Mr. Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil. SOLD EVERYWHERE

Northcote Leader.

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia

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

{Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.} SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1909. Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 297 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria. Price 1d

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Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,

405 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,

WISHES to thank his patrons for their past favors, and also to inform them hat 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. Sole Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of REFORMED CHARCOAL.

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	24/-
1 ton	12/6
½ ton	6/6

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

Announcements

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.

Choice Selection of Suitings Vestings and Trouserings for this season's wear.

Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

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.

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In Up to Date and Artistic Style

at

G. H. JACOBS'

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

and at

315 BRUNSWICK STREET.

Enlargements Framed from 2/6.

Wholesale and Retail.

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

J. W. DURANCE,

(late of Catanach's) Watchmaker,

Fifth floor Equitable Buildings, Collins St., City.

Repairs Watches of all kinds,

Sells Reliable Levers, Gold, Silver, Gun Metal.

Private Address: 38 Salisbury grove, Northcote, where orders may be left.

Undertakers

HENRY J. R. LEWIS,

UNDERTAKER

and

CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Head Office:

Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets, FITZROY.

H.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.

The Trade supplied.

Telephone 1160.

Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1864.

W. G. APPS,

UNDERTAKER,

MOOR STREET, FITZROY,

Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel,

And N'gh 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—221 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

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

Business Notices.

R. B. LAWRENCE,

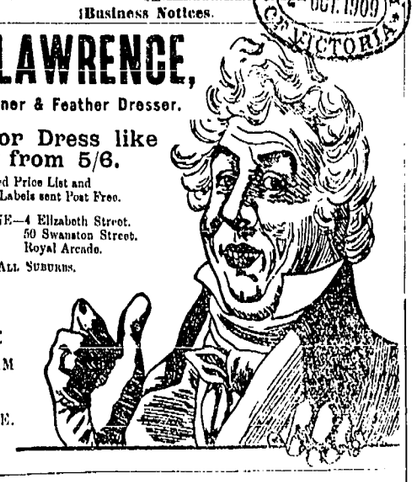
Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.

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.

J. T. Coles & Co., Cash Grocers.

NEW PRICE-LIST:

O.T. Punch, 6d bottle	Sand Soap, 1½d bar
12 lb. No. 1A Sugar, 2/4½	Saunders' Malt, 8½d
8 lb. best Flour, 1/-	Best Fruit Cake, 6d lb
Robin Starch, 5½d lb	Best Black Currant Jam, 7d
Candles, 4½d packet	Best Raspberry Jam, 7d
Bile Beans, 1/- box	Best Apricot Jam, 6½d
Beecham's Pills, 10½d box	Best Plum Jam, 6d
Nestle's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Quince Jam, 6d
Bensdorp's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Bread, 5½d large
Fry's Extract Cocoa, 4½d packet	New Season's Tea, just landed, 1/- & 1/3 lb.
Griffith's Cocoa, 4d tin	2 lb. Dates, 6½d
Moadley's Cocoa, 2½d packet	

Brockhoff's Coffee, Rice, Arrowroot, Ginger Nuts, Mixed Biscuits, all at 11 lb.

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.

Smith & Sons

TRADE MARK 1883

GOLD MEDALISTS

HAM & BACON CURERS AND Small Goods Manufacturers.

'Phone 3601. NORTHCOTE, Vic.

Champion & First Prize Winners for HAMS and BACON at the Royal Agricultural Show, Melb.

All Goods Manufactured under the supervision of the Central Board of Health.

Our High-Class Goods

Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their

Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality

And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.

Our Fritz & Frankforts are just the thing for the Tea & Breakfast Table.

FACTORY & OFFICE: "MERRIBANK," NORTHCOTE.

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.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S COUGH MIXTURE.

A VALUABLE REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, & BRONCHITIS,

And all Affections of the Throat & Chest. PRICE, 1/6.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

W. G. FEGENT

(late J. Blade),

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

PRESTON PHARMACY, PRESTON.

TO Have the Least Possible Expense and the Greatest Comfort in Cooking, use a

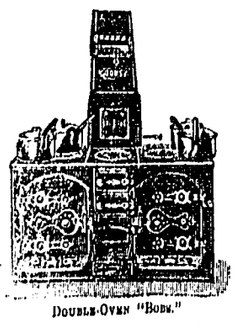
"BOBS"

(burns coal or wood)

Made in three sizes—No. 1, 2ft. wide; No. 2, 2ft. 3in. wide; No. 3, 3 ft. wide

Plate Warmers and Boilers can be fitted to either side.

Our many customers testify that "BOBS" is the most up-to-date FUEL SAVER.



DOUBLE-OVEN "BOBS."

Wallis Bros. & Co.

IRONFOUNDERS and STOVE MANUFACTURERS,

Cramer Street, Preston.

Showroom—419 Bourke Street, Melbourne (opposite Kirk's Bazaar.)

Sole Manufacturers of the Beadle Patent Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, suitable for Dairymen, Butchers, and ordinary household use. Very Durable and Economical. Write for Catalogue.

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL

to add to your comfort during the summer months is

A GAS STOVE,

which will save you endless drudgery in the kitchen.

On rental at the rate of 1/6 per month, or—

On Hire Purchase System; Small deposit and from 2/- month.

A GAS STOVE is indispensable and also ensures EFFICIENCY, CLEANLINESS, and RIGID ECONOMY

COOKING BY GAS means a saving of half the labor necessary with other methods, besides keeping the kitchen clean and the temperature down to a minimum.

The Metropolitan Gas Company,

186 FLINDERS ST., MELBOURNE.

Phone Nos. 339, 369, 967, 2713.

Business Announcements

BOOTS MADE FOR YOU!

We Make Direct for the People.

Our Factory is manned with first class labor and we use only good solid leather, consequently we can give to our customers a boot better in quality and lower in price than can be got elsewhere.

Our Patent Unbreakable Back Boot

(made only by us)

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF BY THE THOUSANDS WE SELL.

Our Prices for them now are:

Men's Box Derby Bals., 8/11	Boys' Box, strong wear, 10 to 13, 4/11
Men's knock at out Bals., 8/6	Youths' strong leather, 1 to 5, 4/11
Youths' Box, strong wear, 1 to 5, 6/6	Boys' strong leather, 10 to 13, 4/6

Many splendid-value lines in ordinary backs also.

All Lines to Measure at Retail Price. Boots sent to all parts of the country.

Bring your old boots to be made new. Repairs a leading factor

DIMMICK, Manufacturer & Retailer

245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

WATCH OUR WINDOWS.

SHOW!

OF

NEW SEASON'S GOODS.

F. G. SMITH,

DRAPER,

245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

E. FELLOWES,

COACHBUILDER

AND

SHOEING FORGE

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (Opposite Croxton station).

IF YOU WANT to purchase a cheap & good Vehicle.

IF YOU WANT your Vehicle repaired expeditiously and faithfully.

IF YOU WANT your Horse sent for, shod on the shortest notice and returned.

IF YOU WANT to exchange your old Vehicle.

Call on the above who is prepared to deal liberally with you.

He has one of the largest Coachbuilding Factories in Melbourne and suburbs, a large and efficient staff of workmen and up-to-date plant.

What more can be desired by a customer?

W. WOOLHOUSE & CO.

Sheffield Cutlers and Umbrella Manufacturers,

143-145 BOURKE ST. EAST

(Above Russell St.)

LINES BY A LONGFELLOW.

To Woolhouse & Co. I advise you to go,
Umbrellas they make and their prices are low;
Whilst in quality, too, the public still know
No Cutlers here please them like Woolhouse and Co.
In the whole of Melbourne nought better you'll find,
Than their Optical Goods of every kind.
Fine Eye-Glasses they've got to suit people's eyes,
And Goggles to keep out the dust and the flies.
In Spectacles truly none better could be,
They've oft caused the blind, or next to it, to see.
Whilst in Scissors and Razors their stock is immense,
Manufactured by Woolhouse—they've spared no expense.
Of Knives they have millions of every grade,
From Woolhouse they come—they're the best that are made,
For pocket or vest, large, medium or small,
Just fit for the parlour, the kitchen or hall;
Some are pretty to look at, most beautiful toys,
Nice presents to give to your girls and your boys.
Others have Seventy Blades and cause quite a start [Art.
At the triumph they show in the Cutlery
Don't carve with blunt knives which wives tempers will try,
It will pay you far better new Carvers buy.
Or if you prefer to have them well ground
Then Woolhouse will make the poor cripple quite sound.
At Woolhouse & Co.'s there grinding is done
You'll find them hard at it from rise of the sun;
And the work that you give them—They Never Delay!
Repairing they do in the very best way.
Your Walking Stick broken—most ferrules [spot
they've got,
They mend it and make it all right on the
Your old Umbrella which lets the wet thro',
They'll cover with silk and make Equal to New;
Your Razors, your Shears, your Knives may be found
So blunt that they need to be properly ground,
Then hie you at once to Woolhouse & Co.
For tradesmen are they, and their charges are low.

For Easy & Comfortable Shaving Try Woolhouse's Latest Magnetic Steel Razors.

THE

Orient Marine & Stationary

8½ H.P. ENGINES 100 H.P.

Made for all Shipping and Farm Purposes.

Suppliers to the Victorian Government, Ports and Harbours, Health Department, Goldfields Diamond Drilling Co.

Guaranteed for 12 Months.

Particulars on application to

C. S. DEAN,

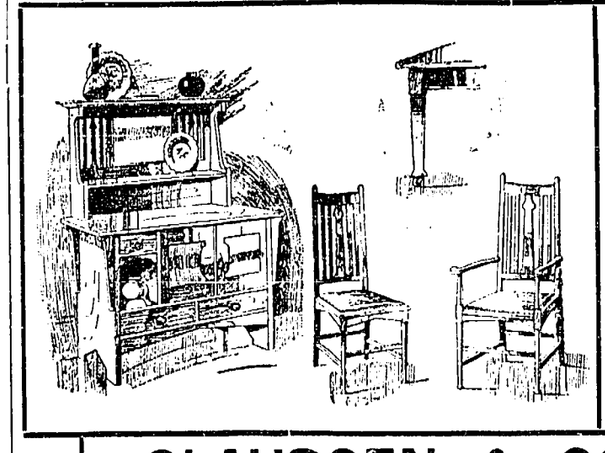
Motor Manufacturer, Mentone.

CASH or TERMS. Phone 71 Cheltenham.

Business Notices.

QUALITY FURNISHINGS

PRICED LOW



The Diningroom Furniture illustrated is unusually good value — the special reduction in prices make it a tempting offer.

SIDEBOARD, in Walnut or oak, was £15 15/-, now £13 18/6; Imitation Walnut, reduced from £9 to £8. Extension Dining TABLE, 6ft., was £2 15/-, now £2 9/-. Eight-piece SUITE, 2 easy and 6 small chairs, in oak or walnut, was £14 10/-, now £13.

CLAUSCEN & CO.,

FURNISHING ARCADE,

194-6 BOURKE ST. MELBOURNE, NEXT WAXWORKS

TENTH ANNUAL

"MOA" ROAD RACE,

20 Miles,

To be run on Saturday, 9th Oct., 1909,

For Riders of "Moa" Cycles.

PRIZES:

1st, Gold Medal with Diamond.
2nd, B.S.A. Rifle.
3rd, Gold Medal.
4th, Complete Set of Tyres.
5th, Silver-plated Cruet.
6th, Acetylene Gas Lamp (Lucas's).
Fastest time, Sash & Badge.

PREVIOUS WINNERS:—1900, C. Wells; 1901, S. Prowse; 1902, W. Clarke; 1903, L. Alexander; 1904, A. Alexander; 1905, W. Walker; 1906, W. Barnett; 1907, V. Yann; 1908, T. Wasley.

Cycling Made Easy by Riding a "Moa" Cycle fitted with a 3-speed gear (60, 80, 96 gears.)

Large Stock of Covers and Tubes, all makes.

Cycles to Order, £8 10/ to £14 10/.

MERSON'S "Moa" Cycle Works,

218 High St., Northcote (near Town Hall).

Accountancy.

Established 1885.

JOSEPH T. DOWNING, ACCOUNTANT.

Licensed Auditor Companies Act.

Tradesmen's Books opened and kept, day or evening.

Accounts Adjusted and Collected.

SWORN VALUATOR.

Commissioner for Taking Declarations and Affidavits.

"Montana," 30 Helen St., Northcote. Trust Moneys To Lend.

C. POWER,

Cartage Contractor,

37 CHARLES ST., NORTHCOTE.

Phone 311, Brunswick.

Lorrys, Drays, and Teams for all classes of Carting.

Back Loading from the City a Speciality.

COAL delivered to householders at lowest market rates.

Nurses.

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

NURSE ROKEHERST ROBERTS, Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals. R.V.T.N.A.

"Waverley," 2 ROSSMOYNE STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Correspondence Invited.

Announcements

MISS I. THOMPSON, St. George's Rd., Northcote (corner Morley Street), FRUIT, CONECTIONERY, and FANCY GOODS. Fresh Fruit direct from our own orchard at Ardmona.

MISS THOMPSON (same address), DRESSMAKER.

PURE BRED POULTRY.

FIRST-CLASS LAYING STRAINS.

BROWN LEGHORN HENS,

Bred from Dookie Competition Pens, mated to cock imported by Mr. H. Bunneman.

Settings, 3/6 and 10/6.

SILVER WYANDOTTES,

Bred from Mr. Bunneman, Dookie Competition Winners.

Settings, 7/6. Unfertile replaced.

YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE.

Correspondence Invited.

A. C. W. BAILEY,

WOLLERT, via EPPING.

HERON & PARKER,

SAND, GENERAL CARTERS and CONTRACTORS.

Suppliers of the well-known Frankston Sand Pit Co's Fresh Water Sand, Gravel Metal Screenings, &c. City Address: 226 Little Collins St. Northcote Address—62 Helen Street. Telephone 3809.

Established 21 years.

Carl Oldenburg,

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,

365 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opposite Brickworks).

Whips, Bits, Sponges, and other Stable Requisites in stock.

Secondhand Harness taken in exchange or bought.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

A. SANGUINETTI,

THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED

HOUSE DECORATOR & PAINTER

IN THE DISTRICT.

Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs.

ON SALE—

Paperhangings

from 2½d per roll.

Dry Colors from 2d lb., 7 lbs. for 1/-.

Artists' Materials, Alabastine, Leads, Oils, Stainers' Varnishes, Plain & Fancy Glass, &c. Special Concessions to the Trade.

Muranese Glass cut to Size from 10d per foot.

Address: 347 High Street, Northcote (Close to Tramway Penny Section).

D. B. MASSON,

HOME DECORATOR,

AND IRONMONGER.

HAS ON SALE—

Champion's White Lead, 30/- cwt.
Red Lead, 4d lb.
Blundell & Spence's Linseed Oil—Raw, 3/0 gallon. Boiled, 3/8 gallon.

Special price for 5-gallon drums.
Stainers from 9d lb.
A splendid line of strong well-made Household Steps from 4/0 a pair.

ALL HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.

Look in our Windows, the Prices speak for themselves. Bring along the size of your room and get our estimate for doing it up.

New Address: 236 High St., Northcote

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.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME

TAKE IT TO

GEO. H. ARMFIELD,

125 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD (next to Foy & Gibson's).

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES to SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

Established 20 years.

W. FIRTH

GENERAL DRAPER,

344 SMITH STREET,

COLLINGWOOD

(Below Johnston St).

Northcote (Free & Circulating) LIBRARY

Open Every Night from 7 till 10; also on Monday and Friday afternoons from 2 till 5.

SPLENDID COLLECTION of BOOKS.

Subscription Fee of 2s 6d per quarter enables the Reader to take both home.

R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Sec.

Tailors

FOR UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING AND REAL GOOD VALUE

go to

INCE BROS.,

TAILORS & OUTFITTERS.

Suits from £3 3/. Trousers from 15/6

Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

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 personal supervision.

Country orders attended to with utmost despatch.

Don't forget the only address—

"Our Tailors,"

VEREY & CROSS,

242 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Plenty Road and Garnet Sts., STH. PRESTON.

Arch. Wilkinson,

TAILOR

AND MERCER.

NEW GOODS for the Spring and Summer season just opened.

A choice variety of Suitings, Coatings, and Trouserings in all the Latest Shades.

Hats, Shirts, Ties and Hosiery in great variety.

Straw Hats—a special line—all the latest shapes in stock.

Suits to Order from £2 2/-

Cricketing Trousers to order from 12/6.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIAL STUDY.

J. G. Alston,

PRACTICAL TAILOR,

324 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (late Smith St. and City.)

Fit and Style Guaranteed.

Prices to Suit all Pockets. Suits from 35/- Trousers, 10/6 upwards.

TRIAL SOLICITED.

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. A Work Guaranteed.

HULLO! JUST WHAT'S WANTED.

THE NEW

Excelsior Bakery

to be opened by

Wardell and Forrester,

at

243-245 PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON.

All Goods from Best Roller Flour.

Post cards and orders promptly attended to.

Are you allowing faulty illustrations to be inserted wit your advertising matter?

If so, you are killing the convincing power of your advertisement.

Allow me to give you advice when in doubt as to which class of block to use.

I have every facility for the making and perfecting of half-tone and zinc blocks for newspapers, magazines, and catalogues.

Write or phone 4259 Central.

H. W. VEREY,

479 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRST-CLASS CHINESE LAUNDRY

AH HAY,

HIGH STREET, THORNBURY (next Best, Draper.

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? ROOF LEAK?

S. McDOUGALL,

LICENSED PLUMBER, Next Railway, NORMANDY AVENUE, NORTHCOTE,

WILL SET MATTERS RIGHT—

Promptly—Reliably—Cheaply.

Water Meters Fixed. Gas & Water laid on

For Sale.

FIRST-CLASS Garden Soil (rich, black loam) for Sale.—J. Milet, Beaver's rd Northcote.

Church Notices

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY.

22nd Annual Church Festival
(Within the Octave of St. Michael and All Angels).
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Choral Matins and Holy Eucharist with Sermon.
3 p.m., Children's Service.
7 p.m., Festal Evensong (Full Choral) and Sermon.
Special Collections for Church Funds.

INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

REV. HECTOR FERGUSON
Minister.
Morning, "Who'll Buy the Truth?"
Evening, "Our Spiritual Friends."
Mr. Sinclair's Young Men's Class at 3.

NORTHCOTE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Armadale St.

Sunday, 3rd October,
Rev. H. L. WILLETT BEVAN, morning and evening.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
Rev. J. DARROCH (locum tenens).
11 a.m., Rev. ROBERT VANCE, M.A.
7 p.m., Rev. J. R. ANDERSON, M.A. (North Carlton).
Anthems:—Morning, "Incline thine Ear" (bass solo); evening, "Oh, how amiable;" tenor solo, "His Eye is on the Sparrow" (Alexander).
All are cordially welcome.
Mr. Geo. A. Maxwell, M.A., LL.B., will lecture on "A Homely Philosophy of Life" on October 11.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
All seats free. Strangers welcomed.
Morning, Rev. A. UGLOW.
Evening, Rev. T. ALDAY.
Young Men's Bible Class at 3. Leader, Mr. J. S. Clarke, M.A.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH, Kimberley Hall, Darebin Road.

Sunday Services:
Preacher—Rev. T. NICHOLS, morning and evening.
All welcome to all services.

NORTHCOTE CHURCH of CHRIST, Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove.

Sunday Meetings:
11 a.m., Lord's Supper.
3 p.m., Bible School.
7 p.m., Gospel Service. Preacher—Mr. J. D. LANG. Subject—"Christ's Compassion."
All Seats Free. No Collection. All welcome.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. T. S. B. WOODFULL.
Afternoon, Rev. T. ALDAY.
Evening, Rev. J. NALL.
All Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRESTON CHURCH OF CHRIST, Bradford Hall, High St.

Breaking of Bread, 11 a.m.
Bible School, 3 p.m.
Gospel Meeting, 7 p.m. Preacher, Mr. F. GOODWIN.
Ladies invited Wednesdays at 2.30 p.m. Try and come.
All welcome. No collection.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH. ANNIVERSARY, Sunday, 3rd Oct. Preachers—Rev. Dr. WATKIN, 11 and 7. Rev. C. C. DUGAN, B.A., 3. Tea and Public Meeting, Monday, 4th. Chairman, J. Hattam, Esq. Speakers—Rev. S. Scholes and Rev. John Thomas, B.A. Music by Church Choir. Tea on tables at 6 o'clock. Admission 1/-, Children 9d.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. J. TRATHAN.
Evening, Rev. A. ROGERS.
Bright singing. All welcome.

Educational.

MISS EVELINE ROBERTS
Receives and Visits Pupils for
ELOCUTION.
(Registered by the Teachers and Schools Registration Board.)
CLASSES held at Bradford Hall, Preston, Guild Hall, Thornbury, Rechabite Hall, Yarraville.
Terms at Gladstone Street, Northcote.

Westleigh College
(1886).
MICHAEL ST., NORTH FITZROY.
and
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Principals: MISSES WESTGARTH, assisted by University Staff (visiting and Resident).
KINDERGARTEN TO JUNIOR PUBLIC.
CLASSES for Music, Singing, Drawing, Painting, Elocution, Gymnastics, Dancing.
Boarders' residence, High St., Northcote close to tram and train (Heidelberg line). Large grounds, tennis court, poultry, cow.
TERMS: Day Pupils, 1 to 3 guineas; Boarders, 10 to 15 guineas. All terms equal length. Pupils entering during term charged accordingly.
Dressmaking Class, Wednesday Afternoon; 12 lessons 1 guinea.
Dancing, Mons. Bibron, Friday evening, 25/.
3rd term, July 27th, 1909.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.C.D., &c.
Vice-Principal:
T. COCHRANE (Melb. Univ.),
Assisted by Visiting Staff.
Telephone Attendants' Examination on Tuesday nights and General Improvement. Fee, £1 1s.
Pharmacy on Thursday nights. Fees by arrangement. Both held at College.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.

Austral Coaching College

A SPLENDID SECONDARY SCHOOL. | JUNIOR PUBLIC. SENIOR PUBLIC. Classes Day & Night.

Special Equipment for Medical and Dental Students.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.
Students are prepared successfully for all Government Examinations.
Non-Clerical, Railways, State Public Service.
Commonwealth Public Service.
Telephone Attendants.

CLASSES DAY AND NIGHT, ALL SUBJECTS.
195 LITTLE COLLINS ST.
F. THOMAS, B.A.

NUNAN, COLLINS, & CO.,

Furniture, Carpet, and Piano Warehousemen.

212 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

And 300-2 Bridge Rd., Richmond.

Very Easy Terms as follow:

£3 worth	...	1/- week	£15 worth	...	5/- week
£5 "	...	2/- "	£25 "	...	7/6 "
£7 "	...	2/6 "	£35 "	...	10/- "
£10 "	...	3/6 "	£50 "	...	12/6 "

SPRING MILLINERY!
SPRING MILLINERY!

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood,

Has opened the Latest Shapes in Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, Ornaments, &c.

Also—
A Large Assortment of Trimmed Hats, Children's Millinery, & Corsets, all prices.

W. ANGLISS & CO,

Family Butchers,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

We invite the housekeepers of the district to inspect our Lovely Show of Meat at Great Reductions in prices.

Mutton from 1½d lb.
Roast Beef from 2d 1d.
Corn Beef from 2d lb.
Sausages, 2½d lb.
Mince, 2d lb.

All other Prime Joints Equally Reduced

TRY OUR SMALL GOODS.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

One Visit to our Shop will convince you that ours is the BEST and CHEAPEST MEAT in the district.

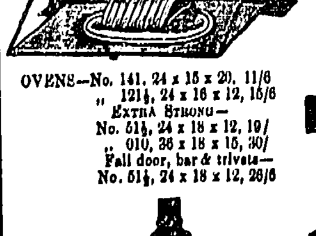
Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a further continuance of your esteemed patronage.

W. ANGLISS & CO.,
High St., Northcote.

T. E. REDMOND,

Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil & Color Merchant,

408 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

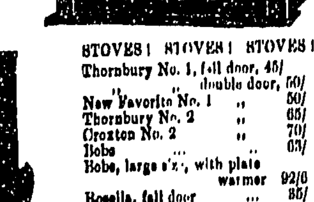


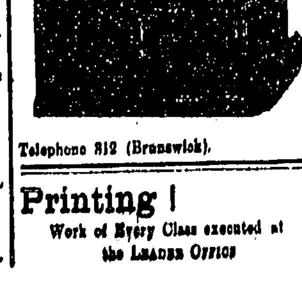
CHEAPEST and BEST PLACE to Buy Ironmongery, Tinware, Crockery, Brushware, Churns, & Milk Dishes, Window Glass, Wall Paper, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Leather and Grindery, Diamond Dyes.

Spades, Shovels, Forks, Garden Seeds and Tools, Watering Cans, galvanised and painted, from 1/.

Galvanised Iron, Spouting, Ridging, Fencing Wire, Wire Netting, Bird Lime, Mixed Paint, &c., at Lowest Prices.

OVENS—No. 141, 24 x 15 x 20, 11/6
" 121½, 24 x 16 x 12, 15/6
EXTRA STRONG—
No. 51½, 24 x 18 x 12, 19/
" 010, 36 x 18 x 15, 30/
Fall door, bar & trivets—
No. 51½, 24 x 18 x 12, 26/6





STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

Thornbury No. 1, fall door, 45/		
" " double door,		50/
New Favorite No. 1	"	50/
Thornbury No. 2	"	65/
Croxton No. 2	"	70/
Bobs	... "	63/
Bobs, large size, with plate warmer		92/6
Rosella, fall door	...	35/
Woolton "	...	37/6

Every Stove I have in stock is a GOOD COOKER.

Telephone 812 (Brunswick). TERMS: CASH.

Printing!
Work of Every Class executed at the LEADER OFFICE

Amusements.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT,
Shire Hall, Preston,
WEDNESDAY, 6th OCTOBER.
A Grand Lecture,
"SCENES & SENSATIONS of BATTLE"
by DONALD MCDONALD, Esq.
("Argus" War Correspondent).
SYNOPSIS:—The Attack on Waggon Hill—Charge of Devons—Shell and Siege—Short Rations—A Wasted Garrison—Thrilling Night Attack—The Light Side of War—The Story of Dundas Simpson—The Cossack Posts.
Limelight Views by Rev. T. Cameron.
Doors open 7.30. Commence 8 sharp.
Admission 1/. Children, half-price.
R. RULE, Hon. Sec.

A COMPLIMENTARY CONVERSAZIONE
will be tendered to
COUNCILLOR HARRY,
in recognition of his valuable services as a Member of the Northcote Council,
in the
KIMBERLEY HALL, Darebin Road,
on
SATURDAY EVENING, 9th October, at 8 o'clock.
Tickets, One Shilling, can be obtained from
E. H. SMITH } Hon.
E. J. DAWBORN } Secs

CLARENDON TENNIS CLUB.
Grand Vocal & Instrumental CONCERT, Congregational Church, Armadale Street, Northcote, Thursday next, 7th October. Splendid Programme. Admission 6d.

PRIDE of NORTHCOTE FEMALE Tent I.O.R. will celebrate their Anniversary by a SOCIAL EVENING in the Northcote Town Hall on Saturday, 9th October, Chairman, J. G. Membrey, M.L.A. Good Programme. Refreshments. Admission 6d.

NORTHCOTE CYCLING and SOCIAL CLUB will hold their next Social on Tuesday, 5th October. Rosenthal & Jones' Band, Efficient M.C., Refreshments. Prices as usual. A. E. JOHNSON, Hon. Sec.
T. MATTHEWS, Assist. Sec.

METHODIST CHURCH, SOUTH PRESTON.
TO-NIGHT at 8.
Popular Lecture, "Lights and Shades of a Parson's Life," Rev. A. Rogers, F.R.G.S. Adults 6d, Children 3d.

Meetings.

NORTHCOTE South Ratepayers' Association.—Monthly meeting, All Saints' Hall, Tuesday next, at 8 p.m. Lecture, "Scientific Socialism," by Mr. H. Beard. Visitors always welcome.

PRESTON FOOTBALL CLUB.
Committee, Players, and Members who wish to assist in the Fancy Dress Football Match, Tableaux, and Procession for the Moore Benefit on the 16th inst., are notified that a meeting will be held in the Bradford Hall on Thursday next, 7th inst., at 8 p.m.
W. H. SMITH Hon. Secretary.

Local Government.

SHIRE OF PRESTON

Ratepayers are hereby notified that the Pan Fee Charges for the year ending 30th September, 1910, have been fixed at 7/6 per pan, payable half-yearly, and are due and payable on the 1st October, 1909, and must be paid at the Shire Office on or before the 15th October, or the service will be discontinued.
T. J. WITHRINGTON,
Shire Secretary.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.
PAN CHARGE.

Notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the Council of the Town of Northcote, at a meeting thereof to be held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Northcote, on the 11th day of October, 1909, at 7.30 p.m., to make and levy a Pan Annual Charge of Eight Shillings per pan on the occupiers of and on all tenements within the said Town, not connected with the sewerage system of the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works, for the year ending 30th September, 1910, to provide for the removal and proper disposal of nightsoil, the said charge to be made due and payable on the 12th day of October, 1909.
By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.
October 1st, 1909.

Notices

"BIBLE" Success Band"
First Grand Rally
will be held in
NORTHCOTE METHODIST SCHOOL HALL, High Street.
On MONDAY EVENING NEXT, 4th October.
Come and Hear what it is all about.
Mrs Dr. Warren, Victorian President,
will address the meeting.
District Secretary will report progress in Northcote.
Chapman-Alexander Mission Choir
Members, drawn from the Northcote Churches, will occupy the platform.
Bright Song Service, 7.30 until 8 o'clock.
CHAIRMAN, REV. T. ALDAY.
Admission Free. No Collection.
MRS. E. T. BROWN,
Dist. Sec.

Cricket Materials
for Season 1909 10.
To Secretaries of Local Cricket Clubs and Schools.
We are prepared to supply any Cricket Material you may require at TOWN PRICES.
BATS from 10d to 25/.
A Splendid Lot to choose from.
BALLS—Compo, from 6d to 2/6.
" Leather—Duke's from 6/6.
" " Sherrin's, 7/6.
WICKETS, PADS, GLOVES.
Matting and Nets supplied to order.
Bats Bound and Repaired.
Tennis Rackets Re-Strung, &c.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.
T. THOMSON,
NEWS AGENT, &c.,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Savings Bank).

COOPER'S,
HIGH STREET, PRESTON,
for
ICE CREAM, SUMMER DRINKS, and CONFECTIONERY.

House & Land Wanted.

WANTED, all districts, any quantity houses, allotments, farms, country homes. Buyers, tenants waiting. Gordon Garrett, 558 High St., Northcote.

To Let.

TO LET.—Cottage, 5 rooms and conveniences, 7-stall stable, large feed room, harness room, large yard, 12/6. Knapp, Helen street, Northcote.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published Every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2.

Yesterday, 1st, the Northcote town clerk had his balance struck for the year ending September 30. Unfortunately it is a debit, amounting to £4427 13s 6d. There is some consolation in the fact, though, that the position is not worse than last year; in fact it is a little better. The rates have come in excellently, of the current rate of £9930 18s 9d only £290 0s 9d being left outstanding, which is very creditable to the collector (Mr. H. Chappell) and his assistant (Mr. J. Thomson). The arrears brought forward from last year have been reduced from £941 to £708 14s 9d. The gross amount now outstanding is £926 13s 3d, the lowest it has been for 20 years. The total disbursements by the council for the year were over £22,000, so that the town is commencing to show big figures.

The Northcote Public Library Committee held a special meeting on Friday evening last to consider the matter of the allocation of the Government grant. There was a full attendance, viz., Cr. Lees (president) in the chair, Crs. Hayes, Williams, Bastings, and Messrs S. H. Don, W. G. Swift, J. G. Membrey, R. Tobin, G. Cockerill, and R. J. Whalley (hon. sec.) After full discussion the following resolution was unanimously carried, viz.:—"That the library committee consents to £250 of the £350 granted by the Government for library purposes being handed over to the Northcote council towards the purchase of land on which the library building is to be erected on condition that the council place the sum of £150 on the estimates for the current year to be handed over to the library committee on completion of the new building." This resolution was presented to the town council on Monday evening, and Cr. Bastings submitted a resolution for its acceptance, which was seconded by the mayor, but after brief discussion the matter was made an order of the day for next meeting.

The mayor (Cr. Hayes) reported to the town council on Monday evening having, in company with Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., Cr. Bastings, and the town clerk, interviewed the Minister of Lands with reference to setting apart portion of the old Inebriate Retreat, St. George's road, as a recreation reserve. The following requests were made:—1. That an area of about 10 acres be reserved for such purpose on the ground of the density of the population and the sparse provision for parks for the people. 2. A permissive occupancy for a term of 10 years with a right to compensation for improvements, should the tenancy be terminated. The Minister stated that he would submit the whole matter to the Cabinet, but that a rental would have to be paid, which condition he asked be placed before the council.—On the motion of the mayor the matter was referred to the committee of the whole.

The final dance in connection with the series of socials which have been conducted by the Northcote Cricket Club took place in the town-hall on Wednesday night. The attendance was quite large enough for the hall accommodation, and many attractive dresses were worn by the ladies. The decorations were tasteful and effective, the music all that could be wished for, and the other arrangements in keeping. The mayor and mayoress and president of the club were amongst those present. Songs were given at intervals by Miss Bryce, Messrs J. T. Ralph, Dyer and Fontaine. The honorary secretaries, Messrs C. C. Osborne and T. Phillips, and the managing committee are to be congratulated on the manner in which the socials have been conducted. From a pleasure giving view they have been eminently successful.

We regret to report the death of Mrs. Newton, wife of Mr. J. J. Newton, of High street, Preston, and mother of ex-Cr. J. C. Newton and Messrs A. E., P., and L. Lewton, which took place at her late residence, "Portsmouth," High street, Preston, on Wednesday, September 29th., after a short illness. The funeral took place on Friday, 30th September, the place of interment being the Coburg cemetery. The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, the mortuary arrangements being carried out by Mr. H. J. R. Lewis.

Our numerous readers will be interested in the following:—"Monday evening saw the opening of Mr. Hector Lightfoot's Costume Concert Season at the Promenade Pier Pavilion, when a decidedly attractive programme was given by his party of vocalists, who are styled "The Australian Entertainers." The programme they submitted on Monday and throughout the week has fulfilled what nearly everyone thinks is the ideal of a Promenade Concert. . . . . . . As a ballad singer, the organiser of the concerts, Mr. Hector Lightfoot, is one of the best. His fine tenor voice won golden opinions, for nothing could be better than his rendering of such songs as "Thora," or when singing in duets or quartets."—*Dover Express.*

A decade and more ago the Rev. Hector Ferguson won considerable fame and popularity in this and other suburbs with his dramatic recitals. Included in his repertoire were Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "The Starling," and "The Scottish Covenanters," &c. Prompted by a desire to help the hospitals of the metropolis, one these recitals—"The Christmas Carol"—was resurrected from the rev. gentleman's treasury, burnished up afresh, and given in the town hall, Northcote, before a large and appreciative audience on Tuesday night last. For quite an hour and a half the beauty, pathos, humor and mystery of this immortal story—the best of its kind ever written—was successfully presented by Mr. Ferguson, who had no difficulty in holding the attention of his audience. The mayor (Cr. Hayes), who presided, said that it was the first time he had had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ferguson's recital and said that to him (the mayor) it had been a treat. Vocal selections were given by Miss and Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Dyer. The whole of the proceeds will be handed to the hospital fund.

There were nearly two thousand people present at the Croxton recreation ground on Sunday afternoon last, on the occasion of the sacred and classical concert given by the Collingwood Citizen's Contest Band in aid of the Waratah Search Fund. A collection was taken up amounting to £5 6s, and the balance (£4 6s) after paying expenses has been forwarded to those in charge of the fund. The programme, which was of the very best class, furnished a delightful treat to all music lovers. The same band will give a concert to-morrow afternoon in aid of the funds of the Melbourne Hospital. It is proposed to have a band concert every Sunday afternoon from this out.

The Thornbury Gymnasium Club held a grand concert and biograph entertainment at the shire-hall on Tuesday evening last and were greeted with a full house, Cr. Allchin, ex-president of the shire, presided. The programme went well, appearing to give every satisfaction. Amongst the contributors were the Misses Prosser, Werfner, and Kay, Messrs Les. Hart, Uglow, Synan, Dale, Leslie, Cooper, J. Scotland, and Baby Gange. The concert should put the club in good funds.

"THE CHILD—IT'S PHYSICAL AND MORAL WELFARE."

ADDRESS BY THE FEDERAL SPEAKER.

Dr. Carty Salmon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, delivered an address to a large audience last Sunday afternoon in the Northcote Methodist Church on "The Child it's physical and moral welfare." Mr. Salmon, after extolling the Chief Justice for the able and courageous way in which he had directed public attention to the dangers which attended our young people, said that the value of child life to the nation could not possibly be over-estimated; yet there were some people who seemed to regard children as merely circumstances in life's history, entirely overlooking, or ignoring, the fact that the power, potency, virility and strength of the nation was dependent upon the proper care and upbringing of its children. Our land cries aloud for population, but our people in too many cases were deaf to its cries. The first danger that met the child was the deprivation of nature's food. Custom, fashion, convenience and the claims of society all conspired to rob the child of its natural rights. (Applause). The loss in sympathy, control and affinity in later life was largely due to that cause. Patent foods were used to take the place of nature's food, and, unfortunately, as they all know, they were veritable poisons to the body of the child. Many of them were of no more value than so much sawdust. Light, fresh air, and even soap and water were denied them. Then there was a fraud in the shape of that "wretched bottle" which was the means of causing fermentation and spreading disease, and at the same time depriving the child of its natural food. Considering all these things it was a matter of wonderment that the infant death rate was not larger. The question of clothing was next referred to by the Speaker. He warned mothers against the use of flannelette as an article altogether unsuitable and too dangerous. It was made from the dregs of cotton and the fluff of the factory, did not contain one particle of wool, was highly inflammable, and should be prohibited from use. Instead of mothers purchasing cheap and pretty material such as shoddy flannelette, they should select safer, even if more expensive, goods which would ensure that warmth and that protection the body demands. (Applause). As soon as the child could walk it was turned out into a dirty yard or street to take its chance, or given into the tender mercies of a nurse girl, who had had no training, except at a home, perhaps where conditions were not conducive to a proper appreciation of her duties. At school the pitfalls grew numerous, and they increased during the period of youth. Gambling, cigarette smoking, intemperance and other vices were followed by moral ruin and degradation. Legislative remedies were palliative, not curative, remedies. They should begin at the root, and improve the home life, instil moral and religious teaching into the minds of the young, and purify the home. They should raise the fallen, but especially sustain the weak. (Applause.) Prevention was better than cure. Man required spiritual food as well as material sustenance. Purified atmosphere, fresh air and light and better dwellings were required. They should increase the powers and responsibilities of the municipalities, and teach the individual his and her duty. Thus they might make this great country an object lesson not only to the Empire, but to the world. (Loud applause.)

On the motion of His Worship the Mayor (Cr. Hayes) seconded by Cr. Dennis and supported by Rev. T. Alday, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Dr. Carty Salmon for his address. Mr. J. G. Membrey presided, and an apology was made for the absence of Mr. J. Hume Cook, M.P., through illness. Prior to the address several hymns were rendered by the members of the Methodist Brotherhood under the leadership of Mr. G. J. Russell, and Mr. Dwyer rendered two solos effectively.

CHURCH NEWS.

"Nulla Dies Sine Versu" (no day without a verse) is the motto of the "Bible Success Band," the Northcote branch of which holds its first grand rally on Monday night next in the Methodist school hall, High street. This "band" was originated two years ago in America by Mrs. E. A. R. Davis (of the Chapman-Alexander Mission Party) and its branches now encircle the globe. The central idea is that its members all over the world would be reading and committing to memory the same verse each day, and the verses are so arranged that each week has its own subject, the verses being grouped for various topics, as "singing," "prayer," "repentance," and so on. The aims and objects will be explained at the above meeting by the Victorian President, Mrs. Dr. Warren, and there will be a grand mission song service (bring Alexander's hymns) commencing at 7.30 prompt. See our advertising columns.

The Hat King,
Thomas Trevena,
THE RELIABLE
LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR.

OUR SUITS AND COSTUMES are Good in Material, Good in Workmanship, Classy in Cut, MODERATE IN PRICE.

TREVENA'S Suits and Costumes are preferred by hundreds whose preference is based on

KNOWLEDGE!

We've all the Very Latest in New Season's Material.
Ring up 410 City, or write for Samples to the old-established firm,
266 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

Localisms.

Preston shire council on Thursday 30th September closed their year's accounts with a credit balance of £153 0s 3d.

Cr. Plant has given notice of motion that a sum not exceeding £3000 be placed on the next loan schedule for the erection of a town hall.

Northcote South Ratepayers' Association hold their monthly meeting in All Saints' hall on Tuesday evening next, when a lecture will be given by Mr. H. Beard on "Scientific Socialism."

A grand concert in aid of Clarendon Tennis Club will be held in the Congregational Church, Armadale street, on Thursday evening next, October 7.

Northcote South Progress Association hold their annual social at the Northcote town hall this evening.

Mr. F. Anstey, M.L.A., was amongst those present at the band concert at Croxton on Sunday afternoon last.

Preston Presbyterian Church hold their anniversary entertainment on Wednesday evening next at the shire hall, when the special attraction is a lecture by Donald McDonald (*Argus* war correspondent) on "Scenes and Sensations of Battle." Mr. McDonald's brilliant articles from the seat of war will be remembered, and his lecture, which will be illustrated with limelight views, should provide a treat. The synopsis is published in our advertising columns.

During the past week Mr. Hume Cook, M.P., has been seriously ill. The strain of work in the House coupled, with loss of rest through sickness in the home, fairly broke down his health and threw him open to an attack of influenza which settled in his throat in the form of tonsilitis. We are pleased to report an improvement in his condition yesterday.

At the monthly meeting of the Northcote Horticultural Society, which will be held in the town hall on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, Mr. S. F. Holyoak, of Moonee Ponds, will deliver a lecturette on "How to grow plants in pots." He will also give practical illustrations in the potting of such plants as aspidistras, ferns, &c. This should prove of unusual interest to the lady members, as it will show them how their house plants should be treated to ensure the best results. Mr. Holyoak will also answer questions from enquiring members on any horticultural subject.

Northcote South Progress Association are holding a grand bioscope and musical entertainment at the Northcote Park on Thursday evening next in aid of children's playgrounds in the park.

Cr. W. Harry is to be tendered a complimentary social on Saturday, 9th inst., at the Kimberley hall in recognition of his past services as a member of the Northcote town council.

Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks proved a huge success at Ringwood last week. After performing on the Thursday evening they had to promise a repetition on the Saturday, when the 3 performances given were rushed. Altogether just on 800 persons paid for admission to the waxworks. The Ringwood folk treated the troupe in right royal fashion. Croydon residents are very anxious to have Mrs Jarley and family with Sammy at the opening of their local hall on October 27, so the fame of the waxworks is still spreading.

On Tuesday next the Northcote Cycling Club will hold a social in the town-hall.

At the last quarterly meeting of the Preston Methodist Church authorities it was unanimously decided to invite the Rev. J. Trathan to remain in charge of the circuit for a fourth year, and the rev. gentleman has acceded to the request. The Rev. Oswald McCall, of Maryborough, was selected as the second minister.

For the next three Sundays, commencing to-morrow, the Rev. H. L. Willet Bevan, principal of the Shanghai Missionary College, will preach morning and evening at the Northcote Congregational Church.

Pride of Northcote female tent, I.O.R., will hold its anniversary social in the town-hall on Saturday, 9th inst.

Special anniversary services will be conducted to-morrow at the Preston Methodist Church, the preachers being, Dr. Watkin 11 and 7 and Rev. C. C. Dugan at 3. A tea and public meeting will take place on Monday evening.

"Seasonable and fashionable mercery" for men is the subject of a special advertisement published by Geo. Wardrop, tailor, &c., corner Smith and Johnston streets, in this issue.

For a municipal position under the Town council of Caulfield Mr. W. Barnes, the Preston inspector, was runner-up, out of 267 applicants.

Mr. W. H. Smith, Preston's delegate to the V.J.C.A., has been appointed secretary to the 1st grade unopposed and also elected on the executive council.

The Northcote town clerk (Mr. Swift) reported to the council on Monday evening that Inspector Catt, of the Metropolitan Fire Board, had been out and undertaken that if the necessary pegs were supplied he would have them labelled and fixed to the fire plugs throughout the town to indicate their position. He also expected to have all the fire alarms completed shortly. When this was done, he told Mr. Swift that Northcote would be better served in this respect than any other suburb of its importance.

The committee, players, and members of the Preston F.C. who wish to assist in the fancy dress football match, tableaux and procession in connection with the Moore benefit are requested to attend a meeting in the Bradford hall on Thursday next, 9th inst., at 8.

To-night at South Preston Methodist Church Rev. A. Rogers, F.R.G.S., is to give a lecture entitled "Lights and Shades of a Parson's Life."

Schedules for the spring floral carnival under the auspices of the Northcote Horticultural Society are now ready and may be had on application to the secretary. There are sixty-one sections for competition amongst "all comers," "amateurs," and "those who have never won a prize."

For Bronchial Coughs take
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s 6d.

A bioscope and musical entertainment is to be given next Thursday night in the parish hall, Northcote South, to provide funds for the construction of children's playgrounds in the park.

The Thornbury Gymnasium Club gave an entertainment during the present week at the *Preston* shire hall and shortly other local entertainments are to be given in the *Collingwood* town hall. Surely no stronger argument than this need be urged in favor of proceeding with the completion of the Northcote town hall. It seems almost incredible that a suburb so prosperous and so extensive is not yet provided with a hall with sufficient accommodation to permit of all local entertainments being held.

A notice of interest to householders with reference to the annual pan charge appear in to-day's *Leader.*

Hattam & Hattam's new coupon system is now in full swing. For every sixpence spent a coupon is given which can be exchanged for a present to the face value of the coupons.

F. G. Smith, drapers, &c., Northcote, advertise that they supply all requisites for Boy Scouts.

The musical and elocutionary competitions in connection with Holy Trinity, Thornbury, to have been held in November, have been postponed till the beginning of the year.

An elderly lady in a certain street in Northcote had as a neighbour a young lady who was very fond of practising on the piano. The instrument was going many hours each day and finally the music got on the old lady's nerves. Negotiation being vain a solicitor was seen, and his advice was "Get a hurdy-gurdy, and every time the other instrument starts you start yours." The competition, we understand, is still proceeding.

For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s 6d.

T. E. Redmond, ironmonger, &c., 410 High street, Northcote advertises to-day his leading lines in ovens. They are pictorially presented, and sizes and prices given.

Attention is directed to Sinclair's message to housewives, giving prices for all classes of butcher's meat, which appears in our advertising columns to-day.

Hattam & Hattam are offering to-day and next week numerous bargains in summer drapery. Their windows are all arranged with up-to-date goods. They have also opened up a big parcel of presents, which their customers receive for shopping there. Study their system of business and receive your coupons. It will pay you. [Advt.]

NORTHCOTE TRAMS.

DISCUSSION IN THE COUNCIL.

Cr. Plant asked at the meeting of the town council on Monday evening if any reply had been received from Mr. Meakin to the council's letter stating that the agreement must be carried out.

The town clerk replied in the negative.

Cr. Plant—That's extraordinary. Seven days have elapsed and nothing has been done. He would move that the matter be referred to the tramway committee.

Cr. Mitchell moved that it be an instruction to the engineer to see that the agreement is carried out. The track was getting into such a condition that people were afraid to go on it. Their officers were also to blame for not keeping the metalled part of the roadway in better order. He never saw it in worse condition. They were very lucky that no accident had happened.

Cr. Smith seconded the motion. Only that day he had a wheel nearly torn off his buggy. They must have a report from their engineer, and if the lessees are not carrying out their agreement they must find means to make them.

Cr. Williams said surely every councillor ought to know that the engineer had long since been instructed to see that the agreement was carried out. The sweeping statements which had been made were altogether unfair to the lessee. Complaint should be confined to specific instances of neglect. Their engineer had reported that it would cost £5000 to put the track in thorough order. Was the council going to insist on the lessees spending that sum?

Cr. Mitchell said if a specific instance were wanted there was a hole a foot deep near Oldenburg's.

Cr. Plant said other instances could be found in the way the track was tarred and in not keeping the blocks up to the rails. When Mr. Meakin and his partner appeared before the committee they were prepared to meet them, but when Mr. Meakin came to put the arrangement in writing it was a very different thing to what the council had agreed to, namely, the council spending £1000 in improving the track right away and allowing the lessees to pay it back at the rate of £200 a year, with interest. They had shown the lessees every consideration, but had got no consideration in return. It was time they insisted on the agreement being carried out and the property of the ratepayers protected. He thought they should have a weekly report from the engineer, even if they paid more for it.

Cr. Dennis moved an amendment that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole. Perhaps as the letter was sent from the committee of the whole Mr. Meakin was waiting to reply to the committee. Whether the trams paid or not the lessees must comply with the conditions. If the arrangement referred to by Cr. Plant had been carried out it would have been a very good thing for both parties. The track was certainly in a very bad condition, but some of the tarring stood better than he had seen it stand other years.

Cr. Bastings suggested that the engineer be asked to attend, which Cr. Dennis agreed to.

Cr. Tharratt said if Cr. Williams wanted specific instances of things not being kept up to the mark they could be found at every pace along the track. He understood, also, that the council was being further flouted by the engine-drivers not being paid their full wages.

The amendment was carried.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM RATEPAYERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

NORTHCOTE COUNCIL DECLINES TO RECEIVE DIRECT.

Cr. Harry moved at the Northcote council on Monday evening:—

"That the resolution passed on July 27, 1908, resolving that all correspondence from Ratepayers' Associations be not received direct from them, be rescinded."

Cr. Harry, in moving the resolution, said he believed this action was taken because of a disrespectfully worded letter coming to hand from an association, but to penalise all associations because of one letter was not fair. That very night they had received and dealt with a letter from the Carter's Union. Surely if they could treat an outside body like this with courtesy they could extend the same to bodies of their own ratepayers who banded themselves together for the advancement of their localities. He altogether failed to see why if the council received letters direct from individual ratepayers they should not receive letters in the same way from bodies of ratepayers. All letters should be received and dealt with on their merits.

Cr. Robb seconded the motion, remarking that it was a very great surprise to him when he found the council had such a resolution on the books. Their action was most illogical. They received letters direct from unions outside and yet would not treat their own local associations the same. Every letter from such bodies should be received direct so long as they are couched in respectful terms.

Cr. Tharratt said he saw no reason at all for departing from the present custom. The associations, he thought, should be quite satisfied to have their business brought before the council through the representatives for their wards. If a letter came from an association no one is responsible, but if it came through a representative he was responsible.

Cr. Plant said he quite agreed with Cr. Tharratt in the matter. He had nothing personal against associations; they did good work so long as they confined themselves to municipal matters. If it could be shown that any injustice was done by the present system he would be prepared to alter it, but no injustice was done. He was sorry to see the associations go outside their duties and approach bodies behind the council. Chief Officer Lee of the Fire Board told them when he was out how they were approached by these various ratepayers' associations.

Cr. Dennis said he thought it was a fair thing that all correspondence should come direct to the town clerk. The present system was wrong on principle. They could not show him where any other council took up such a stand. Preston, Collingwood, Heidelberg and Fitzroy all received letters direct from their ratepayers' and progress associations, and it was only right that the same fair play should be given here. Letters should be sent direct and the representatives supplied with a copy of them as well.

The mayor thought the matter hardly worth discussing. It was only a matter of the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle dee.

The motion was then put and lost those voting in its favour being Crs. Hayes, Lees, Dennis, Woolhouse, Harry and Robb.

BOWLING.

PRESTON BOWLING CLUB.

The opening ceremony of the bowling green will be performed this afternoon by the president of the shire, Cr. J. P. Howe. Mrs. Howe will bowl the first bowl, and the wife of the president of the club, Mrs. W. Braithwaite, will send down the first jack. A large number of invitations have been issued, and judging by the number of acceptances a large gathering of representative citizens is anticipated. De Gilio's band will discourse sweet music during the afternoon, and ladies and friends are invited to partake of afternoon tea.

Men's Summer Mercery

Seasonable and Fashionable Mercery is displayed in our windows just now.

Everything you want—at just the price you want to pay.

Call and See the SMART, SUMMER STYLES!

SPLENDID SHIRTS!

NECKWEAR NOVELTIES!

HATS FOR ALL HEADS!

Everything is New and Fresh and there's more still to arrive.

George Wardrop,

Tailor of Quality,

SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

NORTHCOTE STREET CONSTRUCTION POLICY.

METALLING FULL WIDTH DECIDED UPON.

Cr. Bastings, at the Northcote town council on Monday evening, moved the following resolution, viz:—"That it be an instruction to the town surveyor, from this date, in preparing estimates for street construction in the town, to provide for metalling from channel to channel. Should a majority of the owners interested in any street desire that only 16 feet in the centre of a street be metalled, and the council uphold the objection, the estimate be amended accordingly.

Cr. Bastings said that in looking up the old resolution he found that it stated that there must be "not less than 16 feet of metal," which was an indication that the then council did not wish to fix it at 16 feet. Sixteen feet of metal in the centre had, however, become the policy. The extra cost of metalling the full width was a bagatelle, meaning only 1s per foot on a 50 feet street. No one could help but notice the difference there was between a street which had been metalled full width and one which had only 16 feet of metal in the centre. As illustrations he might mention Helen, Henry and Herbert street in the central ward and Salisbury grove in the north ward. These streets were always in good condition and their maintenance was almost nominal, whilst streets metalled only in the centre were in a very bad state. Under a cheap and nasty shandygaff policy they could expect nothing better than half metal half mud. On a 40 feet allotment the difference would only be £1 if property-owners paid cash, while if they went under the deferred payments system, the difference would be merely nominal. A difficult street like Simpson street had only cost 7/3 per foot to complete, while the cost of Armadale street (16 feet of metal) was 5/6 per foot. A well constructed street improved the value of property. He took it that they were going to get a stone crusher, which would lighten the cost of the metal.

Cr. Robb seconded the motion. Take Bent street, it was a great improvement, but it would have been far better if it had been metalled from channel to channel. The saving clause in the resolution would prevent hardship. In other suburbs the policy was to metal from channel to channel, and what others could do Northcote should be able to do also.

Cr. Tharratt had much pleasure in supporting the motion. Sixteen feet of metal in some instances made their policy a farce, as so much mud from the sides was carried on to the metal that they did not know there was any metal there. In winter it was mud they had to contend with; in summer, dust.

Cr. Williams moved an amendment that the metalling be from channel to channel without any saving clause, which would result in the new policy being as great a failure as the old policy had been. It was a hundred to one that if they gave property owners the opening provided for in the motion the council's hands would be forced every time in the direction of the cheaper method.

Cr. Tharratt—Query.

Cr. Williams—It would also lead to double work on the part of the officers.

Cr Plant seconded the amendment. Let them adopt the straight-out policy of metalling from channel to channel or not touch the street at all. It would mean that a lot of unpleasantness would be saved as between the council and the ratepayers. How was the council pestered over the making of Shaftesbury parade, even after it was declared to be the worst street in the town.

Cr. Dennis supported the amendment. He did not think it a fair thing to have a differential policy. In time he hoped to see the policy not only including metalling full width, but a strip of asphalt as well. People certainly did not want to live in streets with 16 feet of metal in the centre and 8 feet of mud on the sides. He hoped the amendment would be carried as the carrying of the motion would lead to a lot of dissension.

Crs. Smith and McIntosh heartily supported the amendment, which was carried.

For—Crs. Williams, Plant, McIntosh, Smith, Lees, Dennis and Mitchell.

Against—Crs. Hayes, Bastings, Robb, Harry, Woolhouse, and Tharratt.

Northcote Presbyterian C.C. Concert.

On Tuesday evening last a concert was held under the auspices of the Northcote Presbyterian C.C. in the James street hall. There were about 170 present and the chair was taken by the Rev. J. Darroch. The programme opened with a pianoforte solo by Miss K. Fraser, after which Mr. H. Allen very creditably rendered "The King's Minstrel." Mrs. Finlay then sang "The Flight of Ages." Mr. Weichard's flute solo, "Schubert's Serenade," was well received and encored. The Wees Quartet Party (Messrs Allen, Lamb, Carrodus, and Hannaford) then gave a part song entitled "Honey I want you now." This item was received with great satisfaction and the singers were recalled twice. Later in the evening they rendered "Tommy went a-fishing," and were again doubly encored. Master Leigh Bowes then favored with a song "Rose of my life," which well earned the encore received. Miss Lander gave "The carnival," and later on "The rose and the bud," and Mr. J. Clarke sang "Life the organist." Mr. J. H. Davey gave two humorous sketches entitled "Singers and how they sing" and "The curate." Both of these items were encored. Mr. Pierre Lander sang "Out on the wave" with flute obligato. Mr. Robert Hillman gave an interesting display of sleight of hand work, some of his tricks being performed exceedingly well and to the wonder of the audience. During the evening two medals were presented by the chairman, one to Mr. N. Hayes for best all round play in the B team, and the other to Mr. J. Thomson for fielding prize in the A team. Mr. G. Landy, president of the club, presented to Mr. Geo. Allen a framed photograph of the A team in recognition of his valuable services as captain of the team for the past 3 years. Mr. Allen briefly thanked the members of the club for the presentation.

THE LATE SIR THOMAS BENT.

TRIBUTE FROM THE NORTHCOTE COUNCIL.

Before the commencement of business at the Northcote town council on Monday evening the mayor (Cr. Hayes) said there had passed away in the person of Sir Thomas Bent since the previous meeting one who had played a very great part in the history of Victoria. Sir Thomas was a true lover of his country, and a man who had a great grip of public affairs. His methods at times were a little peculiar, but he used his great knowledge of human nature to the great advantage of the causes he advocated and the great advantage of the country. It was but fitting that they should send a letter of condolence to the relatives and he would move to that effect.

Cr. Plant, who seconded the motion, said said he had nothing to add except that Northcote had a lot to thank the late Sir Thomas Bent for. He (Cr. Plant) had a feeling of regret that Sir Thomas did not pass away while in office.

Crs McIntosh and Smith also supported the motion, speaking very eulogistically of Sir Thomas Bent.

NORTHCOTE RATEPAYER'S PROPOSAL.

PAY RATES IN ADVANCE TO GET WORK DONE.

Mr. Percy Rendle, of Westgarth street, wrote to the Northcote council on Monday evening bringing under notice a scheme whereby ratepayers may be allowed to pay rates in advance, say from one to five years, so that urgent and necessary works can be carried out in the various wards without delay. Ratepayers so paying could ask that any urgent work be done near their own property. He was prepared to pay up to 5 years if a number of other ratepayers would do the same, so that the surroundings of their houses may be put into immediate order instead of waiting for years on account of lack of funds.

Cr. Dennis moved and Cr. Robb seconded that the matter be referred to the finance committee.

Cr. Plant said one of the difficulties in the way was that they did not know what the rate was going to be. Such a system also would have rather a patchwork effect.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1s 6d.

THE SETTLING OF A SCORE.

By E. M. Jamieson.

Mallandaine walked slowly along. Rain had fallen, and the pavement underfoot was slippery with a moisture that reflected dimly the lights overhead and blurred the brighter lamps in the distance. Beyond lay a crowded thoroughfare, but where he found himself was a by-way free from noise and movement. There was a certain fascination in the contrast, and Mallandaine, with an appreciative eye for light and shade, paused to survey the scene.

Against the glow of orange-tinted atmosphere could be distinguished a huddled mass of humanity drifting in a steady stream towards the various places of amusement. Yet where he stood there was hardly more than an undercurrent of sound to form an accompaniment to the slow drip drip of the raindrops from the roofs of the adjacent houses.

Mallandaine, no long back from the wilds, inundated in the sense of solitude amidst millions. He was slow in thought, slow to take impressions, and slow to shake them off when formed. He might have remained for a longer time had not a man, coming suddenly upon him from a side street, jostled him with a certain roughness that Mallandaine resented, in spite of the fact that it was palpably accidental. He turned momentarily and met the other man's eyes.

The latter, muttering a word of apology, passed on with head downbent and cap pulled well over his forehead.

Mallandaine nodded in acknowledgment, something in the other's expression disarming him instantly. "Miserable looking beggar," he said to himself, searching meanwhile in his memory for some fugitive resemblance that evaded him; "he's rather like a chap I've met somewhere. I wonder . . ."

The man hurried on towards the glare of light, the outline of his shoulders cut sharply like a silhouette against it. Square and rather high, the right showed an elevation more marked than the left, bestowing a certain hunched-up look that in no way suggested deformity. Like a flash Mallandaine remembered. He might mistake the face, but the figure never.

The next moment he set off, running at full speed in pursuit of the other, anxious to overtake him before he became merged in the crowds hurrying along the pavement beyond. Wiry and active, his footsteps made little sound on the damp ground. The distance between himself and his quarry rapidly diminished. It must have been instinct rather than hearing which warned the other man that he was being followed.

He hesitated, half-turned round, then, carrying his head forward and his shoulders a degree higher, he hurried on at a faster pace. Mallandaine was not one to thrust his presence where it was not wanted, but he felt assured of a cordial reception should the pursued prove to be Aglionby. An unwonted determination impelled him. His blood was up, he was in excellent training, and he gained ground so rapidly that in a moment or two the other turned to bay, an ugly look in his eyes. His breath came in short pants as Mallandaine touched his shoulder.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken!" Mallandaine concluded that now recognition was mutual the other would be equally glad to see him. "How are you, Aglionby? What's brought you to the haunts of civilisation? I thought that you were not expected back for a couple of years."

He stopped, his hand falling from Aglionby's unresponsive arm. "'Pon my word, I believe after all you meant to cut me!" His laugh held a note of incredulity. "You look as if you wished me at the bottom of the sea."

The other man threw back his head impatiently. His eyes, dark and deep-set, glowered under a furrow of forehead.

"Nonsense!" He spoke curtly. "Why should I want to cut you? You are one of the last persons I expected to see, that was all. I am back in England only for a few days—quite unexpectedly. How did you find sport—good?"

Mallandaine elevated his eyebrows. He and Aglionby had been intimate friends for years until force of circumstances had driven them apart, each to his own bent in life. Aglionby was one of the cleverest engineers of the day, with already a brilliant record behind him, a curiously reserved, almost surly nature, but true as steel in his affections. Mallandaine was not renowned for tact. He often blundered unwittingly, and did so now.

"Hope there's nothing amiss," he remarked. "Pretty urgent business to bring you all these thousands of miles. Couldn't I have squared things for you?"

Aglionby's lips took a harder line; his deep-set eyes glowed in their sockets. Only once before in all their years of acquaintanceship had Mallandaine seen that look, and it boded ill for somebody.

"I have certain things a man must do for himself." Aglionby's eyes travelled to the flare of distant lights. "I had a score to settle, that was all. I was bound to come."

"A score to settle?" Mallandaine, taking a literal view of the remark, laughed a little. "But why not have dropped me a line, my dear chap? We used to be such pals. And now at last, after years of leanness, I have more shekels than I know what to do with. You might have let me know."

For the first time the older man's expression relaxed into something approaching cordiality. "Just the same dense old brain,' he said, slowly. "Heavens, Mallandaine, what a lot it spares you! It isn't that kind of score, otherwise I'd have borrowed from you with a heart and a-half. You were out of England, or I might have consulted you. Now I am here to settle things for myself."

Mallandaine plunged deeper into the quagmire. "They're settled, then?"

"Not yet."

"But it worries me to think that you have taken such a prodigious journey for so little." Mallandaine meant what he said. "And after all, if I happened to be away, there was Dempster with his wily lawyer's brain always at your disposal. Seen him yet? I haven't."

The other gave a short laugh, and again Mallandaine saw that ugly glance in the deep set eyes.

"Not yet. Remember that I, too, have only just arrived. I must be off now. My affairs won't wait."

"When shall I see you again?" Mallandaine's pleasant face took on a puzzled look. How the years had changed Aglionby! "I'm staying at——" He drew out his leather case in search of a card. Aglionby's hand came down on his arm and detained him.

"I'm afraid we shall not meet again. I leave England to-morrow or the following day."

Expostulation rose to Mallandaine's lips, but something in the other's expression checked them.

"Don't you intend to pay the scene of our former joys a visit? Dempster has the flat now all to himself. You know that?"

"All to himself?" The query was uttered in a meaning tone. "Is that so? Well, good-bye Mallandaine. Good-bye and good luck!"

The next moment he was gone without so much as a hand shake.

Mallandaine watched until the high-shouldered, familiar figure was lost in the distant crowd. Then he shrugged his shoulders, feeling a degree hurt.

"Always rather a queer chap with unapproachable moods. Now one would almost think him a bit touched. Wonder what he's up to? Don't like that scowl of his—means mischief to somebody."

Then he dismissed the subject of Aglionby from his mind. But Fate plays strange tricks with us sometimes.

He went to a theatre later in the evening, determined to enjoy to the full his return to civilisation. It was during one of the intervals that he rose to survey the crowded house and saw, looking down at him from one of the boxes, a face whose eyes held a look of laughing recognition. Mallandaine started a little, and the girl bowed, making the daintiest signal to him to come to the box. She turned at the opening of the door and held out her hand, her brown eyes half amused, half-reproachful.

"I have been trying to attract your attention for quite a long time," she said, drawing behind the curtain a little and motioning him to a chair at the back of the box. "How is it that you are in town and have not been to see us? It's too bad of you, Dick. Father will be back presently. He was called away unexpectedly, and I knew he will join me in abusing you."

They were distant cousins, and had known one another from childhood. Mallandaine felt a quick sense of pleasure in meeting kinsfolk among the crowd. He was fond of Virginia, too, and they were fast friends without a thought of sentiment.

As they talked he noticed that she was thinner, more fragile, that the beautiful face held a wistful look, with a shadow of pain in the eyes. Two years before she had been hardly more than a gay, laughing schoolgirl, with dimples at the corners of her mouth. He glanced up. The dimples were no longer there. Mallandaine, with a sigh, realised that something was amiss. Silence fell between them, broken at last by Virginia.

"We have not met since that delightful week by the river." Her eyes were downcast, the lashes threw long shadows over the smooth contour of her cheek. "Do you remember, Dick? Ah how good it was!"

She suppressed a sigh and plaited the ribbon of her fan with fingers that trembled a little.

Mallandaine, troubled still by the change in her, nodded without speaking.

She darted a glance at his bronzed face half impatient at his silence.

"We seemed to be particularly well chosen. Do you remember that pretty Spanish girl, Dick? What wonderful eyes and hair she had."

Mallandaine roused himself; it was palpable that she wanted to talk of that memorable house-party.

"Of course I remember her! Who wouldn't? By the way, it was quite soon after that we all went our different ways—I to Central Africa, Tinsley to Rome, and"—he paused. People were returning to their places; the curtain was going up. She, with her back to the stage, made a little impatient gesture.

"You were saying——"

"And Aglionby—by the way, talking of the latter reminds me that he is in town. I met him only this evening."

A sound escaped his listener. She was leaning forward, eyes dilated, lips apart, drinking in his words. He suddenly remembered that there had been something between her and Aglionby. The latter had hopelessly lost his heart to Virginia at the house-party by the river. Yes, of course—what a fool he was! Mallandaine mentally belabored himself for not remembering. Perhaps it had gone further than he had imagined at the time. He himself had been too busy with preparations for his big "shoot" to occupy himself with other people's concerns.

Yet, as he looked now at Virginia's face, he felt suddenly tongue-tied. With her, at all events, it had been deadly earnest. With Aglionby——

He bent forward in the shadow thrown by the curtain and took her hand in his own.

"What is it, little cousin? Can't I do anything? You used to tell me your troubles; used to bring me your dolls to mend. Don't you remember?"

The girl's lips quivered; she drew a long breath.

"But hearts are so much harder to mend, Dick, and mine feels——" She broke off and bit her lip, looking hurriedly towards the door. "Don't let me break down. Father may be back at any moment. But if you only knew what it means to talk about him, to hear his name, to know that he is somewhere near! He was not to return for another two years!"

"Tell me about it." Mallandaine felt bewildered. "Did he ever know you cared for him?"

"We were engaged"—she touched the bare third finger of her ungloved hand as if seeing the betrothal ring still there—"he knew that I cared for him as desperately as he for me. It was love at first sight, Dick, though I held back and pretended and laughed, but at last, just before he sailed, I let him see that he was the only man in the wide world that mattered. You'd think after that he would have trusted me; that my word would have been believed before—before——"

Mallandaine felt the trembling fingers relax. He drew back further into the shadow. The music and laughter and gaiety of the scene seemed like a dream-world. The realities were Virginia's troubled brown eyes and the haggard misery of Aglionby's.

She put out her hand and touched his sleeve for an instant.

"I was proud, Dick, deadly proud, and I agreed that it would be best to break off the engagement. Indeed"—the sensitive lips quivered like a child's—"he gave me no option, and I felt desperately angry at what he wrote. Perhaps if we saw one another it would be easier to explain. Perhaps if you told him——"

"But I can't!" Mallandaine's bronzed face was full of concern. "I don't know where he is staying; he would not tell me. He is going back to morrow, so he says."

Virginia's face was as colorless as the roses in her dark hair.

"Have you no idea? Did you speak of anyone? Did he mention my name? You were such close friends."

"Mallandaine shook his head.

"We never spoke of a soul but Dempster, and Aglionby didn't seem too keen on him."

Virginia sat more erect. All the inertia had left her, the brown eyes grew brighter, the color flooded her face.

"Listen, Dick. Women have strange instincts. I feel convinced our broken engagement was due in some way to Mr. Dempster—that he was the one who made mischief between me and Hugh. He was at the house-party—you had forgotten? And he was pleased to fall in love with me. He asked me to marry him, and—and—I laughed. I disliked him intensely, and he was so much older. I was sorry the next moment, but the mischief was done. He lost his temper and said he would make me suffer; that no man but himself should marry me. He looked like a devil."

But Mallandaine only shook his head perplexedly. Women had strange ideas.

"I know Dempster pretty well, and hardly imagine he'd play an underhand trick like that. He was rather an easy going chap, clever, and sharp as a needle, but fond of Aglionby. I'm sure you are mistaken, Virginia. I wish for your sake that I could run against Aglionby again; but I'm afraid two such coincidences don't happen in an evening."

The thought of Virginia still troubled him when he hailed a cab outside the theatre. For whatever reason he had broken off his engagement, Aglionby had undoubtedly taken it hard. The haggard hopelessness of his face rose up and stared at Mallandaine as the horse's hoofs alternately slid and clattered over the wet asphalt.

"Poor beggar!" Mallandaine said to himself, "and poor Virginia. She's taken it just as hard."

He had nearly reached his destination when suddenly he poked up the trap-door and gave the cabman a fresh address.

"It's just possible that Dempster might know. Perhaps by Jove! Perhaps Aglionby's found out it was all lies, and it's Dempster he's come to settle the score with!"

He felt gratified at the unwonted illumination of his usually slow mind. A fever of anxiety to reach Dempster overwhelmed him. The horse slipped and clop-clopped on the greasy asphalt, and at last stopped before the block of flats where at one time Aglionby, Dempster and himself had dwelt in amity.

He paid the cabman and went up the staircase. Dempster was not an early man. He might be out; the flat might be locked up and deserted. Dempster spent much of his time there; he was fond of the place; they had all liked it. As he mounted the familiar stone steps he felt as if he were living there again. At the last step but one he mechanically put his hand into his pocket and felt for his key. It was still there, attached to the bunch; he had never given it up. But he could hardly enter another man's front door in such unceremonious fashion.

A light burned in the hall. Dempster was in then. His carefulness over the electric light had always roused their gibes. The wife of the porter of the flats kept the rooms in immaculate order. They had rarely dined there during their tenancy.

He pressed the electric button and waited. There came no sound from within. He pressed it again and kept his finger there, hearing the persistent ringing of the bell beyond.

The same feeling that had brought him so far impelled him to stay. He had an extraordinarily keen desire to enter the flat. It had been an evening so full of impressions that it seemed years since he encountered Aglionby in the street.

It was very quiet high up above the level of the street. Only the light jingle of the hansom cab bells broke the silence, and once the chiming of the half-hour from a neighbouring church tower.

He fingered the little bunch of keys in his pocket. That which opened the door of the flat was more deeply serrated than the rest, and bore a slight roughness at the edge. He passed his forefinger along it slowly. Would Dempster mind if he let himself in and afterwards made a joke of it?

He half-drew out the keys and hesitated.

Something stronger than himself—something completely outside his usual self—impelled him. He inserted the key in the lock and gently turned it. The door swung open quietly.

The long passage was thickly carpeted, and his footsteps made no sound as he passed on to the sitting-room at the end. It was in darkness, but from the room to the right streamed a flood of light. That had been Dempster's room—the largest—and Dempster had always annexed the best of everything.

The door stood ajar. Mallandaine hesitated on the mat outside. Dempster, despite his easy-going geniality, was not a man with whom even an old friend could take liberties. A sound issued from the room like that of a sleeper who slept very heavily. It would be well to give some warning of his approach. Mallandaine tapped lightly on the panels of the door. No voice bade him enter. The heavy, almost stertorous breathing never changed.

He put his head in at the door. Across the bed, fuly dressed, lay Dempster, breathing heavily, his face a deep purple-red, his eyes half-closed, turned up to the ceiling. Beyond him, seated on a chair, hands clasped as if waiting in a grim patience, was Aglionby, oblivious of everything but the man with whom the score had to be settled.

For one awful moment Mallandaine feared murder had been committed. Aglionby never stirred. He removed his gaze from the unconscious man, and looked for an instant at Mallandaine.

"Good heavens! What has happened?" the latter asked, in a low, horrified voice. "You two haven't quarrelled?"

Aglionby's deep set glance returned to the bed. Then he shook his head and rose, as if some spell had been broken by the other's entrance. "I found him like this. I hoped every moment that he would wake up. I want to get even with the lying hound. He has ruined my life past redemption. Heavens! What a fool I've been!"

He staggered towards the mantelpiece and leaned against it, shading his haggard eyes with his hand. Mallandaine felt a sudden rush of pity. In the glare of the electric light every line in the worn face told its tale of suffering.

He put his hand through the other's arm.

"Come out of this, Aglionby. It's all right. She loves you. She has never changed. Leave the score to settle itself. Dempster's paying heavily enough, poor beggar, without any assistance from you."

He urged Aglionby into the sitting-room and switched on the light. Then he went to rouse the porter in order that a doctor might be summoned.

Afterwards he took Aglionby home to his rooms, where they had a long talk.

The first red streamers of dawn shot up beyond the housetops as Aglionby threw the window wide to let in the new day—the day that was to clear away misunderstandings and bring happiness in its train. And not more than a mile away Virginia, dreaming of him, turned in her sleep and smiled.

TRAVELLING SIX THOUSAND MILES TO COOK A DINNER.

George W. Harvey, the inventor of steamed oysters, and a famous restaurant-keeper, who died at Washington recently, was once the hero of an incident that in some respects made the exploits of Lucullus and other noted gourmets of ancient Rome look cheap and commonplace. He made a six-thousand-mile journey to cook or supervise the cooking of a single course of a dinner.

A wealthy Englishman, noted for his love of good living, while on a visit to Washington, was given a dinner at Harvey's, at which terrapin formed the piece de resistance. It was the first time the Englishman had encountered the famous Maryland delicacy, and it made an instantaneous and profound hit with him. He decided that he would introduce the dish to his London friends, and at once entered into negotiations with Harvey to come to London and do the cooking.

Harvey named his price, and it was accepted without a murmur, although it was a stiff one, as he was a very portly man and did not like to travel. At the appointed time he engaged his passage for England, took a sufficient number of live terrapin along with him, and sailed for London. He supervised the preparation of the turtles in the kitchen of his generous employer, saw that they were cooked and served properly, collected his £200 honorarium and his expenses, and took the next steamer back to New York.

One day a lady was travelling by a train to Cork. When the train stopped at a certain junction the lady looked out and said to a porter:

"Is it raining, porter?"

"Oh, no!" said the porter; "it is raining rain."

A Confident To-Morrow.

By Frederick J. Burnett.

The woman looked at Hathaway in a quizzical sort of way as she gave him the glass of water, as if there were something he ought to understand but apparently did not.

He wondered if it was contrary to the custom of that part of the country for a thirsty wayfarer to ask at a farmhouse for a drink of water. Perhaps it was his tramping clothes and knapsack. Having travelled much, he knew that the unaccustomed is often considered outlandish and barbaric.

He drank a second glass of water. Then the woman asked him to sit down and rest—still with the quizzical look in her eyes.

They were large, luminous eyes. The years that had cut lines about them had spared the eyes. As he looked at them something seemed to smooth out the lines in her face and brush away the grey hairs, and through a mist of years he saw a slender figure in white, with blue ribbons and fluffy brown hair. She stood by a lilac bush, a cluster of the flowers of which she held in her hand. Her lips were saying "No," in the same voice that had asked him to sit down, but her eyes were saying "Yes."

"Clare!" he cried.

"Your memory isn't as good as mine, Ran. I knew you at once," she said, smiling.

"Have I changed so little?" he asked.

"Have I changed so much?" she laughed.

"I've always thought of you as you were that night by the lilac bush. I hadn't realised that a rosebud develops into a full-blown rose, and——"

"That roses fade and lose their sweetness," she interrupted.

"This rose hasn't. Your eyes are as bright as they were then, when you told me I mustn't see you any more."

