina. You've made a mistake!"

Brabazon fell back a pace, staring at her with pitiful bewilderment.

"Not Selina?" he stammered. "Not ——"

"No. Selina couldn't come. I came to meet you instead. I'm Ursula, the little sister who was at school when you went away. Don't you remember now?"

Brabazon pulled himself together by a tremendous effort. He laughed.

"Of course, I remember Ursula," he said. "But you're so exactly like Selina, what Selina was when I left her, that—that——. I say, you must forgive me. I had no idea. You'll think me such a clumsy beggar!"

Ursula laughed a little unsteadily. A strange embarrassment seized her.

"It's all right," she said curtly. "Of course, if you think I'm very like Selina, the mistake was quite natural. But people don't generally think us so much alike."

"Don't they? Perhaps she's changed a bit. Well, you're just what she was. And why couldn't she come, Ursula? Jove! it's hard to believe that you're the little schoolgirl! You've grown up with a vengeance."

"Three years make a difference," said Ursula sedately. "And Selina is very well; but she was busy, and —— Oh, I don't mean that!"

* * * * *

Brabazon sat down, and stared at her.

"Busy?" he echoed, in an odd voice. "Busy? But that wouldn't matter."

"No—no; of course not! I didn't mean that! But she thought she would rather meet you quietly at home, than in this crowd. And I'm to take you back by the three-thirty train this afternoon. You can come, can't you, Jim?"

"Yes, I can manage that all right. You'll have lunch with me on board, won't you? Mrs. Graham is lunching too. And if you'll excuse me for a few minutes I'll just see to one or two things, and then, perhaps, you'd like to go round the ship? The usual thing, you know, on these occasions."

Left alone, Ursula looked round her future brother-in-law's cabin with interest. Somehow, it was hard to think of him as belonging to Selina—Selina with whom he surely had nothing in common now. For if time had stood still with him, leaving him unchanged, those three years had left marks on Selina. She had not only aged in appearance and lost much of the girlish vivacity and exquisite color, which made Ursula the lovely girl she was now, but she had changed—changed bodily and mentally.

What would Brabazon think of her? That persistent thought hammered away at Ursula now, as she looked at Selina's photograph—not a very new one—which was pinned up over the writing-desk, together with a picture of Selina's home and Brabazon's family group. She looked about her restlessly, tormented with a sickening dread that this home-coming would prove one of the bitterest disappointments Jim Brabazon had ever encountered in his moderately-successful life.

Recollecting the manner of their meeting, she wished she had never come in Selina's place; she wished she had never thought of meeting the ship; she wished——

Then she blushed furiously as Brabazon came back for her.

"Done the job!" he announced cheerily. "Come to lunch, Ursula, and I'll be ready to go back with you by any train we can catch."

CHAPTER III.
Divers Disappointments.

The pretty room was aglow with firelight and deftly-shaded lamps.

The pleasant fragrance of a few hot-house blooms, brought by the curate as an offering to the Lady Bountiful of the village schools, mingled with the aroma of tea and muffins, and Miss Grayson, in a most becoming gown of pink cloth, presided behind the silver teapot. She looked what she was—mistress of the house and of any situation. And the curate—Mr. Bond—sipping tea thoughtfully on the other side of the cheerful log-fire, felt for the fortieth time how particularly charming and womanly Miss Grayson was, and what a thousand pities it was she was going to throw herself away on a rough boor of a sailor—a man to whom bad language and loudness of voice were almost inevitably a necessity! Such was Mr. Bond's opinion.

The silver clock on the mantelpiece chimed five hurriedly, and at that very moment there was a rattle of wheels outside, and a cheerful voice—manly, if perhaps a little loud—penetrated to the warm room. Mr. Bond looked up apprehensively and murmured something—feeling he was going to be very much in the way. After all, when a man comes home to his sweetheart after an absence of three years——

The door flew open, and Ursula came in. She stopped short with a look of unmistakable disgust when she caught sight of the black, clerical form which rose at her entrance; but her words were directed to her sister.

"Jim has come, Selina," she said joyously; "here he is!"

Brabazon entered quickly. He did not see the parson; if he had his conduct would still have been unchanged. He simply went up to the elder Miss Grayson, took her roughly into his arms, kissed her, and then looked with some concern at her quiet face.

"Why, Sally—Sally, darling!" he said, stammering a little.

She drew herself from his arms with a slight laugh.

"Well, Dick, how are you? You look splendid! But I am sure you must be cold. Will you have tea? Do you know I have quite forgotten whether you take sugar or not! Yes? Two lumps, then, I suppose? Men like sweet things. And let me introduce you to Mr. Bond—Mr. Brabazon."

Ursula, in the background, drew a long breath. She caught a glimpse of Brabazon's rather grim face as the light fell full upon him.

And this—this was his home-coming!

Ursula got out of the room as quickly as she could, and was thankful to find that Mr. Bond had the good sense to speedily follow her example. But the girl went away by herself into the dreary, leafless garden, and wandered there restlessly in the cold darkness, wondering what was passing between that ill-assorted pair in the firelit room. For that was what it came to. They were ill-assorted, they had nothing in common, and Brabazon's home-coming—what a travesty it had been! Ursula set her teeth at the thought, and quick tears filled her pretty eyes—those eyes which were so like what Selina's had been three years ago. Then she blushed in the darkness. Was she never to be able to banish from her memory that meeting at the pier? Was she never to forget the thrill in Brabazon's voice, the warmth of his encircling arms, the tenderness of his eager kisses? And for that evening, at any rate, she left the engaged couple completely to themselves while in the solitude of her room upstairs she rated herself soundly for beginning to behave just like a silly, sentimental schoolgirl of seventeen, for imagining herself nearly in love with Brabazon. And she was twenty years old—old enough to know better. Yet one wonders why the pillow of the younger Miss Grayson was wet that night with tears; while in the next room her sister slept the sleep that is supposed to belong to the just. And Brabazon, in the comfortable room in the inn from which a view of his fiance's home could be seen, did not close his eyes till the cold morning had dawned and a very red sun was slowly climbing up in the east.

* * * * *

The longer Brabazon remained near his fiance, the more he was filled with dismay—honest dismay.

This was not the girl he had loved and wooed with such eager fervor three years ago! This was not Selina as he had dreamed of her during his exile. This was a stranger, and one for whom he felt only a very lukewarm affection. As for Ursula, he was afraid to think too much about her. His heart beat uncomfortably fast in her presence, and avoid him as she might—and she did her best—it was inevitable that they must see a good deal of each other.

And every day Jim Brabazon went back to the inn and groaned over the fetters which galled him so cruelly. While in the seclusion of her own room, the elder Miss Grayson wondered what she had seen in Jim Brabazon to wait for him so long, to find that she had promised to marry the wrong man? That was what it came to.

But as no one said anything, and as both he and she stuck blindly to their respective promises, and Ursula went about with an aching heart and closely-shut lips, matters did not get any better with time. While Mr. Bond, the curate, with whom the elder Miss Grayson pursued her endless round of good works, year in and year out, grew daily more silent and depressed.

CHAPTER IV.
"The Lass That Loved a Sailor."

The frosty Christmas precipitated matters, and set all things right in the end. Who was to tell that the prolonged frost, the rigorous cold, was to have such a happy effect on four different people? Or that the mere chance of the elder Miss Grayson's foot twisting suddenly on a perilous slide on the side of the hill, which she and the curate were descending together, was to be the first tearing aside of the veil of misunderstanding which was threatening to cloud the life-happiness of those four people? So do great matters hang upon trifles.

Ursula saw the accident happen from the end of the garden, where she was restlessly pacing to and fro. Brabazon had vainly urged her to come out with him to try the pond where skating was going on. She had steadfastly refused, and he had gone off alone, leaving his fiance to fulfil some of her many engagements in the village connected with the approaching seasonable festivities.

So that when the elder Miss Grayson slipped and twisted her foot badly, to be deftly caught by Mr. Bond, to Ursula's amazement it seemed that her sister was in no hurry to disengage herself from his protecting arms. More than that—it was hardly conceivable, but her eyes certainly did not deceive her—Selina was clasped more than once to the curate's breast. And suddenly in that moment the scales fell from the eyes of the younger Miss Grayson.

Now she knew. Selina herself had shown her the truth. It was Mr. Bond to whom her heart—such as it was—was given, not to Brabazon. And before the younger girl had recovered from the shock of her discovery, Brabazon's voice, speaking behind her, made her jump.

She whirled round breathlessly, her one idea being to shield him from sorrow or disappointment—determined that his eyes should, at least, not see what hers had just been looking at.

"Back already?" she said, a little breathlessly. "You didn't stay long!"

"No; I wanted to run into the village. I suppose Sally has gone; but I might overtake her on the hill. It is slippery walking on the roads, too. Freezing still. You won't come?"

Ursula shook her head. If the couple were still on the hillside——

"No; it's too cold," she said. "Don't go, Jim. You won't catch Selina up now, and—— Come this way!"

"But why? Why don't you want me to go to the village? Some mystery up, Ursula? Or is it—— By Jove!"

Ursula looked at him with agonised eyes, while the color rushed to her face. For he had turned towards the hill, a full view of which lay before him, and there were Mr. Bond and Selina, perfectly blind and apparently deaf to everyone and everything but themselves. Brabazon stood like one rooted to the ground for a minute; then something passed over his face, wiping from it the lines of worry that had lately gathered there. His eyes were again the eyes of a boy, and he laughed—actually laughed.

"So the parson has cut me out!" he said. "And Sally—poor Sally! I had an idea all along that—— Why, she's gone!"

He looked round in amazement, to see only the tail of Ursula's gown vanishing round a bend in the garden path. And with an odd, ruminating smile in his handsome eyes, Brabazon took his way down that slippery hill, coming face to face with his fiance and Mr. Bond as they made their slow progress, she leaning very heavily on his supporting arm. The color that flew into her face as Brabazon confronted them made her almost lovely again.

* * * * *

"Jim," she said, with a little gasp, "I—I thought you had gone skating. I——" She looked imploringly at her companion.

Mr. Bond rose nobly to the occasion.

"Miss Grayson has had the misfortune to meet with a slight accident," he said, a little nervously, meeting a rather quizzical smile in the sailor's eyes. "She has twisted her foot badly, and—and——"

"Oh, Jim, it was bound to come!" burst out Miss Grayson, with immense courage. "We would never have suited each other. We have both changed. And will you think very badly of me when I tell you that I cannot marry you? I know I am a cruel, heartless girl, but three years is a long absence, and my views have altered, and I am going to marry Mr. Bond. It's not our fault that we can't help caring for each other, Jim. And he never would have spoken but for my accident——"

"The happy accident," muttered Jim, sotto voce.

"My dear Sally," he said cheerfully, "pray believe that I only wish for your happiness. I have seen myself since I came home that my ways are not your ways—that, in short, we mightn't have hit it off as well as we should. And if Mr. Bond can make you happy—well, he is a lucky fellow. Shake hands, my dear Mr. Bond."

Mr. Bond was understood to mutter something about "noble sacrifice," "gallant conduct," but Brabazon waved these remarks aside. It seemed to Selina—dense of perception as she was—that there was a sort of imperceptible relief in his manner, as he talked cheerfully to them on their slow way up the hill. She was just a little bit galled to find that he did not take her defection — seemingly—so very deeply to heart. But then she had always thought Brabazon superficial and easy-going. So that, perhaps, everything had happened for the best, and, at any rate, two people were supremely happy. When he had seen Miss Grayson established on the sofa, with her new fiance in attendance, and tea ordered, the old love made himself scarce, and went in immediate search of Ursula. He ran her to ground in the leafless garden, and without more ado laid his hands on her shoulders and made her face him.

"And that was why you didn't want me to go down the hill," was it?" he said masterfully. "Oh, you goose—you little goose!"

* * * * *

Ursula stared at him, all the color wiped from her cheeks.

"Then you know?" she faltered. "Oh! how can Sally behave so? How can she prefer——"

"Her affinity to me? Why, my dear girl, she's miles above my head. I never knew it; but I've seen it ever since I came back. And isn't it better for her to find out her mistake now, than when it would be too late?"

"I'm thinking of you, not of Sally!" said Ursula obstinately.

Brabazon laughed.

"Hearts don't break so easily," he said. "Look, Ursula—I was a mere boy three years ago; I'm not now. I do know my own mind this time. Perhaps I didn't then, though, mind you, if Sally had been of the same way of thinking I'd have been a good husband to her. But as it is—as she's found her right mate—mayn't I look for mine? And I've found her!"

"Already?" There was indignation in her voice—and something else.

"Already, Ursula—do you remember the mistake I made the day I came home?"

She drew away from him, but his hands held her fast. The color ran back to her cheeks in a hot wave.

"You are too cruel to remind me of that," she said. It was——"

"Cruel to you? Never! Ursula—supposing it had not been a mistake. Just suppose it had been you I was coming home to—the real you. Would you have been glad—a little more glad that Sally was? Would you, Ursula?"

There was a moment's breathless silence, while they looked at each other—Ursula's eyes meeting his bravely. Then they sank; he could see her long, dark lashes sweep her crimson cheeks.

"Ah, you know—you know!" she said; but the words were spoken into a rough, tweed coat and that has never been considered a good conductor of sound. Yet as Brabazon bent and, tilting up the charming face, kissed her with tender passion, words were not needed. The younger Miss Grayson had come into her kingdom.

FORTY MONTHS ON A DESERT ISLE.

Few more stirring stories are recorded in the annals of the sea than that recently made public by the fifteen survivors of the British barque Dundonald, who were cast away on Disappointment Island on 6th March last year.

This isolated fragment of peat-covered rock is situated right out of the track of shipping near the edge of the Antarctic ice, and is barren and desolate to an almost inconceivable degree. Yet the men managed to subsist thereon for eight months, living on penguin flesh and seal meat, varied by an occasional dish of sea-birds' eggs. They had, however, all but given up hope when they were rescued, on 16th November, by the exploring ship Hinemoa, which brought them in due course to New Zealand.

Considered simply as a feat of endurance, their exploit is regarded by old navigators in these waters as little short of marvellous. Four to five months is generally considered as about the limit during which castaways can exist under such circumstances in these latitudes. Indeed, the crew of eleven men belonging to the Norwegian ship Karl, which was wrecked on this very same group in April, 1883, were all found dead of starvation and exposure within less than nine weeks afterwards.

Sailors cast away on uninhabited islands in more temperate regions, however, have managed to subsist for much longer periods. Thus, the crew of the Caroline, wrecked on Ducie Island in the South Pacific, in July, 1883, lived there quite comfortably until taken off in May, 1885; while two survivors of the whaler Essex were three years and four months on the neighboring Henderson Island, ere being found and rescued.

Good Time Coming.

Vira, the black cook of a Virginian household, announced to her mistress that she intended to be married the following week. Mrs. Morse was filled with regret.

"Oh, Vira," she cried, "I was afraid William would persuade you at last! You said you'd never leave us."

"Why, I isn't gwine to leabe you, honey," and Vira patted the shoulder of her young mistress in a comforting way. "I's jes' nachelly marrying dat William now to keep him from pestering me. He's been roun' too much lately, an' yet if I cas' him off, he'll get into mixtrious comp'ny. I's marrying dat boy to sabe him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Morse, somewhat reassured by Vira's tone, but slightly bewildered, nevertheless, "I know it will be a fine thing for him, Vira; but won't he want to take you away?"