"But my face is wrinkled, my complexion is gone, and I've a great many grey hairs," she said. "That was twenty-seven years ago, Randall. They've been rather long years—and hard ones."

"You haven't been happy, Clare!"

"I didn't expect to be."

"But I thought——"

"I know. They all did, except our family. Do you suppose I'd have let anyone know I was marrying a man I didn't care for? It was all wrong, but sometimes it's so much easier to do what someone else wishes."

"If I'd only understood," he groaned, "I'd have carried you off by force."

"You know, Ran, father was ambitious for me. Henry's success appealed to him."

"Yes, I do know. He said I was an idle dreamer who'd never amount to anything."

"His standards were different from yours—from ours, for I agreed with you and always have. He never had much money. He thought my future would be safe with a man who could make money. He didn't believe you could."

"I haven't—very much," Hathaway admitted.

"You've made a name. I've read of you in the papers. I've read more out of life than can be measured by pounds."

"I haven't made as much of it as I might if I'd had you for inspiration."

"Poor old father!" she said, as if she had not heard his last remark. "He had wanted money for so long, and it seemed so hard for him ever to get any that he grew to think enough of it would spell life. And mother, she thought to be beyond the necessity of turning dresses and wearing shabby gloves would be heaven. She vowed one of us, at least, should have things easier than she had. They couldn't imagine anyone would want to have money just for the sake of having it. Sometimes I wished she could know all I've been through. But I was always proud, and I don't think they ever guessed."

"Nate Willis wrote me of their deaths and of the marriage of your sisters. I've heard a little Westonville news."

"You must stay to dinner, Ran. We have it at noon, just as they did at Westonville. I suppose you're accustomed to a different hour."

"To any and all hours or none at all," he laughed. "But I don't feel like meeting Henry Coe just now."

"You won't. He isn't here."

"This is idyllic!" he exclaimed. "Bees and grass and apple blossoms, and scent of lilacs from somewhere."

"Yes," she agreed; "this is old times. This is Westonville."

"And you are Clarissa Thornton again," he went on, "and I am twenty-two. The world's young again and life is all before us."

"A good share of my life is behind me," she said bitterly, "and it's different from what I thought it would be."

"How the smell of lilacs and apple blossoms brings it all back!" he cried, sitting up and drawing a deep breath.

"Yes," she assented, sniffing the perfume laden air. "I never dared let it, though, until this spring. I was going to do wonderful things then. Life was as fair as an apple blossom. What I have done has been to get three meals a day for twenty-seven times three hundred and sixty-five days. Can you imagine anything more deadly monotonous than that?"

"I suppose the meals were most excellent ones, and not all alike?"

"No one ever mentioned their excellence, unless there was some shortcoming to be pointed out," she replied, and then added: "It isn't the drudgery I mind. If my work had amounted to anything, if I'd accomplished anything worth while, I wouldn't cry over lost youth and cheerless yesterdays; but to look back over all these years and feel they've been wasted. . . And I meant to have done so much with them."

"I don't quite understand, Clare. Hasn't Henry done well?"

"If you mean money, he's always made enough of that. Do you know how people become rich, Ran?"

"No. I wish I did."

"They let the love of acquisition blot out all other loves; forget everything but money, and cling to every penny as if there would never be another coined. That's the way we've lived."

"I knew Henry was thrifty," said Hathaway. "I didn't think he was as bad as that."

"You know we went out West on our wedding trip?" she asked. He nodded.

"We came here to this farm. Henry had just bought it. Then he told me this was to be our home. He'd sold the Westonville place to some New Yorker. Thought that would be the easiest way to manage it, for him. Was afraid the family or I might object if we'd known his plans before. We've been here ever since. I haven't been fifty miles from here in twenty-seven years. When Henry had to go anywhere I must stay and look after things. When he was home he needed me, and could never afford to let me travel, anyway.

"When mother died it was in harvest time. Henry said he really didn't see how I could leave, and that as she was dead it wouldn't matter to her, anyway. When father died it was about the same way. Henry thought I was needed more here, and it would be a foolish waste of money. So I've never been back, and you're the first old friend I've seen since I was married. You can imagine if I'm glad to see you."

"Sorry I'm not better posted on Westonville news. I've only been there once or twice since—since it ceased to be Westonville to me."

"I thought you'd find someone else, Ran. There were so many nice girls in the world."

"If one wants one particular girl and can't have her, the others don't count. There was only one Clarissa Thornton."

"Fortunately. But let's forget her for a while. Tell me about yourself."

She bent forward and looked at him in silence for a moment.

"Oh, it's good to see you, Ran. You haven't changed much. There's grey in your hair and moustache, and your face is browner. It's stronger, too. You've led a wholesome life."

"Shall I read your face?" he asked.

"If you can."

"You've grit your teeth and grinned and borne it more than once. But you've seen the sun sink behind the farthest of those billowy swells, and watched the glories of the evening sky. You've seen the day come up from behind that line of bluffs across the river, and it's kept your eyes young."

"Yes, I've seen all that, yet I've hungered for something more. I suppose you've seen all the places we were going to visit some time, when our ships came in?"

"I went to Paris to study, you know, and from there to Rome. Then I went up the Nile to paint tombs and temples. Was in Egypt the better part of two years. After that I went to India to do illustrations for a series of magazine articles. I've been pretty nearly everywhere else, but keep going back to those places—Paris, Rome, Egypt, India, the spell of them is irresistible. Now I'm trying to see something of my own country in the best way to see a country—on foot."

"You've seen everything and had all sorts of adventures, while I've been staying home to wash the dishes. I've starved for a taste of travel."

"You poor girl! I wish I could ask you to get your hat and run away with me to Paris and the other places. Would you go?"

"I might, if I thought you meant it; if you could make me believe you really want me and aren't merely sorry for me."

"No, you wouldn't. You'd stick to 'duty' to the end of the chapter. I couldn't even convince you there's such a thing as duty to yourself."

"You don't need to. I realise it now. That's why I want to run away. I want a taste of pleasure before I settle down into old womanhood."

"Oh, if we only could, Clare! We'd go to California. I'd paint some pictures there to raise the wind; then we'd take in the Pacific Islands and my beloved India, Egypt, Rome and Paris."

"It sounds lovely. I'd dearly like to go. I meant to go away somewhere pretty soon, anyway."

Visions of what life would be with this woman whom he had always loved for a companion; memories of castles in the air they had built together so many years ago; thoughts of the empty life she had been leading surged through his mind. He could make up to her for all the starved years she had lived with her selfish, money getting husband, he knew, and he sighed for some way in which he might do it without bringing a blot on her name. He would encourage her to break away from the old life, but she must not compromise herself in doing so. Citizen of the world that he was, he had not yet outgrown the ethics of Westonville, where it was deemed unseemly to run away with another man's wife."

"I forgot to tell you, Ran," said the woman unconcernedly, as if it were of no real consequence, "that Henry died six months ago, so if you really want me to get my hat on and go with you there's no reason why I can't."

For a moment he stared at her blankly; then he seized both her hands.

"And Ran," she continued, "my share of the estate's quite some, and you won't have to raise the wind. I'll do that; you'll need only to show me how to have a good time."

"Oh, I'll show you!" he cried. "We're twenty and twenty-two again! The interval's been a dream!"—"The Smart Set."

A CROOKED JUDGE OUTWITTED.

Some couple of centuries ago the administration of law was by no means as devoid of bribery as it is supposed to be in the present times. The great Lord Bacon in England came into disgrace for selling his decisions; and in Ireland, in the pre-Union days, similar instances were not wanting. The following good story is told of the well-known judge Lord Annaly. He was going to the Cork Assizes, where he was to try a heavy record, involving the right of a gentleman named Nagle to a large estate. His carriage was encountered in a particularly narrow part of a narrow road by a large drove of bullocks. Considerable delay arose to his progress from the crowded and unruly animals. He bore it in silence for a few minutes; but, at length, impatient of the continued impediment, he angrily called out to the driver of the herd: "Halloo, friend! Make way there at once. How dare you stop me?"

"I can't help it, sir," returned the bullock driver; "I'm obeying the orders of my master, Mr. Nagle, who ordered me to drive these beasts to ——" (naming Lord Analy's residence in another county).

On this announcement his lordship's ire softened down considerably. He inquired who Mr. Nagle, the owner of the bullocks, was; and, having satisfied himself that the drove were intended by that gentleman as a "douceur" for his lordship previously to the pending trial, he awaited the clearance of the passage in philosophic silence.

When the trial came on he took excellent care to secure a verdict in favor of Mr. Nagle.

On his return to his own abode after the circuit had closed, the first question he asked was where the drove of bullocks were. But bullocks, alas! there were none!

Nagle had fairly hit the judge. The fact was that his cause had been disposed of at an early period of the assizes; and seeing no use in giving away his bullocks for a verdict which was secured, he despatched an express messenger, who overtook the drover within six miles of the judge's residence, and ordered him to return home with the beasts.

THE HAND, THE EAR, AND THE BRAIN.

Professor F. W. Mott, Pathologist to the London County Council, in a lecture on "The Brain, Righthandedness, and Speech," at the Royal Institution, said that primitive man depended largely upon gesture as a means of communicating his ideas, and thus the hand became an instrument of the mind and a means of expression; and, springing as the use of the hand did from the left hemisphere of the brain, the prompting idea being on the opposite side of the body, it was the right hand that became the dominating factor. The primary incitation to speech was hearing. There was no question that the auditory centre was concerned with the centre of the brain that presided over speech movements. He gave a striking instance of a girl whose loss of speech was entirely due to the loss of hearing; dumbness followed deafness, the primary cause of the latter being a disease or defect of the brain tissue connected with the auditory function.

David Slowpay: I shall bring you back those dark trousers to be repeated, Mr. Snip. You know I sit a good deal.

Mr. Snip (tailor): All right; and if you'll bring the bill I sent you six months ago, I will be pleased to receipt that also. You know I've stood a good deal.

MOVING PICTURES IN THE MAKING.

When you have watched the cinematograph pictures record an explosion deep down in a coal mine have you ever wondered how the thing is done? Of course, it can't be real. A moment's thought will tell you that. You can't take photographs a thousand feet underground without a flashlight, and you can't use a flashlight in a coal mine. If you tried, you wouldn't try twice. And in these pictures you have no doubt seen a steam roller squashing the life out of a man lying on the road. You have seen stones rolling uphill, you have seen a lady doing pretty tricks beneath the water, never taking a breath at the surface, for twenty minutes at a time. Of course, they are fakes. It is really because they are fakes that they are fascinating. There is a little yard in a certain part of England where many of these things are arranged. It is like a backyard set in the centre of a busy little town. In fact, it is hardly dignified enough to be called a back yard. That suggests a certain degree of order. This is just a space of dirt, broken earth, with high walls all round save on one side, where lie the ruins of some building. This is the stage for comedy and tragedy. Here come actors who play out those scenes you have laughed over and wondered at as you sat in the stalls. But, you say, how can an actor play the part of a man run over by a steam roller, and in such a place? No; these incidents do not take place in this circumscribed area. Here, only such scenes as might take place on a stage or in a house are enacted. Great wooden doors open into this ruin of a building. Like a portcullis, a floor comes down into the yard, and when you have set the "property," you have an open air house or prison, or what you like, with sufficient light to take the photographs. But for the steam roller scene the operators and actors set out along some deserted road. A real steam roller has been obtained on loan with a professional driver. It is set going down a lonely road. A man lies asleep right in its course, and the driver pretends to be gazing anywhere but in front of him. But suddenly there is a shout of warning. The driver is all attention now. He stops the machine, and incidentally the man who is taking the picture stops turning the handle of his camera. It is just as well, for if these incidents that are now going forward were recorded upon the film and shown you would see how the man in front of the roller quietly gets up and moves leisurely away, also how a dummy is laid down in his place—the dummy of a man made up and dressed to resemble to the last degree the man who has been lying in the way of the cumbrous machine. Over this dummy the roller begins to move, and the man at the camera commences once again to turn the handle and take pictures. Sometimes this scene is varied; the steam roller or a motor car runs down a man and cuts off his legs; the driver dismounts, picks up the man's legs, and gives them back to him. He puts them on again, and, getting up, walks away. All that is necessary for this tragedy is a cripple who has lost both his legs. This man is substituted for the whole man just before the accident is supposed to happen, and then afterwards the whole man again takes the place of the cripple, the camera, of course, being idle while the changes are being made. Another clever fake is the one that shows the lady swimming under water. In this case the film is first exposed before an aquarium, in which there are sea plants and, living fish swimming through the water. Then the film is taken to the back yard stage. An actress dressed for the part takes her place on a small piece of cloth laid on a large scene upon the floor, which is painted to represent water and sea life, and the operator, with his camera, is stationed above, so that the lens points downward upon the scene. The actress goes through the motions of swimming and playing in the water, while the cloth upon which she is lying is gently drawn across the painted background. The result is the effect of a living creature, descending through real water, among real fishes and with real sea plants waving about with the motion of the water. The coal mine disaster which I mentioned was really a simple matter, too. The chief difficulty about that was finding a suitable scene. Eventually Lancashire yielded it—an open mine with a "roadway" running into the side of the wall. The mouth of this road was built up just as the roadway in the depths of a mine is constructed, with props and cross-pieces. Just at the mouth, where a photograph could be taken, a miner was set to work. Then he moved away while a quantity of gunpowder was placed at the mouth. This is fired by a fuse, and the camera is at work again. While the smoke is dense—or, if necessary, the camera can be pulled up for a moment—the miner gets back. Before the explosion the props and supports have been pulled down and broken and charred, and the miner has been faked up as though severely injured. Or a dummy can be inserted instead. In the picture, as soon as the smoke begins to clear, the havoc is seen. Rescurers appear on the scene, the injured man (or dummy) is tenderly carried out, and then, if you like, a scene can be arranged (on another day) at the summit of a pit, showing the weeping wife and all the terror above ground that is the most painful accompaniment of a mine explosion. Simple, isn't it? Yes, when you have peeped behind the scenes. But I have heard the watcher, fascinated by such a scene, yet appreciating that it was a picture, almost shout out the question, "Why doesn't the photographer stop and help the poor fellow?"

SUITABLE COLORS.

A dress artist says that the woman with dull, light brown hair, a dull complexion and grey or blue eyes, should wear bright black, cream, warm tones of pink, very dark blue, or green, also pale blue. Her dress could be of black satin, taffetas, or satin-faced cloth, well relieved with cream lace, and with just one good piece of jewellery, say, a greenish turquoise brooch or pendant.

The type having light, bright hair, between chestnut and golden, a pretty tinge of color in the cheeks and nice bright blue or grey eyes, can wear yellow-brown perfectly, and this may be relieved with just a wee bit of pale pink. White voile, beige, soft muslins, made up over pale pink or blue silk, are also good style; while rich brown or fawn silk, cloth or velvet, suits this type; dark blue, too, is becoming, with a relief of soft pink. Very pale pink coral, Roman pearls, soft pink and green stones, as well as pale amethysts, may be worn.

The brown-haired type, with a warm skin, brown eyes and pretty color in the cheeks, requires warm colorings, such as full browns, warm blue (from dark to light) tan shade, olive-green, cream, amber, wire-reds and soft rose-pink in small quantities. Her jewels are amber, topaz, amethysts, rubies, garnets and pearls; while her flowers are tea-roses, pale pink geraniums, "Allan Richardson" roses, Neapolitan violets, pansies and forget-me-nots.

"I wonder," said the Sweet Young Thing," why a man is always so frightened when he proposes?"

"That," said the Cynic Bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."

WHERE GOLD GOES TO.

Mr. A. C. Simkins, writing in "Harper's Weekly," deals interestingly with a problem that seldom presents itself to people outside banking circles. Although the output of the gold mines of America, South Africa and Australia is approximately of a value of £200,000 a day, there are continually recurring periods in which the supply of gold is found insufficient to avert financial panics. The reason for this position, according to Mr. Simkins, is to be found in the instinctive hoarding habits of the people of India, Egypt, and China. He quotes Lord Cromer as his authority for the statement that Britain exports yearly to Egypt thirty million pounds in gold to finance the cotton crop, and that only a very small proportion of this vast amount of gold currency finds its way back into circulation. The hoarding habits of Egyptian cotton planters are responsible for the loss to the world's money market of many millions of pounds' worth of gold coins every year. The native princes of India are, Mr. Simkins declares, still more inveterate hoarders of coinage. Instances are given of enormous hidden deposits of money. The Maharajah of Scindia is said to have stored in the fortress of Gwalior, a sum of £60,000,000, and this is only one instance in which such a store has been disclosed by its owner within the past twenty years. Even this vast accumulation was brought to light only in order that its owner might convert the silver rupees of which it consisted into British sovereigns. The British Currency Commission, a few years ago, came to the conclusion that it would be futile to attempt to provide India with a gold currency of its own, for the hidden hoards of silver would be brought forward by princes and merchants and exchanged for gold at a rate estimated to exceed £500,000,000 a year. The hoards of the princes, it is true, were largely gathered when the Maharatta armies systematically swept the plains of India, and were the accretions from hundreds of cities plundered in the good old days before the British came to introduce a new order of things. But great as are the individual hoards of native princes and merchants, they are surpassed in the aggregate by the thousands of smaller hoards, the property of the middle and lower classes. There are a hundred millions of people in India, outside those who precariously exist on the fringe of starvation, who are able to accumulate something, and even should the savings amount to only a few rupees, they are hidden until they can be conveniently changed for gold and hoarded. The Orient, therefore, according to this writer, is the veritable grave of the gold stores of the world.

DIAMONDS IN A GRAVE.

M. Chauchard, the multi-millionaire founder of the Louvre, the great Paris stores, who died recently, leaving a fotune of £6,000,000, took about £30,000 with him into the grave. His body was dressed in evening clothes and laid in the magnificent coffin of amaranth wood and sculptured bronze, the construction of which was personally superintended by the owner during the closing years of his life. The coffin alone cost £2000, and was so heavy that fourteen men were required to move it. In the buttonholes of M. Chauchard's embroidered white silk waistcoat were four pearls worth more than £20,000. The broad ribbon of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the highest decoration bestowed by the French Government, lay across his breast, with the enamelled cross set with diamonds. The shroud was of cloth of gold, and cost £500. The funeral was one of the most imposing and picturesque ceremonies seen in Paris for a long time.

OLD BELLS.

There are several old bells in Scotland, Ireland and Wales. The oldest are often found quadrangular, being made of thin iron plates, which have been hammered and riveted together, says a London paper. At the Monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, the four-sided bell of the Irish missionary, St. Gall, who lived in the seventh century, is still preserved. But more ancient still is the bell of St. Patrick in Belfast, the shrine of which is ornamented with gold and gems and silver filigree work.

The curfew bell is that about which most has been written and said. It has been thought that it was only used in England, but it was quite common on the Continent in the Middle Ages.

The ringing of bells by rope is still very popular in England, especially in the country, where almost every hamlet, however small, has its church with its peal of bells, which are often remarkably well rung. The first real peal of bells in England was sent by Pope Calixtus III. to King's College, Cambridge, and was for three hundred years the largest peal in England. About the beginning of the year 1500 sets of eight bells were hung in a few of the large churches.

In the middle of the seventeenth century a man named White wrote a famous work on bells, in which he introduced the system of numbering them 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., on slips of paper in different orders, according to the changes intended to be rung. It is calculated that to ring all the changes upon 24 bells at two strokes a second would take one hundred and seventeen billion years!

One of the most famous bells in the world is the great bell of Moscow, which now stands in the middle of a square in that city, and is used as a chapel. The bell was cast in 1733, but was in the earth for over a hundred years, being raised in 1836 by the Emperor Nicholas. It is nearly 20 ft. high, has a circumference of 60 ft., is 2 ft. thick, and weighs almost 200 tons. The second Moscow bell, which is the largest bell in the world that is actually in use, weighs 128 tons. There are several bells extant which weigh ten tons and over, of which Big Ben, the largest bell in England, weighing between 13 and 14 tons, is one. Big Ben is unfortunately cracked.

One on the American.

A native-born American, member of a party of four business men, who often lunched together, took great delight in joking the others on their foreign

THE CROXFORD MILLIONS

A STORY OF A GREAT ROBBERY.

By E. CAMERON MORRISON.

Author of "The Strange Case of Mr. Fenwick," "The Man with the Withered Face," "An Image in Wax," etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Harry Stanwell was a private detective whose clients were chiefly drawn from amongst the "upper ten." In other words, he was what might be aptly termed a society detective. He had successfully carried through quite a number of celebrated cases, and, as a consequence, his services were in constant demand.

Upon receipt of Miss Devereux's telegram, Stanwell lost no time in making the necessary arrangements for the journey to Millfield. As it happened, he had nothing of particular importance on hand just then, and was therefore in a position to promptly respond to the summons.

As he was getting his ticket at the station, he noticed with some surprise that nearly the whole of the contents bills of the evening papers (rather paradoxically so called, seeing that the London "evening" papers are issued before mid-day) contained a line which had reference to the disappearance of Mostyn Croxford.

One line read "Mysterious disappearance of Millionaire Croxford"; another, "Mostyn Croxford Missing"; and yet a third, "The Strange Case of Mr. Croxford."

By name and reputation, he of course knew all about Croxford, and as soon as he read these lines, it needed nothing further to convince him that his mission to Millfield was in connection with the millionaire's disappearance. Buying copies of all the papers which he saw contained a reference to the matter, the detective made himself acquainted with the details as far as they were known.

In "The Evening Intelligencer" he read the following account of Croxford's disappearance:—

"An extraordinary, not to say mysterious, event occurred yesterday at Deepdean Hall, Millfield, the country seat of Mr. Mostyn Croxford, the well known millionaire financier. From the particulars to hand, it seems that between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of yesterday, Mr. Croxford, whose marriage with Miss Doris Devereux, only daughter of the late Mr. Pollock Devereux, the Anglo-American stockbroker, was announced a few days ago to take place the third week in December, most unaccountably disappeared from his house. No one saw him leave, neither did he say or do anything to give rise to the idea that he intended to go away. His disappearance is rendered all the more mysterious by reason of the fact that that afternoon he was expecting a visit from his fiance and her mother, who were to have been his guests for some little while. Although the immediate neighborhood has been searched for traces of Mr. Croxford, and his London offices, clubs, and house communicated with, not the slighest clue has been obtained which might lead to the discovery of his whereabouts. We understand that Detective Willington, from Scotland Yard, has the case in hand."

Although "The Evening Intelligencer" professed to have received all particulars of the case, it will be noticed that no reference was made to the discovery of the partly-written letter, or the incident of the bank-note figures. The "Intelligencer" reporter had evidently failed to unearth these two important details, which would have made good "copy" and added spice to the mystery.

"So Willington's got the case in hand already," soliloquised Stanwell, laying down the paper and preparing to light his pipe. "Who's he acting for, I wonder. Not my client, I fancy."

Arrived at Millfield Station, the private detective had scarcely got clear of the gates when he suddenly came face to face with the subject of his thoughts, who was evidently on his way to catch the up-train to town.

"Hallo, Stanwell!" exclaimed the Scotland Yard man, considerably taken aback at the presence of the other. "Where the devil are you bound for?"

"Where you have just come from, I believe," replied the younger man, with a dry smile.

"Well, that's strange! But there, it's none of my business, I suppose. I've got my part to do, and you've got yours, I've no doubt," and Willington hurried on past him, and into the station where the express had just arrived.

At Deepdean Hall, Stanwell inquired for Miss Devereux, and was at once ushered into her presence.

The customary formalities over, they got to business without any circumlocution.

"Have you heard of Mr. Croxford's disappearance, Mr. Stanwell?" she asked at the outset.

"Yes; I read about it in the evening papers," he replied, producing copies, and pointing out the paragraphs which referred to the case.

"Then I need not go into detail. I mean it will be superfluous for me to reiterate what you already know," Miss Devereux said, as she glanced at one of the papers.

"I understand exactly, and already divine what is required of me," replied Stanwell. "You wish me to find Mr. Croxford for you?"

"I do," she exclaimed, with eagerness, and then continued earnestly: "I want you to find him for me either dead or alive. I want you to solve what something within my heart tells me is a deep mystery connected with his removal, for," noticing a start of surprise on the part of the detective, "I am convinced that he did not go away of his own free will. He has been made the victim of some vile plot, the nature and object of which are for the present not quite clear, but," lowering her voice to a whisper, "not so to Joyce Redgrave, Mr. Croxford's nephew."

"You suspect him of complicity in the case, then?" inquired the detective, making a mental note to that effect.

"Yes, I most certainly do, although remember I can give no material reasons for my suspicions. Perhaps they are founded on prejudice, or from my knowledge of a certain fact."

"And that fact is?"

"That in the event of Mr. Croxford dying without wife or family, Redgrave, as his only relation, would inherit his wealth," she replied, turning her head away, so that the detective might not see the tears which were welling up in her eyes, try as she would to keep them back.

Stanwell, although he had no ocular evidence of what was going on, knew from intuition that Miss Devereux had given way to emotion, but he was too well versed in the ways of his business to show that he saw what it was not intended he should.

"What you have just told me is certainly of great importance," he said, in his matter of fact way. "And stands out prominently as the most reasonable cause why Mr. Croxford should have disappeared, or as you put it, been made to disappear. In fact it seems to me to be the key-note of the whole mystery, and, if I may return a confidence, I am of the same opinion as yourself regarding Redgrave's part in the case. He undoubtedly knows more about his uncle's disappearance than anyone else, but under the present circumstances I cannot see that he can be brought to book for his complicity in Mr. Croxford's removal; that is, supposing our suspicions are correctly founded. So far we have not one title of evidence to connect him in any way with the matter, yet I thoroughly agree with you in the opinion, founded on what you say about his being his uncle's heir under certain conditions, that he would have a very strong motive in wishing to get rid of Mr. Croxford before he married."

"I suppose you know that Mr. Redgrave is here at the present moment; at least I presume he is, for I know he slept in the house last night. He arrived between six and seven o'clock yesterday evening, but did not join us at dinner."

Miss Devereux spoke cautiously, almost in whispers, and during the interview more than once went over to the door, which she opened with a suddenness calculated to surprise the most expert eavesdropper.

"I had no actual knowledge of the fact, but from what I have learnt since my arrival at Millfield, I guessed as much," replied the detective, calling to mind his encounter with Willington.

"Ah, I suppose you conducted a few inquiries before you came on to the Hall?" she said, with a faint smile.

"Well, no, I can't say that I did, but I saw someone—a stranger in this part of the country—and at once drew the inference that he had been engaged by Redgrave to investigate the case." And Stanwell looked straight at his fair patron, anxious to discover whether the deduction he had made was really the correct one.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Willington, the detective from Scotland Yard, I suppose?" replied Miss Devereux with just a shade of rebuke in her tone, for she was not slow to observe what was passing in Stanwell's mind.

"Yes," he said simply, feeling somewhat abashed at his unfounded suspicion.

"Mr. Redgrave," continued the young lady, "telegraphed last night to Scotland Yard, and they sent Willington down. I am told that he arrived late in the evening, or, to be correct, in the early hours of this morning."

Suddenly a new train of thought seemed to assert itself in the mind of the detective, for he raised himself up from his chair and went over to the window, which looked out upon the well-kept lawn and long avenue of elm trees.

"Miss Devereux," he said, changing his tone of voice, which before had been of an ordinary matter of fact nature, and speaking earnestly, "has it not occurred to you that Mr. Redgrave is acting very strangely in this matter? If, as we both suppose, he is concerned in the disappearance of his uncle, what reason has he for placing the case in the hands of a Scotland Yard detective?"

"That is a phase of the question which has not presented itself to me until now," replied Miss Devereux, in a surprised sort of way. "It does seem strange," and here she hesitated for a moment or two, "but perhaps it is all done with the object of hoodwinking us."

"You score there, Miss Devereux," replied Stanwell, bowing, "I must have been asleep to have overlooked that aspect of the matter."

"Yet, after all," continued the young lady, "I should have thought Redgrave would have given his plot, if plot there be, time to develop before invoking the aid of the law."

"Without a knowledge of what has actually taken place it is quite impossible to arrive at any reasonable solution as to why he should have proceeded in the manner you believe he has. My duty, acting upon your instructions, is I take it, to discover what has become of Mr. Croxford, and having done this, to put you in communication with him?"

"That is so, Mr. Stanwell, and I would ask you to spare neither money nor ingenuity in your investigations," and she handed him a cheque for a substantial amount. "This," she added, "is as a preliminary. Whatever you require further please ask for. After to morrow my address will be Singleton Gardens, Kensington, and I should be glad if you would keep me well posted up wit hthe latest information."

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Stanwell having concluded his business with Miss Devereux, had left the room, and was passing along the broad corridor which led to the front entrance, when he suddenly came face to face with Joyce Redgrave.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the latter angrily, placing himself in front of the detective. "And what is your business here?"

"I am a friend of Miss Devereux, and came here at her request,' replied the other with an urbanity of manner which contrasted strangely with Redgrave's haughtiness.

"That is only a partial answer to my question. I asked who you were. Perhaps you will be good enough to oblige me with your card. Here is mine," and Redgrave, who had been kept in ignorance of Stanwell's visit, held out the orthodox piece of pasteboard.

The detective took it, glanced at the name, then bowed stiffly.

"I suppose, as you have done me the favor of a self-constituted introduction," he said, feeling in his pocket for his card case, "it devolves upon me to return the compliment."

Stanwell handed him his professional card, upon which Redgrave read: "Harry Stanwell, Private Detective, 26 Strand, W.C."

"So, sir," he exclaimed, with rising fury, "you are what is called a 'private detective,' or,"—this sneeringly—"what people call 'an amateur spy,' poking and probing into everybody's business but your own." The last sentence was evidently meant as a cut, but Stanwell showed no sign of feeling it.

"Yes, Mr. Redgrave," he said, with that suave smile of his, "I happen to be one of the spying fraternity, who, as a general body, are, I venture to think, quite deserving of the wholesale condemnation you would pass upon them."

"You are certainly an impudent fellow," said the other one wrathfully, "and if you do not at once give me a satisfactory explanation of your presence in my house I shall order your detention here until the arrival of the police."

"Really, Mr. Redgrave, I am quite overwhelmed with the warmth of your kind attentions, but as I am in a hurry to catch my train I must wish you a good afternoon," and so saying, he made a move as if he would pass by the other.

"How dare you speak to me in that way, sir? Don't you know that you are a trespasser in my house; that you are here without my consent or knowledge," cried Redgrave, almost white with passion.

"This is Mr. Mostyn Croxford's house, I believe, and I came here at the express invitation of Miss Devereux, with whom I had most important business. Now, sir, will you be good enough to let me pass?"

Before he had finished the last sentence, Stanwell moved on one side, and, getting clear of Redgrave, continued his interrupted journey towards the door. Turning quickly round, Redgrave, now overmastered with passion, rushed furiously at the detective, and dealt him a swinging blow with his clenched fist between the shoulders, which in its suddenness had the effect of causing him to lose his balance and fall upon his knees.

The next moment he had thrown himself bodily upon Stanwell, who, having not yet recovered from the first portion of the cowardly attack, was unable to offer any resistance. Bearing him to the ground, Redgrave knelt down at his side, and attempted to catch him by the throat, but in this he was thwarted, for Stanwell, divining his intention, succeeded in getting one of his hands free, and striking out with it, hit his adversary a heavy blow in the face.

With a howl of pain Redgrave fell backwards, putting up both hands to his face as he did so.

With the agility of the trained athlete, Stanwell sprang to his feet, and seizing Redgrave by the coat collar, shook him until he begged for mercy.

Just at this juncture of affairs Miss Devereux, who had been a silent spectator from the other end of the corridor, surprised both men by appearing upon the scene.

"What a coward you are, Mr. Redgrave," she said contemptuously. "I have seen everything, and only wished I were a man, so that I might give you a sound thrashing."

"Seeing that you are in this house uninvited, Miss Devereux, being, in fact, only permitted to remain here on sufferance, I fail to see what right you have to speak to me in such a manner," replied Redgrave sullenly. "As for you, sir," turning to Stanwell, "you shall hear from my solicitors at once." And he strode off with a limping gait.

Scarcely had he disappeared from sight when the front door opened, and Mr. Mostyn Croxford walked into the hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

Before Doris could properly realise what had occurred she was in the arms of her lover, Stanwell looking on in amazement.

"Oh, Mostyn! I am so glad you have returned," she cried, when at length she was able to speak. "I was certain that something dreadful had happened to you, and Mr. Stanwell here was just starting to try and find out what had become of you."

The millionaire laughed softly, then looked hard at Stanwell.

"But you've not told me who Mr. Stanwell is, my dear," he said, turning to Doris.

"Why, I thought everyone knew who Stanwell was. Surely you must know Harry Stanwell, the celebrated private detective?" she replied, with just a touch of playfulness in her tone.

Mr. Croxford started involuntarily at the mention of Stanwell's profession. To the casual observer it was almost imperceptible, but it did not escape the practised eye of the detective, who was somewhat at a loss to account for the millionaire's evident surprise, not unmingled with apprehension at the discovery.

"Ah, yes; how stupid of me! Of course I have often heard of Mr. Stanwell, but for the moment I did not remember him." Then turning to the detective, he held out his hand, expressing at the same time his pleasure in thus making his acquaintance. Stanwell shook the proffered hand, and was about to retire, as he felt that under such circumstances his absence rather than his presence would be the more appreciated, but Croxford noticing this movement, invited him to the drawing-room, so that they might talk matters over.

"And now, Mostyn," began the young lady, as they all took their seats, "you must tell me where you have been since yesterday afternoon, and what made you run away just about the time I was expected."

For a moment the millionaire looked puzzled, then appearing to remember the circumstance, replied:

"Why, yes, of course; you were to come last night at six o'clock, and——"

"No, not at six o'clock," Doris interrupted with surprise, "half-past four was the time I told you in my letter, and, if you recollect, you wrote back saying that you would expect me then. Come, sir, I shall have to call you seriously to account for such lack of gallantry!" And she looked with such archness that Stanwell wondered how any man could mistake the hour of an appointment which concerned so fascinating and pretty a young lady.

"I really can't understand what's happened to my memory since yesterday," Croxford replied apologetically; "but I suppose the adventures I've gone through since then have had a depressing effect upon me, and possibly interefered with my thinking powers."

"What adventures have you had, Motsyn?" Miss Devereux inquired. "They must be very terrible if they have affected your memory."

During this conversation Stanwell had kept his own counsel. He sat some distance apart from the other two, but in such a position that he commanded a good view of the millionaire. To him the whole case was still a deeper mystery than it appeared a few hours previously. He was entirely at a loss to account for Croxford's sudden return, but what puzzled him most of all was his apparent inability to remember the arrangements of the day before.

This was the first occasion upon which Stanwell had personally met the great millionaire, and he felt an unusual interest in him, not merely because of his position in the world of finance, but also from the strange circumstances which surrounded him in the present case.

As he scrutinised his features, the detective noticed amongst other things that Croxford possessed a fresh, healthy color, iron-grey hair and moustache to match, and very fine white teeth. Dwelling upon all these items of description in his mind, and attempting to deduce therefrom an approximate estimate as to the millionaire's age, Stanwell suddenly noticed that the well-groomed moustache was a false one.

CHAPTER IX.

Filled with increased wonderment at this discovery, the detective set himself to the task of a closer inspection of Croxford, and was not long in arriving at the conclusion that not only did he wear a wig, but also teeth which were not his own.

Whatever he thought on the subject of these discoveries he naturally kept to himself, although he determined at the earliest opportunity to make certain inquiries respecting these aids to nature affected by the millionaire.

"Oh, my adventures!" Croxford was saying in a thoughtful sort of way, in reply to Miss Devereux's injunction that he should relate them, when there was a knock at the door, followed by the entry of a servant maid, who brought a message for Miss Devereux from Mr. Redgrave.

"Mr. Redgrave," began the domestic, and then she suddenly came to a standstill, dumbfounded at seeing her master.

"What about him?" exclaimed Croxford, with an eagerness the detective was not slow to observe. "Finish your message, girl, and then go back to the rest and tell them I have returned."

"Why, if you please, sir, Mr. Redgrave sends his compliments to Miss Devereux, and wishes to hear whether she would see him directly."

"Mr. Redgrave, my nephew, is he at the Hall then?" the millionaire inquired, a troubled look creeping into his eyes, which no one but the detective noticed.

"Yes, Mostyn; he arrived between six and seven o'clock last night, and I am sure I ought to tell you," she went on in an injured tone, "he has behaved very rudely to myself and mamma. He actually refused to join us at dinner last night, and I have an idea that he resented our staying here as we have done."

"The impudent fellow! I must speak to him about such ungentlemanly conduct!" Croxford replied warmly, although at the same time—so Stanwell satisfied himself in his own mind—he evidently did not relish the carrying out of any such act of censure.

"What shall I tell him, dear?" Doris asked, addressing her lover.

"Oh, send him back and tell him you are engaged for the present." Then turning to the waiting girl the millionaire said: "Tell Mr. Redgrave that Miss Devereux is not at liberty just now. Mr. Stanwell, a thousand apologies for such neglect, but I am sure you will excuse us both under the circumstances."

The detective rose from his seat as Croxford spoke, and moved one or two paces nearer the fire, at the same time placing himself in a closer position to the speaker. He apparently had some object for this movement, but the other two, quite unsuspicious of the discoveries Stanwell had already made, and was seeking to make, imagining that his only idea was to draw closer to the fire; and, the weather being exceptionally cold, begged him to pull up his chair.

"Please do not consider me in the slightest degree, Mr. Croxford," he said, replying to the other' remark, "I am entirely at your service. Command me, and I shall obey."

"You are very kind, sir; but having returned safe and sound, there will not, as far as I can see, be any necessity to engage your valuable services," the millionaire replied. Then after a silence: "There is just one favor I would ask of you, Mr. Stanwell, and it is a curious one, but I always was eccentric, and I trust you will do it for me; in fact, I am sure you will, especially when it does not entail any sacrifice on your part."

"I shall be most happy to oblige you, Mr. Croxford," said the detective, with a bow, wondering what he was about to be asked to do.

"Thanks. All I wish you to do is, not to blazon forth my absence or return to the world. Say nothing, know nothing, and you will find it the best policy in the long run!"

The last sentence was uttered with a peculiar significance, but the detective thought he understood the drift of it.

"Your request is a simple one, sir, and I shall respect it to the letter," he replied, again rising, this time with the full intention of leaving.

His closer proximity to the millionaire had enabled him to find out what he had suspected—that in company with a false moustache, hair and teeth, was an enamelled complexion. Having satisfied himself beyond any possible doubt on these various points, he was anxious to return to London without delay, so that he might put into operation a certain plan connected with Croxford's disappearance, for he firmly believed that the man who now represented himself as the millionaire was an impostor.

The evidence which led him to this conclusion was, of course, for the time being, at any rate, merely circumstantial, and to prove his suspicions to the satisfaction of those most intimately concerned, he was well aware that stronger and more direct evidence would be indispensable.

"Before you go, Mr. Stanwell," said Croxford, "you must let me pay your fee for the trouble you have already been put to. I am not aware what it amounts to, but I presume this will clear everything." And he handed the detective notes for a hundred pounds.

"Mr. Croxford," exclaimed Stanwell, upon seeing the value of the notes, "your liberality is prodigious. A tenth part of this sum will amply repay me for the little I have yet done."

"Tut, tut! my dear sir. Say nothing more about it." And the millionaire thrust both hands into his pockets as if to signify that the arrangement was finished and done with.

Ten minutes later Stanwell was on his way to the railway station, very well satisfied with things as far as they had gone, though he assured himself he was only on the fringe of some great mystery.

CHAPTER X.

Humiliated by his encounter with Stanwell, and moreover smarting in every limb from the rough usage he had received at the detective's hands, Joyce Redgrave limped back to his uncle's private room, and locked himself in.

Altogether his condition of mind was not an enviable one. A whirl of depressing thoughts filled his brain, and made him seek solitude so that he might be able to think matters out.

The discovery by Willington of the numbers and values of the banknotes, was a matter which occasioned him great unrest, as did also the finding of that partly-written letter from his uncle. These were incidents which were likely to cause him difficulty and trouble. Then there was the fact of Miss Devereux engaging a private detective to search for his uncle. This seemed to have a special significance attached to it, and he wished it was in his power to prevent Stanwell from pursuing his investigations.

Pondering moodily over all these things, and with a strong and growing resentment in his heart against Miss Devereux's continued presence at the Hall, he sat in his uncle's room. A large fire burned in the grate, and feeling the bitterness of the weather, he had drawn his armchair close to the glowing logs.

Suddenly rising with an oath, he rang the bell violently for Burrell, whom he ordered to send one of the female servants to him.

In the midst of all the exacting incidents which had occurred, he had, strange to say, not lost sight of the significant remark of the valet in reference to the conveyance of messages to Miss Devereux, and in view of the same did not think it advisable to trust him with what he intended should be sent to that young lady now. Accordingly, he merely asked Burrell to send one of the maids to him, as he felt confident none of them would dare to refuse to carry out his instructions.

The nature of the message to Miss Devereux; how it was delivered, and the reply, have already been described; but any interest which the latter in itself might have had for Redgrave was swallowed up in the startling information imparted by the girl, that Mr. Croxford had suddenly returned, and was at that moment engaged in the drawing-room with Miss Devereux and a gentleman, whom Redgrave at once concluded was Stanwell.

He heard the news with the most utter consternation, at first refusing to believe it; but his informer was so emphatic in her statement, that he was at length reluctantly compelled to admit the truth of what he had been told.

Had Miss Devereux agreed to see him, it was his intention to peremptorily order her to leave the Hall and take her mother along with her; but now that his uncle had returned, he, of course, saw it would be impossible to carry out any such idea. He recognised at once that, strictly speaking, he had no business in the house at all, and that, in view of everything, the sooner he took himself off the better.

"What a fool Paxton's been over this job," he muttered savagely; "let it slip through his fingers like water! The whole game's up now, I suppose, and I'd better clear before those notes are missed, but"—suddenly remembering that Willington knew something of this matter—"it will be the devil's own risk to pass them. And Doughton, too, he must be as bad as Paxton. A pretty pair of fools!" he added with a contemptuous sneer.

He was on the point of making preparations to leave the room when Croxford himself appeared upon the scene.

"Why, uncle! How delighted I am to see you back again! We all thought you had been spirited away, robbed, and killed," exclaimed his nephew with great cordiality, as he held out both his hands to the millionaire.

"Oh, I'm all right, my boy. My absence has been merely accidental; alarming, it is true, but the explanation is very simple." And, speaking in a voice which Redgrave never remembered to have heard from his uncle's lips, Mr. Croxford seated himself leisurely in front of the fire, drew out his cigar case, selected a weed from amongst a dozen, and lit it, at the same time offering his nephew one.

"Adventures, sir. You interest me; pray relate them," exclaimed Redgrave eagerly, for he really was interested, and deeply so.

"The fact of the matter is simply this, Joyce. Between three and four o'clock yesterday afternoon, I received a most important telegram summoning me to London at once. In my excitement, and having to catch the next train, I went off without leaving any message, but intended to return the same evening. Unfortunately, my business was of more importance than I anticipated, and the result was, I was obliged to remain in town overnight. It is true I might have wired, and saved you all the anxiety, which I am sure my absence must have caused you. For some reason or other, however, I did not do this, but returned, as I went, without warning."

Redgrave had listened open mouthed to this statement, and the other could not fail to observe the impression which it made upon him.

"Why, uncle, I——" then he suddenly checked himself, and sat staring blankly at Croxford.

"What were you going to say?" inquired the millionaire, carelessly, as he flicked the ash off his cigar.

"I don't know nothing. In fact I was completely taken by surprise by the simpleness of your explanation." And for once he spoke with sincerity.

"Ah, yes, it is rather simple, isn't it?" said his companion, obscuring his face behind the cloud of smoke.

"But, uncle," protested his nephew, "how your voice has changed since yesterday. It is quite remarkable."

"Cold," I suppose," replied Croxford, with studied indifference, and then proceeded to talk of other matters.

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF DRIVING A NAIL.

The driving of a nail is deemed so simple a matter, that inability to do the job is often spoken of as though typifying entire lack of mechanical ability; yet it may be that some skilled mechanics have something to learn in regard to this elementary operation. It usually takes a woodworker's apprentice a year or more to learn that he doesn't know how.

A fledgling mechanic who spoke sneeringly of a man whom he heard using several blows of the hammer to drive a single nail, was somewhat crestfallen when told that the nail would hold better when driven "home" by several light taps than when driven by one heavy one.

"Why?" he asked in surprise.

"Because," said the other, "when you drive a nail home with a heavy blow it is apt to rebound a trifle, loosening the grip of the wood fibres on it. Drive it almost down, if you will, with as hard blows as you wish, but finish the job with several light blows."

One who thinks that the driving of a nail simply consists in getting the whole length of it out of sight has little conception of the real nature of the operation. A nail driven by an expert will often hold several times as much as one ill driven; while, too, it is often made to draw the parts into place. If you have ever watched a mechanic driving nails, you have doubtless noted that he rarely drives one at right angles with the face of the work. There is a reason for this. Suppose that he is nailing the "sheeting" on the frame of a building, and desires to draw the board down tightly against the one below it; he points the nail downward, and a few well-considered blows at the last produce the desired effect. If the board is bent edgewise, so that much force is required, probably he will start the nail in the upper edge, pointing very sharply downward. Again, two nails driven in a board at different angles will hold it in place much more firmly than the same nails would if they were driven in at right angles with the face of the board.

Did you ever notice that, in driving a nail in very hard wood, one man will do it successfully, while another succeeds only in doubling the nail up before the point has fairly entered the wood? The difference lies in the fact that the expert strikes the nail fairly, and not too hard, "coaxing" it in; while the other strikes too hard and with indirection. It may be probably mentioned, right here, that in driving a nail into very hard wood it is usually profitable to dip the end into oil or grease. This will not sensibly interfere with the holding qualities of the nail, while it will very materially facilitate its driving.

In order that a nail may hold its best, it is necessary that the pieces it penetrates should be in close contact. A few well-judged taps of the hammer at the finish will serve to bring this contact; while a heavy, ill-judged blow often destroys it, on account of the rebound.

So, too, the direction in which a nail goes is governed, not merely by the direction in which it is started, but very largely by the shape of the point. You have doubtless noticed how a horseshoe nail, by having a chisel point, is made to swerve and to come out of the hoof but little above the shoe. By filing the point of a nail off on one side, it may readily be made to take a curved course in driving, or the same result may be attained by bending the point slightly with the claws of the hammer.

A MUSICAL BARON.

Baron d'Erlanger, whose opera, "Tess," was produced at Covent Garden recently, will not readily forget the first performance, which took place at the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, some time ago. Vesuvius was in eruption at the time, and the theatre contained comparatively few spectators, who were half panic-stricken. During the performance the roofs of some buildings near the theatre fell in, and the lava dust, which got into the theatre, nearly choked and blinded both listeners and performers. Next day the theatre was closed by order of the municipality. The baron has been a musician all his life. At five he was able to improvise on the piano, and when quite a young man he wrote a great number of songs. He is an active partner in one of the great banking houses of London, and, although a naturalised Englishman, his family history is somewhat curious. He was born in Paris, his mother being an American, and his father a German, while his maternal grandmother was French.

NOT ELOQUENT.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is a member of the Athenaeum Club in Pall Mall. On his first appearance there, it is said, he once asked for some information from a gentleman sitting near him. To his great surprise, the older member not only told him all he wanted to know, but insisted on M. Barrie dining with him and taking supper afterwards, though neither of them knew the other's name. Upon Mr. Barrie's protesting that he could not possibly accept so much kindness from a stranger, the other immediately replied:

'Don't mention it; don't mention it. Why, I've belonged to this club for 25 years, and you are the very first member who has ever spoken to me."

What is that which we never borrow, yet often return?—Thanks.

THE UNKNOWN IN THE HOME.

By Fortune Free.

I was amused to read the other day how an American professor "came down" on an audience he was addressing. Someone had been reading a paper on a very learned subject of no particular use to anybody, and the professor evidently found it a little too much for him. Anyway, when he was invited to address the meeting he seems to have been considerably excited—a condition he quickly imparted to his listeners.

He said that, while people were filled with a wild desire to gain knowledge that was of remarkably little good to them, they neglected the things at their very doors. They went, according to him, miles to hear a lecture on any conceivable subject, but with regard to serious matters under their noses they were content to be abjectly ignorant. This remark evoked cries of disagreement. Then the professor declared he would wager a hundred dollars there was no one there that could give him information on a subject that was of almost daily practical importance.

"Is there any man here," he demanded, "who can tell me what is the best thing to do with a wet umbrella when one gets it home?"

No one, it seems, could, and the professor went on to speak eloquently on the neglect of the study of the home, and persons and matters connected with it. The assembly, the reporter declared, broke up and scattered to its respective homes in a thoughtful mood.

"We get so familiar with things around us that we imagine we know all about them, while we are at the same time profoundly ignorant concerning them," declared Charles Darwin, the great naturalist. "We want to know all about some strange animal at the North Pole while the life at our doors we often have no eyes for."

If fathers and mothers studied their sons and daughters more, and if sons and daughters studied their parents more, and were not quite so ready to jump to the conclusion they knew all about them already, homes would, I think, be more useful places than they frequently are.

When I asked a friend of mine the other day what he was going to make of his son he replied:

"Goodness only knows, Sir Fortune. I wish you would tell me what you think he is fit for."

Now he had lived with the young gentleman for close on twenty years!

I cannot help thinking that parents are often a little too anxious not to allow their sons and daughters to understand exactly how much they are to them. A father does not "keep his heart on his sleeve," perhaps, but all the same, he might sometimes do very much more than he does by showing more of his heart to his sons and daughters, and gaining theirs in exchange in a bigger degree.

I turned a rather cold eye upon a young gentleman who called on me a short time back. He was the eldest son of a gentleman in the Midlands. His father had requested me to "do what I could for him" in London, and I had found "doing what I could for him" rather a tough job. He had a faculty for getting into scrapes, and appeared to me to be abominably lazy—reckoning on his coming into money at his father's decease. The old gentleman died, and the young hopeful pocketed a small fortune. On his return from the Midlands he came to see me. There seemed a strange change in him.

"It's a queer thing," he said. "A queer thing!"

I wanted to know what was queer.

"Do you know," he replied, "the pater had kept every letter I wrote to him—kept 'em all! They were in his desk—tied up with red tape. I looked at some of them, and he had underscored all the parts in which I promised to do better—all the humbug with which I had stuffed him up! He believed every bit and had hoped for it! If I had only known he believed in me like that—if I had only known!"

But "the pater" had really not shown any particular affection in his letters or any hint how his hopes were bound up in him. I knew then, in that cry of his, that "if he had only known" the dead man would have been happier and the living one better.

Parents generally know a lot more than sons and daughters are often inclined to give them credit for. I remember the famous Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, being asked for advice by a young gentleman.

"I am unable to advise you in the matter," he replied, "but if you like I will ask the greatest authority on such subjects—your father."

In the same way young ladies are often inclined to seek advice of friends with regard to matters in which they could have no more infallible guides than their mothers. An American editor, who used to give advice to his readers got so excited over questions put to him upon subjects he considered ought to have been solved in the home that he inserted a notice in his paper:

"Before licking the stamp and putting it on the letter asking me what food agrees with you best, what colored tie suits your complexion, and such things, ask yourself, 'Am I an orphan?' Seems to be a mighty lot of folk who haven't any parents about—or who don't know where to find 'em."

The ordinary father and the ordinary mother indeed possess a mass of experience that the son and the daughter could, and should draw upon. Sons and daughters get so accustomed to looking for their education outside from paid teachers that they come to overlook their parents as a possible source of information.

If sons and daughters don't know their parents and don't, therefore, make the most use of them, do parents know quite as much about their children as they might? It is wonderful how differently parents see their sons and daughters from how strangers see them. It is quite a mistake to suppose they invariably flatter them.

Admiral Sir George Tryon used to tell the story how he once sent a report to the father of a midshipman who served under him, and Tryon received the words written across it, "Some mistake." He sent it to the father again, assuring him there was no mistake, only to receive it once more with the words across it, "Some mistake. Wrong boy." He returned it yet again, and still got it back with the remark, "All a mistake. Send the beggar home and I'll lick the truth out of him."

What a vast amount more could be made of sons and daughters if parents were only keen to mark their peculiar abilities and predictions. "Discover your son or your daughter's ability and then direct it by kindling interest in the practical direction in which it may be useful to them and to the world," said Emerson.

If only people acted on that there would be fewer mistaken vocations entered on.

The American professor used the wet umbrella to illustrate the fact that there are many things we don't know how to make the best of in our home life. I feel sure he would put parents and sons and daughters amongst homely objects that a good deal more could be made of with a little more consideration.

Patient: What would you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?

Doctor: Good gracious, man, that's just what I am trying to save you from.

VIEWS OF McTOSH.

ON MODERN MARVELS.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

"I was at a queer lecture the ither nicht, laird," said Sandy, as he sat down and lit his pipe. "A body was tellin' us aboot photographin' the bones in your haun', and he showed us pictures o' them on a screen. It was maist wunnerfu'."

"I can weel believe it, Sandy," replied McTosh. "If there's ony consolation I hae in the fact that I'm gettin' auld, it's aye because the worrld in the next generation wull be muckle too wunnerfu' for puir bodies like masel' tae leave in.

"Up till the noo, ye ken, we hae been able tae ca' our soals oor ain, but by and bye ye'll hae a man wi' a photograph machine at ilka corner of the street, and ane o' them wull stop ye the mornin', and tell ye that your conscience luks too black tae be guid, and that gin ye dinna mend your ways the polis wull be glein' ye a ca' and pittin' pairsonal questions tae ye.

"The man that gangs doon the street the noo wi' an air o' consequential pride at the pairfection o' his claes wull hae to stay at hame till efter daurk. The photograph man wull throw a sairch licht on him, and wull ca' attention to the fact that he has spent a' his siller on his coat and troosers, and isna' able tae afford a sark (shirt).

"And when a man like that gangs into a bank to dae business on credit, the first thing they'll dae wull be to pit him intae a photograph machine and discover that he's wearin' a champagne corrk instead o' a watch in his weskit pooch, and that he has nae mair than two or three bawbees in his troosers pooch. Maist o' us is ane thing tae the worrld and anither tae oorsel's, but gin a' these modern inventions come to pairfection ilk body wull ken us as we really are.

"Gin ye hae a wee bit news aboot yersel' in the paper, the maist they can say the noo is that ye're guid lookin' or no' guid lookin', wi' a few remarks about the slope o' your forehead or the thickness o' your neck.

"But in the next generation, Sandy Macphairson, gin ye happen to be an object o' interest tae the papers, there's naething aboot yersel' ye'll be able to hide.

"They'll be tellin' the worrld that ye don't seem to hae got mair than ane lung that's worrth ony thing, and that your liver luks too haird for a temperate man.

"The newspaper bodies o' the future 'ull present tae their readers a portrait o' a great pood wi' lang hair and a velvet jacket, sittin' doon in a maist imposin' attitude, and they'll invite the attention o' the public to the fact that the puir body hasna ony buttons on his sark, and that he is only wearin' one trouser-gallows (brace) instead o' twa. These days 'ull no' be tae ma liking, Sandy, and I'm gled I'll no' be here then."

"But I'm thinkin', laird, it 'ull be a guid thing to enable the doctors to fin' oot what's wrang wi' ye when they're no able tae discover it in ony ither way."

"Nae doot it 'ull be guid for the doctors," replied McTosh, with a snort. "But gin a doctor could see onything wrang wi' me wi' his machinery, and want to cut me open to investigate, I think I wad prefer to keep ma trouble to masel'. A doctor micht see something wrang in ma inside and cut me open, and then discover that what he saw was naething mair than a birthmark on the wrang side o' my skin, that was daein' nae hairm tae onybody.

"I mind o' a case a while sin' whaur a doctor tell a man that he would hae to be operated on for appendicitis, and the man replied that he wasna gaun to hae sic an operation ony mair as it had been removed twice already.

"But sic an invention wad be useful gin ye suspected a man o' steelin' your property and pittin' it in his ain pooches. Ye wad hairn the truth wi'out offending onybody."

"Maybe aye, an' maybe hooch aye," replied McTosh. "Gin ye took a photograph o' a frien' at your dinner table and fin' that he had twa o' your spunes in his coat tail pooch. But sic a man wad be ower gleg (sharp) tae gang near the licht.

"I'm thinkin' that gin ye stood up at a dinner o' big financiers and sic folk, and telit them that a licht was aboot to be flung ower the room, showin' what ilk man had in his pooch, ye wad find it vurra amusin' to see a great man here and there tryin' to pit a gowd spune or a silver fork back on the table without bein' noticed by his frien's. But ye wad mak' a lot o' enemies that way, Sandy Macphairson.

"When I think o' a' the marvels o' the last few years, I canna imagecne what the worrld 'ull be like in fifty years frae the noo. There 'ull be ma cheenery invented to enable bodies to read your thochts, and tae fin' oot whether your socks are darned regularly or no.

"Gin ye hae a curious neebor, he can tell what ye're haeing for dinner, and whether it's something new or caul' kale het again. Gin he wants the wee len' o' a haud-croon till the morn, and ye tell him ye're richt out o' siller for the moment, he 'ull reply that he can see twa gowd sovereigns and some saxpences i' your richt haun' pooch, and that ye ocht tae hae mair respect for the truth."

"Maybe the next generation 'ull be ane whaur a' the bodies hae lairned to be truthful, laird, sin' it 'ull be sae easy tae fin' them oot when they're leein'," ventured Sandy.

"I hae ma doots o' that, Sandy Macphairson," said the laird. "Men hae been leein' tae ane anither for sae mony years noo that they're no likely tae gie ower the habit in a hurry. Ye may invent machines that 'ull talk and machines that 'ull luk through stone walls, but ye canna invent onything tae mak' men speak the truth if they're no in the mood for it.

"Gin a body invented a machine that wad hae the effect o' makin' us a' leeve in gless hooses, some ither body wad vurra sune invent a curtain that

CONVERSAZIONE.

In connection with the 22nd annual Church Festival of Holy Trinity Church, Thorbury, advertised for to-morrow, a conversazione was held in the guild-hall on Michaelmas Day (September 29th). The social function had necessarily to precede the Sunday services on account of the Anglican Synod, which will be in session next week. The hall was tastefully decorated with roses, lilies, and pot plants, &c., &c., and its appearance reflected great credit on the ladies who arranged the room. The musical programme included, 2 violin solos by Mrs. Hall, and a pianoforte solo by Miss Flanagan. Miss F. E. Smith sang "I think" and Mr. H. V. Williams contributed "Will O' the Wisp" and "Davy Jones' Locker." As an encore to the latter song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" was given. Mr. F. W. P. Hammett sang "Mary," for which he was encored, and gave "Oft in the Stilly Night." Mr. Vincent Hutton acted as accompanist. The chairman (Rev. T. C. Robinson) read a telegram he had received from Rev. D. R. Hewton, who was unable to be present. He also apologised for Rev. T. H. Sapsford, who was to have spoken. The Rev. J. S. Woods, of St. Augustine's, Moreland, was the only speaker. He began by recounting some interesting reminiscences concerning his former relations with the chairman, and then gave a vigorous address, in which amongst other things he very strongly urged the necessity for a revival of parental control. If parents would gently and lovingly, yet firmly, rule their children the greater comfort and much of the present evil would be averted. After supper served the company engaged in some social games, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a conclusion by the singing of the National Anthem.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

On Friday, the 24th inst., the "Popjoys" Musical Club provided the public of Epping and district with what proved to be one of the most enjoyable concerts that has been given of late. There has been frequent attempts by vaudeville "atrocities" to foist on the public programmes blended with "has beens," but the people here are only partial to whom they know something of, and consequently it was quite a treat to see the "Popjoys" reappear with an excellent and diversified "bill." Unfortunately one of the most popular performers, Mr. Frank Hall, was detained on business at Casterton, and could not get down in time to appear, but his place was filled by Mr. Tom Speed, equally as clever and as comical as the former. Messrs Jim Doherty and P. Daly, also of the burlesque type, earned popularity for themselves in their respective turns. Miss Madge Walshe was in good voice, and was much admired for her rendering of two very pretty ballads, viz., "A Whispered Vow" and "May Be." Miss Lily Orr sang with good effect "Acushla Machree," and was well received. Others of no less importance were Messrs Chas. Orr, E. Lynch, W. McCarthy, and Miss A. Daly made a very efficient accompanist. Two laughable comedies were played during the performance and created great amusement.

A dance took place after the entertainment and was splendidly patronised considering the cyclonic state of the weather. Two very nice prizes were competed for in a waltzing competition and were carried off by Mr. M. Mc Namara and Miss Nolan, and the judges' decision was a very popular one. The dancing arrangements were admirably carried out by Mr. E. J. Dea, to whom great credit is due for the success of the evening. Cr. McCormack made a genial chairman and also judged the waltzing competition.

At last meeting of the Epping council a collecting card was received for the Lavinia Kennedy fund. Each councillor and officer present contributed 1s.

NORTHCOTE SHOP WINDOWS.

BARBINGERS OF SPRING.

THOSE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

IN SPRING BONNETS.

Spring is here.
There is no doubt of it.
Nature students are all agreed.
The beautiful flowers have bloomed again.
Man begins to think of bowls and cricket.
Woman goes straightaway to heaven.—
That heaven which beautiful flowers open to the mind.—
Those fadeless flowers, whose tints are warranted to stand the summer sun.
God makes the flowers, and man imitates them.
The woman's foot crushes the field bloom in haste to look at man's creation.
She stands before the show windows and reenacts the old story of Eve and the Garden of Eden.
The flowers in the spring bonnets are wily tempting serpents.
She is assured the hats represent the Pink of Fashion.
They are fair to look upon, and the serpent charms her eye and heart.
Oh! Adam! where art thou?
Thy purse is in imminent danger!
Adam trampies by the shop window, in all the ignorance of innocence.
He is thinking whether he will go to the football final or stay at home and put in cabbage plants.
The flowers, and the colors, and the hats leave the window.
They come outside and drag the woman into the shop.
Poor woman! she is done for! Alas! Alas! Alas!!!
She is presently sent home—joy and fear at her heart.
Joy in the burden that she has been ordered to place on her forehead.
Fear lest other beguiled one should carry the same colored token on Sunday next.
Such exquisite feeling does the serpent!
Quickly, ah, too quickly, Serpent Fashion changes countenance.
He leaves the woman with a cold pang at her heart.
She knows herself truly now—she is naked! unfashionable!
Oh, powerless the charms of that bonnet!
Where are its beauties?—None!
It lies upon her brow, an open mark for all womankind.
The bonnet is an Abomination! It never had any beauty!
It is shaped like a pork pie! or a waste-paper basket;
Her eyes are opened;
Adam, poor fool, begins to love that bonnet!—
He is but a senseless clod!
In the winter time arrives its frosty day.
The cat mothers a brood where she is least likely to be disturbed.
Tears, kicks, and threatened drownings accompany the discovery.
'Tis winter in the house.
But ah! soon comes the call of the wild.
Scent ye not the bonnets of the spring?
The windows again bloom with harbingers.
The local milliners are in league with the serpent.
The woman once more faces the window!
And again she is led away captive!
Worth's men in Paris grin at each other, and order new motor cars.
Adam dies after a time!—and has post-mortem dreams of bills and fines.

Property Sales.

Stott & Bastings, auctioneer, will sell by auction this day at the properties, w.b. cottage, Mansfield street; 8 allotments Rossmoyne and Gooch street; also 18 allotments Raleigh and Clarendon street.

Stott & Bastings, auctioneer, will sell by auction next Saturday at the properties Harpear street, b. cottage; also 18 allotments Westgarth subdivision, Northcote South. Plans at offices.

Complimentary Smoke Night & Presentation to Senior Constable Spratling.

After over twenty years duty at Preston Constable Spratling was recently promoted and transferred to the South Yarra station. He had so acquitted himself both officially and in other ways that the citizens felt they could not allow him to depart without some formal acknowledgment of his worth and services rendered, and it was accordingly decided to entertain him at a smoke concert and make him a presentation.

This event took place at the Bradford hall on Thursday night. Cr. Allchin, ex president of the shire, presided, seated next to him being the guest of the evening, and there was a representative company of about eighty. A full and most entertaining programme of music, song, and story was given, those contributing being—Messrs Brunier (accompanist), Bransgrove, Miller, Long, Reid, Seeber, Rhodesbury, Seekamp, Fontaine, G. H. Hamilton, J. T. Ralph, and Middleton. Many of the items were really good and encores were numerous. Undoubtedly the programme was thoroughly enjoyed.

Cr. J. P. Howe, president of the shire, sent a letter expressing regret that on account of another engagement he could not attend, but conveying hearty good wishes to Mr. Spratling, his wife and family.

Cr. Allchin, in proposing the toast of the evening—"Our Guest"—said nobody could wish Mr. Spratling and his wife and family more success than he did. First of all he would like to congratulate their friend on his promotion. (Applause). He did not know how many stripes that entitled him to, but he hoped one day to see his arm covered with them. (Laughter.) Mr. Spratling had identified himself with many local matters. He was a prominent man in the A.N.A., in the rifle club, and in connection with the Football Club, and in his official capacity he had always done his duty, and, one thing, he was not over-officious. (Hear, hear). He had now a pleasant duty to perform and that was to present Mr. Spratling with a purse of sovereigns. (Applause). They all knew the next best think to wife and children was money—(Laughter)—and the committee thought this was a suitable present to make Mr. Spratling. It was also his pleasant duty to hand over to Mr. Spratling, for Mrs Spratling, a silver-plated teapot. Money was soon spent and quickly forgotten, but he hoped Mrs. Spratling and family would be long spared to make use of this gift, which would always remind them of their friends in Preston. Mrs. Spratling had always made herself nice and agreeable, and her advice and assistance had always been available in family and charitable matters. One year when they wanted collectors for the children's picnic she had come forward, with Mrs. Howard, and put up the record with £16 odd. (Applause).

Senior-Constable Ashton said he had very great pleasure indeed in supporting the toast and to have the privilege of being present to join in hearty good wishes for their old friend, who had been very wise to accept promotion, which he was justly entitled to. During the 12 yerrs their guest had served under him he had always found him a straightforward, honourable, good man, who did his duty without fear or favour—(Applause)—and he always did it in a way that was least irksome to the people of Preston. He had made one step in the ladder of promotion; others were in his grasp, and he hoped he would go on now till he had a silver stripe on his shoulder. (Applause). Mrs. Spratling was a homely, motherly woman, and he wished both her and her family the best of health and prosperity.

Mr. W. H. Smith, secretary of the Preston football club, in supporting the toast, said Mr. Spratling was one of the best, if not the best, workers the Preston football club ever had, and on behalf of the members of the club he would like to wish him, with Mrs. Spratling and family, every success in their new sphere.

Mr. Maltzahn spoke the good wishes of the A.N.A., the local branch of which, he said, would never be in its present position, but for the good work done by Mr. Spratling in its early stages. He was also one of those who was instrumental in getting the local branch of the A.W.A. established. They were very sorry to lose him.

The toast was drunk with musical honours.

Mr. Spratling, who was received with cheers, said he was very pleased to meet so many friends. It was very nice on leaving a district where he had been for over 20 years to get a send-off like this. It shows "somebody appreciates you." (Hear, hear). He saw many present against whom he had had a bump—(Laughter)—they learned to give and take bumps, of course, on the football field. He was very pleased indeed to hear the kind things said about him, especially by the officer under whom he had served for so many years. With the Football Club he had been connected 20 years, and for the A.N.A.—which was the first and only society he had ever joined, and which he stuck to and recommended to others because it just suited his tastes—he had always done his best. He was almost a boy when he came to Preston. Now he was getting "very thin on top." (Laughter). He hoped he had given his hair in a good service in a good place. (Laughter). He expected to get on all right at his new station. If he was as fortunate there as he had been at Preston he would have nothing to complain about. He had always tried to do his duty in such a way as to be least offensive, and many he had had to proceed against had afterwards come to him and told him he had done right. Though he had left Preston he did not intend to sever his connection with it and Mrs. Spratling and himself would take an early opportunity of coming out to some social fixture at the shire-hall to renew acquaintance with old friends. He thanked them for their present, which would come in very useful, and he was sure he appreciated the present to Mrs Spratling very highly, and on her behalf they must accept his hearty thanks. (Cheers).

"The Sporting Clubs" was proposed by Mr Whalley and responded to by Messrs W. H. Smith (Football Club), Mehegan (Cricket Club) and G. H. Hamilton (Bowling Club).

The toast of "The Chairman" and "The Press" were also honored, and Cr. Allchin moved a hearty vote of thanks to the artists, who had all given their services for the occasion.

Messrs J. E. Thomson and W. H. Smith, under whose supervision the programme was carried out, deserve credit for their arrangements.

YOUR OWN WISH.

BOOTS & SHOES in Gent's, Ladies, and Children's that are all solid leather and the cheapest price that the modern system can provide we can do it at the ETNA BOOT CO. Regist'd. Have no other. Every pair with registered stamp in waist.

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.

CARPENTER'S Bench, Tool Chest, 6ft. and 5ft. Pallogs, Painter's Plank, Chimney Tops, 3ft. and 6ft., Kerosene Cooking Stove, Go-Cart, 2 Piping, Slates, &c. 77 St. David street, Northcote.

Complimentary Social to Mr. G. H. Henderson.

The last scene in connection with the contest for the west ward representation in the Northcote Council took place in the Friendly Societies' hall on Wednesday night last, when Mr. G. H. Henderson's election committee tendered Mr. and Mrs Henderson a complimentary social and presented Mr. Henderson with a case of pipes and to Mrs. Henderson a handsome cruet, both articles being suitably inscribed. The hall was appropriately adorned with decorations kindly lent by Hattam and Hattam, and there was an attendance of 100. An excellent musical programme was taken part in by the following, viz., Mesdames Field and Feely, Misses Smith and Petrie, Messrs B. Membrey, Henderson, Drew, Hooke, E. Smith, McConnell; piano solo, Miss Boyle; violin duet and solo, Messrs Hughes and Boyle and Master Petrie; recitation, Mr. Feely. Mrs T. Eyers acted as accompanist. At the conclusion of the musical programme Mr. W. J. Field made the presentations to the guests of the evening, and in referring to Mr. Henderson said that although he was not successful in winning the seat he had won the respect of the whole of the ratepayers for the manly way in which he had conducted the campaign. The local press, after the election, had stated that their guest was a very desirable gentleman for municipal honors and that opinion was endorsed on all sides. Mr. Field predicted an early entry into municipal life for their candidate. Mr. Henderson feelingly thanked his committee for their work and presentations and stated he would be prepared, if required, to place his services at any future time at the disposal of the ratepayers. Dancing was then indulged in until midnight, Mr. C. Hooke acting as M.C. The function, which was catered for by Holden, was of a most enjoyable and hearty character.

WANTED—A TOWN HALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Your leading article in last Saturday's issue will have the support of a great number of our townspeople, and, I hope, a majority of our councillors. Every one attending any social function held in our present small hall is well aware of the inconvenience and most unhealthy conditions which have to be endured. If there be only a moderate attendance the room is crowded to such an extent that the heat becomes almost unbearable, and should any attempt be made to open the windows for ventilation one has to put up with a draught. Some slight attempt has been made to stop the draught by nailing a few unsightly, unpainted boards across the bottom sashes of the windows. Further, on the occasion of larger gatherings, such as mayoral functions or presentation evenings, such as was held last week to do honor to one of our ex-mayors, the crowding becomes even worse, and a make-shift has to be made of the galvanized building adjoining for a refreshment bufet, where the cold wind whistles through both the top and bottom of the galvanized iron walls, and also through the up-country pattern stable doors enough to cut one through, and all these inconveniences in what is recognised to be one of the most prosperous suburbs around Melbourne, with a population of about 14,000 inhabitants. Now, Sir, I say most emphatically that to continue the practice of taking people (especially ladies) from a crowded, over heated, stuffy room to the barn-like structure alluded to is to court disaster, and is simply inviting that dread disease pneumonia to take hold of some of our citizens, with the sad and inevitable result. I hope, Sir, that the council will no longer delay in this matter, as it is a well-known fact that the hall, when completed, will at once be revenue producing, and will be a credit instead of, as now, a disgrace to our town.—Yours, &c.,

RATEPAYER.

SOCIETIES.

The Preston branch of the H.A.C.B.S. held a very successful social in the shire hall on Thursday evening, 23rd inst. There were between sixty and seventy couples present, visitors being present from Mtn. Melbourne, Collingwood, Northcote, etc. The floor was in excellent order, Messrs Smart and Aumont provided the music in their usual first-class style, and the catering was satisfactorily carried out by the Civil Service Bakery Co. The president of the society (Mr. W. Higgs) acted as M.C. The party broke up at midnight, all declaring that the evening's enjoyment was well up to the standard established by the H.A.C.B.S.

The fortnightly meeting of the Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R., was held on Thursday evening in the tent room. The C.R. (Bro. A. Glanfield) occupied the chair and there was a good muster of members. The chief and deputy rulers were appointed delegates to represent the tent at the annual conference of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Victoria. Bro. Auty was appointed to attend Brighton joint tent meeting, and Bro. J. Thomson was elected to audit the tent Books with Bro. Gray. Bros. Lacey, Auty, Glanfield, Lord, and Neumann were appointed a committee to assist the ladies' tent with their anniversary on October 9th. Report from the newly-formed cricket club showed that the club had entered a competition and will play its first match next Saturday. Bros. Newnham, Neumann, and Dyson were appointed to arrange debate with Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Debating Society to be held on October 28th. Bro. H. Augus was presented with a silver medal and pocket wallet for first in 440 yards foot race at last I.O.R. picnic. Next meeting, October 14th, will commence at 7.30, owing to the tent playing bowls and quoits at Collingwood the same evening.

The usual meeting of the Loyal Langridge lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F., was held in the Friendly Societies' hall on 21st September, the N.G. (Bro. J. Spears) in the chair, and a large attendance of members. During the evening a rifle competition was contested, P.G. Shands being the successful competitor. The item on the syllabus for next meeting is a "cribbage tournament."

EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.

Since the above competition started at Bastings street, Northcote, there have been 385 visitors, including 69 ladies. Below is given the number of eggs laid during the month, also the total to date. Pen No. 5 wins the monthly prize with a total of 157—not a bad tally for 6 birds in 30 days.

Pen	Name	Breed	Total for Sept.	Total to Sept.
1	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	W.L.	133	408
2	Jones, W. W.	S.W.	127	519
3	Fisher, D.	B.O.	135	506
4	Soncum, F.	S.W.	100	303
5	Brown, G. E.	B L.	157	318
6	Sunnyhurst	W.L.	131	483
7	Powell, A.	"	134	311
8	Mader, C. and Co.	"	98	364
9	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	B.O.	127	328
10	Fisher, D.	W.O.	127	447
11	Grass, E. H.	W.L.	135	312
12	Mitcheson, Mrs.	"	150	425
13	Grass, E. H.	L.	127	362
14	Rogers, P. T.	W.L.	115	342
15	Ashby, Miss R. J.	"	107	314
16	Robinson, Mark	B.O.	105	303
17	Spencer, C W.	W.L.	136	441
18	Featherstone, W.	"	151	395
19	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	"	138	392
20	Turnbull, Mrs. J. R.	"	120	403
21	Staples, A.	"	144	298
22	Dawborn, E.	"	149	432
23	Smith, Mrs. L.	"	120	363
24	Bertram, C.	"	122	360
25	Fisher, D.	"	144	392
26	Fletcher Bros.	"	141	355
	Total for Sept.	...	3362	
	Grand total to date	...		9984

CRICKET.

The Northcote Cricket Club's first match has been postponed till Saturday, 9th. Members and intending players are notified that there will be 3 wickets available this afternoon at 2, also on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings next week.

A well attended meeting was held at the residence of Mr. Fox, "Clifton," Darebin road, Northcote, on 28th inst. for the purpose of forming a cricket club. After a short discussion a club was formed, to be called the Prince of Wales' Park Methodist C.C. Officers—President, Rev. T. Allday; active president, Mr. Fox; vice presidents—Messrs Archbold, Fox, Oliver, and Pizzey; treasurer, Mr. Walker; secretary (pro tem), Mr. B. Broadbent. The next meeting will be held at Mr. Archbold's on Wednesday, 7th October.

The South Preston Methodist meet for practice at the rear of the fire brigade station this afternoon.

Little drops of Peppermint,
Made by Mr. Wood,
Don't they do a body
Such a world of good.
Little drops of Peppermint Cure
Make you well again,
Drive away that hacking cough,
And every ache and pain.

PUNCH PARS.

Dr. Cook gets into New York ahead of Peary, and has been received with enormous enthusiasm, while the angry Peary was still in Nova Scotia. By the time Peary reaches Broadway there'll be very little enthusiasm left for him, and none for the nigger. By the way, we are getting some queer old tarradiddles over the wires re this business. Peary's man Friday was still with him when that came along claiming a share of glory for the coon. Who sent it—the "black brudder?" That does not seem likely. It strikes us as a low down attempt on the part of the Cook crowd to black out Commander Peary.

There was one quaint feature about the late Sir Thomas Bent's Premiership which few of even his Ministers suspected—he knew almost everything that any member said about him within the precincts of Parliament House. On odd slips of paper these chance remarks or gossips were jotted down, and when there was a political storm threatening Sir Thomas would consult his memoranda, and often disquiet a member by quoting him to himself, while conveying a suggestion of divination or the uncanny, which made men both fear and admire him. How it was done nobody ever knew.

Sir Thomas Bent's resemblance to Sir John Falstaff was often commented upon. The resemblance was more than physical. Sir Thomas, too, had wit, and was provocative of wit in others. "Why do we have so many large, fat politicians?" asked a privileged deputationist one afternoon. "Well, one advantage in my case," retorted the Premier, "is in the fact that it takes a very large deputation to get round me." The deputation took it smilingly. "Ah," said the first speaker, "the sweets of office must be very fattening."

Commander Peary's negro servant claims to share the honour of having reached the North Pole with Peary and Cook. Indeed, he asserts that it was he who attached the Stars and Stripes to the projection from the earth's axis, although it is not explained how a man could tack a flag to a mythical object. Uncle Sam will be awfully disgusted with this "culled gentleman." It is more than enough to have a black figuring as America's champion pugilist, but a coon considered as a Pole discoverer would be the limit. America will want to pole axe him.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

The ETNA BRAND BOOTS & SHOES are cheap and good. Write to-day for your requirements. Every pair with registered stamp in waist.

Do You Know

that if your advertisement were here every resident in the district would be reading it just as

YOU ARE READING THIS

Auction Notices.

THIS DAY,

At three o'clock,
"ADA COTTAGE," MANSFIELD ST., Corner Hamilton Street, NORTHCOTE.
W.B. HOUSE, 4 rooms, Stable, Land 100 x 105.

At half-past three o'clock, at
ROSSMOYNE and GOOCH STREETS, Corner Wales Street, NORTHCOTE.
EIGHT ALLOTMENTS, 44 x 115, 50 x 115, 65 x 115.

Also at 4 o'clock, on the land,
RALEIGH and CLARENDON STS., Between St David and Wales Street, NORTHCOTE.
EIGHTEEN ALLOTMENTS, each 40 x 115.

NEXT SATURDAY.

3 o'clock—13 Harper Street, near Westgarth Station, Northcote, BRICK COTTAGE, 4 rooms, &c., Land 20 x 104.

3.30—Westgarth Sub division, Westgarth and McDonald Streets, Northcote South, 18 ALLOTMENTS. Streets made.

Plans at Offices.

STOTT and BASTINGS, Auctioneer, 207 and 521 High street, Northcote, Preston and Fairfield. Tel. 1976.

Wanted

GIRL to mind child 18 months and light duties; sleep home. Apply 143 Bell street, Preston.

BOYS, Wrapping Soap and General Work. Good references necessary. Sterling Soap Co., South Preston.

DRESSMAKER.—Smart Improver, at once. Miss I. Langford, 15 Alexander street, Northcote.

Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!!

THE VICTORIAN EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.
Bastings Street, Northcote,
Under the auspices of "The Poultry and Kennel World."

A Real Object Lesson, the Latest and Most Up-to-Date Method of Poultry-Keeping.

2000 Birds can be kept on an acre on this system.

The Very Thing for Small Holders and Suburban Poultry-Keepers.

Admission 6d (Sunday excepted).
H. McKENZIE, Manager,
"Burnette," Bastings St., Northcote.

ARTISTIC FLORAL WORK of every description. Also hall and other Decorations.—MISS JACKSON, Clarke St., Northcote.

REASONABLE.

You try a pair of ETNA Brand Boots and prove for yourself. If your Boot Store has not got them he can get them for you. Have no other. Every pair with registered stamp in waist.

NICE HOUSES.

Nice Sites for Houses.

FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS OR FOR CASH.

18 DAREBIN ROAD, situate few doors from High St., and near the Croxton station. A NATTY D.F.W.B. VILLA, containing 5 rooms, bathroom and wash house, erected on land 30 x 100. The street is made, path asphalted, and right-of-way pitched. Price, £300.

WILSON STREET (now called Hayes St.) situate off Darebin Road and near the Croxton station. A NEWLY-BUILT D.F.W.B. VILLA, nicely finished, containing 5 rooms, bathroom, washhouse, vestibule, woodshed, erected on land 40 x 96 to pitched right-of-way. Price, £300.

251 CLARKE STREET East, handy to Westgarth station. A GOOD D.F.W.B. VILLA, containing 6 rooms and every convenience, bow window, slate roof, well constructed, on land 40 x 130, street made. Price, £390.

ARMADALE STREET, near the Croxton station. A CHEAP W.B. COTTAGE, containing 4 rooms and conveniences, erected on land 20 x 96, 6/6 week, without deposit. Price £130.

Also many others, particulars of which may be obtained at our offices. Houses and Land for Sale in Northcote, Preston, Fairfield and Brunswick. Terms arranged to meet the wishes of purchasers.

LAND.

Ballantyne St., 50 x 130	12/6
Clarendon St., 70 x 115	15/
Clyde St., 49ft. 6in. x 148	12/6
Flinders St., 33 x 149	20/
Hammond St., 115 x 115	10/
Jenkin St., 35 x 115	25/
Langston St., 40 x 91ft. 6in.	25/
Lewis St., 40 x 90	6/
Mansfield St., 115 x 115	15/
St. David St. 33 x 115	25/

And many others.

Stott & Bastings,
(Walter S. Stott, Harold E. Bastings),
The Oldest-Established Firm carrying on business in Northern Suburbs,
AUCTIONEER,
ESTATE AGENTS,
VALUERS,
207 & 521 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,
Preston and Fairfield.
Tel. 1976.

Ernest Lees,
AUCTIONEER
AND
ESTATE AGENT,
234 High St., Northcote.
Tel. 350.

Consult me on the following matters:—
Sales of Houses or Land.
Purchase of Property.
Auction Sales of Houses, &c.
Sales of Furniture and Effects.
Insurance of Property.
Life Insurance.
Loans, Mortgages, Investments.
Rent Collecting.
Building Arrangements.

Houses and Land For Sale.

McGEORGE BROS., AUCTIONEER, Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Insurance Experts, and Rent Collectors, 323 HIGH STREET, PRESTON (Murray station), And 858 Sydney Road (tram terminus), Brunswick.

SHEFFIELD ESTATE, PRESTON. Allotments, 50 x 180, from £27. No Deposit. No Interest. Weekly payments from 2/3. Every block is surveyed and splendidly drained. Only a few minutes' walk to Regent station. Occupying a delightful position in this TOORAK of the NORTH. 300 feet above sea level, good train service, charming views, progressive locality. Select a Site for your future Home on this Grand Estate. Plans on application to the Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer & Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Murray Station, Preston, Tram Terminus, Brunswick.

PRESTON.—POST OFFICE ESTATE. Allotments, 34 x 115, £17 each. Terms—£3 deposit and 1/3 per week. Close to Murray station, municipal buildings and bowling green. Plans from Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Expert Land Salesmen.

PRESTON.—JONES' SUBDIVISION. Allotments 47 x 130. Regent Street frontages, beautiful position, almost opposite station, surrounded by nurseries and villa homes. Plans from sole agents, McGEORGE BROS., Local Valuers.

PRESTON RESERVOIR STATION. Poultry Farm Block, 1½ acres. £5 deposit, terms to 5 years; or will sell in allotments, 66 x 132, £17 10/; any reasonable terms. Particulars from McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

PRESTON.—New Queen Anne Villa, 5 large rooms, all modern appointments, tiled roof, return verandah, corner position, land 113 x 125, first-class railway ticket, £475. McGeorge Bros., Auctioneer.

PRESTON.—Queen Anne Villa, 5 rooms, splendidly finished, all conveniences, nice poultry runs, £335. This property is delightfully situated and carries a free railway pass. Cards to view, McGeorge Bros.

PRESTON.—Beautiful Subdivisional Block, frontage to two principal streets in a progressive area, right opposite station. A very valuable property. Price and full particulars from McGeorge Bros.

PRESTON.—W.B. Villa, 5 rooms, conveniences, between two main roads, close station, £180. Well worth inspection. McGeorge Bros., Rent Purchase Agents.

PRESTON.—Regent's Park, the Toorak of the North. A few Valuable Building Sites in the free railway ticket area. Call and inspect plan. McGeorge Bros., Subdivisional Land Salesmen.

PRESTON.—Brick Villa, 5 rooms, bath, wash-house, land 40 x 120, close to main road, direct street to railway station, £250. Inspect and you'll buy. McGeorge Bros., Financiers.

DON'T Delay! Now is the time to Secure an Allotment in Hillside Estate, close Shire Hall and Post Office. 40 feet Blocks from 1/6 weekly. No deposit, no interest. A. Robertson, agent, High and Bell streets, Preston.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

H. ADAMS,

BUTCHER,

322 High Street, Northcote

(Late W. H. TACEY).

The Cheapest First-Class Butcher in Northcote.

Call and Inspect our Goods and be Convinced.

H.A. can supply the Best Quality at prices never heard of before in Northcote.

The Workingman must have Nourishing Food. Do not be misled.

LADIES! Do you want strong, robust children? Avoid poor meat and buy the best.

Our Sausages are a breakfast treat.
TRY THEM.
Telephone 114, Brunswick.

A. THARRATT,

Furnishing and Builders' Ironmonger,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,
TELEPHONE 2006. Corner Separation St.

Fly-Proof Doors.

Quality II.	Quality I.
6' 6" x 2' 6" x 1" 8/3	6' 6" x 2' 6" x 1¼ 10/9
6' 6" x 2' 8" x 1" 8/3	6' 8" x 2' 8" x 1¼ 10/9
6' 10" x 2' 10" x 1" 8/9	6' 10" x 2' 10" x 1¼ 11/6

Very strong, substantial mill-made doors. Extra centre rail with turned dowells, 1/6 extra. Self closing Hinges and Latch extra.

Fly Window Screens.

This Screen has Steel Frame with sliding centre. Will fit any size windows. Measuring (open) 24 x 36, price 3/6.

Same design with wood frame, measuring (open) 18 x 36, price 2/3 each.

Cane Sun Blinds.

Special size for Windows 6 x 3, 1/ each.
VERANDAH BLINDS—4 x 8, 2/; 6 x 8, 3/3; 8 x 8, 4/; 10 x 8, 5/6.
Complete with pulleys and cord.

Baths.

24 gauge Queen's Head Special.
5ft 7in x 22 x 21 deep 16/6
5ft 7in x 22 x 18 deep 15/6

Troughs
(Two divisions)
Flat Galvanised Iron.
48 x 18 x 15 deep 15/6

All inside measurements. Fitted with 2½ B.O.W. Plug.
PAINTED SINKS—18in., 10/6; 21in., 11/6; 24in., 12/6.
PORCELIAN SINKS—18in., 17/; 21in., 19/3; 24in., 22/.
Fitted with 2½ B.O.W. Plug.

SUMMER GOODS.

Large Stock of Garden Tools, Rakes, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Scythe Blades and Handles, Grass Hooks, Barrows, Garden Hose, Digging Hoes, Meat Safes, Meat Covers, Watering Cans, Dress Baskets, Extra Strong Travelling Trunks, &c., &c.,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

REVOLUTIONS IN NORTHCOTE!!!

TROOPS CALLED OUT!
FIERCE FIGHTING EXPECTED!
Sinclair's Motto: "NO SURRENDER!"
Long Live the Enemy of High Prices and Monopolists in the Meat Trade.
Yes! SINCLAIR is the Enemy of all High Prices.
LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Read what President Lincoln says:—"You can fool some people all the time. You can fool all the people some time. But you can't fool all the people all the time."

The Secret of our Success is—HONEST TRADING.

THE RESULT:—We are doing the LARGEST TRADE in Northcote, which is proof of the way we treat the Public.

Just Glance at our Prices:

Legs Mutton, 2½d	Prime Ribs Beef, 3½d
Loins Mutton, 2d	Sirloins Beef, 4½d
Fore-Qrs. Mutton, 1½d	Prime Roast Beef, 2½d
Sides Lamb from 3/6	Rump Steak, 6d
Hind-Qr. Lamb, 2/6	Butt Steak, 4d
Fore-Qr. Lamb, 1/6.	Bladebone, 3d
Corned Round, 4d: Roll, 3½d	Gravy Beef, 2½d

Green Bone for Poultry, 1½ lb., or 9 lbs. for 1/. Force your Fowls to Lay by giving them Sinclair's Green Bone fresh daily.

Sausages, 2½d lb., or 6lbs. for 1/-

The Public are cordially invited to Inspect our Model Up-to-Date Sausage Factory. Absolutely the Finest Equipped Factory in the Northern districts. Sausages made while you wait at

SINCLAIR'S
The People's Butcher,
280 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

PLANTS & SEEDLINGS, ROSES, CARNATIONS, &c., at Lowest Prices.

COME and SEE the ROSES in Bloom Everybody welcome.

RAILTON BROS., PRESTON NURSERY, RAGLAN ST., SOUTH PRESTON.

Houses and Land To Let.

PRESTON.—Queen Anne villa, 6 rooms, 1. first class pass, 10/; 5 rooms, second class pass, 14/, 12/6. Compact villa, 6 rooms, stable, extra allotment, 13/. W.B. villa, 6 rooms, 12/. Brick, bow window, 6 rooms, 12/6. W.B., 5 rooms, 11/6. Pretty villa, 7 rooms, extra allotment, conveniences, 11/6. Brick Villa, 6 rooms, close train, 14/. Full particulars, McGeorge Bros. Auctioneer and Rent Collectors, Preston.

HATTAM & HATTAM

extend to you a

CORDIAL INVITATION

to

Visit their Establishment To-Day, and all next week, to view their

Early Spring Display

of

New Season's Drapery.

We will be delighted to have your company and you will not be asked to purchase.

An AUSTRALIAN SPRAY FOR Australian Orchards.

"AUSTRAL" BRAND ARSENATE OF LEAD

for CODLIN MOTH and ALL LEAF-EATING INSECTS.

IS RELIABLE AND UNIFORM.

1lb. tins at	10½ lb.		
2lb.	"	10d	"
7lb.	"	9d	"
14lb.	"	8½d	"
28lb.	"	8d	"
56lb.	"	7½d	"
112lb.	"	7d	"

Manufactured by
A. J. Jenkins,
CHEMIST,
CLIFTON HILL.

F. W. Ireland & Son,
CONTRACTORS,
54 Clarke Street, Northcote.

Estimates Given for all kinds of ASPHALTING

Metal, 6/6 per cubic yard.
Screenings, 7/6 per cubic yard.
Toppings, 8/3 per cubic yard.

Agents for Sunshine Quarrying Co. and East Brunswick Stone Crushing Works.

SPRING GOODS!

AT

BEST & CO.'S.

Zephyrs and Cambrics in Latest Shades.

Hoyle's Prints, a large range just opened.

Beltings & Belts in the Choicest Designs.

Belt Buckle Novelties from 3d.

Embroidery Insertions, lovely 1/ line from 7½d.

Neckwear in endless variety at half City prices.

Millinery, New Season's Goods at our modest prices.

Laces, one of the largest assortments in the suburbs to select from at quite half large store prices.

Hosiery, one of our strong points, a large stock. A special all-wool hose, all sizes, at 1/-, good 1/6 line.

Mercery, we cater for your requirements fully in this department & now have all our new goods in for spring wear.

For your Spring Costume try Miss Harley, Costumiere, and you will be pleased with the result.

BEST & CO.,

DRAPERS & MERCERS,

HIGH ST., UPPER NORTHCOTE.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

Present:—Crs. Hayes (Mayor), Harry, Mitchell, Williams, Hastings, Tarratt, Woodhouse, Tharratt, McIntosh, Smith, Plant, Lees and Dennis.

FENDER'S GROVE PARK.

The Closer Settlement Board wrote stating that the 5th instalment of £30 on account of purchase of Fender's grove recreation reserve was now due.—Referred to finance committee.

REID STREET DRAINAGE.

The New Northcote Brick Co. wrote stating they could not fall in with the council's proposals re disposal of Reid street drainage, but were willing that the council should purchase a strip of land along the north boundary of the company's land, to enable a drain to be constructed from Reid street in an easterly direction to connect with the right-of-way running into Dennis street.

The mayor remarked that this would be the worst possible way of settling the matter for the council and moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole. Cr. Harry seconded.—Carried.

CLAIM FOR EXTRAS.

Woodduff and Crosbie wrote re-urging their claims for extras amounting to £192 10s on stormwater sewer contract.—Referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs. Plant and Robb.

PLANS OF BROOK ESTATE.

Moule, Hamilton and Kiddle wrote asking that the plans of Brook Estate subdivision be approved and returned to them as purchasers were pressing for their titles. The alignments had been based on those adopted by the Northcote Borough Council in 1889.

Cr. Plant moved that the engineer report to the committee of the whole on Monday night.

Cr. Smith seconded.—Carried.

DRAINAGE OF MARY STREET.

W. J. Brewer wrote asking that a pitched channel be formed on the west side of Mary street, also a drain at the back of all at the east side, to provide for taking away the drainage, which, at present, is accumulating in pools. The street could be completed later.—Referred to works committee, on the motion of Crs. Dennis and Lees.

CROXTON RECREATION RESERVE.

D. H. Herald wrote re action of J. J. Randall to compel the council to register the Croxton Park as a place of public recreation. He forwarded a copy of the affidavit on which the application was made.

The town clerk reported that the affidavit had been considered and the council's position placed before the solicitor.

THE ROADWAY THROUGH GIBSON'S.

D. H. Herald, town solicitor, wrote asking for any documents signed by Mr. Gibson in reference to new road.—The town clerk had supplied the information.

METALLING OF SOUTH CRESCENT, &c.

G. Leonard, G. H. Seale, J. Pedley, E. C. Tyler, and P. Sheehy wrote requesting that South Crescent and Gordon street be metalled. The channels were made 12 or 15 years ago and the streets left at that. In accordance with the policy under which they were constructed they should now be completed.—Referred to works committee.

HALF COST OF FENCE.

Eva Mulready wrote intimating that she was about to erect a new fence around her property in Mansfield street and asking council to bear half cost, as their property was adjoining.—Referred to works committee.

WIDENING OF ARTHURTON ROAD.

A. E. Whitlock wrote asking when the works for the widening of Arthurton road were to be taken in hand. There was a lot of preliminary work such as fences and telegraph poles to shift back, and if the work is not to be hung up for an indefinite period the council should push on with it.

Cr. Tharratt said a resolution was carried at last meeting that the works committee report to this meeting.

Cr. Robb—It was deferred for a fortnight owing to a little hitch in regard to Mrs. Anderson's property.

Cr. Tharratt—If we wait for all these little hitches we will wait till doomsday. He would move that a reply be sent that the council intended to complete the work as quickly as possible.—Carried.

DRAINAGE OF BAY VIEW TERRACE.

W. S. Stott wrote on behalf of Bay View Terrace Syndicate declining offer of £15 for drainage easement at the east end of Bay View Terrace. The £60 asked would not cover value of land and cost of work. The council would agree to this for a drain.

Cr. Plant moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, as the property-owners of Bay View Terrace were going to meet and see if they could not arrange to buy the necessary land to take the drainage through to Major street.—Carried.

DRIVERS' WAGES.

The Secretary Carters' and Drivers' Union wrote asking whether the council adopts for a minimum driver's wage when calling tenders for municipal works.

Cr. Plant moved and Cr. Smith seconded that the information be supplied.—Carried.

FACTORY APPROVED.

R. Gluyas wrote applying for approval of premises at 274 High street, which he desired to use as a furniture manufactory.—Approved on the motion of Cr. Plant.

WATER EXTENSION.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote stating as soon as the usual agreement was entered into the water would be extended to Edwards and Hartington streets, with a branch along McCracken avenue.—It was decided to enter into the usual guarantees.

ST. GEORGE'S ROAD PILLAR BOX.

J. Hume Cook, M.P., wrote stating the new pillar-box at corner of Arthurton and St. George's roads would be cleared on Saturdays at 7 p.m. as desired.—Received as satisfactory.

TUBERCULOSIS.

The Secretary Tuberculosis Conference wrote forwarding resume of proceedings of last meeting.

Referred to the committee of the whole on the motion of Crs. Plant and Robb.

ELECTRIC LIGHT CONFERENCE.

The South Melbourne City Council wrote inviting attendance at conference to consider electric lighting proposals.

The mayor and Cr. Robb were appointed to attend.

AGREEMENT RE PIPE-TRACK.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote forwarding for execution agreement between the council and themselves with reference to the pipe track.

Cr. Plant moved that the agreement be completed by attaching the necessary signatures.

Cr. Tharratt said he did not think it should be signed till it had been perused by their solicitor.

Referred to the committee, on the motion of Crs. Harry and Tharratt.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Robb (chairman) submitted the report, recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £831 12s 11d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Estimates.—Residents of Barry street re roadway and A. Anderson re Elm street.—That such works be noted for consideration with the estimates.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Hastings (chairman) submitted the report showing receipts for month, £954 7s 10d; and Dr. balance, £2158 12s 9d; also recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £2474 16s 1d be passed for payment.—Adopted

2. Accident Insurance.—That the policies now current with the Colonial Mutual Insurance Co. Lmtd. be renewed at 2/6 per cent. employers' liability on the amount of wages paid during the financial year.—Adopted.

3. Statement of receipts and expenditure.—To report that the town clerk submitted a statement of receipts and expenditure of the council for the period dating from 1st October, 1908, to the 21st August, 1909, which is available for perusal by members of the council.—Adopted.

4. Special Improvement Loan 2, Debentures.—The sum of £400 will be due for re-purchase on the 1st prox., and as there will be sufficient to the credit of the account, it is recommended that a further sum of £600 be re-purchased (a total of £1000), and arrangements be made for such re-purchase.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

The mayor (Cr. Hayes) submitted the report, recommending—

1. Sewer stone.—That a further sum of £600 be allocated for the purpose of crushing the stone and metalling streets. The works to be undertaken in the respective wards in the following order, viz., south, north, west, central, and east, the members for the respective wards to decide which streets shall be metalled. In the central ward asphalt is to be substituted to the value of its proportion if the metal be not used.—Adopted.

2. That in respect of the proposed works in McCracken avenue, and part of Hartington street, from Hawthorn road to Arthurton road, the plans be open for inspection by any person interested in or affected by the works therein mentioned, and council consider the said plans, &c., on the 25th day of October, at 8 p.m.—Adopted.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Plant moved that Cr. Dennis be appointed a member of the parks committee, vice Cr. Candy.—Carried.

Cr. Plant having learned that the valuation would be completed next month moved that the town clerk proceed with the preparation of the estimates.

Cr. Dennis moved that the matter of the right-of-way between Jackson and Pearl streets be referred to the works committee.—Carried.

Cr. McIntosh hoped that the engineer would have some metal put on Separation street within 24 hours, as the road had been cut to pieces by the heavy traffic while Robb's Parade was being constructed.

Replying to Cr. Plant Cr. Robb said the matter of Victoria road had been deferred for a fortnight owing to Mr. Steane not being ready with the specifications.

Cr. Plant reported that they had not yet got rid of the house which had been condemned in the east ward. It was "cruel" to those who had built good houses in the neighborhood. He would move that the matter be referred to the engineer for report.—Carried.

Cr. Smith yet once again referred to the unsatisfactory condition of the crossing at the corner of Bastings street and Waterloo road.

The engineer said no instructions had been given for the improvement of the crossing.

Cr. Smith moved that the matter be referred to the works committee, remarking that it was a shame that such a thoroughfare should be kept in such a state.

Cr. Plant seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Smith also referred to the need of some attention being given at the corner of Waterloo road and Clarke street.

Cr. Dennis moved that the matter of continuing the stormwater sewer from Green street be considered with the estimates. Cr. Lees seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Dennis said that at present a nuisance was caused by the drainage from McDonald street emptying on to Westgarth street. He moved that the matter be referred to the works committee for report. Cr. Lees seconded.—Carried.

Preston Rifle Club.

We have pleasure of announcing that the long-awaited alterations to the miniature range of the above club are now completed and the range will be open for practice on Wednesday evening, October 6th, and from thence on every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The range is open to all, and as four men can go down at one time there will be no delay incurred should anyone desire to get in several shots on the one evening.

A handicap teams match has been arranged, commencing on Monday, 18th October, from teams of four members from any of the recognised lodges or clubs, and as many teams as desired can be entered from any such body, should they desire to enter more than one team.

No entry fees of any kind will be charged, the only charge being a small one to cover the cost of ammunition.

The club has donated as a prize the amount of £1 1s 1d, which can be collected by the winner either as cash or in the form of a trophy. Any lodge can arrange a separate prize for their own individual team or teams should they desire to do so.

Any teams desiring to enter will please communicate with the secretary, when any information required will be gladly given.

The last pool shoot held at Port Melbourne was won by C. Brewster, with F. Michel second and Captain Howe third.

The annual meeting has been fixed for the 11th October, when it is hoped to have a goodly muster to consider the past year and arrange for the coming season.

DOCTORS AND NURSES
RECOMMEND BILE BEANS

throughout Australasia, as the finest medicine for all liver and stomach troubles. Bile Beans are purely vegetable in their composition, and do not leave behind them those debilitating after-effects so common to many of the old-fashioned medicines.

Bile Beans do not profess to have been in use for fifty or sixty years. They are the product of modern science, not the imperfect science of fifty years ago. You don't buy a fifty-year-old model of a cycle; you don't need a fifty-year-old medicine. Bile Beans are compounded to cure ailments set up by the food adulteration and food concentration of to-day; not the conditions and the food of fifty years ago.

Bile Beans are produced in the finest laboratories; and, as no expense is spared in their production, they cannot become a "cheap" medicine, although their price is within the reach of all. With Bile Beans, one Bean constitutes one dose. Don't be misled by offers of half a-hundred pills in a box, when probably three to six pills are needed for one dose.

Quantity is not so important as quality. Bile Beans are the best household medicine. They have well earned that reputation by the wonderful cures they have effected, authentic particulars of which we are continually publishing in this journal, for the benefit of fellow-sufferers from biliousness, headache indigestion, constipation, piles, debility female ailments, nervousness, bad blood, bad breath, anæmia, loss of appetite, or any ailment arising from defective liver action. Bile Beans are obtainable from all storekeepers and chemists.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS

Law

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

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY
SOLICITORS,
PROCTORS,
CONVEYANCERS
436 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE
(next to Scott's Hotel).
Tel. 196.

Mr. R. Candy's private address—
88 Cunningham Street, Northcote.

HOME AND WILKINSON,
SOLICITORS,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
Commercial Union Chambers, 413, Collins Street, Melbourne.
Tel. 853.

W. J. Home, Commissioner for Victoria.
A. S. Wilkinson. Private address—"Fylingdales," King William St., Preston
Local Office: McGeorge's Agency, High St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

ROBERT G. BALL
(Henderson & Ball),
SOLICITORS, &c.,
Molesworth Chambers,
450 LITTLE COLLINS STREET
(Chancery Lane), MELBOURNE.

Private Residence—
"Landwor," Heidelberg Road,
near Studley Road, Ivanhoe.
Tel. 973, City.

J. L. CLARKE, LL.B.,
BARRISTER and SOLICITOR,
Atlas Buildings, 406 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Private address: 77 Roberts St., Northcote.

IMPORTANT.

DOCTORS say it is necessary to ensure good health that you have the feet well covered. The ÆTNA BOOTS and SHOES, every pair bearing the registered stamp, are all solid leather. By wearing them you will have comfort and save doctors' bills. Reliable houses keep them. Have no other. Made in Gent's, Ladies and Children's. Welt Pumps, machine sewn.

Dress and Fashion.

MISS GRINDLAY
DRESSMAKER,
(Late of George & George),
"RAVENNA," DERBY AVENUE,
UPPER NORTHCOTE,
rear Kimberley Hall.
Evening and Wedding Dresses a Specialty.

MISS CROOK desires to intimate that she has started business at
379 HIGH STREET, PRESTON,
as a
DRESSMAKER and UNDERCLOTHIER.
Haberdashery & Fancy Lines stocked.

FOR SMART,
UP TO DATE
MILLINERY
at REASONABLE PRICES
call on
MRS. E. A. MILLS,
MILLINER and COSTUMIERE,
249 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Ladies' Own Material Made Up.
Renovations a Specialty.

Announcements.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Membrey & Deane
(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),
Estate, Financial & Insurance Agents,
SWORN VALUER
(Telephone No. 4682, Central),
Beg to notify that on and after 1st July the business will be REMOVED to more COMMODIOUS OFFICES on the ground floor of LOMBARD BUILDINGS, No. 17 QUEEN ST. (between Flinders Street and Flinders Lane.
Loans Negotiated Promptly.
Auctions Arranged.
Fire and Life Insurances Effected.

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

NORTHCOTE & PRESTON AUCTION and ESTATE AGENCY.
Gordon Garrett & Co.,
583-585 HIGH ST.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.
Near Thornbury station.
Insurances Effected. Loans Negotiated.
Rents Collected. Valuations Made.
Auction Sales Conducted any district.
Plans & specifications of houses prepared.

PRESTON and NORTHCOTE
Live Stock Market.
POULTRY, FURNITURE, SUNDRIES,
Every WEDNESDAY at 1 o'clock sharp.
Send your Poultry to us, good prices obtained.

MESSRS NICOL, MILLER & Co. will hold regular sales at their new yards, Tram Terminus, Preston, of Cattle, Pigs, Horses, Vehicles, &c.
Clients are requested to notify us as early as possible of stock coming forward.
Auction Sales of Land, Houses, Furniture, Stock, &c., conducted in any part of the district at lowest rates.
Local agents for the Liverpool & London & Globe Fire and Accident Co. Assets exceed £11,000,000.
Furniture stored free and sold on commission.
Anything and everything.
Houses wanted For Sale and To Let. Several good clients waiting.
NICOL, MILLER & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
LIVE STOCK SALESMEN,
TRAM TERMINUS, PRESTON.
Telephone 260, Brunswick.

Dentists.

AMERICAN DENTISTRY.
MR. ALEX. G. DE LACY,
R.D.S.,
Dentist,
Desires to inform the Residents of Northcote that he may be consulted at his private residence—
"TORONTO,"
MARTIN ST., NORTHCOTE.
Hours—8 a.m. to 9 a.m.
6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Or by special appointment.
The Latest High-Class System of Dentistry at Lowest Fees.
Artificial Teeth, Upper or Lower Set, from £2 10/.
Painless Extraction of Teeth, 2/6.
City Address—
153 ELIZABETH ST.,
Between Bourke and Little Collins Streets,
MELBOURNE.

DENTISTRY.
T. WEBSTER,
L.D.S. (Licentiate of Dental Surgery)
M.A.C.D.
308 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.

JOHN PHILLIPS,
M.R.V.S.,
VETERINARY SURGEON
and
EQUINE DENTIST,
92 EARSY ST., COLLINGWOOD.
Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Horse and Cattle Medicines supplied
Phone 1204, City.

Wanted to Buy.

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Rd., Northcote.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.
MRS. LEONARD BAKER
and
MISS HILDA BAKER,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE.
During 1908 fourteen pupils entered for examinations in four different grades, and all passed, two with honours.
Over 100 prizes in competitions.
Students prepared for examinations, &c.
Theory Class, Saturday, 3 to 4.
Terms on application.

MR. SIDNEY R. COLE,
L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., London;
10 years Professor and Examiner at the London Academy of Music; Licentiate, Royal Academy of Music London (Singing); Licentiate, Royal Academy of Music, London (Pianoforte); Associate, Royal College of Music, London (Pianoforte);
PROFESSOR of VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING and PIANOFORTE.
Mr. Cole is the only musician in Australia holding the Specialist (L.R.A.M.) Diploma in Two Subjects, from the Royal Academy of Music, London.
Lessons given at the residence of Mr. E. Lees, "Talgarno," Clarke St., Northcote, and at Allan's, Collins St.

L. BRENNECKE
(Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),
VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY, and COUNTERPOINT.
1 PLOW ST. (opp. Thornbury Railway Station).

MISS QUEENIE PARKER
A.L.C.M.,
Receives and Visits Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for London College, Conservatorium, &c., Exams.
"Norman," Waterloo Road, Northcote.
Preston visited twice weekly.

MISS M. V. MAGUIRE
(pupil of Mr W. A. Laver, University Conservatorium). Registered teacher of PIANOFORTE, THEORY, & HARMONY.
Pupils prepared for Matriculation and other Examinations.
Terms from £1 1s. Preston visited twice a week. Address—
182 High St. (opp. Town Hall), Northcote.

EDGAR B. SCHWAEBSCH,
Teacher of
PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for Competitions and Examinations.
For Terms apply "Edgehill," 451 High St., Northcote.

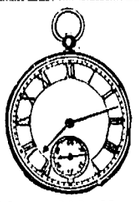
J. E. RIPPER, PIANO and ORGAN BUILDER.
REPAIRS and TUNINGS a Specialty.
All Work Guaranteed.
Factory—271 Smith Street, Fitzroy.
Private address—6 Martin St., Northcote.

MR. CHAS. STOTT,
VIOLINIST,
6 STOTT ST. (near Croxton station).
Pupils prepared for Competitions and Examinations. Terms, moderate, in advance. Pupils visited if desired. Orchestral class, Thursday evenings. Bands provided for wedding parties, &c.

MRS. A. T. EARL,
TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
(Late Pupil of Thos. Bidgood, Bandmaster, and Gold Medalist London Academy of Music.)
Careful and Thorough Tuition for Children and Adults.
Pupils visited or received.
Fees (in advance)—From £1 1s per quarter.
Pupils prepared for Examinations.
Violins supplied.
Songs written for musical setting.
Sketches and Operettas written.
"Bushwood," Dundas St., Upper Northcote.

MISS FANNY SCARCEBROOK,
Certificated Pupil of Mr. Henry Curtis, Cert. Violin Trinity College, London, Receives Pupils for VIOLIN.
"Glen Alvie," 44 Kemp Street, Croxton; or, 22 Hamburg St., East Richmond.

Announcements.



Wm. Walker,
WATCHMAKER
and
JEWELLER,
92 HIGH ST.,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
WEDDING & BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

The Northcote Jewellers.
Angove & Fettling
232 HIGH ST. (opp. Meth. Church).

A Large Assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery & Electroplate always on hand. Prices Moderate.
All Repairs Done on Premises at Shortest Notice. Workmanship Guaranteed.

Frank Goldsworthy
DESIRES to intimate that he has commenced business as a
Hairdresser and Tobacconist
at
96 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars.
Will be glad to see old friends

J. J. Spence,
First-Class License, M.M.B.W.,
SANITARY PLUMBER
and
Sewerage Contractor.
Gas and Water laid on.
81 Gooch Street, Northcote

Societies

A.N.A.
AUSTRALIAN NATIVES!
Join the Northcote branch. Meetings held on alternate Thursday evenings, Town Hall, Westbourne Grove
Interesting Syllabus arranged. Essays, Debates, Shooting Competitions, Harmony, &c., &c. The public invited to each meeting.
Low Contributions for Benefit Members. Funds rapidly increasing.
Next meeting—7th October.
Lecture by Mr. Wuchatsch on "My Trip through New Zealand" (large hall).
H. F. BATTEN, Sec., 150 Charles St.

Independent Order of Rechabites.
Star of Northcote Tent No. 217.
MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall every alternate Thursday
Next Meeting—14th October.
Juveniles meet every alternate Friday.
BENEFITS—
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week.
Following 6 months, 10/- a week.
Afterwards during sickness, 5/- a week.
Funeral—£20 at death of member.
£15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
FEES—
Benefit members, 1/- week upwards.
Honorary members, 1/- quarter.
Proposition Fee, 2/6.
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary.

Announcements

The Preston Pharmacy.
W. G. FEGENT
(late with Ford & Co., Tooraik),
Successor to J. Slade,
PHARMACEUTICAL and DISPENSING
CHEMIST,
257 HIGH STREET, PRESTON.
THE Dispensing of Physician's prescriptions is a special feature of the Pharmacy. The greatest care is taken in the selection and testing of drugs. All dispensing is checked to ensure accuracy.
NOTE.
Records kept of all prescriptions dispensed since the establishment of the business in 1888.
HORSE and CATTLE MEDICINES.

To the Preston Public.
WHY Go to Northcote for your Meat when you can can get the BEST QUALITY of MEAT, Small Goods, &c., at Northcote Prices?
Call on
J. HUGHES,
THE NEW PRESTON BUTCHER,
who has opened at the
Corner of HIGH and BELL Streets,
With an Up-to-date Supply of Best Quality Meat at the Very Lowest Cash Prices.
Support your Local Butcher. Give him one Trial and you will be a regular customer
Note Address—
J. HUGHES, CHEAP CASH BUTCHER,
Corner High & Bell Sts., Preston.

W. Kitson,
PAINTER AND PAPERHANGER,
84 Charles Street,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.
Superior Workmanship and none but the best materials used.
Estimates Given.
Rooms Papered with Art Paper from £1.
Those contemplating getting their houses renovated cannot do better than consult the above.

FIRE in Arthurton Rd.
Weatherboard House Destroyed
Before the Fire Brigade Arrives.
Fortunately this house was insured and so the owner's loss is not so severe as it might have been.
The reader would be wise in insuring his property with the
London Assurance Corporation.
ERNEST LEES, AUCTIONEER,
LOCAL AGENT.
Tel. 350.

Nurserymen.

Northcote Nursery.
For Sugar Gums, Pepper Trees, Cootamundra Wattles
Grevillias, Pines, &c.
HEDGE TREES.—
Pittosporum eugenoides, 5/ doz.
" grassiforum, 6/ doz.
" undulatum, 5/ doz.
" nigrescens, 5/ doz.
Cupressus macrocarpa from 5/ doz.
" Torulosa, 5/ doz.
Privet Evergreen, 1/6 doz., 7/6 100
Tree Lucerne, 5/ to 6/ doz.
African Box Thorn, 1/6 100, 10/ 1000
ROSES in great variety. Flower Seedlings a Specialty.
Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants.
C. J. Jackson, Proprietor,
MITCHELL ST., NORTHCOTE.

"HILLSIDE" NURSERY,
NORTHCOTE.
Clearing Sale
of
ROSES,
ALL ONE PRICE—
6D EACH.

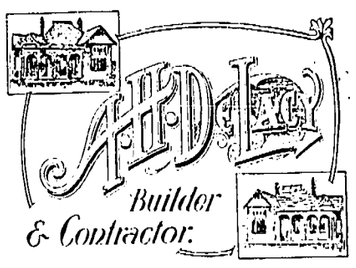
Salvia Bonfire, strong plants	4/ doz.
Pansies in bloom	6d doz.
Ranunculus Seedlings	3d doz.
Tomato Plants	6d doz.

A. MAGGS,
168 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE,
near High St.

Business Notices

SEWERAGE!
IS YOUR HOUSE CONNECTED?
If not—
R. H. NELSON,
LICENSED SANITARY PLUMBER
and
SEWERAGE CONTRACTOR,
COLLINS STREET, THORNBURY
(Upper Northcote)
Will give you a GOOD, SOUND and RELIABLE JOB.
TWELVE MONTHS' GUARANTEE GIVEN EACH CONTRACT.
Post Cards promptly attended to.
Estimates for all classes of work submitted.

D. J. Cameron,
(Over 12 years with Tacoys)
HAVING purchased A. HELM'S BUTCHERING BUSINESS,
411 High St., Northcote
(opposite Redmond's, Ironmonger),
Begs to notify the Public of Northcote and surrounding districts that he will supply them with the
Best Quality Meat
at
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
CORNED BEEF AND SAUSAGES A SPECIALITY.
Families waited on for orders.



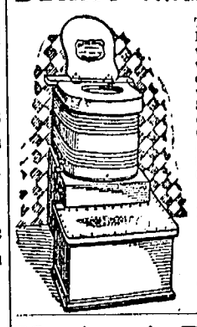
ARTHURTON ROAD, NORTHCOTE.
Plans and Specifications drawn up.
Estimates given for all Branches of the Trade.

HAVE YOU TRIED?
McALPIN'S
Self-Raising FLOUR.
NEW ELECTRIC PROCESS.
AWARDED FIRST PRIZE.
Ask your Grocer for it.

Delicious! Sustaining!
TRYAMBRO!
THE FRUIT FOOD.
Made from MILDURA Fruit and Nuts.
Supplies the Pure Diet of Fruit and Nuts so highly recommended by the Medical Profession all over the World.
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
Ask your Grocer for One Pound Household Blocks, Price 10d.
Use it as a Filling for Cakes or Sandwiches, between Bread, Biscuits, or Wafers
AMBRO LIMITED, Mildura and Fitzroy.

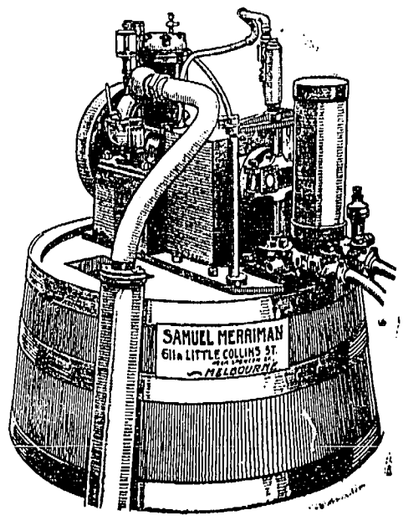
URUBNOT!
What is it?
ASK YOUR GROCER.
SAVES TIME, TROUBLE, MONEY, & WORRY.
Central Store, 52 Young St., Fitzroy, Manufacturers. City Depot: 52 Elizabeth St.

BERRY PATENT AUTOMATIC CLOSET



The ONLY Rival to Deep Drainage. Best ever Invented. Being Automatic Saves all Trouble. Fly, mosquito, and vermin proof. Always clean and sweet. Works like a watch. Guarantee given with each one sent out. No earth, ashes, or sawdust required. Can be used inside as well as outside. Only perfect system yet introduced. Specially constructed for use where not connected with deep drainage. Safeguard against infectious disease. Once purchased, it lasts a lifetime. Cost of disinfectant less than one penny a week. The comfort and cleanliness in using this closet appeal to one and all, and it is worth ten times what we ask for it.
BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.
Patentees & Manufacturers. Telephone 1047 City.
ADDRESS: 26 A'BECKETT ST., MELBOURNE,
Where the article can be inspected from 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.
GIBSON & SON, 479 Law Courts Place, Melb., or BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.

Merriman's Power & Spray Pumps
ARE THE BEST.



SAMUEL MERRIMAN, Brass Founder, Engineer, & Spray Pump Maker, 611a Little Lonsdale St., Melb. Phone 1075, City.

CONSULT the DANISH MASSUER and MAGNETIC HEALER,
Professor R. OVESEN,
366 ST. KILDA ROAD,
near Headley's Jam Factory.
CONSULTATION FREE.
HOURS—From 10 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m. daily.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.
M. Walsh,
Cowkeeper and Dairyman
Cattle and Premises under inspection the Board of Public Health.
Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Strippings and One Cow's Milk a Specialty. Absolutely free from colouring matter or preservatives.
No second dealing or with other traders.
Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings.

F. W. LUPSON
NOTIFIES the public that he has purchased and taken over the
"ACME" DAIRY,
HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE,
from which customers can rely upon getting
MILK
that is
ABSOLUTELY PURE
the supply being obtained from specially selected herds in the country districts.
A card to the "Acme" Dairy, Henry St., and the carts will call.

Carpenters.

W. Gribble,
CARPENTER and JOINER,
HOUSE REPAIRER,
231 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(near Methodist Church).
Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.
Venetian Blinds Painted, Re-Taped and Corded.
Vienna Chairs and Furniture Repaired and Stained like New.
Wire Doors, Windows, and Household Requirements in Wood.

Announcements

FEGENT'S
CHILBLAIN CURE.
A SPEEDY & EFFECTUAL CURE FOR UNBROKEN CHILBLAINS,
Immediately allaying the distressing itching and irritation.
If the Chilblains are broken use our Healing Ointment.
Price—One Shilling.
Prepared only by
W. G. FEGENT (late J. Slade),
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
PRESTON PHARMACY, PRESTON.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
J. McNamara,
the old-established
PRESTON BAKER,
BEGS to announce that he has now OPENED his
NEW and UP-TO-DATE BREAD FACTORY
in Plenty Road, near corner of Bell Street, where he will be able to serve customers better not only in the matter of the "STAFF OF LIFE," but in all kinds of
PASTRY and SMALL GOODS.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

J. KIDD,
Hay & Corn, Wood & Coal Merchant,
480 High Street, Northcote,
HAS ON SALE—
Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Maize, Lucerne Chaff,
And all kinds of Poultry Feed.
Agent for Singer's and Pratt's Poultry Food.
Best Box Blocks, Maitland and Pelaw Main Coal.

PRESTON GENERAL STORE
623 High Street North.
H. JONES
Begs to notify the public of Preston and surrounding district that he has commenced business as a
CASH and FAMILY GROCER
at above address.
Try our Special TEAS, 1/, 1/3, and 1/6.
In stock—Bran, Chaff, Wheat, Oats Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Cheese.
All goods of the best quality. Families waited on for orders. A trial solicited.

LOON KEE,
CHINESE LAUNDRY
216 High St., Northcote.
Washing and Laundry Orders attended to Good Workmanship and Polish Guaranteed Prices Moderate.
White Shirts, ironed and washed, 4d
" ironed only, 3d
Collars ironed only, 2d per doz.
Collar washed and ironed, 1d
Shirts sent for and returned.

Your Success!
Depends upon the condition of your health and the activity of your mind. You cannot afford to DRINK any but THE BEST of BEVERAGES.
HING'S TEAS
Are ABSOLUTELY the BEST.
The Golden Canister can supply your wants and save your pocket at the same time.
ALL TEAS supplied by W. Q. HING can be relied upon to be THE BEST.
SPECIAL.
ART CHINA in endless variety and unique designs. Suitable for Wedding Presents.
Afternoon Tea Sets from 5/4. 40-piece Tea Sets, 13/11.
Wholesale & Retail Depot—
90 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

OUTDOOR WORKERS
Find Zam-Buk a Real Boon.
Outdoor workers generally have skin trouble of one kind or another. Perhaps the skin gets hard and cracks most painfully; or it may be that the cold or dirt gets into some trivial injury, inflammation and festering almost certainly following. Cold-sores around the mouth and nostrils are also common, and so are rough and chapped hands. Zam-Buk is equally soothing and healing for all such conditions of the skin, and is consequently a real boon to all outdoor workers. Zam Buk takes the "smart" out, kills pain, "cools" inflammation, allays itching, and ensures perfect healing with new, healthy skin. Every outdoor worker should carry a pot in his pocket or tool-bag.
"I am licensed under the Water and Sewerage Board as a drainer," says Mr. E. M. Hughes, of Alma Avenue, Marrickville, Sydney, "and during my occupation I am constantly knocking and cutting my hands about. Sometimes cement gets into the wounds and they become sore, inflamed, and festered. But I find that Zam-Buk quickly allays the inflammation, reduces the swelling, draws out the festering, and heals the sores quickly. I also use Zam-Buk on the children for sores with like satisfactory results. I never fail to recommend Zam-Buk to my friends for soothing and healing purposes, when opportunity offers."
Zam Buk, the invaluable spring skin-cure, is far preferable to so-called blood mixtures, which exert little or no influence on the delicate tissues. Zam-Buk cures pimples, boils, rashes, eruptions, eczema, and sores of all sorts, and is invaluable for cuts, scalds, burns, bruises, piles, ulcers, and all diseases and injuries of the skin. Of all chemists and stores at 1s 6d and 3s 6d.
EVERY HOME NEEDS ZAM-BUK.

A. K. Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil. SOLD EVERYWHERE

Northcote Leader.

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia

Largest Circulation and Best Advertising Medium in the Northern Districts, Circulating throughout Northcote, Preston, Thomastown, Epping, Diamond Creek, Arthur's Creek, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill

{Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.} SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1909. Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 397 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. Sole Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of RETORTED CHARCOAL.

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 24/-
1 ton 12/6
½ ton 6/6

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

Announcements

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.
Choice Selection of Suitings Vestings and Trouserings for this season's wear.
Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

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.

PICTURES FRAMED
in Up-to-Date and Artistic Style
at
G. H. JACOBS'
255 JOHNSTON STREET, FITZROY
(5 doors west from Smith St).
and at
315 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Enlargements Framed from 2/6.
Wholesale and Retail.

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

J. W. DURANCE,
(late of Catanach's) **Watchmaker,**
Fifth floor Equitable Buildings, Collins St., City,
Repairs Watches of all kinds,
Sells Reliable Levers, Gold, Silver, Gun Metal.
Private Address: 38 Salisbury grove, Northcote, where orders may be left.

Undertakers

HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets,
FITZROY.
H.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.
The Trade supplied.
Telephone 1160.

Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for prevent ing contagion. Established 1856.
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—231 Victoria St.,
Tel. 980. WEST MELB.
High Street, Northcote.
Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill.
Tel. 2776.
All Funeral arrangements promptly attended to.
Charges Moderate | Terms Arranged

SUCCESS
Awaits the man who keeps his business prominently before the people. The tradesman 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 be successful.

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.

J. T. Coles & Co. Cash Grocers
NEW PRICE-LIST:

O.T. Punch, 6d bottle	Sand Soap, 1½d bar
12 lb. No. 1A Sugar, 2/4½	Saunders' Malt, 8½d
8 lb. best Flour, 1/-	Best Fruit Cake, 6d lb
Robin Starch, 5½d lb	Best Black Currant Jam, 7d
Candles, 4½d packet	Best Raspberry Jam, 7d
Bile Beans, 1/- box	Best Apricot Jam, 6½d
Beecham's Pills, 10½d box	Best Plum Jam, 6d
Nestle's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Quince Jam, 6d
Benedorp's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Bread, 5½d large
Fry's Extract Cocoa, 4½d packet	New Season's Tea, just landed, 1/- & 1/3 lb.
Griffith's Cocoa, 4d tin	2 lb. Dates, 6½d
Hoadley's Cocoa, 2½d packet	

Brockhoff's Coffee, Rice, Arrowroot, Ginger Nuts, Mixed Biscuits, all at 4d lb.

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.

Smith's Sons
TRADE MARK REGD. GOLD MEDALISTS
HAM & BACON CURERS AND Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3601. NORTHCOTE, VIC.

Champion & First Prize Winners for HAMS and BACON at the Royal Agricultural Show, Melb.
All Goods Manufactured under the supervision of the Central Board of Health.

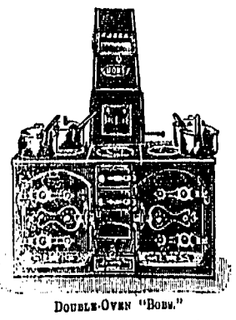
Our High-Class Goods
Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their
Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality
And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.
Our Fritz & Frankforts are just the thing for the Tea & Breakfast Table.
FACTORY & OFFICE: "MERRIBANK," NORTHCOTE.

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.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S
COUGH MIXTURE.
A VALUABLE REMEDY
for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
And all Affections of the Throat & Chest.
PRICE, 1/6.
Prepared only by the Proprietor,
W. G. FEGENT
(late J. Slade),
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
PRESTON PHARMACY, PRESTON.

TO Have the Least Possible Expense and the Greatest Comfort in Cooking, use a
"BOBS"
(burns coal or wood)
Made in three sizes—No. 1, 2ft. wide
No. 2, 2ft. 3in. wide
No. 3, 3 ft. wide
Plate Warmers and Boilers can be fitted to either side.
Our many customers testify that "BOBS" is the most up-to-date FUEL SAVER.



DOUBLE-OVEN "BOBS."

Wallis Bros. & Co.
IRONFOUNDERS and STOVE MANUFACTURERS,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom—419 Bourke Street, Melbourne (opposite Kirk's Bazaar.)
Sole Manufacturers of the Beadle Patent Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, suitable for Dairymen, Butchers, and ordinary household use.
Very Durable and Economical. Write for Catalogues.

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL
to add to your comfort during the summer months is
A GAS STOVE,
which will save you endless drudgery in the kitchen.

On rental at the rate of 1/6 per month, or—
On Hire Purchase System: Small deposit and from 2/- month.

A GAS STOVE is indispensable and also ensures EFFICIENCY, CLEANLINESS, and RIGID ECONOMY.
COOKING BY GAS means a saving of half the labor necessary with other methods, besides keeping the kitchen clean and the temperature down to a minimum.
The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 FLINDERS ST., MELBOURNE.
Phone Nos. 330, 359, 367, 2713.

Business Announcements

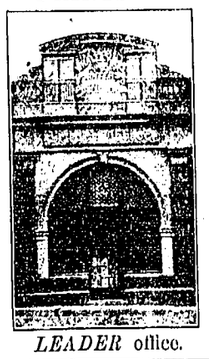
BOOTS MADE FOR YOU!
We Make Direct for the People.
Our Factory is manned with first-class labor and we use only good solid leather, consequently we can give to our customers a boot better in quality and lower in price than can be got elsewhere.

Our Patent Unbreakable Back Boot
(made only by us)
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF BY THE THOUSANDS WE SELL.
Our Prices for them now are:

Men's Box Derby Bals., 8/11	Boys' Box, strong wear, 10 to 13, 4/11
Men's knock-out Bals., 8/6	Youths' strong leather, 1 to 5, 4/11
Youths' Box, strong wear, 1 to 5, 6/6	Boys' strong leather, 10 to 13, 4/6

Many splendid-value lines in ordinary backs also.
All Lines to Measure at Retail Price. Boots sent to all parts of the country.
Bring your old boots to be made new. Repairs a leading factor
DIMMICK, Manufacturer & Retailer
245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

WHERE TO GET YOUR PRINTING!



LEADER office.

Business People, Societies & Clubs
are invited to send their
Printing Orders
to the
Leader Office,
HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.
Every Class of Work executed in the Most Up-to-Date Style.
WHALLEY BROS.

E. FELLOWES,
COACHBUILDER

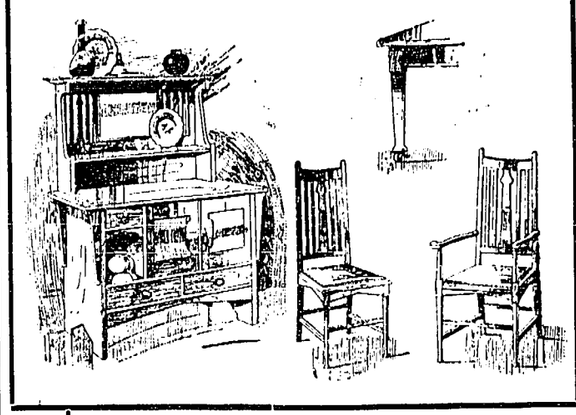
AND
SHOEING FORGE
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opposite Croxton station).
IF YOU WANT to purchase a cheap & good Vehicle.
IF YOU WANT your Vehicle repaired expeditiously and faithfully.
IF YOU WANT your Horse sent for, shod on the shortest notice and returned.
IF YOU WANT to exchange your old Vehicle.
Call on the above who is prepared to deal liberally with you.
He has one of the largest Coachbuilding Factories in Melbourne and suburbs, a large and efficient staff of workmen and up-to-date plant.
What more can be desired by a customer?

W. WOOLHOUSE & CO.,
Sheffield Cutlers and Umbrella Manufacturers,
143-145 BOURKE ST. EAST
(Above Russell St.)
LINES BY A LONGFELLOW.
To Woolhouse & Co. I advise you to go,
Umbrellas they make and their prices are low;
Whilst in quality, too, the public still know
No Cutlers here please them like Woolhouse and Co.
In the whole of Melbourne nought better you'll find,
Than their Optical Goods of every kind.
Fine Eye-Glasses they've got to suit people's eyes,
And Goggles to keep out the dust and the flies.
In Spectacles truly none better could be,
They've oft caused the blind, or next to it, to see.
Whilst in Scissors and Razors their stock is Immense,
Manufactured by Woolhouse—they've spared no expense.
Of Knives they have millions of every grade,
From Woolhouse they come—they're the best that are made,
For pocket or vest, large, medium or small,
Just fit for the parlour, the kitchen or hall;
Some are pretty to look at, most beautiful toys,
Nice presents to give to your girls and your boys.
Others have Seventy Blades and cause quite a start (Art.
At the triumph they show in the Cutlery Don't carve with blunt knives which wives tempers will try,
It will pay you far better new Carvers buy,
Or if you prefer to have them well ground
Then Woolhouse will make the poor cripple quite sound.
At Woolhouse & Co.'s there grinding is done
You'll find them hard at it from rise of the sun;
And the work that you give them—They Never Delay!
Repairing they do in the very best way.
Your Walking Stick broken—neat ferrule they've got,
They mend it and make it all right on the spot
Your old Umbrella which lets the wet thro',
They'll cover with silk and make Equal to New;
Your Razors, your Shears, your Knives may be found
So blunt that they need to be properly ground,
Then hie you at once to Woolhouse & Co.
For tradesmen are they, and their charge are low.
For Easy & Comfortable Shaving Try Woolhouse's Latest Magnetic Steel Razors.

THE
Orient Marine & Stationary
3½ H.P. **ENGINES** 100 H.P.
Made for all Shipping and Farm Purposes.
Suppliers to the Victorian Government, Ports and Harbours, Health Department, Goldfields Diamond Drilling Co.
Guaranteed for 12 Months.
Particulars on application to
C. S. DEAN,
Motor Manufacturer, Mentone.
CASH or TERMS. Phone 71 Cheltenham.

Business Notices.

QUALITY FURNISHINGS
PRICED LOW



The Diningroom Furniture illustrated is unusually good value—the special reduction in prices make it a tempting offer.
SIDEBOARD, in Walnut or oak, was £15 15/-, now £13 18/6; Imitation Walnut, reduced from £9 to £8. Extension Dining TABLE, 6ft., was £2 15/-, now £2 9/-. Eight-piece SUITE, 2 easy and 6 small chairs, in oak or walnut, was £14 10/-, now £13.

CLAUSCEN & O.,
FURNISHING ARCADE,
194-6 BOURKE ST. MELBOURNE, NEXT WAXWORKS

TENTH ANNUAL
"MOA" ROAD RACE,
20 Miles,
To be run on Saturday, 9th Oct., 1909,
For Riders of "Moa" Cycles.
PRIZES:
1st, Gold Medal with Diamond.
2nd, B.S.A. Rifle.
3rd, Gold Medal.
4th, Complete Set of Tyres.
5th, Silver-plated Cruet.
6th, Acetylene Gas Lamp (Lucas's).
Fastest time, Sash & Badge.
PREVIOUS WINNERS:—1900, C. Wells; 1901, S. Prowse; 1902, W. Clarke; 1903, L. Alexander; 1904, A. Alexander; 1905, W. Walker; 1906, W. Barnett; 1907, V. Yann; 1908, T. Wasley.
Cycling Made Easy by Riding a "Moa" Cycle fitted with a 3-speed gear (60, 80, 96 gears.)
Large Stock of Covers and Tubes, all makes.
Cycles to Order, £8 10/ to £14 10/.
MERSON'S "Moa" Cycle Works,
218 High St., Northcote (near Town Hall).

Accountancy.
Established 1885.
JOSEPH T. DOWNING,
ACCOUNTANT.
Licensed Auditor Companies Act.
Tradesmen's Books opened and kept, day or evening.
Accounts Adjusted and Collected.
SWORN VALUATOR.
Commissioner for Taking Declarations and Affidavits.
"Montana," 30 Helen St., Northcote. | Trust Moneys To Lend.

C. POWER,
Cartage Contractor,
37 CHARLES ST., NORTHCOTE.
Phone 311, Brunswick.
Lorrys, Drays, and Teams for all classes of Carting.
Back Loading from the City a Speciality.
COAL delivered to householders at lowest market rates.

Nurses.
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. Hellers," Merri St., Northcote (near P.O.)

NURSE ROKEHERST ROBERTS,
Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals. R.V.T.N.A.
"Waverley," 2 ROSSMOYNE STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Correspondence invited.

Announcements
MISS I. THOMPSON, St. George's Rd., Northcote (corner Morley Street), FRUIT, CONECTIONERY, and FANCY GOODS. Fresh Fruit direct from our own orchard at Ardmona.
MISS THOMPSON (same address), DRESSMAKER.

PURE BRED POULTRY.
FIRST-CLASS LAYING STRAINS.
BROWN LEGHORN HENS,
Bred from Dookie Competition Pens, mated to cock imported by Mr. H. Bunneman.
Settings, 3/6 and 10/6.
SILVER WYANDOTTES,
Bred from Mr. Bunneman, Dookie Competition Winners.
Settings, 7/6. Unfertile replaced.
YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE.
Correspondence invited.
A. C. W. BAILEY,
WOLLERT, via EPPING.

HERON & PARKER,
SAND, GENERAL CARTERS and CONTRACTORS.
Suppliers of the well-known Frankston Sand Pit Co's Fresh Water Sand, Gravel Metal Screenings, &c. City Address: 226 Little Collins St. Northcote Address—32 Helen Street. Telephone 3809.

Established 21 years.
Carl Oldenburg,
SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,
365 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(opposite Brickworks).
Whips, Bits, Sponges, and other Stable requisites in stock.
Secondhand Harness taken in exchange or bought.
Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

A. SANGUINETTI,
THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED
HOUSE DECORATOR & PAINTER
IN THE DISTRICT.
Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs.
ON SALE—
Paperhangings
from 2½d per roll.
Dry Colors from 2d lb., 7 lbs. for 1/-.
Artists' Materials, Alabastine, Leads, Oils, Stainers' Varnishes, Plain & Fancy Glass, &c
Special Concessions to the Trade.
Muranese Glass cut to Size from 10d per foot.
Address: 347 High Street, Northcote
(Close to Tramway Penny Section).

D. B. MASSON,
HOME DECORATOR,
AND **IRONMONGER.**
HAS ON SALE—
Champion's White Lead, 30/- cwt.
Red Lead, 4d lb.
Blundell & Spence's Linseed Oil—Raw, 3/6 gallon. Boiled, 3/8 gallon.
Special price for 5-gallon drums.
Stainers from 9d lb.
A splendid line of strong well-made Household Steps from 4/6 a pair.
ALL HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.
Look in our Windows, the Prices speak for themselves. Bring along the size of your room and get our estimate for doing it up.
New Address: 236 High St., Northcote

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.

IF YOUR **WATCH** DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
GEO. H. ARMFIELD,
48 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(next to Foy & Gibson's).
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
SPECTACLES to SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

Established 20 years.
W. FIRTH
GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET,
COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston St).

Northcote (Free & Circulating) **LIBRARY**
Open Every Night from 7 till 10; also on Monday and Friday afternoons from 3 till 5.
SPLENDID COLLECTION of BOOKS.
Subscription Fee of 2s 6d per quarter enables the Reader to take away 3 books.
R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Sec.

Tailors
FOR UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING AND REAL GOOD VALUE
go to
INCE BROS.,
TAILORS & OUTFITTERS.
Suits from £3 3/. Trousers from 15/6
Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.
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 personal supervision.
Country orders attended to with utmost despatch.
Don't forget the only address—
"Our Tailors,"
VEREY & CROSS,
242 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Plenty Road and Garnet Sts.,
STH. PRESTON.
Arch. Wilkinson,
TAILOR
AND MERCER.
NEW GOODS for the Spring and Summer season just opened.
A choice variety of Suitings, Coatings, and Trouserings in all the Latest Shades.
Hats, Shirts, Ties and Hosiery in great variety.
Straw Hats—a special line—all the latest shapes in stock.
Suits to Order from £2 2/-
Cricketing Trousers to order from 12/6.
LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIAL STUDY.

J. G. Alston,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
324 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(late Smith St. and City.)
Fit and Style Guaranteed.
Prices to Suit all Pockets. Suits from 35/-
Trousers, 10/6 upwards.
TRIAL SOLICITED.

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 returned.
Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

J. J. Spence,
First-Class License, M.M.B.W.,
SANITARY PLUMBER
and
Sewerage Contractor.
Gas and Water laid on.
81 Gooch Street, Northcote

Are you allowing faulty illustrations to be inserted wit your advertising matter?
If so, you are killing the convincing power of your advertisement.
Allow me to give you advice when in doubt as to which class of block to use.
I have every facility for the making and perfecting of half-tone and zinc blocks for newspapers, magazines, and catalogues.
Write or phone 4259 Central.
H. W. VEREY,
479 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRST-CLASS CHINESE LAUNDRY
AH HAY,
HIGH STREET, THORNBURY
(next Best, Draper.

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!
ROOF LEAK!
S. McDOUGALL,
LICENSED PLUMBER,
Next Railway,
NORMANBY AVENUE,
NORTHCOTE.
WILL SET MATTERS RIGHT—
Promptly—Reliably—Cheaply.
Water Meters Fixed. Gas & Water laid on

For Sale.
FIRST-CLASS Garden Soil (rich, black loam) for Sale.—J. Millet, Beaver's rd Northcote.

Church Notices

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY.

18th Sunday after Trinity.
11 a.m., Matins and Holy Communion with Sermon.
4 15 p.m., Holy Baptism.
7 p.m., Evensong (Choral) with Sermon. Preacher, Rev. W. McKIE.
Special Collections for Home Missions.

INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

Rev. HECTOR FERGUSON
Minister.
Morning, "The Spanish Armada."
Evening, "Kings, Angels and Children."
Mr. Sinclair's Young Men's Class at 3.
Young Men's Class at 3. Leader, Mr. J. L. Clarke, M.A.

NORTHCOTE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Armadale St.

Sunday, 10th October,
Rev. H. L. WILLETT BEVAN, morning and evening.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
Rev J. DARROCH (locum tenens).
Morning subject, "Why ought I to be a Christian?"
Evening, A Sermon to those in Middle Life.
Anthems:—Morning, "Deus Miseratuer;" evening, "The Lord is King" (tenor solo).
All are cordially welcome.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. G. S. LLOYD.
Evening, Mr. G. HUNTER.
Young Men's Bible Class at 3. Leader, Mr. J. S. Clarke, M.A.
All seats free. Strangers welcomed.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH, Kimberley Hall, Darebin Road.

Sunday Services:
Preacher—Rev. T. NICHOLS, morning and evening.
All welcome to all services.

NORTHCOTE CHURCH of CHRIST, Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove.

Sunday Meetings:
11 a.m., Lord's Supper.
3 p.m., Bible School.
7 p.m., Gospel Service. Preacher—Mr. J. D. LANG. Subject:—"A Captain's Salvation."
All Seats Free. No Collection. All welcome.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. B. SEMMENS.
Evening, Mr. G. B. DUFF.
All Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. A. ROGERS.
Evening, Mr. HUMMERSTON.
Bright singing. All welcome.

SOUTH Preston Methodist Church.—ANNIVERSARY, Sunday, 17th Oct. Preachers—Morning at 11 and afternoon at 3, Rev. George Wong; evening at 7, Rev. C. C. Dugan, B.A. Monday evening, 18th, "The Story of My Life" (by request), by Rev. George Wong, beautifully illustrated by Magnificent Lantern Views.

Bereavement Notices.

MR. J. J. NEWTON and Family desire to thank their many friends for floral tributes, telegrams, and letters of sympathy during their recent sad bereavement; also Dr. Wilkinson for his untiring energies, and the Revs. Trathan and Rodgers for kind services rendered.

Lost and Found.

LOST, Saturday 2nd, Gold Spectacles, between Warr's avenue, S. Preston, and City. Reward 2 6. This office.

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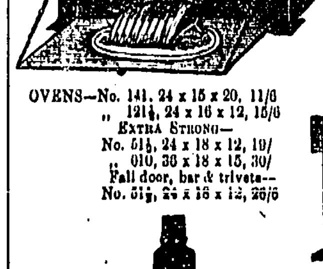

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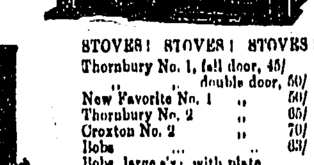

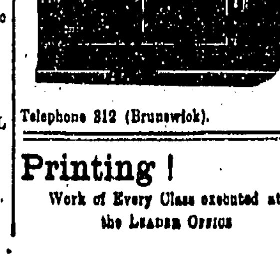

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The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published Every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9.

WANTED—A TOWN HALL.

TWICE within the last fortnight have promoters of local entertainments rendered themselves liable to a fine for contravening the regulations of the Board of Public Health in allowing the town hall to become overcrowded. Indeed, but for the lax administration of the Board's regulations there would be quite a number of prosecutions each year locally for "over-crowding." Institutions from the most northern and southern ends of the town have provided the latest examples of over-crowding. At the Commonwealth fair on the 25th the hall was so jammed with people that it was next to impossible to move, while last Saturday night on the occasion of the South Northcote Progress Association's annual social the large attendance made things so uncomfortable that the committee were forced to stop the sale of tickets, thus debarring a number of ratepayers anxious to be present from gaining admission. This condition of affairs has prevailed altogether too long, and the sooner it is remedied the better for all concerned. Why should the municipality force its own societies—its own ratepayers—to hold their entertainments in other suburbs? And why should it render indoor amusement promoters subject to prosecution? That is actually the position to-day—a position admitted by everyone, and one that stands to Northcote's discredit, that retards its progress and lowers its prestige. We welcome the motion, therefore, which is to be submitted next Monday night by COUNCILLOR PLANT, to make provision in the next loan for the completion of the town hall, confident that councillors will be prepared to discuss the matter on its merits, apart altogether from pettifogging considerations and little personal grievances. We feel assured there is not a single councillor who does not fully realise that our hall accommodation is deplorably behind the times, quite out of proportion with the progress and requirements of the town, and a danger to health. That being the case why defer again a work that is positively necessary? True, there are several large drainage works requiring immediate attention and streets to be made, for which a loan will have to be raised; but the borrowing powers of the municipality are such that the execution of these works will not be in the least endangered by proceeding with the erection of the main hall, which has been hung up for twenty years. It is obvious, therefore, that provision could be made for all these undertakings in the one loan, and the works could be carried out concurrently if necessary. There is a feeling in the minds of some that expenditure on the town hall will retard street construction. Such, however, is not the case. The borrowing power of the municipality will always be in advance of its street-making requirements, so that there is not the slightest reason for any apprehension on that score. For instance, less than two years ago the town was within £6000 of its limit, but to-day it is in a position to borrow £11,000, and when we get rid of the dead work in the shape of costly drainage schemes—which can mostly all be executed, together with the completion of the main hall, out of the present borrowing power—the municipality's borrowing power will expand in such a manner as to more than provide for the most wholesale scheme of street construction, which it must be borne in mind has to be done, under the council's policy, at the property-owners' expense on the deferred payment system, which is a vastly different proposition to making streets out of loan monies. Again, the town hall will be a reproductive work, which will far more than pay interest—some £120 or £130—on the outlay from the very start, in addition to conferring a boon on the general community. For these and other reasons advanced in our issue of the 25th ult. we strongly recommend councillors to carry the motion which is to be submitted for their approval on Monday next, and thus put an end to the discomforts experienced and the complaints that everywhere exist.

In accordance with his scheme of bringing all clubs and organisations into touch with the Preston shire council Cr. Howe had the members of the Preston Bowling Club in the president's room on Monday evening, and we can only say that if the local bowlers can find their way to the "jack" with the same certainty as all topics turned to bowls on Monday night then a very high place indeed is assured for them in the forthcoming pennant competitions, which they inaugurate, by the way, with a match against the champion Armadale Club on the 10th. As all the councillors are bowlers, either present or prospective, the visitors found themselves in sympathetic company. The president, in felicitous terms, gave "The Bowling Club," and asked Crs. Robertson and Allchin to support it, which they did with hearty, good will, the latter incidentally admitting to a hankering after a return match with Northcote council. Mr. T. Broadhurst, vice president, after expressing regret that they had not "the majestic presence of their president (Colonel Braithwaite) to add lustre to the occasion," replied to the toast in suitable terms, stating that all the points he and others could put councillors up to for their match with Northcote would be happily given. Mr. A. Walker (the other vice-president) and Messrs A. Wilkinson (secretary), and Strahle (ex secretary) also responded. Altogether it was a very pleasant re-union.

Under the auspices of the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association a bioscope and musical entertainment was held in the Parish hall on Wednesday evening, the purpose being to raise funds for the construction of children's play grounds in the Northcote park. There was a crowded attendance and the programme presented proved very popular, especially among the juveniles, whose lusty plaudits evinced their delight. Illustrated songs were contributed by Miss Ruby Bowes, Messrs Sharp, Moyley, and W. Howgate, the last named singer being vociferously encored. Miss Carrie Membrey furnished a piano solo and Mrs. W. H. Bailey, in addition to acting as accompanist, supplied the music while the pictures were being shown. The pictures gave complete satisfaction, working upon the emotions and susceptibilities of the audience in a variety of ways. During an interval Mr. Mason briefly outlined the achievements of the association in the beautification of the town, and intimated that tenders were about to be called for the construction of swings, sand baths, etc., for the amusement of children frequenting the park. It is the intention of the association, said Mr Mason, to hold either weekly or fortnightly entertainments during the summer months, the profit from which will be entirely devoted to park improvement.

When the question of completing the town hall was being considered by the town council in 1901, ex Cr. Pearl, who supported the proposal, said:—"For years the School Board of Advice have refrained from holding the annual children's entertainment in aid of the prize distribution fund because of the absurd inadequacy of hall accommodation." Eight years afterwards, with the population and revenue immensely increased, the same long-felt want exists, and prevents these and other popular entertainments from being held locally.

Councillor Bainbridge, who six months ago was given leave of absence in order to take a trip to England, returned to Northcote on Wednesday, feeling a better man in every way for the rest and change. He says he is very glad indeed to get back to "Sunny Australia," though perhaps he would not have considered it extraordinarily sunny had he been here this last six months. All the way from Cape Town there was a man in the crow's nest searching the horison for the Waratah, but not only did he not see any trace of that ill-fated vessel, but of any other vessel of any kind whatever. Extraordinary as it may seem in 6000 miles of sea not a single vessel was sighted, which shows how very easy it would be to miss the Waratah even if she were afloat.

The move of the Northcote council, with the assistance of Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., with regard to getting a portion of the old Inebriate Retreat, St. George's road, has been effective. The Minister has granted them five years permissive occupancy of 9 acres, this area to be permanently reserved for recreation purposes when £1000 have been spent on improvements. The council will be the controlling body and any money the Fitzroy C.C. spend in improving the ground will count towards the £1000 referred to.

The ordinary meeting of the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association was held in All Saints' school room on Tuesday evening last, the president of the association presided. It being the first ordinary meeting since the election of officers the president returned thanks for the honour which had been conferred on him and apologised for absence on the night of election. The secretary reported that there was a great demand for tickets for the annual social to be held in the town hall on the 21st inst., and there was every prospect of it being a great success. Mr. Lachmund reported that all arrangements were made for the bioscope concert and hoped to be able to report a good round sum in aid of the children's play ground in the park, which is being considerably augmented by private subscriptions through our honorary collector, Mr. Cornwall. Mr. Beard, ex-M.L.A., delivered a lecture on "Scientific Socialism," which was well received and a hearty vote of thanks accorded to him for same. Two new members were elected. Messrs Mason, Crossley, Brothers and Clarkson, on behalf of Cr. Dennis' election committee, met Cr. Dennis at his private residence on Wednesday evening and presented him with a donation subscribed by members of his committee and friends in recognition of the sacrifices which he has made in allowing himself to be elected to represent the south ward in the Northcote council.

Frederick White, who was committed for trial about two weeks ago at the Williamstown Court of Petty Sessions for an attempted assault upon a girl, and who escaped from the custody of Senior-constable Weatherhead while on his way to Melbourne Gaol, by jumping from the train, was captured on Wednesday at Epping by Mounted-constable Woodhouse at Cutts's farm. When Constable Woodhouse arrived at the farm White was grubbing trees. On seeing the uniform he picked up an axe and threatened the constable, but Woodhouse snatched the weapon from him, and arrested him.

OBITUARY.

It is with great regret we have to announce the death of Mr. Harry Evans, of Darebin road, Northcote, which took place at his residence at 5.30 p.m. on Monday last. His death came as a great blow to his numerous friends. The deceased was on Sunday afternoon out walking with an acquaintance and apparently in very good health, and in the evening, he, with his wife, visited a relative in Richmond and appeared in excellent spirits; but a little later he complained of internal pains and received immediate attention, but no particular relief was noticeable and he decided to return home. Medical aid was called in, but without avail, and he suddenly collapsed.

The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Beechworth, when about 18 years obtained a position in the service of the Imperial Government connected with the Police Department in the Straits Settlement and continued in that service for about 22 years during which time he was promoted to the position of Chief Inspector of Police. While on service he was granted several extended terms of leave to visit Australia and on the first occasion he returned, was married to Miss Osborne, of Beechworth, who went back with him to the Straits where their three children were born.

Mr. Evans was a resident of the Northern portion of this town for about 7 years having retired from the service owing to ill health. He was well known and greatly respected having been an ardent worker in the Northcote branch, A.N.A., and secretary to the rifle club where he was very popular. He was also a member to the Masonic Lodge and one who took a lively interest in many matters connected with this town. His loss will be keenly felt by his many friends.

The members of the rifle club had arranged to hold a social in his honor on Tuesday evening last and on which occasion they were to present him with a gold medal as a token of esteem, but owing to his decease it was with great regret abandoned. The deceased was buried on Wednesday in the Coburg Cemetry when a large number of relatives and friends attended the funeral. The pall bearers being Messrs Brown, Hosken, Membrey, Hayes, Major, and Bastings. The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. H. J. R. Lewis.

Localisms.

Twenty-seven new members were nominated at last meeting of Northcote Horticultural Society.

Lieut-Colonel Braithwaite, of Preston, is expected to return on the 18th inst.

Mr. Hume Cook, M.P., though greatly shaken by his severe illness, expects to be able to resume duty at Parliament House next week.

On enquiry at the Railway offices, Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., has learned that the plans for the new station buildings at Northcote are completed, and tenders will be called for their erection in the course of a few days.

We have been requested to mention that Mr. L. Smith, draper, will be absent from business during the next few weeks, having to undergo an operation.