"What he get de money?" inquired Vira, returning to her work of beating eggs with renewed vigor. "I's saved de money fo' his honeymoon trip, and I's got his plans all laid out fo' him. He's got a ticket out to Californy an' to bring my ole farder back; an' den I's gwine to send him fo' my sister, an' den up in Canady fo' my brudder, an' when he gets dat fam'ly all rounded up, an' has to suppo't 'em mostly, you t'ink he's gwine to be in a hurry to hab me to suppo't, honey?"

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

CHORLEY'S ADVENTURES.
A SWELLED HEAD.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

"You don't seem quite yourself to-night, Henry," said Mrs. Chorley after dinner, during which Chorley had found fault with nearly everything.

"P'raps not," said Chorley. "No more would you be if you had had a nasty, niggling toothache all day."

"Why not go and have it out?" asked Mrs. Chorley with that ready cheerfulness with which we all find it so easy to bear other people's afflictions.

"Oh! there's no need for anything of that sort," said Chorley, irritably. "I'll be all right by the morning." Chorley, like the rest of us, had no particular longing to be seated in a dentist's chair.

In the morning, however, matters were far from being all right. Chorley's face took up so much room on his neck that he couldn't put a collar on. As, however, he was comparatively free from pain he saw no reason why any dentist should be discussed. He came down to breakfast without a collar, and asked Mrs. Chorley to get down the volume of the encyclopaedia relating to swellings.

"You see," he explained, "it probably isn't the effect of toothache, after all. Perhaps a little embrocation——"

"I should go to the dentist's, if I were you, Henry," said Mrs. Chorley.

"There's no need to go to the dentist's," snapped Chorley. "If I thought there were I should go at once, of course. I daresay when I've looked it up in the encyclopaedia I shall find it isn't toothache at all I've got, but neuralgia."

"You said it was toothache last night," sniffed Mrs. Chorley.

"Well—very likely I did," replied Chorley. "One comes to all sorts of conclusions in a hurry."

"The dentist would tell you——" began Mrs. Chorley.

"What d'ye want to keep on about the dentist for?" snapped Chorley. "I'm not going to lose good teeth just because some dentist happens to be in want of five shillings."

"It's all over in a minute, and——" Mrs. Chorley was going on to say; but Chorley cut her short by closing the encyclopaedia in a hurry and running into the next room.

On the following morning the swelling in Chorley's face had gone down a good deal, and the pain had come up in a proportionate degree. Chorley got up early and turned to the encyclopaedia for comfort. There had been fifteen cures for toothache in the descriptive article, and he had to regretfully admit that he had tried them all without result. He therefore reluctantly confessed to himself that the dentist was the last and only resort.

As he came out of the house, Mr. Wimbleby came from next door.

"Hullo, Chorley," said Wimbleby. "What's happened to your face? You shouldn't go about being so recklessly offensive to people. I've always told you that one of these days you'll try somebody's patience too far. By jove! he didn't half slosh you, though, did he? What did you call him?"

"Don't make yourself ridiculous, Wimbleby," said Chorley. "It's only toothache. But I never let a thing like that worry me for long. I'm going to the dentist's at once to have the thing out."

"That's right," said Wimbleby. "I'll come with you if you like. They may want somebody to hold you down while they're mauling you about. I should rather like the job."

"I daresay you would," replied Chorley, with a sneer. "But I shall not require any holding down, thank you."

"Well, don't go to any of those cheap dentists, Chorley," said Wimbleby. "A friend of mine went and had a five-shilling extraction the other day, and they made a frightful hash of it. Had to wrench the tooth out in three pieces, and it took the dentist chap the best part of half an hour. And then he discovered that he had been working on the wrong tooth after all."

"I have no wish to discuss the subject with you, Mr. Wimbleby, thank you," said Chorley, preparing to move on. The conversation was getting a little too realistic.

"Oh, all right," snarled Wimbleby. "I was only trying to tell you for your own good. If you come home to-night groaning in agony, and suffering from blood-poisoning and a broken jaw, don't look to me for sympathy, that's all."

"Thank you," said Chorley, as he walked away. "It would never have occurred to me to do so."

The dentist that Chorley had in view lived about a mile away; and after briskly walking the distance Chorley was agreeably surprised to find that the exercise had done his face a world of good. The offending tooth hardly ached at all, and instead of going into the dentist's he walked right past the surgery in order to think the matter over a little more. Having made up his mind that he had better see the man now that he had come so far, Chorley walked up to the surgery, and passing through the outer door, rang the bell adjoining the glass door inside.

At the same moment his tooth stopped aching as if by magic. As it would have been manifestly absurd to call upon a dentist when there was no occasion for his services, Chorley stepped outside again and walked off briskly for some yards. He had an idea that he was rendering himself liable to the charge of ringing people's bells and running away, but even that would be better than having a tooth drawn.

Still, the state of the rebellious tooth was not quite satisfactory, and after arguing the matter over with himself and protesting that it was useless to try and avoid the inevitable, Chorley slouched back and decided that this time he would see the thing through, anyhow. He therefore rang the inner bell again. The clanging sound seemed almost a funeral knell in his ears, and as he heard it he started back, intending to bolt this time once and for all.

At the same moment, however, the outer door of the surgery closed with a bang. Chorley was just recovering from the shock when a dainty maidservant opened the inner door and ushered him into a parlor, the table of which was littered with periodicals about eighteen months out of date. Chorley had hardly time to realise where he was before the dentist appeared, beaming with smiles.

"Good morning, my dear sir," he said, rubbing his hands cheerfully. "Hope you didn't mind the outer door being shut on you so suddenly; but the fact is that so many of my clients have a habit of running away after they've rung, that I have been obliged to have that door put up in self-protection."

"Quite so," said Chorley, smiling feebly. "Good idea."

"Yes," said the dentist, "it is; isn't it? I didn't want you to run away a second time, you know. Will you come upstairs to the surgery?"

"Is it really necessary?" asked Chorley. "You see, I thought I'd just call and ask your opinion. I wasn't really going to have anything done to me this morning."

"Well, I can't give you my opinion till I've had a look at you, can I?" said the dentist in the same cheerful tone, as though tooth-drawing was a rather amusing function and he was a little surprised that his victims couldn't see it in the same light.

Chorley followed his guide drearily upstairs, and after a brief examination, the dentist said:

"Ah, yes—that back one must come out, and so must those two stumps on the other side, and I should advise you to have a couple of teeth out of the lower jaw. You'll be much better afterwards."

Chorley's heart sank within him. "I don't think I'll have it done to-day. You see——"

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the dentist, taking a tray full of pincers and rippers and jaggers out of a drawer. "I shan't hurt you more than is absolutely necessary, and—just half a minute, please. I find I've left my third pair of forceps in the next room."

As he spoke he went out, leaving his victim face to face with a collection of really saucy-looking instruments of torture. Chorley grew fairly pink as he looked at the horrid things, and the one thought that came to him was how he could escape. The toothache had quite gone; and besides, he could not help thinking of all the doleful things that Wimbleby had told him about dentists in general. There was another door at the far end of the room, and it occurred to him that he might escape that way and get downstairs before the dentist returned. He snatched up his hat accordingly, and had closed the door behind him just as he heard the dentist's footsteps in the passage.

Chorley found himself in a sort of ante-room, and being by this time quite convinced that the dentist was after him, determined to drag him back against his will into the operating-chair, he dashed on. Another door was half-open before him, and in his panic-stricken state he plunged at it, and the next moment fell headlong into a soft, fluffy heap of feathers.

"Hullo!" cried a rough voice. "What's up?"

"W-where am I?" spluttered Chorley, struggling to his feet and removing a heap of feathers from his face with a frenzied sweep of his hand.

"I'm the man what's come to do the feather-beds," replied the voice. "Who are you?"

"I've just been to see the dentist," replied Chorley. "Can't I get out this way?"

The feather-bed cleaner looked puzzled. But he merely protested that it was a rum go, and then he pointed to a door, which Chorley found, to his delight, led straight to the staircase. A moment later he was in the street, feeling thankful for his escape; and he hurried on for fear there might be still a chance of his being overtaken.

Somebody shouted "Hi!" Chorley thought it was the dentist at his heels and he broke into a trot It wasn't the dentist, however. A small boy had noticed that Chorley was covered from head to foot with small clinging feathers and didn't want the fact to escape general attention.

"Hi!" shouted somebody else. "'Ere's a chap broke loose from the asylum. Stop 'im!"

Chorley ran faster still. He turned into the country road that led to his house with a dozen men and boys at his heels, while ominous barking in the distance pointed to the fact that a dog or so was about to join in the procession. Fortunately, just at that moment he was near the house of an old friend, and running up to the door he rang furiously.

With the help of his friend and several clothes-brushes, Chorley got rid of enough of the feathers to justify his resuming his journey home as soon as the crowd had dispersed

MY ONLY BAYONET CHARGE.

A soldier who served during the last Boer War describes the only bayonet charge in which he took part. He writes:—

We had just reached the top of the ridge. Behind us we could hear the faint sound of cheering; it was the supports hailing our success. In front lay another billow-like rise of brown earth, up which we saw a crowd of running figures go. We knew that they were the remnant of our enemies' force, but not one of us fired. Elation had dulled all other feelings in our hearts; we had gained our first victory; let the poor devils go!

I leaped over a boulder, and prepared to descend on the other side of the hill when someone close behind me shouted:

"Look out, corporal! There! On our left!"

From underneath a Cape cart, the muzzle of a rifle glided, and a shot sang through my helmet.

At once the thought struck into my brain, "I must kill that! Whoever, or whatever it is, I have to kill it!"

There was scarcely a distance of five yards between me and the cart; how he missed me I don't know. I leaped forward, bringing my rifle down to the charge. Something, dull and grey, was huddled up beside the wheel. I selected a space between the spokes and thrust!

Have you ever hooked a fish? Ever felt the leaps and plunges of the startled life on the end of your line? The grey thing beneath the cart tugged and plunged at my bayonet-point exactly the same!

When I drew it back, the brightness of it had gone, and a little stream trickled down over my hand. I suppose it was foolish of me, but I was only twenty at the time; anyhow, I loosened the bayonet from its catch and flung it from me as far as I could throw it. Then I ran away as hard as I could pelt.

On the succeeding ridges—we took three that day—I fought bayonetless. Not that it made much difference; we never got near enough to them to use it again. I doubt very much if I could have used it, if it had been required. The stain was still over the fingers of my left hand.

I found another one at last—took it from the side of a dead man of my own battalion that night, and it was the one I used right through the campaign.

Two years afterwards, at the battle of Belfast, I was lying beside a man of the —— (there is no such thing as keeping together in a big battle; the unwritten law is "go where the cover is deepest"), and he said to me:

"I have a bayonet belonging to one of your corps."

"What's the number?" I asked.

He read it out. It was my old bayonet!

"Where did you find it?" I managed to say.

"At the battle of ——," he returned. "It was lying close to a Cape cart. We had a bit of a laugh about that cart, too, by the way!"

A laugh! A laugh! I thought. What was I going to hear?

"When we got up to it, your fellows had gone on," he continued between the loading of his rifle, "so we made for it to see if there were anything to go. A great big Boer came out from under the axles, and held up his hands. He was covered with blood, and was grinning all over his face.

"You seem to be happy about something, towny,' I said.

"'I laugh at good joke,' he answered in broken English. 'One of your men came past here a little time ago and I fire at him. He rush up and stab—this!' and he leans down and hauls a dead pig out from under the cart!"

He must have told the story hundreds of times, but I doubt very much if he ever had such an interested listener before. The heartiness of my laughter pleased him.

"The bloke would feel a bit soft if he knew," he remarked presently.

"I suppose he would," I answered. But he didn't!

While your mother is spared to you see that you always treat her with most tender respect and affection. Life reveals no treasure more priceless than a mother's love. Ought we not to make the most generous return possible?

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Said the man from back o' Bruthen (writes "Punch"): A man who takes on a city trip and lets his neighbors know about it graspeth many nettles rashly. Recently I set out for Melbourne with the following commissions showered joyously upon me:—The schoolmaster—Inquire National Museum re breeding habits of marsupial mole; one dozen golf balls at 30/-, and one-half lofter. The doctor—Decide which is the best mechanical piano-player, and get quotations. The barmaid—The latest song and a pair of sixes. Mrs. J.—Find records of son, Alfred Amott, who last wrote from Richmond in 1897; one copy of "East Lynne," and a wire pot-cleaner. Councillor T.—Copy of Local Government Act; "Half-hours of Earnest Thought" (author unknown). For the local Mechanics' Institute I had to purchase books, and for just twenty-five other people I had forty-one additional commissions, varying from interviewing Bill Lyne or hearing him speak, in order to see if he sounds his aitches (for the bootmaker), to keeping "me ear open fer the latest slang" for young Tracey. Well, I struck Bill Lyne when he was making a tariff speech. He didn't drop his "h's"; seemed to me he'd be hanged if he'd drop anything except insinuations about Joe Cook. Then I went for the latest song. Inquiry showed me that there were exactly 2741 of them, so I left the choice to the music-man, and asked him to post it. When I got to bed at the coffee-palace that night my brain was a seething mass of pot-cleaners, false teeth and piano-players, and in the morning I awoke from a nightmare, in which phonograph records and police allegations about Alfred Amott were fighting over my dead body for a copy of "East Lynne," which was giving birth to marsupial moles, ten at a time. A week later I was found unconscious with the Local Government Act in one hand and a box of golf balls or something in the other. I was suffering from an acute congestion of commissions, and the doctor told me I had better go home for a holiday. I gathered up such commissions as I could find and left. When I arrived at the local pub, the barmaid received me effusively ,and later on fell on my shirt-front with the cry: "Oh, Algy, I knew that you loved me!" She complimented me on my way of letting her know, and felt certain she could be ready in three weeks; there was no need for a long engagement. I put her from me with a coldness that dropped the thermometer into the fender. Tears followed, and explanations. The music-man had sent her, with my compliments, the latest song—"Won't you be my Tiddy-wits, my little Wifey-woo," or some such rot. I left my commissions in the pub, and scorched for home, flinging out on the scented bush air the three-score-and-seven new blankies I had noted for young Tracey. The next time I go to the city I'll creep out at the dead of night.

"You might tell us some stories about the new Governor-General," Alice said. "The Dudley wealth!" M'Whirter exclaimed. "The Dudley twins! The Dudley Irish policy! The Dudley entertainments! The Dudley favor at Court! The Dudley coal mines! The Dudley knives and forks! I don't think that there has ever been a Governor or Governor-General in Australia whose appointment has aroused so much talk and gossip all at once. That young man and his wife and his seven boys and girls are going to be a great success in Australia. A peer with £100,000 a year, working in public affairs as hard as a professional politician! A paterfamilias whose youth was filled with travel, romance and hot-blooded adventure! A lovely wife who was cast down from wealth to poverty, and lifted up once more to make the most brilliant match of several seasons! The Australian people love striking characters; they abhor the dull and prosy. That was why Lord Hopetoun gained affection everywhere; while Lord Brassey only made people yawn and look dreary.