At the meeting of the Northern Wards Ratepayers' Association to be held at the cycling club rooms on Wednesday evening, Cr. Lees will read a paper on "Ventilation."

"Life is too short to be selfish," said Cr. Howe, president of Prestonshire, on Monday evening in reply to the toast of his health, in connection with which his readiness to help others and general good citizenship had been praised.

Preston rate-collector, G. H. Hamilton, has got in all the current rate of £3527 10s 7d save £21 16s 8d. The arrears have been brought down to the irreducible minimum of £167 12s 9d. Of these verdicts have been obtained for £19 18s 1d. All the rest is owing by persons whose addresses cannot be found, and the collector recommends the sale of the land to liquidate the arrears.

The attention of ladies is directed to the spring novelties advertised by Best and Co., drapers, milliners, &c., Thornbury.

The "Moa" road race—the classic amongst local road races—it has been going for 10 years now—takes place this afternoon. The course is from Preston Reservoir 10 miles along the Epping road and back. There is a large entry and a great race should result. The "blue ribband," with silver 'Moa' badge is shown in Mr. Merson's window. The other valuable prizes are set out on our first page.

We have received from Mr. B. Harmsworth, for the Moore benefit fund, the sum of 10s, being surplus on smoke concert tendered to Mr. Sharwood.

Princess Alice L.O L., hold an indoor picnic in the Rechabite hall, Northcote, this evening, Saturday, October 9. Particulars in another column.

A social evening, with such attractions as cards, dancing, and refreshments, is advertised to take place in the shire-hall on Wednesday evening, 13th, proceeds in aid of Preston Catholic Church funds.

South Preston Methodist Church anniversary services Sunday, 17th; preachers, Revs. Geo. Wong and C. C. Dugan. On Monday evening, 18th, Mr. Wong will give (by request) "The Story of My Life," illustrated with lantern slides.

Visit our establishment for everything that is nice in fashionable drapery. Our windows, fixtures, tables and counters are all displaying new season's goods.—Hattam and Hattam. [Advt].

At Northcote Presbyterian school-hall, James street, on Monday evening Mr. Geo. Maxwell, the well known barrister and public speaker, will deliver a lecture entitled "A Homely Philosophy of Life" In such able hands the subject is sure to be made more than interesting, and all who like a really good thing would do well to go. The admission is free but there will be a collection.

The consolidated revenue benefitted to the tune of £5 at the Northcote court on Monday last, made up of five fines of forty shillings each. The contributors were five anti vaccinationists—Chas. Ball, —. Roadknight, Frederick Kelson, F. W. Stewart and Laurence George Hatton Marshall—who preferred the fine to the imagined risk. Three youths were also presented on a charge of playing "two up," but the case was adjourned for 7 days. Messrs Tharratt (chairman), Brown, McIntosh and Redmond were the magistrates.

After 12 years most assiduous and most valued work in the cause of charity, Mrs. J. Mackinnon has resigned her position as secretary to the Northcote Ladies' Benevolent Society. At the monthly meeting on Monday last the ladies of the committee, through the Mayoress (Mrs. Hayes) with heartfelt assurances of their love, appreciation and esteem, presented her with a beautifully chased silver card case suitably inscribed, as a souvenir of her extended office. Miss McIntosh was appointed secretary to the society.

During the South African War, said Mr. Donald McDonald in his lecture at Preston, the Boers raided bicycle shops and took the little spheres used for ball-bearings for ammunition. An English officer who got a charge of these in his leg had the satisfaction afterwards of saying he was the only man in the British Empire who was going round on ball bearings.

A complimentary conversazione is to be tendered to Cr. Harry at the Kimberly hall this evening. Cr. Tharratt's committee and friends are also making arrangements to entertain him.

The anniversary social of Pride of Northcote (Ladies) Rechabite tent takes place at Northcote town-hall this evening.

Stott & Bastings sell to day s.f.b. house, 4 rooms, 13 Harper street, at 3, and at 3 30 frontages to Westgarth and McDonald streets, in Westgarth subdivision.

Hattam and Hattam to-day advertise that they are making special displays in costumes, blouses, millinery, and novelty goods; also special bargains in ladies' tan boots and shoes [Advt].

Though the weather was not very favourable on Sunday afternoon last the Collingwood Citizen's Contest Band went through with a fine programme of sacred and classical music at the Croxton Recreation Reserve, a collection being taken up on behalf of the hospitals. To morrow afternoon the band will present another of their attractive programmes, and a collection will be taken up in aid of their funds.

At the annual examination of the Church Missionary Society for secondary schools, at which over 300 presented themselves, the pupils of Westleigh College were again very successful. Fourteen entered and thirteen passed. Senior division—Gwen Trevena, honors; Eileen McQuie, Doris McQuie, Zelia Clare, pass. Intermediate—Ella Olive, 2nd prize, Nellie Irving, 4th prize; Stella Arthur, honors; Joan Cook, Estella Rowe, Esme Strover, Madge Besley, Marjorie McQuie, pass. Junior—Eleanor Pilkington, 2nd prize.

RAN INTO A TRAM.

BOY BADLY HURT.

A lad named Dunell, about 10, whose parents reside in Gladstone street, was rather badly hurt in High street on Thursday evening. It appears that he and others were "whipping behind" a tram while the conductor was collecting fares on the dummy. Seeing the conductor coming through the car they ran off, Dunell, as it chanced, unfortunately running right in front of a tram which was coming from the opposite direction. He was first taken to Dr. Degenhardt, and afterwards a St. John Ambulance conveyed him to the Children's Hospital. On enquiry yesterday we found he was progressing favourably. Parents should warn their children against this habit of "whipping behind" trams. Serious accidents are sure to result from it

MELBA'S APPEAL.

DISTRICT NURSES FOR THE BUSH.

As Her Excellency Lady Dudley has already pointed out this provision is one that calls particularly for the support of women. And so to the bearers of my own name, Helen (Nellie), throughout Victoria I make a special appeal, asking each one to constitute herself a collector of at least a dozen subscriptions for this fund. The shillings collected by the "Nellies" of limited means will be as welcome as the pounds collected by their richer namesakes. To the most successful collector in the State I shall present a prize commemorative of the inauguration of this Fund. Collecting cards will be supplied by the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, the Committee, and by Mr. John Lemmone, to whom all such cards and remittances should be returned, c/o Allan & Co., Collins street, Melbourne, not later than November 15th, 1909. NELLIE MELBA.
"Fairlie House, South Yarra,
September 22nd.

[Two shillings awaits the first "Nellie" who calls with a collecting card at this office.—ED. *L.*]

BOWLING.

OPENING OF PRESTON GREEN.

The opening of the Preston green on Saturday last was a very pleasant function. In response to the invitation of the committee there was a large attendance, quite one half those present being of the gentler sex. Though the clerk of the weather was in a capricious mood he was good enough to reserve his pranks till the evening and no more rain fell than served as a "christening" just after the opening of the green. Bunting fluttered gaily from all points of the pavilion, and the music of Di Gilio's band enhanced greatly the pleasure of the company. Subsequent to the opening ceremony the joy of the fair sex was completed by the serving of afternoon tea, and some, we believe, went so far as to pay tribute to Terpsichore in the shire hall adjoining, the band from the green being commandeered for the occasion.

Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., in calling upon Cr. Howe, the president of the shire, to open the green, said he had no idea they had such a splendid green in Preston, and the getting of it in such order so soon only went to show the enterprise and energy of the people. He would like to congratulate the bowling fraternity upon the splendid progress they had made. That day a game would be played in which there would be only 36 players but 10,000 spectators. What they wanted to see was more people indulging in sport themselves. (Applause). There was a disposition to be satisfied with looking on at others, but if they wanted to really enjoy sport they must engage in it themselves. (Hear, hear). Mr. Clauscen, president of the Victorian Bowling Association, had told him that bowlers to a man were in favour of the "Saving of Daylight Bill," as it would give them an extra hour for play in the evenings. It was once thought that bowls was only a game for "old buffers"—(Laughter)—but now they saw plenty of young people indulging in it. He had bought a pair of bowls himself four years ago, but was ashamed to say that he had never used them yet; but he was going to use them this year. (Hear, hear.) If he did not take to some such exercise, perhaps they would not know him in a year or two. (Laughter). He had now pleasure in introducing Cr. Howe, who had proved himself a keen supporter of all sport, and had taken an enthusiastic interest in the Bowling Club. (Cheers.)

Cr. Howe said he was pleased indeed to see such a large gathering, as they had very grave doubts indeed as to how Jupiter Pluvius was going to treat them. They must take it as a happy omen that the day had turned out so well. Mr. Membrey had said that bowls was an "elderly gentlemen's game"—(Laughter)—but that could hardly be when they saw so many youthful players of the game around them. He was pleased to see such great enthusiasm manifested in connection with the latest sport introduced into Preston. A bowling club was an institution worthy of support, as it not only brought men together and thus did good socially, but the exercise must be of benefit to their health as well. Much would certainly be done to make and cement ties of friendship. For these good reasons he hoped that the club would be given hearty and generous support, and that all who possibly could would come along and take part in the grand historical old game of bowls. (Applause). They would like to see ladies gracing the green, and thus raise it to an even higher pinnacle of success. (Applause.) They would have loved to have seen their president there that day—(Applause)—but he had no doubt been keeping a watchful eye on the greens of the old country and would have some information to give about them when he returned. During the president's absence his duties had been well looked after by their two esteemed vice presidents, Messrs Broadhurst and A. Walker—(Applause)—and when the Colonel returns and sees the fine condition of the green he will get a pleasant surprise. He now had pleasure in declaring the green open and trusted that those present would enjoy many a happy afternoon thereon. (Applause).

Three cheers were heartily given for Mrs. Braithwaite, wife of the president, as she stepped forward to throw down the first jack, a similar compliment being paid to Mrs. Howe as she bowled the first bowl.

There were visiting rinks from Northcote, Collingwood, and Thornbury, and all had a most enjoyable game, the green being in beautiful condition, and highly creditable to the curator.

The opening of the Northcote Bowling Club will take place at 3 p.m. to-day. Invitations have been issued by the president (R. B. Lawrence, Esq.) and a large attendance of citizens and visitors is expected. Band music, afternoon tea, and other pleasures will be provided, and the president requests that all members and intending members will be present.

Practice will take place on Preston bowling green this afternoon.

Lights and Shades of a Parson's Life.

At the South Preston Methodist schoolroom on Saturday evening last, to a good audience, the Rev. A. Rogers, F.R.G.S., gave his lecture entitled the "Lights and Shades of a Parson's Life." The lecture proved to be very interesting and humorous. The lecturer dealt in a genial manner with the many and varied experiences of himself and other ministers in Victoria and Tasmania, starting off by explaining the method of entering the Methodist Ministry and tracing the career of a candidate right from his student days. A Parson, especially in the country, is expected to be a good all-round man, and to have a good knowledge of all subjects as he is liable to be consulted on various matters not generally recognised as being in the province of a clergyman. The rev. gentleman explained how at different times he had been called on to give his opinion regarding a cow or a horse, build a church, make a will, and even to carry people on his back through a swamp. In conclusion the lecturer gave some thrilling accounts of successful rescue work especially of men who had given way to drink and had been turned into useful and respectable citizens by a little timely help and persuasion. The whole lecture was such a success that should Mr. Rogers at any future time return to Preston he will be sure of a cordial welcome. Prior to the lecture songs were given by Miss Hull, Miss Latham (Ivanhoe). Mr. J. McLean thanked Mr. Rogers for his splendid effort on behalf of the trust funds.

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NORTHCOTE SOUTH PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.

SECOND ANNUAL SOCIAL.

INSUFFICIENT HALL ACCOMMODATION.

The second annual social in connection with the above association took place in the Northcote town hall on Saturday night last and was an unprecedented success. It was very largely attended; in fact the committee were forced to stop the sale of tickets because of insufficient accommodation in the hall. A number of the friends and supporters of the association were thus prevented from joining in the festivities. Amongst those present were the mayor and mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. Hayes), Crs. Lees and Dennis, and Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A. The committee had catered well for the entertainment of patrons and all present spent an exceedingly enjoyable time—the only drawback being insufficient room. Dancing was the most popular form of amusement, but between many of the dances songs were interspersed by Mr. Parsons, Miss Blanche Rupper (Fitzroy), and others. Messrs Porter and McDonald acted as masters of ceremonies, and the refreshments were dispensed by the committee under the direction of the secretary (Mr. Nicholson). A flashlight photo was taken of the assemblage. A word of praise is due to the social secretary (Mr. G. L. Parsons) for the satisfactory manner in which he carried out his duties.

The president (Mr. Backhouse) entertained the principal guests in the adjoining room. The toast of "the King" having been honored Mr. Backhouse proposed "Success to the Town" and congratulated the mayor on attaining the position of chief magistrate, expressing the hope that he would have a prosperous term of office, and that the town would continue to progress. The mayor responded and congratulated the members of the association upon the great success of their gathering. Crs. Dennis and Lees also suitably acknowledged the toast.

Mr. Nicholson proposed "Parliament" and congratulated the constituency on having such an active member as Mr. Membrey, whom he urged to do all he could for quicker and better service on the lines to Preston and Heidelberg. Mr. Membrey, in responding, said a great amount of good had been done by the Progress Associations, and favoured their existence. The mayor (Cr. Hayes) proposed "The Northcote South Progress Association" and Mr. Backhouse responded. Mr. Membrey proposed "Kindred Associations" and Mr. Brothers responded. Cr. Dennis proposed "The President and Vice Presidents" and Mr. Backhouse and Mr. O'Shea responded. Mr. O'Shea urged the extension and making of Gotch street and regretted that the council had rejected the motion for the reception of correspondence direct from associations.

A most successful evening was concluded by the company joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

C.Y.L.S. SOCIAL.

The Northcote branch of the Catholic Young Ladies' Society held its annual plain and fancy dress ball in the town hall on Wednesday night. The fixture was well attended and passed off very successfully, all present thoroughly enjoying themselves. Amongst those present were the mayor and mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. Hayes), Cr. and Mrs. Plant, Cr. Tharratt, and Fathers Carol and Murphy. Excellent music was supplied by Di Gino's band, and refreshment's were served in the annexe. Prizes were offered for the best sustained characters, lady and gentleman, and the judge's award favored Miss Grogan (Maid of Erin") and Mr. Lancaster ("Old lady suffering from nightmare") The prizes were presented by the mayor in a few happy remarks. Below are some of the dresses worn by the ladies, viz.—

Fancy Dresses.—Miss K. Grogan, Maid of Erin; Miss Mary McDonough, Japanese; Miss M, Flynn, Morning Star; Miss Ruby Gunn, Squaw Girl; Miss Maggie McDonough, Puritan Girl; Miss Kate Murphy, Queen of Fairies; Miss N. Flynn, Spanish Dancer; Miss M. Gunn, Britannia; Miss Tannan, Queen of Spain; Miss C. Murphy, Duchess of Dantzic; Miss Phypers, Miss Hook of Holland; Miss S. Murphy, Japanese.

The mayoress (Mrs. Hayes), black and white glace silk, lace and velvet trimmings; Mrs. F. Plant, princess gown of reseda green satin, lace and silver trimmings; Miss Maggie Maroney, empire gown of cream silk, fringe and ornament trimmings; Miss M. Wallace, empire gown of pale blue silk, lace and insertion trimmings; Miss Mary Flynn, directoire gown of pale blue crepe, velvet trimmings; Mrs. W. Dynan, princess gown of silk voile, lace and velvet trimmings; Miss F. Tonkin, white embroidered muslin; Miss Addie Maroney, empire helitrope silk, floral applique and lace trimmings; Miss M. Morrissey, green glace silk; Miss Aggie Tonkin, empire gown of helitrope, lace trimmings; Miss F. Maroney, pale blue silk muslin, lace and ribbon trimmings; Miss Elsie Dynan, empire gown of pink crepe de chine, lace and pearl trimmings; Miss W. Murphy, pale blue silk stripe voile; Miss A. Whealen, pale pink silk, lace net trimmings; Miss A. Morrison, helitrope silk, insertion and net trimmings; Miss A. Birchall, creme stripe voile, lace trimmings; Miss Turner, white glace silk; Miss Nellie Mahoney, creme silk; Miss McGuire, pink silk, net trimmings; Miss Mahoney, creme silk, lace trimmings; Miss A. Wynne, white silk, lace and velvet trimmings; Miss McNamara, pale blue Sicilian; Miss Alway, white muslin, embroidery trimmings; Miss F. Steavens, pale blue muslin, lace and buttons; Miss Bourke, white muslin, val. lace trimmings; Miss R. Steavens, pink muslin, val. trimmings; Miss Smith, white silk; Miss Swift, pale blue crystalline, silk trimmings; Miss Morrison, helitrope silk, lace trimmings; Miss Carroll, diritoire gown of raspberry cloth, braid and velvet trimmings; Miss Hogan, gown of almond green silk; Miss Allan, creme silk, floral trimmings; Miss Pitt, pale blue glace silk, oriental trimmings.

EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.

The following are the results to October 6th, 1909:—

Pen	Name	Breed	Total for week	Total to Date
1	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	W.L.	30	430
2	Jones, W. W.	S.W.	25	544
3	Fisher, D.	B.O.	37	513
4	Soncum, F.	S.W.	26	329
5	Brown, G. E.	B.L.	37	355
6	Sunnyhurst	W.L.	30	513
7	Powell, A.	„	30	341
8	Mader, C. and Co.	„	21	385
9	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	B.O.	23	351
10	Fisher, D.	W.O.	24	471
11	Grass, E. H.	W.L.	30	342
12	Mitcheson, Mrs.	„	30	435
13	Grass, E. H.	L.	20	421
14	Rogers, P. T.	W.L.	21	303
15	Ashby, Miss R. J.	„	25	339
16	Robinson, Mark	B.O.	24	327
17	Spencer, C W.	W.L.	26	407
18	Featherstone, W.	„	34	420
19	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	„	35	427
20	Turnbull, Mrs. J. R.	„	30	523
21	Staples, A.	„	27	325
22	Dawborn, E.	„	33	405
23	Smith, Mrs. L.	„	25	388
24	Bartram, C.	„	33	383
25	Fisher, D.	„	31	423
26	Fletcher Bros.	„	33	388
	Total for week	...	740	
	Grand total to date ...			10,733

Northcote Recreation Club.

On Monday evening the above held their fortnightly meeting at the club room, Mr. J. Slattery presiding over an attendance of 37 members. The committee appointed to consider the question of purchasing a billiard table submitted their report, and after a lengthy discussion it was decided to lease the table for a short period before purchasing same. On Saturday, October 16th, the members of the club will be competing in the track races at the Moore benefit carnival in the Preston park, and they are all urged to roll up and make the sports, and the carnival generally, a success, as it is for a very deserving cause. The club will be holding a 10 mile road road on the Epping road on Saturday, Oct. 23rd. Twenty-two entries have been received for same. At the next meeting, Oct. 18th nominations of officers for next half-year will be taken.

The South Preston Methodist Cricket Club held a social evening in the schoolroom on Wednesday last. Items were given by the Misses L. Pike, V. and D. Smith, and Messrs Meyers and Baker, which were well received.

THE CROXFORD MILLIONS

A STORY OF A GREAT ROBBERY.

By E. CAMERON MORRISON.

Author of "The Strange Case of Mr. Fenwick," "An Image in Wax," etc.

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CHAPTER XI.

For some little time the two men sat facing each other in silence; then all at once Redgrave seemed to remember an important point in the affair, a point which he could not understand forgetting at such a moment. Like a flash the thought of a partly written note left behind by his uncle leapt into his mind, and all trembling with excitement, he ventured to broach the subject.

"After you had gone, uncle, what do you think we found?" he asked in as steady a voice as he could command.

The other started slightly at the question, but answered with well feigned composure.

"I have no idea. In my hurry to get away I may have left half a dozen things knocking about behind me."

Redgrave was becoming more mystified than ever. The whole case was beyond him. He could neither comprehend nor grasp it. Surely, he argued to himself, if his uncle wrote the note which was found on the table—and it was without doubt in his handwriting—he would have some remembrance of having done so. Yet here was this man prevaricating in every possible way; evading the point at issue, so to speak, and trying to relegate every thing connected with his disappearance and return to the past, not to be spoken of or referred to in any way. But Redgrave, in view of what he knew ought to have occurred when his uncle had disappeared, was determined to probe the mystery as far through as possible, and therefore he returned to the attack with increased vigor.

"Uncle, would you be surprised to hear," he said, looking his vis-a-vis straight in the eyes, "that after you had gone we found a partly written letter lying in that corner there; it was in your handwriting, and led us to understand that you had gone away against your will."

The millionaire winced at the question. On that score Redgrave was positive.

A partly written letter!" he ejaculated in surprise, and then seeming to remember that he had a part to play, checked his feelings, and continued in a quieter voice.

"Why, yes, to be sure! I left a letter afterwards on the desk, and I suppose it must have fallen on the floor, and by some means got into the corner where you say you discovered it."

"It is, then, quite true that you went away against your will, uncle? You told me just now that it was an important telegram from town which caused you to leave so suddenly."

Redgrave was growing bolder, and in a sense hearding the lion in his own den. Even at the time he wondered at his own temerity, but felt that there was some great problem which must be solved before he could tell whether his interests were to be advanced or altogether ruined.

"Look here, Joyce Redgrave," said the millionaire in a voice so fierce and different from what his nephew had been accustomed to hear, "I don't see that it concerns you what happened to me last night. That is my business, and if you refer to it again either in my presence or elsewhere, and I hear of it, I'll disown you once and for all."

At this unexpected pronouncement, the other was silenced. It was a move he had not anticipated, and for the present at all events he concluded that his own interests could best be served by silence.

"I humbly beg your pardon, uncle," he said with much respectfulness in his tone and manner. "And from this moment henceforth what has happened shall be a sealed book—that is, as far as I'm concerned."

"Your hand on it, Joyce," exclaimed Croxford; and the two shook hands with apparent warmth.

"And now to the discussion of other matters, my boy," said the elder man, rising from his seat and going over to the writing desk, from which he took a pencil and a sheet of paper. "In the first place, I suppose it will be no new intelligence to you when I tell you that in less than a month from this date I marry Miss Devereux?"

"I am already aware of your intentions in that direction, uncle," replied Redgrave, without betraying his feeling. "And I can only say that I wish you every joy and happiness."

"Thank you. And whilst on this subject, I wish to say what I have all along been wishing to tell you, and that is, in regard to your future I mean, your pecuniary future."

"Yes, uncle; I am sure it's very good of you to think about me," replied the nephew, wondering what proposal he was about to hear.

"Not at all, my boy. I had always intended that you should be my heir, provided I did not marry; but as this step is in contemplation, and will, of course, alter matters, I have come to the conclusion that to deal fairly and justly with you, it is incumbent upon me to at once settle upon you an income for life. I propose to allow you fifteen thousand pounds a year as long as you live, and half that amount to your widow and family in the event of your marrying and dying first."

To say that Redgrave was astonished at this revelation is but to mild ly express his feelings on the subject. He could divine nothing—the whole thing was a complete mystery to him; and if he dared would have tried to fathom what it all meant, but after his promise it was impossible to ask any more questions, so he did nothing further than profusely thank his uncle for his liberal kindness.

CHAPTER XII.

When Joyce Redgrave, an hour later that same night, left Deepdean, and returned to his own residence at Hallsbrook, it was with a mind full of surging and conflicting thoughts. Just at the moment when he considered Croxford was safe enough elsewhere, he suddenly returns, and at one stroke destroys all his plans. It was true that his uncle had promised to give him henceforth a splendid income for life, but the sum mentioned was, in comparison with his relative's millions, a mere flea-bite—a drop in the ocean of his vast wealth. Had the scheme of which he was cognisant turned out successful, he would himself become a millionaire, but for the present he was doomed to disappointment in that particular respect.

Upon reaching home, he, in spite of the solemn assurance he had given his uncle never to again revert to his disappearance, sat down and indited the following letter to Willington, the Scotland Yard detective:—

Dear Sir,—I have surprising news for you. My uncle suddenly returned to Deepdean this afternoon, and gave as his reason for going away some cock-and-bull story about an important telegram from London. I don't believe this, however, and am sure there is more in the case than either of us think. Still, as he has returned, there will be no further need for you to proceed with your search for him, and I should therefore feel much obliged if you would be good enough to send me back the partly written letter and the number and value of the bank-notes.—Yours truly,

JOYCE REDGRAVE.

Whilst his nephew was betraying his trust, Croxford, whose voice all the servants declared was so different from what it used to be before he went away so mysteriously, was spending time pleasantly enough in the company of Miss Devereux.

"And, my darling, it's all arranged that our wedding takes place next Wednesday three weeks," he was saying preparatory to separating for the night.

"Yes, dearest Mostyn," she replied, coyly, hiding her face on his shoulder; and then they parted.

The following morning Miss Devereux, to her unspeakable astonishment and alarm, received the following anonymous letter bearing the London post mark:—

"If you value your future peace of mind and happiness, for God's sake have nothing to do with the man who turned up at Deepdean to-day representing himself to be Mr. Mostyn Croxford. He is an impostor; of that I am certain, but at present I, unfortunately, cannot satisfactorily prove it.

"A FRIEND."

CHAPTER XIII.

Perplexed beyond measure at the receipt of this mysterious communication, and with no idea as to the author of it, Miss Devereux was quite unable to decide which course she ought to take in the matter. If the man who had turned up at the Hall was not Croxford, her lover, who, then, was he? But, she argued, the whole thing was perfectly ridiculous. She had ocular evidence before her that it was Mostyn, although she was prone to admit that his voice was somewhat different. Yet this was a mere detail, and lots of things would account for that. Indeed, Croxford had complained to her of a severe cold, and it was undoubtedly this fact which made his tones so thick and hoarse. As regards every other respect, the man who had returned was her lover, at least she could come to no other conclusion. Still this anonymous letter—so earnest, so forcible in its language—what did it portend, and whom was it from? These were questions which kept on repeating themselves all the morning, until at last, driven by sheer desperation, she decided to telegraph for Stanwell to come that afternoon. It was possible that he might be able to help her in this matter. At all events, it would be a satisfaction to her to have an interview with him.

When telegraphing, she asked the detective to meet her at the railway station, as, of course, it would never have done for him to come up to the Hall. Telling Croxford that she was going out to attend to some little business of her own, and that he might expect her back to tea, Miss Devereux was about to proceed to her room to dress, when the millionaire seized her by the hand and drew her towards him.

"Surely," he said, in a coaxing voice, "your business is not so very important that I cannot accompany you?"

"It is not at all important," she replied, feeling that under the exceptional circumstances a disregard for the real truth was permissible; "but it is sacred to the toilet of a vanity-struck female. So I trust you will let me have my own way this time, Mostyn."

The millionaire laughed and, thrown off his guard, let her go her own way.

She arrived at the station just as the London train came in, and had no difficulty in obtaining an uninterrupted conversation with Stanwell in one of the waiting rooms.

"This morning," she began, after the customary greetings were over, "I received this letter. Read it for yourself, and then tell me what you think about the matter."

The detective took the proffered paper, glanced hastily at its contents, and then handing it back without having had sufficient time to read it properly, said in a low voice:

"I sent that letter, Miss Devereux. I may as well confess to it first as last. In fact, after I had posted it, I wondered why I did not write openly to you. I——"

"And you really have reasons for believing that I am being imposed upon?" she exclaimed, interrupting him, and suddenly becoming very pale.

"Yes, unfortunately for you, I am convinced in my own mind that the man who turned up last night at Deepdean Hall and represented himself as the owner, is no more Mr. Croxford than I am."

The detective spoke energetically, and the girl saw that he meant what he said.

"You alarm and distress me," she cried, feeling that there must be something wrong.

"I am very sorry to be the cause of such unpleasantness; but is it not better that you should be warned before it is too late? Suppose after you had married this man you discovered that he was not what he represented himself, how terrible that would be for you," and Stanwell looked sympathisingly at the young girl, who certainly was very pretty in her neat tailor-made costume, and plainly-trimmed hat, set so becomingly on her finely-poised head, with its wealth of rich black hair.

"Mr. Stanwell, you terrify me," she exclaimed, growing more and more agitated.

"Calm yourself, Miss Devereux, and then try to answer me a few questions, for the putting of which I hope you will in no wise feel offended. I know they are very delicate, personal sort of questions, but it is most important that I should have correct answers in each case. First of all," continued the detective, averting his gaze, and pretending to examine a time-table over the fireplace; "Does the real Mr. Croxford wear a wig?"

"No, certainly not!" replied Miss Devereux with warmth and feeling, quite indignant at such a question.

"Does he wear a false moustache, or false teeth, and enamel his complexion?" he went on, taking no notice of his companion's indignation.

"Mr. Stanwell, what do you mean?" and she stamped angrily with her foot. "I consider such questions most insulting."

"But, my dear young lady, they are in this case most necessary. You have sent for me, because you felt yourself to be in a quandary, yet when I attempt to assist you, you get angry with me," remonstrated the detective, good-naturedly.

"Forgive me, Mr. Stanwell, but such questions as you have just put seem to be so unwarrantable that I could not help feeling angry. However, if they are necessary, it makes all the difference."

"They are indispensable, because I have made the discovery that the man who turned up yesterday as Mr. Croxford wears a wig, false teeth, false moustache, and enamels his complexion."

Miss Devereux staggered back in utter amazement as she heard this statement. It was so unexpected, so startling, that for a few moments the import of it rendered her perfectly speechless.

"Then he is not Mostyn at all?" she gasped at last, "and I have been cruelly deceived."

"I am afraid that is so; but if you remember, I said in my letter that I could not satisfactorily prove that this man was an impostor. When I wrote it, what I said on that point was quite true, but now since I have seen you, I have changed my opinion, and have not a shadow of doubt but that the man who came last night is not Mr. Croxford."

"Who is he, then? He has impersonated Mostyn so cleverly that even I have been received." And Miss Devereux, in her distress, felt for her pocket handkerchief.

"Yes; he appears to have not only deceived you, but the whole of the members of the establishment at Deepdean."

"Whatever shall I do now? I do not, of course, care to go back to the Hall after this discovery; but then I must—mamma is still there."

Stanwell smiled at this remark. "Why you are reversing things, Miss Devereux," he said; it is not you who should leave the Hall, but the impostor."

"But how is he to be made to leave?" she asked despairingly, and then suddenly brightening up, "it seems almost impossible for me to believe that he is any other than Mostyn. What proof have I that he is an impostor? Can you give me something more tangible than what you have already mentioned?"

"Yes, certainly—that is, if you will leave the matter entirely in my hands, and fall in with my instructions," replied the detective.

"What do you propose, then?" she inquired.

"To return to the Hall with you, beard the impostor in his den, and by practical demonstration, prove to you beyond a doubt that we have all been deceived in this matter." And as he spoke, Stanwell looked at his watch.

"What you suggest is very daring and even risky, is it not?" she ventured.

"Not at all. Just leave it to me, and do as I wish, when I am confident that I shall have no difficulty in turning the tables on this impostor."

"As it is better to know the truth at once, I will do whatever you think best," Miss Devereux replied; and together they started for Deepdean Hall.

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Devereux having gone out, the millionaire took himself off to his private room, and, providing himself with some tools, proceeded to wrench open several of the drawers in the writing table. He evidently had no keys, or, if he had, he preferred to resort to the other method of getting at the contents of the drawers.

Finding but little to interest him in such of the drawers as he had opened in this forcible manner, he next turned his attention to the safe, and, strange as it may seem, was again obliged for want of a key, to use violence in order to gain access to the iron receptacle. A set of tools such as would be found among the stock in trade of a professional housebreaker were produced, and after a couple of hours' patient work, the door flew open. Inside there were various bundles of red tape tied papers. Without troubling to examine them, he took out bundle after bundle and dropped them into an open portmanteau, which he had brought into the room for that purpose. Having cleared the safe of the whole of its contents, he shut the door again, placed a heavy chair with its back against it, so as to keep it from swinging open, and, taking the portmanteau in one hand, left the room.

Proceeding to his own sleeping apartment, he carefully locked and strapped the portmanteau, afterwards placing it inside a large oak chest.

"Now I am ready for whatever may happen," he muttered to himself in a satisfied sort of way. "But I don't fancy there's very much chance of detection."

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Miss Devereux and the detective were on their way to the Hall, which they reached just as the millionaire completed the extraordinary arrangements mentioned above.

It was quite dark when Deepdean was reached. Inside the entrance hall a bright light was visible, and just as Miss Devereux and her companion were about to open the glass door they saw the millionaire come down the stairs and walk into the dining room.

Together they entered, the detective leading the way.

"Now, Miss Devereux," he said, as they approached the apartment which Croxford had just entered, "be calm, and remember your part."

"Yes, I know exactly what is required of me," she replied in a whisper. "But I am very nervous and upset over it all."

By this time Stanwell had his hand on the knob of the dining room door, and was just about to turn it when all at once there was a loud clanging of a bell, followed the next moment by the opening of the front door, and the entry of Mr. Joyce Redgrave.

As he came into the full glare of the light in the hall, the detective glanced quickly round; then with a whispered "Be calm, and follow what we have arranged" to Miss Devereux, he opened the dining room door and walked straight in.

Croxford was sitting near the fire with a book in his hand, intently turning over the pages, but upon the entry of the detective and Miss Devereux, he looked up, and seeing who his visitors were, rose from his chair to meet them.

"Ah, Mr. Stanwell," he exclaimed, with well-simulated cordiality, "to what fortunate circumstance do I owe the pleasure of your presence here?"

"I am afraid, sir, that my sudden and unexpected visit is not likely to cause you pleasure," interrupted the detective sternly, while Miss Devereux stood trembling behind him.

The other gave an involuntary start, and looked eagerly in the direction of the door, where to his great surprise and increased alarm he saw Redgrave, who stood there the living embodiment of amazement.

"I—I—really am at a loss to understand what all this means," the millionaire gasped, looking from one to the other in blank dismay.

"I think I can enlighten you on that score," exclaimed Stanwell, advancing a couple of paces nearer, "for I am here to denounce you as an impostor. You are not Mostyn Croxford!" And at the last sentence the detective, making a rapid stride forward, adroitly removed the wig from the other's head, and at the same time pulled off the false moustache.

"Good God!" shouted Redgrave from the doorway, "it is Hermann Doughton."

The next instant he had rushed into the room, and was about to close with the impostor, when the latter, divining his intention, drew a revolver, and aimed a fierce blow at him with the butt end, which felled him to the ground. With a muttered curse he rushed at Stanwell, who, unprepared for the sudden onslaught, was completely taken off his guard, and fell like Redgrave, stunned and bruised, a terrific blow from the revolver catching him square between the eyes.

Despite her assurances to the contrary, Doris had completely broken down, the realisation of how cruelly she had been deceived and imposed upon proving too much for her already overwrought nerves.

As she saw Redgrave fall senseless to the floor, she swooned away, falling near the doorway. Before the detective could render her any assistance, he himself was knocked down, thus leaving Doughton the master of the situation.

Although these incidents have occupied some time in their narration, but a few moments sufficed for their occurrence, everything having happened without attracting the attention of the other occupants of the house.

CHAPTER XV.

Picking up his wig, which the detective had thrown across the room, Doughton readjusted the same, afterwards replacing the false moustache. This done to his satisfaction, he noiselessly closed the wide open door, and then drawing a small bottle from one of his pockets, uncorked it, and placed it on the table. For a moment he stood irresolute. Then an idea occurred to him, and he lost no time in putting it into execution.

Kneeling down beside the still unconscious form of Redgrave, he poured a little of the contents of the bottle on the cont-sleeve of the young man, and placed the arm in such a position under his chin, that every breath he drew inhaled the fumes of the anaesthetic.

The detective and Miss Devereux he treated in a similar manner, all being left in a state of deep insensibility. With a last look at the three prostrate forms, he coolly removed the key from the door, and then turning out the gas left the room, carefully locking the door behind him.

Outside in the hall he listened intently for a few minutes, but everything was as usual.

"The game's up," he muttered under his breath. "But I've got the papers, and if I can't use them, then someone will have to pay me a big price for them. I played my cards well, and but for that devil Stanwell, I should have in the end turned up the ace of trumps."

Muttering thus to himself, he touched the bell which stood on a small table in the hall. Burrell responded with alacrity.

"I want the carriage round at once. An important telegram has just this moment arrived, and I must hurry up to town by the next train."

To the valet Doughton was still his millionaire master. His outward appearance had in no way altered since Burrell last saw him.

"Very good, sir," replied the latter, hastening away to give the necessary instructions to those at the stable.

Whilst the carriage was being got ready, Doughton proceeded leisurely upstairs to the room which he had appropriated to his own use, and took out the portmanteau, which he had concealed in the large oaken chest. Then, sitting down, he waited until he heard the rattle of the wheels at the front door, when he came down, took his seat inside, and was driven off post haste to the railway station. He arrived not a moment too soon, for the train was already in, and the officials were preparing for its departure.

Rushing to the booking office he threw down a five pound note with a hurried order for a first class ticket to London.

"Never mind the change" the best portion of the note he shouted to the astonished clerk, and leaving that individual to speculate on the lavish generosity of the millionaire, who still wore his disguise, Doughton picked up the ticket, and jumped into a compartment just as the train was moving off.

In the midst of all this wild hurry he had not forgotten his portmanteau, containing the stolen papers, neither did he intend to. To secure possession of them he had risked much, even going so far as to play the part of traitor to his best friend, for Joyce Redgrave had been his bosom companion, and when the compact concerning the removal of Mr. Mostyn Croxford was arranged, he had given a solemn pledge to carry it out, upon conditions which were eminently in his favor from a pecuniary point of view, but as a result of the part he occupied in the plot, he held one of the trump cards, which, despite everything, he determined to play.

Up to a certain point he had been successful, and then discovery ensued. Yet although Miss Devereux was lost to him, he had at all events made sure of the possession of that which would place him in a position to dictate terms to his co-plotters later on. The very documents which he had succeeded in obtaining were those most anxiously sought for by Redgrave, but he had been outwitted by the man he trusted most of all.

Alone in the first class compartment, Doughton began to experience a strange excitement, a feeling that comes over one when a perilous mission or undertaking has been safely accomplished. During the working-out of the task he had set himself, there was no time for reflection or the obtruding of thoughts prospectively connected with the work in hand, but now that he had passed through the ordeal with such a share of success, he became nervous and excited.

The papers which he had safely transferred from Croxton's strong place of security to the portmanteau now lying on the opposite seat before him, were, he knew beyond doubt, the keys, as it were, to his immense fortune. As a matter of fact, they were representative of the Croxford millions, many of them as easily negotiable as Bank of England notes, whilst others again required to pass through various processes of law before their value could be realised. Stock and share certificates, leases, life policies, conveyances, title deeds, and a multitude of other documents of a like nature were included in the haul which Doughton had secured.

As the express rattled along the iron way, rushing through the darkness of the night at a speed which rocked the carriages like a vessel in the midst of a stormy sea, Doughton rose from his seat, and, steadying himself, pulled down the blinds on either side of the compartment. Already the nervous fear of the wrong-doer had seized upon him, and even when there was the least need of caution, constrained him to exercise it.

Trembling with an excitement he could not control, he proceeded, his hands shaking the while, to open the portmanteau, and stood looking at its contents.

"To-night," he muttered hoarsely, "I am even richer than Croxford himself. Poor devil! I wonder how Paxton got on with him."

Then noticing that the train was slowing down, he hurriedly closed, strapped, and locked the portmanteau, which he thrust under the seat, and then sat down with a paper before him.

Presently the train pulled up at a fairly bustling station, and Doughton, fearing that someone might intrude upon his privacy, took a carriage key from his pocket, and leaning out of the window, quietly locked the door, after which he again drew the blinds. The next stop, about fifteen or sixteen miles distant, would be his destination, and, as he had something important to accomplish before then, he naturally was anxious to be alone. For some reason or other the express was detained longer than usual at this station, and Doughton became almost frantic with apprehension lest someone wishing to enter his carriage should get the guard to open the door.

At last, after what seemed an interminable wait, the welcome whistle sounded, and the train steamed out of the station. Doughton manifested his relief by a series of deep-drawn sighs. Waiting until the express was travelling at its highest rate of speed, he began to remove his wig moustache, and other falsities, which had combined to make him the living impersonation of Mostyn Croxford. The false teeth cleverly fitted over an irregular setting of disfiguring stumps, which he threw on the floor and ground to pieces with his heel; then lifting up the carpet, he shook it out of the window, scattering the shattered teeth in the wake of the fast-moving train. The wig and moustache he tied up in the pocket handkerchief, with which he had removed the "color" from his cheeks, and setting fire to the lot, held the bundle until it was nearly consumed, the remaining portion being thrown out of the window. He next proceeded to reverse his clothes, which evidently had been made specially to meet the requirements of such an emergency. His trousers, instead of being of the conventional pepper-and-salt pattern, in which he left Deepdean Hall, were now, as if by magic, transformed into a dark navy blue, whilst the coat and waistcoat became in direct contrast to their previous color, a light tweed. Removing his bowler hat, he exchanged it for a cheese-cutter, this last detail completing the transformation. To the casual observer he would have passed for a steamship steward; and it was this character he intended to assume. It is true that as Hermann Doughton his most intimate friends might have recognised him, although the absence of the ginger colored moustache which had been shaved off to make room for the other, would puzzle many. In this disguise he reached London, and hurrying out of the station, got into a hansom, the driver being instructed to put him down at No. 22 Corinthian terrace, Bayswater.

CHAPTER XVI.

Upon the return of the coachman who had driven Doughton to the station, he found Deepdean Hall in a state of wild excitement. Shortly after the impostor had left, Mrs. Devereux, who had been enjoying her usual afternoon rest in her own room, rang the bell, and, upon one of the maids replying, asked that her daughter might be sent up to her.

A few minutes later the girl returned with the alarming message that Miss Devereux could not be found, although every part of the house, with the exception of the dining room, the door of which was locked, had been searched.

Filled with a vague sort of fear, Mrs. Devereux raised the alarm, and demanded that admittance should be gained to the dining room without delay.

Burrell lost no time in making his way to one of the windows, which were of the French pattern, and looked out upon the well kept grounds of the Hall. The blinds were drawn, and the only light which the valet could distinguish within the apartment was that which came from the fire.

The window was bolted from the inside, but by the united strength of himself and the gardener, they succeeded in bursting the fastening asunder. Burrell was the first to enter, and in the more than semi-darkness stumbled over the prostrate form of Redgrave, who lay as Doughton had left him.

With an exclamation of horror, the valet called for a light, which was speedily forthcoming.

By this time the whole of the servants had assembled round the open window, and when the gas was lighted, a cry of terror went up from them. There on the heavily-carpeted floor lay the insensible forms of Miss Devereux, Stanwell, and Redgrave.

Burrell was the first to recover himself.

"Good God!" he said, in an awe struck whisper, "Miss Devereux is dead! Quick, some of you—a doctor and the police!"

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S LITTLE TRAGEDY.

"Daughter," said Sir William Merino, an anxious tone coming into his voice, as he led his only child to a seat, "tell me, was not young Seekem here last night?"

"He was, father. Why do you ask?"

"Words passed between you?"

"Yes, father. A mere trifle; hardly a quarrel. Why do you ask? Has anything happened?"

"Am I to understand, daughter, that he breached the question of marriage?"

The expression of alarm on the girl's face deepened. "Yes, he proposed," she answered, quickly. "Oh, father, has anything happened? For mercy's sake, don't keep me in suspense! If he has——"

"What reply made you, daughter, to this proposal? Did you accept?"

"No, father, I did not. I did not feel that I could, in justice to him. But why torture me thus? Has his body been——"

The parent's face hardened. "Tell me," he persisted. "Did you give him any encouragement?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know!" murmured the girl, distressed. "Has he drowned himself——?"

"You refused him, absolutely and positively?"

The girl shuddered. "Heaven help me," she said; "I did! He threatened to end it all, but I didn't believe he would. And so this is the result! Oh! isn't it awful?"

"It is," assented the father. "I suspected that you had finally dismissed him when the news of what he had done came to me to-day."

"Father," murmured the unhappy girl, "shall I be held to account for this awful thing?"

"I think not. You weren't obliged to marry him just because he asked you."

"But tell me, father, what has happened. Tell me! I have strength to bear it."

"He has gone to work," said the old man, as he turned away.

THE KING'S NEEDLE.

King Edward possesses a very remarkable needle, which belonged to her late Majesty Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated factory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan at Rome in miniature. This well-known column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalise Trajan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief. Altogether it is a most wonderful production of English craft.

GIRLS AND SCHOOL LIFE.

The health of girls in relation to school-life was discussed by a senior lady physician at the Royal Free Hospital, London, at the recent Health Congress at Leeds.

"There was a tendency," she said, "shown in girls to a disproportionate development of the affections and the formation of absorbing friendships, which was often the cause of serious difficulties to parents and guardians. It was time that the conspiracy of silence amongst school teachers and parents was ended, and that boys and girls were taught to realise their responsibilities. More rest and few home lessons were needed for young girls, and their poetic aspirations needed tempering with practical commonsense and knowledge."

NAMING THE TWINS.

Lady Balfour of Burleigh recently told an amusing story of the naming of twins. "A friend of mine," she said, "had the good fortune—or misfortune—to have three sets of twins, and as each pair came the parents puzzled their brains to discover suitable names for them. The first pair, being girls, were called Kate and Du plicate; the second, a brace of boys, were named Peter and Repeater; and the third, also boys, Max and Climax. But the question then arose, what if there should be a fourth, and even a fifth pair? A young lady solved the difficulty respecting the fourth by suggesting Ann and Another; while in the case of the fifth a well-known authoress came to the rescue by suggesting Hugh and Cry."

Miss Golding: Here's your ring. I have decided that I can never be your wife, so the engagement is off and I shall expect you to return everything you may have in your possession that belongs to me.

Mr. Hamlin: All I have is a lock of your hair and a photo. I don't suppose you care anything for the photo, but the lock of hair you will no doubt want to preserve as a souvenir.

Miss Golding: As a souvenir of what?

Mr. Hamlin: Of the time when you were a brunette.

DAIRYING.

HARD MILKERS AND CLOSED TEATS.

Hard milking is due to an abnormal contraction of the sphincter muscles at the teat and oftentimes reduces the value of what might have otherwise been a valuable cow, as no one wishes to purchase or own what is termed a hard milker. But if stock owners knew how easily this trouble could be overcome they would never think of disposing of a hard milker at a sacrifice, as is now being done by many.

The mere fact that a cow is a hard milker does not indicate that she is not a good milker, but owing to the fact that she is a hard milker she is oftentimes neglected at milking time by a disgusted milker, who leaves a large quantity of the milk in her udder that should have been drawn out.

Stockmen who know how to handle such cases oftentimes buy valuable cows owing to the fact that they are hard milkers, and by use of a teat plug and a few treatments for hard milking, cause them to become splendid easy milkers, thereby increasing their value many more times than the cost of the treatment. A milking tube should never be used in such cases, as there is too much danger of infection, and the results are not as good as from the use of the teat plug.

The proper method of overcoming hard milking is to wash the teats off with an antiseptic solution, dip a teat plug into healing ointment, and insert same into the points of the teat, permitting teat plugs to remain in the teats from one milking to another. A few treatments of this kind will overcome hard milking in any cow without danger of infecting the teats or udder, but even this treatment should be handled with cleanliness.

A very common trouble in the ordinary dairy is to find an animal with the point of the teat closed, either due to a bruise of the teat itself or to infection of the milk duct, which causes a little scab to form over the point of the teat, and unless this is properly handled with care and cleanliness the infection is apt to cause a loss of the entire quarter.

Teat plugs should be used exactly as outlined above, for the treatment of hard milkers. In this manner closure of the point of the teats can be overcome in a very simple and satisfactory way. Never use a milking tube if it can be possibly avoided, as there is much danger of infecting the entire quarter by the use of the tube.

FEMINIST MOVEMENT IN TURKEY.

Greek, Bulgarian and Armenian children and the women of the Balkans are to-day under the tutelage of brainy American women who are graduates of the best American colleges for women.

When the recent change came over Turkey, the only woman who was appointed on the Committee of Public Safety was a graduate of the American school at Scutari, and the members of the Young Turks' Party will speak with pride of the excellent work of Madame Salih Bey. Another graduate, who married Assum Bey in Salonika, was received in the public meetings, and made a most excellent address on political questions under consideration. At present she is assisting her husband in publishing a newspaper in the interests of the new regime. Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the noted suffragette, was correct in her recent prediction that the Turkish women would have the franchise before her American sister.

The school at Scutari is to be exempted from taxation by the Sultan. The president is Dr. Mary Mills Patrick; Miss Isobel Frances Dodd is the professor of literature and art.

When Turkey finally stands abreast with the civilised nations of the world America will have the satisfaction of knowing that a great part of this transaction had its birth and nurture in the American college for girls on the hills of Scutari.

Outdoor exercise is compulsory, tennis being the favorite game. Several of the girls own horses, and are excellent horsewomen. The institution is run on much the same plan as colleges of the order of Bryn Mawr, and the girls of the Levant are using the same text books.

AMERICA'S "GOLDEN CALF."

Miss May Garden, the great prima donna, has been giving the self-satisfied New Yorkers a bit of her mind on manners and morals, especially so far as their marriage customs are concerned. "Life is death in New York without money," she says. "Of course, you all love it—your men that get it and your women that spend it. Your type man is a golden calf, and your type woman worships him not at all, but 'skins' him! And in just five hundred years, or maybe a thousand, you both will stop and learn how to enjoy life.

"They call this a free country—there is less individual liberty here than in any place in civilised Europe. New York is a city of prisoners, because it is a city of carpers. For no one who respects himself will be willing to do anything, no matter how innocent his motives, which will be condemned in the court of public opinion, even though the opinion is utterly stupid and prejudiced.

"Why, I believe that the reason you have so many unhappy marriages, with the inevitable divorces, is that your girls realise that they can only know life after they are married, and rush into marriage too young. Outwardly more restrained, the girl of Paris has infinitely greater opportunities for getting at the realities of living than the American girl. And American husbands—oh, they're the same as any husbands the world over—they care a great deal for their wives or—a great deal for someone else!"

ROOSEVELT'S DOUBLE.

There is one man in the United States who gave thanks when ex-President Roosevelt sailed for Africa. That man is John H. Storer, one of the most prominent business men of New York and Boston, and a director in some forty four companies. His relief is due solely to his physical resemblance to the ex-President.

For seven years Mr. Storer has been unwillingly playing the part of Mr. Roosevelt's double. He has had to devote much valuable time to convincing people that he was not the man whom he so closely resembles and whose friend he is. Now that everybody knows the ex-President is no longer in the States, Mr. Storer expects that the demands on his time in explaining who he is not will be greatly decreased. Mr. Storer has been embarrassed frequently by hearing cheers for Roosevelt raised on his appearance in public places and by the attentions of enthusiastic handshakers.

The likeness between the two men has been expensive to the financier, his time in dollars and cents being considerably more valuable than that of Mr. Roosevelt. Strangely enough, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Storer were at Harvard together, where they became close friends. Their sons likewise were classmates at school, where Storer, jun., defeated Roosevelt, jun., for the championship of the school in boxing.

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

GRAVE AND GAY.

"I suppose Newrich is making quite a splash with his money?"

"He did the day he backed his motor car off the ferry-boat."

"What did your father say when you asked him for me?"

"He didn't say anything. He fell on my neck and wept."

Easyman: Lend you my motor? What's the matter with yours?

Speedily: Oh, I don't understand running a car well enough yet to use my own.

Mary Anne: Please, sir, there's someone to see you up at the house.

De Jones: Is it a gentleman?

Mary Anne: Well, I don't exactly know, sir—much about the same as yourself.

"I understand that he is well informed?"

"Yes, indeed. He has three sisters who belong to the sewing circles of different churches."

"Clothes don't make the man," quoted a sage.

"They made me!" said a rethed tailor.

"And where should I be if it wasn't for suits?" chimed in a lawyer's clerk.

Little Boy: Mummy, dear, why can't I stay up till it gets late?

Mother: That wouldn't do at all, dear. You'd wake up cross in the morning.

Little Boy (thoughtfully): Does daddy go to bed very late, mummy?

Confidential Clerk: Your wife is in the outer office, sir, and would like to speak with you a moment.

Employer: Yes. Ah—er Jenkins, just see what my balance is at the bank, will you?

"Young man," began the aged gentleman, "I am seventy years old, and don't remember having told a lie."

"That's too bad," the young man replied. "Can't you have something done to your memory?"

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a homely friend.

"Well, you see," he replied, "after I'd vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to arrange matters."

Mistress (angrily): How dare you talk back to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady's maid.

New Maid: I don't call myself that now, ma'am; but I was a lady's maid before I got this job.

"Don't be afraid. Come in—my wife's out. Have a little something? Here's a nice quality of old——"

"Good heavens, man, you've got the wrong bottle. Look at that label. Don't you see it's marked 'poison'?"

"Oh, that's all right. That saves it from the cook. My own invention, you know. Clever, isn't it? Never failed but once."

"How was that?"

"Cook couldn't read."

There are at least two ways of looking at most natures. Some negroes were discussing the death of a small darky. The cause of the catastrophe was clear enough to one of the men.

"De po' chile died fum eatin' too much watahmillion," he exclaimed.

One of the others looked his doubts.

"Huh!" he grunted, scornfully, "dar ain't no such thing as too much watahmillion."

"Well, den," remarked the first, "dar wasn't enough boy."

A Question of Scenery.

He was making his arrangements to spend the summer at a farm house.

"What have you in the way of scenery?" he asked.

"There's nothin' in the way but a couple o' mountains," replied the farmer. "If it wasn't for them you could see scenery clear to the county seat."

Too Cautious.

"Can you change a five pound note?" asked a man of a Hebrew clothier.

"No, I can't shange no note!" was the brusque reply.

"I'm very sorry," responded the man as he retired—"sorry because I wanted to buy one of those three-guinea overcoats."

"Jacob, mein son, come here," said the clothier when the stranger had taken his departure. "Your ole fader is no good any more. You dake sharge. I go lay me town to die!"

Not Complimentary.

A stock dealer, buying horses out Never Never way, had been directed to the farm of old Bill S——. Wishing to learn something of old Bill's business methods before entering into negotiations, he made some inquiries at a nearby farm.

"What sort of business man is Bill S——?" he asked.

"Well," replied the farmer, "I don't think old Bill would go straight to Hades for a shilling; but he'd keep fishing around the edges for it until he fell in."

Election Electrics.

"I have called," said the candidate to the man with the fire-engine face, "to find out if I may safely count upon your vote at the coming election?"

"'Arf a mo', gav'nor!" growled the man with the fire-engine face. "I want to arst you some'ink. Are you in favor of this 'ere electric lightin' scheme?"

"I am, sir," proudly proclaimed the candidate; "in fact, I think I may say that I was one of the prime agitators for this important improvement."

The man with the fire engine face rolled up his sleeves and closed his fists.

"Then get orf my doorstep," he cried. "Get orf while you're all in one piece. I'm the lamplighter."

Nearly Sold Out.

A countryman was enjoying his first visit to London. He strolled about the streets, and gazed with wonder and admiration at the shop windows.

Soon he came to a lawyer's office, where, of course, there was nothing for sale. This surprised him, so he opened the door and walked in. In the room sat two clerks, hard at work writing.

"What do you sell here?" asked the countryman.

One of the clerks, thinking to get some fun out of the visitor, replied—"Fools."

"You must have had a quick sale, then, to have only two left," retorted the countryman.

A Poor Job.

A well-known artist was once engaged upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished, they lost sight of one another.

One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate. "Hullo, Smith," said he, "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?"

"Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere gardens a cleanin' out the hele phants' stables; a nice occypation for me, as was one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

CUTTING THROUGH A CONTINENT

America's Great Engineering Enterprise.

Forty thousand men are busy making the greatest canal the world has ever seen. This canal is to cut the narrow neck of land that joins North and South America.

The announcement that the United States Government has decided on the plans of fortification marks an important stage in the completion of what is certainly the greatest engineering enterprise ever attempted.

The Panama Canal will, when finished have cost anywhere between eighty and a hundred million sterling. At the lower figure the cost will be about five times that of the Suez Canal.

The canal will be 200ft. wide at the b

REDEEMED BY LOVE.

A Story of Whitby.

By Annie M. Watson.

I.

"Leslie! You? That's good. I did not expect to find you up here. What a breathless piece of work it is climbing these steps—a hundred and ninety-nine, aren't there?—but it's worth it! Studying the Caedmon Cross? An exquisite bit of sculpture, isn't it? I was born here when the Laureate unveiled it in '98 that was. Whitby was big in the eyes of England that day, honoring herself in honoring the Father of English Sacred Song. We had some fine speeches, and the crowd came from the ends of the country."

He talked on to give Leslie Lawson time to recover herself, for he had surprised tears in her beautiful eyes. He had known Leslie since her childhood, and he had never seen her in tears before, not even when, years ago, he had gently broken to her the news which had darkened her life.

He had always been her chum, her knight, her more than brother. He thought he was her lover too, but her frequent rejection of his proposals had by no means broken his honest heart.

"You told me about that at the time," Leslie said, touching with the tip of a dainty finger the delicate chiselling of the Anglican Cross. "Yes, it's a lovely bit of work, Roger. I like these quaintly sculptured figures—Christ, the divine subject of the world's worthiest song; David, the sweet singer of Israel; Hild, with the great, understanding heart, and Caedmon, the cowherd poet, who led the way for the great multitude who were to sing after him. And all these symbolic designs are very beautiful and elevating. It's an ideal position for such a monument, high above the jarring noises of the town, among the silent dead, with the sea and the moors and the grand old abbey as backgrounds. Are you on your way to the Abbey, Roger?"

"To the Abbey House. Jim Fletcher's staying there. They say it's a fine old place. Those were some of the guests who passed down the steps as I came up."

"Guests?"

"Yes. Don't you know? It's the old manor house, part of it dating from Elizabeth. The lord of the manor hasn't occupied it for many a year, and now it's one of the holiday centres of the National Home Reading Union, and a very popular one, too. It's always full in the season—indeed, Fletcher says you have to look ahead or you won't get in. If he can get permission I'll take you to see it before we leave Whitby."

Leslie bent her head in assent, but there was a far-away look in her grey eyes that compelled Roger Angus to silence.

It was a perfect summer day, and the prospect from the Cross at the top of the steps—Whitby's pride—was enchanting.

On one hand were stretches of fields, green and golden in the sunshine, with the uplands of the moor beyond, and through the romantic, wooded valley between them the Esk, a sinuous line of silver, ran to the harbour and the sea.

The tide was at the full, and pleasure steamers and smaller craft rocked on the shining bosom of the harbour, from which, on either side, the red-roofed houses climbed, crowding in picturesque confusion. The quaint and curious "yards" and "galleries" hidden among them, and the "ghauts" that passed between them to the water's edge, gave never-ending delight to the artists, to whom the "haven under the hill" was the happiest of hunting-grounds.

Then there was the sea, dazzling in its silver sheen, sweeping in to Sandsend Bay, with the cottages and lodging-houses of the pretty village shining in the sunshine, and on the breezy uplands the Castle and woods of Mulgrave.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" the woman said, her eyes following the rocky coast to its farthest Ness and then resting on a white-sailed yacht racing over the shimmering sea.

"Yes," her companion responded; "but look here, Leslie! Come farther away from the steps. I've something to say to you. No; you needn't look scared. It's the old story. You're at liberty to turn a deaf ear to it, but——"

He strode along the flagged pathway between the graves, past the old church, and on to the grassy space where a seat was placed "at the edge of the steep," commanding a view of the harbour, with its twin piers, and the sunny West Cliff. He motioned her to the seat and flung himself down on the grass.

"It's waste, sheer waste, my dear Leslie," he said, looking into her flushed face. "You're the sweetest creature God ever made, and you were meant to make life a heaven on earth for some man or other. Since Lionel Fellowes has played the fool, and made it impossible for you to do that for him, why not take pity on me? Your heart is a treasure-house of love and sweetness. You're dispensing it in fragments to the world at large, but think what it would mean to you to have just one person to whom you would be all the world—all the world of love and inspiration——"

"Hush!" she broke in. "Hush! You must not make me weak, Roger. Do you think I don't realise what I lost when Lionel went out of my life? I face my world with a smiling face, Roger, but the wound is there, deep down. It will never heal till I reach the land where the inhabitants never say 'I am sick.'"

"How was it Leslie?" he asked gently. "I never quite understood. I broke the fact of his foolish marriage to you, but what led up to that?"

Her eyes, full of pain, looked past him, and rested on the sunny sea.

"I wrecked my own life, Roger, and yet I—I think I did the right thing. I think so, Roger. Did you ever realise to the full what a talent Lionel had for painting? I sometimes think no one did but myself. I saw there was work—great work—waiting for him to do, and a niche awaiting him in the Temple of Fame. He did well enough until that fatal legacy came to him—it was just after you went to London—and then he seemed to regard the money as a golden key to unlock the gate of pleasure. He was bent on having a good time, and he turned his canvases to the wall. Why, he asked, should he be a slave to the brush when work was no longer a necessity? Oh, that was an hour of humiliation and disillusion for me, Roger. All that was noble in him seemed to wither away before the glitter of gold. Ambition died. Life became a playground instead of a training school. God knows I suffered; and I—I thought I did well to be angry when Lionel laughed at my protests and wanted to carry me with him into the whirl of pleasure."

"Poor little Leslie!"

She turned a wistful face to her chum. The low-spoken words of sympathy went straight to her heart.

"Did I do well to be angry, Roger?"

He hesitated. "I can't imagine you angry, Leslie. You did right to protest, if you thought his actions indicated more than a passing phase of——"

She caught at the phase with a gasp.

"A passing phase! Oh, Roger, I've tortured myself since with wondering if I were patient enough. Would he have been his strong, sane self again when the first excitement of his new condition had subsided?"

"I think so," Angus said, slowly. "You see, he was sound at the core. And if the divine fire of genius burned in him——"

"I see," she interrupted passionately. "Oh, I see, Roger! You put my worst fears into speech; I did not make due allowance for his high spirits, his impetuous nature. Things would have righted themselves if I had been patient. But I demanded instant proof that his love for me was greater than his love of pleasure. A week of very hard work would have completed a picture in time to be submitted to the hanging committee of the Academy. I demanded that it should be finished. He had built high hopes on it—he and I. He said I had been its inspiration, and I was so proud, Roger, so proud and glad. To inspire a man to plan great things, to love him into performing them, seemed to me to be sufficient of heaven on earth for any woman."

Her voice broke. Angus laid his hand, with almost reverent sympathy, on hers, but he did not speak.

"The picture remained with its face to the wall," Leslie went on presently. "That meant that our engagement was at an end. I had spoken very plainly, and though it—it broke my heart, I kept my word, and sent him back his ring."

"Poor little Leslie! Poor old Lionel!"

A look of terror darkened the beautiful eyes.

"You think I did wrong. No; don't contradict me! I can hear it in your voice and read it in your eyes. And it is irrevocable, Roger, irrevocable! He is the husband of another woman now, and she—she has dragged him down into silence and obscurity. But I—I alone am responsible for his ruined life."

Angus kept his hand on hers, and they sat for some time without speaking. Then they became aware that they were not alone on the sunny hill-top, and they rose and walked through the old graveyard and across the Abbey plain, with its ancient cross, to the old Abbey."

Angus paid the small fee demanded, and they were admitted into the grassy enclosure in which the beautiful old ruins stood.

"I can see Fletcher later," he said, in reply to Leslie's protest. "I want to show you this glorious pile. There's some fine Norman work, and finer Gothic. I've spent many a happy hour here. You will remember that your chum is an architect, and be indulgent, won't you?"

He piloted her round the outside of the Abbey, talking hard and well, ignoring the memories and emotions their half-hour's talk on the cliff-top had roused. Ecclesiastical architecture and his own ideals and ambitions inspired him. He made Leslie see with his eyes and share his enthusiasm.

Within they paced the ruined monastery church together. Its only roof was a sky of heavenly blue, across which now and again flashed the whiteness of a sea-bird's wing. Through the graceful arches and the great window spaces came softened sounds of distant life and the low murmur of "the heart of the great, throbbing Northern Sea."

"Leslie," he said suddenly, "come and share my life. Lionel is gone beyond recall. For six years he has been dead to us. He may be really dead for all we know. Do you realise that you were only twenty-three when he went away? You, with all your gifts, can't face a purposeless life. You will learn to forget Lionel in time—when you are the sunshine and inspiration of my life. I'll be very patient, dear. Think what you could make of me!"

Leslie sat down on a pile of ruined masonry. Her strength seemed to have left her. The prospect of the long years stretching before her appalled her. Her chum was very dear to her. If she could make him happy, inspire him to high achievements, would not that be better than dwelling in an irrevocable past? Had she any right to waste—not to use for the highest—the gifts of love and understanding and sympathy with which God had endowed her?

Angus stood watching her for many minutes. Then she rose.

"Let us go, dear Roger," she said gently. "Some day love will come to you, and then you will understand why I chose to go lonely all my days. I shall not be unhappy, Roger. The world is full of love and sweetness. I shall get my share—more than I deserve—and I shall be happy in giving of what is in me to those who need it. For the rest, I will willingly pay the penalty of my great mistake."

II.

"Leslie! Come here, dear!"

"What is it, Nina?"

"A charming picture, which will delight your heart. Look at those two sweet children and that perfect mother's face. One talks glibly of Madonna faces; there's one Murillo would have immortalised. And the children are heavenly."

It was just a little group on a seat in the public pleasure ground between the Royal Crescent and the terraced grounds of the Spa. Nina Angus was right in thinking the picture would give pleasure to her friend. Leslie's face was radiant, though the tears rose to her eyes and dimmed her vision as she watched it from the open window of the lodging-house sitting room. Before she could reply, a child's piping voice came from an open window in the next house.

"Daddy, why can't I have a mother—like that? Didn't I ever have a mother like that? Who gives little girls mothers? God? Then why didn't He give me one? Can't we ask Him?"

The questions carried easily enough on the still air, but the answers, evidently given from well within the room, were not audible. The effect of the one-sided conversation was curious.

"But you see, daddie, if God loves little girls He can't be pleased when they're lonely 'cause of not having mothers. Oh, yes, daddies are nice, but mothers are—are d'licious. Can't you just walk to the window and see a mother in the garden loving her little girl? Poor daddie! If I had a mother I'd let her love you, too, and then you'd soon be better, dearest. Couldn't we ask God to tell me where to go and find one?"

There was intense yearning in the child's musical voice. They could see her now, a white-frocked figure, with wistful blue eyes, and a head all atangle with short golden curls.

They moved away with sober, tear-wet faces.

"It seems treachery to listen," Leslie said, catching her breath, "and yet, if one cannot sit at one's open window——. Oh, Nina, I think that little lonely child will break my heart. Her father must be ill. Their talks seem to be conducted from opposite sides of the room. I think I shall waylay her next time she is out with her nurse."

Nina smiled. "Do, dear! The poor darling wants a bit of mothering, and I don't know anyone who can do it better than you. They go down the zigzags beyond the Spa Saloon to the beach almost every morning."

The incursion into the room of some lively young people put an end to the conversation.

"Hurry up, you girls! Dad and Roger say it's almost time we were off to the station. Roger has had a wire from Mr. Dacre that alters our programme. Instead of going on to Hinderwell and walking down to Runswick Bay Hotel for lunch, we're to get off the train at Kettleness, lunch with Mr. Dacre and his friend in their tent, and be rowed across the bay to Runswick."

"You'll like that, Leslie," said Roger, who had followed the others into the room. "Ready? Come along, then."

He walked by her side along the terraces of cheerful lodging-houses to the West Cliff Station.

"Dacre and Wynne have pitched their tent on the cliffs above the bay. They're supposed to be painting pictures. There's generally a bit of Runswick in the Academy, and they propose to help to keep up the tradition. Of course, they're welcome to dabble in Art, dear fellows, but I look upon Runswick as Leon Lowe's preserves. Of all the artists who descend on this 'Northern Clovelly,' he's the only one, to my mind, who is really possessed by the spirit of th place."

"Who is Leon Lowe, Roger?"

Angus stared.

"One of the coming men, if he has not already arrived," he said. "Have you quite given up going to the Academy, Leslie?"

"Quite. I—I can't bear it now, Roger. It was to mean so much to Lionel and me, you know."

She was very sweet, but very quiet, all through that wonderful day in the rock bound bay and the quaint little fishing vilage. The romantic beauty of it all entered into her soul, and it was as though Time had turned back in its flight and her lover walked with her among the living gold of the cliff gorses and along the curious pathways which wound among the hillside cottages of the fisher-folks.

"Is he dead that his spirit seems so near?" she asked herself more than once.

"Who's for the moors to-day? The motor will be at the door at ten."

"The motor? What an extravagant father the Anguses have!"

The old man beamed on his young people.

"Only three days more," he said. "We must make the most of them. We've had a charming holiday. The best of this dear old Whitby is that it's set in such a wonderful country. Every road out of it leads to something beautiful and romantic. One isn't wearied by sameness. Enjoyed it all, Leslie?"

"Immensely," she said, with quiet enthusiasm. "I'm sorry not to be able to go to the moor again, but I—I have something to detain me in the town. I didn't realise that the time had slipped away."

She met all protests with the sweet firmness characteristic of her, and later in the morning she wandered down to the shore.

The children's service was in full swing, and as she looked round on the happy young faces, kindled into enthusiasm for all that was good by the stirring strains of the hymn they were singing, she descried that of the child of whom she was in search.

It was not difficult afterwards to make the little one's acquaintance, for the nurse was absorbed in the pages of a sensational novel, and the child's interests came second to the fortunes of the heroine.

The little one's name was Dorothy, and her lonely heart readily responded to the advances of the sweet-faced lady, who was so like the mother of her imagination.

It was very sweet to sit in the golden sand with a loving arm holding her close, close as mothers do, and soft, tender lips touching hair and eyes and lips in loving caresses.

Dorothy prattled artlessly of "Nurse," who pulled her hair when she combed it, and "couldn't be bothered" to tell her stories, and of "daddie," who sometimes laughed and sometimes cried, and who had lain on the sofa in the dark corner behind the big screen for "years and years"—ever since the band began to play on the Spa!

She loved daddie very much, but she wanted a mother badly. God hadn't given her a mother 'cause daddie hadn't been good; daddie himself had told her so; but since daddie was always good now, she was quite sure God would send her a mother very soon.

The golden morning passed all too swiftly for the woman who played mother, and the child who was tasting the unaccustomed sweetness of being mothered.

In the afternoon it was the same, and in the early evening, Leslie, standing at the window, heard a pronouncement that brought rich roses into her pale cheeks.

"Daddie, I've found a lady that'll do exactly for a mother. She's so d'licious. She says God told her to come and love me. Won't you write her a letter to come? You would soon be quite, quite well if my pretty lady came to love you."

Leslie moved away from the window. Her dreams that night were of the little lonely child and the man whose mysterious personality was hidden behind the big screen which kept off the sunshine.

* * * * *

"Leslie! The man next door is Leon Lowe, the artist!" Roger Angus announced next day. "He has been ill for three weeks. As soon as I discovered it, I sent to ask if I might see him. As an admirer of his genius, I offered him any kind of service he would accept from me. But I wasn't admitted. They say he leads a lonely life. His wife died when his child was born."

"Poor fellow!" Leslie's tender heart was full of pity. "It is hard to feel helpless, Roger, when one would like to stretch out a sympathetic hand. But he isn't desolate while he has that blessed child."

She had walked home with Dorothy from the sands that morning, and now she was amazed to see the dainty, white-robed figure standing on the pavement, the sweet, flushed face upturned to hers, which had been looking through the open window over the sea.

She ran out of the room and down the steps.

"What is it, darling?" she asked, tenderly.

Dorothy was struggling with a message.

"Daddy says, will the pretty lady come and see a man that—that's naughty and sorry—'cause—'cause the end's coming soon."

"The end!" The fatal words fell heavily on Leslie's heart. She gripped the child's hand and went silently up the steps next door.

As she entered the room to which Dorothy led her, a man rose from a sofa and staggered to meet her.

"Leslie, Leslie! I couldn't die without seeing you just once more," he said hoarsely.

"Lionel! Oh, Lionel!"

Her heart was beating to suffocation. This, then, was the explanation of that nearness to him of which she had been conscious for so many days. He was alone, and his heart had cried out for her.

She put him gently back upon his sofa, and knelt beside him. Death was written on his emaciated face, but love was there, too, love the undying, love that surely might battle with death and win.

The intervening years slipped out of sight. What they said to each other, neither afterwards remembered. They loved each other, and that was enough.

"I heard your voice soon after we came here," he said. "I knew you were next door. It was torture to lie here, and make no sign. You—you will care for my child—when I am gone, Leslie? She loves——"

"I—I will care for her if you stay, my darling," Leslie broke in passionately. "If you forgive me for almost wrecking your life, you will fight death and live to let me atone."

"Atone?" he said faintly. "You made a man of me, Leslie. When the year of my disastrous marriage closed so tragically, Lionel Fellowes became Leon Lowe, with a determination to become all that you had meant me to be. It is to you I owe my success, my dearest, but it has been Dead Sea fruit without you."

The child, tired of being left out in the cold, pushed her small self between them.

"Is the pretty lady going to stay and be my mother, daddie?" she asked wistfully.

The man's eyes, which had watched the stealthy approach of death, turned in agony from the woman to the child, and back again. His quivering lips made no reply.

It was Leslie who replied, in a low whisper, between tender kisses, and Dorothy nestled up to her with a contented sigh.

"And you'll love Daddy better, won't you?" she said. "If you love poorly people very much, you're sure to make them better, aren't you?"

Leslie nodded. In her beautiful eyes there was no shadow of death, but the radiance of life and hope.

The man who loved her caught her hand in his and held it. He saw the dread foe beaten back inch by inch by the love that was stronger than death. The simple trust of the little child, the strong faith of the woman, had communicated themselves to him.

"Leslie! Leslie!"—his voice was full of a great joy—"God is good! I shall live and not die. Love is stronger than death."

He drew her tender, radiant face down to his, and kissed her passionately. Life was sweet—life that meant love.

APPLYING FOR A NEWSPAPER JOB.

The verdant youth, with the baggy trousers, green coat, chessboard waistcoat, yellow tie, and socks of a hundred and one colors, opened the door of the office of the "Muddleton Splosh Weekly Warwhoop," and applied for an editorial position.

"Have you had much experience?" asked an old gent with a bald pate and a plentiful supply of side whiskers.

"Haven't I just!" was the reply, as he put a monocle in his eye, and sat down to hide an unskilful patch on his trousers. "Why, man alive, haven't I been correspondent of the 'Sloshton Fibber' for five weeks? What d'yer call that? Hain't that expertence?"

"That will do very nicely; but when we take a new young man on our staff, it is our general rule to put him through an examination. Don't you see?"

The youth said he did.

"Well, then," continued the man with the bald pate and side-whiskers, "how much is seven times one?"

"Seven! Why, any little kid ought to——"

"Steady! Please don't be too fast. How many bones are there in the human body?"

"Well, I don't exactly remember, but I did know once upon a time."

"What! Don't know that? Why, there are 9,138,398,445 bones in an ordinary man. A man that snores has one more bone than other people."

"What bone is that?"

"A trombone. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?"

The applicant said he wouldn't.

"Have you a good constitution?"

"Pretty good."

"How long do you suppose you could live on raw maize and faith, and do the work of a domesticated rhinoceros?"

"I don't suppose I could for more than a week!"

"Well, that's about as long as you would want to live if you got an editorial position on this paper. You appear to be the sort of chap we want, and are pretty well posted. We shall just ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it, you may take off your coat and begin right away."

"Let me 'ave 'im, squire. I didn't put in my time on the 'Sloshton Fibber' staff five weeks for nothin'. Let her go! Out with it!"

"Well then, if two diametrical circles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy, or, to put it a bit plainer, we say a disenfranchised nonentity, what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystallised codfish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean?"

But the would-be journalist had bolted.

A TALE OF THE RUSSIAN POLICE.

Some time ago one of the leading Russian diplomatists found, on his return home from a great dinner party, in St. Petersburg, that his pocket book, containing thirty thousand roubles, was missing from one of the pockets of his overcoat.

Deeply chagrined at his loss, he requested the immediate attendance of the chief of the police, who assured him that no effort should be spared to bring the thief to book, and that there was no doubt he would soon be discovered.

To the diplomatist's great delight, a week had not passed before the chief restored to him the entire sum quite intact, but without the pocket book, which he said the thief had thrown away to avoid identification.

There seemed nothing amiss with such an explanation, and the prince was only too glad to recover his stolen property. But a day or two later, in putting on the same overcoat, he was surprised to find in a pocket, strangely overlooked before, the missing pocket book, containing, untouched, the thirty thousand roubles, which he had really never lost at all.

The idea of restoring the supposed stolen money to the prince from the public funds, in the hope of thus winning favor for zeal and efficiency, speaks well for the police officer's ingenuity, but presents a curious phase of Russian official ethics.

"There!" exclaimed an innkeeper. "Have you ever tasted anything like that Burgundy?"

"Oh, yes," answered the customer; "only the day before yesterday I put the wrong end of my pen into my mouth."

Kirsty McDougall, who lived in a remote Highland parish, had a visit from her Edinburgh nieces, who were to spend a week or two with the old lady. She determined to show them off on Sunday at the ancient village kirk of Lochaber. The young ladies wore costumes of the purest snowy hue. At the point of his sermon the minister, in speaking of the angels of Heaven, was heard to say:

"And who are those in white array?"

To the consternation of the congregation, Kirsty was heard to exclaim:

"It's ma twa nieces, sir, frae Edinbugh!"

An old citizen who had been henpecked all his life was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said:

"John, you are about to go, but I will follow you."

"I suppose so, Manda," said the old man, weakly; "but so far as I am concerned you don't need to be in any blamed hurry about it."

An old lady from a remote country district who visited Edinburgh for the first time happened to arrive as a party of golfers were hurrying to catch a suburban train for the links.

"It's a braw toun," she informed her minister, after her return; "but it hurt me sair tae see sae many decent-like men carrying bags o' broken umbrellas. There maun hae been sair douncomes, an' though I wadna mention it for the warl' to anither, there was twa or three that lookit as if they had been ministers!"

CHORLEY'S ADVENTURES.

A LOCAL MATCH.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

Chorley had been staying a few days at a country village. He had put up at a small cottage in order to live the life simple, and one evening his host came into the garden looking rather glum.

"Hard lines, sir," he said. "We're playing the match of the year against the next village, and one of our men has hurt his hand and can't play for us."

"Well," said Chorley, "I'm an old cricketer. Would I do for a substitute?"

As a matter of fact, Chorley's cricket was not only old, but a little out of date as well. Except for an occasional game with a few raw school boys, he hadn't played for twenty years. But he had no doubt that he would pick up enough of his old form to be able to startle these chawbacons, and he was pleased to find his offer promptly accepted.

Chorley took a turn round the field on the Saturday afternoon before the distinguished visitors arrived. These were mostly accommodated on an old tramcar which was used as a grand stand, while the rest of the crowd, partisans of both villages respectively, spread themselves round the sides of the field to cheer their champions.

Then some of the opposing players strolled on to the field while the umpires were adjusting the wickets Chorley took up a bat and asked somebody to give him a ball, while the opposing wicket-keeper took up his position for a moment's practice.

Chorley felt rather pleased to see himself the centre of all eyes as a gentle ball came bouncing towards him. He rushed out and aimed a swipe at it that ought to have carried it over the moon if he had hit it. As a matter of fact he missed it completely; but not to be done out of his slog, he stepped back and aimed another blow at it.

Fortunately, the wicketkeeper, who had crept up behind him, managed to put his arm up in time, and so saved his head from being broken. As it was, he got a rather nasty blow on the arm which did not make him at all cheerfully disposed towards Chorley.

"I say, mister," said the captain of Chorley's side, "you must play the game, you know. It isn't cricket to try and disable the other side before the game begins."

"It was quite an accident," Chorley protested.

"Well," said the captain, "if you'll take my advice, you'll go over to the pavilion and sit quietly there till the game begins. You'll want all your energy for that, I can tell you."

"Oh, I'm quite rested, thank you!" said Chorley, and as he spoke he walked back a step or two. The next moment he found himself sitting on the newly-pitched wickets, which he knocked all sideways as he rolled over them in the effort to recover his equilibrium.

"Somebody take this chap back to the pavilion and hold him down!" cried the captain in despair.

Half a dozen of the villagers came round Chorley and persuaded him to leave the field for a while, so as to save himself for the real game; and, limping a little, as the result of his fall, Chorley allowed himself to be led away. By this time the distinguished visitors, including the curate and the schoolmaster, had arrived on the tramcar, and the umpires had to hurry in order to get the field ready.

A few moments later the match began, Chorley, walking from the pavilion to his place at "slip," where he had been told off to field, was gratified to find himself greeted with respectful cheers from the occupants of the tramcar. He took it for granted that he had been recognised as a superior person; whereas the cheering was quite ironical, and was elicited by the fact that during his brief stay in the pavilion some humorist had managed to fix on Chorley's back a paper bearing the words, "Watch me."

For the first two or three overs Chorley had very little to do, as the other side appeared to be mostly sloggers rather than slippers. But just when his attention had been diverted for a moment, the batsman at the wicket close to him gave a chuckle, and slipped a ball into the spot where Chorley's waistcoat would have been if he had been wearing one at the time.

Chorley's gasp for breath could be heard all over the field. The captain shouted to him to keep his sobs till afterwards and to pick up the ball; but Chorley did not hear the command.

He was convinced in his own mind that the batsman had done that on purpose to annoy him, and as he came back for the second run Chorley went up to him and said that if there were any more of that nonsense the batsman would be sorry for the day he left his native village.

Amid the groans of the opposing team, the protests of the umpires, and the shrieks of his captain, Chorley was dragged away from the batsman, and sent to mid-off. As he went off sulkily to obey the order, the captain called after him:

"Hi! what's that you've got on your back? This isn't a circus, you know!"

Chorley turned to make an indignant protest, but as he discovered at the same moment the paper that had been pinned to him, he reserved his wrath for the notice itself, which he tore into shreds amid the laughter and cheers of the distinguished people on the tramcar.

The match, so far as it had gone, was becoming a little exciting. The runs were creeping up considerably in excess of the average, and still the bowling was being knocked all over the field. Chorley's captain appealed to his men not to let a ball pass them, and they all felt their responsibility very keenly. Then a ball was driven in Chorley's direction. The captain shouted to him to stop it, and then gave an encouraging "Bravo!" as Chorley stopped it with his shins, while a cheer rang out from the crowd and the distinguished visitors.

The applause made Chorley tremendously excited. He felt that now the time had come for him to show his fine quality. Amid the shouts and cheers, he made a grab at the ball and missed it. Then he made another grab at it, in his feverish anxiety to deserve the praise that had been given him, and without waiting to be sure that he had got a good grip of the ball, he flung it with all his force and then lost sight of it entirely.

"Go for it, somebody," shouted the captain in despair, as the runs were being scored rapidly. "The idiot's slung the thing behind him!"

By the time the opposition were all out, the total was close upon 200. Chorley's captain appealed to him to make a better show with his bat than he had done in the field, and Chorley said, with a confident smile, that that would be all right, as if there were one branch of cricket he was really good for it was making runs.

So satisfied did Chorley appear of his abilities in this respect that the captain, who went in first, decided to take Chorley in with him, on the understanding that they should steal every run that they could possibly squeeze out of the batting.

The captain of the home club usually carried his bat through the innings of his side, and he did not expect Chorley to stand up very long to the bowling of the opposition. Consequently he was agreeably surprised when Chorley got a blind hit to leg with the first ball, which was good for three runs. Everybody cheered most enthusiastically, and Chorley decided that he was as good a batsman as the best of them. At the second run, however, Chorley stopped, much to the disgust of his side. The captain had been so certain that it was to be a threeer that he was back again half-way across the pitch before he discovered that it was not Chorley's intention to risk it again.

"Come on, man!" he shrieked; and the crowd shrieked with him.

"You go back; it isn't safe!" said Chorley, with a superior wave of his hand.

It wasn't safe. A groan rose up from the captain's sympathisers as his wicket went down with a crash before he could recover his place; but his wrath and that of the crowd was quite lost on Chorley, who had no idea he had done anything except display the most commendable prudence.

For a little while longer Chorley remained in. He took no risks, but just patted the ball away from him when it came too near, and several times when the other man called to him to run he declined to accept the pressing invitation. Shortly afterwards he patted a ball a little too far, and it dropped into the hands of the man at point!

Another cheer broke out from the occupants of the tramcar as Chorley left the wicket, and he interpreted it as indicating that he had surpassed all expectations by the excellence of his play. Therefore, he was not at all surprised when, on reaching the pavilion, a number of the supporters of his side forced him into an arm chair and announced their intention of carrying him in triumph round the field.

The chair with Chorley in it was hoisted in the air by four sturdy men and carried along the hedge that bordered the field. The bearers, it seemed to Chorley, were not taking as much pains as they might have done to preserve a strict perpendicular, and once or twice, as he nearly fell out, he called their attention to the fact.

"You're all right!" grumbled one of the men. "Sit still, and don't worry about it."

"Hi! look out!" cried Chorley. "I'm falling over the hedge!"

A chorus of unsympathetic laughter confirmed this view. All at once the bearers stopped short and deliberately tipped Chorley over the hedge at a point where a number of ducks were wallowing in a muddy little pond. The poor birds, scared by the sudden visitation from above, flew away, shrieking, in all directions, with the exception of one overfed goose, which, having been on the spot where Chorley had gone sprawling down, was dragging itself to a place of safety with a painful limp.

Chorley at once discovered the plot that had been formed against his peace; but that did not alter the fact that for the moment he was scrambling on his hands and knees in mud and greasy water. He crawled out just as a stout old lady rushed from a neighboring cottage. His nice cricketing clothes were splashed with mud from head to foot, and after a look at him, the old lady hurried indoors and shouted:

"Hi, father! call the dogs; there be a tramp after our ducks!"

Chorley did not wait for the dogs. He rushed along the hedge till he found a place that seemed more vulnerable than the rest, and flung himself at it.

He did not notice till he had worked himself half-way through that a barbed wire ran along inside the hedge; but there was no time to be surprised at anything. He heard his clothes rip here and there with a heart breaking thoroughness, and by the time he had regained the far end of the cricket-field again he was simply a heap of soiled rags.

The game stopped for a moment as he appeared in the distance, while a cheer in which both sides joined greeted him. He was too angry, then, to think of anything else but the necessity of reaching the pavilion before his tattered garments fell away altogether.

The distinguished visitors on the tramcar did not, of course, join in the cheering. Their attitude was officially at least one of polite regret for the clumsiness of the chair-bearers; but as Chorley sneaked along as close to the opposite hedge as possible, he could see the curate and his party shaking with silent laughter, and it did not make him feel any the happier. And the next day he left the village in a hurry and came back home.

THE TROUBLES OF MR. ASQUITH.

Two Boston women recently returned from England, tell a funny story about Mr. Asquith. His tribulations at the hands of the suffragettes are well known.

It is reported that on a morning not long since, he and Mrs. Asquith were awakened by loud and angry voices under their window, rising to occasional shrieks. Mr. Asquith said: "It is those horrid suffragettes!" Mrs. Asquith said: "Let us pour water on them."

They got up, and each took a pitcher. Stealing to the window, they poured the water suddenly upon the heads of the women below. The disturbers turned out to be not suffragettes, but their own cook and housemaid, both of whom immediately gave warning.

Appearances.

Little Margaret and her mother, while out walking, approached a particularly filthy and bearded organgrinder with his monkey, and her mother gave her a penny to bestow on the unfortunate animal.

She hesitated a moment before presenting her alms, then gravely asked:

"Shall I give it to the monkey or to his father?"

Quite Unusual.

"We had a sensational case of kidnapping in our house lately."

"You don't tell me! How did it happen?"

"The baby slept the whole night."

An earnest young preacher in a remote country village concluded a long and comprehensive supplication by saying:

"And now let us pray for those who are dwelling on the uninhabited portions of the earth!"

"In a battle of tongues between man and wife, I find that a woman can generally hold her own."

"Yes, I know; but she never does."

"You persuaded your husband to join a glee club?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Higgins. "When he starts to sing at home I can now advise him not to tire his voice, and when he sings in the club I can't hear him."

It is related of a preacher in a small town, who was to be absent from his pulpit for a fortnight, that he recently announced after the sermon:—

"The preacher for next Sunday will be Mr. Firstly, and the one for the Sunday after you'll find hanging up behind the door on the other side of the vestry."

Antiquarian (to workman engaged on drainage operations): I suppose you have not come upon any prehistoric remains there?

Workman: No; I hivna dune that; but I came, a' the same, upon something yesterday that a gude few fouk wid think a foll lot o'.

Antiquarian: Oh, indeed! What was that?

Workman: A shillin'!

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

Dramatic Scene in a Court.

Seventy years ago a burglary occurred at a farmhouse near Liverpool. There was a struggle, and the robber left a button from his coat and received some scratches on the face. The police were given accurate descriptions of the man by the farmer, but for a time no arrests were made.

A week or two after the robbery a man was arrested, having with him a bundle containing some of the plunder, more of which was found at his lodgings. The fellow's face bore marks of scratches, and, to make the evidence more positive, a button corresponding to the one found at the time of the robbery was gone from his coat. The man professed to know nothing of the affair, so his explanation was considered very unsatisfactory. The case came to trial, the evidence was so strong against the prisoner that the jury pronounced him "Guilty" without leaving their seats. Burglary was a hanging matter in those days. Before pronouncing sentence, the judge addressed him:—

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat, he began:

"Well, it's hard to be hung for nothin', but I can see this is a yard-arm business. I know no more of this 'ere burglary nor a babby, but these witnesses ha'n't told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say again 'em? When this thing came off—May, didn't they say?—I was fighting for the slaves on the Gold Coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it. As for the bundle and things ye found in my possession, I bought 'em of a feller who said he wanted to sell 'em to git money to go to see his father, who was dyin', an' that's all I know about it."

There was something in the man's manner which impressed the judge, so he said, not unkindly:

"But surely, prisoner, if your story be true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they could do you good, you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n; it's too late. But it's all very well to say, 'Let 'em know,' when a man's in gaol, and can't read nor write, and don't know where they be."

"But," said the judge, "the court doesn't wish to hang an innocent man. Is there no one to speak for you?"

The prisoner glanced helplessly round the court room. Suddenly his eyes lighted up.

"Yes," said he, "there's a man who can speak for me, if he will"; and he pointed to a stranger sitting in the rear.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the judge of the man indicated.

"No, my lord," was the reply.

"Wal, Cap'n Roberts," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope round my neck, I've nuthin' more ter say."

"Stay," said the judge; "is your name Captain Roberts?"

The man bowed affirmatively.

"The prisoner seems to recognise you. Step into the witness-box and be sworn, that he may ask you some questions."

The captain went into the box, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"Ain't you Cap'n Roberts, of His Majesty's ship Vengeance?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Wal, weren't you on the Gold Coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And warn't I one of the crew?"

"Most certainly not," was the unhesitating reply.

"But, cap'n, don't you remember the man that held the arms of the big slaver the night he gave you so much trouble?"

"And, cap'n, don't you remember how the next day the big feller attacked him for it, and they both fell overboard?"

"Yes," was the cool reply; "but you may have read all this in the papers."

"Well, but, cap'n, once more, don't you remember the big nigger who was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man who stood between you and death, and what he got for it?"—and, brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless, as the captain stared at the scar and at the man till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to himself: "Is it possible?"

Then, slowly and deliberately, he got out of the witness box, and climbed into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and, turning to the judge, said:

"My lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognise him; but there is no mistake now. If you hang the old bo'sun of the Vengeance you must hang the captain with him."

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid tears and sobs which no one cared to surpress, the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "Not guilty."

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

Women, it is well known, are resourceful, and, according to a Paris contemporary, English women are great inventors. In 1908 we learn that they took out patents for 500 inventions. While their husbands build Dreadnoughts, the English women, it is said, improve the armor-plates and torpedoes and patent their processes. All English women, however, have not such lofty ideas. One of the 500 has patented a new kind of hatpin, another a dog-collar. One lady has a provisional patent for a safety razor, which she has named "The Husband."

A New Complaint.

A benevolent gentleman passing a farmhouse saw a baby brandishing a large chisel, to its imminent danger.

Taking away the sharp tool, he sought the mother.

"Did you know," he said, "that your little child had got the chisel?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said. "I am ever so much obliged to you. I know there was something the matter with the child, but I could not tell what it was. They've got it awful down in the village."

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river in Louisiana. Seeing some alligators splashing about in the stream, one candidate became nervous and objected to the dipping just as the parson was about to start the business.

"Why, brother," said the pastor, "can't you trust de Lord? He took care of Jonah, didn't He?"

"Y-a-as," drawled the objector; "but a whale's different. A whale's got a memory; but if one ob dem 'gators was ter swallow dis 'ere nigger, he'd jes go to sleep dar in the sun, an' forget all 'bout me."

Mudge: It's funny how much easier it is to meet fellows I owe money to than to meet the fellows who owe me money.

Yabsley: Perhaps it is because there are so many more of them.

Girl: Are you the man who was washed ashore from the wreck last night?

Tramp: No, miss; I never was washed ashore in my life, nor afloat, either, for the matter of that.

THE VIEWS OF McTOSH.

ON MATRIMONY.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

"Did ye hear, Laird," said Sandy, "that Jock M'Graw is no gaun tae marry Jeanie Sim efter a'? They hae broken their engagement."

"I'm no surprised tae hear it," replied McTosh. "Jock is a braw laddie o' muckle guid sense, and Jeanie was nae lass for him."

"A'm tellt that it was Jeanie that broke it off, Laird," explained Sandy. "She said he wasna guid enough for her."

"It's verra likely," commented McTosh. "Wimmen are a' alike the noo, ye ken, Sandy Macphairson. There was a time when a lassie wad gang whaur her laddie took her, and fecht by his side in guid and bad weather. But the noo, ye ken, a lassie reckons that a man is nae mair than just a body tae be kept about the house tae pay the bills and do a' the worrk.

"A lassie doesna get married wi' the notion that she's only beginning life. Her idea is that she's gaun tae be a lady frae the stairt, wi' a guid-lookin' young man tae wait on her hand and foot. Maistly the lassies want tae begin the race at the winning post, and a'm no surprised tae hear that sae mony o' them are disappointed.

"I was askit roond tae the hoose o' a freen' the ither nicht and I had a wee bit talk wi' his dochter that's gaun tae be married next month. She showed me a collection o' picture postcairds, and a bulk fu' o' photographs that she had taken a' by hersel'. And then she sat doon at the piano while her mither went oot and got the supper thegither. Man Sandy Macphairson, what guid wull a lassie like yon be tae ony young man that's stairtin' in life?"

"Ye were near gettin' married yoursel' once, Laird," said Sandy. "Maybe ye've lairned frae experience?"

"Ye're richt, man Sandy," replied the Laird. "I had an awfu' narrow escape. A'm no vurra rich the noo, ye ken; but when I was coortin' Maggie Bell I had na mair than wad keep the twa o' us in parritch and claithes. And Maggie was for havin' a hoose, and a sairvant tae wait on her, when she was strang and weel eneuch tae wait on hersel'.

"When I talkit tae her aboot twa rooms in a back street whaur we micht pit by a wee bit siller for our auld age, she turned her nose up and tellt me that it was no for sic a life that she wad be gettin' married. Sae I thocht it wasna guid eneuch, and we pairted.

"A'm no blamin' the lassies a'thegither, ye ken, Sandy Macphairson. They ken nae mair o' life than what they hae read in the story buiks, whaur the man that gangs coortin' has siller tae burn, and gies his lassie diamonds and pearls and sic, ilka day o' the week.

"They ken naething mair aboot married life ayont the fact—whilk is na a fact at a'—that when you're married you stay in bed a' the morn drinkin' chocolate and talkin' tae your maid, and i' the afternoon ye drive oot in the carriage tae gossip wi your freen's. An' in the evenin' there's always a theatre or a ball tae gang tae, or maybe tae attend a drawingroom at Backingham Palace.

"Sae ye can weel unnerstan', Sandy, that when a lassie gets married and finds it maistly consists o' scrubbin' floors and makkin' breeks for the bairns, she doesna think her man hae done the richt thing by her."

"But, gin a lassie has guid sense," said Sandy, "she'll vurra sune settle doon tae the realities o' life."

"It happens sae sometimes," replied McTosh. "But on the ither hand, the desillusion is ower muckle for some o' them. I mind the case o' Robbie Shairp, wha was a guid hard-worrkin' lad. He married a lass fra Glesca—whaur folk are maistly an indeeferent lot, and no tae be compared wi' us o' Aberdeen—and one nicht they askit me to come in and hae a wee bit sup wi' them in their new hame.

"Man Sandy, ye niver saw sic a table in a' your life. There was a haggis ye couldna stick a forrk intae, the lassie frae Glesca havin' been brocht up like a lady and never havin' lairned tae cook, and there waana a thing on the table that was fit tae eat. The only guid thing tae be had was the whusky, and that was because it had been bought at the shop.

"Aboot a year efter that Robbie took tae drinkin' whusky for a hobby. It was the only thing his wife ever had on the table that was fit tae be pit intae a man's baggie—an' puir Robbie had ever been a man wi' a maist awfu' big appetite. Sae ye can guess for yoursel' hoo the thing ended.

"Nooadays ye'll hear the lassies greetin' that the lads are ower slow tae get married, but it's nae guid askin' a lass tae be your wife till ye hae made eneuch siller tae keep her in a big hoose, wi' sairvants and a carriage. And by that time ye have usually got ower muckle sense tae be takkin' a spendthrift lassie intae your hoose just for the fun o' payin' for her board and lodgin' and ilka ither expense she may wish tae incur.

"The faut is nae doot wi' the young men themselves. Instead o' stairtin' in life in their proper condeetion they listen tae the lassie and gang ayont their means. In sic cases a young man should lay doon the law and haud that it is his wife's duty tae obey him. But the young men are sae daft aboot that time, and they wunna dae it."

"Then ye're nae believer in the equality o' the sexes, Laird?" said Sandy, slyly.

"Ye're wrong there, Sandy Macphairson," retorted McTosh. "It's just the thing I do believe in. But the lasses don't. They hae got the notion that in some way they're superior and that's a' the trouble.

"Gin a lassie wull say, 'What's guid eneuch for my man is guid eneuch for me,' she'll probably come through a' richt. Gin a lassie wants tae share the croon she maun help tae bear the cross. But maistly the lassies are lookin' for ready-made croons, and the supply is no equal tae the demand, Sandy Macphairson."

When is an umbrella like a person convalescent?—When it is recovered.

Modesty always rests gracefully upon youth.

Lavater described true manhood as openness without levity, generosity without waste, secrecy without craft, humility without meanness, boldness without insolence, caution without anxiety, regularity without formality, mildness without timidity, firmness without tyranny.

The atmosphere of home is the main factor in the development of children, and we cannot expect to find well-behaved, delicately-sensitive young people brought up under the influence of irascible, bickering, or choleric parents. For their sakes the dispatations and irritable must be banished, lest the evil crop of seed sown in moments of unreason rise, like the fabled dragon's teeth, in a harvest of armed men, whom no restraint can repress.

"They say that Stevenson frequently worked a whole afternoon on a single line."

"That's nothing. I know a man who has been working the last six years on one sentence."

Chief of Detectives: Now give us a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he?

Business Man: I don't know how tall he was. What worries me is that he was £500 short.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

LECTURE BY MR. DONALD MCDONALD

In connection with their anniversary celebrations this year the committee of the Preston Presbyterian Church struck out in an entirely new line. Thinking their folk had had a surfeit of concerts, conversaziones, tea meetings and so on during the past few years they resolved upon a lecture, and got Mr. Donald McDonald to give it for them. Mr. McDonald's name is a household word in Victoria; we might almost say in Australia. The Commonwealth holds no more versatile journalist, and whether he writes on football or cricket, bird and animal life, or of war or the great incidents of history, he is always fascinating. As a lecturer, too, he excels. Without any great display he is very effective, his enunciation being clear, his language terse and descriptive, and his points always well made. His subject was "Scenes and Sensations of Battle," in the handling of which he had the great advantage that his knowledge was got at first hand—from actual experience. As most everybody knows he went as war correspondent of the *Argus* to the South African war and was in Ladysmith during the whole course of its seige. The doings of both populace and military with the various sorties and other experiences of war were most vividly described by Mr. McDonald, who held his audience at the highest pitch of interest the whole time. His description of the Charge of the Devons was most thrilling, as were many other exploits of the seige. Many humorous incidents were also told and served as relief to the more harrowing scenes of famine and battle which had to be depicted. The lecturer led off by saying that all his pre conceived ideas of battle were soon upset. Battle in South Africa seemed to consist largely of shooting at shadows on a green hillside, though these shadows had the peculiarity of always shooting back. He also learned to appreciate rocks, apart from their value in providing building material—the bigger the rock the better, though you could make a small one go a long way (as a shelter from bullets). In the early stages of the bombardment men got "shell funk," hearing one coming they would dodge behind anything. He had known one man jump behind a canvas partition—(Laughter)—but gradually they all became fatalists—simply went about doing what they wanted to do and took their chance. One of the Boer guns alone poured 3000 rounds of shell into Ladysmith. As an instance of the "narrow shaves" there were the lecturer mentioned the case of a man who had a shell pass between his face and the mirror as he was shaving. The poor fellow could do nothing for the next hour but hold his head with his hands and mutter uncertainly "Oh, I'm all right; I'm all right"—but he was not all right. Speaking of their quarter ration of horse meat (which it came to in the final days of the seige) Mr. McDonald said it was not the horse meat but the "horse muscle" that they objected to, as needless to say the horses were not killed till there was nothing left of them but skin and bone. A Scotch war correspondent at first declared he would never touch horse meat, but the day came when he had to cry "Bring me some and tell me it's beef, and I'll try to believe it." At this time they had a rule drawn up that any one mentioning an article of food which he could not produce was fined 1s; or if it was something specially nice 2s 6d. Tobacco went up to £7 10s a pound, and was hard to get at that price. The worst stage of all was reached when sickness came. At the time of the relief there were in the hospitals 150 officers & 2500 men, which showed that it did not come a moment too soon. Touching on "Tommy Atkins," Mr. McDonald said no one had a greater admiration for him than he had. He will go anywhere where a man will lead him, and, added the lecturer, he will get men to lead him all right, for though certain mannerisms of speech, &c., gave some the impression that he was effeminate, the British officer knew how to die like a man and a gentleman, and no man could do a bigger or a better thing than that. (Applause). Mr. McDonald did not omit to say something in vindication of General Buller. Anyone had only to go and see the country about the Tugela to realise his stupendous task. It was a case of the castle, the moat, and the clearing beyond a hundred times repeated. The lecture was splendidly illustrated with limelight views.

The chairman (Rev. George Carson) called upon Mr. H. C. Hanna to move and Mr. Mc Ivor to second a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was carried with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. McDonald was good enough to say, in acknowledging the vote, that he would come out again and deliver his lecture on Australian bird life, the pictures in connection with which, he said, would be specially fine.

United "Bible Success Band" Rally.

The Northcote Methodist school hall was well filled by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience last Monday night, the occasion being the first grand rally of the above band in the state.

The organisation was founded by Mrs E. A. R. Davis, of the Chapman-Alexander mission, some two years ago in New York, and has spread with such rapidity that to day its branches are over nearly the whole surface of the globe, and to Northcote has fallen the honor of celebrating the first rally of its members. The platform was tastefully decorated by the district secretary, Mrs E. T. Brown, assisted by Mrs Shieferdecker. The Rev. Thos. Alday presided, and with him on the platform were the mayoress (Mrs Hayes), Mrs Dr. Warren, Vict. President of the band; Mrs. E. T. Brown, and several secretaries of the local churches. Miss C Membrey presided at the piano and played the accompaniments, while Mr. Fry and Mrs Brown respectively handled the organ.

The meeting was preceded by a song service of thirty minutes' duration, led by a united choir, drawn from several of the local churches, and was entered into heartily by the audience. The chairman expressed regret at the absence of the other local ministers. The audience, however, was fully representative, which speaks well for the success of the movement.

The chairman expressed his pleasure at the presence of the mayoress, and the hearty reception she got must have been very gratifying to her. He then introduced Mrs Dr. Warren, who gave a very interesting address. She first outlined the scheme of the Bible Success Band, and spoke of its rapid growth in this state. She had, she said, also enrolled members from this centre in West Australia and in New Zealand, and in far Korea and China. In South Australia, N.S.W., and Queensland the movement was also spreading. She then dealt with the great advantage it was for people to school themselves in a study of the sacred writings and how in committing to memory each day one verse the Bible became to them "the living word" in very deed. She then gave an interesting lesson in Bible study, leaving to her hearers the task of delving for hidden truths, and looking into God's mirror, reflected in His word, for a vision of themselves, and the need of cleansing, etc. This gifted lady held her audience spell-bound for fully thirty minutes, and that her remarks left their imprint on the hearts and minds of many of her hearers was apparent.

Mrs. Brown followed with her report of progress in Northcote, which showed that already the churches had taken up the work enthusiastically and were rapidly enrolling members.

Solos were rendered by Miss Bessie Fraser, who contributed "Does Jesus Care?" Miss Gertie Brown, "Give Me Jesus," and Mr. George Allen, "My Sins Are Forgiven."

The meeting was brought to a close with the singing of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and the secretaries were kept busy enrolling new members and dispensing information.

To the Preston Public.

WHY Go to Northcote for your Meat when you can get the BEST QUALITY of MEAT, Small Goods, &c., at Northcote Prices?

Call on

J. HUGHES,

THE NEW PRESTON BUTCHER,

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PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

FIFTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

Special services were conducted on Sunday last in connection with the fifty-third anniversary of the Preston Methodist Church. The bright little church was prettily decorated with white lillies and other appropriate flowers, and the full choir under the baton of Mr. Grierson, with Miss Grierson at the organ rendered several beautiful anthems in creditable style. Dr. Watkin, one of veteran ministers of the church, preached morning and evening to large congregations and his strengthening and spiritual discources went home to the hearts of the people. In the afternoon the Rev. C. C. Dugan, B.A., occupied the pulpit and his earnest deliverance was much appreciated.

On Monday evening an old fashioned tea was held, at which there was a good number of church people and their friends. The tables were presided over by the following ladies, viz:—Mesdames Barrow, Trathan, Harvey, Crispe, Jones, Mutimer, Down, Nankervis, Midgley, Trudgeon, and Potton, and Misses Crispe, Harvey, Midgley, Nankervis, Barrow Grierson, and Reynolds.

The tea was followed by a public meeting in the church when the choir again lent excellent service in rendering anthems, etc. Prayer was offered by Dr. Watkin, and the chairman (Mr. John Hattam) was introduced in complimentary terms by the minister of the circuit, Rev. J. Trathan.

What was more natural than that the chairman should refer to "dear old Cornwall"—a land from which he had recently returned. Mr. Hattam paid a high tribute to the reverence and spirituality of the Cornish people and he was impressed with the purity of their language. Even among the fishermen he never heard a single remark to which exception could be taken. The respect shown him was also surprising. Wherever he went he was addressed as "Sir," and he really began to think he was a "Sir." (Laughter). On one of these occasions he remarked—to himself, of course—"My word these people know good stuff when they see it." (Laughter).

Mr. J. C. Nankervis gave some information concerning the finances of the church. The annual statement showed that the expenditure exceeded the receipts by £15 3s 8d. Of the £60 issued in debentures at the beginning of last year £52 7s 6d had been redeemed, a result largely due to the vigilance of Mrs Hattam and Miss Reynolds. It was intimated by the treasurer that the teachers of the Sunday School had decided to hold a festival towards the end of the year, the profits from which would be devoted to the church funds. Mr. Nankervis also made mention of the interesting fact that there was one amongst their number who had been a member of the church for 53 years. He referred to Mrs Bartlett, who throughout a very long period had been an earnest and active church worker. (Applause.)

The Rev. John Thomas, after congratulating the congregation upon the enlargement of the church and expressing pleasure at the chairman's remarks about Cornwall, said that this universe of ours was a miracle of adjustment, harmony and balance. It has been fitted by God in the most perfect way for the abode of man, and is a challenge to our intelligences to use it aright. It suggested multitudiuous thoughts. Think of the farmer going into the field with his team of horses, turning over the earth, sowing the seed, harrowing it in, and in a little while seeing myriads of little green blades. Then comes the corn and at last the whole field is laughing with golden grain. Although it is written that "man does not live by bread alone" God wants us and encourages us to understand His laws. The reason why God made the world so wondrously fair and beautiful was because he wished us to take notice of it and to use it. He fancied he heard the chemicals of the earth, the sun, the wind, the waterfall, the waves of the sea, and the great ceaseless tides saying—*Use us!* God put us here that we might have dominion over the works of His hand and that we might conquer the forces of nature. What a vast catalogue of discoveries and conquests had been made and we were just now beginning to conquer the air and to annihilate space. If Mars is inhabited, as scientists believe, we might yet be able to find out what kind of people are there. God has a great destiny for us all and we should use to the very fullest extent the forces and powers of this beautiful universe. (Applause).

Dr. Watkin opened by stating that the city should never forget its indebtedness to the country in maintaining church work. Their chairman (Mr. Hattam) they owed to Daylesford; Mr. Nankervis to Ballarat; the Rev. Mr. Trathan to Mt. Pleasant, Ballarat; and Rev. John Thomas to Bendigo. Cornwall had given to the Australian Methodist Church some of her best ministers, and if they were to take away those ministers of Cornish ancestry it would deprive the church of some of her best ministers. A tea meeting such as they held that evening proved a great power in olden times and it would still be a great power for good if worked up with the same earnestness and fervour displayed by the Christian workers of old. Recently he had been stationed for a little while at Dunolly and in three weeks he had visited 150 homes and had prayed in 120. It was strenuous work, but he believed that if the church was to accomplish its mission its influence must be made manifest in the lives and homes of the people. After answering his own question—"What does the church stand for?" the reverend doctor said that he was not one of those who believed that the Methodist Church was perfect. Good as it was it could be improved in many respects. He ventured the prediction that the time would come when the purely spiritual work of the church would be directed by a committee of experts, and the financial arrangements would also be entrusted to a body of experts. They had spiritual and commercial experts in the church but their talents were not being utilised to the fullest extent. There were other features of Methodism which could be improved, but which fortunately had not prevented the church from accomplishing a great work. In the year they were entering upon he hoped that they would work for their church as they never had before and attain to a higher spiritual life than they had yet experienced.

Solos were rendered at intervals by Mrs Potton, Mr. Long, and Mr. Tait, and a comprehensive vote of thanks—moved by Mr. Jones and seconded by Mr. Nankervis—was passed to all who had assisted in making the anniversary a success. On the motion of the Revs Trathan and Dugan a similar compliment was paid to the chairman.

The Hat King,

Thomas Trevena,

THE RELIABLE

LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR.

OUR SUITS AND COSTUMES are Good in Material, Good in Workmanship, Classy in Cut, MODERATE IN PRICE.

TREVENA'S Suits and Costumes are preferred by hundreds whose preference is based on

KNOWLEDGE!

We've all the Very Latest in New Season's Material.

Ring up 410 City, or write for Samples to the old-established firm,

266 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

CRICKET.

V.C.A. PENNANT MATCHES

The V.C.A. pennant matches commence this afternoon, when at the Northcote park (which is looking splendid) the Northcote seniors meet the Essendon, play commencing at 2 o'clock. Northcote team—Bailey, Billings, Blundell, Brown, Cheswass, Fontaine Lovett, Mitchell, Plant, Richardson, Rowe, and Spicer.

The second elevens of the above play at Essendon. Northcote team—Andrew, Begg, Coyle, Colachin, Fox, Studley, Webb, Wilkinson, Yeomans (3), Hammett.

FIRST GRADE JUNIOR ASSOCIATION.

Preston C.C. open the season to-day with a match against the "Argus" team, to be played at the rear of the Melbourne cricket ground. This match was drawn for the Preston ground, but owing to the Moore benefit carnival to be held in the park on the 16th it had to be arranged elsewhere. The locals hope to give a good account of themselves this season, as some good players are available after the first match. The team will be chosen from the following:—J. Paterson, W. Haysom, E. Mehegan, C. Robinson, G. Sykes, J. Thomson, D. Dillon, W. Fyfe, G. Truman, J. Rutter, W. Dickens, A. Doran, W. Walters, D. Kerr.

Clifton Hill A.N.A. C.C., premiers of second grade competition, have secured the Croxton recreation reserve as their playing ground. They open the season this afternoon with a match against South Melbourne Footballers C.C., premiers first grade competition, so there ought to be some good cricket. The Collingwood Citizens' Contest Band will play.

Northcote club eleven play the Albert Park on pitch off Clarke street, close to Victoria road railway gates, Northcote. The team will be picked from the following, who are requested to meet at the park at 2.30.—Boyle, Bedford, Buller, Bolton, Cody, Kerr, Lugton, Mitchell, Organ, McKeen, Phillips, Parratt, Trainer, Tressider, Watt (2), Whiffen.

No. 3 Smoker v. Preston Amateurs, played at Preston park last Saturday. Scores—No. 3 Smoker, 130 (W. Gillies 37 retired, S. Yeomans 32, J. Moore 20, K. McKenzie 11; J. Hedegan 6 for 13, J. Rankine 2 for 3, W. Wilson 2 for 13); Amateurs, 40 (Watson 13, Kerr 9). The features of the afternoon were the wicket-keeping of B. Napper and the fielding of B. Briggs, both taking two fine catches during the afternoon.

Amateurs play Box Hill at Box Hill today. Train leaves Princes Bridge at 1.55.

Preston Methodists opened the season by playing Wesley on their own ground, and at the end of the day's play are in rather a good position, considering that the matches have been altered from three to two Saturdays. Scores—Wesley, 44 (W. Punch 4 for 6, S. Westcott 2 for 18, V. Barker 2 for 20); Preston, 114 (Westcott 18, Stephenson 16, Bussell 14, Punch 19, Nankervis 15).

A match will be played between the Prince of Wales' Park Methodists A and B teams on their ground, bottom of Darebin road, this afternoon. The following are requested to be on the ground:—(A)—Gillies, Sladen, Uglow (2), Scott, Broadbent, Fox, Walker, Harris (2), Clark, Cogle and C. Archbold. (B)—Thompson, Henry, Newman, R Archbold, A. and G. Uglow, W. Scott, Trengrove, Pizzey, McLeod, Abbey (2), A. Gillies, Gray (2), King, Unwin, Sheldon, Robb.

Northcote Church of Christ played Swanston Street do. on the formers ground. on the formers grounn. Swanston Street, first innings, 109 (Conning 32 not out, Mitchell 17, Gordon 15, Hallam 13; Woodgate 5 for 38; Tummins 3 for 33, Austin 1 for 10); Northcote, 3 for 16.

South Preston Methodist commence their premiership matches this afternoon by playing a team from Collingwood at the rear of the Preston fire station.

SOCIETIES.

The fortnightly meeting of the Preston branch A.W.A. was held on the 27th ult., the president (Miss Ozanne) in the chair. One new member was proposed. The secretary reported further donation for the Moore benefit from the following branches, viz., Collingwood, £1; South Melbourne, 10/6; Sale, 10/6; Flemington, 5/-; Fitzroy, 5/-; Prahran, 5/; Brunswick A.NA., 5/; Richmond, 5/-; Surrey Hills, 5/-; Maldon, 2/6; also a letter from the Northcote branch offering to sell tickets for the entertainment. After business a very enjoyable time was spent with Miss E. Smith's gramophone selections. Next Monday, song evening; prize by Miss Gray.

The usual meeting of the Northcote A.W.A. took place on the 17th ult. After business a pound night was held for members and friends and a very enjoyable time was spent. The mayoress (Mrs. Hayes) presented the prize, which was won by Miss Baty, who obtained a gold medal, given by Mr. Walker, jeweller, Northcote, for proposing the most members. Next meeting, October 11th, evening by secretary.

Members of Lady Northcote P.A.F.S. held their fortnightly meeting in Friendly Societies' Hall on Sept. 30th, there being a good attendance. An official visit was received from the Grand Secretary, who complimented the members on the progress of their lodge. Brothers from Nos. 52 and 59 also assisted. Two new members were initiated. The W.M. and D.M. were elected delegates to attend meeting re P.A.F.S. demonstration. Sister H. Richards was elected delegate for bazaar to be held in Albert Hall, Clifton Hill, Nov. 27th.

The Northcote branch A.N.A. held their fortnightly meeting on Thursday, the president (Mr. Rouvray) in the chair. There was a large attendance of members and much business was gone through. Five new members were elected and there were also three proposals. There is to be a visit to the Port Melbourne branch on Tuesday next and all members desirious of going are requested to meet at town hall at 7.45 sharp. The item on the syllabus was a lecture by Mr. Wuchatsch on "My trip through New Zealand," with views, in large hall, which attracted a good attendance. The lecture was of a most interesting nature, and was given in an able manner by the lecturer. The item next meeting is a lecturette by ex-Supt. J. Brown on "Reminiscences of bygone days."

Live Stock Sale.

Nicol, Miller and Coy. Prop. Ltd. report having held their usual sale of horses, cattle and pigs at their yards, Craigieburn, on Monday last. The attendance was good, the yarding fair, and trading spirited throughout, so that practically a total clearance was effected at satisfactory prices. Horses—draughts, £21 to £32 10; aged draughts, £10 to £20; buggy horses, £9 to £15; hacks and ponies, £5 to £13. Cattle—Milkers, £6 to £9; springers, £4 10s to £8; yearling steers, 25/ to 30/; yearling heifers, 30/- to 40/-; dry cows, £3 to £5. Sheep—Full mouth ewes in wool to 16/-. Pigs—Suckers (small), 15/- to 20/-; slips, 20/- to 32/6. We sold on account of the following:—Messrs Dworryhouse, Tulloch, Mason, Coleman, Webb, Lehman, Robinson, Vincent, McIntosh, P. Cahill, Ewart, Daly, M. Cahill, E. Kernon and others.

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.

FIREWOOD, Red Gum, Split, 1 foot lengths, 7/6 ton on the ground (40 feet to ton).—Bradshaw, Plenty Road, North Preston.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

PAN CHARGE.

Notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the Council of the Town of Northcote, at a meeting thereof to be held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Northcote, on the 11th day of October, 1909, at 7.30 p.m., to make and levy a Pan Annual Charge of Eight Shillings per pan on the occupiers of and on all tenements within the said Town, not connected with the sewerage system of the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works, for the year ending 30th September, 1910, to provide for the removal and proper disposal of nightsoil, the said charge to be made due and payable on the 12th day of October, 1909.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

October 1st, 1909.

MARVELLOUS MELBA.

THE GREAT JOACHIM'S TRIBUTE TO MELBA.

Of all the numberless tributes paid to the great Australian singer, not the least interesting is that of the late Dr. Joachim, who wrote:—"The almost superhuman beauty of Melba's voice reveals itself peculiarly in its amazing and unchanging beauty and girl-like freshness. Added to this unequalled vocal loveliness Melba has a tone production so natural, so spontaneous, as to place her in a sphere apart from all other singers of our time. But in the history of music, even more than for her ideal voice and technique, she will be remembered as the sole great singer of her generation who was never known to sacrifice the artistic proportion of any phrase in order to intensify her personal success. Noble simplicity is the keynote of her supremacy."

Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Church.

The anniversary of the church was celebrated on Sunday last and despite the very stormy weather crowded audiences listened morning, afternoon and evening to three very fine sermons delivered respectively by Revs. T. S. B. Woodfull, T. Alday, and John Nall. The congregational singing is always a feature at this church, and Sunday was no exception, one of the reasons being perhaps the fact that old and well known tunes were chosen.

On Tuesday a knife and fork tea meeting was held and again great success resulted. In fact, the provisions originally provided did not nearly suffice, and at 7 p.m. several energetic officers were out scouting for fresh supplies which were obtained in time to avoid any trouble.

At the public meeting held immediately after the tea the Rev J Nall presided and on the platform with him were Revs. Alday, Ditterich, and Uglow.

A first-class programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered exclusively by visitors and was much enjoyed. Miss Holzer acted as accompanist. Mr W. Oliver gave a brief resume of the church finances, which showed that the total debt on the church amounted to £810. He pointed out that this debt was almost solely a legacy inherited from previous trustees, but the present trustees were determined to wipe it out. After a fine and homely appeal by the Rev. J. Nall, the fine contribution of £53 was received from those present, which, added to the collections of the previous Sunday's services and tea meeting results, will mean that nearly £100 will be in hand to reduce the debt.

The anniversary was undoubtedly the most successful yet held.

Clarendon Tennis Club.

For the benefit of the above a concert was held at the Congregational Church (in connection with which the club has been formed) on Thursday evening. There was a good attendance, and in the abscence of Mayor Hayes, who had an important meeting of the council to attend, Mr. Hosken made a humorous chairman, also telling how Cr. Hayes had provided a tennis court for them on easy terms, and giving young folk, whether belonging to the church or not, a hearty invitation to join—gents 10/-, ladies 5/-. A very enjoyable programme was provided. A round-faced manly little chap, who figured on the programme as "Master T. Bulmer" made the hit of the night with his recitations. His pieces were humorous, "When the minister comes to tea" and "Lost Tommy," both of which were encored so enthusiastically that he had to give others. One of these was a serious piece, "Somebody's Mother," given in surprisingly effective fashion. Miss Holzer was deservedly encored for a very nice rendering of "Sing Sweet Bird," adding "Winds in the Trees." A couple of duets, "Two Beggars" and "Tenor and Baritone," by Messrs Shands and Bradshaw, went well and were enjoyed, and a good laugh was caused by a male quartet party's representation of "Toothache." Messrs Shands and Bradshaw also sang solos acceptably, as did Miss Ericksen, Miss E. A. Miller, and Messrs Cox and Reed. Recitations were also given by the Misses Imrie and Duncan, Mr. Frost gave a violin solo, and Mr. Hollings a trombone solo. The accompanist was Miss Thomas. Mayor Hayes arrived just in time to give his well-wishes to the club.

Northcote I.O.R. meet at 7.30 on Thursday evening next on account of having to play Collingwood in the games tournament at Collingwood the same evening.

The Preston Shire Council advertise to-day for "offers of land suitable for recreation reserve or children's playgrounds."

Amusements.

PRIDE of NORTHCOTE FEMALE TENT I.O.R. will celebrate their Anniversary by a SOCIAL EVENING in the Northcote Town Hall TO-NIGHT. Chairman, Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A. Good Programme. Refreshments. Admission 6d.

PRINCESS ALICE L.O.L. hold an INDOOR PICNIC in the Rechabite Hall, Northcote, TO-NIGHT. Competitions, Refreshments. Fun for All. Admission 6d.

M. MAUDSLEY, Hon. Sec.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (James St).

At the School Hall on Monday, 11th October, at 8 p.m., Mr. GEO. A MAXWELL, M.A., L.L.B., will deliver his interesting LECTURE on "A HOMELY PHILOSOPHY of LIFE."

Come and Hear the Renowned Lecturer at his Best.

Special Vocal and Instrumental Items by Leading Artists.

Admission Free. Collection.

SHIRE HALL, PRESTON, Wednesday Evening, 13th Oct., SOCIAL EVENING—Cards, Refreshments, Dancing. Proceeds in aid of Preston Catholic Church Funds. Commence 8 sharp.

E. J. SULLIVAN, Hon. Sec.

Auction Notices.

AUCTION SALES TO-DAY.

STOTT & BASTINGS.

3 o'clock.

13 Harper Street, near Westgarth station. S.F.B. HOUSE, 4 rooms. Land 20 x 104. Street and right-of-way made.

3.30.

WESTGARTH SUBDIVISION.

Frontages Westgarth Street & McDonald Street. Handy station.

18 — ALLOTMENTS — 18

47 x 120, 50 x 90, 40 x 90.

Plans at offices.

Wanted

WIDOW, respectable, good laundress, like washing and ironing to do at home. Clean, "Leader" office.

WANTED Washing and Cleaning, 4/ day. Enquire Mrs. Murphy, shop opposite Croxton station, Spencer street.

YOUNG Woman to keep house, assist works, sleep at home. Tutton's, Bay View Terrace, Northcote.

GIRLS required for Perfumery business, Tutton's, Bay View Terrace, Northcote

Local Government.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

LAND FOR RECREATION RESERVES.

Offers of Land suitable for a Recreation Reserve or for Children's Playgrounds will be received at the Shire Offices, High street, Preston, up to 4 p.m. on Monday, 18th inst. State price and area.

T. J. WITHRINGTON,
Shire Secretary.

NICE HOUSES.

Nice Sites for Houses

FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS OR FOR CASH.

18 DAREBIN ROAD, situate few doors from High St., and near the Croxton station. A NATTY D.F.W.B. VILLA, containing 5 rooms, bathroom and wash house, erected on land 30 x 100. The street is made, path asphalted, and right-of-way pitched. Price, £300.

WILSON STREET (now called Hayes St.) situate off Darebin Road and near the Croxton station. A NEWLY-BUILT D.F.W.B. VILLA, nicely finished, containing 5 rooms, bathroom, wash-house, vestibule, wood-shed, erected on land 40 x 96 to pitched right-of-way. Price, £300.

251 CLARKE STREET East, handy to Westgarth station. A GOOD D.F. W.B VILLA, containing 6 rooms and every convenience, bow window, slate roof, well constructed, on land 40 x 130, street made. Price, £390.

ARMADALE STREET, near the Croxton station. A CHEAP W.B. COTTAGE, containing 4 rooms and conveniences, erected on land 20 x 96. 6/6 week, without deposit. Price £130.

Also many others, particulars of which may be obtained at our offices. Houses and Land for Sale in Northcote, Preston, Fairfield and Brunswick. Terms arranged to meet the wishes of purchasers.

LAND.

Ballantyne St.,	50 x 130	12/6
Clarendon St.,	70 x 115	15/
Clyde St.,	49ft. 6in. x 148	12/6
Flinders St.,	33 x 119	20/
Hammond St.,	115 x 115	10/
Jenkin St.,	35 x 115	25/
Langston St.,	40 x 91ft. 6in.	25/
Lewis St.,	40 x 90	6/
Mansfield St.,	115 x 115	15/
St. David St.	33 x 115	25/

And many others.

Stott & Bastings,

(Walter S. Stott, Harold E. Bastings),

The Oldest-Established Firm carrying on business in Northern Suburbs,

AUCTIONEER,
ESTATE AGENTS,
VALUERS,

207 & 521 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE, Preston and Fairfield.

Tel. 1976.

Ernest Lees,

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AND

ESTATE AGENT,

234 High St., Northcote.

Tel. 350.

Consult me on the following matters:—

Sales of Houses or Land.
Purchase of Property.
Auction Sales of Houses, &c
Sales of Furniture and Effects.
Insurance of Property.
Life Insurance.
Loans, Mortgages, Investments.
Rent Collecting.
Building Arrangements.

Houses and Land For Sale.

McGEORGE BROS., AUCTIONEER, Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Insurance Experts, and Rent Collectors, 323 HIGH STREET, PRESTON (Murray station). AUCTION ROOMS, Sydney Road, corner The Grove, MORELAND.

McGEORGE BROS.' AUCTION ROOMS, MORELAND, Sydney Road, corner The Grove. Five minutes' walk north of Brunswick Tram Terminus. The Most Complete Sale Rooms in the Northern Suburbs. Entries of Furniture and Miscellaneous Goods will now be received for our opening Sale. Cash Settlement same day.

PRESTON.—CHOICE SELECTION. QUEEN ANNE VILLAS, 5 and 6 Rooms, Modern Appointments, Free Railway Pass. £335—£375—£450. Charming Position. Liberal Terms. McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

SHEFFIELD ESTATE, PRESTON. Allotments, 50 x 180, from £27. No Deposit. No Interest. Weekly payments from 2/3. Every block is surveyed and splendidly drained. Only a few minutes' walk to Regent station. Occupying a delightful position in this TOORAK of the NORTH. 300 feet above sea level, good train service, charming views, progressive locality. Select a Site for your future Home on this Grand Estate. Plans on application to the Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer & Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Murray Station, Preston. Tram Terminus, Brunswick.

PRESTON.—POST OFFICE ESTATE. Allotments, 34 x 115, £17 each. Terms—£3 deposit and 1/3 per week. Close to Murray station, municipal buildings and bowling green. Plans from Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Expert Land Salesmen.

PRESTON RESERVOIR STATION. Poultry Farm Block, 1½ acres. £5 deposit, terms to 5 years; or will sell in allotments, 66 x 132, £17 10/; any reasonable terms. Particulars from McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

PRESTON.—Superior new W.B. Villa, 5 rooms, every comfort, beautiful position, land 40 x 120, £275. This is a cheap property of inspection. McGeorge Bros., Local Auctioneer.

PRESTON.—Poultry Farm, about 2 acre, splendidly laid out, comfortable 5-roomed house, all conveniences, close station, £325. Rent terms. McGeorge Bros., agents.

PRESTON.—Beautiful Subdivisional Block, corner position, 115 x 99, overlooking Northcote. The choicest site offering. Price and terms, McGeorge Bros., Local Valuers.

McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer and Estate Agents, announce the forthcoming Auction Sales:—Saturday, 10th October, Villa, Mary street, Preston, and Allotment, Showers street, Preston; Saturday, 23rd October, Villa, White street, Moreland.

PICK of the District, Hillside Estate, close Shire Hall and Post Office. 40ft. Allotments from 1/6 weekly. No deposit. No Interest. Robertson, agent, Bell street, Preston.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

H. ADAMS,

BUTCHER,

322 High Street, Northcote

(Late W. H. TACEY).

The Cheapest First-Class Butcher in Northcote.

Call and Inspect our Goods and be Convinced.

H.A. can supply the Best Quality at prices never heard of before in Northcote.

The Workingman must have Nourishing Food. Do not be misled.

LADIES! Do you want strong, robust children? Avoid poor meat and buy the best.

Our Sausages are a breakfast treat.

TRY THEM.

Telephone 114, Brunswick.

A. THARRATT,

Furnishing and Builders' Ironmonger,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,

TELEPHONE 2006. Corner Separation St.

Fly-Proof Doors.

Quality II.		Quality I.	
6' 6" x 2' 6" x 1"	8/3	6' 6" x 2' 6" x 1¼	10/9
6' 8" x 2' 8" x 1"	8/3	6' 8" x 2' 8" x 1¼	10/9
6' 10" x 2' 10" x 1"	8/9	6' 10" x 2' 10" x 1¼	11/6

Very strong, substantial mill made doors.

Extra centre rail with turned dowells, 1/6 extra

Self closing Hinges and Latch extra.

Fly Window Screens.

This Screen has Steel Frame with sliding centre.

Will fit any size windows.

Measuring (open) 24 x 36, price 3/6.

Same design with wood frame, measuring (open) 18 x 36, price 2/3 each.

Cane Sun Blinds.

Special size for Windows 6 x 3, 1/ each.

VERANDAH BLINDS—4 x 8, 2/; 6 x 8, 3/3; 8 x 8, 4/; 10 x 8, 5/6.

Complete with pulleys and cord.

Baths.

21 gauge Queen's Head Special.

5ft 7in x 22 x 21 deep 16/6
5ft 7in x 22 x 18 deep 15/6

Troughs

(Two divisions)

Flat Galvanised Iron.

48 x 18 x 15 deep 15/6

All inside measurements. Fitted with 2¼ B.O.W. Plug.

PAINTED SINKS—18in., 10/6; 21in., 11/6; 24in., 12/6.
PORCELIAN SINKS—18in., 17/; 21in., 19/3; 24in., 22/.
Fitted with 2¼ B.O.W. Plug.

SUMMER GOODS.

Large Stock of Garden Tools, Rakes, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Scythe Blades and Handles, Reap Hooks, Barrows, Garden Hose, Digging Hoes, Meat Safes, Meat Covers, Watering Cans, Dress Baskets, Extra Strong Travelling Trunks, &c., &c.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

AT

SINCLAIR'S

The People's Butcher,

280 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Lamb! Lamb! Lamb! from 2/6 Side.
Lamb! Lamb! Lamb! from 2/6 Side.
Lamb! Lamb! Lamb! from 2/6 Side.

Chops, Steak, and Sausages,
6lbs. for 1/- !!!

This is what the Butchers don't like. They will have to follow suit.

SINCLAIR LEADS!

FOLLOW WHO CAN.

Houses and Land To Let.

PRESTON.—Queen Anne villas, 5, 6 rooms, 12/6, 14/, 10/, free railway passes. Villas, 5, 6 rooms, all conveniences, nicely situated, close train, 10/6, 11/6, 12/6, 14/. McGeorge Bros., Rent Collectors, Murray station, Preston, and Moreland.

WANTED to Purchase Avery Platform Scales, 10 cwt.; also Counter Scales. Write, 72 Clarendon street, Northcote.

IMPORTANT.

DOCTORS say it is necessary to ensure good health that you have the feet well covered. The ETNA BOOTS and SHOES, every pair bearing the registered stamp, are all solid leather. By wearing them you will have comfort and save doctors' bills. Reliable houses keep them. Have no other. Made in Gent's, Ladies and Children's. Welt Pumps, machine sewn.

SUMMER DRAPERY

AT

HATTAM & HATTAM'S.

SEE THEIR

Stylish Costumes,
Pretty Blouses,
Dainty Millinery,
Lovely Cambrics,

Smart Hosiery, Belts & Laces.

Children's Galatea Hats in numerous varieties.

S.S.S. Galatea for Boys' Suits.

Hoyle's Print in 250 different patterns.

Exquisite Neckwear & Gloves.

Just opened, 250 pairs of Ladies' & Maids' Tan Boots & Shoes at Special Prices.

Visit our Establishment for Everything that is Nice in Fashionable Drapery.

OUR WINDOWS,
— FIXTURES,
— TABLES,
— COUNTERS,

Are all displayed with New Season's Goods.

Also Save your Coupons for Presents at

HATTAM & HATTAM'S,

NORTHCOTE'S BUSY DRAPERS.

Miss Willmott, Costumiere, has rooms on the premises. See her about your Cup or Picnic Dress.

F. G. SMITH,

DRAPER, &c.,

245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Supply Store for

BOY SCOUTS!

Best Scouts' Hats (with chin straps), ...	3/6
Best Navy Scouts' Shirts (all sizes) ...	2/11
Kharki Haversacks	1/6
Putties	1/6
Leather Belts	10½d
„ Pouches	6d
Black Scarves	10½d
Knives and Lanyards	1/6
Blue Drill Knickers	1/11

Enquire for Prices of any other Lines.

SPRING NOVELTIES AT BEST & CO'S.

DAINTY BLOUSINGS in Cambrics, Muslins, Crepes, Zephyrs, and Prints.

COSUMES in finest Lawn, beautifully trimmed with choice embroidery insertions, guinea line at 10/6. Do. in Cambrics, very stylish make, at 7/11

BELTING Novelties, the latest British make, from 7d the length. Belt Buckles from 3d.

EMBROIDERY Insertions, a large assortment of wide makes from 6d yard.

In **LACES**, as usual, we are fully stocked, and our prices are, as usual, right!

NECKWEAR Novelties, Peter Pans and others from 9d each.

MILLINERY! All our Millinery Designs are of the Latest; the make is good, and the price just one-half of City charges.

RIBBONS! A full stock in all widths and colors.

HOSIERY! All at old prices as we bought before the rise in wool and cotton.

MERCERY! We are fully stocked in this department and are showing some splendid values in Soft and Fashion Shirts.

HATS! Boaters, latest designs, from 1/-

☞ *For your Cup Outfit come in early and see Miss Harley to make sure of getting the costume by November 5th.*

Best & Co.,

DRAPERS & MERCERS,

HIGH ST., UPPER NORTHCOTE.

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

Monday, October 4.

Present:—Crs. Howe (president), Allchin, Howse, Robertson, Crispe, Wilkinson, Paterson, Stanlake, and Warr.

A CONTRACTOR DISAPPOINTED.

W. Porteous wrote expressing disappointment owing to his tender being passed by in favor of another which was opened afterwards. The rule was that preference was given to the first tender opened should the price be the same and other things equal. The departure from this rule implied a stigma on his reputation. He (the writer) was a ratepayer and could well carry out this class of work, while it was plain that the contractor to whom the work was given had already been given so many contracts that his resources were fully utilised.

It was decided to inform Mr. Porteous that the tender was decided by lot.

MEAT INSPECTOR'S INTENTIONS.

E. J. Sullivan wrote intimating that after six years' service as meat inspector it was his intention to apply elsewhere for a similar position carrying a higher salary than that which he is at present receiving. He would like the council to supply him with a reference.—Request complied with.

LOAN OF HAND-ROLLER.

A. Johnston, secretary S. Preston Methodist C.C., wrote asking for loan of hand roller to roll their pitch.—Granted.

USE OF PEA RIFLES.

The Shire of Fern Tree Gully wrote asking, in view of the majority recommending 21 years as the minimum age at which youths should be allowed to use pea rifles, that this council instructs their delegate to the Municipal Association to support the restraining of the use to persons over 21 years of age.—Referred to Cr. Robertson.

INFORMATION RE FISH PRESERVES.

Frederick O'Dee, secretary Victorian Piscatorial Council, wrote asking for information as to the nature of the fishing places in the neighborhood, as it was proposed to prepare a guide for use in carrying out a scheme for the future stocking on thorough, systematic, and scientific lines the waters of this State with the most suitable varieties of sporting and edible fish.

Cr. Crispe endeavored to induce Cr. Howse to undertake the supply of the necessary information, but he excused himself on the grounds of lack of expert knowledge, and the secretary was instructed to formulate a reply.

DISINFECTION OF RAGS.

The Board of Public Health wrote bringing under notice the need for disinfection of rags prior to being converted into flock, paper, &c.

Cr. Crispe moved that the letter be simply received. If they took notice of everything the Board of Health sent along they would be doing nothing else.

FIRE HYDRANT FOR MURRAY RD.

Harrie B. Lee, chief officer Metropolitan Fire Board, wrote bringing under notice the necessity for fire hydrants in Murray road, between High street and the railway.

Cr. Crispe moved that the matter be referred to the works committee, the engineer to get the necessary information for their guidance.—Carried.

TRANSFER OF A CONTRACT.

Chas. Wall wrote stating that owing to other arrangements he would be obliged if they would allow him to transfer his contract to Mr. G. Porteous of David street.—Referred to works committee on the motion of Crs. Crispe and Howse.

COLONEL BRAITHWAITE'S RETURN.

W. E. Hooper wrote applying for the use of the supper room, wherein the employes of Braithwaite's tannery desired to entertain Mr. Braithwaite on his return from England on the 19th inst.

Cr. Stanlake moved that the matter be referred to the hall committee, with power to act.—Carried.

BUILDING PERMITS.

M. Morrish wrote applying for a permit to erect one six roomed and one two-roomed house in Northernhay street.

J. D. Marshall wrote making a similar application.

Referred to engineer for attention.

INVITATION FROM NORTHCOTE.

W. G. Swift, town clerk, Northcote, wrote, by direction of the mayor (Cr Hayes), requesting the attendance of the president and councillors at the meeting of the council on the 11th inst, at 8 30, and afterwards in the mayor's room.—Invitation accepted.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Robertson (chairman) submitted the report, recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £160 18s 8d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Letter from Clarke Bros. asking council to take over surplus metal.—That 84½ cubic yards on Contract No. 25 08 at 6s 8d and 14 cubic yards on Section 1 High street at 7s per cubic yard be taken over.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Stanlake (chairman) submitted the report, recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £46 2s 11d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

1. Account from Queen's Memorial Infectious Diseases Hospital.—That the accounts be referred to Mr. Hamilton for collection from the persons owing amounts to the council.—Adopted.

1a. That the secretary write the hospital as to what the cost to the council will be to affiliate, also the annual cost to the council—Adopted.

2. Letter from J. Reed in reference to transferring his contract for nightsoil removal to Mr. Foley.—That Mr. Reed be called upon to proceed with his contract, failing compliance the deposit be forfeited and fresh tenders invited at once.—Adopted.

3. Report of tuberculosis conference.—That Mr. Membrey be requested to oppose the proposals of the conference as regards any expenditure being charged to the municipalities.—Adopted.

4. Inspector's report on houses in Showers street.—That the Preston Progressive Association be asked to furnish information as to the situation of the houses whilst in Collingwood, also the reasons why the houses were condemned and other information in order to assist the officers in their enquiries.—Adopted.

5. Meat inspector's request for increase of salary.—That the council cannot see their way clear to increase Mr. Sullivan's salary at present.—Adopted.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

The secretary and engineer (T. J. Withrington) reported as follows:—

1. Special improvement charge (No. 2) notices have been prepared and require the signature of the president and a councillor. There is only this week available for Mr. Hamilton to issue same in order that the charge may be made on the 25th inst.

The president and Cr. Allchin were appointed to sign the notices.

2. Notified Public Works Department that my books are ready for audit, but as no auditor was yet appointed the audit will not be commenced till my return from Sydney on the 17th inst.—Received.

COLLECTOR'S REPORT.

The collector (G. H. Hamilton) reported having balanced his books for the year and they were now ready for audit.

The total current rate collected was £3505 13s 11d, leaving outstanding £21 16s 8d. The total arrears outstanding are £167 12s 9d. Of these arrears verdicts have been obtained for £89 18s 1d; the remainder was owing by persons whose addresses could not be found. He would recommend that these cases be referred to the committee of the whole with a view to selling the land under the act.

The arrears were as low as it was possible to get them, and unless action was taken in the direction suggested they will continue to increase till the rates and interest would be more than the value of the property.

The same remarks would apply to the £40 13s 11d due by persons of unknown addresses in connection with special improvement charges.

The report was referred to the finance committee.

MEAT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr. E. J. Sullivan reported having inspected and branded for the year ending September 30, carcases of meat as follows:—

Cattle, 2,397.
Sheep, 35,816.
Pigs, 11,446.

The revenue received in fees was £250 19s 8d.

Referred to finance committee.

DUPLICATION OF THE LINE.

Cr. Crispe remarked that they had heard nothing for some time re the duplication of the line and there was a rumor abroad that it was only going to be duplicated as far as Bell street, which would never do at all. Mr. Tait had told the deputation that the work was to be gone on with, and they were only waiting for Parliament to provide the money. He (Cr. Crispe) would move that Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., be asked to interview the Commissioners and let them know what was going to be done in the matter.

Cr. Wilkinson seconded the motion, which was agreed to.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Crispe moved that provision be made in next year's estimates for a lamp at the corner of William and Olver streets.

Cr. Robertson seconded. Carried.

EXTRA CLERICAL ASSISTANCE.

The question cropped up of getting extra clerical assistance in connection with the issue of the special improvement charge notices.

Cr. Crispe said he was absolutely against getting extra clerical assistance. Directly there was a little extra work there was a request in this direction, which should not be seeing the officers had been relieved of a certain amount of work. He thought they should be able to grapple with this little extra rush. If they acceded always in this direction the percentage of their salaries as against revenue would be altogether too great.

The collector said it was utterly impossible with the other work he had in hand to get out these notices without assistance during the present week.

Cr. Allchin said the position was rather extraordinary seeing the secretary was going away for his holidays this week. He would move that an assistant be got for one week.

Cr. Paterson seconded the motion. It seemed the only way out of the difficulty under the circumstances.

Cr. Warr—Has the collector any one he can put on?

Mr. Hamilton—I know of no one.

Cr. Crispe—Surely they could get the notices completed before the secretary goes on Wednesday and they could be delivered by post.

The motion was carried.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

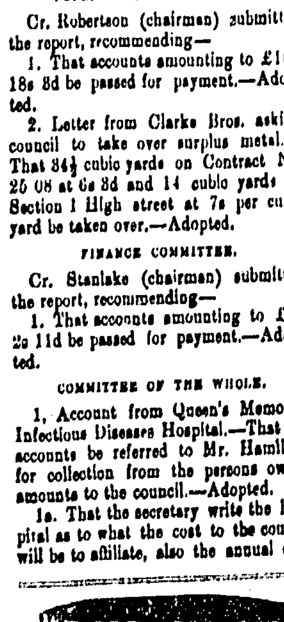
Cr. Paterson moved that the matter of putting down three chains of channelling in Albert street be referred to the estimates.—Carried.

Cr. Allchin said that from tests the lamplighter and himself had made of a substitute for the oil used for the Best lamps he believed a saving of £20 a year could be made, and, what was more, the stuff could be procured locally. He would move that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, with power to act, in the meantime the secretary procure a case of this substitute and test it.

Cr. Howse seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Wilkinson moved that an advertisement be put in the local paper calling for offers of sites for parks.

Cr. Paterson seconded.—Carried.



YOUR OWN WISH.

BOOTS & SHOES in Gent's, Ladies, and Children's that are all solid leather and the cheapest price that the modern system can provide we can do it at the Etna Boot Co. Regist'd. Have no other. Every pair with registered stamp to waist.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

Tuesday, October 6.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Mr. E. Allchin, J.P.]

STEALING A RAIL.

Constable Lizars proceeded against an elderly man named Frederick Joseph Willoughby for stealing a rail, valued at 1s, the property of John Jeans.

It was stated that other rails had been taken and that portions of other rails were found about accused's premises.

Accused pleaded guilty and was fined 20s or three months' imprisonment.

DEBT.

Geo. D. Palmer v. J. Pretty, junr. Goods sold and delivered, 12s 6d Order, with 5s costs.

L. Gilbert v. W. J. Thomson. Goods sold and delivered, £14 15s 5d. Mr. Lonie (Maddock, Jamieson & Lonie) for plaintiff. Order, with £2 7s costs.

NON-ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.

For not sending their children regularly to school the following were fined, viz.:—John Watts, 2s; James Watson, 2s (3 cases); Frederick Peare, 2s 6d (3 cases). Several more cases were struck out and others adjourned.

AN APPLICATION.

F. W. Donovan made an application on behalf of Mrs. Brewer, a widow with 4 children in destitute circumstance.

Dr. Cole said the court had no power to deal with the case except it could be proved conclusively that the children were neglected within the meaning of the Neglected Children's Act. He advised application to the Ladies' Benevolent Society.

THE PARLIAMENTARY WHIP.

HIS MANY DUTIES.

This has been the week of the whips and of secret history-making in both Parliaments. Events have run in both Legislatures on curiously parallel lines. In the Federal House the Whip has saved the Fusion Government from serious trouble, broken down with the strain, and gone to bed for his pains. In the Assembly the Whip has been wool-gathering, Ministers have been humbled, and their day-dreamer whipper-in enjoys robust health. In both Parliaments influential men have subordinated personal antagonisms and ambitions to national duty—Mr. Reid in the Federal, Sir Alexander Peacock in the State—and have rendered yeoman's service to the Governments without there being anyone within earshot to applaud.

The Whip in the House of Representatives has a task second only to to that of the labours of Sisyphus. He never quite gets his stone to the top of the hill. Should he make the smallest slip the Ministry may be plunged in a crisis, for every member of the caucus whips against the Government. You will see Mr. Hume Cook in the lobby before the earliest member reaches the House, and within the precincts he remains all day. Other men may wander down town. Mr. Irvine may stroll down to the club and risk an important division. Mr. Kelly may drop away to the theatre. Wynne may hurry off to a directors' meeting. Mr. Cook must know exactly where they are, keep tally of all the party in and about the House, and have his numbers ready for any emergency. You will see him first man up the steps, bag in hand, and long after the Chamber has been plunged in darkness you will see the electric light burning in his room. As the last tram is due out a tired, wan-faced man hurries down the steps and makes for it. There are no evidences that he ever gets any sleep, unless he snatches forty winks on the front bench, nor that he gets a meal except it be during the recess.

He has to be on good terms with everyone to span the gulf that separates a Coon from a Bruce Smith. He must manage to keep in touch with a dozen people at once. He holds one by a button; he administers to another a dig in the ribs; at another he winks; another he accosts in a free and easy manner; and to another he will fling a jocular remark as he rushes past. He slaps a Senator on the back and shakes hands with a party organiser. His duty is, as the late Sir Thomas Bent said, "to make a House, to keep a House, and to cheer the Minister who may be speaking." His name seldom, if ever, appears in the Parliamentary reports. The man in the street hardly suspects his existence, but the Fusion member knows that he is ubiquitous, finding pairs, catching this man, and preventing that man from escaping. There he is, that sharp-featured, active-looking man, trained so fine by constant exertion and unnatural hours that he looks tucked up. He is in the lobby; no, he is in the House; no, he has gone out. Ah! here he comes; but you can't see him, for he is in the midst of a group. But, see, he has stepped aside to read a note. He will be here presently. But, no; he has gone off to the Prime Minister's room. A will o' the wisp was never more elusive. And when he does reach the Chamber again it may be to brisk up a despondent supporter or to stick the spurs deep into a shirker. It is his duty to

Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel,
But once in a way there will come a day
When the colt must be taught to feel
The lash that falls, the curb that galls,
and the sting of the rowelled steel.

Mr. Hume Cook has done his work well. But the ceaseless fretting of nervous tissue in the House with the vague rumours of Mr. Frank Anstey's activity in his electorate have knocked his system about, and he is on the hospital list, while Mr. Willie Kelly, abandoning the dilettante air which he assumes to screen a very smart and soaring brain, is filling his place. On him now falls the obligation of keeping the Fusion Government off the rocks. It is no small undertaking, because there is treason abroad in the Ministerial party.—*Punch.*

Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!!

THE VICTORIAN EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.
Bastings Street, Northcote,
Under the auspices of "The Poultry and Kennel World."
A Real Object Lesson, the Latest and Most Up-to-Date Method of Poultry-Keeping.
2000 Birds can be kept on an acre on this system.
The Very Thing for Small Holders and Suburban Poultry-Keepers.
Admission 6d (Sunday excepted).
H. McKENZIE, Manager,
"Burnette," Bastings St., Northcote.

TERRIBLE INDIGESTION.

Could Digest Nothing—Bile Beans Prove the Remedy.

There is nothing in all this world so important to you as good digestion. Food must be eaten to sustain life, and must be digested and converted into blood. When the digestion fails the whole body suffers. Bile Beans are the only rational and reliable cure for indigestion. They regulate the flow of bile, purify the blood, promote the liver to healthy action, tone up the stomach, thus promoting the whole internal economy to natural and healthy effort.

"For years on and off," says Mr. F. Godfrey, of Devon Cottage, Heighett St., West Richmond, Vic., "I have been subject to biliousness, but only in a mild form, until three weeks back, when it attacked me very severely, and was accompanied by indigestion. I could digest nothing, and the pains I experienced were awful. All solid foods were out of the question. I tried many so-called remedies in the hope of regaining my lost health, but without success. Bile Beans were brought under my notice as a proved cure for my complaints, and I decided to give them a fair trial. The first few doses afforded relief, and, continuing the course, I was thoroughly cured. Several of my friends had given up all hope of my being cured, but now, when they see me, they inquire what doctor worked this wonderful recovery, and I assure them that the credit is solely due to Bile Beans."

No home should be without a box of this far famed vegetable remedy. For the disfiguring and unsightly eruptions of spring, which is now with us, Bile Beans are invaluable, because they are a perfect blood-purifier and tonic to the system.

THE STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINE.

Announcements.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Membrey & Deane
(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),
Estate, Financial & Insurance Agents,
SWORN VALUER
(Telephone No. 4682, Central),
Beg to notify that on and after 1st July the business will be REMOVED to more COMMODIOUS OFFICES on the ground floor of LOMBARD BUILDINGS, No. 17 QUEEN ST. (between Flinders Street and Flinders Lane.
Loans Negotiated Promptly.
Auctions Arranged.
Fire and Life Insurances Effected.

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.
W. Freebairn & Co.
(Sworn Valuers),
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

NORTHCOTE & PRESTON AUCTION and ESTATE AGENCY.
Gordon Garrett & Co.,
583-585 HIGH ST.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.
Near Thornbury Station.
Insurances Effected. Loans Negotiated. Rents Collected. Valuations Made. Auction Sales Conducted any district. Plans & specifications of houses prepared.

PRESTON and NORTHCOTE
Live Stock Market.
Poultry, Furniture, Sundries,
Every WEDNESDAY at 1 o'clock sharp.
Send your Poultry to us, good prices obtained.
MESSRS NICOL, MILLER & Co. will hold regular sales at their new yards, Tram Terminus, Preston, of Cattle, Pigs, Horses, Vehicles, &c.
Clients are requested to notify us as early as possible of stock coming forward.
Auction Sales of Land, Houses, Furniture, Stock, &c., conducted in any part of the district at lowest rates.
Local agents for the Liverpool & London & Globe Fire and Accident Co. Assets exceed £11,000,000.
Furniture stored free and sold on commission.
Anything and everything.
Houses wanted For Sale and To Let. Several good clients waiting.
NICOL, MILLER & CO.,
Auctioneers,
Live Stock Salesmen,
TRAM TERMINUS, PRESTON.
Telephone 260, Brunswick.

FIRE in Arthurton Rd.
Weatherboard House Destroyed
Before the Fire Brigade Arrives.
Fortunately this house was **insured** and so the owner's **loss** is not so severe as it might have been.
The reader would be **wise** in insuring his property with the
London Assurance Corporation.
ERNEST LEES, AUCTIONEER, LOCAL AGENT.
Tel. 350.

Frank Goldsworthy
DESIRES to intimate that he has commenced business as a
Hairdresser and Tobacconist
at
96 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars.
Will be glad to see old friends

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.
MRS. LEONARD BAKER
and
MISS HILDA BAKER,
Opposite Town Hall, Northcote.
During 1908 fourteen pupils entered for examinations in four different grades, and all passed, two with honours. Over 100 prizes in competitions. Students prepared for examinations, &c. Theory Class, Saturday, 3 to 4. Terms on application.

MR. SIDNEY R. COLE, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., London; 10 years Professor and Examiner at the London Academy of Music; Licentiate, Royal Academy of Music London (Singing); Licentiate, Royal Academy of Music, London (Pianoforte); Associate, Royal College of Music, London (Pianoforte); PROFESSOR of VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING and PIANOFORTE. Mr. Cole is the only musician in Australia holding the Specialist (L.R.A.M.) Diploma in Two Subjects, from the Royal Academy of Music, London. Lessons given at the residence of Mr. E. Lees, "Talgarno," Clarke St., Northcote, and at Allan's, Collins St.

L. BRENNECKE (Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin), VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY, and COUNTERPOINT. 1 PLOW ST. (opp. Thornbury Railway Station).

MISS QUEENIE PARKER A.L.C.M., Receives and Visits Pupils for the PIANOFORTE. Pupils prepared for London College, Conservatorium, &c., Exams. "Norman," Waterloo Road, Northcote. Preston visited twice weekly.

MISS M. V. MAGUIRE (pupil of Mr W. A. Laver, University Conservatorium). Registered teacher of Pianoforte, Theory, & Harmony. Pupils prepared for Matriculation and other Examinations. Terms from £1 1s. Preston visited twice a week. Address—182 High St. (opp. Town Hall), Northcote.