"Shortsighted! Shortsighted!" Jones grumbled, as he looked up from his newspaper. "Here are your glasses, my dear," said his wife. "I am not referring to myself," he said, a little acidly, for he does not like to be reminded of the infirmities which steal upon men growing old. "I mean the action of the Postal Department at Maldon." "What has the department done now?" asked his wife. "It was arranged," he answered, "that the Maldon people could, if they liked, get their letters by calling at the post-office in the evening after dark. This made it necessary to keep an officer on duty. The officer grumbled. He said that the only people who ever came for late letters were youths and maidens writing love-letters to one another. The postal authorities have, therefore, stated that they think the practice should be discontinued." "The practice of writing love-letters?" his daughter asked in some dismay. "No," said Jones; "the practice of keeping the post-office open at night in order that the love-letters may be received. That's where I think the department has been shortsighted.

WHEN YOU HAVE CAUGHT COLD.

Just beneath the surface of the skin, all over the body, there is a network of minute blood-vessels, finer than the finest lace. When one is chilled, the blood is forced from these capillaries into one or more of the internal organs, producing inflammation or congestion, and thus often causes diseases dangerous to life. The time to treat your cold is at the earliest possible moment after you have taken it. And your prime object should be to restore the perspiration and the capillary circulation. As soon, then, as you feel that you have taken cold have a good fire in your bedroom. Put your feet into water as hot as can be borne, and containing a tablespoonful or so of mustard. Have it in a vessel so deep that the water will come up well towards the knees. Throw a blanket over the whole to prevent rapid evaporation and cooling. In from five to ten minutes, continues a medical writer, take the feet out, wipe them dry, and get into bed on which there are two extra blankets. Just before or after getting into bed, drink a large glass of lemonade as hot as possible, or a glass of hot water containing a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, with a little sugar, if desired.

The most undeserved as well as the most dangerous flattery is that which we bestow upon ourselves.

Man may exert his whole energy to perform noble deeds. He who strives without thorough and complete sincerity loses a large part of his being, self-paralysed by neglect.

Brooding over trouble may be likened to surrounding oneself with a fog; it magnifies all objects seen through it.

QUEER FACTS OF HISTORY.
Little Incidents Which Were Not in the School Books.

King Charles' Mistake.

The whole of Charles the First's reign was marred by grave errors of judgment, which cost him very dear. But perhaps the greatest mistake he ever made was to forcibly detain in England the very men who were to bring him to the block.

In 1637 the great Puritan emigration had commenced. Oliver Cromwell determined to go to the New World. "Eight ships," says Hume, "were lying in the Thames ready to sail; in one of them were embarked Hazelrig, Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell. By a sudden order-in-council the vessels were detained.

If Charles had only known! The whole of the Stuart dynasty might have been changed if that ship, which contained those four men, had been allowed to slip its moorings and put to sea.

A Battle Won Through a Glass Eye.

This sounds impossible, yet it is a fact that one of Nelson's greatest victories was won for England by his glass eye. More than once he had added to his own and England's glory by "splendid disobedience," but never more successfully than at the Battle of Copenhagen.

He was then Vice-Admiral, and second in command under Sir Hyde Parker, who, no particular fighter, left the main attack to Nelson.

He, nothing loth, sailed into Copenhagen Harbor and engaged the enemy. A furious fight ensued, and as the English ship seemed overmatched, the pusillanimous Parker signalled to withdraw. A signalling officer brought Nelson the news, upon which the hero clapped his telescope to his glass eye and said, "I see no such signal. Fight on, my men."

In another hour the victory was his, and the guns from the city and fleet were silenced.

How the French Won Us Waterloo.

Both as a lad and as a young officer the Duke of Wellington studied military tactics and strategy at Angers, in France, and it was there that he had the advantage of "sitting at the feet" of one of the greatest masters of scientific warfare who ever lived, Vandamme. Wellington himself is recorded to have said that he owed the idea of forming a square of infantry to resist cavalry to his French teacher.

The formation had been tried in the eighteenth century by the Austrian-Leopold regiment at Villers-Cotterets, France, but our 15th Hussars broke the square. The French used it in 1812 at Salamanca, when again it failed before the charge of the English Dragoon Guards. It was essentially a formation only serviceable with the steadiest troops.

The Iron Duke saw its merits, knew he had the right material, and at Waterloo it was the French square, Vandamme's idea, which rolled back the Imperial Guard and broke the power of Napoleon.

A British General as a Wizard.

To Lord Wolseley the loss of his eye in the Crimea proved of great service to him and his army in his first Egyptian Campaign. He could get no information of the enemy's strength or position. An Arab spy was captured prowling round the English camp. It was ten to one the sullen fellow knew everything.

Lord Wolseley questioned him. The man stood stolidly silent between the two soldiers. A happy idea struck the General. He said in Arabic: "It is no use your refusing to answer, for I am a wizard and can destroy you and your masters. To prove this, I will take out my eye, throw it up, catch it, and put it back in my head."

And to the horror and amazement of the fellow, Lord Wolseley took out his glass eye, threw it up, caught and replaced it. That was enough; the Arab, whimpering, gave the General and his staff information which led to British victory.

Go to Jericho!

The phrase "Go to Jericho!" originated with King Henry VIII. For in the county of Essex, near Chelmsford, was the Royal Manor of Blackmore, and this estate contained a tenement called Jericho, reported to have been one of the King's pleasure-houses.

When Bluff King Hal was missing from Court, the facetious courtiers would knowingly wink and say, "He's gone to Jericho." After Henry's reign the phrase lost its point, and people got to associate it with wishing anyone a long way off, namely, to the Palestine town, and with this sense it has descended to us.

A Bishop the First English Pawnbroker.

No one would guess that "Uncle" had so illustrious an ancestor as a right reverend prelate, yet this seems to be so. For pawnbroking was first introduced into England by Michael de Northburg, Bishop of London, in Edward III.'s reign.

He set up an establishment for lending money to the poorer Londoners on portable property, and according to Dugdale, if any sum so borrowed were not paid at the expiration of a year, the preacher at St. Paul's Cross was to announce that the pledge would be sold in fourteen days, unless previously redeemed.

England's Destiny Altered by a Skirmish.

Pitched battles have often altered the course of history, but naturally little or no consequence has attached to most skirmishes. Yet there was one skirmish which had an effect more far-reaching than many big battles, and which may be said to have altered the whole course of English history.

It was the fight at Chalgrove, Bucks, on 18th June, 1643, a mere matter of outposts between Hampden's men and Prince Rupert's cavalry. Yet it is immortal in "this island story," for there John Hampden received his death-wound. In him the Parliamentarians lost their real leader, the only man who could and probably would have successfully resisted Cromwell's extreme policy, and found for the nation a solution of the civil strife other than the axe and block in Whitehall.

For nearly six days Hampden lingered in the greatest of pain, and the temper of the man may be judged by the fact that he practically died praying for "his country and his king."

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

Whatever I have tried to do in life (wrote Charles Dickens) I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hardworking qualities, and hope to gain its end. There is no such thing as fulfilment on this earth. Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness.

Only one ounce of soap per head on the average is annually used by the people of India.

net give things away to the board for nothing, neither should Northcote.

Cr. Taylor — They can put down pipes and man-holes on the land.

The Mayor—Yes; and they ask to be allowed to enter upon it at any time.

Cr. Taylor—Then we can't build over it, or anything like that. They offered me £25 for a drainage right through my property without putting any manholes.

Cr. Archbold considered the matter so trumpery as not to be worth while discussing.

Cr. Mitchell—We will have to use it as a drain if the board does not take it.

The amendment referring the matter to the committee of the whole was carried by 8 to 7.

Preston Drainage.

The mayor asked if there was any reply from Preston to their letter re drainage.

The town clerk said there was no reply so far to hand.

The mayor—Well, I will ask you to meet me in committee of the whole at the close of this meeting.

Petition.

Cr. Bailey presented a petition from 39 ratepayers praying that the allotment of land at the Fairfield end of Gotch street be purchased, thus providing an outlet at that end of the municipality, which was highly desirable and necessitous, such purchase money to be provided out of general revenue. Referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs. Candy and Bailey.

T. Ahern's Position.

Cr. Taylor elicited, in reply to a question, that it was not proposed to dispense with T. Ahern's services. For some months he had been employed under the direction of the park committee of control, but when they wanted him only 2 days a week he would be employed the other four on the rockeries and attending to the street trees, &c.

Public Works Committee.

The report was submitted by the chairman (Cr. Harry) recommending—

1. That accounts—general, £212 13s 2d; loan No. 6, £1336 17s 3d; and mortgage account, £11 6s 3d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Lamps.—That lamps be erected as follows:—South Ward, three; East Ward, one at Waterloo Road; West Ward, two; North Ward, three.

3. Lanes construction.—That plans, etc., for the construction of lane between Beaver's Road and Gladstone Street, west of St. George's Road; and lane between Johnson Street and Stott Street.—Adopted.

Finance and Park Management Committee.

Cr. Archbold (chairman) submitted the report showing that the overdraft was £7432 5s 3d and that the receipts for the month had amounted to £868 8s 8d; also recommending that accounts amounting to £387 9s 6d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Municipal Association of Victoria re market gardens.—That this council do not agree to the proposal to prevent the continuance of market gardens within a radius of six miles of Melbourne.—Adopted.

3. E. Lees re the establishment of piggeries on the eastern portion of Pender's Grove estate.—That he be informed that it is not the intention of the council to consent to the establishment of any more piggeries within the town.—Adopted.

4. Supplementary valuation.—That Mr. Herbert Chappell, rate collector to the council, be hereby appointed as valuer for the purpose of making a supplementary valuation of properties sub-divided and of houses erected within the town not included in the last valuation adopted by the council—Adopted.

5. Tram engineer's report—Reporting that the surface of the track is in excellent order, except outside blocking, and that on the southern portion where the lip of the rail groove projects above the tarring instructions will be given to the lessee to make them good; pulleys in good order; machinery in usual good condition; the boilers are to be tested during the month by the inspector; rope being closely watched and attended to in order to prevent stoppages.

The report was adopted, though Cr. Archbold said he would not agree that the track was in good order.

Cr. Hayes.—If he said the rolling-stock was in good order I would be inclined to disagree with him too.

6. Special Improvement Charge.—Authority having been obtained to borrow the sum of £930 for the construction of lane between Shaftesbury parade and Normanby avenue, plan 416; Langston street, plan 419; and lane between Shaftesbury parade and Woolton avenue from the railway to St. Clair avenue, plan 418; it is recommended that application be made to the Under-Treasurer for permission to borrow in one Special Improvement Mortgage Loan for works in Roberts Street and parts of Mason Street and Jackson street, plan 345, and lane between Arthurton road, Elm Street and Latham street, plan 436, for the whole of the works mentioned herein, amounting to a total sum of £2169, and that the committee be authorised to consult with the council's bankers and report as to the making of a Special Improvement Charge for the above works and all matters connected therewith.

Cr. Plant moved that the chairman of the finance committee and the chairman of the works committee, with the mayor, interview the council's bankers re the matter.—Carried.

7. Meat inspector's report.—Reporting that from the 10th February to the 3rd inst. he had examined and branded 155 pigs, 152 cattle and 146 calves, and had condemned 2 ox tongues and 5 pigs' heads, all of which were infected with tuberculosis, the heads, etc., condemned were portions of carcasses brought to the appointed place under the Meat Act for examination.—Adopted.

Committee of the Whole.

1. Re Robb's parade.—That the crossing at High street be lifted and a level crossing be constructed in place of same.—Adopted.

2. Clerk of works stormwater sewer—That the resignation of Mr. H. Beard of the position of clerk of works, consequent upon his appointment to another position, be accepted, and the town surveyor be authorised to appoint a successor to supervise the balance of the works.—Adopted.

A question by Cr. Plant elicited a reply from the engineer that Mr. Beard had done good work and given every satisfaction in his late position.

Cr. Plant moved—

1. That so much of the resolution passed on the 2nd day of March ult., fixing the amount in the schedule of works for a loan of £5000 for storm-water sewer, at £2400, be rescinded.—Adopted.

2. That there be substituted for the sum of £2400 in the loan schedule for stormwater sewer completion the sum of £1800, also the following items:—Public Library, High street, towards the erection of same, £500; swimming baths, towards providing same, £100. Adopted.

The Five Minutes Tram Service.

Cr. Plant said that as it was the intention of the council to have a 5-minute service on the trams, whether leased or otherwise, he would move that the tramway engineer be asked to report as to whether the present cars are sufficient; and if not, to give an estimate of putting the extra car, purchased in Sydney, in order.

Ordinary Business.

Cr. Candy moved that the matter of employing labour to break the stone lying on the sides of Walker Street be referred to the works committee. Carried.

Cr. Hayes said he thought Northcote should join with Preston in urging the Metropolitan Board to extend the main sewer to Preston.

The town clerk reported having, at the request of the Mayor, attended a conference with Dr. Norris re disposal of nightsoil in Broadmeadows Shire. The impracticable nature of the present regulations was pointed out to Dr. Norris, who promised to consider the views placed before him.

Cr. Candy moved that the papers in connection with Mary Street reticulation be referred to Commissioner Mitchell with a view of seeing what can be done.

Cr. Bailey remarked that the property-owners were prepared to guarantee the full 6 per cent. interest.

Cr. Plant also moved that the Mayor and Crs. Bailey, McIntosh and Archbold interview Mr. Jenkins re land for continuing Victoria Road before a fresh lease is entered upon.

Cr. Bailey submitted a request from the South Ward Ratepayers' Association that a small strip of asphalt be put opposite the new drinking fountains at the rockeries.

There being 41 applicants for the position of assistant clerk it was decided to hold a special meeting to consider same the following evening.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

Monday, April 13

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Bastings, McIntosh, and Taylor, J's.P.

CASES WITHDRAWN.

Chas H. Broadhurst, health inspector, withdrew the charges against F. Stuchberry and John Monaghan, the drivers in the adulterated milk cases heard at last court.

Chas. S. Bray withdrew the case against the "Unknown owner" of a wandering horse as since the issue of the summons he had made himself known and paid all expenses.

HAD LEFT HIS FINE.

Herbert Walker was charged with riding a bicycle on Westgarth street footpath.

Sergeant Trainor said defendant had called that morning and left 10s.

The P.M.—We'll impound that. (Laughter).

After hearing the evidence Dr. Cole said "we'll take 5s of it."

DEBT.

B. E. Johnson v. John F. Parlon. Goods supplied, £2 18s. Order, with 5s costs.

Jacob Borkheim v. Wm. Wyatt. Claim for £2 16s. Order, with 5s costs.