EDGAR B. SCHWAEBSCH, Teacher of PIANOFORTE. Pupils prepared for Competitions and Examinations. For Terms apply "Edgehill," 451 High St., Northcote.

J. E. RIPPER, PIANO and ORGAN BUILDER. REPAIRS and TUNINGS a Speciality. All Work Guaranteed. Factory—271 Smith Street, Fitzroy. Private address—6 Martin St., Northcote.

MRS. A. T. EARL, TEACHER of the VIOLIN. (Late Pupil of Thos. Bidgood, Bandmaster, and Gold Medallist London Academy of Music.) Careful and Thorough Tuition for Children and Adults. Pupils visited or received. Fees (in advance)—From £1 1s per quarter. Pupils prepared for Examinations. Violins supplied. Songs written for musical setting. Sketches and Operettas written. "Bushwood," Dundas St., Upper Northcote.

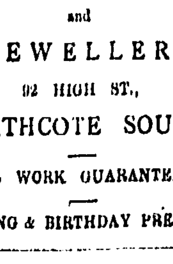
MISS FANNY SCARCEBROOK, Certificated Pupil of Mr. Henry Curtis, Cert. Violin Trinity College, London, Receives Pupils for VIOLIN. "Glen Alvie," 44 Kemp Street, Croxton; or, 22 Hamburg St., East Richmond.

Societies

A.N.A.
AUSTRALIAN NATIVES!
Join the Northcote branch. Meetings held on alternate Thursday evenings, Town Hall, Westbourne Grove. Interesting Syllabus arranged. Essays, Debates, Shooting Competitions, Harmony, &c., &c. The public invited to each meeting. Low Contributions for Benefit Members. Funds rapidly increasing.
Next meeting—21st October.
Open Night.
H. F. BATTEN, Sec., 150 Charles St.

Independent Order of Rechabites.
Star of Northcote Tent No. 217.
MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall every alternate Thursday.
Next Meeting—14th October.
Juveniles meet every alternate Friday.
BENEFITS—
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week. Following 6 months, 10/- a week. Afterwards during sickness, 5/- a week.
Funeral—£20 at death of member. £15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
FEES—
Benefit members, 1/- week upwards.
Honorary members, 1/- quarter.
Proposition Fee, 2/6.
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary.

Announcements.



Wm. Walker,
WATCHMAKER
and
JEWELLER,
92 HIGH ST.,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
WEDDING & BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

The Northcote Jewellers.
Angove & Fettling
232 HIGH ST. (opp. Meth. Church).

A Large Assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery & Electroplate always on hand. Prices Moderate.

All Repairs Done on Premises at Shortest Notice. Workmanship Guaranteed.

Announcements

The Preston Pharmacy.
W. G. FEGENT
(late with Ford & Co., Toorak),
Successor to J. Slade,
PHARMACEUTICAL and DISPENSING CHEMIST,
257 HIGH STREET, PRESTON.
THE Dispensing of Physician's prescriptions is a special feature of the Pharmacy. The greatest care is taken in the selection and testing of drugs. All dispensing is checked to ensure accuracy.
NOTE.
Records kept of all prescriptions dispensed since the establishment of the business in 1858.
HORSE and CATTLE MEDICINES.

D. J. Cameron,
(Over 12 years with Tacey's)
HAVING purchased A. HELM'S BUTCHERING BUSINESS,
411 High St., Northcote
(opposite Redmond's, Ironmonger).
Begs to notify the Public of Northcote and surrounding districts that he will supply them with the
Best Quality Meat
at
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Corned Beef and Sausages a Speciality.
Families waited on for orders.

SEWERAGE!
IS YOUR HOUSE CONNECTED?
If not—
R. H. NELSON,
LICENSED SANITARY PLUMBER
and
SEWERAGE CONTRACTOR,
COLLINS STREET, THORNBURY
(Upper Northcote)
Will give you a GOOD, SOUND and RELIABLE JOB.
Twelve Months' Guarantee Given Each Contract.
Post Cards promptly attended to.
Estimates for all classes of work submitted.

F. W. Ireland & Son,
CONTRACTORS,
54 Clarke Street, Northcote.
Estimates Given for all kinds of ASPHALTING.
Metal, 6/6 per cubic yard.
Screenings, 7/6 per cubic yard.
Toppings, 8/3 per cubic yard.
Agents for Sunshine Quarrying Co. and East Brunswick Stone Crushing Works.

Nurserymen.

Northcote Nursery.
For Sugar Gums, Pepper Trees, Cootamundra Wattles Grevillias, Pines, &c.
HEDGE TREES.—
Pittosporum eugenoides, 5/ doz.
" grassiforum, 6/ doz.
" undulatum, 5/ doz.
" nigrescens, 5/ doz.
Cupressus macrocarpa from 5/ doz.
" Torolusa, 5/ doz.
Privet Evergreen, 1/6 doz., 7/6 100
Tree Lucerne, 5/ to 6/ doz.
African Box Thorn, 1/6 100, 10/ 1000
ROSES in great variety. Flower Seedlings a Speciality.
Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants.
C. J. Jackson, Proprietor,
MITCHELL ST., NORTHCOTE.

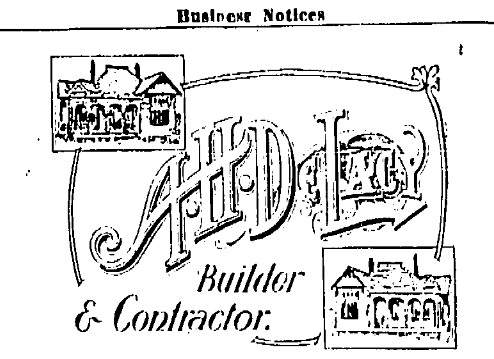
"HILLSIDE" NURSERY,
NORTHCOTE.
Clearing Sale
of
ROSES,
ALL ONE PRICE—
6D EACH.

Salvia Bonfire, strong plants	4/ doz.
Pansies in bloom	6d doz.
Ranunculus Seedlings	3d doz.
Tomato Plants	6d doz.

A. MAGGS,
168 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE,
near High St.

Wanted to Buy.
BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Rd., Northcote.

Business Notices



ARTHURTON ROAD, NORTHCOTE.
Plans and Specifications drawn up.
Estimates given for all Branches of the Trade.

HAVE YOU TRIED?

McALPIN'S
Self-Raising **FLOUR.**
NEW ELECTRIC PROCESS.
AWARDED FIRST PRIZE.
Ask your Grocer for it.

Delicious! Sustaining!
TRYAMBRO!
THE FRUIT FOOD.
Made from MILDURA Fruit and Nuts.
Supplies the Pure Diet of Fruit and Nuts so highly recommended by the Medical Profession all over the World.
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
Ask your Grocer for One Pound Household Blocks, Price 10d.
Use it as a Filling for Cakes or Sandwiches, between Bread, Biscuits, or Wafers
AMBRO LIMITED, Mildura and Fitzroy.

URUBNOT!
What is it?
ASK YOUR GROCER.
SAVES TIME, TROUBLE, MONEY, & WORRY.
Central Store, 52 Young St., Fitzroy, Manufacturers. City Depot: 52 Elizabeth St.

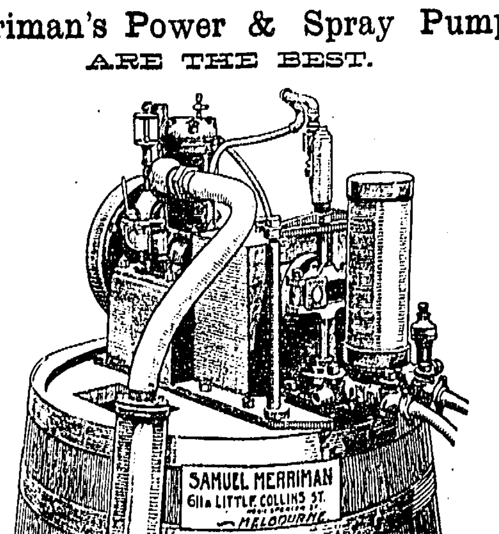
AN AUSTRALIAN SPRAY
FOR
AUSTRALIAN ORCHARDS.
"AUSTRAL" BRAND
ARSENATE OF LEAD
FOR
CODLIN MOTH
AND ALL LEAF-EATING INSECTS.
IS RELIABLE AND UNIFORM.

1lb. tins at	10½ lb.	28lb. ,,	8d lb.
2lb. ,,	10½ ,,	56lb. ,,	7½d ,,
7lb. ,,	9½ ,,	112lb. ,,	7d ,,
14lb. ,,	8½d ,,		

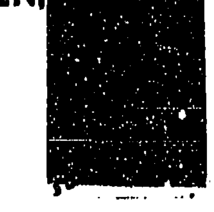
MANUFACTURED BY
A. J. JENKINS, Chemist,
CLIFTON HILL

BERRY PATENT AUTOMATIC **CLOSET**

The ONLY Rival to Deep Drainage. Best ever Invented. Being Automatic Saves all Trouble. Fly, mosquito, and vermin proof. Always clean and sweet. Works like a watch. Guarantee given with each one sent out. No earth, ashes, or sawdust required. Can be used inside as well as outside. Only perfect system yet introduced. Specially constructed for use where not connected with deep drainage. Safeguard against infectious disease. Once purchased, it lasts a lifetime. Cost of disinfectant less than one penny a week. The comfort and cleanliness in using this closet appeal to one and all, and it is worth ten times what we ask for it.
BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.
Patentees & Manufacturers. Telephone 1047 City.
Address: 26 A'BECKETT ST., MELBOURNE,
Where the article can be inspected from 9 30 a.m. to 5 30 p.m., Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.
GIBSON & SON, 479 Law Courts Place, Melb., or BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.

Merriman's Power & Spray Pumps
ARE THE BEST.


SAMUEL MERRIMAN, Brass Founder, Engineer, & Spray Pump Maker, 611a Little Lonsdale St., Melb. Phone 1075, City.

CONSULT the DANISH MASSUER and MAGNETIC HEALER,
Professor R. OVESEN,

366 ST. KILDA ROAD,
near Hoadley's Jam Factory.
CONSULTATION FREE.
HOURS—From 10 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m. daily.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.
M. Walsh,
Cowkeeper and Dairyman
Cattle and Premises under inspection 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.

F. W. LUPSON
NOTIFIES the public that he has purchased and taken over the
"ACME" DAIRY,
HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE,
from which customers can rely upon getting
MILK
that is
ABSOLUTELY PURE
the supply being obtained from specially selected herds in the country districts.
A card to the "Acme" Dairy, Helen St. and the carts will call.

Carpenters.

W. Gribble,
CARPENTER and JOINER, HOUSE REPAIRER.
231 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(near Methodist Church).
Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.
Venetian Blinds Painted, Re-Taped and Corded.
Vienna Chairs and Furniture Repaired and Stained like New.
Wire Doors, Windows, and Household Requirements in Wood.

Announcements

FEGENT'S
CHILBLAIN CURE.
A SPEEDY & EFFECTUAL CURE FOR UNBROKEN CHILBLAINS,
Immediately allaying the distressing itching and irritation.
If the Chilblains are broken use our Healing Ointment.
Price—One Shilling.
Prepared only by
W. G. FEGENT (late J. Slade),
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
PRESTON PHARMACY, PRESTON.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
J. McNamara,
the old-established
PRESTON BAKER,
BEGS to announce that he has now OPENED his
NEW and UP-TO-DATE BREAD FACTORY
in Plenty Road, near corner of Bell Street, where he will be able to serve customers better not only in the matter of the "Staff of Life," but in all kinds of
PASTRY and SMALL GOODS.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

J. KIDD,
Hay & Corn, Wood & Coal Merchant,
480 High Street, Northcote,
Has on Sale—
Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Maize, Lucerne Chaff,
And all kinds of Poultry Food.
Agent for Singer's and Pratt's Poultry Food.
Best Box Blocks, Maitland and Pelaw Main Coal.

PRESTON GENERAL STORE
623 High Street North.
H. JONES
Begs to notify the public of Preston and surrounding district that he has commenced business as a
CASH and FAMILY GROCER
at above address.
Try our Special TEAS, 1/, 1/3, and 1/6. In stock—Bran, Chaff, Wheat, Oats Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Cheese.
All goods of the best quality. Families waited on for orders. A trial solicited.

LOON KEE,
CHINESE LAUNDRY
216 High St., Northcote.
Washing and Laundry Orders attended to Good Workmanship and Polish Guaranteed Prices Moderate.
White Shirt, ironed and washed, 4d
" ironed only, 3d
Collars ironed only, 9d per doz.
Collar washed and ironed, 1d
Shirts sent for and returned.

Your Success!
Depends upon the condition of your health and the activity of your mind. You cannot afford to DRINK any but THE BEST of BEVERAGES.
HING'S TEAS
Are ABSOLUTELY the BEST.
The Golden Canister can supply your wants and save your pocket at the same time.
ALL TEAS supplied by W. Q. HING can be relied upon to be THE BEST.
SPECIAL.
ART CHINA in endless variety and unique designs. Suitable for Wedding Presents.
Afternoon Tea Sets from 5/4. 40-piece Tea Sets, 13/11.
Wholesale & Retail Depot—
90 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Northcote Leader

Largest Circulation and Best Advertising Medium in the Northern Districts, Circulating throughout Northcote, Preston, Thornbury, Epping, Diamond Creek, Arthur's Creek, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill

{Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.}

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1909.

Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 397 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.

Price 1d

Mr. Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil. SOLD everywhere

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia

PUBLIC LIBRARY 16 OCT 1909 VICTORIA

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
Sole Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of RETORTED CHARCOAL.

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 24/-
1 ton 12/6
½ ton 6/6

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

Announcements

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.
Choice Selection of Suitings Vestings and Trouserings for this season's wear.
Ladies' Costumes a Specialty.

REMEMBER
THAT N.
Hansen's Dining Rooms
359 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,
can always be
RELIED UPON
For Good, Well-Cooked, Appetising Meals
Dinners a Specialty.
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.

PICTURES FRAMED
in Up-to-Date and Artistic Style
at
G. H. JACOBS'
255 JOHNSTON STREET, FITZROY
(5 doors west from Smith St).
and at
315 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Enlargements Framed from 2/6.
Wholesale and Retail.

GET YOUR HAIR-CUT & SHAVE
at
F. SMITH'S
Up-to-Date Hairdressing Saloon,
242 High St., Northcote.
Cleanliness, Civility, Attention.
Razor Setting a Specialty.

J. W. DURANCE,
(late of Catanach's) **Watchmaker,**
Fifth floor Equitable Buildings, Collins St., City,
Repairs Watches of all kinds,
Sells Reliable Levers, Gold, Silver, Gun Metal.
Private Address: 38 Salisbury grove, Northcote, where orders may be left.

Undertakers

HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets,
FITZROY.
H.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.
The Trade supplied.
Telephone 1160.

Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1866.
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—221 Victoria St.,
Tel. 980. WEST MELB.
High Street, Northcote.
Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill.
Tel. 2776.
All Funeral arrangements promptly attended to.
Charges Moderate | Terms Arranged

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 the trade, is the one who will do

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—Elizabeth Street.
Swanston Street.
Royal Arcade.
ALL STORES.

Offices & Works,
CUNNINGHAM STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

J. T. Coles & Co., Cash Grocers.
NEW PRICE-LIST:

O.T. Punch, 6d bottle	Sand Soap, 1½d bar
12 lb. No. 1A Sugar, 2/4½	Saunders' Malt, 8½d
8 lb. best Flour, 1/-	Best Fruit Cake, 6d lb
Robin Starch, 5½d lb	Best Black Currant Jam, 7d
Candles, 4½d packet	Best Raspberry Jam, 7d
Bile Beans, 1/- box	Best Apricot Jam, 6½d
Beecham's Pills, 10½d box	Best Plum Jam, 6d
Nestle's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Quince Jam, 6d
Benedop's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Bread, 5½d large
Fry's Extract Cocoa, 4½d packet	New Season's Tea, just landed, 1/- & 1/3 lb.
Griffith's Cocoa, 4d tin	2 lb. Dates, 6½d
Hoadley's Cocoa, 2½d packet	

Brockhoff's Coffee, Rice, Arrowroot, Ginger Nuts, Mixed Biscuits, all at 4d lb.

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.

Smith & Sons
TRADE MARK
GOLD MEDALISTS
HAM & BACON CURERS AND Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3601. NORTHCOTE, VIC.

Champion & First Prize Winners for HAMS and BACON at the Royal Agricultural Show, Melb.
All Goods Manufactured under the supervision of the Central Board of Health

Our High-Class Goods
Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their
Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality
And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.
Our Fritz & Frankforts are just the thing for the Tea & Breakfast Table.
FACTORY & OFFICE: "MERRIBANK," NORTHCOTE.

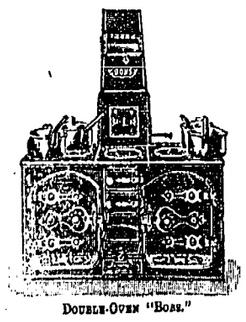
T. KERR,
PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER,
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD.

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Specialty.
Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.
REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S
COUGH MIXTURE.
A VALUABLE REMEDY
for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,
And all Affections of the Throat & Chest.
PRICE, 1/6.
Prepared only by the Proprietor,
W. G. FEGENT
(late J. Slade),
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
PRESTON PHARMACY, PRESTON.

TO Have the Least Possible Expense and the Greatest Comfort in Cooking, use a
"BOBS"
(burns coal or wood)
Made in three sizes—No. 1, 2ft. wide
No. 2, 2ft. 3in. wide
No. 3, 3 ft. wide
Plate Warmers and Boilers can be fitted to either side.
Our many customers testify that "BOBS" is the most up-to-date FUEL SAVER.

Wallis Bros. & Co.
IRONFOUNDERS and STOVE MANUFACTURERS,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom—419 Bourke Street, Melbourne (opposite Kirk's Bazaar.)
Sole Manufacturers of the Boodle Patent Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, suitable for Dairymen, Butchers, and ordinary household use.
Very Durable and Economical. Write for Catalogues.



DOUBLE-OVEN "BOBS."

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL
to add to your comfort during the summer months is
A GAS STOVE,
which will save you endless drudgery in the kitchen.

On rental at the rate of 1/6 per month, or—

On Hire Purchase System: Smal deposit and from 2/- month.

A GAS STOVE is indispensable and also ensures EFFICIENCY, CLEANLINESS, and RIGID ECONOMY
COOKING BY GAS means a saving of half the labor necessary with other methods, besides keeping the kitchen clean and the temperature down to a minimum.
The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 FLINDERS ST., MELBOURNE.
Phone Nos. 339, 359, 367, 2713.

Business Announcements

BOOTS MADE FOR YOU!
We Make Direct for the People.
Our Factory is manned with first-class labor and we use only good solid leather, consequently we can give to our customers a boot better in quality and lower in price than can be got elsewhere.

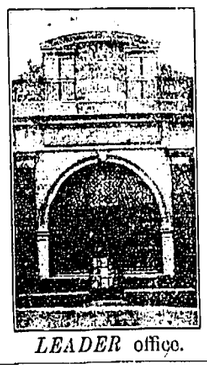
Our Patent Unbreakable Back Boot
(made only by us)
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF BY THE THOUSANDS WE SELL.
Our Prices for them now are:

Men's Box Derby Bals., 8/11	Boys' Box, strong wear, 10 to 13, 4/11
Men's knock-at out Bals., 8/6	Youths' strong leather, 1 & 5, 4/11
Youths' Box, strong wear, 1 to 5, 6/6	Boys' strong leather, 10 to 13, 4/6

Many splendid-value lines in ordinary backs also.
All Lines to Measure at Retail Price | Boots sent to all parts of the country.
Bring your old boots to be made new. Repairs a leading factor

DIMMICK, Manufacturer & Retailer
245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

WHERE TO GET YOUR PRINTING!



LEADER office.

Business People, Societies & Clubs
are invited to send their
Printing Orders
to the
Leader Office,
HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.
Every Class of Work executed in the Most Up-to-Date Style.
WHALLEY BROS.

E. FELLOWES,
COACHBUILDER

AND
SHOEING FORGE
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opposite Croxton station).

IF YOU WANT to purchase a cheap & good Vehicle.
IF YOU WANT your Vehicle repaired expeditiously and faithfully.
IF YOU WANT your Horse sent for, shod on the shortest notice and returned.
IF YOU WANT to exchange your old Vehicle.
Call on the above who is prepared to deal liberally with you.
He has one of the largest Coachbuilding Factories in Melbourne and suburbs, a large and efficient staff of workmen and up-to-date plant.
What more can be desired by a customer?

W. WOOLHOUSE & CO.
Sheffield Cutlers and Umbrella Manufacturers,
143-145 BOURKE ST. EAST
(Above Russell St.)

LINES BY A LONGFELLOW.

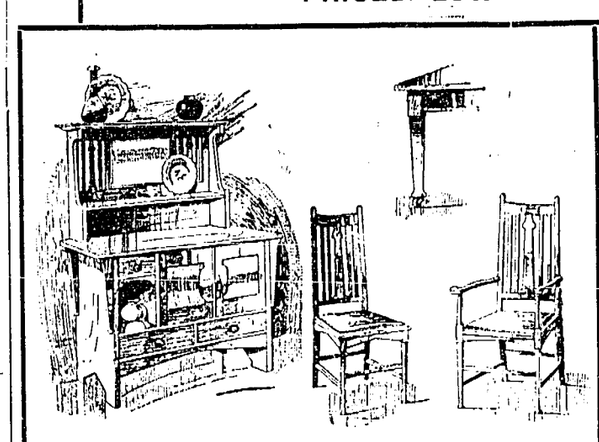
To Woolhouse & Co. I advise you to go,
Umbrellas they make and their prices are low;
Whilst in quality, too, the public still know
No Cutlers here please them like Woolhouse and Co.
In the whole of Melbourne nought better you'll find,
Than their Optical Goods of every kind.
Fine Eye-Glasses they've got to suit people's eyes,
And Goggles to keep out the dust and the flies.
In Spectacles truly none better could be,
They've oft caused the blind, or next to it, to see.
Whilst in Scissors and Razors their stock is Immense,
Manufactured by Woolhouse—they've spared no expense.
Of Knives they have millions of every grade,
From Woolhouse they come—they're the best that are made,
For pocket or vest, large, medium or small,
Just fit for the parlour, the kitchen or hall;
Some are pretty to look at, most beautiful toys,
Nice presents to give to your girls and your boys.
Others have Seventy Blades and cause quite a start [Art.
At the triumph they show in the Cutlery
Don't carve with blunt knives which wives tempers will try,
It will pay you far better new Carvers buy.
Or if you prefer to have them well ground
Then Woolhouse will make the poor cripple quite sound.
At Woolhouse & Co.'s there grinding is done
You'll find them hard at it from rise of the sun;
And the work that you give them—They Never Delay!
Repairing they do in the very best way.
Your Walking Stick broken—neat ferrule they've got, [spot
They mend it and make it all right on the
Your old Umbrella which lets the wet thro',
They'll cover with silk and make Equal to New;
Your Razors, your Shears, your Knives may be found
So blunt that they need to be properly ground,
Then hie you at once to Woolhouse & Co.
For tradesmen are they, and their charges are low.

For Easy & Comfortable Shaving Try Woolhouse's Latest Magnetic Steel Razors.

THE
Orient Marine & Stationary
3½ H.P. **ENGINES** 100 H.P.
Made for all Shipping and Farm Purposes.
Suppliers to the Victorian Government, Ports and Harbours, Health Department, Goldfields Diamond Drilling Co.
Guaranteed for 12 Months.
Particulars on application to
C. S. DEAN,
Motor Manufacturer, Mentone.
CASH or TERMS. Phone 71 Cheltenham.

Business Notices.

QUALITY FURNISHINGS
PRICED LOW



The Diningroom Furniture illustrated is unusually good value — the special reduction in prices make it a tempting offer.
SIDEBOARD, in Walnut or oak, was £15 15/-, now £13 18/6; Imitation Walnut, reduced from £9 to £8. Extension Dining TABLE, 6ft., was £2 15/-, now £2 9/-. Eight-piece SUITE, 2 easy and 6 small chairs, in oak or walnut, was £14 10/-, now £13.

CLAUSCEN & CO.,
FURNISHING ARCADE,
194-6 BOURKE ST. MELBOURNE, NEXT WAXWORKS

TENTH ANNUAL
"MOA" ROAD RACE,
20 Miles,
To be run on Saturday, 9th Oct., 1909,
For Riders of "Moa" Cycles.
PRIZES:
1st, Gold Medal with Diamond.
2nd, B.S.A. Rifle.
3rd, Gold Medal.
4th, Complete Set of Tyres.
5th, Silver-plated Cruet.
6th, Acetylene Gas Lamp (Lucas's).
Fastest time, Sash & Badge.
PREVIOUS WINNERS:—1900, C. Wells; 1901, S. Prowse; 1902, W. Clarke; 1903, L. Alexander; 1904, A. Alexander; 1905, W. Walker; 1906, W. Barnett; 1907, V. Yann; 1908, T. Wasley.
Cycling Made Easy by Riding a "Moa" Cycle fitted with a 3-speed gear (60, 80, 96 gears.)
Large Stock of Covers and Tubes, all makes.
Cycles to Order, £8 10/ to £14 10/.
MERSON'S "Moa" Cycle Works,
218 High St., Northcote (near Town Hall).

Accountancy.
Established 1885.
JOSEPH T. DOWNING,
ACCOUNTANT.
Licensed Auditor Companies Act.
Tradesmen's Books opened and kept, day or evening.
Accounts Adjusted and Collected.
SWORN VALUATOR.
Commissioner for Taking Declarations and Affidavits.
"Montana," 30 Helen St., Northcote. | Trust Moneys To Lend.

C. POWER,
Cartage Contractor,
37 CHARLES ST., NORTHCOTE.
Phone 311, Brunswick.
Lorrys, Drays, and Teams for all classes of Carting.
Back Loading from the City a Speciality.
COAL delivered to householders at lowest market rates.

Nurses.
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.)

NURSE ROKEHERST ROBERTS, Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals. R.V.T.N.A.
"Waverley," 2 ROSSMOYNE STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Correspondence invited.

Announcements
MISS I. THOMPSON, St. George's Rd., Northcote (corner Morley Street), FRUIT, CONECTIONERY, and FANCY GOODS. Fresh Fruit direct from our own orchard at Ardmona.
MISS THOMPSON (same address), DRESSMAKER.

PURE BRED POULTRY.
FIRST CLASS LAYING STRAINS.
BROWN LEGHORN HENS,
Bred from Dookie Competition Pens, mated to cock imported by Mr. H. Bunneman.
Settings, 3/6 and 10/6.
SILVER WYANDOTTES,
Bred from Mr. Bunneman, Dookie Competition Winners.
Settings, 7/6. Infertile replaced.
YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE.
Correspondence invited.
A. C. W. BAILEY.
WOLLERT, via EPPING.

HERON & PARKER,
SAND, GENERAL CARTERS and CONTRACTORS.
Suppliers of the well-known Frankston Sand Pit Co's Fresh Water Sand, Gravel Metal Screenings, &c. City Address: 226 Little Collins St. Northcote Address—82 Helen Street. Telephone 3809.

Established 21 years.
Carl Oldenburg,
SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,
365 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(opposite Brickworks).
Whips, Bits, Sponges, and other Stable Requisites in stock.
Secondhand Harness taken in exchange or bought.
Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

A. SANGUINETTI,
THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED
HOUSE DECORATOR & PAINTER
IN THE DISTRICT.
Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs.
ON SALE—
Paperhangings
from 2½d per roll.
Dry Colors from 2d lb., 7 lbs. for 1/-.
Artists' Materials, Alabastine, Leads, Oils, Stainers' Varnishes, Plain & Fancy Glass, &c
Special Concessions to the Trade.
Muranese Glass cut to Size from 10d per foot.
Address: 347 High Street, Northcote
Close to Tramway Penny Section).

D. B. MASSON,
HOME DECORATOR,
AND
IRONMONGER.
HAS ON SALE—
Champion's White Lead, 30/- cwt.
Red Lead, 4d lb.
Blundell & Spence's Linseed Oil—Raw, 3/6 gallon. Boiled, 3/8 gallon.
Special price for 5-gallon drums.
Stainers from 9d lb.
A splendid line of strong well-made Household Steps from 4/6 a pair.
ALL HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.
Look in our Windows, the Prices speak for themselves. Bring along the size of your room and get our estimate for doing it up.
New Address: 236 High St., Northcote

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.

IF YOUR **WATCH** DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
GEO. H. ARMFIELD,
128 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
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Suits from £3 3/. Trousers from 15/6
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IF YOU are looking for a really good stylish Suit, write at once to
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Where you get a fashionably-cut and serviceable Suit at bed-rock prices. Every article made on the premises by experienced workmen and under personal supervision.
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Arch. Wilkinson,
TAILOR
AND MERCER.
NEW GOODS for the Spring and Summer season just opened.
A choice variety of Suitings, Coatings, and Trouserings in all the Latest Shades.
Hats, Shirts, Ties and Hosiery in great variety.
Straw Hats—a special line—all the latest shapes in stock.
Suits to Order from £2 2/-
Cricketing Trousers to order from 12/6.
LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALTY.

J. G. Alston,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
324 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(late Smith St. and City.)
Fit and Style Guaranteed.
Prices to Suit all Pockets. Suits from 35/- Trousers, 10/6 upwards.
TRIAL SOLICITED.

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(Over 17 years with F. Yann, also large English experience),
COACHBUILDER, WHEELWRIGHT, and GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Corner of HIGH and DUNDAS STS UPPER NORTHCOTE
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Buggies, Jinkers, Waggons, Drays, and Carts of every description built on the most reasonable terms.
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Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

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Sewerage Contractor.
Gas and Water laid on.
81 Gooch Street, Northcote

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Allow me to give you advice when in doubt as to which class of block to use.
I have every facility for the making and perfecting of half-tone and zinc blocks for newspapers, magazines, and catalogues.
Write or phone 1553 Central.
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AH HAY,
HIGH STREET, THORNBURY
(next Best, Draper.

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LICENSED PLUMBER & GASFITTER TINSMITH & IRONWORKER,
Next Wesleyan Schoolroom,
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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.
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LICENSED PLUMBER,
Next Railway,
NORMANBY AVENUE,
NORTHCOTE,
WILL SET MATTERS RIGHT—
Promptly—Reliably—Cheaply.
Water Meters Fixed. Gas & Water laid on

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FIRST-CLASS Garden Soil (rich, black loam) for Sale.—J. Milot, Beaver's rd Northcote.

Church Notices

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE

Sunday Services:
10 a.m. Men's Choir.
11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A.
Mission Services commence October 24.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY.

19th Sunday after Trinity.
11 a.m., Matins and Holy Communion. Rev. A. GURNEY GOLDSMITH, M.A., Chaplain Seamen's Mission. Collection (except envelopes) for Seamen's Mission.
7 p.m., Evensong (Choral), Mr. HORACE CROTTY, M.A., Head Master All Saints' Grammar School, E. St. Kilda.

INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

REV. HECTOR FERGUSON
Minister.
Morning, "Ingratitude."
Evening, Musical Service, Beautiful Anthems, &c. Subject, "The Secret of Power."
Mr. Sinclair's Young Men's Class at 3.

NORTHCOTE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Armadale St.

Sunday, 17th October,
Rev. H. L. WILLETT BEVAN, morning and evening.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Rev. J. DARROCH (locum tenens).
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "Presbyterianism as old as Moses."
Evening—Special Choral Service. Anthems—"The Radiant Morn," "Oh, Come all ye Faithful," "La Cavita" (ladies' voices) "I am Alpha and Omega." Connective Bible Readings.
All are cordially welcome.
Young Men's Bible Class at 3. Leader, Mr. J. L. Clarke, M.A.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

ANNIVERSARY.
Morning, Rev. J. NALL.
Evening, Rev. T. ALDAY.
All seats free. Strangers welcomed.
See special advt.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH
50th ANNIVERSARY.

SPECIAL SERVICES,
Sunday, 17th October, 1909.
Morning at 11, Rev. JOHN NALL. Anthems—"Thus speaketh the Lord of Hosts" (Stainer), solo, Miss Holzer; "Worthy is the Lamb" (Handel).
Pleasant Sunday Afternoon at 3. Address by Hon. S. MAUGER, M.H.R., subject—"The Condition of Australia." Solos by Mr. Lamb and Mr. Will Davies. Anthems—"King All Glorious" (Barnby), soli, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Groube; "Unfold Ye Portals" (Gounod).
Evening at 7, Rev. T. ALDAY. Anthems—"By Babylon's Wave" (Gounod); "And all the People Saw" (Stainer), soli, Miss Petrie, Miss Pearl.
Collection at each service in aid of Trust Funds.

MONDAY Evening, Annual Methodist "At Home." Addresses, Music, Refreshments.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH, Kimberley Hall, Darebin Road.

Sunday Services:
Preacher—Rev. T. NICHOLS, morning and evening.
All welcome to all services.

NORTHCOTE CHURCH of CHRIST, Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove.

Sunday Meetings:
11 a.m., Lord's Supper.
3 p.m., Bible School.
7 p.m., Gospel Service. Preacher—Mr. J. D. LANG. Subject:—"The Captain of Salvation."
All Seats Free. No Collection. All welcome.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. A. JENKIN.
Evening, Rev. R. DITTERICH.
All Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

ANNIVERSARY.
Morning at 11 and afternoon at 3, Rev GEORGE WONG.
Evening at 7, Rev. C. C. DUGAN.
Bright singing. All welcome.

Educational.

MISS EVELINE ROBERTS
Receives and Visits Pupils for
ELOCUTION.
(Registered by the Teachers and School Registration Board.)
CLASSES held at Bradford Hall, Preston, Guild Hall, Thornbury, Rechabite Hall, Yarraville.
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CLASSES for Music, Singing, Drawing, Painting, Elocution, Gymnastics, Dancing.
Boarders' residence, High St., Northcote close to tram and train (Heidelberg line). Large grounds, tennis court, poultry, cow.
TERMS: Day Pupils, 1 to 3 guineas; Boarders, 10 to 15 guineas. All terms equal length. Pupils entering during term charged accordingly.
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3rd term, July 27th, 1909.

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CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
Principal:
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Vice-Principal:
T. COCHRANE (Melb. Univ.),
Assisted by Visiting Staff.
Telephone Attendants' Examination on Tuesday nights and General Improvement. Fee, £1 1s.
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20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
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£3 worth	...	1/- week	£15 worth	...	5/- week
£5 "	...	2/- "	£25 "	...	7/6 "
£7 "	...	2/6 "	£35 "	...	10/- "
£10 "	...	3/6 "	£50 "	...	12/6 "

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MRS. HOLLAND
118, 120, 122 Smith St.,
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Has opened the Latest Shapes in Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, Ornaments, &c.

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A Large Assortment of Trimmed Hats, Children's Millinery, & Corsets, all prices.

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Family Butchers,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

We invite the housekeepers of the district to inspect our Lovely Show of Meat at Great Reductions in prices.

Mutton from 1½d lb.
Roast Beef from 2d 1d.
Corn Beef from 2d 1b.
Sausages, 2½d 1b.
Mince, 2d 1b.

All other Prime Joints Equally Reduced

TRY OUR SMALL GOODS.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

One Visit to our Shop will convince you that ours is the BEST and CHEAPEST MEAT in the district.

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a further continuance of your esteemed patronage.

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CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE to Buy Ironmongery, Tinware, Crockery, Brushware, Churns, & Milk Dishes. Window Glass, Wall Paper, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Leather and Grindery, Diamond Dyes.

Spades, Shovels, Forks, Garden Seeds and Tools, Watering Cans, galvanised and painted, from 1/.

Galvanised Iron, Spouting, Ridging, Fencing Wire, Wire Netting, Bird Lime, Mixed Paint, &c., at Lowest Prices.

OVENS—No. 141, 24 x 15 x 20, 11/6
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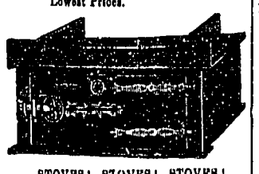

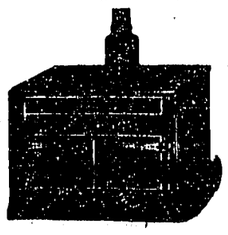

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Thornbury No. 1, fall door, 48/
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Croxton No. 2 " 70/
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Hobs, large size, with plate warmer 92/6
Rosella, fall door ... 85/
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Every Stove I have in stock is a GOOD COOKER.

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LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Agency, High St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

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(Chancery Lane), MELBOURNE.
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MR. ALEX. G. DE LACY,
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DENTIST,
Desires to inform the Residents of Northcote that he may be consulted at his private residence—
"TORONTO,"
MARTIN ST., NORTHCOTE.
Hours—8 a.m. to 9 a.m.
6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Or by special appointment.
The Latest High-Class System of Dentistry at Lowest Fees.
Artificial Teeth, Upper or Lower Set, from £2 10/.
Painless Extraction of Teeth, 2/6.
City Address—
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Between Bourke and Little Collins Streets, MELBOURNE.

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T. WEBSTER,
L.D.S (Licentiate of Dental Surgery)
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M.R.V.S.,
VETERINARY SURGEON
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EQUINE DENTIST,
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Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Horse and Cattle Medicines supplied
Phone 1204, City.

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MISS GRINDLAY,
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UPPER NORTHCOTE,
rear Kimberley Hall.
Evening and Wedding Dresses a Specialty.

MISS CROOK desires to intimate that she has started business at
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as a
DRESSMAKER and UNDERCLOTHIER.
Haberdashery & Fancy Lines stocked.

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MILLINERY
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COSTUMIERE,
249 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Ladies' Own Material Made Up.
Renovations a Specialty.

Notices

Cricket Materials
for Season 1909 10.
To Secretaries of Local Cricket Clubs and Schools.
We are prepared to supply any Cricket Material you may require at
TOWN PRICES.
BATS from 10/ to 25/.
A Splendid Lot to choose from.
BALLS—Composition, from 6/ to 2/6
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WICKETS, PADS, GLOVES.
Matting and Nets supplied to order.
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A TRIAL SOLICITED.
T. THOMSON,
NEWS AGENT, &c.,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Savings Bank).

MRS FALLON
(late of Preston Arms Hotel),
WILL be pleased to see old friends and new at her
REFRESHMENT ROOMS,
210 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Tea, Coffee, &c., at all hours.

Frost's Livery Stables,
70 MANSFIELD ST., NORTHCOTE.
For Hire—Drags and Waggonettes.
Weddings and Picnics catered for.
TERMS REASONABLE.

Death.

ALFORD.—On the 12th October, at private hospital, Victoria parade, Fitzroy, John Alford, of 127 Westbourne grove, Northcote, the beloved husband of Mary, and loved father of Thomas, Ann, and the late Robert John; aged 62 years.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL
Published Every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16.

Additional Night Train.—Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., forwarded a letter to the Northcote town council on Monday evening intimating that an additional train leaving Princes Bridge at 11.10 p.m. would be provided for in the summer time table, but the Commissioners regretted that it was impracticable to provide any more trains during the busy part of the day. The inconvenience felt through overcrowding of some trains would be obviated as soon as the platforms are lengthened sufficiently to allow of extra cars being put on. While it was recognised, added the Commissioners, that the time between trains during the slack hours of the day is somewhat long, the traffic is then so light that additional trains would not be warranted.

By invitation of Mayor Hayes the president and councillors and officers of Preston attended the meeting of the Northcote town council on Monday evening. As there was a full business paper, including several very debatable and important questions, the visitors were given a pretty long innings in the chamber, but were compensated by some good discussions in which the town councillors had an opportunity of "showing their paces." Later, in the mayor's room, they were given a chance to show their own, for they had the toast of their health enthusiastically proposed by the mayor, supported by Cr Tharratt, and to which Cr. Howe, the president, responded in his usual, genial and eloquent style. The toast of "The Commissioners" was proposed by Cr. Archbold and responded to by Crs. Crispe (Preston) and Mitchell (Northcote), while Cr. Harry gave "The Officers," which was suitably acknowledged by Messrs W. G. Swift (Northcote) and G. H. Hamilton (Preston). "The Mayor" was entrusted to Crs. Allchin and Robertson, and "The Press" was also honored. The members of the two councils thus fraternising spent a very pleasant hour and the good feeling is likely to be further cemented by a game of bowls which it was arranged should take place between the two councils on Thursday afternoon, 28th inst.

Ex-Cr. E. V. Little, who is about to remove to Queensland, was on Monday evening presented with a writing desk by the session, board of management, and teachers of the Northcote Presbyterian Church and Sunday School. For many years Mr. Little has taken an active part in the work of the church and school. In appreciation of his labors eulogistic speeches were made by the Rev. J. Darroch, G Landy, and P. Slater. Mr. Little, in reply, said it was a wrench for him to leave the church and school where he had experienced so much pleasure and kindness and to say good bye to so many friends, all of whom he wished every happiness and success. He thanked them very much for the presentation they had made him which he would prize, not for its intrinsic worth, but for the good feeling that had prompted it. During the evening two very enjoyable violin solos—("Cavatina" and "Polonaise")—were played by Mr. Albert White, his sister acting as accompanist, and Messrs Reid and Hammett sang a duet "What is the Night." The Rev. J. Darroch presided in his usual happy fashion.

A social evening in celebration of the anniversary of the Pride of Northcote (Ladies) Tent, I.O.R., took place at the town-hall on Saturday evening. There was a good attendance and the chair, in the absence of Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., was occupied by Cr. S. Dennis. The principal item in the evening's programme was an address by Mr. John Vale, who spoke in his usual pithy and pointed style. Musical and elocutionary items were contributed by the Misses Skinner (2), Stevens, Stubb and others; and during the evening the chairman presented Mrs. Briggs with a P.C.R's. framed certificate. After refreshments had been served games were indulged in and a pleasant evening terminated about 11 o'clock.

Rev. John Darroch, who has been acting as *locum tenens* for Rev. R. W. Rock at North cote Presbyterian Church, has had the choice of five "calls," and has has accepted one to Forest street, Bendigo. Rev. R. W. Rock, who resumes duty next month, passed through Northcote last week on his way to the Blue Mountains, N.S.W. He was looking well, his health evidently being quite restored.

Rev. John Nall will be the morning and Rev. Thos. Alday the evening preacher at the anniversary services of the Northcote Methodist Church to-morrow. In the afternoon the Hon. Samuel Mauger, M.H.R., will deliver an address, subject: "The Condition of Australia." There will be special anthems and solos at each service. The annual Methodist "At Home" will be held on Monday evening, when Mr. Geo. Little will preside, Revs. John Nall, R. Ditterich, and T. Alday will speak, and solos, &c., will be given by the Misses Willmot, Groves, Jensen, Cox, and Messrs Cox, Groube, Trevena and Hooper.

A very enjoyable social evening, in the shape of a euchre party and dance, was held in the shire hall, Preston, under the auspices of the Preston R.C. Church, on Wednesday last. There was a good gathering, some 20 tables being occupied at cards from 8.30 to 10. In all 15 games were played, and in the count up Mr. J. Dunk, with 12 wins, was the most successful, while Mrs. Tuttle and Miss Lee tied with 12 games each. After cards, refreshments, generously provided by the lady parishioners, were partaken of. Dancing was indulged in for a couple of hours to the music of Mr. J. Long, with Mr. E. J. Sullivan as M.C.

A meeting of the Northcote Board of Advice was held at the school room, Helen street, on Wednesday, October 13th, present:—Messrs Woolhouse, McPherson and Ludlow. Some 30 notices to parents for neglecting to send their children to school the full number of days were dealt with by the Board. It was decided to comply with an invitation from Mr. Duffy to attend the school officially on Friday. It was also decided to close the whole of the schools on Cup Day. The correspondent was instructed to interview the mayor with reference to the opening of the new school. It was decided to use every effort to have shelter sheds erected at the Prince of Wales Park school.

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings, auctioneer, notify that plans of allotments in Wilson, Hunter and McFarlane streets, for auction on 30th inst., may be obtained at their offices.

Mr. Ernest Lees, auctioneer, reports the sale of villa in Westgarth street and three w.b. houses in Shaftesbury parade; also having completed the sale of the following brick cottages in Daly street, Northcote, viz.—Nos. 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 15, 17, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 14, 16 and 20, reselling Nos. 17 and 8.

Stott and Bastings report the sale by auction of 14 allotments in Raleigh and Clarendon streets at prices ranging from 11/6 to 10/- a ft.; also brick cottage in Harper street, Northcote, for £220, and allotments in Westgarth street at 80/- a ft. and McDonald street at 20/- a ft.

The Hat King,
Thomas Trevena,
THE RELIABLE
LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TAILOR.

OUR SUITS AND COSTUMES are Good in Material, Good in Workmanship, Classy in Cut, Moderate in Price.
TREVENA'S Suits and Costumes are preferred by hundreds whose preference is based on
KNOWLEDGE!
We've all the Very Latest in New Season's Material.
Ring up 410 City, or write for Samples to the old-established firm,
236 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

Localisms.

Reports of Mr. Geo. Maxwell's lecture on "A Homely Philosophy of Life" and Cr. Lees's lecture on "Ventilation" are unavoidably held over.

Subscribers to the Northcote Public Library are notified that the annual meeting will be held on the 26th inst., at 8 p.m.

Cr. Tharratt's election committee entertain him, with Mrs Tharratt, at a social gathering at the town hall on Monday evening.

Next Thursday evening the seventh annual social of the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association will take place in the town hall.

Speaking on ventilation, Mr. Lees said it is Italians have a proverb—"Where the sun and air cannot come the doctor does". Mr. H. Smith expressed surprise at this for he found the doctor where the *sun and air* was.

At the meeting of the Northcote branch A.N.A. on Thursday evening next Mr. Joseph Brown, ex-superintendent of detectives will give a lecturette:—"Reminiscences of Bygone Days." The public are cordially invited.

Miss Olive Alexander, of S. Preston, has won the gold medal for piano solo under 18 at the Ballarat competitions. Considering there were 19 competitors, the pick of all the States, this is no small achievement. This makes the sixth medal this talented young player has won. She is a pupil of Mrs W. H Bailey.

Northcote Cycling Club announce particulars of a grand social they are holding at the Northcote town hall on Tuesday evening next, 19th inst.

Rev. T. C. Robinson, vicar of Holy Trinity, Thornbury, has gone away for a month's holiday and rest from which all will hope he will come back thoroughly recuperated, as his labors have been very arduous for some time past.

The efforts of the committee who have been working so hard to raise something substantial for the benefit of Mr. Moore, South Preston, who some months ago was incapacitated from work by a stroke of paralysis, culminates to-day. In the afternoon there is to be a grand sports carnival in the park and in the evening a bioscope concert in the shire hall.

The Beethoven selection played by the Collingwood Citizens' Brass Band has not yet been published. It was arranged by Mr. Alex. Owen, conductor of the Besses o' the Barn Band, and sent to Mr. Johnson as a tribute to that able young conductor of the Collingwood Citizens' Band who have made it their own choice selection at the Ballarat competitions this month. Should they win this year they will secure the Bousey Cup. They have won twice but require to win a third time.

The anniversary services of the South Preston Methodist Church take place to-morrow, when the preachers will be the Revs. George Wong and C. C. Dugan, B.A. On Monday evening the Rev. Mr. Wong will give (by request) "The Story of My Life," illustrated with limelight views.

A. Tharratt, ironmonger, &c., High street, Northcote, advertises to-day garden hose, cane sun blinds, fly-proof doors, &c.—all summer requisites.

ANOTHER PARK FOR NORTHCOTE.

The offer of the Government to give per missive occupancy of 9 acres of the old Inebriate Retreat land, St. George's road, for five years and to permanently reserve same for recreation purposes on £1000 being expended in improvements came before the Northcote town council on Monday evening.

Cr. Bastings said such an arrangement should be most satisfactory to the town and he had much pleasure in moving that the offer be accepted and the matter left in the hands of the mayor and Mr. Membrey to complete. The concession was all due to Mr. Membrey's efforts. The council should be congratulated. A park there would be a great adjunct to the neighborhood, especially when Summer's paddock came to be cut up and built on.

Cr. Tharratt said he would like to congratulate Cr. Bastings on the hand he had taken in the matter. He was a young councillor, but it judged only for bringing this matter forward, he had made his mark.

Cr. Plant said he would like to see the matter go to the committee of the whole. Though he was willing to spend £1000 it was a matter that should be carefully gone into.

Cr. Smith urged that the matter be settled at once. The land was practically a gift. They would even have the advantage of all the money expended on improvements by the Fitzroy Cricket Club.

Cr. McIntosh reminded the council that Mr. Membrey had asked that the matter be put through to-night if possible.

Cr. Williams considered the offer was a most generous one, and, with Cr. Smith, he thought it should be clinched at once. A letter of thanks should be sent to Mr. Membrey.

Cr. Archbold said that a matter involving an expenditure of £1000 was too big to decide off hand and he would like it to go to the committee.

The mayor explained that the matter had been fully discussed at a meeting called to consider other business. Mr. Membrey who had the matter in hand got a letter from the Cabinet to which an answer was wanted at once. For this reason the councillors present decided to consider the offer at once and unanimously decided to recommend its acceptance.

Cr. Harry said he was not present at the meeting and would like the matter to go to the committee, as he was not in a position to say whether the land was worth spending £1000 on.

Cr. Robb said that though a strong believer in getting hold of these reserves he thought they ought to have an opportunity of more fully considering the matter.

Cr. Dennis supported the motion. He pointed out that they were getting permissive occupancy of this land whether they spent any money on it or not. They were all the time singing out for more open spaces and now when they got one practically given to them they were haggling about it.

After some further discussion the motion that the offer be accepted was carried.

CR. HARRY ENTERTAINED.

A complimentary conversazione was tendered to Cr. Harry in the Kimberley hall on Saturday night last in recognition of his service to the town as a councillor, which proved a great success. A large number of ratepayers, representing all portions of the town were present, including the mayor (Councillor Hayes) (Cr Mrs Hayes), Cr Archbold, Cr Dennis. A capital programme of songs, recitations, etc., was rendered as follows:—Recitation, "Resource," Master W. Bulmer; song, "Pearlinny Mine Goodnight," Miss Delbridge; glassaphone, "Life's Dream is O'er," Mr. Sharman (encore, "Larboard Watch"); fairy-bells, Mr Sharman; recitation, "Lasca," Mr. C. Archbold; song, "Annie Laurie," Miss L. Harry (encore, "What Might Have Been"); song, Mr E. Howard; song, "Waiting," Mrs. E. Hoskon; recitation, "The Fireman," Miss K. Imrie. The first portion of the programme having been completed light refreshments were partaken of. During the evening the mayor proposed the health of Cr. Harry, coupled with the name of Mrs Harry, and complimented him on the manner in which he performed his municipal duties, remarking that he was a good representative of the town, who always went straight and supported what he considered right. Mr H. R. Patey ably supported the toast, which the audience rose and drank with musical honors. Cr. Harry, in responding on behalf of himself and wife, expressed himself as pleased with the honor done him, and said that as long as he retained his seat he would do his best to forward the interest of the town. Among the contributors to the second part of the programme was Mr W. P. Roberts, who was encored for his recital of "Home, Sweet Home," with musical accompaniment. There was also a little comedy, "Rival Lovers' Troubles," by Messrs W. P. Roberts, C. Archbold, W. Gillies, and R. H. Smith, and the Misses R. Smith and K. Imrie. Miss Brandith acted as accompanist throughout.

Northcote Horticultural Society's floral carnival and social evening takes place at the town-hall on Thursday, 4th November.

Meetings.

NORTHCOTE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Annual Meeting of Subscribers will be held at the Town Hall on Tuesday, 26th October, 1909, at 8 p.m. Business:—To receive Report and Balance-Sheet and fill vacancies on Committee.
A full attendance is requested.
R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Sec.

BOWLING.

OPENING OF NORTHCOTE BOWLING GREEN.

The formal opening for the season of the Northcote Bowling Green took place under ideal weather conditions. In response to the invitation of the president (Mr. R B. Lawrence) a large company was present, including representatives from Preston, Thornbury, Flemington and other clubs. The bright spring day tempted the ladies into their most useful toilets, strings of bunting fluttered gaily, strains of sweet music were heard from Otto Rohlk's band, and in a marquee erected on the ground were all the creature comforts the visitors could wish. The officers and committee co-operated with the president and Mrs Lawrence in their efforts to entertain the guests, under all which conditions, it is needless to say the function passed off pleasantly and successfully.

The president having welcomed the guests and expressed the hope that all would spend an enjoyable afternoon, called upon the Mayor of Northcote to declare the green open.

Cr. Hayes said that everything pointed to the club having a successful season—much more successful than last year. Bowling used to be regarded as a game only for old gentlemen, but he noticed that a lot of comparatively young men were taking to it now, and he could assure all that it was a very pleasant game to indulge in. It was certainly a game calculated to bring out all the social qualities of those who played it and the advice he had to give to all who had not yet done so was to "take it on"—join this bowling green, and make it one of the best in the suburbs. He had now much pleasure in declaring the green open for the ensuing season. (Applause).

The mayoress then amidst cheers sent down the "jack" and Mrs Lawrence delivered the first bowl.

Almost immediately all four rinks were in full play, all the bowling visitors being given a game, many club members hospitably effacing themselves on the occasion. Comment was general on the vastly improved character of the green, and with a few little improvements it should be equal to any around. Two new rinks have been prepared, and should be available for play before the season is far advanced, which will be a great convenience and substantial advantage to the club.

The season opens in earnest to-day. All the local clubs are engaged in the pennant matches. Northcote meet Princes Park, Thornbury will try conclusions with Canterbury while Preston come up against the redoubtable Armadale. Good luck to them! Each club also has a three-rink team going for the minor pennant.

Preston shire council has given the local club splendid practical support. The whole nine have joined and will be playing members. They have arranged a match against Northcote town councillors for the 28th.

OBITUARY.

We regret to record the death of Mr. John Alford, of Westbourne grove, who had been a respected resident of Northcote for over 20 years. Mr. Alford had been ailing for some time, and as he gradually grew worse his medical adviser recommended an operation as a last resort. This took place on Sunday last, but the condition of the patient was so bad that it was never completed and Mr. Alford succumbed early on Tuesday morning. The deceased leaves a widow and one son and daughter, a grown up son having died in June of the present year. Sympathy and respect was shown by many of the business places of the town being half shuttered on the announcement of the death and in many other ways. The funeral, which took place on Wednesday, was largely attended, those present including the mayor (Cr. Hayes) and many old residents of the town. The interment was at the Melbourne Cemetery, Rev. Mr Marshall officiating at the grave. Mr. H. J. R. Lewis was entrusted with the funeral arrangements.

Mrs. Rogers, wife of the Rev. Alfred Rogers, of Zeehan, Tasmania, died at Bethesda Hospital, Richmond, on Friday evening, October 8, after a long and painful illness. The funeral took place at the Coburg Cemetery on Monday. A service was held at the Methodist Church, South Preston, which was largely attended. The Revs. H. Saloway, (president of Conference), J. Trathan, T. Alday, and T. J. Cory officiating. The same clergymen with the Rev. A. Uglow officiated at the grave. There were also present Revs W. H. Groves, J. Thomas, C. Fowler, J. Pengue, C. Dugan, H. Hodge, and a large number of Preston residents. The pall bearers included Messrs J. McLean, Brown, Watson, Wilkinson, Pike, and Cooper. The mortuary arrangements were satisfactorily carried out by Mr. H. J. R. Lewis.

Northcote Poultry, Pigeon and Canary Society.

The annual meeting of the above was held on the 25th September. President J. A. Bostock in the chair. The secretary submitted the annual report and balance sheet which showed that the society was in a sound financial position. The annual show of 1909 was a great success, notwithstanding the falling off in attendance on account of the wet weather. The number of entries and the quality of the exhibits were equal to previous years.

Election of office bearers:—President, Mayor of Northcote, Cr. W. Hayes; vice-presidents, W. Freeborn, A. Hotton, W. G. Swift, H. Doidge, D. J. Cameron, C. L. Cameron, J. A. Bostock, Crs. Plant, Bastings, A. Rogers, M.L.A.; patrons, Northcote council, J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., J. Randall, Rev. Murphy, R. B. Lawrence, J. McLean, F. W. Mackin, J. Wren, B. Plant, Hume Cook, M.P.; life members, Cr. A. Rogers, Cr. Plant, J. A. Bostock, and L. G. Curtis; committees, poultry, H. Frost, G Harvey, T. W. Bryan, G. R Swift, C. D. Hook; pigeon, R Almond, G Brotherton, E. Dobell, and A. C. Mayfield; canary, W. Alder, T. Dower, J. A. Slack; hon. auditor, W. S. Stott; hon. solicitor, J. H. Maddock; hon. surgeons, Drs. Degen Smith and Sturdee; assistant secs., S. E. Blackburn (re-elected unopposed); hon. treasurer, H E. O'Donnor (re-elected unopposed); secretary, J. Alder (re-elected unopposed).

It was decided to hold the annual young stock show on Saturday, February 27th, 1910 and the open annual show on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of May, 1910.

After business was concluded Mr. Geo. Harvey gave a lecture on the various points of the light breeds, in which the members took a great interest and a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Harvey for his services.

Next meeting, Thursday, October 21st, at 8 p.m. Cr. A. Rogers, M.L.A., will give a lecture on the various points of the heavy breeds of poultry when all members and intending members are cordially invited to be present.

Questioner and Questioned.

At the conclusion of Mr. Maxwell's lecture on "A Homely Philosophy of Life" on Monday night Mr. J. F. Brown asked the chairman if he could ask the lecturer a question. Consent was readily given.

Mr. Brown (to Mr. Maxwell)—What is your definition of honesty?

Mr. Maxwell—The question is not a very easy one to answer. I should say that every man knows what honesty means.

Mr. Brown—Yes. I know what it means but I want your definition.

Mr Maxwell—A person's own conscience will tell him when he is acting honestly.

Mr. Brown—There are no true, honest lawyers.

Mr. Maxwell (sharply)—I quite agree with you. But I have never yet met a perfectly honest man. If my friend claims to be a perfectly honest man I would very much like to be introduced to him. (Applause).

Northcote Board of Advice have decided to close the local State schools on Cup Day.

Bereavement Notices.

MRS. ALFORD and Family beg to return sincere thanks to kind friends for letters, telegrams, floral tributes, and sympathy in their recent sad bereavement.

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.

NORTHCOTE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

LECTURE ON POT PLANT CULTURE.

The monthly meeting of the above society was held in the town hall on Tuesday, 5th inst. There was a very satisfactory attendance, in which the ladies predominated. The attraction was a lecture and demonstration by Mr. S. F. Holyoak, of Mounce Ponds, on pot plant culture. The chief points of his lecture were as follows:

Pot soil.—The first consideration will be the preparation of a suitable compost for the general class of plants. Two parts of turfy loam, 1 part sandy peat, 1 part leaf mould or well-decayed cow manure, and a little sharp sand is a suitable mixture. Turfy loam may be procured from almost any paddock in which the grass is growing, the first spit containing the roots of the grass is the best. This would be all the better if allowed to stand three months, when it would be thoroughly aerated. It should be well broken to pieces but not sieved, the general rule being to reduce it to small lumps about the size of beans. Fibrous peat is what is termed by most people potting sand, and is obtained from any places where bracken grows, such as Caulfield. Nurserymen always have it on hand and sell it for about a shilling a bushel. Leaf mould is the natural food of plants, and there is nothing more valuable to plant life than their own refuse leaves, which should be swept into a heap and left to decay; they will prove invaluable for the next potting season.

Size of soil.—This should be neither wet nor dry. If very dry it will not pack well, and the water will pass through without wetting it thoroughly; if wet it will be too close, and will not admit the air. To test its fitness squeeze it in the hand, and if it just holds together it will do.

Only clean pots should be used. Never put a plant in a dirty pot, as it only encourages insect pests.

Drainage is effected by placing in the bottom of the pot pieces of broken flower pots, broken bricks, and sieved charcoal, an inch of it in a four inch pot, and more in larger pots.

The greatest causes of failure are want of drainage, excessive watering, and scanty watering. Plants should only be watered when they need it, and this can only be learned by experience. A good insecticide can be made from the following mixture:—Soft soap 2 lbs., sulphur 1 lb., tobacco 1 lb., and a wine glass full of spirits of turpentine in five gallons of water. This should be applied hot with a paint brush or syringe.

All pot plants are benefitted by frequent applications of liquid manure in the growing season. Sulphate of ammonia (½ oz. to the gallon), or cow manure and soot (½ to water) are two safe stimulants.

Mr. Holyoak finished by giving a practical demonstration in the potting of a number of plants and was accorded a hearty vote of thanks for his instructive lecture. Before the close of the meeting a presentation was made by the mayor, who happened to be in attendance, to Mrs. Kenter of a framed certificate for having introduced the greatest number of members to the society during the year. The following new members were nominated:—Crs. Williams and Bastings, Messrs R. B. Lawrence, Talk, Harvey, Samuelson, McAlister, and Ransome, Mesdames Robertson, Rojo, Hobson, Johnson, Humphries, Brice, Harley, Courge, Gasson, Nairn, Kay, F. Dallum, Johnson, Odgers, Hall, and Misses G. Lancaster, M. Thayer, M. Harley, and E. Smith.

"MOA" ROAD RACE.

The tenth annual "Moa" road race was ridden last Saturday afternoon. The weather was most favorable and the event attracted a large crowd of spectators. The distance was 20 miles, from Preston reservoir to Wollert and back. Seventy-six cyclists, all owners of the famous "Moa" cycles, entered for the race, and about two thirds of them started in the race. The following was the result:—First, H. Goodfellow (hcp. 6 min., time 1h. 1m. 3s.), gold medal with diamond; second, G. T. McGregor (hcp. 6 min., time 1h. 1m. 30s.), R.S.A. rifle; third, L. Wallace (hcp. 5 min., time 1h. 0m. 31s), gold medal; fourth, W. Jutson (hcp. 5 min., time 1h. 0m. 40s), complete set of tyres; fifth, M. Sheehan (hcp. 8 min., time 1h. 3m. 35s.), marbled eight-day clock; sixth, J. White (hcp. 4 min., time 59m. 55s.), acetylene gas

THE CROXFORD MILLIONS

A STORY OF A GREAT ROBBERY.

By E. CAMERON MORRISON.

Author of "The Strange Case of Mr. Fenwick," "An Image in Wax," etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

It will now be necessary for us to turn our attention to Mr. Barton Willington, the Scotland Yard detective, who, as the reader will remember, was entrusted by Mr. Joyce Redgrave with the mission of finding his uncle, although by this time the observant reader will have arrived at the conclusion that such a desire on his part was somewhat inconsistent. Enough has transpired to show that Redgrave was, from the first, intimately acquainted with the plot to remove the millionaire, but from motives of his own he was anxious that an official search for Mr. Croxford should be made.

The finding of the partly-written letter which the detective had discovered in the millionaire's private room was, judging from the manner in which Redgrave regarded the same, an unexpected development of the plot. Evidently he had not reckoned upon anything of the sort occurring, and it is safe to assume that if he himself had found that particular letter, it would have immediately been destroyed. This matter had puzzled Redgrave beyond measure, for, knowing what he did about the conception of the plot, and the way in which it was to be carried into effect, he could not account for his uncle being in a position to write at all. Yet, in spite of this, he managed to leave a few words behind him—which were full of significance and deep meaning; at least that was the opinion formed by Mr. Willington, and he surely ought to be a judge of things of that sort.

Then, again, his carelessness in leaving the numbers and values of the bank notes so exposed that the detective had chanced upon them, was a matter which caused great unrest and anxiety in the mind of Redgrave, the more so as Willington had taken possession of the paper on which they were jotted down. Added to this possession was the partly-written letter left behind by Croxford, so that altogether the detective, for the present at any rate, was the master of the situation as far as Redgrave was concerned.

It will be within the recollection of the reader that after the appearance of Hermann Doughton at Deepdean Hall in the disguise of the millionaire, Redgrave, who was as genuinely deceived as the rest, communicated with Willington, and requested that, in view of his uncle having returned, he would restore the memoranda which he had taken away.

Willington, upon receiving this letter, was neither surprised nor puzzled; he had been expecting something of the sort, although he was not exactly perpared for it so soon after his interview with Redgrave. It would have been a very easy matter for him to return the papers referred to, but having his own opinion in the case, he determined, for the present at all events, to retain possession of them. If Mr. Croxford had returned—and for all he knew Redgrave might be speaking the truth—he (the millionaire) would no doubt have something to say concerning the documents in question.

Under these circumstances Mr. Willington came to the conclusion that the partly-written letter and the sheet of blotting-paper would be safer in his custody, despite Redgrave's protestations to the contrary.

Thus it came about that the latter gentleman received no reply from the detective, and not daring, as a matter of diplomacy, to repeat the request, he maintained a silence, which Willington understood just as well as if the other had given him a full explanation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Burrell made the startling discovery in the dining-room of Deepdean Hall, he, as already stated, gave instructions that medical assistance be obtained and the police summoned, and messengers, eager to fulfil these missions, were soon on their way to the village. A doctor was quickly in attendance, being followed shortly afterwards by the local police-sergeant and a constable.

"The lady is dead," whispered Burrell in a hoarse voice, as the doctor entered the room.

Kneeling down beside Miss Devereux, he hurriedly examined her.

"Not quite," he said; "carry her out into the open, and we may bring her round."

Meanwhile, Stanwell and Redgrave had, upon the suggestion of the doctor, been taken away from the heated room, and placed on rugs outside in the hall, the door of which being open, allowed a current of fresh air to reach them.

As soon as he saw them, the medical man realised how cleverly they had been kept in a state of insensibility, and lost no time in having the anaesthetic-saturated sleeves of each removed.

Miss Devereux was undoubtedly the greatest sufferer, and for a while it looked as if all efforts at resuscitation would prove abortive.

Shortly after the removal from the room, the detective and Redgrave recovered from their stupor, and were able to partake of stimulants, which had the effect of completely restoring them.

Whilst their recovery was assured, Miss Devereux's life hung in the balance, and more than once the doctor lost all hope. Yet in spite of such odds, the efforts to bring her round were in no way relaxed, and eventually those in attendance had the satisfaction of seeing their labors rewarded by Miss Devereux's return to consciousness.

After all, there was really nothing that the police could do, Stanwell being unable to give them the name of the assailant, a circumstance which greatly surprised Redgrave, as he had a vivid recollection of shouting out Doughton's name at the moment of his discovery.

Finding (and the discovery was satisfactory) that the detective had evidently missed this point, Redgrave also pleaded a like ignorance to the police, so that beyond the fact that the missing millionaire had been impersonated by an impostor, who had upon discovery committed the outrage they were now called upon to investigate, the police knew nothing.

* * * * *

The next morning—so fast and in such mysterious way does news travel nowadays—the whole of the affair appeared in the newspapers, and once more all the world wondered what had really become of Mr. Mostyn Croxford, the millionaire.

When Hermann Doughton read these reports, he was more than astonished to find that his name was never once mentioned; in fact, the newspapers said the impostor was unknown. This phase of the question puzzled him not a little, and he was at a loss to understand what Redgrave's intentions were. Evidently the latter had not given the game away, but the reasons underlying this were not apparent to Doughton.

The morning also brought with it the complete recovery of the detective and Redgrave, whilst Miss Devereux was also on the high road to convalescence.

After breakfast, Stanwell endeavored to open a conversation with Redgrave, but for reasons best known to himself the latter gave him no encouragement, and consequently the detective did not persevere in his attempt to find out what Redgrave thought or knew about the business of the previous night.

CHAPTER XIX.

As the result of his interview with Miss Devereux the same afternoon, Stanwell returned to London more determined than ever to unravel the mystery connected with the millionaire's disappearance.

In the face of recent events, Redgrave's courage returned, and he made up his mind to take up his quarters at Deepdean Hall for the present.

Miss Devereux and her mother could stay on if they wished, or they might leave; he did not intend to influence them one way or another.

From what had just transpired, it was plain that his uncle had been effectually dealt with, and was in all probability, despite Hermann Doughton's duplicity, safely secured, in accordance with the plot arranged previously.

If this were so, and present indications seemed to point conclusively in that direction, then it would only become a matter of time before he would be in a position to prove his uncle's death, and claim his vast wealth.

Encouraged by these prospects, he took himself off to the millionaire's private room, his intention being to carry out a still further investigation of the papers which were scattered in every direction. He had also made up his mind to gain access to the safe, and for that purpose had provided himself with a set of tools similar to those which Doughton had so successfuly used.

Upon entering the apartment, he noticed with some concern that things were not in the same position as he had seen them when he last sat there. The writing-desk had been moved from its customary position, and one or two of the drawers were placed upon the floor, their contents scattered around.

Suddenly a great and overpowering fear took possession of him. Supposing Doughton, during his brief sojourn at the Hall, had taken advantage of his knowledge of those very papers he (Redgrave) had searched so eagerly for! As this thought formed itself within his mind, he instinctively glanced towards the safe. The door was shut as he had last seen it, but the heavy chair now placed against it was not there before.

Still—and the thought flashed before him as he walked across the room, there could be real significance in the fact that a chair had been put into the position he found it. In spite of his attempts at self-assurance, it was with trembling hands and a strange feeling of foreboding that he pulled the chair on one side. As he did so, he cursed aloud, for the ponderous door of the safe, released from the power which kept it closed, flew back.

One glance was sufficient to convince Redgrave that he had been forestalled in his designs.

The safe was empty—every shelf, every drawer, had been cleared of its contents, not a vestige of a paper or document remaining behind.

Livid with rage and mortification at the duplicity of Doughton, and the consequent loss of the papers, to get possession of which the most daring of plots had been conceived and carried out, Redgrave dashed the door back into position again, and thrusting a thin iron wedge in at the bottom, thus keeping it closed, flung himself into a chair.

His face was white with the intensity of his feelings, whilst he trembled in every limb.

Sitting thus for several minutes, he suddenly rose, and with a terrible oath upon his lips rang the bell.

"I want to catch the next train to London," he told the servant who answered the summons; "send the carriage round at once."

There was a terrible look in his eyes, and a setting of strange lines about the mouth as he left the room, and taking his seat in the carriage, was driven quickly in the direction of the station.

CHAPTER XX.

It was dark when Redgrave reached London, the night being one of rain and wind. In the station yard he hailed a hansom, and getting in, told the driver to take him to 22 Corinthian terrace, Bayswater.

"If he is there, by Heaven!—but he shall not escape me," he muttered over and over again to himself, as he was borne swiftly along through the storm.

A neighboring clock was striking the hour of eight as the hansom drew up in front of 22 Corinthian terrace, in the upper window of which a faint light was visible.

Quickly paying the driver, Redgrave rushed up the few steps leading to the front door, and gave the bell a succession of pulls. His face still wore the same terrible look, and as he stood waiting for the opening of the door, he tightened his grasp on the loaded stick which he carried.

Although he had by his treatment of the bell shown his impatience, it was some considerable time before the door was opened.

"Is Mr. Hermann Doughton at home?" he demanded of the girl, who stood holding the door a few inches ajar.

"No, he went away this morning, sir," and as she spoke she proceeded to close the door again.

Redgrave, noticing this, thrust his stick in, and so prevented her from carrying out her intention.

"Wait a moment," he exclaimed taking a gold coin from his pocket, and holding it towards the girl; "but could you tell me if he left any address behind him, or any luggage?"

At the sight of the gold, the girl opened the door to its fullest extent, and accepting the money, asked the visitor to step inside.

Redgrave eagerly complied with the invitation, and was ushered into a room the window of which looked out into the front street. With the exception of a flickering flame from the fire, there was no other light in the room, but Redgrave, producing a box of matches, struck one, and, somewhat to the girl's surprise, lit the gas.

"Now, tell me what you know of Mr. Doughton," he said, as he faced the girl; "keep nothing back, and I will double what I have already given you."

"Mr. Doughton left early this morning, but no one knows where he has gone to; at least, I don't. Perhaps Mrs. Martin can tell you more, sir. She's upstairs with the undertaker."

"With the undertaker?" repeated Redgrave, in a puzzled tone, as if unable to comprehend the meaning of what he had just heard.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Montoll died last night. He was a great friend of Mr. Doughton's, and——"

"Good God! Montoll dead!" interrupted Redgrave, turning pale, and commencing to pace the floor in an agitated sort of way.

Alarmed at his demeanor, the girl left the room, and hurrying upstairs, informed Mrs. Martin, who was evidently the landlady of the house, of Redgrave's presence.

A few minutes later he was joined by Mrs. Martin, an elderly woman, who appeared to be much distressed by the sad occurrence which had taken place in her house.

"I am Mr. Joyce Redgrave," said her caller, as she entered the room, "and I have important business with Mr. Doughton, who, I believe, slept at your house last night, and, as the servant tells me, left early this morning. Can you give me any information as to where Mr. Doughton has gone, and whether it is his intention to return here again?"

"Now that you mention your name, sir, I have often heard Mr. Doughton speak of you," replied Mrs. Martin. "Indeed, it was only as recently as last evening that he referred to you."

"What did he say about me?" Redgrave interrupted, with an eagerness which the woman could not help noticing.

"Oh, he merely remarked that he had been spending a few days with you at your uncle's house, and——"

"He didn't tell you where he was going?" exclaimed the other, cutting her short, and putting the question with apparent impatience.

"No, he did not," replied Mrs. Martin, with deliberate emphasis; and then waited for Redgrave to continue the interview.

There was no doubt in his mind but that the woman was speaking the truth, and although he was both disappointed and enraged at his failure to discover Doughton, he did not betray his feelings.

"I understand that Mr. Montoll died last night," he said, after a brief silence. "Will you tell me the particulars?"

"Certainly, sir; I have no reason for keeping anything back. Mr. Montoll, poor fellow, has lodged with me for the last three years, and, as perhaps you know, shared rooms with Mr. Doughton. Yesterday week he was taken ill quite unexpectedly, and had to keep to his bed all day. He was much better the next morning, however, and insisted on getting up. Unfortunately, as I knew he was not doing the proper thing in leaving his bed; he had a relpase that same afternoon, and we had to help him back to bed again. Mr. Doughton was away at the time, and I hardly knew what to do, as I had never heard Mr. Montoll speak of any relatives or friends. That night, seeing he was really very ill, I sent for a doctor, who, after he had seen him, told me I had better communicate with his friends. Not knowing anyone but Mr. Doughton, whose whereabouts I was ignorant of at the time, I asked Mr. Montoll to give me the address of any person he would like me to send for. He said there was no one to come, and refused to speak about it any further. Well, he got rapidly worse and worse, and yesterday the doctor told me he did not expect him to live through the day; and he was right, for poor Mr. Montoll died shortly before twelve o'clock last night."

Mrs. Martin paused here, and seemed to be uncertain as to what she should say next. Redgrave had listened intently to what she had told him, and was without doubt considerably upset at the death of this man.

"Mrs. Martin," he said, with a sudden upward glance at the pale face of the woman before him which somewhat startled her, "did Mr. Doughton see Mr. Montoll before he died?"

As he put the question he leant forward, and seemed to be overcome with an agitation he could not control.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Doughton arrived here somewhere about ten, and Mr. Montoll did not die until nearly twelve," replied the landlady, becoming almost as agitated as Redgrave.

"Did—did you hear anything that passed between them?"

The question came slowly, and with an evident effort.

"No; but——" And then Mrs. Martin hesitated.

"What? Go on, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Redgrave, almost fiercely, at the same moment springing up from his chair and placing himself in front of the alarmed woman.

"You frighten me, sir. I don't understand what all this means," she said, beginning to cry.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Martin. I did not mean to alarm you in any way. I am only anxious to know about poor Mr. Montoll's death, and anything that occurred between him and Doughton before he died. You were about to tell me something, but did not finish. What is it? Don't be afraid to speak;" and Redgrave held out a number of gold pieces towards Mrs. Martin. "Here, take these and tell me what happened before Montoll died."

The woman looked at the money for a few minutes, as if undecided whether to accept it or not.

"Take it; some recompense is due to you from me for troubling you," urged Redgrave, as he dropped the coins into her lap.

"You're very kind, sir," she said, in a low voice, looking down at the money which lay glittering in the gaslight.

Disregarding this remark, Redgrave pressed her to tell him what she was keeping back.

"I don't know that I ought to speak about it now, seeing that Mr. Montoll is dead; but perhaps it's important to you, sir," she went on timidly.

"I've no doubt it is, most important; especially if it is anything Mr. Doughton said to him," replied Redgarve, with increasing eagerness.

"Well, sir, I did not exactly hear what passed between them, but just before he died, Mr. Montoll was delirious, and kept on repeating the name of Deepdean Hall and some gentleman called Mostyn Croxford."

"Anything else?" cried Redgrave, in a hoarse voice, and trembling violently.

"Yes; in his ramblings he said that Mr. Doughton had told him he was going away in the morning, and——"

"Where to? Where to?" interrupted Redgrave, now intensely excited.

"I don't know. If Mr. Montoll knew, he did not refer to it; but his mind seemed to run on the conversation which he had had previously with Mr. Doughton.

"And this is all you can tell me?"

"Yes, sir; I have told you every thing. Mr. Doughton went away this morning, taking all his luggage. Before he went, he told me he might return at some future time, and gave me sufficient money with which to pay the funeral expenses of Mr. Montoll."

"Strange that he should have left so suddenly, and at such a time," said Redgrave. "I should have thought he would have at least remained behind for the funeral."

"He might, certainly; but he seemed to have something weighing on his mind. And, sir, another queer thing I couldn't understand, was his disguising himself."