L.O.I.V. Anniversary Celebration

Princess Alice and Loyal Macartney Lodges L.O.I.V., celebrated their anniversaries by combining in a conversazione at the Northcote town-hall on Friday evening, April 10. The attendance was only moderate, being no doubt considerably affected by the large number of fixtures which had preceded it in the hall the same week. Bro. O. R. Snowball, Grand Master of the Order, was to have presided, but could not be present, sending in his stead the deputy grand master, who, during the course of the evening delivered a vigorous and effective address on "Loyalty to the Empire." The musical programme, arranged by Miss Emelie Benson, contained some admirable numbers. With decidedly novel materials the Aurelios produced some beautiful harmonies, which seemed to quite delight the audience, who applauded and encored in a manner that must have been most gratifying to the players. Miss Emelie Benson sang "Love me and the World is Mine" in her usual capable style, but shone most in the duet with Mr. Fitches, "I heard a voice," which really went splendidly. Mr. Fitches also contributed a couple of vigorously-rendered solos, and Miss Francis Benson furnished a couple of agreeable items. During the evening Sister Willmott received, at the hands of the chairman, a framed past W.M.'s certificate as a mark of esteem and in recognition of her services to the ladies' lodge. In acknowledging the gift Sister Willmott said she had only done her duty to the best of her ability and had been ably assisted by the officers and sisters of the lodge. Her time in the lodge had been pleasant, and she hoped to continue it. The handing round and discussion of refreshments completed the evening's entertainment, which was brought to a close with the National Anthem.

FOOTBALL.

Preston played a practice match against the Carlton Juniors last Saturday, which resulted in a win for Preston. Scores—Preston, 85 points; Carlton, 28 points. Three or four local juniors were tried and gave good promise.

Preston play Fitzroy Juniors to-day. Players and intending players must be on the ground at 2.30.

Tom Watson, late captain of the North Melbourne, Hendrie (follower), Richmond, and W. Punch, Collingwood, were granted permits on Wednesday night to play with Preston. A few more notable players will be seen in Preston's team.

Northcote and Rose of Northcote play at Northcote park this afternoon.

Preston District play Brighton at Brighton ground to-day. Players are requested to meet at corner of Bell and High streets at 1 o'clock.

WE will make you a SUIT on EASY TERMS, at same as the Cash Price, therefore—

DON'T GO SHABBY! OR WEAR SHODDY CLOTHES!

But Call and See Us—

Thos. J. Dowd & Co.,
"THE TAILORS OF MERIT,"
Head Depot:
380 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL.

PRICES AND TERMS TO SUIT YOU.

NOTE.—This is our method of Advertising, hence we exert our best endeavors to uphold the reputation which we have gained by virtue of "MERIT." Phone 362, City

THOSE INTENSE STINKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I thank "Sanitas" for the word. "Stinks" of Preston! It has been my fortune, or misfortune, to suffer many vile odors in many countries, but in none have I found stenches to equal the products of Preston. It has been remarked, with much truth, "Smell Naples and you will surely die." The noisome Neapolitans of modern times have the crudest ideas of sanitation, and I counted in that picturesquely dirty city fifty-seven distinct odors in the course of one wintry afternoon. Preston cannot hope to provide such variety, but for intensity and penetrative power I will back what is known as Bullen's drain against the world. This, too, in a district which, by reason of its situation, its elevation above the sea, and natural beauties should rank among the best of Melbourne's suburbs. The members of the shire council must be rather proud of their unique record in regard to stenches. Reading in your paper the report of the last meeting, at which the intimation from the Northcote council to "take steps" was discussed, I was struck by the apparent indifference of the so called civic fathers. They appear to wholly disregard the fact that they are as councillors responsible for the protection of people's health. Cr. Crispo, described as the council's representative on the Board of Works, says he could point out a number of drains in a neighboring town that are not perfect. The same old evasion; the same old lame excuse; the same old abuse the other fellow. Without going out of the boundaries of this shire, I could point out a number of councillors whose neglect of their plain duty is nothing less than a scandal and disgrace. The conductors of the noxious trades in the district are not to blame so much as these misrepresentatives of the ratepayers. The trades are a valuable asset to the place as a centre of an industrial community. No one specially desires to see them forced out of existence. But there is another way out of the difficulty. Compel each and everyone of these establishments to consume its own stinks (again I thank you, "Sanitas"), as is done in France, Germany, and some parts of Great Britain. That this is easily possible has been proved in at least one case to my knowledge in Preston. Then will be removed a reproach under which the district has too long suffered; then will property values rise as they should; and then will population stream into what should be the Hampstead of the metropolis. If councillors continue to procrastinate, to find excuses, to bluster and bounce, well, there is a remedy to hand, and the ratepayers should not hesitate to use it.—Yours, etc.,

SUFFERER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Quite a flutter of excitement was caused in the shire council of Preston on the receipt of the communication from the Northcote town council informing them that immediate steps must be taken to prevent the discharge of offensive drainage into the town of Northcote. On its receipt one councillor remarked "That if such a state of things did exist it was a pity." Another said—"I never see any offensive drainage coming from them," meaning a slaughter-house and a bacon factory. There is an old adage—"There is none so blind as wont see." The council should visit the road behind Bell station, where the pigs are detrained. They would see a filthy drain. This is coated with a thick, green slime and throws off effluvia most unpleasant. This drain does not, I believe, get any attention in the shape of cleansing. This and kindred drains are hot-beds for disease, as fever and bad throats. If the contract only allows for once-a-week sweeping, the day laborers should be employed to sweep them every day. If the council would adopt this system and give more attention to the street drainage there would be less polluted matter flowing into the Northcote town.

ANOTHER MAN.

St. John Ambulance Association.

The annual demonstration of the above will be held in the Melbourne town-hall on Monday evening, April 27th, at 8 p.m. His Excellency, Sir Reginald Talbot, K.C.B., State Governor, will present the certificates and medallions gained during the past year. The ladies and gentlemen of the Northcote municipal sub centre are requested to be present at the Swanston street entrance at 7.30 sharp, badges to be worn. Tickets for the body of the hall may be obtained at various places as will be advertised. A practice night will be held at the Northcote town-hall on Friday evening, April 24th, at 8 p.m., and all members are urged to be present. The new secretary for ladies' classes, in place of Miss Drakeford, who has resigned, is Miss Marion Greenwood, "Trewinnow," Shaftesbury parade, Northcote. Miss Greenwood will be pleased to give any information respecting the Association to those ladies who may desire it.

Alleged Insanitary Dairy.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I crave space in your columns to contradict what I term a most spiteful and exaggerated report by the nuisance inspector of Preston shire in your issue of Saturday in regard to premises occupied by me. In the first place he speaks about my dairy. I might inform you I hold no dairy license and never did in Preston. I merely keep one cow for our own use, and what milk we have is kept in a pantry, and the shed or room he calls a dairy simply because I have empty milk and cream cans, cooler, and separator stored in it, which have never been used for the last two years. It is merely a lumber room, with, perhaps, a few flies in it, which he sees fit to term "myriads," and the skin he talks about is a good dry salted one sent me from Gippsland. As for stagnant water mentioned in the report it was merely a bricked pond with two or three buckets of water for ducks to drink out of, which is cleaned out two or three times a week. And in reference to the cow, I might say we always bring her on to the premises to milk, and the manure is always picked up and dug into the garden. I might say the outcome of this most bitter report was caused through the wife cutting him pretty short in what she thought impudent questions.—Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR COX.

Seymour street, South Preston, 16/4/08.

COURSING.

CROXTON COURSING CLUB.

The above club will run their first stake to-day at Truganini for a handsome trophy presented by Messrs Randall Bros., and a sweepstake of 10/- added. The following is the draw, viz:—A. Mayfield's Sweet Nell v. W. Goodchild's My Choice; J. Watson's The Gem v. G. Hamilton's Cow Boy; A Dower's Lady Raglan v. Messrs Watt Bros' Wee Laddie; A. Bloxham's Boy v. G. G. Well's Silver; Messrs Watt Bros.' Bismark v. A. Mayfield's Skipper; J. Elm's Muggins v. J. Goldsworthy's Grenadier; A. Bloxham's Sailor v. W. Alford's Rosie; J. Watson's Gilpin's Light a bye.

In these our very strenuous days,
The merchant who is wise
Seeks many new and catchy ways
His goods to advertise.

NORTH WARD RATEPAYERS' Association.

The monthly meeting was held in Thornbury hall on the 10th inst. The attendance was only moderate, owing to a number of members being engaged in obtaining signatures to the referendum petition relating to the Tramway League business. Several matters of importance were discussed, principally relating to the wandering cattle nuisance and the necessity for a public pound. Several speakers referred to the existing danger to the lives of children going and returning from their Sunday Schools on Sunday, when numbers of large draught horses may be seen galloping over the footpaths and the streets of the west and north wards, besides large numbers of cattle, all of which are released on Saturday nights to do their roaming on Sundays. The establishment of a public pound would in a great measure obviate the dangerous nuisances which the infliction of light fines at a court appears to have no effect upon. It was alleged that in the same day the fines of 1s. and 2/6 are paid the cattle are allowed to resume possession of the streets. The necessity for taking some action to obtain gas was mentioned with the object of bringing the matter under the notice of the council, that some influence might be brought to bear on the members of that August body of monopolists, the M.G.C.

The meeting was unanimous as to the advisability of bringing about, if possible, an affiliation with the South Ward Ratepayers' Association, so that all matters affecting the interest of the town generally could be dealt with in a firm and practicable manner. In view of this it was decided to invite the members of the south ward to the next meeting of this association, when reference could then be made to the proposal. It was announced that at the next meeting a paper would be read on "Photography for amateurs," which, with experiments, would be made interesting by the president, Mr. De Rieu. In reply to the question as to the success of the referendum petition, a reply was given of its absolute success up to that time.

One step won't take you very far—
You've got to keep on walking;
One word won't tell folks what you are—
You've got to keep on talking;
One inch won't make you very tall.
You've got to keep on growing;
One little "ad." won't do it all—
You've got to keep 'em going.

BOWLING.

Thornbury played Prahran at Thornbury green on Saturday last, and scored a win by 8 points.

Harris, Denny, Boyd, King ..	27	—
Mundy, Furneaux, Dumilow, Oakley	—	24
Henman, Gilpin, Harry, Whalley ..	27	—
Angus, Armstrong, McMicking, Stephens ..	—	26
Pike, Fairclough, Doran, Walker ..	26	—
Swindell, Richardson, Robert, Dunham ..	—	19
Robb, Smith, Farley, Adams ..	23	—
Brown, Griffon, Franklin, Dunning	—	26

Thornbury go to Healesville for a match on Easter Monday.

Northcote played Fitzroy and East Melbourne on Saturday last with the following result:—

FITZROY AND EAST MELBOURNE, 122.

1.—J. W. Singleton, Wilcock, G. W. Clauscen, Limerock .. 43
2.—Ure, H. Singleton, L. Ballard, Schild 20
3.—Braim, Broadribb, Furzer, Thomson 29
4.—Harris, Biddle, Robbie, G. C. Clauscen 30

NORTHCOTE, 81.

1.—Pitt, Lawrence, Dudman, Rendle .. 9
2.—Allen, Tribe, T. Taylor, Mitchell .. 27
3.—Marsden, Treleaven, M. Taylor, Schieferdecker .. 23
4.—Bailey, Magness, McGregor, Plant .. 22

THOS. W. SHERRIN, (wholesale and retail) manufacturer and exporter of Athletic Goods, Cricket Balls, Footballs, Boxing Gloves, Punching Balls, &c. &c. His Improved Match 5½ Cricket Ball, as used by all the leading clubs of Melbourne and Sydney in Pennant Matches is the most popular ball in the States and absolutely the strongest ball made. Guaranteed hand-made throughout, wearing qualities unsurpassed. For sale at all Sports Warehouses, or at 32 and 34 Wellington Street, Collingwood. [Advt.]

SUCCESS
Awaits the man who keeps his business prominently before the people. The merchant who advertises and tells people who he is, what he is doing, and asks them courteously and persistently for their trade, is the one who will do the most business.

WHY PAY RENT FOR NOTHING?
WHEN YOU CAN MAKE IT PURCHASE A HOME, WHICH IS BETTER.
£5 Deposit, 7/8 week, does the deed. No expenses.

We can arrange to build houses as shown in photo—4 rooms, £225; 5 rooms, £250. Choose your own land.
Stott & Bastings,
OLDEST-ESTABLISHED EASY-TERMS AGENTS,
207 High St., Northcote, opp. Bastings St. And Fairfield station. Tel. 1976.

Pender's Grove Estate.

THIS Choice Estate is now eligible for the selection of Allotments. The smallest blocks are about a QUARTER of an ACRE in area, while the largest contain FOUR and FIVE ACRES.

PAYMENT for the Land is made in instalments of £3 to £5 PER HALF-YEAR and the LANDS PURCHASE BOARD assists in the making of improvements with a £ for £ ADVANCE. It is necessary to make improvements to the value of at least £50 during the first 12 months, half of which amount the BOARD WILL ADVANCE on extremely easy terms.

A few of the larger blocks are highly SUITABLE for POULTRY FARMING and the demand for them is daily increasing.

All particulars can be obtained from Mr. ERNEST LEES, ESTATE AGENT, 209 High Street, Northcote, who has been appointed AGENT for the Board.

Bereavement Notices.

MR. and Mrs. JOSEPH BROWN and Family desire to tender their sincere and heartfelt thanks to their numerous friends for the kind sympathy extended to them in their recent sad bereavement.

MR. and Mrs. NIELSON and Family desire to return heartfelt thanks to friends for kind sympathy, messages, and floral tributes during recent sad bereavement.

Paterson street, South Preston.

Meetings.

PRESTON PUBLIC FREE & LENDING LIBRARY BUILDING FUND.

Meeting of Sports Committee, Shire Hall, Thursday, 23rd, at 8 p.m., to complete arrangements for concert.

W. COLE, W. MALTZAHN } Joint Secs.

Amusements.

SHIRE HALL, EPPING.

A GRAND CONCERT & BALL,

to celebrate the Opening of the addition to the Shire Hall, will be held in the above Hall on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 22nd APRIL. Proceeds in aid of St. Peter's School.

Concert—Front Seats, 1/6; Back Seats, 1/; Children (under 12), 6d. Ball—Gents, 2/; Ladies, 1/.

Concert at 1 o'clock sharp. The President of the Shire (Cr. McCormack) will preside.

A. O'HEARN, J. McCLELLAND } Hon. Secs.

PRESTON DISTRICT CYCLING CLUB.

A Grand SOCIAL will be held in the Shire Hall, Preston, on Friday Evening, 24th April. Dancing 8 till 2. Smart and Aumont's band, Efficient M.C. Refreshments. Gents, 2/. Ladies, 1lb.

N. DINWOODIE, Hon. Sec.

NORTHCOTE BRANCH of the POLITICAL LABOUR COUNCIL will hold a SOCIAL in the Town Hall on FRIDAY, 24th April. Dancing 8 to 12. Refreshments. Pianist, Mr. Schwaebach. H. E. Beard, ex-M.L.A., President.

J. T. GRIFFITHS, C. A. SUTCH } Hon. Secs.

Next social, Friday, 29th May.

PRESTON PUBLIC FREE & LENDING LIBRARY BUILDING FUND.

A GRAND CONCERT & BIOSCOPE ENTERTAINMENT,

in aid of the above fund, will be held in the Shire Hall on THURSDAY, 30th APRIL.

See Programme in future notices.

Admission 6d. A few rows reserved at 1/.

W. MALTZAHN, W. COLE } Joint Secs.

FOR CATCHY & UP-TO-DATE PRINTING SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE Leader Office, NORTHCOTE.

PENDER'S GROVE ESTATE.

Stott & Bastings have been appointed NORTHCOTE AGENTS for the above Estate by the Closer Settlement Board.

Plans and all information at offices, 207 and 521 High Street, Northcote, Tel. 1976, and Fairfield Station.

The estate occupies an ideal position, and remarkably easy terms are offered. Call and see us.

Houses & Land For Sale.

PENDER'S GROVE ESTATE.—Numerous enquiries. Exceptional terms. 3 and 4 acre blocks. Terms from £6 deposit and half-yearly payments of £4 16s. Building sites at £95. Terms, £4 deposit, £2 17/ half-year. All streets to be made and water main laid down free of cost to purchasers. We inspect personally with clients, fill up application forms and do all the departmental work for you without charge. Plans and costs of buildings submitted. McGeorge Bros., Government agents, Preston.

PRESTON.—Auction Sale. Realising Sale, Saturday, 9th May, valuable building sites and a railway siding block. Saturday, May 16th, Clinch's subdivision and other lots will be submitted. McGeorge Bros., auctioneers, Preston.

PRESTON.—Regent's Park Estate. Main Road frontages, 42 x 146, 20/ foot. Terms, £2 deposit, 7/6 monthly. Business people should secure a block here. New reservoir now being constructed. McGeorge.

PRESTON.—Post Office Estate. Allotments, 34 x 115, £13 each. £2 deposit, 1/ week. Only two blocks left at this money. Free railway ticket. Plans from sole agents, McGeorge Bros.

PRESTON.—Get on the land. Walton Park will suit you. 1 to 10 acres, opposite station, grand position. Terms arranged, from £5 deposit. Plans, McGeorge Bros., Preston.

PRESTON.—Queen Anne Villa, 6 large, well-lighted rooms, built latest design, land 110 x 140, close Bell station, £500. Rent terms arranged. McGeorge Bros.

PRESTON. — Poultry Farm, 5½ acres. Valuable position. A grand subdivisional property. There are two houses erected on the land, returning a steady rental. Price £575, bargain. McGeorge Bros.

PRESTON.—No Deposit. No Interest. Sheffield Estate. Exceptional building land, 50 x 180, £30 a block, 10/ month pays it off. Clients assisted to build. Particulars from McGeorge Bros., Preston Property Exchange, High street.

ORCHARD, 20 acres, all in trees, 2500 special varieties, famous fruit-growing district of Doreen. We can recommend it. 4-roomed house and usual buildings erected on the land. McGeorge Bros., Preston.

FARM and Orchard combined, 61 acres, 12 acres in fruit trees, the noted orchard of the district, balance grass land, all well and securely fenced. Purchaser can name his own terms. £12 acre. McGeorge Bros., Preston.

FOR SALE.

CHOICE ALLOTMENT.

Land, corner of High and Union Streets, NORTHCOTE, 176ft. x 120ft.

Suitable for Villa Residences, The Corner a Business Site, The Whole Block a Good Factory Site. Price, £550.

Also ALLOTMENTS in PRINCE OF WALES' PARK. Low Price.

Agents—STOTT & BASTINGS, High St., Northcote.

Owner—J. BATTEN, 11 Westgarth St., Northcote.

Wanted

CARETAKER, Holy Trinity Church, Thornbury. Particulars, Vicarage, or Mr. Tribe, 19 Beaconsfield parade.

Wanted to Sell.

BUILDING SAND, coarse or fine; also gravel and first-class garden soil; delivered in all suburbs. A. Strongman, Bell street, South Preston.

Business Announcements.

NEW GOODS.

HATTAM & HATTAM are making their first display of Stylish Millinery and Trimmings, Dress Goods, Blousing Flannels and Flannelettes. Also a Window of FURS.

Be sure and see our Windows To-Day. They are fit for Collins St.

BEST & CO.,
Drapers, High St., Upper Northcote.

Special Sale of Lace!

Beautiful Val. Laces in White, Cream, and Paris,

From 4d Dozen.

Exquisite French Val. Laces from 1/3 dozen.

A Huge Purchase enables us to offer you the best value you have ever seen in Lace. Come and see and purchase.

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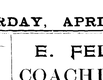

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The monthly meeting was held on Tuesday, 7th inst. There was a good attendance. Mr. Brothers and Mr. Cornwell submitted statement of cost of drinking fountains erected at necessaries, which was shelved. It was moved that the secretary send an official letter handing same over to the council. The two thanks of members was moved to Mr. Brothers Mr. Cornwell, Mr. Watt and others who assisted in the erection of fountains. Mr. J. S. F. Brown was elected press correspondent. At this stage the meeting was thrown open to the public to hear the debate announced at last meeting, viz., "Should municipal tramways be established?" Messrs Henderson, Mason, W. H. Dennis, Hastings, and Cleo each spoke in favor of the negative side. The mover (Mr. Board) and Mr. Brown replied. The voting showed a 2 to 1 majority in favour of the council running the trams.

O.S.T.

The meeting of Preston circles held in the Rechabite Hall was successful. Bro. W.P. (Bro. Wentworth) occupied the chair. A musical item was rendered and good business done. The Australia circle is also super-intending quite a full report of its session at Castlemaine. The next date of the division is changed to that of Preston. The total membership of the Sons of Temperance in Victoria is now 1,000. Bro. Rankerein moving a resolution to that the best thanks be tendered to and presented to Mr. W. H. Jukes. A letter from Bro. Rankerein was read by the chair,

Supplement to the Leader.

April 25, 1908.

The Mystery of the Ravenspurs.

By F. M. WHITE,
Author of "The Ends of Justice," "The Law of the Land," etc.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.
More from the Past.

Tchigorsky was waiting. The room was pregnant with the perfume of Turkish cigarettes and coffee. Ralph handed a cup to his nephew.

"Drink that," he said. "You want something to keep you awake."

Geoffrey accepted the coffee gratefully. It had the desired effect. He felt the clouds lifting from his brain and the drowsy heaviness of limb leaving him.

"Are you coming with us?" he asked.

Ralph shook his head. There was a strange gleam on his face.

"I stay here," he said. "You are going to be busy, but I also have much to do. Don't be concerned for me. Blind as I am, I am capable of taking care of myself. I shall have a deal to tell you in the morning."

A minute or two later, and the two conspirators slipped away. It struck Geoffrey as strange that they should not leave the house in the usual way; but Tchigorsky grimly explained that he much preferred using the ivy outside Ralph's window.

"Always be on the safe side," Tchigorsky muttered. "Come along."

Geoffrey followed. Where Tchigorsky could go he felt competent to follow. They reached the ground in safety, and later were in the road. The moon had gone, and it was intensely dark, but Geoffrey knew the way perfectly.

"Straight to Jessop's farm?" he asked.

"As far as the lawn," Tchigorsky replied. "It will be a good hour yet before we can venture to carry out our burglary. I can run no risks until I know that those two Asiatics are out of the way. What time is it?"

"About ten minutes to twelve."

Tchigorsky muttered that the time was not quite suitable for him. He drew a watch from his pocket; there was a stifled whirr of machinery, and the repeater's rapid pulse beat twelve with the silvery chime of a quarter after the hour.

"You are wrong," he said. "You see it is between a quarter and half-past twelve. We will lie on Jessop's lawn till one o'clock and then all will be safe."

They lay there waiting for the time to pass. The minutes seemed to be weighted. "Tell me some more of your Lassa adventures," Geoffrey asked.

"Very well," Tchigorsky replied. "Where did I leave off? Ah! we had just been tortured on that awful grill. And we had been offered our lives on condition that we consented to be hopeless idiots for the rest of our days.

"Well, we were not going to live in those circumstances, you may be sure. For the next few days we were left to our own resources in a dark dungeon with the huge rats and vermin for company. We were half-starved into the bargain, and when we were brought into the light once more they naturally expected submission.

"But they didn't get it. They did not realise the stuff we were made of. And they had no idea we were armed. We had our revolvers, and concealed in our pockets were some fifty rounds of ammunition. If the worst came to the worst we should not die without a struggle.

"Well, there was a huge palaver over us before the priests in the big temple, with Zara on her throne, and a fine impressive scene it was, or, at least, it would have been had we not been so interested as to our own immediate future. At any rate, it was a comfort to know that there were no more tortures for the present, for nothing of the kind was to be seen. We were going to die; we could read our sentence in the eyes of the priests long before the elaborate mummery was over.

"I tell you it seemed hard to perish like that just at the time when we had penetrated nearly all the secrets we had come in search of. And it was no less hard to know that if the princess had postponed her visit another week she would have been too late. By that time we should have left Lassa far behind.

"The trial, or ceremony, or whatever you like to call it, came to an end at length, and then we were brought up to the throne of the princess. You know the woman; you have looked upon the beauty and fascination of her face; but you have no idea how different she was in the homes of her people. She looked a real queen, a queen from head to foot. We stood awed before her.

"'You have been offered terms and refused them,' she said. 'It is now too late.'

"'We could not trust you,' I replied boldly; we had nothing to gain by politeness. 'Better anything than the living death you offered us. And we can only die once.'

"The princess smiled in her blood-curdling way.

"'You do not know what you are talking about,' she said. 'Ah! you will find out when you come to walk the Black Valley!'

"She gave a sign, and we were led away [illegible]. A quaint, wailing music filled the air; the priests were singing our funeral song. I never fully appreciated the refined cruelty of reading the burial service to a criminal on his way to the scaffold till then. It makes me shudder to think of it even now.

"They led us out into the open air, still crooning that dirge. They brought us at length to the head of a great valley between huge towering mountains, as if the Alps had been sliced in two and a narrow passage made between them. At the head of this passage was a door let into the cliff and down through this door they thrust us. It was dark inside. For the first part of the way, till we reached the floor of the valley, we were to be accompanied by four priests, a delicate attention to prevent us from breaking our necks before we reached the bottom. But our guides did not mean us to perish so mercifully.

"'Listen to me,' Zara cried; 'listen for the last time. You are going into the Black Valley; of its horrors and dangers you know nothing as yet. But you will soon learn. Take comfort in the fact that there is an exit at the far end if you can find it. When you are out of the exit you are free. Thousands have walked this valley, and over their dry bones you will make your way. Out of these thousands one man escaped. Perhaps you will be as fortunate. Farewell!'

"The door clanged behind us, and we were alone with the priests. We could not see; we could only feel our way down those awful cliffs, where one false step would have smashed us to pieces. But the priests never hesitated. Down, down we went until we reached the bottom. There we could just see dimly.

"'You could guide us through?' I asked.

"One of the priests nodded. He could save us if he liked. Not that I was going to waste my breath by asking him. They were priests of a minor degree; there were thousands of them about the temple, all alike as peas in a pod. If these men failed to return they would never be missed. A desperate resolution came to me. In a few English words I conveyed it to Ralph Ravenspur.

"We still had a priest on either side of us. At a given signal we produced our revolvers, and before the priests had the remotest idea what had happened, two of them were dead on the ground, shot through the brain. When the thousand and one echoes died away we each had our man by the throat. What did we care if the plot were discovered or not! We were both desperate.

"'Listen, dog!' I cried. 'You have seen your companions perish. If you would escape a similar death, you will bear us to safety. You shall walk ten paces in front, and if you try to evade us you die, for our weapons carry farther than you can run in the space of two minutes. Well, are you going to convey us to a place of safety, or shall we shoot you like the others?'"

Tchigorsky paused and pulled at his watch. He drew back the catch, and the rapid little pulse beat one.

Then he rose to his feet.

"To be continued in our next," he said. "The time has come to act. Follow me and betray no surprise at anything you may see or hear."

"You can rely upon me," Geoffrey whispered. "Lead on."

CHAPTER XLIX.
Ralph Takes Charge.

The troubled house had fallen asleep at last. They were all used to the swooping horrors; they could recall the black times spread out over the weary years; they could vividly recollect how one trouble after another had happened.

And it had been an eventful day. For the last few hours they had lived a fresh tragedy. True, the tragedy itself had been averted, but for some time there had been the agony of the real thing. The Ravenspurs, exhausted by the flood of emotion, had been glad of rest.

They were presumably asleep now, all but Ralph. Long after deep silence had fallen on the house he sat alone in the darkness. The glow of his pipe just touched his inscrutable features and a faint halo of light played about his grizzled head. A mouse nibbling behind the panels sounded clear as the crack of a pistol shot. The big stable clock boomed two.

Ralph laid aside his pipe and crept to the door. He opened it silently, and passed into the corridor. A cat could not have made less noise. Yet he moved swiftly and confidently, as one who has eyes to see familiar ground. He came at length to the room where Mrs. May was lying.

She had been made fairly comfortable. Her dress had been loosened at the throat, but she still wore the clothes in which she had been dressed at the time of her accident.

Later she would perhaps find it difficult to account for masquerading in the castle in that strange guise. That she would have some ingenious plea to put forward Ralph felt certain. But the dress was another matter. Ralph grinned to himself as he thought of it.

There was a light in the room. He could tell that by the saffron glow which touched lightly on his sightless eyeballs. He knew the disposition of the room as well as if he could see it. He felt his way across until he came to the bed on which the woman lay.

His hand touched her throat—a gentle touch—yet his fingers crooked and a murderous desire blossomed like a rose in his heart. Nobody was about, and nobody would know. Who would connect the poor blind man with the deed? Why not end her life now?

"Far better," Ralph muttered. "It would have been no crime to shoot her like a dog. Yet fancy hanging for such a creature as that!"

The grim humor of the suggestion restored Ralph to himself. His relaxed fingers just touched the cold throat and face. He could hear the sound of regular breathing. From a tiny phial he took two or three drops of some dark cordial and brushed them over the woman's rigid lips. She stirred faintly.

"Just as well to hasten events," he muttered. "One cannot afford to play with the thing."

He replaced the bottle in his pocket. He drew himself up listening. Other ears could not have heard a sound. Ralph, however, could plainly hear footsteps. But how near they were he could not tell. His brows contracted with annoyance.

"So soon," he muttered. "I did not expect this."

He dropped down between the bed and the wall. Then he crawled under the deep valance. He had not long to wait. Somebody had crept into the room, somebody light of foot and light of body who crossed to the bed. And this somebody shook the sleeping figure with passionate force.

"Wake up!" a voice said. "Oh! will you never wake up?"

The listener smiled. He could hear the figure of his arch-enemy stirring uneasily. She muttered something, and once more was passionately shaken.

"What is the matter?" she muttered. "Where am I?"

"Here, in the castle. Don't you remember?"

Ralph was listening intently.

"I begin to recollect. There was an accident; the door refused to open; I fought for my life as long as I could before the fumes overcame me, and I gave myself up for lost. Oh! it was something to remember, Marion," muttered Mrs. May.

Marion, for it was she, made no reply. She was crying quietly.

"What is the matter with the girl?" the woman asked irritably.

"Oh! it is good for you to ask me that question, "after all the bitter trouble and humiliation you have put upon me. Get up and follow me."

"I cannot. The thing is impossible. You forget that I have been almost dead. My limbs are paralysed. I shall not be able to walk for at least two days. I must remain here like a dog. But there is no hurry. What happened?"

"I can't tell; I don't know. You were found in the corridor, I am told, insensible. When they came back to the castle they found you lying here. They had all been down on the beach searching for Geoffrey."

The woman laughed. It was a laugh to chill the blood.

"I hope they found him," she said.

"Oh, yes, they found him," Marion said quietly.

"Drowned, with a placid smile on his face, after the fashion of the novel?"