"In what way was he disguised?" asked Redgrave, wondering whether Doughton had still retained his impersonation of his uncle.

"Like you, sir, as near as possible," said the landlady, scrutinising him closely as she spoke.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was late when Redgrave left the house in Bayswater. Outside there was no perceptible abatement in the tempestuousness of the elements, a circumstance which was well in keeping with the conflict of emotions which raged within his own heart.

His mission to Doughton's room had not only been a failure, but had also brought him face to face with a difficulty he had not counted upon—the unexpected death of Montoll, who, as one of the confederates in the plot connected with the millionaire's disappearance, could no longer be counted upon, and he was trusted most of all by Redgrave to accomplish what had been designed.

As he stood outside in the drenching rain, undecided what his next step should be, a sudden idea flashed across his mind, an idea which he at first repelled, then upon calmer consideration, decided to carry into execution.

In his interview with Mrs. Martin, he had used every endeavor to discover the future intentions of Doughton, who, with the possession of the millionaire's papers, was for the time being master of the situation, but although more than once within an ace, so to speak, of obtaining, as he thought, the desired information, he had failed in the end. If he were to advance his own interests, and secure for himself that for which he was running so great a risk, it was imperative that the stolen papers must pass into his hands; but before this could be even commenced, Doughton must be found.

From what the landlady had told him, he concluded that he was safe in assuming that a short time previous to Montoll's death Doughton had confided the secret of his future movements to him, and that information had died with him.

The more he thought over this phase of the matter, the more strongly did the idea urge itself on his consideration.

From his early youth, Redgrave had always been of a superstitious nature, and at an age when most boys would have ridiculed the existence or the possibilities of such a science, he had been pressed into a belief in spiritualism, his conceptions in this respect causing him to regard the occult mysteries of the spirit world as possessing peculiar advantages under certain circumstances. His theories in this direction were of a character which led him into the belief that a disembodied spirit possessed the power of divulging the secrets of the living, and although he had never yet put them to a practical test, it flashed upon him that night that the opportunity had arrived for the demonstrating of what he had so long believed in.

Two human beings knew the great secret he was so anxious to learn. One, however, since the possession of that knowledge had passed away from mortal ken. Whilst as regards the other, he might also be non-existent, in so far as he was likely to surrender the information which he sought. Now that Doughton had assumed the role of a traitor, and worse, Redgrave rightly argued that he would use every possible means to maintain it; therefore, if he were to make any discoveries, it must be done through other agencies.

Brooding in this fashion, his spiritualistic instincts suddenly asserted themselves, and the idea of summoning up the departed spirit of Montoll, and learning from it the whereabouts of Doughton ruled his brain. At first he repulsed the thought—there was something awe-inspiring about it. It was uncanny, supernatural and forbidding. Yet, as it grew upon him he became calmer, and remembering that for years he had believed in the possibility of such a thing, a revulsion in its favor took place within him; besides, as far as he could see, it was his only chance of being able to discover what it was now more than essential he should. The whereabouts of Doughton must be unearthed at any cost, and so if his theories of spiritualism were correct, Montoll, though dead to the world, could give him that knowledge he wished to obtain.

His mind set firmly on the carrying-out of this programme, Redgrave walked to the end of the street, and calling a passing cab, got in and was driven off citywards.

For a long time past he had had a casual acquaintance with a man whose connection with the world of spiritualism had rendered him a sort of oracle in all the mystic matters of the science, but although more than one opportunity of being present at a seance had been afforded him, a certain diffidence had prevented him (Redgrave) taking advantage of them. He preferred to nurse his theories rather than enter upon the practical aspect of the matter, but under a change of circumstances, he felt that the time had arrived when he might, with possible benefit, avail himself of the services of this friend.

Despite the lateness of the hour, he determined to repair to the spiritualist's abode without delay, and thither he was being driven.

Canton, the spiritualist, followed the commonplace calling of a city manager, and resided in the neighborhood of the Strand, in one of those gloomy houses situated in one of the numerous by-streets which diverge from this great artery of traffic.

As the cab pulled up at the top of the street, at one of the middle houses of which Redgrave intended to apply for admission, a clock not far away began striking the hour of midnight. The time was significant and in keeping with his strange mission, he thought, with an involuntary shudder, as he passed hurriedly along the wet and slippery pavement.

Reaching the particular house he was in search of, he noticed with inward satisfaction that there was a light in more than one of the windows, which indicated that his friends had not, as he feared, retired.

A couple of applications of the knocker were promptly responded to by Canton himself, who evinced no surprise when, upon opening the door, he recognised his visitor. Apparently, late comers were the rule, rather than the exception; at least, this was the most natural inference that could be drawn from the circumstances which presented themselves to the careful observer.

Mr. Canton was a man of unusual height, spare in physique, yet with an upright carriage and a deportment which was suggestive of sundry lessons at one of those institutions where the niceties of correct bearing are taught for a moderate fee. His features were inclined towards angularity, whilst his carefully-curled hair was of a deep black, which served to bring out more prominently the intense pallidness of his complexion.

"Mr. Redgrave!" he exclaimed, with just a suspicion of surprise in his tone. "Come in, do. Such a night as this one is better indoors." And he led the way to a stand, upon one of the pegs of which his visitor deposited his coat and hat.

"Are you alone, Mr. Canton?" Redgrave asked, in almost a whisper, and glancing nervously round at the same time.

"I happen to be so at present. If you had come a few minutes earlier you would have found company. But what portends this unexpected, but welcome, visit?"

The spiritualist spoke quickly, and in a voice which Redgrave imagined was louder than there was any necessity for.

"Let us get into a private room before we say another word," and Redgrave glanced suggestively in the direction of the staircase.

Without replying, and evidently divining the nature of his visitor's mission, the other led the way upstairs to the second landing, where they entered a small room.

Shutting the door behind him, the spiritualist turned up the lamp, which stood on a curiously-shaped table, and beckoning Redgrave to be seated, stood in front of him.

Before his host had time to speak, Redgrave, who had flung himself into a chair nearest the little table, pulled out a bulky bundle from his inner pocket, and placed it upon his knees.

"Mr. Canton"—his voice was very low, and the other noticed that he trembled violently—"I have come to you to-night on a special errand, but before I divulge a word, you must swear solemnly to absolute secrecy, for which I will pay you any price you care to name."

The spiritualist listened with growing wonder, for although he was from the first convinced that Redgrave desired his services in some matter, he was not prepared for such a startling proposition.

"Does it concern your uncle in any way?" he asked, ignoring for the moment the chief point at issue.

Redgrave started at the question, and became more agitated than ever.

"My uncle! What do you mean?" And then recollecting that Mr. Croxford's disappearance was a matter of public discussion. "Of course, you know he is missing—the papers would tell you that."

"Just so; one could hardly fail to remain ignorant on that score, and as soon as I saw you at the door to-night, I associated—quite naturally, you will admit—your visit with his disappearance;" and Mr. Canton looked straight at Redgrave, whose gaze fell before the other's.

"No doubt there was ground for such a supposition; but, strange as it may appear to you, this is not the object of my visit here to-night. I want you to give me your services in quite another direction, but, as I have already said, you must swear, at any price you like to mention, to absolute secrecy. Until you have done this, I am afraid I shall have failed in the accomplishment of what I came here specially for. Do you agree to my terms? And as he put the last question, he untied the bundle which contained bank notes.

"But a man cannot swear to that about which he knows nothing," replied the spiritualist, who was becoming more puzzled than ever at the strange conduct of his visitor.

"At a price he can," said Redgrave, holding out several bank-notes. "Take these, and do as I wish you to. If the amount is not enough, I will double it, or increase it as you may desire."

The other did not answer, but stood looking straight in front of him. A thousand pounds—for that was the value of the notes which were offered him—was a big bribe to receive for an oath of secrecy; yet he hesitated. To him the money would mean everything; still, on the other hand, he knew nothing as to the nature of the pledge he was asked to give in return for it. Perhaps when it was too late he would regret the step he had taken, and so he stood irresolute, not knowing how to act.

"Look—I will double the sum—two thousand pounds! Surely you cannot afford to refuse such an offer? All I want in return is secrecy, and your assistance."

The next moment the spiritualist had taken the money, and promised to do as the other wished.

(To be continued.)

THE BURMAN AND HIS BEAST.

The Burman's motto (says Mr. H. Fielding in "The Soul of a People") should be "Noblesse oblige"—he knows the meaning if not the words. This is true in regard to the Burmese attitude toward animals.

There is nothing in their religion which compels them to be kind. To him a man is a far higher being than an animal. But he does not deduce from this that man's superiority gives him permission to kill or ill-treat animals—quite the contrary. It is because man is so much higher than the animal that he should observe towards animals the very greatest care, feel for them the very greatest compassion, be good to them in every way he can.

Coming from half-starved, over-driven India, it is a revelation to see the animals of Burma. The ponies, the cats, and the dogs in India are enough to make the heart bleed, but in Burma they are a delight to the eye.

The Burman is full of the most humorously good-natured attitude towards them. Looking at them from his manhood, he has no contempt for them, but the gentle toleration of a father to very little children who are stupid and troublesome often, but are very lovable.

His ponies are pictures of fatness, impertinence and "go." They never have any vice, because the Burman is never cruel to them; they are never well trained, because he does not know how to train them. But they are willing, and have admirable constitutions and tempers.

In one Burmese town, which is the headquarters of the civil administration of the district, it was necessary, on account of the distance from the railway station, to make some arrangement for the carrying of the mail. A native of India agreed to take the contract to run a coach once a day each way to convey mail and passengers. It was supposed that the passenger traffic would pay the contractor well, apart from his subsidy, for the Burmans are free with their money, and the road was long, hot and dusty.

I often passed that coach. I noticed that the ponies were poor and driven a little hard, but I saw no reason for interference. It did not seem to me that any cruelty was committed. I saw that the driver used his whip, but some ponies require the whip.

At the end of the year the contractor said he would continue his contract if the mail subsidy were largely increased. He said that he had lost money on the year's working. Only Englishmen and a few natives of India patronised him. He did not know what the reason was.

An inquiry was made, and the Burmese were asked why they did not ride in the coach. Were the fares too high? Was it uncomfortable? No. It was because of the ponies. "Poor beasts!" they said. "They should be turned out to graze."

The opinion was universal. The Burmans preferred to spend twice or thrice the money and hire a bullock-cart, or they preferred to walk. They walked while the coach came by empty, and nearly all of them could have afforded to ride.

THE IRON HORSE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

There is nothing like the "iron horse" for the removal of ancient prejudices, and his popularity is now secured even in the most conservative quarters of South Africa. In fact, it is not too much to say that every Dutchman to-day would like to have a railway, not, perhaps, on his own farm, but on his next-door neighbor's (remarks a London contemporary). Railways facilitate intercourse, too, between Boer husbandman and British shopkeeper—the isolated dweller on the lonely veldt, who, as the old saying went, "disliked to see the smoke of another man's chimney," and the scarcely less self-centred owner of a store in the dead-alive up-country dorp.

The friendly train carries the Dutchman's "kinders" gratis to school, picking them up as the patient engine takes a drink at some wind-swept, sun-bitten crossing, and depositing them, a merry, shouting crowd, at the nearest convenient centre for their daily education on the same benches as the children of the British tradesman or operative. Or, again, it brings out to the wide, breezy spaces of the open country, to some homely, red-brick habitation nestling under a kopje, where the buxom vrouw dispenses her coffee and cakes, while "Oom Piet" or "Oom Japie" smokes ruminatively upon the stoop, the Scottish bank manager or the English civil servant, who has been tempted from the town by the prospect of a day's sport with the springbuck and the guineafowl.

Manoeuvring.

The Father: That young man who used to call on you and stay so late is in the navy now, I understand?

The Daughter: Yes, papa; and think of it! His boat has been disabled. The last time I saw him his boat was being towed in.

The Father: Well, don't let me see him round here at all hours of the night or you will see him toed out.

Germans are the most prone to suicide; the Irish and negroes rarely resort to self-destruction.

THE VIEWS OF McTOSH.

ON HUMOR.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

"Did ye hear, Laird," said Sandy, "that there was a company o' humorists to perform at the Toon Hall this week? I was thinkin' o' gaun there masel', ye ken."

"I hadna heard tell o' it," replied McTosh. "But gin ye'll tak' my advice, Sandy Macphairson, ye'll save your siller for a better purpose an' no be flingin' it awa' on sic havers as you. I hae nae verra great opeenion o' a puir body that'll stand up tae let ither folk lauch at him. Losh me! if ye want to lauch at fules, there's eneuch o' them to be met ilka day in the streets o' Aberrdeen, and ye'll no hae to pay for the preevilege either."

"Maybe ye hae never seen a humorous entertainment, Laird?" said Sandy. "I'm tellt they mak' ye lauch till your sides are sair."

"And what wad I be wantin' to mak' my sides sair for, Sandy?" asked McTosh in some surprise at the notion. "Guid sakes, man, is there no eneuch pain in the worrld without gaun oot o' your way to get mair?

"When I was a laddie I went to see a humorous entertainment, and I was never sae meeserable in a' my life. The firrst man that cam' on the platform had got his nose pented red, ye ken, and gin ye'll tak' ma word for it, the puir bodies a' roon' me lauched to see the fulish sicht. Man, gin I had got a red nose I wadna gang ad show it aff to ither folk. I wad stay at hame and drink naethin' but water for the rest o' my days.

"They tellt me that the puir body was a humorist. He sang a song aboot his mither-in-law, and tellt us he was feart to gang hame because she had promised to gie him a crack on the pow! Man, Sandy! wull ye tell me that there's onything humorous aboot a poseetion o' that kind? When members o' ane family canna get o without fechtin' ane anither, it's no' a lauchin' maitter at a'.

"They should ca' their freen's in to mak' peace between them, and no gang talkin' aboot their troubles in a public place. I thoct it was vurra sad to hear the folk aboot me lauchin' at the puir chiel. They should hae kent better than that.

"Ye ken, Sandy Macphairson, maistly the public canna see a rale joke. I mind once I went to a hall whaur there was ane o' these conjurin' folk that mak' cairds disappear and bring them back tae their hands.. Weel, I lent the body ma hat, at his ain request, and as sune as he got it he took a guinea-pig oot o' it and askit me what I keepit sic things aboot me for? The puir fules in the place lauched wi' a' their micht, but they couldna see the joke."

"What wad the joke be, then, Laird?" asked Sandy expectantly.

"Hech, man," replied the Laird with a snigger, "ye canna see it yersel'! Why, I hadna got a guinea pig in ma hat at a'. The conjuror maun ha' pit it there himsel' before he could tak' it oot, but naebody kent that but me and him.

"The ither puir bodies thocht I wud be keepin' a beastie like you in ma bonnet, and that was why they lauched sae muckle. A'm feart ye haena a vurra great sense o' humor yersel' Sandy."

"A'm thinkin' I wad hae lauched wi' the rest gin I had been there," Sandy confessed.

"I hae nae doot o' it," replied McTosh. "That confairms ma opeenion o' ye, Sandy Macphairson. There was anither thing the puir daft craturs lauched aboot that seemed to me mair a maitter for greetin'. A wee laddie in the room was ower anxious to ken hoo the wonders wad be perrformed, and he askit sae mony questions that sometimes the conjurin' body didna ken what to reply to him. Sae at last he ca'd the laddie up to the platform and gie'd him a whustle, and tellt him to blaw it haird. And when the laddie blew, a lot o' black poother (powder) flew out and fell owre his face, sae that in twa seconds he was that dirty his ain mither wadna hae kent him frae anither. Ye'll hardly believe me when I tell ye, Sandy, that the folk lauched even at that."

"And why for no?" queried Sandy, defiantly.

"Why for no?" repeated McTosh. "Man, Sandy, I'm despairin' o' ye. Wull ye be tellin' me that the sicht o' a bairn's dirty face is aye a thing to be lauchin' at? Why gin that is your notion o' humor, man, ye can walk through the back streets o' Aberrdeen and lauch your mouth a' crookit in an oor, for ye'll see bairns eneuch wi' faces that need washin'. What wull ye be lauchin' at next?"

"Weel ye ken, Laird, we haena a' got the same idea o' humor," said Sandy. "I mind ance a man cam' on the platform wi' a footprint o' his trousers as if he had been kickit there by a bigger man than himsel'. I thocht it was vurra humorous, and I lauched a guid deal ower it."

"Why for wad ye be lauchin' at anither man's misfortune" inquired McTosh, with a mystified air.

"But ye maun unnerstaun', Laird, that the man hadna really been kickit," explained Sandy. "It was a' a joke."

"Weel," commented McTosh, "I'm thankfu' to say I canna see it masel'. Gin the man hadna been kickit he needa hae had the footprint on him, and gin he had been kickit he shouldna ha' got up and let a' the worrld see his trouble. Gin that is the kind o' humor to be seen at the Toon Hall, I'll no be gaun there wi' ye."

"What wad ye be calling humor, then, Laird?" asked Sandy.

"Weel, man," McTosh replied, "noo I'll tell ye the funniest thing I ever heard tell o' in a' my life. It mak's me lauch yet when I think o' it. It was in the year 1880, when I was workin' in an office in London. The buke-keeper was addin' up his figures for the balance-sheet, and he fan' he had got just one thoosand eicht hunner and eichty poons owre muckle. He went up and doon the column for a maitter o' twa hours, and then he fand oot he had been addin' in the year o' grace that had been pit doon at the top o' the column."

"Well?" said Sandy, with an expectant look, "and what then?"

"What then?" echoed McTosh indignantly. "Man, that's a'. Canna ye see the joke?"

"Weel, ye see, Laird,' explained Sandy cautiously, "gin yon man added the date into his feegures it wad naturally mak just that deefference in the total at the bottom. I canna see——"

"Ye canna see what's richt before your nose, Sandy Macphairson," retorted McTosh. "I'm telling ye the greatest joke I ever heard o' in a' ma life, and ye haena brains eneuch in your pow to see it. And what mak's the exhibeetion mair pathetic is that ye hae the naive to come here and doot whether I hae a sense o' humor masel'. Gang awa' hame wi ye, man, and conseeder the seriousness o' your poseetion!"

We each of us live in a three-storey house, to use the simile of Doctor Strong. The basement is our physical nature, the first storey our intellectual nature, and the top storey our spiritual nature. We can habitually occupy whatever storey we please. But it is certainly a mistake to live in the basement; and even in the second storey we will miss the air and the view which belong to the top one.

Let each endeavor to grow, to grow according to the law of our own being, to be ourselves and no one else, to be our best selves, and so find out our own strength and weakness.

WHY WOMAN RULES MAN.

By S. M.

Speaking quite privately, and strictly between ourselves, woman always did rule man, and had him under her thumb from time immemorial. There is no question of her power, which she wields with the grace and mighty will of the conqueror; the iron hand is so disguised that the vanquished has not yet awakened to the fact that he is an abject slave. The secret must be kept from him; but even should he discover his unhappy lot, it would take him centuries before he could place himself on an equal plane with woman.

This may seem strange to you, but the explanation is simply told and easily understood.

Take your mind back to the dim and distant past, when man sallied forth in the morning with a spear to hunt the daily dinner, and woman was a hewer of wood ad a drawer of water. In those days woman's lot was indeed not a happy one. Man never hesitated, alas! to employ his greater physical strength to enforce his commands, and destroy opposition. He was then a beater of women. He occupied that role for some time; in fact, for some centuries. He could never dissociate the act of ruling from brute force. Engaged as he was in the chase and slaughter of cattle for food, and in violent conflict with his fellows, he carried the doctrine of brute strength a bit too far—to his home circle, in fact. So long as he confined his efforts to the excellent purpose of filling the larder and warding off jealous rivals in the neighborhood, he was all right, and could consider himself safe. But when, as I say, he expanded his muscles in the vicinity of his glowing hearth, he was looking for trouble, and eventually found it. The first blow he struck was the first blow struck for woman's freedom.

Of course, it would have been absurd to suppose from the first that woman should hit back. In the first place she wouldn't have had a chance, and in the second it would have resulted in civil war in the household, which has often been tried and found unsuccessful. No; woman commenced the subjugation of the tyrant by quite another method.

It is a well-known fact that strong limbs and weak brains go together, or at least they did then. The woman knew it well; it was here, so to speak, where she had him. Her active little brain was always on the move, while his was directed to finding the vulnerable point in his ox's anatomy. She proceeded by wile and subtlety. Hers was the considered answer that turneth away wrath. She got round him. It was not so much what she did, but how she did it; not what he did, but how she did him. She led him on by soft phrases to his destruction. For the first time brain triumphed over the savage beast. Flattery and cajolery was a new, a delightful thing to him. It was as the strong wine that intoxicates the senses. It was thrust upon him, and he fell a willing victim. It was, in fact, the dawn of civilisation, and we have to thank woman for being the first to lift the veil. For man, great, strong, unthinking creature, would now still be groping in the darkness of the savage world had it not been for woman.

From this happy start resulted the highly organised subordination of man that we know to-day. Now that brute force is no longer regarded with favor by those in authority, it is hopeless for man to attempt to recover his lost supremacy. Sometimes the animal will out, and a woman goes down, which is proof of the subordination of man in an attempt to assert his lost rights. He never will; it is doubtful whether he ever had them. Having gone on so long, woman will always continue to boss the show.

THE LAZY AGE.

Among the "demoralising facilities" of the present age are, according to an eminent medical authority, motor cars, cheap trains, omnibuses, and tramways, which are in effect making people unconsciously lazy. The "Lancet" has started the crusade against the growing tendency of laziness, and the question is declared to be one of the most important at the moment from the point of view of public health. We are told of six evils, at least, which result from want of proper exercise. These are heart weakness, dyspepsia, enfeebled muscles, sluggish liver, headache, and skin ailments. A formidable list, and one which figures among the common cases of illness, now being treated by almost every physician in good general practice. No doubt the cheapness and frequent services of trains and trams dispose people to walk less than formerly. But then they have the more than compensating advantages of being able to live farther from their work and the congested areas of big cities. As to the motor car, it also has its uses in that way, and sometimes leads to longer walks than the motorists contemplated. But as an exercise walking seems to be the ideal, especially for those in or approaching middle age. Horse exercise, golf, bowls, and croquet are also recommended, but tennis, cricket, rowing and cycling are put down as bad for persons of middle age. Gardening cannot be too highly commended, as the gardener enjoys slow muscular exercise, at the same time breathing in pure air. But we cannot all be gardeners, while walking is free.

CONGO WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Marungu is a district of the vicariate apostolic of the Belgian Congo, situated west of Lake Tanganyika and therefore in the heart of Africa. In Marunga the young man who decides to light the hymeneal torch, after having made his choice from among the maidens of the neighbourhood, must have recourse to a benevolent individual, who, as a third party, will treat with the parents of the girl. If the alliance is favorably regarded by them, the amount of money or its equivalent, which the prospective bridegroom must pay to the father of the bride, is agreed upon. The betrothal then takes place, and a date is set for the wedding. From this time until the day of the marriage the girl must not even cast a glance at her future husband, much less speak to him. If she chance to meet him, she must appear oblivious of his presence, and, at once, hasten away, lest he might presume to address her. If she mentions him to anyone, even a member of her own family, it must be by means of the pronouns "he," "him." Sometimes these restrictions are observed for several years, for frequently girls are betrothed when they are only eight or nine years old.

DOGS IN GERMANY.

The dachshund is the favorite dog in Germany, says the "Farm and Home," and a very useful and pleasant companion he seems to be. The English bulldog is a good second in popularity, and the nearer he is to our standard points the better he is liked. The fox terrier varies a good deal in size and marking, and is evidently not so well known in Germany as he deserves to be. The ladies there are as fond of their little "Poms" and their "King Charles's" as are their English sisters of their pet dogs at home. Some few dogs in the streets are harnessed to four-wheeled trucks. Usually a man and a dog pulls. The work seemed too heavy and exhausting for the dogs, which are generally mongrels of the mastiff type. They look in fair condition, and are not ill-treated.

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

A Lioness and Her Cubs.

A portion of the crew of a ship which was anchored off the coast of India once went ashore for the purpose of cutting some wood, and one of the sailors, having through some cause become separated from his companions, was considerably frightened by the appearance of a huge lioness which he saw approaching him. Much to his surprise, however, she did not on coming up appear to have any evil designs upon him, but, instead, crouched at his feet and look steadfastly first at his face and then at some trees some little distance away. For a time the man could not understand this conduct, but presently, on the lioness rising and walking toward the trees, looking back at him as she went, he found out what it meant. Up in the branches of one of the trees was a large baboon with two little lion cubs in its arms; and it was because of this that the lioness was in such tribulation. The difficulty now presented itself of how to save the cubs, for the sailor was afraid to climb the tree, so, having his axe with him, he resolved to cut the tree down, which he did, the lioness watching him anxiously the whole time. When the tree fell, and the three animals with it, the lioness, it is said, dashed with fury upon the baboon and destroyed it; then, having gently caressed her affrighted cubs for some time, she returned to the sailor, showed her gratitude by fawning upon him, and rubbing her head fondly against him, and at length carried her children away one by one.

A POSTPONED BURGLARY.

It was one o'clock in the morning. In the deepest shadow of the piazza of the little suburban villa in which our story opens sat two burglars, earnestly discussing the affair that had brought them thither.

A light in one of the upper windows which had only just been extinguished had made them postpone for a while their attempt, and this delay had given the first burglar an opportunity to ask his partner the circumstances which had led to this particular graft.

"The lady who occupies this house," whispered the second burglar, "has 100,000 dollars in cash. She drew it out of the bank yesterday, and to-morrow she will turn it over to the old and trusted friend of her late husband."

"Who is he?" asked the first burglar.

"He's an old cove they've known all their lives. He's going to advise her how to invest the money. In the meantime, she's got it all upstairs with her in a black bag."

The first burglar was silent for a while.

"Jim," he said at last, "I haven't the heart to do it. She's a widow. Let's wait."

"Wait!" exclaimed the second burglar. "For what?"

"Why," said his companion, "let us wait until the old cove has it, and then rob him."

KRUPP'S GUNS FOR GERMAN AIRSHIPS.

A Belgian journalist sounds the alarm to his country: he is distressed about the special cannon which the Krupp firm is said to have fitted to the Zeppelin airship. The French have thought only of the dropping of explosives from the heights; the Germans will aim from quick-firing guns. The Krupp airship cannon is described as a powerful, light arm, weighing only about 150 lb., the lightness with strength being obtained, thanks to a special mechanism, that deadens the recoil. It hurls a shell several miles, at between 50 and 60 a minute. The guns are compared to those mountain batteries, transported on mule-back, which did a great deal of service in the Russo-Japanese War. The shells carry very well, and break into a rain of sharp-pointed fragments, which can cover some 50 square feet. It was proved that the airship, which weighed twenty tons, was not shaken by the firing. The greatest danger was found to come from the neighbourhood of the great mass of hydrogen; the gasoline of the motor was also a difficulty; but it is said the German engineers have found a way of keeping the various necessary elements of an aerial Dreadnought from dangerous interaction, much as in a ship the machine-room is kept apart from the inflammable matter of the hold. Certainly, if all this be true, there will be terrors in the air, especially if, as is also said, the new guns are flashless and soundless, unseen and unheard when they fire from the clouds in the darkness of the night.

AN AXE TO GRIND.

When I was a litle boy, says Benjamin Franklin, I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?"

"Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

"I am sure," continued he, "you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Pleased with the flattery, I went to work; and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half-ground.

At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant; be off to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone, but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers methinks, "That man has an axe to grind."

STIR THE GROUND.

The gospel of good cultivation is stir the ground and cut the weeds. In former years men were satisfied if they stirred half of the ground and covered up the weeds on the other half. But since close observers have gone to work on the proposition, few progressive farmers will be satisfied with a cultivator unless it stirs all of the ground and cuts all of the weeds. Some look upon weeds in a field as a disadvantage. But if it were not necessary to go in and cut them out, many fields would never get the stirring of the ground necessary to retain the moisture. Sometimes we have plenty of rain in the spring, and we think, "Oh, well, there is enough water in the ground to bring the whole crop to maturity." We forget, however, that the grain is not the only consumer of soil moisture. If the sun gets to work in dead earnest, it can draw the water out of the ground much faster than the grain does.

Carpet-tacks, of which our great grandfathers knew nothing, are now consumed at the rate of 50,000,000 a day.

A STRANGE WOOING.

I.

Mr. John Smith, Chairman of "Alcrons, Limited."

Buttoning his gloves, the great financier and philanthropist passed out of the company's sumptuous offices. The porter held the door open and respectfully bowed his head.

"Hallon, Smith!"

The flippant tone would have been audacious in anyone. It was unpardonably so in the battered-looking man whom Mr. Smith eyed up and down. The recipient of the stare was unabashed.

"Feast your eyes, Smith. My beauty is free. If embarrassing me is your game, you ought to know me better. I set down your stony stare just at what it is worth. That isn't much."

"What do you want?"

"To offer you my congratulations. You've done well. Alcrons' offices look more comfortable than Cardown Gaol. You are able to endorse that fact, Smith. Eh?"

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I am sorry to see you. You belong to a past I wish to forget. Where have you been all these years?"

"Abroad. I lost all track of you. Your name was no guide, and it never struck me to look so high as Alcrons. Fancy you doing the respectable business!"

"Have you seen Lady Elridge?"

"Lady who?"

John Smith ignored the question.

"I can't afford to be seen speaking to you here. My house is 6 Brackley-terrace. A quiet lane runs up behind. Meet me there at nine to-morrow night."

They parted.

"I made one false move," muttered John Smith. "I thought he would have known about Lady Elridge. Pray Heaven he didn't notice my remark."

He would have been disconcerted had he heard his friend's soliloquy:

"Who is Lady Elridge? His patent attempt to cover up the remark was suspicious."

Thirty years before Dick Renwick and John Smith had been fellow-clerks. Renwick was clever but constitutionally wicked. He was cunning enough to conceive, but not bold enough to execute, a series of daring frauds. Smith, the younger man, was inveigled as a tool. Nemesis was upon their track. Renwick got five years, Smith three.

They were married men. But ere the shame came, Smith's wife died, leaving behind a baby girl. After the public disgrace Dick Renwick's wife disappeared none knew whither.

John Smith served his sentence, and returned to the world with a stain. But in twenty-five years he had wiped it out. John Smith was now honored—and honored because honorable. To-day was the first time he had seen or heard of Dick Renwick since they stood in the dock together.

John Smith's daughter Elsie was now the fiance of Sir Ralph Elridge, only child of Lady Elridge, who lived at No. 16, a few doors off. That afternoon Elsie welcomed her father home, and instantly detected his self-absorption. At dinner she was eloquent on the wickedness of indulging business worries.

"Especially on a night when I have pleasant news, daddy. Ralph and I have decided on the house in Kelvale-square, and you will break up the old home to come and live with us."

"Am I expected to find that pleasant news?" he smiled.

"I'm sorry, daddy; It does seem disloyal to desert you. But you are pleased, aren't you? Ralph wants me, and you said he could have me."

Sir Ralph himself saved John Smith from perjury. He entered in the first ecstasies of betrothal and carried his sweetheart off. John Smith was left to ponder the incident of the day and prepare for the interview on the morrow.

A few minutes before nine on the following night, John Smith opened his back-garden door and stealthily emerged. The night was dark and the lane deserted. There was no sign of Dick Renwick, but as John Smith sauntered down the lane his foot knocked against some obstacle. It was the body of a man lying ominously still.

John Smith lit a match and peered into the man's face. It was ashen grey. It was the face of Dick Renwick, and he was dead.

John Smith walked quietly back to his own back-door and entered the house. Next morning he scanned the papers eagerly, and read the following:—

> The dead body of a tramp was found in Brackley-terrace lane early this morning. A bottle of whisky containing poison was found beside him. It is surmised that the man whose identity is unknown, entered the lane to put an end to his life.

John Smith turned with relief to the financial columns.

II.

It was a week later. A woman rang the bell of 6 Brackley Terrace. Surprised at a visitor so late, the maid ascended to Mr. Smith's room.

"A lady asking to see you, sir."

"Her name?"

"She declines to give it, but says her business is urgent."

"Show her up."

He knew the sort. A pertinacious collector. Some deserving institution was in necessitous circumstances.

The entrant surprised him. She did not at all conform to his expectations. Magnificent described her beauty. Her imperious air heightened the impression. She was in the flush of mature loveliness. Her physical charms were rich and full. A perfect specimen of her sex.

"You wish to see me?"

"Yes."

That was all. Her silence amused and slightly irritated him.

"For what purpose?"

"To tell you that Dick Renwick was buried yesterday."

The brief sentence meant volumes to John Smith. Whatever his emotions, he controlled them well. Unwavering he returned the woman's searching gaze.

"Dick Renwick was buried yesterday," he repeated. "Have you exhausted your business when you have made that remark?"

"Yes; except to add that I am Dick Renwick's wife—and you are his murderer."

"I am not."

"Of course, I expected you to go through the formality of denying it; but let me explain that I know all about you and Cardown Gaol, about your chance meeting last week and the appointment in the lane. In short, I know enough to put the noose round your neck. I won't do so—on one condition. To understand that condition you had better hear my life's story. My name is Hilda Watson. I was reared in affluence, but poverty came. I went abroad as a governess. Dick Renwick made friends with the family and love to me. He was fascinating and impetuous. I was young and yielded. From our marriage-day my life was full of remorse. You know what the real Dick Renwick was. He fathomed every wickedness. He humbled me, degraded me. We returned at last to London, he to sink lower. Somehow I resisted the constant temptation to sink with him. The hope that, perhaps, life still held something for me kept my spirit unbroken. The day he discovered you he came home drunk and boastful. He said—well, never mind what he said—it meant misery for you. He went to keep his appointment. He was found poisoned where you promised to meet him. I never claimed the body; but I saw clearly what had happened. It wasn't suicide. Dick Renwick had neither motive nor nerve for that. You were the last man to meet him. You had reason to fear him, and to wish him removed. Surely you see that I hold you in the hollow of my hand. My accusations would set the police machinery in motion. 'Arrest of the chairman of Alcrons, Limited.' Think of the sensation. It would revive the story of Cardown Gaol. Mud would fly, and some of it would stick. Your daughter is engaged. Lady Elridge is an exclusive patrician. She would disown the daughter of a murderer. Sir Ralph himself would not care to have an ex-convict for a father-in-law. These things are as plain to you as to me, and they all depend on my silence—which can be bought."

"The price?"

"You will laugh when you hear it, but think well ere you spurn it. I have known the bitterness of life; I wish to taste the sweetness. I am sick of such words as honor and honesty and love and truth. I have proved how hollow they are. I am still young, still capable of enjoying life, and I mean to. But not as a suburban pensioner, keeping silence in exchange for a quarterly cheque. No. I am playing for a big stake. John Smith, will you make me your wife?"

The strange words, the heaving breast, the flashing eyes, all proclaimed a proud woman driven desperate. John Smith was amazed at his own thoughts. The woman was mad. He should have laughed derisively at that last crazy sentence.

But he didn't. As he silently regarded the delicately-chiselled features, he realised what exquisite torture this woman's soul had suffered. She was suffering now, though she pretended so bravely. And how beautiful she was!

His pulse quickened. He had thought himself done with love. But the conversation with Elsie last week was fresh in his memory. To break up his home was to uproot his life. Here was a new solution.

Of course, the idea was extraordinary. There could be neither love nor sanctity in the affair. Still, the woman was no mere adventuress. For the moment she was in revolt against Fate. But, looking into her clear, blue eyes, John Smith felt that by kindness this woman could be won. And whom she loved she would love to the uttermost.

On the other hand, her threats had their effect. She firmly believed he had murdered Dick Renwick. Others would view the circumstances as she did. He might escape the scaffold; he could not possibly escape the scandal. For Elsie's sake he dare not raise ghosts from the past.

He was silent a while; then he spoke deliberately:

"Apparently it is useless for me to deny murdering Dick Renwick. Your mind is made up on that point. But you are driving a hard bargain for me. Have you considered that it may one day prove as hard a bargain for you?"

"I will take all risks."

"Sit down, then, and let us talk it over."

III.

Elsie Smith was in Bond-street one afternoon with her father when he suddenly halted.

"Mrs. Renwick!" he exclaimed, in glad surprise. "My daughter Elsie," he continued. "Mrs. Renwick is the widow of a very old friend of mine, Elsie."

Elsie instantly yielded to the stranger's winning manner. She was handsome and tastefully dressed; her regal air was softened by womanly graciousness. Elsie insisted on a promise that Mrs. Renwick should dine with them that evening.

"Father is obviously eager to talk over old times with you," she laughed.

The dinner was a great success. The older woman's nature was rich in that mother-instinct which the younger woman longed for. John Smith looked upon Hilda Renwick and marvelled. This gentle, tactful woman, who was so palpably winning his daughter's affections, was she who had given him the choice of a loveless marriage or a shameful doom. It seemed incredible. Yet he was secretly glad that it was true.

Days and weeks followed. Elsie's joy in her father's old friend was boundless. She made her her companion and confidante. Hilda Renwick secretly put forth all her subtle power, and Elsie Smith was made captive.

It was one night when Elsie and her father were sitting late and alone together.

"Father," said Elsie, thoughtfully, "I am not sure that you are pleased with the idea of breaking up the old home, even to come and stay with Ralph and me. Will you forgive me uttering a foolish fancy? Hilda Renwick is my ideal woman. You and she understand each other well. I haven't known her long, but I am sure she could make you happy. I would not grudge her a tiny place in your heart. I would gladly give her the place I am vacating in this home. It is all a dream, of course, but if it would make you happy, daddy, wouldn't you?"

There was a significance in John Smith's smile that his daughter little understood.

"I'll give your suggestions careful consideration," he said.

The door-bell rang violently.

"Lady Elridge has died suddenly. Come at once," said an excited messenger.

They were soon beside Sir Ralph. Her ladyship's maid had found her mistress dead in her room. The event changed the aspect of affairs in a moment for Sir Ralph Elridge and his sweetheart. Their wedding arrangements had all been adjusted. They must be abandoned and recast.

Sadness settled on 16 Brackley-terrace. Eminent doctors called and conferred. They were evidently puzzled, but they were discreet. Lady Elridge was a person of importance; Sir Ralph must not be harassed at such a solemn time. A certificate, sufficiently technical and obscure, was granted.

It was the night after Lady Elridge's funeral. Elsie was with her lover. John Smith was alone. Hilda Renwick was ushered in. With gladness in his eyes he rose to greet her in the manner that had now become familiar.

She motioned him back. He paused in pained surprise. She looked more beautiful than ever. He longed to touch those red, ripe lips.

"All that is past," she said, quietly.

"Why?" he asked, anxiously.

"You know our compact, and you ask why? You keep up the pretence well."

"I am not pretending."

"I have come to restore you your freedom."

"I don't want it."

"You have provided me with a home, supplied me with money, permitted your daughter to associate with me. You know what I am, what I am capable of. I come to you penitent. You have been kind to me, and I shall not forget. But to-night I shall pass out of your life as completely as I entered it."

"What of our secret?"

"It is safe with me. Dick Renwick richly deserved the death you gave him. No harm will come to you through me."

"Despite your vows, you might betray me at any moment."

"Have you any fears?"

"None."

"You trust me?"

"Absolutely."

His confidence compelled her tears.

"Ere I go, promise to forget my first mad visit to you. I extorted your promise to marry me. I sinned against the human heart and the laws of Heaven, and I have been sufficiently punished."

"How?"

"By learning how good you are—by learning to love you."

"Sit down for a little," he said. "Let me tell you a story before we decide to separate. Many years ago I knew a woman, beautiful and clever. A friend of mine set himself to win her. He was smooth-tongued and he succeeded. The girl—she was no more—married him. He proved utterly unworthy. She found herself tied to a weight that threatened to engulf her in an abyss of degradation. One day there came a chance of escape. The woman disappeared, only one man knew whither. And I am that man. Our paths crossed years afterwards. Her beauty, gifts, and goodness had won her another husband whom she had never told of her former marriage. She was his wife in love, but not in law. He lived and died, however, radiantly happy in his ignorance. There was one son, for whom the woman chiefly lived. Her life was happy, peaceful, and without remorse. She thought the dead past securely buried. Suddenly, one night, her real husband, whom she had counted dead, re-entered her life and stood in her presence. That woman was Lady Elridge. That man was Dick Renwick."

Silence and an eager searching of eyes. John Smith waited for the white-faced woman to speak.

"I am not Dick Renwick's widow?"

"No; since you never were his wife."

"Thank Heaven for the strange story."

"Of which you have yet to hear the strangest part. When Dick Renwick confronted me that day I was momentarily off my guard. I asked if he had seen Lady Elridge. Obviously he had no idea of her identity. But on the following night he called on her. If her own happiness alone had been at stake she might have surrendered; but Dick Renwick forgot the strength of the mother-passion. Death to herself rather than disgrace to her boy. What she did you shall hear. On the morning after Lady Elridge's death I received the letter I am now going to read:—

> Dear Mr. Smith,—I shall be dead ere this reaches you. You have no need of explanations. You have guessed it already. Dick Renwick visited me three months ago. He told me you had accidentally given him the clue. He offered me his blackmailer's terms. I spurned them. He cajoled me; he cursed me. He pictured his future pleasures, my future miseries. As he stood insulting and sneering, I thought not of myself but of Ralph—his mother's honor, his own name, his heritage, all at the mercy of a drunken beast. And I could save my boy by a great sin. Without hesitation I decided to commit it. I offered Dick Renwick refreshment. He took it greedily. As he sat and drank, I filled a bottle of whisky for him to take with with him. Into it I poured a poison, the same as I shall drink in a few moments. He took his death-warrant and went, threatening to return on the morrow. He got no further than the lane. I read in the papers of the finding of his body. I have lived since as in a dream. I am a murderess—without remorse. I took Dick Renwick's life; I am ready to pay forfeit with my own. But, first, I have made certain that Dick Renwick will not wreck my boy's life as he wrecked mine. To you, my old friend and confidante, I have entrusted these things. I know you will never betray them to those whom they would grieve. Farewell. I go to stand before the Judge of all the earth. Shall He not do right? I go in the confident faith that I shall receive absolution for my great and unregretted sin.

He ceased reading and looked at the listener. She rose and moved towards the door.

"My power over you is gone," she said; "but I ask you to remember that I had relinquished it ere I knew these things."

"Your power over me isn't gone."

"Why? You have no reason to fear me."

"No," he said, stepping between her and the door; "but I have reason to love you."

She stood irresolute.

"The past," she faltered.

"Bury it and yourself in here," he said, opening his eager arms.

The embrace was long. The silence was sweet. Her lips were forbidden him no more.

The wedding was quiet. Elsie said she would retain authority at 6 Brackley-terrace until the new mistress got her honeymoon over.

The new mistress entered upon her duties just two days before the marriage of her devoted step-daughter to Sir Ralph Elridge.

IN DEFENCE OF ENGLISH FLANNELETTE.

There is nothing that has so largely brought discredit on cotton during the last few years as the coroners' condemnation of the "deadly flannelette," an article which, as everybody knows, says the "Pall Mall Magazine," is made entirely of cotton, "raised" on one or both sides after manufacture to give a feeling of warmth and comfort. But there is nothing, also, that has been so wrong-headedly abused, for, to put the thing in a nutshell, it is as safe a material as almost anything to wear. Good flannelette such as is produced by reputable English firms is made from pure cotton, is closely woven, and has very little "nap," but the article which so often arouses indignation is more often than not a German or other foreign product made from cotton waste, woven as coarsely as sacking and raised into a mass of fluff. The coroner sees no difference apparently, but it is there nevertheless, and the difference is accentuated by about sixpence a yard in price. And so, instead of advising parents to take ordinary care with their children, to put guards round their fires, and to buy the real good article, coroners seek to prejudice the public mind against a cheap and useful modern product that has added to the happiness and comfort of thousands. It is as true now as ever it was that you cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear, and to chemically treat the poor quality of article is only a temporary measure, making it non-inflammable until it has been once through the wash-tub. Good flannelette, it will be news to many to know, will actually withstand the contact of live coal better than plain calico.

Johnson's Dog.

When Johnson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.

But, alas! when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.

"Eh!" said Johnson, "did he break the chain, then?"

"No," she replied, "but a great, ugly looking tramp came here, and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."

"Great Scott!" said Johnson, "that must have been the tramp I bought him from!"

Small Boy (in chemist's shop): I want the medicine the doctor ordered for my mother.

Chemist: Here it is, my lad, but there's threepence more to pay. You'd better run home and fetch that first.

Small Boy (after perplexed pause): I'll tell you what. You drink threepennyworth out; that will make it just right.

A MODERN SHYLOCK

By C. Ashley Hunt.

And a very Shylock he looked, with his long grey beard and piercing black eyes that twinkled behind a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, as he sat at the receipt of custom—to wit, the desk at the far end of the counter.

The "three balls" sign outside proclaimed his calling, though the token was scarcely necessary, for "pop-shop" was written on every square foot of the place, inside and out. Even a blind man, to whom visual affirmation was denied, would not have hesitated in his conviction, could he but have listened for half a minute to the word-of-mouth evidence of Shylock himself whenever a customer entered the shop.

And not only did "uncle" look his part; he acted Shylock to the life. No man (or woman, as they were his chief customers) left his shop without having paid the toll—the pound of flesh, literally, which men of this breed exact, who batten upon the very vitals of the poverty-struck. Of this specimen in particular, "uncle" was a term rarely used among the community on which he preyed. To some he was "Shylock," to others "blood-sucker," and so on—sobriquets which the old man had well earned.

At the moment he sat at his desk and totted up the items of the day's business. It had been a heavy day, and the cash-book showed a big margin on the right side. As he contemplated the figures, Shylock rubbed his skinny hands, while his mouth opened in gleeful appreciation though no sound was emitted.

A customer then entered, and the old man rose and went forward. It was only one of the usual, however—a very poor woman, whose head-covering was a shawl, and who held a sickly child by the hand. As Shylock advanced, off came the shawl—it was the only available article left.

"'Ow much, guv'nor? I don't want ter porn it; I want ter sell."

Strangely—for Shylock, at any rate—he came to the point at once.

"Two shillings."

The woman looked as though she failed to comprehend his answer. Two shillings! Heavens! She had only thought of asking sixpence or ninepence—and two bob!

She clutched the money, and was dragging her child away, thinking the old man was joking at her expense before offering twopence or threepence. And Shylock hadn't finished.

"And here's a penny for the kiddy."

The woman was almost afraid to turn and take the extended copper; the whole proceeding surely portended something deeper than she could fathom. She hurried into the street, and then broke out:

"Lo' me! Ther old sinner's gorn dotty. Clean orf 'is pimp. 'Ave 'e 'ad er fortune left im, or wat orl?"

And she almost ran in her eagerness to get away safely from the shop with her two shillings.

Inside the shop Shylock still rubbed his hands and enjoyed his voiceless mirth. Had he indeed reached his dotage? Or was it the sudden visible expression of a side of his character hitherto unsuspected and undreamt of?

The woman was the last customer of the day, and shortly after the old man turned out the dim oil-lamp, locked and bolted the street door, and then retired, with his takings, into the inner parlor.

Here he first laid supper, a scanty meal of bread and cheese, washed down by—water. No such luxuries as beer or porter ever entered Shylock's house. The repast over, he cleared away the remains, and then took a screwdriver from the cupboard. His next proceeding would have appeared strange to an onlooker, for, dropping to his knees, he pulled away the oilcloth from a part of the floor near the fireplace, and then the screwdriver came into use.

Four screws, and up came the flooring!

Then he dived into the aperture and brought up two large wooden bowls almost filled with gold. The floor was his safe; the gold was his savings.

For a few moments he contemplated the coins as a child would a new gaily-colored toy; then he plunged his hand into the bowl and bathed it with the gold. Evidently the lust was in his blood. Finally, he counted every coin, then added the day's takings, and, after a further feasting of the eyes, he put the bowls back and screwed down the flooring. Barely a word did he utter during the whole process, though his mind was on the work. Once only did his lips part in a muttered remark: "Nearly accomplished; almost time; all for him—for him." Then he went to bed.

. . . .

In a room not many streets off a young man sat brooding over the few red coals in the grate. He was at the end of his resources; he had run the length of his tether. A sick wife lay asleep in the next room, and how to get medical advice and comforts was the problem that racked the man's brain.

At the moment his initial foolishness was very patent; he could easily trace all his downward career back to the day when he acted in opposition to his father's wishes, and parted in anger. Things had, somehow, never gone right since.

He had had a first-class education, and was endowed with more than the average amount of gifts, physical and mental. Yet he had gone down. Somehow, the commodities he had been able to bring to the market had not been the ones most needed at the time; and he had fallen from bad to worse, until he had sounded the dregs. Worse than that even, he didn't know where to turn for the next meal. And a sick wife pining and wasting away for lack of necessaries! The thought was maddening. Almost he felt like dashing his brains out, or jumping into the neighbouring canal. But that would have been the final acknowledgment of defeat, and he wasn't done with yet.

He sprang up; his eye caught the long row of college books, his last treasured possession—the one thing that remained to remind him of the better days. Taking down the biggest and best—the college mathematics prize—he hid it under his coat in a manner as though he was stealing it, pushed on his cap, and went out. He knew where to go, though he had never been there before. All roads in that district led to——

The day's business was nearly over, and Shylock sat at his desk in the far corner, totting up his takings. In the dim light he could see a man's outline—that was all.

"Oh, I've got a book I want a little money on. I don't want to sell it; you know what I mean."

The old man took it.

"Uumph! Book, oh! Yes, I know," and carried it away to the light, where he carelessly opened one or two of the middle pages.

"Rubbish! No good! Text-books are a drug on the market. There's no sale for 'em; but I'll let you have a shilling on it."

A shilling! Heavens! The man started. But there, it was only a loan, and the old skinflint should have his shilling and his two hundred per cent. interest the very first day he got a job.

"Give us the bob," and, without waiting for ticket, receipt or acknowledgement of any kind, he rushed out of the shop.

The old man carried the book into the parlor and put it on the table; he would have a glance at it after supper, he thought. Then he turned down the light and locked his door, preliminary to the usual routine of supper and—gold!

That over, he caught sight of the book, and casually let the leaves open and drop till he came to the cover. It was an ornamented label, certifying that——

The next moment he uttered a loud yell, and sprang to his feet. For the succeeding five minutes he was like a madman; then he put on his hat, locked the door after him, and went away down the street.

The next morning he was one of the first customers at the paper-stall—not for the London "morning," but to scan the advertisement columns. Yes, there was his advertisement in big, bold type, taking up a quarter of a column. For the rest of the day he was uncertain in his manner. More than one chance went begging; and as anyone came into the shop, it was more the customer than the bargain that drew him instantly to the counter.

The day wore on, and Shylock grew restless, so much so that he early shut out prospective customers and retired, after his usual practice, to bed.

The next day commenced and passed to the evening in much the same way. Shylock wasn't himself; he was upset, unstrung; the sound of every fresh footstep on the threshold set all his nerves tingling. So the hours of the day passed.

. . . .

Away in the side street the young man still sat and brooded. The shilling was gone, and he was in the same parlous state as before; but he couldn't bring himself to part with another of his treasures yet. Part! It was simply flinging them away; he would rather burn the lot. Gradually his thoughts became dark; a strong feeling of unrestrained resentment sprang up within him. Why should wife die, and himself starve, in the midst of plenty? Why should he lack all the things that made life worth tha living, while thousands had his share, in addition to their own? It was the old problem over again; but his wasn't the brain, nor his the state of mind, to supply an adequate answer at the moment.

His answer was one that fitted in with his cravings; he would have, at all costs—it had come to that. He wouldn't starve, or wife perish, for the lack—and he went out full of his dark purpose.

He knew where to go, though he had only been there once before. All roads in that district led to—to the land of Egypt, the land of corn, of plenty and to spare.

And Shylock, after a day of anxiety and fruitless effort, was just thinking of closing for the night.

Outside the desperate man stopped in the shadow, then suddenly dropped on his knees, and crawled noiselessly into the shop; then dragged himself among the lumbering articles there stacked for lack of a warehouse.

No sound had betrayed his presence. All unconscious, the old man blew out the light, bolted his door, and retired to the parlor. Again followed the nightly custom; but somehow the old man did not display the same eagerness, the same excitement in the process.

In the outer room the hidden man had taken the first step towards the carrying out of his purpose. When complete silence had betokened the owner's attention to other duties, he crept to the street-door and shot back the bolt—the way of escape was open, in case of emergency. Then he crept to the parlor door, the top part of which was of glass covered by a red curtain.

Even then he trembled like an aspen; the least sound in the street made him start back with fright—the thought that perchance the policeman on duty might try the door made the cold sweat break out on his forehead. It was his first step in the path of crime, and the hardened criminal is not made in a moment.

Pushing aside the corner of the curtain, he peered in, and saw all that took place in the parlor—the supper, the unscrewing of the flooring, the counting of the gold, and then the old man hanging over the newspaper, towards a certain part of which his strained gaze was focussed.

At the sight of the gold the watcher licked his parched lips; he could barely restrain himself from rushing in and strangling the owner for its possession. The greed had seized him, and the mere thought of the nearness of such abundance made his teeth grate. But he bided his time, and at last the old man climbed the staircase, and the house was in silence.

Then he stole in, lit the lamp, took out the screwdriver, and the gold was on the table before him. Why did he hesitate? The gold was there, and the egress open. Yet, strangely, though not strangely—for is not the first step in crime always the hardest and most difficult?—he did hesitate. And in that moment of hesitation his eye rested on the open paper which Shylock had left on the table.

There it was, in the biggest type of the printer:—

> "If the man who left the —— book at J—— pawnshop yesterday, the 15th, will call again, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

The old formulae, often purposely misleading, rarely uninteresting to gullible mankind—before his eyes, in black and white.

A moment or so the struggle lasted, and—the good in the man triumphed. What power, if any, had led him back to the shop he didn't even speculate on; certainly he found the power for good in his nature at that moment sufficiently strong to beat back the fearful temptation; and in less than five minutes afterwards he was again in the street, just as poor with regard to the "mammon" as when he entered, but richer in the knowledge that he had fought his first great fight on the battleground of honesty, and had vanquished.

. . . .

The next morning, when Shylock went to the street door, he found that the bolts were already drawn, and the shop open to anybody who thought of turning the handle. He was dumbfounded; he had certainly locked and bolted it overnight. Then his face blanched, and the next moment he was tearing away at the flooring like one bereft. But his gold was intact, and he breathed again. The ever-present danger thus thrust before him moved him to action, for he went into the shop and searched out the most serviceable revolver—one of the weapons exposed in the window and sold by almost every pawnbroker.

Taking it into the parlor, he began to examine the working, and then to clean it up, intending to go later on in the day to purchase cartridges to fit. Just as he had finished, a customer entered the shop, and he went to inquire his business.

"Oh! I'm come about your advertisement. That book you gave me a shilling on—you know."

"Yes, I know."

The old man's voice was husky, and had sunk to a whisper, and he held back in the shadow, while his limbs trembled with intense feeling.

He said no more, but went with his face sideways to the stranger and bolted the street door. Then he shuffled towards the parlor.

"Come inside, sir!" and the man, as in a dream, followed, and the door was shut.

Another minute and the gold—the sight of which made the stranger wince—was on the table before them, and then the old man, for the first time, faced the other.

"Don't you know me, John? Am I so altered?"

The young man started back, as though he had seen a spectre. It was his father.

"For years I've been grinding and scraping and heaping up, and all for you, John, that I might not come empty when we met—for I never doubted we should meet again," and "Shylock," with trembling eagerness, pushed his thank-offering towards his son.

. . . .

No other books were pawned; there was no need. The revolver was never used; there was no need.

THE RIGHT SORT OF HOME EDUCATION.

"I have always held that nutrition and food should come before education, and that we have squandered millions of money by our present method of putting education into bodies that were not fit to receive it."

These words, delivered by Sir James Crichton-Browne at Leeds last month, gave the key of the proceedings of the Health Congress held in that city.

Many suggestions were put forward for improving Britain's educational system.

"The greatest social need of the age," said Miss W. Hitching, headmistress of a Leeds County Council School, "is to inculcate in all, but more especially in women and girls, the power and sanctity of the home. No girl," she added, "should leave school without a thorough knowledge of all ordinary home duties, including the management of infants. The vast importance of natural feeding should be insisted upon."

Miss L. A. Lowe, headmistress of the Leeds Girls' High School, condemned the round of parties to which many school girls are invited, adding, "They should not be allowed to attend many bazaars during term-time, either."

"I disagree with a lot of the absurd extravagance forced upon us by the Board of Education," said Dr. Marsden, of Birkenhead. "It is lamentable to see children in an absolutely filthy and verminous condition being taught Tennyson and Shakespeare instead of being instructed how to keep themselves clean."

The debates then veered round from school lessons to jam.

Sir James Crichton-Browne thought it deplorable that peasants in parts of Scotland, who formerly made their own jam, now bought it in twopenny and three-penny pots. "I am glad to learn from a Leeds doctor," he added, however, "that in some parts of Yorkshire they still make their own jam, bake their own bread, and brew their own beer."

GRAFTING APPLE TREES.

I do not recommend top-working old apple trees, because it is a great deal cheaper to plant another tree that is root grafted to a desired variety, and almost invariably this will give much better satisfaction in the end (writes an American expert). Nevertheless, there are a great many people who do not agree with me. I always use the cleft graft when possible. The side graft is fully as successful during the first few years, but the union is not as strong, and eventually the limb may be broken off by the wind. Whip grafting is useful on limbs that are less than 1 in. in diameter, but the union is not as strong during the first few years, and the scion is very liable to be broken off. Scions may be successfuly set in limbs of any size, provided the bark of the limb is bright and smooth. It is seldom that a limb can be successfully grafted after its bark has assumed the rough, scaly form which is characteristic of old apple trees. I prefer to graft limbs that are from 1 in. to 2 in. in diameter. Successful grafting depends upon bringing the edge of the inner layer of bark of the scion against the edge of the corresponding layer of the stock and keeping it there. The longer time the strips are cambium come in contact with each other the greater will be the probability of a successful graft. I use a sharp, thin-bladed knife for splitting the stock. A dull knife leaves a ragged edge, which cannot be matched perfectly, and the scion often dries before the sap from the stock can reach it. Care must be taken that the sides of the stock don't close so tightly together as to crush the scion. I believe more failures result from the fact that the pressure of the stock is so strong upon the scion that circulation is prevented than from all the other causes combined. To prevent this, I insert a small wooden wedge in the centre of the cleft. Fine work is necessary, because if the wedge is a trifle too large the sides of the stock are forced away from the scion. If it is but a trifle too small, it will be of little, if any, value. I cut scions about 3 in. long with a bud at the top. I make the wedge part about 2 in. long, and cut both sides evenly to a long slope. A knife as sharp as a razor is necessary. You cannot cut a good scion with a dull knife. Do not cut the inner side thinner than the outer side. The scion may roll if this is done. Do not leave a long stub above the stock. The shorter the scion the less will be its liability to become dry and dead. I keep my scions in water constantly from the time they are unpacked until they are inserted in the stock.

AN EXCITING CAPTURE.

A cyclist had left his machine outside a shop, and he emerged just in time to see a man riding away on it. Three other cyclists had put up for refreshments close by, and one of their machines—a tandem—was seized by the victim of the theft for the purpose of pursuit. This hasty act was observed by a passing pedestrian, who instantly and indignantly mounted the remaining machine and dashed after the cyclist who was chasing the thief.

A second later the owner of the last-mentioned bicycle rushed wildly out, and seeing no other bicycle handy on which to give chase, jumped into a cab. Here there were three men on stolen cycles, and the fourth man in a cab, all racing as if mad. The man on the tandem finally caught the thief, the next man caught him, and the next caught him, and so on, until there was a very complicated row.

In the end there was an explanation. The thief was locked up, and ultimately sentenced for two months. Evidently his pride was more wounded by the street episode than by the sentence, for he boastfully declared that no single man on a tandem would have caught him had he not been riding in long trousers.

No man can pursue a worthy object steadily and persistently with all the powers of his mind, and yet make his life a failure.

Waiting for His Own.

Traveller: Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? I've driven him away a dozen times, but he always comes back again and sits close to my chair, watching every mouthful I take. Do turn him out and let me have my dinner in peace.

Landlord: Ah, sir, my Carlo is such a knowing brute. I expect you have got the plate he generally eats off!

Pretty School Teacher: James, is "to kiss" an active or a passive verb?

James (oldest boy in the class): Both.

Pretty School Teacher: How is that, James?

James: Active on the part of the feller, and passive on the part of the girl.

Pretty school teacher blushes, and marks James perfect in grammar.

To be angry with a weak man is to prove that you are not strong yourself.

A NEGRO HEROINE.

In Auburn, New York, there lives an old negress of ninety or over, whose life of good deeds and daring escapes would fill a volume; and it is designed to found a fitting memorial of her in the shape of an industrial college for colored people. Harriet Tubman Davis is indeed a notable personage. Her personal piloting of more than three hundred runaway slaves to freedom at her own imminent risk, half a cetnury ago, won her the admiring respect of the abolitionists and the love of her own race.

She was the friend of Garrison, Phillips, John Brown, Gerrit Smith, Seward, Lincoln, Frederick Douglas, and many other famous men of Civil War days.

She made no fewer than nineteen trips down South in spite of the fact that in every post office and railroad car placards announced rewards for her capture.

The Legislature of Maryland offered a reward of over £2000 for her arrest, and a company of slave owners, in desperation over her mysterious raids upon their plantations and the subsequent disappearance of their slaves, had offered the sum of £8000 additional. Yet nobody ever claimed the rewards, although professional detectives spent thousands trying for the prizes, and Harriet Tubman continued to make her trips "down into Egypt" until the Civil War.

She was born a slave in the early years of the nineteenth century, and was sent to field work. Notwithstanding a fracture of the skull caused by a brutal overseer, she became a valuable worker. She married a free negro, John Tubman, but fearing to be sold down south, she ran away in 1849, and took refuge with the Quakers in Philadelphia. Next year she returned for her sister and two children, then in disguise she sought her husband; but he had taken another wife and forgotten her.

She then put her whole soul into the work of succoring runaway slaves.

Aided by Quaker Abolitionists, she established secret depots of money and food on her perilous route, and started a miniature free settlement in New Jersey, which she managed herself. In 1857 she had the joy of bringing her aged father and mother into freedom, settling them happily on a piece of land owned by good Secretary Seward, which Harriet soon acquired for her own. It is here that she still lives, and it is here that she has established a little home for aged and infirm negroes, which is now a church-owned institution.

Her life during the war was both active and daring.

It is said that Harriet was the only woman who served unattached through the war as scout, spy, and army nurse. She took her life in her hands many times, and for her services obtained a pension from Congress a number of years ago. When not employed in scout duty, or picking up information in disguise among the enemy's lines, she acted as nurse and cook in the Federal army. She maintained the respect and friendship of the leaders in the army, as well as of civilian friends of the negro.

Harriet lived for a while at the home of Emerson in Concord, and spent some time visiting the family of William Lloyd Garrison, the Alcotts, the Whitneys, Mrs. Horace Man and Phillips Brooks. A letter written by Wendell Phillips to a woman in Auburn on June 16, 1868, says regarding Harriet Tubman:

"The last time I ever saw John Brown was under my own roof when he brought Harriet Tubman to me, saying: 'Mr. Phillips, I bring you one of the best and bravest persons on the continent—General Tubman, as we call her.'" Concluding, Mr. Phillips said: "In my opinion there are few captains, perhaps colonels, who have done more for the loyal cause since the war began, and few men who did before that time more for the colored race than our fearless and sagacious friend Harriet."

Though probably ninety-five, Harriet is as clear-minded and as wrapped up in schemes for the welfare of her race as ever. Late in life she married Nelson Davis, but is now a widow. It is to be hoped that the memorial school will be properly founded while it can still be a delight to the brave old philanthropist herself.

ROYAL COMPOSERS.

The many compositions of the Crown Princess of Greece, who paid a visit to England recently, have almost become classics in the kingdom over which one day she will be Queen. Princess Henry of Battenberg is almost equally clever as a composer, while Archduke Peter Ferdinand has published a large number of songs, waltzes and marches. The most gifted of all, however, is probably the blind Landgraf, of Hesse-Cassel, whose compositions rank high amongst modern musical works.

Well Secured.

A guide was showing an American gentleman round the tombs in St. Paul's.

"That, sir," said the guide, "his the tomb of the greatest 'ero Europe or the whole world ever knew—Lord Nelson's. That marble sarcophagus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that his a steel receptable weighing twelve tons, and inside that his a leaden casket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing two tons. Inside that his a mahogany coffin 'olding the hashes of the great naval 'ero."

"Wal," said the Yankee, after thinking awhile, "I guess that you've got him. If ever he gets out of that telegraph me at my expense!"

Just One Question.

"Oh, dear Mr. Cocker," exclaimed Mrs. Gazzam, "I am told you are an expert in dogs. I do love dogs so. I have the dearest little pug. His name is Cupid. The sweetest little thing, just as fat as he can be. Now, Mr. Cocker, I want to ask you just one question. You will tell me, I know."

"Certainly, Mrs. Gazzam."

"Is an ocean greyhound anything like a water spaniel?"

He Knew Their Tricks.

One day, during the war in South Africa, a man was taken into a field hospital to be treated for a wound in the thigh. The surgeon in charge probed for and found a metallic substance—a battered sixpence, which had been driven by the bullet through the man's trousers pocket.

When the invalid came round, the surgeon handed him the sixpence, saying:

"This is what we got out of your thigh."

The surgeon was staggered to receive the following reply:

"Oh, I know all about your R.A.M.C. tricks; I have heard of that game afore. You give me the other nine-and-a-tanner; I had half a quid in my pocket."

"You have an enormous appetite," said a thin man, enviously. "What do you take for it?"

"In all my experience," replied his plump friend, "I have found nothing more suitable than food."

"We're going to remove to Scotland," remarked a much henpecked husband to a friend.

"But the climate may disagree with your wife."

"Disagree with her? It wouldn't dare!"

The highest moral courage is born of the will and not of the organisation.

Laziness grows on people; it begins a cobweb and ends an iron chain.

THE LAND OF MILLIONAIRES.

A recent estimate declares that the United States has eighteen thousand millionaires; and it is probable that this estimate is not far wrong (writes Morris Bacheller in "Munsey's Magazine"). Nor should one hold that their existence is an evil. There has never been a time when there have not been "muck rakers" to assert that the country is going to the dogs. It was as far back as 1803 that Fisher Ames, the brilliant orater of New England, said that the United States had become "too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, too democratic for liberty." And five years later he cried out from the depths of his heart, "Our days are made heavy with the pressure of anxiety, and our nights restless with visions of horror. We listen to the clank of chains and overhear the whispers of assassins. We mark the barbarous dissonance of mingled rage and triumph in the yell of an infuriated mob."

In 1829 an association of workingmen put forth a manifesto in which they said that "the hereditary transmission of wealth is a prime source of all our calamities." In 1832 there arose an anti-monopolist party which attacked with bitterness the "evils of corporations" and the "dangers of the feudal system."

The wildest utterances of Senator Davis of Arkansas, or of Mr. Debs, can be paralleled from these speeches and resolutions which were put forth eighty or ninety years ago when there were no millionaires worth mentioning, when there were very few rich men, and when the population of the country was homogeneous and mainly of English stock. So, though Mr. Bryce has said that "once there were no great fortunes in America, few large fortunes, and no poverty, while now there is some poverty, many large fortunes, and a greater number of gigantic fortunes than in any other country in the world," why should any one anticipate social disorder and an era of oppression?

Always there is the same cry from those who are discontened. But he would be a hopeless pessimist who found deep-seated reasons for distress in the fact that brain and enterprise and courage and toil receive to-day a reward far greater than in the past.

The growth of mighty fortunes has merely kept pace with the growth of the whole nation's wealth. Relatively, there is no difference between the year 1909 and the year 1809. Our social structure has simply been adapted to a different scale. The rich man to-day is richer than his predecessors; but the poor man has more comfort, more opportunity, and a better chance to rise than had the poor man in the past. Millionaires have sprung up by the score in every great city of the land; but it is also true that their advancement has been no more rapid than the advancement of the entire people.

To-day the American nation stands at the head of all the world not only in its wealth, but in what wealth has to give—in educational advantages, in devotion to the arts and sciences, in the fresh appreciation of what makes life more graceful, more joyous, and more worth the living. The golden wand which has touched it is casting about it a glamor of beauty. It is only such as are blinded to these things who despair of the Republic.

HEALTH NOTES.

SOME ANTI-EGG REMARKS.

Instances of egg-poisoning appear from time to time in periodical literature, and the subject is referred to in works of dietetics.

While cases of acute poisoning are rare, writes a physician in the "Medical Record," some susceptibility as regards eggs is not so very uncommon.

This is notably true of infants and young children. Not only do they digest eggs with difficulty, especially when first eaten, but many more are made ill if this particular food is partaken of too freely, or, in the case of older children, if the egg diet is kept up too continuously.

Individual susceptibility as regards eggs is extremely variable; in some persons eggs always act as poisons, while in others the toxic influence may be marked at one time and at another much diminished or entirely wanting, especially when the subject is in sound condition.

The susceptibility may be observed in eggs of every degree of freshness, and in some cases only with the eggs of certain birds. Changes in eggs may also be brought about by methods of cooking; for, while some persons manifest their susceptibility only when the egg is raw, others are poisoned when it is cooked or prepared in some unusual manner.

In most of the reported cases, the white of the egg appears to have been the offending element. The symptoms of egg-poisoning differ greatly in degree—in some cases only nausea and headache occur; in others, the most violent symptoms, suggestive of irritant poisoning, are observed.

BATHS AND THE HEART.

The effects of warm and cold baths upon the size of the heart have been discussed a great deal by physicians, and lately a method of measuring the dimensions of the heart has enabled observers to determine changes in this respect quite accurately.

All patients subjected to these experiments had the size of their hearts measured immediately before the baths, and the operation was repeated as soon after the bath as circumstances permitted, the time between the end of the bath and the estimation of the changes in the heart not exceeding two or three minutes.

The effect of the hot bath was to diminish the size of the heart, the amount of the change being quite considerable in most cases. In one case the heart remained unchanged in size. The effect of the cold bath was to increase the size of the heart. The diminution in the size of the heart after hot baths was accompanied by an increase in the rapidity of the pulse and in the supply of blood to the skin—phenomena which are, of course, commonly observed after hot bathing. Cold baths, on the other hand, were followed by increased pallor of the skin and diminution in the frequency of the pulse.

The limited number of cases examined does not allow final conclusions to be drawn, but the uniformity of the results seemingly speaks for the correctness of the findings.

No Kissing Allowed.

Russia is ruled by rigorous laws. The irony and humor of some of them come home to the foreign onlooker, while, of course, the Russians feel only the whip hand. The late victim of anti-kissing in public law is a famous and all too impetuous Russian actress, Mlle. Tropoff, who actually had the temerity to kiss her mother in a tramcar.

One would have thought even a magistrate or judge, or whoever administers cases of law-breaking of that kind in Russia, would be melted by the beautiful picture of the reunion of a mother and daughter celebrated by a chaste salute, but Russians understand no jokes; the fine of 10 roubles (28/4) for a kiss in public conveyances, such as railways and tramcars, was rigorously enforced.

A kiss in the street is penalised to the extent of seven roubles (19/10), and declaration of love sent by postcard, if anybody is brazen-faced enough to do such a thing, is punished to the extent of five roubles (14/2).

Obeisance is a common substitute for obedience.

NORTHCOTE TOWN HALL.

MOTION FOR ERECTION DEFEATED.

EIGHT VOTES TO SEVEN.

Cr. Plant, at the meeting of the Northcote town council on Monday evening in accordance with notice given, moved—

That provision be made for the completion of the main hall in any future loan issued by the council, the amount not to exceed £3000.

Cr. Plant said that nothing could give him more pleasure than to submit such a motion, for they really wanted a hall that was worthy the name of a hall, and not a place that it was criminal at times to go into. All must agree that the present hall was totally inadequate to the requirements of the town they had a population of 14,000 and the hall would only hold 300. The carrying of this resolution would not interfere one iota with the revenue of the town; they would have the same money for their streets and other improvements as at present. The only alteration in their finances would be a reduction of their borrowing powers by £3000. As their total borrowing powers were £11,837, none of the works such as the Heidelberg drainage scheme (£3000), the drain in St. George's road (£2500), Green street drain (£1000) would be jeopardised. All, including the town hall, could be put in the one loan schedule, and if they were all carried out to-morrow morning there would still be left a margin of £2000 of borrowing power; but, as a matter of fact, they would not all be carried out for four or five years by which time their borrowing power would have largely increased as every £100 increase in the revenue meant an additional £850 on the borrowing power. A larger hall was justified because of the additional business it would bring. There were many enquiries for the hall but when it was learned that it would only hold 300 they would not have it as what they could get into it would not pay expenses. They found the present hall overcrowded on the occasion of comparatively small socials. Such was the want of a proper hall that if the municipality did not step in and build one private enterprise would. The possibility of having to spend a large sum of £40000 or £5000 on the tramway need not deter anyone from supporting the resolution, as special powers were given under the Tramways Act to borrow on the security of the tramway property. The present hall was only fit for Croaginglong, but by spending £3000 they would have one of the best halls outside Melbourne. The additional revenue they would get would pay interest on the money. The revenue of the present small hall was £170 a year. At Prahran, with a hall to accommodate 1200, they got a return of £829. On a pro rata estimate they would get from their new hall a revenue of about £400 a year. The Fitzroy town hall, poorly situated as it is, brought in a revenue of £330, Collingwood £500, Essendon (an out of the way suburb) £246, and Preston £200. With these facts before them—and the figures were correct, the town clerk having secured them by his instruction from the municipalities themselves—it was clear there would be no loss, but rather a gain to the revenue from the undertaking. Considering therefore the inadequacy and inconvenience of the present hall and the excellent prospects of a new hall as a business proposition he hoped his motion would have the hearty support of all councillors.

Cr. Smith seconded the motion. Seeing they had now a population of 14,000 a hall of the kind contemplated was a necessity.

Cr. Mitchell said that though he had always opposed the building of a hall before he was going to support it now, as he recognised the present hall was insanitary and unfit to be in. When they left the crowded over-heated hall to go into the "then-house"—(Laughter)—it was like going into an ice-chamber; and after it he always went home with a bad cold. It was time, too, they had a hall that would prevent local entertainments being carried out of the place.

Cr. Williams said he did not think the mover had placed the financial aspect of the venture properly before them, but as far as the principle was concerned every councillor must recognise the necessity for better hall accommodation. Cr. Plant had said that the new hall would pay from the jump. They must judge of this by the revenue from the hall last year. It was only £138 10s.

Cr. Plant—I showed that for the past three years the average revenue was £170.

Cr. Williams—If they estimated their revenue on their scale of charges they estimated on a very uncertain basis. On a loan of £3000 the interest would be £150, the sinking fund at 4 per cent £120, and the lighting £50, making an expenditure of something under £400, which, on the basis of the present revenue from the hall, would leave them with a deficiency of £175. He thought that with the extra accommodation they might get an additional £100. If Cr. Plant would show him that it was to be run on a strictly commercial basis he would be happy to support it. They would be justified in paying a subsidy of £50 for a proper hall. They put money on the estimates to provide for recreation outside and they also should cater for those who took their recreation inside. If he could be assured that the new hall was a sound commercial venture he would support it, but he could not support it without that assurance.

Cr. McIntosh said he had pleasure in supporting the motion. There was not room to move in the present hall, and for a long time there had been great complaints about it. It was high time they made an effort to get a proper hall.

Cr. Archbold said he agreed with Cr. Plant's figures, but he came from a ward with hardly any metal in it. Last winter they could hardly get about. The west and east were just as bad and the south perhaps worse. He knew the present hall was inadequate. Everyone admitted that, but was it more essential to provide a building for the pleasure of the people or to make the streets in order that they could get about? There were several important matters which should be taken in hand before they attempted to reduce their borrowing power by £3000 in erecting a town hall. Cr. Plant's inference from Prahran was hardly fair, for there they had a population of 44,000, while we only had 14,000.

Cr. Bastings said that after careful consideration he had decided to support the resolution. The question was how the spending of £3000 on a hall would affect their borrowing powers. Cr. Plant had shown that after providing for all the big works in sight, including the erection of a hall, they would have a margin (even if the money were immediately spent) of £2000. It was a pity the red herring of the streets had been dragged across this question. They all knew that the money required for private street construction was obtained on the security of the special improvement rate, and did not affect the borrowing powers at all.

Cr. Plant—Hear, hear.

Cr. Bastings—So even if they did or did not build the hall it would not affect private street construction.

Cr. Harry said he was going to oppose the resolution, as he believed it would affect street construction, more especially those streets which had been formed and channelled under the old policy and were now awaiting the metal to complete them. They could never be completed out of revenue, and it would not be fair if they did. So there was nothing but loan money to fall back upon and this obligation should be met before a town hall was erected. No mention was made by Cr. Plant of a stone crusher. That also must be provided for by loan.

Cr. Plant—You can borrow for that.

Cr. Harry went on to say that it would be good streets and not a grand town hall that would induce people to settle here. Though he agreed that the present hall was not at all as it should be he would have to vote against the resolution.