"No, very much alive. You failed. Geoffrey Ravenspur is here safe and sound. On my knees I have thanked God for it."

The woman muttered something that the listener failed to catch. She seemed to be suppressing a tendency to a violent outburst.

"I will not fail next time," she said. "And you are a love-sick, soft-hearted, sentimental fool. All this time I have to remain here. But, at any rate, I have you to do my bidding. Put your hand in my breast-pocket and you will find a key."

"Well, what am I to do with it?"

"You are to go to my rooms at Jessop's farm at once. They will be fast asleep, so that you need not be afraid. Jessop's people have the slumber that comes of a tired body and an easy conscience. But there are foes about, and it is not well to trust to anybody.

"If I am to remain here for a day or two I must have certain things. In my sitting-room, by the side of the fireplace, is a black iron box. Open it with the key I have given you, and bring the casket to me. You can get into my sitting-room by gently raising the window, which is not fastened. They are so honest in these parts that people don't fasten their windows. Now go."

"You are sure you cannot get up?"

"Certain. I have been drugged, and it will be some time before I am able to get about. That is why I am anxious to have the box. Young Ravenspur would never have got away had he no friends to assist him or a simple fool to give him warning."

"The fool you speak of does not regret it."

"Perhaps not. How did he escape?"

"In the simplest possible way. He was picked up by a passing yacht."

"Well, accidents will happen," the woman muttered. "Now do my bidding. The heavy drugged sleep is coming on me again, and I shall not be able to keep my eyes open much longer. Go at once."

As Marion crept away Ralph could catch her heavy, indrawn breaths, and the sobs that seemed to burst from her overcharged heart. Then he knew that the woman was asleep again.

A minute or two later and he was standing in the hall. He waited in the shadow, silent and patient. The stairs creaked slightly, and a stealthy footstep came creeping down.

CHAPTER L.
A Kind Uncle.

Ralph crept towards the door. Marion came close to him, her hands fumbling nervously with the bolts and bars. Some of the bars were heavy, and Marion was fearful lest they should fall with a clang and betray her.

Ralph stretched out his hand and drew back a bolt.

"Allow me to assist you," he said. "I am used to this kind of work."

A scream rose to Marion's lips, but she suppressed it. The effort set her trembling from head to foot. Yet it seemed to her that there was no cause to be frightened, for she had never heard Ralph's voice so kind before.

"Uncle!" she stammered, "what are you doing here?"

By way of reply Ralph opened the door. He gave the sign for Marion to precede him, and then followed her out into the night. The heavy door closed behind him.

"I might with equal justice ask you the same question," he said. "Nay, more; because you are merely a young girl and I am a man. And you know I don't sleep like most virtuous people. I suffer from insomnia and never sleep for long anywhere. Perhaps I am like the cat who prowls about all night and slumbers in the daytime. But where are you going?"

"Uncle Ralph, I cannot tell you. It is a secret. If you knew everything you would pity me."

There was a deepening ring in Marion's voice. Ralph caressed her hand tenderly.

"Don't trouble," he said. "I know."

"You know where I am going? You—you know?"

"Certainly I do. I know everything, my dear."

"Not everything, uncle. Not of my connection with that woman, for instance."

"Indeed I do, Marion."

"You are aware of our relationship? You know that?"

"My dear child, I have known it for years. But your secret is safe with me. I am not going to betray you. Could I have the heart to do so after all you have done for my family, Angel Marion?"

He repeated the last words over and over again in a low, caressing voice, pressing the girl's hand softly as he did so. Even then Marion was not sure whether he was in earnest or whether he was grimly ironical.

"I never thought of this," Marion murmured.

"Perhaps not," Ralph replied. "Mrs. May is a bad woman, Marion."

"The worst in the world," Marion replied. "You only know her as Mrs. May?"

"I only know her as she is, dear. And yet I feel that in some vague way she is mixed up with our family misfortunes. Oh, if I could only see, if I could only use my eyes. Then I might know that woman still better."

Marion shuddered at the steely, murderous tones. Ralph patted her hand reassuringly.

"But you need not be afraid," he said. "You are all right—the brightest angel in the world. You are torn by conflicting emotions; you fancy your duty lies in certain directions, and you are troubled over it. And yet it will come right in the end, Marion. We did not lose Geoffrey after all."

"Thank God, no. And yet there is plenty of time."

"There is ample time for the right as well as the wrong, Marion. But do not let us talk of the past any more, my dear. I am not going to pry into your secrets, and I know how far to trust you. Let me walk part of the way with you. I can wait by the barn till you return."

Marion raised no objection. It was the dead of night now, and there was no fear of meeting anybody. Yet Marion started uneasily as Ralph began to whistle. She ventured to suggest that the noise was not prudent.

"Perhaps you are right," Ralph said amicably. "At any rate I will wait here till your return. You have not far to go, of course?"

"I have a very little way to go, uncle. I am going to Jessop's farm."

Ralph nodded. The farm loomed up not far off. As Marion darted off Ralph lighted his pipe and whistled again. Something moved in the bushes.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Tchigorsky and Geoffrey were nearing the window. Tchigorsky moved on resolutely and confidently with the air of a man who is sure of his ground. He put up his hand and fumbled for the catch. It gave at once, and the pair of burglars slipped quietly into the room.

"We shall be safe," he said, as he proceeded to strike a match. "It is just as well to take every precaution. What would the estimable Jessop say if he could see into his parlor?"

Geoffrey smiled.

"He'd be astonished," he said; "a little dismayed, too. But he would say nothing so long as I am here. Jessop would stand on his head for me."

The strong rays of the lamp lighted up the room. There were flowers everywhere, dainty china on the table full of blooms, bowls filled with choicest fruits. Wines sparkled in the crystal goblets on the sideboard, a silver cigarette box was conspicuous, and on a safe lay an object to which Tchigorsky called his companion's attention.

"What do you make that out to be?" he asked.

Geoffrey picked up the drapery. On the top of it lay something red, with a feather in it. It appeared to be a costume of some kind. As Geoffrey held it aloft, a light gradually broke in upon him.

"Well," Tchigorsky said, "have you solved the problem?"

"I have," Geoffrey replied. "It is the blue dress and tam-o'-shanter hat which have played so conspicuous a part lately. But what brings them here? Has Mrs. May a companion hidden somewhere, a companion who might be Marion's sister?"

"Seems like it," Tchigorsky said, with a dry smile. "But I am not going to enlighten you any farther on that question at present. Mrs. May and the girl in the blue dress are two separate people, anyway."

"You forget that I have seen them together," said Geoffrey.

"I had forgotten that. Well, it will not be long now before the identity of the lady in the smart dress and coquettish hat is established. Meanwhile, we came here in search of something far more important than a woman's costume. Help me to turn out all those drawers, and be careful to replace everything exactly as you find it. We have a good three hours before us, and much depends upon the result of our search. Keep a keen eye open for papers in any language that is unfamiliar to you."

For an hour the search proceeded, and yet nothing came to light. There were plenty of bills, most of them emanating from West End establishments—accounts for dresses and flowers, boxes for theatres, and the like, but nothing more.

Tchigorsky glanced keenly round the room.

"I am afraid we shall be compelled to show our hand," he said. "Mrs. May is so clever that I half-expected to find private papers in some simple place, while an examination of her safe would disclose nothing. She has not anticipated burglary, and what I am looking for is in the safe."

"Dare you open it?" Geoffrey asked.

"And show my hand, you mean? I fancy so. We are so near success now that it really does not matter. Put the safe on the table," replied Tchigorsky.

The heavy iron box slipped as Geoffrey raised it and clanged on the floor. An exclamation of anger and annoyance came from Tchigorsky, and an apology from the younger man. They both stood upright for a few minutes, listening intently. But the people upstairs were sleeping the sleep of the just. There came no answering sound.

"Blessings upon the pure air and the high conscience that hold these people," Tchigorsky muttered more amicably. "It's all right, my young friend. Hoist up the box, and let us see if my steel jemmy will have any effect. I would rather have had the key. It is never well to betray your plans if you can——"

The speaker paused. From outside a little way off there arose a long, shrill scream, the cry of a woman in distress. The sound set Geoffrey's blood leaping; he pushed for the window, but Tchigorsky detained him.

"Where are you going?" he asked, sternly.

"Outside," Geoffrey exclaimed. "A woman is there. She asks for assistance. Can you stand there calmly and see——"

"See you making an ass of yourself, eh? My dear boy, on my word of honor there is no woman in danger yonder. In a measure I am glad to hear that cry, though it proves to me that our allies have not been so artistic over their work as they might have been. You will not hear that cry again."

"Perhaps not," Geoffrey said, reassured considerably by Tchigorsky's placid manner; "but I hear footsteps outside."

Tchigorsky smiled. He had taken some steel bits from his pocket, but he replaced them again.

"If they are, then they are the footsteps of a friend," he said. "This being so, there will be no need for me to give you lessons in the way how to open a safe. Are you right? It seems as if the window were opening."

The window was indeed opening. It moved half an inch, and then there was a "hist," and something clanged on the floor.

Tchigorsky took the matter as coolly as if it had all been arranged beforehand. He did not move as the window closed again and stealthy footsteps outside moved away.

"Is it all right?" Geoffrey asked.

Tchigorsky smiled broadly.

"Splendid!" he said. "It could not have been better. My boy, this is the night's work which is going to crown our endeavors. Yonder we have the proofs, and here we have the means of getting them."

He picked up the metallic object from the floor. He fitted it to the lock of the safe, and instantly a mass of queer things was discovered. Tchigorsky's eyes gleamed as he saw this: they positively flamed as he turned out a lot of papers.

At the bottom was a book in metal covers. As Tchigorsky fluttered it open a cry broke from him.

"Found!" he exclaimed. "Found! We have them in the hollow of our hands!"

CHAPTER LI.
"What Does This Mean?"

With less courage than she usually felt, Marion went on her way. Perhaps there was no more miserable being in England at that moment. It is hard to play a double part, hard to be thrust one way by cruel circumstances when the heart and soul are crying out to go the other.

This was Marion's position. And whichever way she went she was destined to be equally unhappy and miserable. She had to help her relations; she had to try to shield that infamous woman at the same time.

And now the great secret of her life had come to light. That was the bitterest trial of all. Vera had discovered that Marion loved Geoffrey. Ralph Ravenspur had made the same discovery long ago, but it did not matter so very much about him; Vera was different.

And here she was in the dead of night carrying out the errand of the deadliest foe the house of Ravenspur had ever known. She was half-inclined to throw the whole thing to the winds, to disappear and never return again. Why should she——

She stopped. Something was stirring in the bushes on either side of her. Perhaps it was a rabbit or a fox. Probably somebody had dogged her footsteps.

"Who are you?" Marion cried. "Speak, or I call for help."

The threat was futile, considering the time of night. The bushes parted and two men appeared. Marion gave one loud scream, but before she could repeat the cry a hand was laid on her lips.

Whoever they were, they were not unduly rough. The hand that stayed further clamor was hard, but it was not cruel.

"You are not to cry out again," a voice whispered. "I will not injure you if you promise not to call out."

Marion indicated that she would comply with this suggestion. Immediately the hand fell from her lips.

"This is an outrage," she said. "Who are you?"

"That is beside the point," was the reply. "It is an outrage, but we are not going to treat you badly. We are unfortunately compelled to keep you some four-and-twenty hours from the custody of your friends, but you may rest assured that you will be treated with every consideration."

"I am your prisoner, then?"

"Since you like to put it in that way—yes."

Marion was properly indignant. She pointed out that the course these men were pursuing was a criminal one, and that it was likely to lead them into trouble.

But she might have been speaking to the winds. If she could only see these people! She had not the remotest idea what they were like. The man who spoke was evidently a gentleman; his companion seemed like a working-man—a sailor by his walk. And yet it was impossible to see the faces of either.

"Where are you going to take me?" Marion asked.

"We are going to conduct you to one of the caves," was the reply. "Unfortunately no house is available for our purpose, or we should not put you to this inconvenience. But we have made every preparation for your comfort, and you are not likely to suffer for want of food or anything of that kind. And I pledge you my word of honor that you shall not be detained a minute beyond the specified time."

He touched Marion on the arm to indicate a forward movement.

"I suppose it is of no use to ask your name," Marion said coldly.

"I have no objection," said the other. "The time is coming when it will be necessary to speak very plainly indeed. My name is George Abell, and I am secretary to Dr. Sergius Tchigorsky. My friend's name is Elphick. He was at one time a servant in the employ of one of your family."

"Tchigorsky?" Marion cried. "But he is dead."

"That seems to be the popular impression," Abell said gravely.

"The words seemed to strike a chill in Marion. She began to comprehend that all her sacrifices had been made in vain.

"Tchigorsky not dead?" she said hoarsely.

"No," said Abell. "I saw him a little time ago. It will perhaps not surprise you to hear that I am acting under his orders."

"But he could not know that I——"

"Dr. Tchigorsky seems to divine matters. He seems to know what people will do almost by instinct. He is a wonderful man, and does wonderful things. But I cannot tell you any more; I am merely acting under orders."

He indicated the way, and Marion proceeded without further protest. She felt like a condemned criminal when the sentence is pronounced. Certain things were coming to an end. A long period of suspense and anxiety was nearly finished. How it was going to end Marion neither knew nor cared. But she did know that the woman who was known as Mrs. May was doomed.

Not another word passed until the foot of the cliffs was reached. It was no easy matter to get down in the dark, but it was managed at length.

It was near the lonely spot where Geoffrey's stranded boat had been found. For days together nobody came here, and Marion could not console herself with the fact that she would be rescued. Not that she much cared: indeed, it was a matter of indifference to her what happened.

Abell was polite and attentive. He indicated a pile of rugs and wraps; if Miss Ravenspur wanted anything she had only to call out, and it would be supplied immediately.

"I want nothing but rest," Marion said wearily. "I am tired out. I feel as if I could sleep for a thousand years. I am so exhausted mentally that I have no astonishment to find myself in this strange situation."

Abell bowed and retired. The night was warm, and the cave, being above any, even the high spring tides, was dry. Marion flung herself down upon the pile of wraps and almost at once fell fast asleep. When she came to herself again the sun was shining high. Outside Abell was pacing the sands. Marion called to him.

"I want some breakfast," she said, "and then I should like to have a talk with you. If only I had a looking-glass."

"You don't need one," Abell said respectfully, if admiringly. "Still, that has been thought of. There is one in the corner."

Marion smiled despite herself. She found the glass, and propped it up before her. There was no cause for alarm. She looked as neat and fresh as if she had just made a due and elaborate toilette. Geoffrey was fond of saying that after a football match Marion would have remained as neat and tidy as ever. She ate her breakfast heartily—good tea, with eggs, and bread and butter and strawberries.

"Do you want anything more?" asked Abell, looking in.

"Nothing, except my liberty," Marion replied. "You may come in and smoke if you like. How long are you going to detain me here?"

"Four-and-twenty hours."

"But I shall be missed. They will search for me. By this time, of course, they are hunting all over the place for me. They will come here——"

"I think not," Abell said politely. "It is too near home. Nobody would dream of looking for you in a cave close to the castle. We thought of all that. They will not look for you for other reasons."

Marion glanced swiftly at the speaker.

"How could you prevent them?" she demanded.

Abell puffed airily at his cigarette. He smiled pleasantly.

"There are many ways," he said. "You do not come down to breakfast. They begin to be alarmed at your absence. Somebody goes to your room and finds there a note addressed to your grandfather. That note is apparently in your handwriting. It contains a few lines to the effect that you have made a great discovery. You have gone at once to follow it up. The family are not to be alarmed if you do not return till very late. When you come back you hope to have a joyful revelation for everybody."

Marion smiled in reply. Abell seemed to be so sure of his ground.

"What you outline means forgery," she said.

"So I presume," Abell replied coolly. "But forgery is so simple nowadays with the aid of the camera. After what I have told you, you will be able to see that our scheme has been thoughtfully worked out."

"And when I come back do I bring a joyful confession with me?"

Abell looked steadily at the speaker. There was something in the expression of his eyes that caused her to drop hers.

"That depends entirely upon yourself," he murmured. "One thing you may rely upon—the confession will be made and the clouds rolled away. It is only a matter of hours now. Surely you do not need to be told why you are detained?"

For some reason best known to herself Marion did not need to be told. It was a long time before she spoke again. She ought to have been angry with this man; she ought to have turned from him with indignation; but she did nothing of the kind. And if she had, her indignation would have been wasted. "You are in Dr. Tchigorsky's confidence?" she asked.

Abell shook his head with a smile.

"I know a great deal about him," he said. "I help him in his experiments. But as to being in his confidence—no. I don't suppose any man in the world enjoys that, unless it is your Uncle Ralph."

Marion started. In that moment many things became clear to her. Hitherto she had regarded Ralph Ravenspur as anything but a man to be dreaded or feared. Now she knew better. Why had she not thought of this before?

"They are great friends?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. They have been all over the world together. And they have been in places which they do not mention to anybody."

(To be continued.)

THE PRICKLY PEAR.
Its Economic Uses.

The prickly pear has found an enthusiast in Mr. K. M. Gibson, a chemist, who writes as follows in the "Brisbane Courier":—

I notice in your issue of Thursday where Mr. Daniel Jones, late agricultural expert to the Government, speaking at his electioneering campaign in the western district, in reference to prickly pear, mentions that everything in Nature must have its uses, and that prickly pear might be put to some purpose in the manufacture of strawboards, and instead of being a pest, might then be turned into commercial use. It is here that I might revise the old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise," by stating that there does not exist in Australia a natural product of the soil that is possessed of more qualities, and if such were publicly known would be of the greatest commercial value, and instead of being destroyed as it is at the present time, I fully believe that in the near future its growth would be cultivated with as great vigor as any marketable product at the present time. If I were to mention all the marketable products that to my knowledge can be obtained from prickly pear, I think I could count seven that would, under the present condition of things, pay a handsome return. From experiments which I have carried out, I have obtained from the prickly pear a white spirit in quality equal to the best obtainable in the Commonwealth, and sold in Brisbane at 32/6 per gallon. The cost of production would not exceed 3/6 per gallon, and from several tests from different qualities of prickly pear, about seven gallons of white spirit per ton of prickly pear would be obtained. Anyone that understands distilling will grasp the amount of profit in this product alone. In treating for white spirit, the by-product of the prickly pear, combined with other products, can be made into a most nutritious feed-cake for horses or cattle, at a cost not exceeding £3 10/- per ton. The present cost of feed-cake is about £7 10/- in this State. I forwarded a portion of pressed feed-cake made from prickly pear, after extracting the spirit, to a southern merchant, as a sample, from whom I received a letter stating that the cake was second to none now upon the market. In the manufacture of paper, an excellent straw-board can be obtained, and by separation of a portion, material is obtained from which white paper can be manufactured at a cost cheaper than any product now used. In using the prickly pear as a pulp and forcing the same under hydraulic pressure, articles of the greatest commercial value can be obtained—such as dishes, buckets, jugs; while floorcloths—a much cheaper article than linoleum, and equally as good—can be got in any color. For teeth in spur-wheels, when made under hydraulic pressure, it is equal to anything now used, and when vulcanised, to the layman it appears an excellent ivory. Last, but not least, it makes an excellent sugar, equal to any sugar-cane grown in Queensland. The sugar properties contained under treatment of two tons of prickly pear are equal to three tons of sugar-cane. As a vegetable for human consumption, it is equal to anything brought out of the kitchen, and in taste cannot be told from French beans. The £10,000 offered by the Queensland Government for the destruction of the prickly pear is small in comparison with the amount of capital that can be obtained by encouraging the growth of same, and obtaining the commercial value by manufacture.

THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.

There is a fine art which is much neglected among us, and that is the art of living together, not so much the art of the wife living with her husband, or a husband with his wife, but the art of being a smooth-running wheel in the great machinery of the world—the art of not squeaking or slipping a cog, or stripping the gearing, or otherwise disturbing the harmony of the huge engine of human life.

Nor is it odd that this art is neglected, when you come to think of it, for most people are ignorant of the existence of such a craft, and if informed of it declare it of no importance. But this is not so, for the man who studies into its necessities discovers that it covers the whole of domestic science. The man who is clever enough to understand that unless he makes a good citizen he cannot expect good government, will also be shrewd enough to see that unless he makes a good son he cannot expect harmony in his father's house.

And if these two important facts are comprehended he will not need to be told that to make a good husband will ensure the happiness of one woman, and to be a good father will round out his share of the responsiblity in the balance of the universe. He has earned his right to live, move, and have his being together with his fellow-beings, for he has successfully learned the difficult art of living together.

A REMEDY FOR DISCONTENT.

Every man knows his own, but not others' defects and miseries; and 'tis the nature of all men still to reflect upon themselves, their own misfortunes, not to examine or consider other men's, not to confer themselves with others; to recount their miseries, but not their good gifts, fortunes, benefits, which they have; to ruminate on their adversity, but not once to think on their prosperity, not what they have, but what they want; to look still on them that go before, but not on those infinite numbers that go after. Whereas many a man would think himself in heaven, a petty prince, if he had but the least part of that fortune which thou so much repinest at, abhorrest, and accountest a most vile and wretched estate.

FOR THE FARMER.

PRACTICAL WORK IN AGRICULTURE AT S.S. 1743, WARRNAMBOOL.

The Culture of Potatoes.

Many a scornful gibe is cast at some subjects on the programme of instruction in our State schools at the present time. To what extent they merit the remarks is not to be discussed here, but the subject of agriculture, which brings the child into close contact with nature, makes him a keen observer, and which at the same time is intensely interesting and highly educative, needs little thought to carry conviction of its great value. A more general knowledge of the science is eminently desirable, and essential for the advancement of our State and Commonwealth, and must receive increased attention in the very near future. As a subject of interest, it is unrivalled, for every theory can be demonstrated practically by the children in their own plot in the school ground; some even have received stimulus enough to obtain from their parents a plot in the home garden, which should be their own particular care. This is a result earnestly to be desired, and should bring forth good fruit. Who knows but that another Burbank may arise from among these to astonish the world with further discoveries in nature's methods and reveal to a grateful people a world of delight and abundance? Mr. Seymour, the potato expert of the Agricultural Department, visited the Warrnambood State school in the early part of the year, and gave an interesting talk on the potato. It suggested to us an idea for our experimental plot for the year's work. Our locality is the great potato-producing district of the State; then our experiments should teach us something of the potato. We carefully planned out the year's work. The fourth, fifth and sixth classes, under the direction of their teachers, had each a separate plot allotted to them, and each experimented with a different variety, which allowed of a comparison being made. The plots were each 54ft. x 11 ft., and the varieties selected for planting were Beauty of Hebron, Up-to-Date, and Snowflake. Our definite aim was to find out the effect of tillage, but no end of other interesting experiments cropped up, and were dealt with. Each plot was broken into three sections. Section 1 was to be left untilled after sowing; section 2 was to be tilled at regular intervals (fortnightly); section 3 to be tilled after every rain. The sections were arranged so that a true average estimate might be made from the three plots, as the land was probably richer at one end of the plot than the other, owing to a depression in the ground. Twenty-seven sets were planted in each row, nine in each section. The rows were numbered and marked by stakes bearing a plate which indicated the experiment of that particular row. Six rows were planted in each plot, making 162 plants in all. A plan of each plot was kept in the school, and each child kept a plan of their own plot in their observation books; every set was numbered, so that a record of any peculiarities or characteristics, e.g., excessive growth, blight, foliage, flowers, number of stalks, etc., could be made, and its effect on the yield of that particular plant afterwards noted. Each of the six rows also formed a different experiment. In row A, whole potatoes (large) were sown; in row B, whole potatoes (small); in row C, sets cut to one eye; in row D, sets cut to two eyes; in row E, sets cut to stem ends; in row F, sets cut to crown ends. The rows were kept 21 inches apart, and the sets 21 inches from each other, and five inches deep. The date of the planting was recorded and watch carefully kept for the first appearance of a shoot. Its number and variety, and the row it belonged to, were noted in the observation books. It was found that the crown ends appeared first in all three cases. While the plants were growing, observations were made of differences in foliage, the numbers of blighted plants, etc. Experiments to find out if the plants breathed, and if they gave off water, were also made. All observations were carefully noted. Meantime, the tillage was attended to, and its effects soon became apparent. Then came the flowers—which variety flowered first, differences in blooms, search for pollen, how the flowers were fertilised, cross-fertilization, and work of insects, some blooms of different color, and parts of a flower—all these subjects formed interesting topics for lessons and observation, and were recorded in the note-books with the numbers of the plants having marked peculiarities. Next came the fruit—why it formed, how fruit is usually the life-work of a plant (in the case of the potato its life-work has been changed by cultivation, and the important part of a potato is not the fruit but the tubers underground), why seeds are not sown, etc.—these subjects gave abundance of matter for further lessons. Finally, came the harvesting of our crops, and the consummation of our hopes and labors. The yield of every root was taken, and the results tabled. Where strangers were found, or the yields were small or very large, the numbers of those plants were compared with those taken during growth, to see if we could trace back from the effect to the cause. Wild potatoes were picked out for use, and a selection of the best of each variety was kept apart for seed and further experiments in the schoolroom. Some of the girls of the class cooked some of each variety, and brought them to school so that a selection of the best variety for cooking purposes might be made. Comparisons were also made of shape, color, blemishes, eyes and texture. The yields were tabulated and entered in the observation books, with a list of deductions for future guidance.

The table was then carefully studied, and a number of deductions made from the following problems:—(a) Which of the three is the best kind of potato plant? (b) Which is the best way to cut the sets? (c) Is it better to plant whole potatoes as sets? (d) Which row yielded best? (e) Which section yielded best? (f) Does it pay to till carefully? (g) What difference did the tillage make? (h) Which variety gives the best average size of potato. (i) A and B rows in V. yielded poorly—why? An inspection of the plots showed that a fence overshadowed these rows.

Now, this was our first effort at thorough and systematic work. The great aim was to encourage thought. There can be no doubt of the value of a well-planned scheme. The Education Department is endeavoring to bring about an interest in agriculture, but little will be done until enthusiasm is aroused. It is remarkable how little is known of the potato by young people.

As far as this school is concerned, no other work will be done in the upper classes in this direction for some time.

Those who think that money can do all things are doubtless ready to do everything for money.

A LEGEND OF DARTMOOR.

The most villainous of all bogs with which I am acquainted is one on Lea Moor, on the outskirts of Dartmoor. There the bog lies for about 3ft. 6in. over a bed of the most adhesive and tenacious china clay. A man who flounders into the bog is caught by the feet by the clay, and is held as in a vice. Thereby hangs a tale. A certain Jim Balsden had been walking with a girl called Bessie—never mind her maiden name, it is hers no longer—for a twelvemonth, and then took to walking on Sundays with another girl, Jane Kneebone. As one evening he was returning from gallivanting with Jane, he crossed Lea Moor, and went into the bog, and was caught by the feet. There he stood up to his middle for hours, unable to extricate himself—"stogged" is the local expression. As it chanced, Bessie was crossing the moor, and heard his cries for help, and went to the verge of the bog.

"What!" she exclaimed, "stogged, Jimmy?"

"Aye, I be; do'y now help me out. Get a gate and lay it on the bog, and creep over and catch hold of my hands and pull with all your might."

Bessie went for a gate, and with difficulty dragged it to the edge of the mire.

"Now, Jim," said she, "you've been courting Jane Kneebone, I reckon?"

"Nay, maid, I just walked with her once or twice."

"Jim, I'll leave you all night in the bog unless you will swear to marry me."

"Oh, Bessie, I'll promise and vow. Here, help me out."

"Stay a minute, Jim, till I fetch witnesses."

So away went Bessie and brought up half-a-dozen laborers and their wives to the edge of the bog.

"Now, then, Jim. Will you swear your Bible oath to marry me, and put in the banns next Sunday?"

After some demur Jim was brought to swear. Then, and not till then, was the gate thrust forward over the treacherous surface, and Bessie, crawling upon it, got hold of Jim's hands, and drew him forth.

In less than a month Jane Kneebone saw a wedding couple leaving the church—Jim Balsden, with Bessie on his arm, now also a Balsden.

"Halloo, Jim!" exclaimed Jane. "What does this mean?"

"Stogged!" replied Jim, dolefully.

TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

Each man has an aptitude born with him (says Emerson). Do your work. I have to say this often, but Nature says it oftener. 'Tis clownish to insist on doing all with one's own hands, as if every man should build his own clumsy house, forge his hammer, and bake his dough; but he is to dare to do what he can do best; not help others as they would direct him, but as he knows his helpful powers to be. To do otherwise is to neutralise all those extraordinary special talents distributed among men. Yet, whilst this self-truth is essential to the exhibition of the world and to the growth and glory of each mind, it is rare to find a man who believes his own thought or who speaks that which he was created to say. As nothing astonishes men so much as common-sense and plain dealing, so nothing is more rare in any man than an act of his own. Any work looks wonderful to him, except that which he can do. We do not believe our own thought; we must serve somebody; we must quote somebody; we dote on the old and the distant; we are tickled by great names; we import the religion of other nations; we quote their opinions; we cite their laws . . . and because we cannot shake off from our shoes this dust of Europe and Asia, the world seems to be born old, society is under a spell, every man is a borrower and a mimic, life is theatrical, and literature a quotation.

BALLOONS REVEAL SECRETS OF THE AIR.

The growth of ballooning has led to many curious investigations touching the atmosphere and its inhabitants.

One of the most interesting studies is that of the flight of birds. The observation of aeronauts appears completely to dispel the old-time notions that some birds soared to stupendous heights, Humboldt having credited the condor with over 7000 yards, and others believing that birds of passage flew at heights of 3000 to 5000 yards, and in exceptional cases 10,000 to 12,000 yards. Balloon voyaging, however, establishes the fact that birds never rise to anything like these distances above the earth. Professor J. Poeschel, of Frankfort, records as altogether unusual the passage of a balloon in which he was through a flock of birds at night at a height of 2200 yards. The birds dashed against the basket of the balloon, and acted generally as if they had lost their bearings.

Bird flight at the great elevations formerly assumed is now regarded as physically impossible. The rarefaction of the air is too great to permit of flight without terrible exhaustion, especially as breathing would be difficult. Besides, the cold is too extreme at a height of 10,000 yards, for instance, the thermometer dropping to 60 degrees below.

The observations of balloonists show that the vast majority of birds keep within 1000 yards of the earth, and the greater number of these indeed within a couple of hundred yards, even in long flights. Crows, however, were frequently observed at a height of 1400 yards, a lark was once encountered at 1900 yards, and an eagle is on record at 3000 yards.

He Earned It.

Mr. Huckins was trying to put up a new door for the Widow Jennings. The day was hot and muggy, and she worried him all day with questions, suggestions, and complaints.

"Aren't you getting that too narrow?" asked the widow.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Huckins; "you know a few minutes ago you thought it was too wide."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jennings. "Well, anyway, I believe it'll sag if you don't change the hinge."

Mr. Huckins held the door in place, and proved that the hinges were in the right spot.

But she soon broke out again, and so matters went on.

When at last it was hung and Mr. Huckins was ready to depart, the widow asked him for his bill.

"I don't make out any bills," said Mr. Huckins wearily; "but I'll tell ye what this work'll cost. If I'd done it under the ordinary circumstances I have to contend with, 'twould have been ten shillings, but in this case I'll have to charge ye an extry sixpence, ma'am, for pester."

It is easier for a father to keep his coin and his boy apart than it is to teach them to stick together.

Many a young life has been ruined for want of a few words of advice and encouragement.

Supplement to the Leader.

May 7, 1898.

The Somnambulist's Feat

OR

THE MURDER SCENE.

I.

"Suicide while in a state of temporary insanity."

Such was the verdict of the coroner's jury, and they could scarcely have arrived at any other, for the facts were in a little of evidence implicating any other as the perpetrator of the deed.

The deceased was found lying in his studio at the foot of his easel, shot through the heart. The revolver—a six-chambered one—was tightly gripped in his hand. Four out of the six chambers remained undischarged. It was a simple case, suicide, sanity and premeditated.

The inquiry into the death of the deceased revealed only one circumstance of anything approaching sensationalism. It was the evidence of the housekeeper—an old lady of distinctly nervous temperament—who was summoned to testify. Previous to the sad occurrence, she had heard the firing of a pistol some five or six times during a period of two days. On the first occasion, she had hurried to the studio, but on the alarmed state of her feelings was sufficiently allayed on finding the door locked, to forego any further investigations at the door previous to entering. She then entered the room, only to find the deceased artist holding a pistol—the one produced—and looking at its barrel, still smiling, earnestly. He burst into a hearty laugh when he saw her, and told her not to be frightened.

"I am only practising, Mrs. Hastings," he said, and should you hear any more reports, do not be alarmed. Don't be frightened."

So the firing was frequent, and though it played directly with the housekeeper's nerves, and shook her considerably, she was, on the whole, easily reassured to it, and "Sonny" it was all right."

I have Godfrey Huntingdon well. He often chatted over his pictures with me. As a medical man, and a student somewhat beyond the range of the ordinary, I was interested in the theories of the artist, who has since unfortunately retired to the cenotaphs gave rise to many interesting and disputable points. I liked the man—he was so frank and free, and objectively quiet in his unassuming manner. Poor fellow! He never dreamed for a moment that I was to be called upon to sit on the case of his suicide. Fate plays strange tricks with us. I was watched and waited for—in a canvas from him meant a vivid, striking and sensational episode, which seemed to live.

I have some of his work in my dining-room now. It is a study of the Egyptian. They are none boasting of anything I have seen by any other modern painter. They are suggestive and of breath and bestine beauty of their own, with tongues that seem to speak, and eyes that reveal a thirsting soul. The figures are full of passion, repose in a setting of sun-kissed sand and breathing breeze. The clouds only need touching by the breath of the Simoom to lazily move across the face of the blue sky. He was indeed a genius.

It was always an open question in the days of his life as to what was the cause of his early death. Some few persons recalled the circumstance, but the majority of his friends belonged to the same school of ideas. They were wrong—so completely wrong—that they knew not the real circumstances of the case.

Godfrey Huntingdon died by his own hand—committed suicide, as I have said, but I have not told the whole truth. I will describe as briefly as possible the circumstances of the case, and should you feel inclined to censure me for my reticence in the matter, I will endeavor to plead extenuating circumstances.

I had come to my own professional city one morning. He was a handsome, clean-shaven, clean-cut, well-built man, with hair picturesquely variegated with streaks of silver.

"You've been doing, too, my boy," he said, looking me over critically, "what's the matter?"

I told him that I had been out late on one night in descended the stairs, and was now in the habit of doing so. The startling eyes it once told me that he had only been somnambulistic. He was fully dressed. His face was flushed, and his hair was tossed about in a wild confusion. He looked like a thoroughly impressively unnerving. When I had finished he rose from his chair, and walked in the direction of the door. I followed on quietly. With an impressive wave of his hand he motioned me to remain in the room, and turned the knob of the door—evidently he had locked it on entering. He descended the stairs, and then, with a light in his hand, passed through the hall into the studio, and on into a conservatory. I watched him from the doorway. He went to the far end of the conservatory, and stood before a large picture. I could see that it was a canvas. He remained there for a few minutes, and then, with a sudden movement, he turned round and walked in the direction of the door. I retreated into the hall, and he passed me, and went up the stairs

THE BRAILTON AFFAIR

By James Gray Waddell.

The Panhard was softly whirring before the entrance to Culverton Hall, in readiness to drive Lady Brailton to the station en route for Gloddis Towers, the seat of Sir Edgar and Lady Wallram. Her husband, detained at the moment by some pressing estate matters, was to follow her, as in a day or so.

Lady Brailton was at the wheel, his wife at his side. The Prefect, Mlle. Celestine, about to enter the tonneau, paused with a little gesture of dismay.

"Ah! mildew," she exclaimed in Frenchified Eirthish was a new and mystery—I have forgotten mildy's name, my dear."

"Thurs, Celestine," called her young mistress. "We have not much time."

In a few minutes Celestine reappeared with the rug, and the car moved off.

Lady Brailton was one of society's relatively few women who have intended to remain single, but who, after having seen months of unalloyed bachelor freedom slip by and apparently also, to his own satisfaction, by the bachelor, and who had doubtless have studied his life out entire and whole-hearted devotion to himself. The creature he took, the greater the exertion in the face of distasteful. Little did Lord Brailton think, as he shouted a cheery au revoir to his wife, that he would not see her well from the dreary train, that the close of the day would see him buried from his earthly Paradise to the pauper founder death of despair.

He was seconded by his steward during the greater part of the after noon. By his way to dress for dinner he paused through his wife's room. A letter on her dressing table caught his eye. He could be sure that it had not interested his attention. He glanced at it casually as he picked it up. It was headed, "My Darling Daisy," an abbreviation of Lady Brailton's name, frequently used by her husband and intimate friends. He did not need to glance at the ending, "Yours ever, Bimmy," to know that it was from Lord Bimmy Bimmington, the second son of the third son of the Earl of Elsmere, who was one of the blackest sheep in the black sheep.

Lord Brailton's face became sudden ly gray. His Paradise was crumbling. Into the breach stepped the man of the world, the man accustomed to meet wife setting the morning mail, and he who was even then aware that he and afterwards unwittingly discovered.

Mr. Fairlee has been one of the most recent opponents in the love game Brailton has had to encounter. Between business terribly overstrung of the nerves, and the necessity for a change of scene and exercise—imposed by his physician—he has been his victory. The loser had taken his revenge.

The dinner gong sounded. Brailton did not hear it. He sat with bowed head, oblivious of nothing save the letter in his hand. The butler entered the room, standing three or more minutes his attention. Brailton looked up at last and waved him away, and the man retired, scared by the look in his master's face.

It was a terrible letter that Lady Brailton received on the morning of her departure for Gloddis, brought to her by the first post.

"Madam," it ran, "I am sorry that you were unfortunate enough to learn of my presence in this neighborhood rather than I do not intend to make the obvious use of it. I do not bear the name I wear merely because I am a coward. I am not afraid to meet my wife, save in name, and my desires are bounded by those chosen by the settlement provided for your amicable and any attempt to establish the contrary you have forfeited all moral consideration—Brailton."

Lady Brailton was found lying senseless on the floor of her bedroom by her wide-eyed maid, who fled in terror to her mistress. Seeing for a time to be in condition, he read over the letter, which were crushed in her hand. It was her husband's. She had never read, and the half-revealed her husband's past. She had married him knowing what many another woman would have refused to know, that Brailton's life had been terribly scandalous, and that both before he confided his name and when committed to the order, "when circumstances," how many not yet. Meanwhile, the last was the of battles for the throne—"Send me the usual beautiful account from Gloddis Towers"—and her husband, in a fit of jealousy and anger, had resulted in an acute attack of brain fever and for many days he hovered around the gates of death. That he did not finally succumb was considered to be credited to any opposition on the part.

Lord Brailton was recovering slowly. He had grown almost addicted and for any telephone conversation. The whereabouts were unknown. His good angel frustrated what might have been a tragic settlement with Baron Falkenberg, whose pistol ball, fired at dawn, passed through the body of the Brailton, through some-what, but failed to do more than inflict a painful wound in the arm.

Lord Brailton was informed by the baron's second, in the strictest confidence, that the duel was the result of a quarrel at cards, and the baron's honor was satisfied. Brailton believed he was listening to his wife's confession of the death of her child, and, overcome by grief, he fainted. For some days he was delirious, and during that time he was constantly calling for his wife. Then he became quiet, and would ask for her in a weak voice. He was told that she was coming, but that she must not be disturbed, as she was ill herself. Then he would ask for his child, and was told that it was with its mother.

Lord Brailton's recovery was slow. He was constantly asking for his wife, and

MY FRIEND RORY.

I.

Misfortune never come singly in our family, so it was no matter of surprise to me when Rory Mahon, the night we received a letter from her Aunt Belinda announcing the fact that it was her intention to honor us with a visit.

Aunt Belinda was a somewhat difficult guest to entertain. She would weep down upon us in the most inconvenient times and seasons, accompanied by a large, fat, pampered poodle and a woman called Griffin. From the moment she crossed our threshold until, with a sigh of relief, I saw her ample form for the last time vanish through the front door, the word home lost its meaning for me. Aunt Belinda was a confirmed invalid, and, unfortunately for making herself comfortable, and everybody near her miserable. It was her boast that never in her life had she been taken by surprise; she was ready for, and equal to, any emergency; and it was her ambition to advertise the fact to the world at large whenever she had the chance. Her efforts in this direction often caused me intense suffering. I have a distinct recollection, for instance, of being enlisted to spend a whole afternoon in learning how to turn the heel of a stocking, because this unspeakable woman thought it might find the accomplishment a useful one in the event of my being left a resident of an island uninvaded and uncast on a desert island, it would be a very great advantage if I could knit for my own socks.

Then I had another grievance. My estimable relative was a great walker. She would have me accompany her, and to be dragged on a five or seven-mile walk, at short notice, was a trial sufficient to send the mills of human weakness in a more amiable breeze than mine.

But it was useless kicking against the pricks, and I knew it. Aunt Belinda's invitations, which, as a poor man, I could not afford to neglect, and my wife was careful to impress upon me that it was my duty to my family to leave no stone unturned to please my old lady.

Moreover, at this particular time, I had a very special reason for wishing her elsewhere. My pet hobby was chemistry, and I was then engaged on experiments connected with a theory I had formed. I have that certain German chemists were at work on the same problem, and I was anxious to be the first to announce the new truth to the world. I had all my tools and chemicals in the house. I was not likely to have much time to devote to my researches, more especially as Laura was on the sick-list, and the thought of the long, dreary walks, of the lectures, the couchings, and trimmings, which would be my portion during Aunt Belinda's visit, broke my spirit down, so to speak.

Then in the midst of my woe an idea occurred to me. Why not get Rory Talbot down for the next few weeks?

Rory was an irresponsible Irishman of about my own age, and we had been sworn friends from our days of nursing-bottle and pap-spoon. He had been a wild, reckless, dirty little fellow at school, but, once into a sedate and respectable married man, had touched him not lightly, and he was as gay and careless an irresponsible seven as he had been at seventeen. He was blessed with an amount of impudence sufficient to stagger the ordinary mortal, which quality stood him in very good stead when he borrowed money, and given him enough of it, he was the best fellow in the world to have to dine with. Aunt Belinda I never could make out why; he was certainly for enough removed from the ideal of man-

(To be continued.)

CHORLEY'S ADVENTURES.

AN ALARM OF FIRE.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

There was quite a commotion outside Chorley's house the other evening. People seemed to be hurrying past in great numbers and talking excitedly. Chorley, who was sitting in the front room, went to the door to see what the matter was. As he got to the garden gate, Mr. Basher, who lived a few doors down, stopped for a moment in his hurry to explain.

"Finnegan's barn's on fire," said Basher, "and Finnegan's in it, and there's no water, and the whole place'll be burnt down if something. They say that two of the men are burnt right out, and that the house itself 'll go next."

Chorley's curse was for his hat, but, not joined the procession. The farm was a good quarter of a mile off, and, as Chorley knew quite well, by the time he got there enough benzine Finnegan was even fewer in a furrow way and certainly practically supplied the whole neighborhood with milk and butter.

By the time Chorley reached the place, most of the fun had been spoilt. The next building that was catching fire was Finnegan's cowhouse. Quite a gale desperate in his anxiety to help. He ran up to a tall man standing near the shed and volunteered his assistance. Then the tall man turned round and Chorley recognised him.

"It's you, Finnegan," he said.

"Faith, Chorley," returned Winkbeir. "Come to see what you can pick up?"

"How dare you!" exclaimed Chorley indignantly. "I came to help you, you ungrateful wretch!"

"Did you now," sneered Winkbeir. "Then you'll be sorry to hear that I'll be all right if so many people hadn't to run to help me. One man got a leg broken, another was thrown down and nearly killed, and I've got a dozen of straw mattresses followed. Mrs. Finnegan's got a broken arm, and I'm sorry to know that when there was a clear call for it display'd gone."

Gasping for breath, Chorley turned away. The whole circumstances of the case, and many others, supplied a warning sheet of protest, battled along with the parties that he had said that his assistant would not notice in the least if he left the office for a quarter of an hour. They had got about half-a-dozen yards from the office when Chorley remembered that he had left his hat behind himself.

"What the dickens——" began that gentleman.

"It's all right, Finnegan," said Chorley, reassuringly; "we've got nothing to do. I'll just run back and get my hat."

Chorley was busy for nearly half-an-hour, and when he returned to the office found his assistant with a broken saw, and it set Chorley's back up for another quarter. Chorley was busy for another half-hour, and when he returned to the office found a small crowd of people assembled, and joined a group of spectators. Chorley's assistant was the centre of his admirers on tap and said in a remarkably loud voice:

"Dear garden, sir, are you Mr. Chorley?"

"Yes, my man, I am," replied Chorley. "That's my name."

"Well, please sir, Mr. Pinecan says would you mind doin' his a great favor and not leave your business office, for he says that we 'as to be so careful who we asks for to do anything, that he can't git the fire under. It's pretty sorter fire now—and I don't know as you can know, the noise is bad to borrowed and the smoke is bad to follow, and the place 'll burn like tinder."

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"Why, there's the furniture to be moved, sir," said the man, "and you can run round and tell Mrs. Pinecan what's the matter. She can send for a doctor from stopped for a moment in her hurry to explain.

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