The mayor said Cr. Plant had put the matter very well from his point of view, and he would congratulate him, but he was going to vote against the motion. He put the Heidelberg drainage liability down at £5000, and in addition to the works enumerated by Cr. Plant there were such works as the raising of the channels on the east side of High street and in Beaver's road, which he estimated would cost about £2000, which would bring the expenditure up to £12,000, or something above their borrowing powers. For this reason he thought it unwise to spend £3000 in the building of a hall. As had been already pointed out there were other works far more urgent. He said this though he used the town hall a lot and had to put up with its discomforts. Further, he was of opinion that the hall, before its building and furnishing was completed, would cost £4000. And the contemplated increase of revenue was somewhat mythical, as extra upkeep and attendance would have to be set off against it. Certainly they could not stand any addition to their ordinary expenditure, as their overdraft last year alone increased by £847 16s 11d and now stood of £1417. They must take no risks of increasing their overdraft.

Cr. Lees said he was in favor of the resolution because he believed it was a sound commercial proposition. The necessity for street construction was, like the poor, something that would be always with them. If they went on for the next 30 years the same excuse would be raised. The ratepayers were credited with expressing their opinions pretty freely, but he had not yet been reprimanded by the ratepayers which he represented for expressing the desire to see a new town hall built. Sooner or later they must have a town hall, and he believed the figures put forward by Cr. Plant were genuine figures. The present hall was a mos. unpleasant building to be in. He always felt he was sucking in microbes by the million—(laughter)—and if a window was opened there was a draught. Years ago it was said there was no money for parks but now councillors were falling over one another in order to get hold of them. The same "no money" cry was now being raised against the erection of a proper hall. He had met people who objected to live in Northcote because there was no place to go and get a night's amusement.

Cr. Dennis said he did not feel quite satisfied to accept Cr. Plant's figures re the loan monies. He (Cr. Dennis) opposed on the hustings any expenditure on the town hall for the next two years, but he understood then that the borrowing power was only £9000 or £10,000. In addition to the works mentioned £750 should be put down for putting Westgarth street in order and another £1000 for the trams. He was glad to learn from Cr Plant that they could mortgage the trams to put them in order, if need be. The spending of £3000 on a hall would affect the construction of private streets. They had expended £1500 or £2000 already, which had been added to their overdraft. It was only fair to complete the streets done under the old policy and it would take £3000, not a £1000, to provide a proper quarry and crusher. He considered the time inopportune, therefore, to commit themselves to an expenditure of £4000. At the same time he was sorry to vote against the resolution, being satisfied they had not the hall they should have.

Cr. Robb said he would like to know who is demanding the hall. It may be a select few, but the great number are demanding something else—proper streets, well lighted and in good sanitary condition. Talk about the hall being in an insanitary condition! When £20 was wanted some time back for a shed at the tram sheds he remembered a gentleman saying that their borrowing powers were exhausted. "You can fool some people all the time. You can fool all the people some time. But you can't fool all the people all the time. (A councillor—Wonderful). And he thought the people of the north, south, east and west wards wanted other things very much more than this town hall. There was the Greater Melbourne movement to be considered, under which North Melbourne, with its great town hall, had already been absorbed. Let them do without luxuries till they got some necessities. He trusted that the good sense of councillors would relegate Cr. Plant's resolution to obscurity.

Cr. Plant—Where you should be after last election if you had stood to your word.

Cr. Robb—Don't get nasty, now.

Cr. Tharratt said they all admitted the present accommodation was entirely inadequate, and in the future all would no doubt vote for a new town hall, but street construction should be the first consideration. The town, too, should be better lighted. The west ward wants a lot of improvements, and the channel in the north ward should be lifted. At present he would have to vote against the resolution

Cr. Woolhouse said that as a representative of the west ward it was good news to know they had a borrowing power of £11,000. When the last estimates were being framed it seemed, according to a certain gentleman, that they had not sufficient to buy a frankfort. (Laughter.)

Cr. Plant—The position is different.

Cr. Woolhouse—Streets formed and channelled years ago were waiting for the metal. Now they have £11,000 borrowing power let them spend some of it in completing those streets. Personally he would like to see the town hall erected, and when all the necessary works referred to had been carried out he would support it.

Cr. Bainbridge said if this matter were put before the ratepayers it would be knocked out clean. He had only been home a few days and half a dozen had been to him complaining of the deplorable condition the streets were in. Past pledges should be fulfilled before they entered into any fresh obligations. He did not believe a hall could be built and furnished for £3000

Cr. Plant, in reply, said it was deplorable to see the stand taken by every member for the northern part of the town. Members at this end did not take up that position when £15,000 was to be spent for the north. And the town-hall, being absolutely re-productive, was a different work altogether. Cr. Williams spoke of 5 per cent. interest and 4 per cent. sinking fund, while they all knew they could borrow at 4 per cent., with a sinking fund of 1¼ or 1½. He quite understood the stand the north men took as every motion from this end got the same treatment.

The Mayor—You're wrong.

Cr. Robb—He always gets nasty.

Cr. Plant—As to it affecting private street construction there was nothing in that. That very night they had decided to borrow £2645 for private streets, which did not affect their borrowing powers at all. With a remark that the resolution would probably have met with a different reception had it been moved by somebody else Cr. Plant closed.

The resolution was then put and lost by 8 to 7.

For—Crs. Plant, Smith, McIntosh, Lees, Bastings, Williams and Mitchell.

Against—Crs. Hayes (Mayor), Harry, Archbold, Robb, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Bainbridge and Dennis.

F. Pike, general house decorator, grainer, signwriter, ironmonger, &c., Plenty road, S. Preston, advertises elsewhere that he gives estimates for all kinds of house-repairs. Mr. Pike has just completed the painting and general outside renovation of the London Bank, Northcote, a work he has carried out very successfully.

PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS BALL.

The Preston Football Club held a poster and fancy dress ball in the shire hall, Preston, on Friday, 1st October. There was an attendance of seventy couples—partly in poster and fancy dress, and partly in evening dress. The hall was very tastefully decorated; ropes of vari-coloured poppies were suspended across the ceiling the full length of the hall, and the walls were hung with a mass of bunting. The platform was crowded with spectators. A first class band discoursed the latest music, and the catering was excellent. A committee, consisting of the secretary, the president of the shire and also president of the Football Club, Cr. Howe and Mrs and Miss Howe, Cr. and Mrs Hayes (Mayor and Mayoress of Northcote), Cr. Allchin, and Mr. G. Pritchard, had a very difficult task to allot the various prizes to the fancy and poster costumes, but they succeeded admirably with their task, as the subjoined list shows. Messrs Smith, Holdon and others were ever mindful of the pleasure of patrons, and altogether, a very enjoyable night was spent by all present, the merrymakers not separating until the small hours.

Ladies—Best Poster Dress—1st Venus Tobacco, Miss Watson; highly commended, Swallow and Ariell's Roller Flour (Miss F. Watson), and Standard Cigarettes (Miss V. Lloyd). Best Fancy Dress—Sunrise, Miss Ethel Watson. Most Original—Rainbow, Miss McGlan. Best Sustained—Rubination, Mrs Keys. Gentlemen—Best Poster—Hutton's, D McGlan; commended, Sandy Koola Tea. Best Fancy—Stockman, Mr. Keys. Most Original—Golf Johnnie, Mr. P. Johnson. Best Sustained—Tramp; commended, Pedlar.

The following were some of the dresses worn:—Mrs Howe wore a handsome gown of black silk, richly trimmed with lace and jet. Mrs Hayes (mayoress of Northcote)—pretty evening dress of pale turquoise blue silk, cream trimmings. Miss Howe—evening dress of moire silk, chiffon trimmings. Mrs Klenke—black silk. Miss Riddell—amethyst silk Empire gown. Miss M. Riddell—vieux rose silk Empire gown. Miss Graume—pale blue silk evening dress, pearl embroidery. Mrs Lou Sheppard—cerise silk. Miss K. Meaghan—cream Empire gown. Miss E. Bradbury—heliotrope muslin. Miss G. Bradbury—cream muslin. Mrs Hardy—black silk, sequin trimmings. Mrs Peters—black silk, sequin trimmings. Miss Peterson—cream voile. Miss Nolan—cream voile. Miss N. Coleman—cream silk muslin. Miss Roberts—cream. Miss Coleman—silk voile. Miss Royal—cream cashmere. Miss Hammond—crepe de chine. Miss Bradford—white. Miss Kingston—silk. Miss Hooker—white muslin. Miss M. Napthine—white muslin. Miss Napthine—white muslin. Miss Sims—white Indian lawn. Miss Pritchard—white. Miss Forrester—pale pink muslin. Mrs Brown—black silk. Miss Gorry—black silk. Miss Hoey—black silk. Mrs Hills—white muslin blouse, black skirt.

Miss Doris Hills—Harper's Empire Oatmeal. Miss Florrie Watson—Swallow and Ariell's Roller Flour. Miss V. Lloyd—Standard Cigarettes. Miss M. Dyer—Rajah of Bong. Miss N. Dyer—Marvel Boots. Miss R. Gubby—O.T. Punch. Miss Gubby—Lawrence's Dyes. Miss E. Brewer—the "Leader". Miss Burton—Night. Miss Bryant—MacRobertson's Milk Kisses. Miss Nellie Roberts—Schoolgirl. Miss A. Brewer—Spanish Girl. Mr. Dwyer—Rajah. Mr. Healy—Cobra Paste. Mr. Pritchard—Poor Married Man.

Men's Summer Mercery

Seasonable and Fashionable Mercery is displayed in our windows just now.

Everything you want—at just the price you want to pay.

Call and See the SMART, SUMMER STYLES!

SPLENDID SHIRTS!

NECKWEAR NOVELTIES!

HATS FOR ALL HEADS!

Everything is New and Fresh and there's more still to arrive.

George Wardrop,

Tailor of Quality,

SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Above is the well known establishment of

F. PIKE, General House Decorator,

GRAINER, SIGNWRITER, &c.,

PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON.

All kinds of Builders' Ironmongery, Lime, Cement, &c., stocked. Oils, Colors, Glass, &c. at Lowest Rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ALL KINDS OF HOUSE REPAIRS.

Amusements.

MOORE BENEFIT.

Sports Carnival,

PRESTON PARK,

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON.

A very full and interesting Programme of Foot and Cycle Races, Tug-of-War, and numerous other amusements.

Refreshment Stall, &c., on ground.

The Royal Park Brass Band will play during the afternoon and will lead the Procession at night. Some fine tableaux will be witnessed in procession.

Preston Football Club Fancy Dress Football Match postponed to some future date on account of length of programme, but members will march in fancy costume in the Procession.

A First Class Programme has been arranged for BIOSCOPE CONCERT in the Shire Hall this evening.

THE EVENT of the SEASON.—Northcote South Ratepayers' Association Seventh Annual MUSICAL & DANCE SOCIAL, Town Hall, Thursday, Oct. 21st. Dancing 8 till 12. White's Orchestra. Tickets 1s. Refreshments.

G. POCKNALL, Hon. Sec.

THE EVENT of the SEASON.—Northcote Cycling and Social Club are holding their Fourteenth GRAND SOCIAL in the Town Hall on Tuesday, 19th October. Rosenthal & Jones' Band, Refreshments. Gents 2s, Ladies 6d.

T. MATTHEWS, Hon. Sec. pro tem.

Auction Notices.

NORTHCOTE,

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19.

At 2 o'clock,

LAND, HOUSE, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS.

NICOL, MILLER & Co., Pty. Ltd., have received instructions from W. H. Barter, Esq., who is leaving the State, to sell by public auction on the above date on the premises, 12 Woolton avenue, Northcote. All that piece of land having a frontage of 50 feet to Woolton avenue by a depth of 135 feet, on which is erected a substantial four roomed W.B. Villa, containing four large rooms, Dining Room 18 x 14, others 14 x 14, all lath and plaster, Lavatories, Bathroom, Stove, Sink, etc., also Stable and Buggy Shed, Work Shop. Easy Terms announced at sale.

Furniture, Upright Grand Piano by Albert Par, Saddlebag Dining Room Suite in Blackwood, Extension Dining Table, Overmantels, Carpets, Lino., Bedroom Suite, Washstands, Sideboards, Dresser, Kitchen Utensils, Hose, etc. Single seated Hooded Buggy, 2 Ponies, Harness, Saddle, Bridle, and Sundries too numerous to mention.

Orders from Nicol, Miller & Coy, Northcote

PRICE Wanted for 200 feet Paling Fencing. Labor only. Hex', Spring St., close Murray Road, Preston.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN 5.

Notice of Intention to Borrow Money on the Security of a Special Improvement Charge.

Take Notice that the Council of the Town of Northcote, at a meeting thereof held on the 16th day of August, 1909, did, by resolution, make a Special Improvement Charge of three shillings and three pence in the £1 yearly on the properties comprised in the several schemes of apportionment for the construction of—

(A) Shaftesbury parade, between High street and Railway parade, Plan 275.

(B) Part of Gotch street, from Victoria road to Leonard street, Plan 353.

(C) Woolton avenue, between Railway parade and High street, Plan 372.

(D) Victoria Road, between Westgarth street and Clarke street, Plan 438.

(E) Normanby avenue, from the railway to St. George's road, part of St. Clair avenue, and part of Rayment street, Plan 472.

Such Special Improvement Charge being made and levied rateably in proportion to the amount of the cost of the works apportioned in respect of each property as set out in the schemes and in regard to the period of time during which it is to continue.

Further notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the said Council to borrow the sum £2458 1s 11d) two thousand four hundred and fifty-eight pounds one shilling and eleven pence, on Mortgage of the said Special Improvement Charge for a period of nine years dating from the 1st day of October, 1909, for defraying the costs, charges, and expenses to be incurred in forming, channelling and metalling, paving and otherwise making good to the satisfaction of the Council the aforesaid streets and lanes.

That for the liquidation of such loan an amount of not less than 10 per cent. of the principal sum will be paid off in each year and interest at the rate not exceeding 5½ per cent. per annum be payable up to the termination of the loan at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, High street, Northcote, or at the office of the Mortgagee.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1909.

By order,

W. G. SWIFT.

Town Clerk.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

LAND FOR RECREATION RESERVES.

Offers of Land suitable for a Recreation Reserve or for Children's Playgrounds will be received at the Shire Offices, High street, Preston, up to 4 p.m. on Monday, 18th inst. State price and area.

T. J. WITHRINGTON,

Shire Secretary.

NICE HOUSES.

Nice Sites for Houses.

FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS OR FOR CASH.

18 DAREBIN ROAD, situate few doors from High St., and near the Croxton station. A NATTY D.F.W.B. VILLA, containing 5 rooms, bathroom and wash-house, erected on land 30 x 100. The street is made, path asphalted, and right-of-way pitched. Price, £300.

WILSON STREET (now called Hayes St.) situate off Darebin Road and near the Croxton station. A NEWLY BUILT D.F.W.B. VILLA, nicely finished, containing 5 rooms, bathroom, wash-house, vestibule, wood-shed, erected on land 40 x 96 to pitched right-of-way. Price, £300.

251 CLARKE STREET East, handy to Westgarth station. A GOOD D.F.W.B VILLA, containing 6 rooms and every convenience, bow window, slate roof, well constructed, on land 40 x 130, street made. Price, £300.

ARMADALE STREET, near the Croxton station. A CHEAP W.B. COTTAGE, containing 4 rooms and conveniences, erected on land 20 x 96. 6/6 week, without deposit. Price £130.

Also many others, particulars of which may be obtained at our offices. Houses and Land for Sale in Northcote, Preston, Fairfield and Brunswick. Terms arranged to meet the wishes of purchasers.

LAND.

Ballantyne St., 50 x 130	12/6
Clarendon St., 70 x 115	15/
Clyde St., 49ft. 6in. x 148	12/6
Flinders St., 33 x 119	20/
Hammond St., 115 x 115	10/
Jenkin St., 35 x 115	25/
Langston St., 40 x 91ft. 6in.	25/
Lewis St., 40 x 90	6/
Mansfield St., 115 x 115	15/
St. David St. 33 x 115	25/

And many others.

Stott & Bastings,

(Walter S. Stott, Harold E. Bastings),

The Oldest Established Firm carrying on business in Northern Suburbs,

AUCTIONEER,

ESTATE AGENTS,

VALUERS,

207 & 521 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,

Preston and Fairfield.

Tel. 1976.

Ernest Lees,

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AND

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234 High St., Northcote.

Tel. 350.

Consult me on the following matters:—

Sales of Houses or Land.

Purchase of Property.

Auction Sales of Houses, &c

Sales of Furniture and Effects.

Insurance of Property.

Life Insurance.

Loans, Mortgages, Investments.

Rent Collecting.

Building Arrangements.

Houses and Land For Sale.

McGEORGE BROS., AUCTIONEER, Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Insurance Experts, and Rent Collectors, 323 HIGH STREET, PRESTON (Murray station), AUCTION ROOMS, Sydney Road, corner The Grove, MORELAND.

McGEORGE BROS.' AUCTION ROOMS, MORELAND, Sydney Road, corner The Grove. Five minutes' walk north of Brunswick Tram Terminus. The Most Complete Sale Rooms in the Northern Suburbs. Entries of Furniture and Miscellaneous Goods will now be received for our opening Sale. Cash Settlement same day.

PRESTON.—CHOICE SELECTION. QUEEN ANNE VILLAS, 5 and 6 Rooms, Modern Appointments, Free Railway Pass. £335—£375—£450. Charming Position. Liberal Terms. McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

SHEFFIELD ESTATE, PRESTON. Allotments, 50 x 180, from £27. No Deposit. No Interest. Weekly payments from 2/3. Every block is surveyed and splendidly drained. Only a few minutes' walk to Regent station. Occupying a delightful position in this TOORAK of the NORTH. 300 feet above sea level, good train service, charming views, progressive locality. Select a Site for your future Home on this Grand Estate. Plans on application to the Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer & Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Murray Station, Preston. Tram Terminus, Brunswick.

PRESTON.—POST OFFICE ESTATE. Allotments, 34 x 115, £17 each. Terms—£3 deposit and 1/3 per week. Close to Murray station, municipal buildings and bowling green. Plans from Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Expert Land Salesmen.

PRESTON RESERVOIR STATION. Poultry Farm Block, 1½ acres. £5 deposit, terms to 5 years; or will sell in allotments, 66 x 132, £17 10/; any reasonable terms. Particulars from McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

PRESTON.—Superior new W.B. Villa, 5 rooms, every comfort, beautiful position, land 40 x 120, £275. This is a cheap property of inspection. McGeorge Bros., Local Auctioneer.

PRESTON.—Poultry Farm, about ¾ acre, splendidly laid out, comfortable 5-roomed house, all conveniences, close station, £325. Rent terms. McGeorge Bros., agents.

PRESTON. — Beautiful Subdivisional Block, corner position, 115 x 99, overlooking Northcote. The choicest site offering. Price and terms, McGeorge Bros., Local Valuers.

McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer and Estate Agents, announce the forthcoming Auction Sales:—Saturday, 16th October, Villa, Mary street, Preston, and Allotment, Showers street, Preston; Saturday, 23rd October, Villa, White street, Moreland.

HILLSIDE Estate, Preston. Marvellous value. 40ft. blocks from 1/6 weekly. No deposit. No interest. Plans and particulars from Robertson, agent, corner High and Bell streets, Preston.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

H. ADAMS,

BUTCHER,

322 High Street, Northcote

(Late W. H. TACEY).

The Cheapest First-Class Butcher in Northcote.

Call and Inspect our Goods and be Convinced.

H.A. can supply the Best Quality at prices never heard of before in Northcote.

The Workingman must have Nourishing Food. Do not be misled.

LADIES! Do you want strong, robust children? Avoid poor meat and buy the best.

Our Sausages are a breakfast treat.

TRY THEM.

Telephone 114, Brunswick.

Phone 2906.

A. THARRATT,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

(Corner Separation St.)

Best Quality North British Garden Hose, { ½in., 8d. foot; ¾in., 11d „

Good Quality British Hose, ½in., 7d ft.

Wire bound (prevents kinking), 1d ft. extra.

Watering Cans. Water Bags for Cooling Water.

Cane Sun Blinds.

Large Stock on hand, complete with pulleys and cord. Sizes—3 x 6 1/; 4 x 8, 1/10; 6 x 8, 3/; 8 x 8, 4/- 10 x 8, 5/ each.

Fly - Wire Doors.

All our own make, no warping like imported doors, from 8/3 each.

Fly - Proof Window Screens,

adjustable to any window.

Wooden frames 2/3, Metal frames 3/6 each.

Fly Wire. Perforated Zinc. Spring Hinges.

Meat Covers, nice and neat.

Call and Inspect our stock of **CROCKERY.**

LEST WE FORGET!

LEST WE FORGET!

GRAND CHARITY CARNIVAL

IN AID OF

MOORE BENEFIT FUND,

This Afternoon at the Preston Park.

Absolutely the Finest Programme every presented to the Public of Preston.

Special Engagement of a First-Class Band.

Don't Rush, but follow the crowd to the Preston Park for an Enjoyable Afternoon.

Houses and Land To Let.

PRESTON.—Queen Anne villas, 5, 6 rooms, 12/6, 14/, 16/, free railway passes. Villas, 5, 6 rooms, all conveniences, finely situated, close train, 10/6, 11/6, 12/6, 14/. McGeorge Bros., Rent Collectors, Murray station, Preston, and Moreland.

COOPER'S,

HIGH STREET, PRESTON,

for

ICE CREAM, SUMMER DRINKS, and CONFECTIONERY.

Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!!

THE VICTORIAN EGG-LAYING COMPETITION, Bastings Street, Northcote, Under the auspices of "The Poultry and Kennel World."

A Real Object Lesson, the Latest and Most Up-to-Date Method of Poultry-Keeping.

2000 Birds can be kept on an acre on this system.

The Very Thing for Small Holders and Suburban Poultry-Keepers.

Admission 6d (Sunday excepted).

H. McKENZIE, Manager, "Burnette," Bastings St., Northcote.

SUMMER DRAPERY

AT

HATTAM & HATTAM'S.

SEE THEIR

Stylish Costumes,

Pretty Blouses,

Dainty Millinery,

Lovely Cambrics,

Smart Hosiery, Belts & Laces.

Children's Galatea Hats in numerous varieties.

S.S.S. Galatea for Boys' Suits.

Hoyle's Print in 250 different patterns.

Exquisite Neckwear & Gloves.

Just opened, **250 pairs of Ladies' & Maids' Tan Boots & Shoes** at Special Prices.

Visit our Establishment for Everything that is Nice in Fashionable Drapery.

OUR WINDOWS,

— FIXTURES,

— TABLES,

— COUNTERS,

Are all displayed with New Season's Goods.

Also Save your Coupons for Presents at

HATTAM & HATTAM'S,

NORTHCOTE'S BUSY DRAPERS.

Miss Willmott, Costumiere, has rooms on the premises. See her about your Cup or Picnic Dress.

F. G. SMITH,

DRAPER, &c.,

245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Supply Store for

BOY SCOUTS!

Best Scouts' Hats (with chin straps),	...	3/6
Best Navy Scouts' Shirts (all sizes)	...	2/11
Khaki Haversacks	...	1/6
Putties ...	...	1/6
Leather Belts ...	...	10½d
„ Pouches	...	6d
Black Scarves ...	...	10½d
Knives and Lanyards	...	1/6
Blue Drill Knickers	...	1/11

Enquire for Prices of any other Lines.

SPRING NOVELTIES

AT

BEST & CO'S.

DAINTY BLOUSINGS in Cambrics, Muslins, Crepes, Zephyrs, and Prints.

COSUMES in finest Lawn, beautifully trimmed with choice embroidery insertions, guinea line at **10/6.**

Do. in Cambrics, very stylish make, at **7/11**

BELTING Novelties, the latest British make, from **7d** the length. Belt Buckles from **3d.**

EMBROIDERY Insertions, a large assortment of wide makes from **6d** yard.

In **LACES,** as usual, we are fully stocked, and our prices are, as usual, **right!**

NECKWEAR Novelties, Peter Pans and others from **9d** each.

MILLINERY! All our Millinery Designs are of the Latest; the make is good, and the price just one-half of City charges.

RIBBONS! A full stock in all widths and colors.

HOSIERY! All at **old prices** as we bought before the rise in wool and cotton.

MERCERY! We are fully stocked in this department and are showing some splendid values in Soft and Fashion Shirts.

HATS! Boaters, latest designs, from **1/-**

☞ For your Cup Outfit come in early and see Miss Harley to make sure of getting the costume by November 5th.

Best & Co.,

DRAPERS & MERCERS,

HIGH ST., UPPER NORTHCOTE.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11.

Present:—Crs. Hayes (Mayor), Archbold, Harry, Tharratt, Robb, Woolhouse, Lees, Bainbride, Dennis, Plant, McIntosh, Smith, Mitchell, Bastings and Williams.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Lizzie Bleasby wrote conveying sincere thanks for council's letter of sympathy in connection with the death of her father (Sir Thomas Bent).—Received.

WATER FOR SARGOOD STREET.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote agreeing to extend the water to Sargood street.

WESTGARTH STREET CULVERT.

The Board of Public Health wrote forwarding a report from their assistant engineer, Mr. F. E. T. Cobb, re the condition of the culvert under the railway at Westgarth street. In Mr. Cobb's opinion the culvert requires to be re-constructed as an open drain from end to end. The Board would like to know what the council was doing in the matter.

SCHEME OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING, &c.

The Secretary Metropolitan Conference re Lighting wrote asking council if it would be prepared to bear its proportion of the cost (£20/12/9½) of getting the report of an expert re a system of electric light and power for the municipalities. The total cost would be £750.

Cr. Robb, who had attended the conference, said it was suggested to have the power house somewhere south of the yarra. Personally he thought it would be better if instead of joining in with the whole of the municipalities they formulated a scheme amongst three or four of the adjoining municipalities.

The town clerk said Mr. Steane had just received the report of a special commission which enquired into the best means of lighting in Great Britain and Europe, and their recommendation was in favour of incandescent gas lights.

Cr. Robb said nothing would be done till they had another meeting of the conference.

The matter was referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs. Plant and Smith.

AN EASEMENT.

D. H. Herald, town solicitor, wrote forwarding "Creation of easement" from The Northcote Brick Company to the Town of Northcote, for seal by the council.—Received

CHURCH LANDS RATED.

E. C. Tribe, hon. sec. Holy Trinity Church, wrote stating they did not owe £1 0s 3d rates for a vacant block of land in Shaftesbury parade. All the land was used for religious purposes and was now enclosed by the one fence.

The rate collector reported that at the time the valuation was made the block on the corner was fenced off from the church building, making it a distinct assessment.

Referred to finance committee, on the motion of Crs. Plant and Woolhouse.

TRAM TRACK AND ACCIDENTS.

Barrow and Pearcey, solicitors, wrote claiming 50/- damages on behalf of their client, Mr. William Smith, of "St. Helena," Greensborough, who on Tuesday, 5th, had the axle of his cart broken through the tram rails projecting above the roadway.

Cr. Plant moved that the writers be informed that the council acknowledges no liability in the matter and that their letter had been referred to the tramway lessees.

Thomas Stott, wholesale fruit merchant, wrote calling attention to the dangerous condition of the tram track. Several times he had nearly had an accident through the wheels of his buggy catching on the rails. He knew of several others who were complaining about the line, and if it was not attended to there would sure to be some accidents.

The town clerk intimated that a copy of this letter also had been referred to the lessees.

DR. SINGLETON'S DISPENSARY.

The Secretary Dr. Singleton's Free Medical Dispensary wrote stating that during the past year they had 327 attendances from persons residing in Preston or Northcote.—To be considered with the charity vote.

THE NORTHCOTE LIBRARY.

R. J. Whalley, hon. sec. library committee, wrote intimating that for want of a proper place to put them the new books lately purchased had to be stored on the floor. Under the circumstances it was unwise to spend money on new fittings. The committee would therefore ask that the council proceed to consider plans for the new building without delay.

Subsequently Cr. Bastings moved the adoption of the library committee's recommendation, as previously published, for a settlement of the dispute between the two bodies with reference to the Government grant. He considered it a satisfactory compromise.

The mayor seconded the motion.

Cr. Harry expressed the opinion that 60 feet was sufficient land to purchase.

Cr. Smith moved an amendment that no land be purchased at all, but that the building be erected on the site next the hall.

No seconder.

Cr. Plant took it that all that was under discussion now was as to whether the compromise was to be adopted. They could decide afterwards the amount of land they would buy.

Cr. Lees said he favoured the resolution, but only as a compromise.

Cr. Archbold said he would support it, to effect a settlement.

Cr. McIntosh held the opinion that the library committee had no right to any of the £350.

Cr. Dennis said he was in favour of the thing being fixed up, but was against 91 feet being purchased.

Cr. Tharratt described the compromise as a "change trick" and he could not vote for it.

Cr. Plant—At any rate it means an absolute gift of £100 to the council.

Cr. Bastings, in reply, said he considered the carrying of the resolution committed them to purchase the full 91 feet.

Other councillors, however, appeared of a different opinion.

The motion was put and carried:—For—Crs. Hayes, Bastings, Lees, Plant, Woolhouse, Archbold, Mitchell, and Williams. Against—Crs. Robb, Tharratt, Dennis, Bainbridge, Smith, McIntosh, and Harry.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Robb (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. That accounts amounting to £186/12/6 be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Arthurton road widening, Loan 7.—That tenders be invited for the works in Arthurton road, from St. George's road to the railway, as per specifications prepared by the town surveyor.—Deferred for fortnight.

3. A Malready, re fence erection on land adjoining the council's land, Mansfield street.—That the council agree to pay its proportion of the cost for the erection of the fence on the east side of the council's land.—Adopted.

In reply to Cr. Plant the chairman said that as the committee were unable to start business till after 10 o'clock the matter of Victoria road was postponed, on the motion of Cr. Smith.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Bastings (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. That accounts amounting to £946/16/4 be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Mr. P. Reddie to payment of rates in advance.—That he be informed that his proposal cannot be adopted, as it would not be workable.—Adopted.

3. Mr. Leonard and other ratepayers re metalling Gordon street and portion of South Crescent.—That they be informed that the channelling therein was not constructed under the policy of the council and that they are liable for the cost of any works which may be executed in the future in such streets.—Adopted.

4. Overseer of works, W. Membrey.—That the sum of two shillings per week be allowed to the overseer to cover the cost of the repair of his bicycle, used in connection with the discharge of his duties, such allowance to date from 7th June last.—Adopted.

5. Gardener's report, Batman garden.—Reporting that the improvements made, being a portion of the design approved, have cost in labor and the purchase of trees, shrubs, &c., £40.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE

The mayor submitted the report, recommending:—

1. Tuberculosis conference re establishment of a home for advanced cases.—That this council agree to bear its proportion of the cost of the home, estimated on a valuation basis at £123, and on a population basis at £81 for capital expenditure; and for maintenance per annum £62 on a population basis and £42 on a valuation basis.

The mayor moved the adoption of the clause.

Cr. Plant moved that the matter be referred back to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Tharratt seconded.

Cr. Archbold—I think that these gentlemen who profess not to understand this recommendation really do understand it. Cr. Plant wants it thrown back because he is against it.

The amendment was lost and the clause adopted.

Cr. Tharratt—We are very generous.

Cr. Robb—Whether we like it or not we will have to pay.

2. Messrs Woodruff and Crosbie claiming payment for extras on stormwater sewer contract.—That they be informed that their claim has received due consideration, but the council does not admit any liability to pay the amounts claimed, as the works formed part of the contract.—Adopted.

3. Messrs Moule, Hamilton, and Kiddle, re consent to plan of sub-division of Brooke Estate.—To report that the plan has been signed and sealed, the sub-division having been set out in accordance with the amended title which the council had considered on a previous occasion.—Adopted.

4. W. S. Stott re easement for drainage and stormwater from Bay View Terrace.—That the sum of sixty pounds be offered for the right to discharge drainage and stormwater from Bay View Terrace via the passage way and Major street to Clarke street, and as its full proportion of the cost of carrying off such drainage and stormwater, and in consideration of the said passage-way and Major street being constructed to the satisfaction of the town surveyor at the sole cost of Mr. Stott.—Adopted.

5. Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works agreement for crossings and drainage, St. George's road pipe track.—The agreement having been perused and approved has been duly signed, sealed, and returned for completion by the Board.

The mayor moved the adoption of the clause, which was carried.

Cr. Tharratt formally entered his protest, as the agreement gave the board the right to make the crossings where they like and at levels what they like.

6. Town Solicitor re proposal for settlement of case of Mr. S. I. Dorum against the council re tramway matters.—That the solicitor be authorised to agree to the settlement on the lines set out in the letter referred to.—Adopted.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Lees said he had had requests for lamps from several ratepayers in the south ward. He moved that the matter be referred to the estimates.—Carried.

Replying to Cr. Plant the engineer said that at present the metal from the crusher was going into Elm street and Normanby avenue in the west ward. In four or five days a start would be made in the east ward, for which £60 worth had been allotted.

Cr. Lees said there was a right-of-way running east from Edwards street which he understood the three people interested were desirous of having constructed at once and were prepared to find the money for. He moved that the matter be referred to the works committee.—Carried.

Cr Plant intimated that it was his intention not to attend any more meetings of the committee of the whole re tramway matters, as the results were not at all satisfactory. That was the reason of his absence on Thursday evening last.

Cr. Smith desired to know what was going to be done with "that place" in Bastings street.

The mayor said that a proper notice had been served and other proper action taken.

The report of the rate collector showing the condition of the rate-book at 30th Sept. was read, the main facts of which have already been published.

Cr. Dennis said there was some fine gravel coming out of the sewer in the west ward, and he was surprised the members for the ward had not taken any action in the matter.

Cr. Robb said the matter was being attended to and satisfactory arrangements had been made with the contractor. The engineer was going to have the fine gravel used on the footpaths of the west ward.

Cr. Mitchell stated he saw two ladies endeavouring to stop a tram at Bay View Terrace, but the tramway employes absolutely took no notice. He moved that a letter of complaint be sent to the lessees.

Cr. Plant seconded.—Carried.

The town clerk intimated that the judge had heard Mr. Randall's appeal against the council's decision not to register the Croxton Park recreation reserve that day. Judgment was reserved.

The mayor reported having met the Minister of Public Works and submitted the council's claim with regard to a subsidy towards the drainage scheme through Heidelbergshire. He had promised to give the matter his earnest consideration.

Cr. Plant said that seeing it was he who had laid the case before the Minister he thought he might have been notified of the meeting.

The mayor—I did not know of it till an hour before.

Cr. Plant—I know what sort of game is going on.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

1. Cr. Plant moved—That the council having on the 16th day of August, 1909, made a Special Improvement Charge of 3/3 in the pound on the properties comprised in the several schemes of apportionment for the construction of the several streets set out in the resolution making the said Charge, notice be given of the council's intention to borrow £2645 on the Mortgage of the said Charge for a period of nine years, to date from the 1st of October, 1909, for the construction of such streets. That for the liquidation of such loan an amount of not less than ten per cent. of the principal sum be paid off in each year, and interest thereon be at a rate not to exceed 5½ per cent. per annum.—Adopted.

2. That the sum of £500 be placed on the estimates each year (terminating with the estimates prepared for the year 1916) to be applied to a sinking fund for the purpose of making good any depreciation at the expiration of the existing lease and for the up to date equipment of the tramway.

Cr. Williams, in whose name the order of the day stood, consented to this matter being referred to the estimates for consideration.

MELBA.

An Impression by Helen Jerome

The house was hushed, expectant. Reverence, excitement, quivered in the air. Somebody had sung a beautiful aria in fault less Italian, but this was scarcely realised. The man, it was Mr. Frederic Lamalow, bowed himself off the platform. There was a little applause, but it was hysteric and not unanimous. People did not seem to understand the art of the baritone. They were waiting for *her*, the only genius her country has produced—the woman who has appealed to the imagination of the whole world.

Suddenly the orchestra as one man rose to its feet, part of the audience in its excitement arose too. There was a quick sharp burst of cheering from the "Wallabies" in the eastern gallery. A shower of tiny bouquets descended from some white robed girls in a side balcony, a roar burst from the strained house, and a dazzling figure walked on to the stage. Surely the woman who had inspired this was more than human! Not admiration, awe, nor pride alone. One swept the house with a glance, and felt love, like an undercurrent, flowing through the waves of excitement. She was theirs, the pride of them and their children, the dear, charming, brilliant, wilful, wonderful Melba, whose life has been like a fairy tale.

She bowed to the house, right and left, before and behind, her gem covered figure flashing with each movement, and the people nearly wept. She was different somehow, less imperious, less haughty, more suggestive of bonhomie. As she surveyed the crowd with her fine eyes I detected a tiny touch of cynical amusement in her indulgent smile. Do what I can I can never separate this adorable woman from cynicism. With all her art and genius she seems to have plumbed the depths as well as the heights.

She knows the value of public approval and applause. She knows how success outside in the big world means success in Australia. She knows many things, and as she smiles suddenly the house is stilled.

I hear a poet wandering through drowsing woods, the sleepy hum of brilliant-hued insects, the love calls of birds, and then a nightingale mad with the joy of life imitating the heavenly voice of the poet. There is a contest between the two. I close my eyes; the summer has got into my blood, the nightingale lifts up its voice and leaps in silver trills right up to the pearly gates of Heaven, and stops—I awaken!

The nightingale has taken on a woman's form; a beautiful amused face—always amused—is smiling down at me. A green-gowned figure with a classic head moves off the stage in her old imperious way, and Handel's "Il Penseroso" has floated away into the cruel infinitude of the past.

I waited anxiously for "Otello" and Shakespeare's pathetic, martyred, beautiful, misunderstood Desdemona—one of his most poetic creations—crept into the little room at the back of my brain and prepared my imagination again. I close my eyes, a girl's beautiful voice, terrible with the pathos of virginity, of youth, of innocence, steals upon my ear. It is that same strange charm,—youth, eternal youth in that maddening voice. "To-night lay on my bed my wedding sheets. I do not die before thee. Pithoe, shroud me in one of those same sheets."

Poor, beautiful Desdemona! and she continues: "My mother had a maid called Barbara, who was in love, and he she loved did abandon her. She had a song of 'Willow.' That song to-night will not go from my mind," and the plaintive heart-breaking voice rises and falls to tell the tale in Verdi's inspired language.

The terrible pathos of "O Willow, Willow, Willow, was cruelly interpreted by the girlish voice. It was a wail of foresighted pain and tragedy, which such a woman as Desdemona would surely possess, and when suddenly an intense, appealing cry of "Ave Maria" pealed through the house I half expected the gates of heaven to open and pour out in a golden stream the listening, weeping angels.

Then the wilful face on the platform took on the air of a pictured saint, and the classic profile lost all its worldly look. The brow seemed haloed like a head in a stained glass window. All trace of human passion died out of the voice, and only the chaste appeal of the virgin went up to the listening ears of that other virgin in heaven. Oh, what art, what supreme intelligence must dwell within that flower of culture, that highest living artistic achievement in modern woman—Melba!

They dragged her back, though surely she deserved rest, but doubtless she understood that she owed humanity compensation for her effect upon it. How dare this woman hurt and wound and intoxicate, and then leave them hungry?

Landon Ronald's "Down in the Forest" was her peace offering. "Down in the forest something stirred," The poetic line opened doors to one, a lonely-hearted soul wandering here amongst fallen autumn leaves typical of her life. She is disturbed by the sympathetic fall of a leaf, the thrill of a bird's song. She thinks of him who is with her no more, and one hears the wailing undercurrent of regret for dead love, the saddest thing on earth.

Of what wild love and passionate devotion would not this singer be capable? One catches a glimpse of the temperamental soaring in her eyes. Has such a genius ever found fitting mate, and what was the tragedy? Underneath the jewelled corsage, underneath the half cynical smiles there beats a heart, and who shall say?

As I dream on the haunting, pathetic, inspiring voice ceases and disturbing applause, which seems the only way that collective infant the public has of expressing itself bursts out anew. The singer smiles a little wearily and vanishes.

One travelled far that evening. Leaving the forest I stood by a brook where waterlilies grew. The wraith of a lovely maid girl rises from the waters. It must be her wraith, for Ophelia never would have expressed herself as Ambrose Thomas would have us believe. But what a conception nevertheless! Who knows what vagaries Ophelia's ghost may not have committed?

The opening wail of the oboe transported one straight into the tragedy of the insane mind, and Ophelia stepped before one distraught; her poor mad eyes shining through tears, her dishevelled hair and pathetic young figure hurting with the futility of it all. Oh, to hear this opera and to watch such an Ophelia! Will it ever be our fate, we deserted Australians, living in this beautiful but, oh, so lonely outpost of art?

The encores were Tosti's "Goodbye," with its maudlin sentimentality enclosed by the art of the singer, and "Comin' Thro' the Rye." I refuse to discuss them. No doubt it was kind to a section of the audience to lower the dignity of a Melba to sing them, but I found no inspiration in them.

The wall of her "Ave Maria" is in a minor key playing on my heart, and her Desdemona is writ blood red upon the barren field of my imagination. There is so much to thank her for. With her flaming torch she has relighted many of our spent fires, and persuaded us once again by her all-too brief flash among us that something wonderful and terrible and glorious does draw us to the bosom of the infinite.

Life is not all sordid and commonplace and dead level. It is good for a country to have produced one such woman. There is a star upon Melba's brow, and because of its shining, Australia's fame has penetrated into the jealous portals of the art of the world. Melba, you have inspired a nation's pride!

A WORD TO WOMEN.

On Good Looks and Good Health.

Look at your face in the mirror each night. Do you see a suspicious "shade" round your eyes? If so, that "shade" marks where a sunken ring will come unless you can fill up the cavity. Does your skin look rough, dry, and just a little green? That slight tinge will turn to a horrible yellow unless you can replenish the healthy blood to make it pink! Can you do your hair without having to drop your arms and rest? Can you get out of bed in the morning feeling fit to overcome all the difficulties in the world,—like you used to feel? Are you going the way to keep up the good looks Nature has blessed you with? What's wrong with you? In nine cases out of ten there's but one answer—liver disorder—probably brought about by constipation. Poisons which should be expelled are left in the body. A disordered liver turns a pretty, pink skin into an ugly, yellow one, and bright eyes into dull ones; in fact, kills good looks, and makes a lively, attractive woman weakly and unattractive, if not repulsive. Prevent this! When you've looked in the glass and found the telltale signs, take a course of Bile Beans. They do their work while you sleep. Miss M. Smith, of 101 Westbury Street, St. Kilda, Vic., says:—"As one who has derived great benefit from Bile Beans, I have much pleasure in writing you. For many years I was a great sufferer from the liver, the dreadful pains in my back making it almost impossible sometimes for me to stand. Having been told by three or four friends of the relief they had derived from Bile Beans I decided to try them. I underwent a thorough course, and felt a new woman. I consider the cure wonderful, as I had tried all sorts of so-called cures, without obtaining any relief." From all chemists and stores.

To the Preston Public.

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Skin eruptions are very prevalent in the spring, but Zam-Buk will be found to cure them all—from the common pimple to the ugliest ulcerated sore. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all stores and chemists, at 1s 6d, or 3s 6d family size (containing nearly four times the 1s 6d), and a pot should be in every home.

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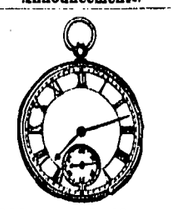
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary.

Announcements.



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For Sugar Gums, Pepper Trees, Cootamundra Wattles Grevillias, Pines, &c.

HEDGE TREES.—
Pittosporum eugenoides, 5/ doz.
" grasslorum, 6/ doz.
" undulatum, 5/ doz.
" nigrescens, 5/ doz.
Cupressus macrocarpa from 5/ doz.
" Torulosa, 5/ doz.
Privet Evergreen, 1/6 doz., 7/6 100
Tree Lucerne, 5/ to 6/ doz.
African Box Thorn, 1/6 100, 10/ 1000
ROSES in great variety. Flower Seedlings a Speciality.
Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants.

C. J. Jackson, Proprietor,
MITCHELL ST., NORTHCOTE.

"HILLSIDE" NURSERY,
NORTHCOTE.

Clearing Sale

of

ROSES,

ALL ONE PRICE—

6D EACH.

Salvia Bonfire, strong plants	4/ doz.
Pansies in bloom	6d doz.
Ranunculus Seedlings	3d doz.
Tomato Plants	6d doz.

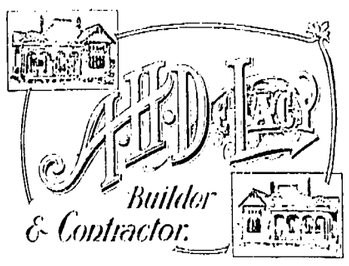
A. MAGGS,

166 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE,
near High St.

Wanted to Buy.

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Rd., Northcote.

Business Notices



ARTHURTON ROAD, NORTHCOTE.

Plans and Specifications drawn up.
Estimates given for all Branches of the Trade.

HAVE YOU TRIED?

McALPIN'S

Self-Raising **FLOUR.**

NEW ELECTRIC PROCESS.

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE.

Ask your Grocer for it.

Delicious! Sustaining!

TRYAMBRO!

THE FRUIT FOOD.

Made from MILDURA Fruit and Nuts.

Supplies the Pure Diet of Fruit and Nuts so highly recommended by the Medical Profession all over the World.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Ask your Grocer for One Pound Household Blocks, Price 10d.

Use it as a Filling for Cakes or Sandwiches, between Bread, Biscuits, or Wafers

AMBRO LIMITED, Mildura and Fitzroy.

URUBNOT!

What is it?

ASK YOUR GROCER.

SAVES TIME, TROUBLE, MONEY, & WORRY.

Central Store, 52 Young St., Fitzroy, Manufacturers. City Depot: 52 Elizabeth St.

AN AUSTRALIAN SPRAY

FOR

AUSTRALIAN ORCHARDS.

"AUSTRAL" BRAND

ARSENATE OF LEAD

FOR

CODLIN MOTH

AND ALL LEAF-EATING INSECTS.

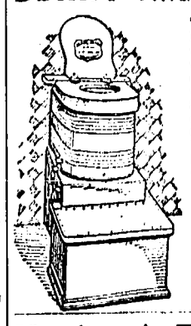
IS RELIABLE AND UNIFORM.

1lb. tins at	10½ lb.	28lb. "	8d lb.
2lb. "	10½ "	56lb. "	7½d "
7lb. "	9½ "	112lb. "	7d "
14lb. "	8½d "		

MANUFACTURED BY

A. J. JENKINS, Chemist,
CLIFTON HILL

BERRY PATENT AUTOMATIC CLOSET

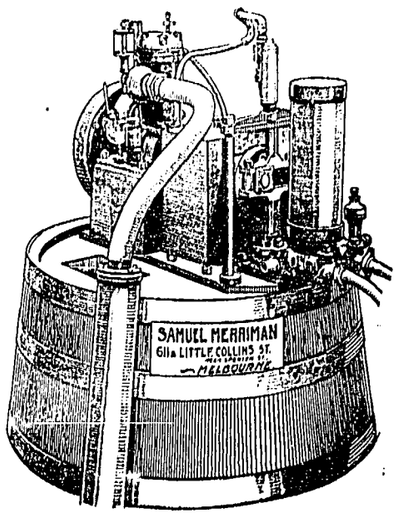


The ONLY Rival to Deep Drainage. Best ever invented. Being Automatic Saves all Trouble. Fly, mosquito, and vermin proof. Always clean and sweet. Works like a watch. Guarantee given with each one sent out. No earth, ashes, or sawdust required. Can be used inside as well as outside. Only perfect system yet introduced. Specially constructed for use where not connected with deep drainage. Safeguard against infectious disease. Once purchased, it lasts a lifetime. Cost of disinfectant less than one penny a week. The comfort and cleanliness in using this closet appeal to one and all, and it is worth ten times what we ask for it.

BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.
Patentees & Manufacturers. Telephone 1047 City.
ADDRESS: 26 A'BECKETT ST., MELBOURNE,
Where the article can be inspected from 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.
GIBSON & SON, 479 Law Courts Place, Melb., or BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.

Merriman's Power & Spray Pumps

ARE THE BEST.



SAMUEL MERRIMAN, Brass Founder, Engineer, & Spray Pump Maker, 611a Little Lonsdale St., Melb. Phone 1075, City.

CONSULT the DANISH MASSUER and MAGNETIC HEALER,

Professor R. OVESEN,

366 ST. KILDA ROAD,
near Headley's Jam Factory.

CONSULTATION FREE.

HOURS—From 10 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m. daily.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,

Cowkeeper and Dairyman

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

F. W. LUPSON

NOTIFIES the public that he has purchased and taken over the

"ACME" DAIRY,

HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE,

from which customers can rely upon getting

MILK

that is

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the supply being obtained from specially selected herds in the country districts.

A card to the "Acme" Dairy, Helen St. and the carts will call.

Carpenters.

W. Gribble,

CARPENTER and JOINER,
HOUSE REPAIRER.
231 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(near Methodist Church).

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.
Venetian Blinds Painted, Re-Taped and Corded.
Vienna Chairs and Furniture Repaired and Stained like New.
Wire Doors, Windows, and Household Requirements in Wood.

Announcements

FEGENT'S

CHILBLAIN CURE.

A SPEEDY & EFFECTUAL CURE FOR UNBROKEN CHILBLAINS,

Immediately alleying the distressing itching and irritation.

If the Chilblains are broken use our Healing Ointment.

Price—One Shilling.

Prepared only by
W. G. FEGENT (late J. Slade),
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
PRESTON PHARMACY, PRESTON.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

J. McNamara,

the old-established

PRESTON BAKER,

BEGS to announce that he has now OPENED his

NEW and UP-TO-DATE BREAD FACTORY

in Plenty Road, near corner of Bell Street, where he will be able to serve customers better not only in the matter of the "STAFF OF LIFE," but in all kinds of

PASTRY and SMALL GOODS.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

J. KIDD,

Hay & Corn, Wood & Coal Merchant,

480 High Street, Northcote,

HAS ON SALE—

Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Maize, Lucerne Chaff,

And all kinds of Poultry Feed.

Agent for Singer's and Pratt's Poultry Food.

Best Box Blocks, Maitland and Pelaw Main Coal.

PRESTON G

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

Northcote Leader.

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia

Largest Circulation and Best Advertising Medium in the Northern Districts, Circulating throughout Northcote, Preston, Thornastown, Epping, Diamond Creek, Arthur's Creek, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill

Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper. | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1909. | Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 397 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 still 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.
Sole Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of REFORMED CHARCOAL.

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 (lft.) by measurement,

2 tons	24/-
1 ton	12/6
½ ton	6/6

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

Announcements

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.
Choice Selection of Suitings Vestings and Trouserings for this season's wear.
Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

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.

PICTURES FRAMED

in Up to Date and Artistic Style
at
G. H. JACOBS'

255 JOHNSTON STREET, FITZROY
(5 doors west from Smith St).
and at
315 BRUNSWICK STREET.

Enlargements Framed from 2/6.

Wholesale and Retail.

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

J. W. DURANCE,

(late of Catanach's) **Watchmaker,**
Fifth floor Equitable Buildings, Collins St., City.
Repairs Watches of all kinds,
Sells Reliable Levers, Gold, Silver, Gun Metal.
Private Address: 34 Salisbury grove, Northcote, where orders may be left.

Undertakers

HENRY J. R. LEWIS,

UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets,
FITZROY.

H.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.

The Trade supplied.
Telephone 1160.

Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1866.

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—221 Victoria St.,
Tel. 980. WEST MELB
High Street, Northcote.
Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill.
Tel. 2776.

All Funeral arrangements promptly attended to.

Charges Moderate	Terms Arranged

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 business.

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.

J. T. Coles & Co. Cash Grocers.

NEW PRICE-LIST:

O.T. Punch, 6d bottle	Sand Soap, 1½d bar
12 lb. No. 1A Sugar, 2/4½	Saunders' Malt, 8½d
8 lb. best Flour, 1/-	Best Fruit Cake, 6d lb
Robin Starch, 5½d lb	Best Black Currant Jam, 7d
Candles, 4½d packet	Best Raspberry Jam, 7d
Bile Beans, 1/- box	Best Apricot Jam, 6½d
Beecham's Pills, 10½d box	Best Plum Jam, 6d
Nestle's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Quince Jam, 6d
Benedict's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Bread, 5½d large
Fry's Extract Cocoa, 4½d packet	New Season's Tea, just landed, 1/- & 1/3 lb.
Griffith's Cocoa, 4d tin	2 lb. Dates, 6½d
Headley's Cocoa, 2½d packet	

Brockhoff's Coffee, Rice, Arrowroot, Ginger Nuts, Mixed Biscuits, all at 4d lb.

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.

Smith & Sons

TRADE MARK REGD. GOLD MEDALISTS
HAM & BACON CURERS
AND
Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3601. NORTHCOTE, Vic.

Champion & First Prize Winners for HAMS and BACON at the Royal Agricultural Show, Melb.

All Goods Manufactured under the supervision of the Central Board of Health.

Our High-Class Goods

Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their

Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality

And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.

Our Fritz & Frankforts are just the thing for the Tea & Breakfast Table.

FACTORY & OFFICE: "MERRIBANK," NORTHCOTE.

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.

C. POWER,

Cartage Contractor,
37 CHARLES ST., NORTHCOTE.
Phone 311, Brunswick.

Lorrys, Drays, and Teams for all classes of Carting.

Back Loading from the City a Specialty.

COAL delivered to householders at lowest market rates.

TO Have the Least Possible Expense and the Greatest Comfort in Cooking, use a

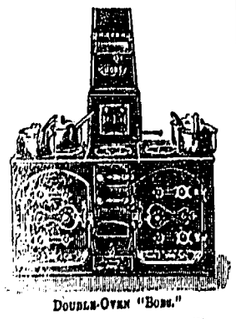
"BOBS"

(burns coal or wood)

Made in three sizes—No. 1, 2ft. wide
No. 2, 2ft. 3in. wide
No. 3, 3 ft. wide

Plate Warmers and Boilers can be fitted to either side.

Our many customers testify that "BOBS" is the most up-to-date FUEL SAVER.



DOUBLE-OVEN "BOBS."

Wallis Bros. & Co.

IRONFOUNDERS and STOVE MANUFACTURERS,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom—419 Bourke Street, Melbourne (opposite Kirk's Bazaar.)

Sole Manufacturers of the Beadle Patent Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, suitable for Dairymen, Butchers, and ordinary household use.
Very Durable and Economical. Write for Catalogues.

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL

to add to your comfort during the summer months is

A GAS STOVE,

which will save you endless drudgery in the kitchen.

On rental at the rate of 1/6 per month, or—

On Hire Purchase System: Small deposit and from 2/- month.

A GAS STOVE is indispensable and also ensures EFFICIENCY, CLEANLINESS, and RIGID ECONOMY

COOKING BY GAS means a saving of half the labor necessary with other methods, besides keeping the kitchen clean and the temperature down to a minimum.

The Metropolitan Gas Company,

186 FLINDERS ST., MELBOURNE.
Phone Nos. 339, 359, 367, 2713.

Business Announcements

BOOTS MADE FOR YOU!

We Make Direct for the People.

Our Factory is manned with first-class labor and we use only good solid leather, consequently we can give to our customers a boot better in quality and lower in price than can be got elsewhere.

Our Patent Unbreakable Back Boot
(made only by us)
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF BY THE THOUSANDS WE SELL.
Our Prices for them now are:

Men's Box Derby Bals., 8/11	Boys' Box, strong wear, 10 to 13, 4/11
Men's knock-about Bals., 8/6	Youths' strong leathers, 1 to 5, 4/11
Youths' Box, strong wear, 1 to 5, 6/-	[illegible]

Many splendid-value lines in ordinary backs also.

All Lines to Measure at Retail Price | Boots sent to all part of the country.

Bring your old boots to be made new. Repairs a leading factor

DIMMICK, Manufacturer & Retailer

245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Above is the well-known establishment of

F. PIKE, General House Decorator,

GRAINER, SIGNWRITER, &c.,
PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON.

All kinds of Builders' Ironmongery, Lime, Cement, &c., stocked. Oils, Colors, Glass, &c. at Lowest Rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken.
ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ALL KINDS OF HOUSE REPAIRS.

E. FELLOWES,

COACHBUILDER

AND

SHOEING FORGE

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opposite Croxton station).

IF YOU WANT to purchase a cheap & good Vehicle.
IF YOU WANT your Vehicle repaired expeditiously and faithfully.
IF YOU WANT your Horse sent for, shod on the shortest notice and returned.
IF YOU WANT to exchange your old Vehicle.
Call on the above who is prepared to deal liberally with you.

He has one of the largest Coachbuilding Factories in Melbourne and suburbs, a large and efficient staff of workmen and up-to-date plant.
What more can be desired by a customer?

W. WOOLHOUSE & CO.,

Sheffield Cutlers and Umbrella Manufacturers,
143-145 BOURKE ST. EAST
(Above Russell St.)

LINES BY A LONGFELLOW.

To Woolhouse & Co. I advise you to go,
Umbrellas they make and their prices are low;
Whilst in quality, too, the public still know
No Cutlers here please them like Woolhouse and Co.
In the whole of Melbourne nought better you'll find,
Than their Optical Goods of every kind.
Fine Eye-Glasses they've got to suit people's eyes,
And Goggles to keep out the dust and the flies.
In Spectacles truly none better could be,
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Whilst in Scissors and Razors their stock is immense,
Manufactured by Woolhouse—they've spared no expense.
Of Knives they have millions of every grade,
From Woolhouse they come—they're the best that are made,
For pocket or vest, large, medium or small,
Just fit for the parlour, the kitchen or hall;
Some are pretty to look at, most beautiful toys,
Nice presents to give to your girls and your boys.
Others have Seventy Blades and cause quite a start [Art.
At the triumph they show in the Cutlery
Don't carve with blunt knives which wives tempers will try,
It will pay you far better new Carvers buy.
Or if you prefer to have them well ground
Then Woolhouse will make the poor cripple quite sound.
At Woolhouse & Co.'s there grinding is done
You'll find them hard at it from rise of the sun;
And the work that you give them—They Never Delay!
Repairing they do in the very best way.
Your Walking Stick broken—neat ferrules they've got,
They mend it and make it all right on the spot
Your old Umbrella which lets the wet thro',
They'll cover with silk and make Equal to New;
Your Razors, your Shears, your Knives may be found
So blunt that they need to be properly ground,
Then hie you at once to Woolhouse & Co.
For tradesmen are they, and their charges are low.

For Easy & Comfortable Shaving Try Woolhouse's Latest Magnetic Steel Razors.

THE
Orient Marine & Stationary

3½ H.P. **ENGINES** 100 H.P.

Made for all Shipping and Farm Purposes.

Suppliers to the Victorian Government, Ports and Harbours, Health Department, Goldfields Diamond Drilling Co.

Guaranteed for 12 Months.

Particulars on application to

C. S. DEAN,

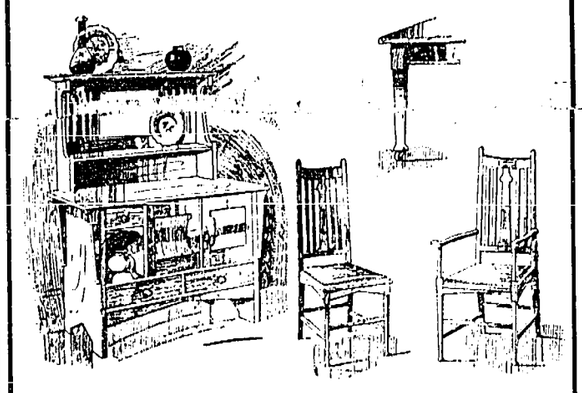
Motor Manufacturer, Mentone.

CASH or TERMS. Phone 71 Cheltenham.

Business Notices.

QUALITY FURNISHINGS

PRICED LOW



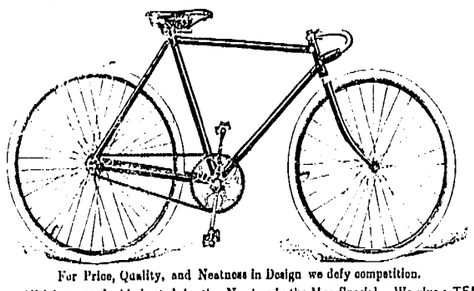
The Diningroom Furniture illustrated is unusually good value—the special reduction is a tempting offer.

SIDEBOARD, in Walnut or oak, was £15 15/-, now £13 18/6; Imitation Walnut, reduced from £9 to £8. Extension Dining TABLE, 6ft., was £2 15/-, now £2 9/-. Eight piece SUITE, 2 easy and 6 small chairs, in oak or walnut, was £14 10/-, now £13.

CLAUSCEN & CO.,

FURNISHING ARCADE,
194-6 BOURKE ST. MELBOURNE, NEXT WAXWORKS

MOA CYCLES.



For Price, Quality, and Neatness in Design we defy competition.

All joints are double butted in the No. 1 as in the Moa Special. We give a TEN YEARS' GUARANTEE to replace any part of a Moa Cycle frame found defective or if broken.
No. 1, £8 10/; No. 2, £10 10/. All Accessories Free.
The Moa Special, £14 10/. We ask you to compare this model with any make of cycle in Victoria, and will refund money if better value can be obtained.

B.S.A. Cycles, £12 10/-

Large stock of Covers and Tubes, all makes, at Lowest Prices. Repairs to any make of cycle.

Merson's, 218 High St., Northcote
(Near Town Hall).

Your Success!

Depends upon the condition of your health and the activity of your mind. You cannot afford to DRINK any but THE BEST of BEVERAGES.

HING'S TEAS

Are ABSOLUTELY the BEST.

The Golden Canister can supply your wants and save your pocket at the same time.

ALL TEAS supplied by W. Q. HING can be relied upon to be THE BEST.

SPECIAL.

ART CHINA in endless variety and unique designs. Suitable for Wedding Presents.

Afternoon Tea Sets from 5/4. 40-piece Tea Sets, 13/11.

Wholesale & Retail Depot—
90 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Nurses.

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

NURSE ROKEHERST ROBERTS, Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals. R.V.T.N.A.
"Waverley," 2 ROSSMOYNE STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Correspondence invited.

Announcements

MISS I. THOMPSON, St. George's Rd., Northcote (corner Morley Street), FRUIT, CONECTIONERY, and FANCY GOODS. Fresh Fruit direct from our own orchard at Ardmona.

MISS THOMPSON (same address), DRESSMAKER.

PURE BRED POULTRY.
FIRST-CLASS LAYING STRAINS.

BROWN LEGHORN HENS,
Bred from Dookie Competition Pens, mated to cock imported by Mr. H. Bunneman.
Settings, 3/6 and 10/6.

SILVER WYANDOTTES,
Bred from Mr. Bunneman, Dookie Competition Winners.
Settings, 7/6. Unfertile replaced.

YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE.

Correspondence invited.
A. C. W. BAILEY,
WOLLERT, via EPPING.

HERON & PARKER,
SAND, GENERAL CARTERS and CONTRACTORS.
Suppliers of the well-known Frankston Sand Pit Co's Fresh Water Sand, Gravel Metal Screenings, &c. City Address: 228 Little Collins St. Northcote Address—82 Helen Street. Telephone 3809.

Established 21 years.

Carl Oldenburg,

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,
386 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opposite Brickworks).

Whips, Bits, Sponges, and other Stable Requisites in stock.

Secondhand Harness taken in exchange or bought.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

A. SANGUINETTI,

THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED
HOUSE DECORATOR & PAINTER
IN THE DISTRICT.
Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs.

ON SALE—
Paperhangings

from 2½d per roll.
Dry Colors from 2d lb., 7 lbs. for 1/-.
Artists' Materials, Alabastine, Leads, Oils, Stainers' Varnishes, Plain & Fancy Glass, &c
Special Concessions to the Trade.
Muranese Glass cut to Size from 10d per foot.

Address: 347 High Street, Northcote
Close to Tramway Penny Section).

D. B. MASSON,

HOME DECORATOR,
AND
IRONMONGER.

HAS ON SALE—

Champion's White Lead, 30/- cwt.	Special price for 5-gallon drums.
Red Lead, 4d lb.	Stainers from 9d lb.
Blundell & Spence's Linseed Oil—Raw, 3/6 gallon. Boiled, 3/8 gallon.	A splendid line of strong well-made Household Steps from 4/6 a pair.

ALL HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES.

Look in our Windows, the Prices speak for themselves. Bring along the size of your room and get our estimate for doing it up.

New Address: 236 High St., Northcote

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.

IF YOUR
WATCH
DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
GEO. H. ARMFIELD,

126 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(next to Foy & Gibson's).

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES to SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

Established 30 years.

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GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET,
COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston St).

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Open Every Night from 7 till 10; also on Monday and Friday afternoons from 2 till 4.
SPLENDID COLLECTION of BOOKS.
Subscription Fee of 2s 6d per quarter enables the Reader to take books home.
R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Sec.

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FOR UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING
AND REAL GOOD VALUE
go to
INCE BROS.,

TAILORS & OUTFITTERS.
Suits from £3 3/. Trousers from 15/6
Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.
174 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE

IF YOU 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 personal supervision.
Country orders attended to with the utmost despatch.

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

Plenty Road and Garnet Sts.,
STH. PRESTON.

Arch. Wilkinson,

TAILOR

NEW GOODS for the Spring and Summer season just opened.
A choice variety of Suitings, Coatings, and Trouserings in all the Latest Shades.
Hats, Shirts, Ties and Hosiery in great variety.
Straw Hats—a special line—all the latest shapes in stock.

Suits to Order from £2 2/-

Cricketing Trousers to order from 12/6.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIAL STUDY.

J. G. Alston,

PRACTICAL TAILOR,
324 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(late Smith St. and City.)

Fit and Style Guaranteed.
Prices to Suit all Pockets. Suits from 35/-. Trousers, 10/6 upwards.
TRIAL SOLICITED.

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. A Work Guaranteed.

J. J. Spence,

First-Class License, M.M.B.W.,
SANITARY PLUMBER
and
Sewerage Contractor.
Gas and Water laid on.
81 Gooch Street, Northcote

Are you allowing faulty illustrations to be inserted wi your advertising matter?

If so, you are killing the convincing power of your advertisement.

Allow me to give you advice when in doubt as to which class of block to use.

I have every facility for the making and perfecting of half-tone and zinc blocks for newspapers, magazines, and catalogues.

Write or phone 1553 Central.

H. W. VEREY,

479 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRST-CLASS CHINESE LAUNDRY
AH HAY,

HIGH STREET, THORNBURY
(next Best, Draper.

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!
ROOF LEAK!
S. McDOUGALL,

LICENSED PLUMBER,
Next Railway,
NORMANBY AVENUE,
NORTHCOTE,
WILL SET MATTERS RIGHT—
Promptly—Reliably—Cheaply.
Water Meters Fixed. Gas & Water laid on

For Sale.

FIRST-CLASS Garden Soil (rich, black loam) for Sale.—J. Millot, Beaver's rd Northcote.

Church Notices

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
10 a.m., Men's Choir.
11 a.m., Rev. A. E. BRITTEN.
4.15 p.m., Men only, Rev. H. GARDNER
7 p.m., Mission Service, Rev. H. GARDNER.
Evangelistic Services each evening during the week at 8, preceded by song service at 7.30.

CROXTON METHODIST HALL, Corner Shaftesbury Parade and St. St. George's Road.

Sunday, 24th October.
Evening at 7, Mr. JENKINS.
Sunday School at 2.30.*

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY.

20th Sunday after Trinity.
(Hospital Sunday).
11 a.m., Matins and Holy Communion. Rev. E. J. B. WHITE, M.A., Th.L.
7 p.m., Evensong (Choral), Rev. R. SHERWOOD.

INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

REV. HECTOR FERGUSON
Minister.
Morning, "Questions Christ Answers."
Evening, "Sounding the Kingdom."
Mr. Sinclair's Young Men's Class at 3.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY.
11 a.m., Special Sermonette to Young People—"The Christian Race—To the Elders—The Moral Uses of Pain."
7 p.m., A Sermon to the Old.
Special collections on behalf of Hospital Fund.
Anthems:—Morning, "Ye shall dwell in the Land" (bass solo); evening, soprano solo, "Nearer My God to Thee" (Carey).
All are cordially welcome.
Monday, 1st Nov., Mr. Frank Tate, M.A., D.S.C., Lecture, "Shakespeare and his Songs."

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. R. DITTERICH.
Evening, Rev. W. H. HODGE. A Character Sketch, "A Man sent from God."
All seats free. Strangers welcomed.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH, Kimberley Hall, Darebin Road.

Sunday Services:
Preacher—Rev. T. NICHOLS, morning and evening.
All welcome to all services.

NORTHCOTE CHURCH of CHRIST, Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove.

Sunday Meetings:
11 a.m., Lord's Supper.
3 p.m., Bible School.
7 p.m., Gospel Service. Preacher—Mr J. D. LANG. Subject:—"Jesus Calling."
All Seats Free. No Collection. All welcome.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. W. OLVER.
Evening, Mr. G. HUNTER.
All Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. H. ROBIN.
Evening, Rev. L. S. McDOUGALL.
Bright singing. All welcome.

Educational.

Westleigh College
(1886).
MICHAEL ST., NORTH FITZROY, and HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Principals: MISSES WESTGARTH, assisted by University Staff (visiting and Resident).
KINDERGARTEN TO JUNIOR PUBLIC.
CLASSES for Music, Singing, Drawing, Painting, Elocution, Gymnastics, Dancing.
Boarders' residence, High St., Northcote close to tram and train (Heidelberg line. Large grounds, tennis court, poultry, cow.
TERMS: Day Pupils, 1 to 3 guineas; Boarders, 10 to 15 guineas. All terms equal length. Pupils entering during term charged accordingly.
Dressmaking Class, Wednesday Afternoon; 12 lessons 1 guinea.
Dancing, Mons. Bibron, Friday evening, 25/.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.C.D., &c
Vice-Principal:
T. COCHRANE (Melb. Univ.),
Assisted by Visiting Staff.
Telephone Attendants' Examination on Tuesday nights and General Improvement. Fee, £1 1s.
Pharmacy on Thursday nights. Fees by arrangement. Both held at College.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.

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Special Equipment for Medical and Dental Students.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.
Students are prepared successfully for all Government Examinations.
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DENTIST,
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MARTIN ST., NORTHCOTE.
Hours—8 a.m. to 9 a.m.
6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Or by special appointment.
The Latest High-Class System of Dentistry at Lowest Fees.
Artificial Teeth, Upper or Lower Set, from £2 10/.
Painless Extraction of Teeth, 2/6.
City Address—
153 ELIZABETH ST.,
Between Bourke and Little Collins Streets, MELBOURNE.

NUNAN, COLLINS, & CO.,
Furniture, Carpet, and Piano Warehousemen,
212 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
And 300-2 Bridge Rd., Richmond.

Very Easy Terms as follow:

£3 worth	... 1/- week	£15 worth	... 5/- week
£5 "	... 2/- "	£25 "	... 7/6 "
£7 "	... 2/6 "	£35 "	... 10/- "
£10 "	... 3/6 "	£50 "	... 12/6 "

SPRING MILLINERY!
SPRING MILLINERY!

MRS. HOLLAND
118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood,
Has opened the Latest Shapes in Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, Ornaments, &c.
Also—
A Large Assortment of Trimmed Hats, Children's Millinery, & Corsets, all prices.

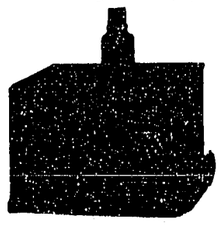
W. ANGLISS & CO,
Family Butchers,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
We invite the housekeepers of the district to inspect our Lovely Show of Meat at Great Reductions in prices.
Mutton from 1½d lb.
Roast Beef from 2d 1d.
Corn Beef from 2d 1b.
Sausages. 2½d 1b.
Mince, 2d 1b.
All other Prime Joints Equally Reduced

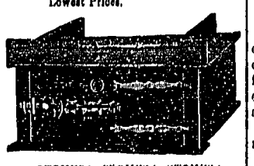
TRY OUR SMALL GOODS.
THEY ARE THE BEST.
One Visit to our Shop will convince you that ours is the BEST and CHEAPEST MEAT in the district
Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a further continuance of your esteemed patronage.
W. ANGLISS & CO.,
High St., Northcote.

T. E. REDMOND,
Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil & Color Merchant,
408 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

CHEAPEST and BEST PLACE to Buy Ironmongery, Tinware, Crockery, Brushware, Churns, & Milk Dishes, Window Glass, Wall Paper, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Leather and Grindery, Diamond Dyes.
Spades, Shovels, Forks, Garden Seeds and Tools, Watering Cans galvanized and painted, from 1/.
Galvanized Iron, Spouting, Ridging, Fencing Wire, Wire Netting, Bird Lime, Mixed Paint, &c., at Lowest Prices.

OVENS—No. 141, 24 x 16 x 20, 11/6
" 121½, 24 x 16 x 12, 16/6
EXTRA STRONG—
No. 51½, 24 x 16 x 12, 19/
" 010, 26 x 18 x 15, 30/
Fall door, bar & trivets—
No. 51½, 24 x 16 x 12, 26/6





STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

Thornbury No. 1, fall door,		45/
" " double door,		50/
New Favorite No. 1	"	50/
Thornbury No. 2	"	65/
Croxton No. 2	"	70/
Bobs ...	..	63/
Bobs, large size, with plate warmer		92/6
Rosella, fall door	...	30/
Woolton "	...	37/6

Every Stove I have in stock is a GOOD COOKER.
Telephone 312 (Brunswick).
TERMS: CASH.

Houses & Land Wanted.

WANTED, all districts, any quantity houses, allotments, farms, country homes. Buyers, tenants waiting. Gordon Garrett, 538 High St., Northcote.

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.

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Market Buildings 445 Collins Street MELBOURNE.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY
SOLICITORS, PROCTORS, CONVEYANCERS.
436 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE (next to Scott's Hotel).
Tel. 196.
Mr. R. Candy's private address—
88 Cunningham Street, Northcote.

HOME AND WILKINSON,
SOLICITORS,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
Commercial Union Chambers, 413, Collins Street, Melbourne.
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W. J. HOME, Commissioner for Victoria.
A. S. WILKINSON. Private address—
[illegible] King William St., Preston.
LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Display, High St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

ROBERT G. BALL
(HENDERSON & BALL),
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Molesworth Chambers,
450 LITTLE COLLINS STREET
(Chancery Lane), MELBOURNE.
Private Residence—
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J. L. CLARKE, LL.B.,
BARRISTER and SOLICITOR,
Atlas Buildings, 406 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Private address: 77 Roberts St., Northcote.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.
LOAN 5.

Notice of Intention to Borrow Money on the Security of a Special Improvement Charge

Take Notice that the Council of the Town of Northcote, at a meeting thereof held on the 16th day of August, 1909, did, by resolution, make a Special Improvement Charge of three shillings and three pence in the £1 yearly on the properties comprised in the several schemes of apportionment for the construction of—

(A) Shaftesbury parade, between High street and Railway parade, Plan 275.
(B) Part of Gotch street, from Victoria road to Leonard street, Plan 353.
(C) Woolton avenue, between Railway parade and High street, Plan 372.
(D) Victoria Road, between Westgarth street and Clarke street, Plan 438.
(E) Normanby avenue, from the railway to St. George's road, part of St. Clair avenue, and part of Rayment street, Plan 472.

Such Special Improvement Charge being made and levied rateably in proportion to the amount of the cost of the works apportioned in respect of each property as set out in the schemes and in regard to the period of time during which it is to continue.

Further notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the said Council to borrow the sum of £58 1s 11d (two thousand four hundred and fifty-eight pounds one shilling and eleven pence), on Mortgage of the said Special Improvement Charge for a period of nine years dating from the 1st day of October, 1909, for defraying the costs, charges, and expenses to be incurred in forming, channelling and metalling, paving and otherwise making good to the satisfaction of the Council the aforesaid streets.

That for the liquidation of such loan an amount of not less than 10 per cent. of the principal sum will be paid off in each year and interest at the rate not exceeding 5½ per cent. per annum be payable up to the termination of the loan at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, High street, Northcote, or at the office of the Mortgagee.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1909.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

REGULATIONS FOR MILK PRODUCERS.

Notice is hereby given to all concerned that the Board of Public Health has made the following regulations:—

1. No person shall sell from or carry for sale or deliver in any can or other vessel any skimmed milk or separated milk unless the said can or vessel be durably marked with or bears a non-detachable label durably marked with the following words:—

SKIMMED MILK OR SEPARATED MILK.

The said words shall be conspicuously situated on the side, shoulder, or neck of the said vessel, and shall be formed of plainly legible black letters of not less than 1½ inches in height on a white or light colored ground.

Penalty for contravening above, fine not exceeding £10.

REGULATION FOR BAKERS.

Persons storing or placing bread for sale or intended for sale in any shop or premises shall protect it from access by rats and mice and prevent it from coming into contact with any unwholesome substance. Penalty, not exceeding £10.

JAMES RYAN,
Shire Secretary.

Wanted to sell.

FOR SALE BY TENDER.
THIRTY ACRES of GROWING CROP.
To close 30th October.
S. LYNCH, Bell Street, Preston.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published Every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23.

The seventh anniversary of the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association was celebrated by a musical and dance social in the town hall on Thursday night. It was largely attended, chiefly by residents of the south, and patrons had an enjoyable time. The president (Mr. C. Jenkins) presided. The dances were interspersed with songs, duets, and recitations by Mr. A. Shande, Miss Hazel Mason, Miss Bowes and Mr. Dyer, Mr. Bradshaw, and Mr. W. P. Roberts. White's orchestra supplied the dance music and refreshments were handed round by the committee. A feature of the anniversary was the presentation of eight ex presidents' certificates to the following gentlemen:—Messrs John Evans, G. C. Hodgson, Harry Evans, G. W. Clauscen, W. J. Dennis, J. Kendrick, S. Dennis, and E. Brothers. Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., in making the presentations, heartily congratulated the members of the association on the excellent work it had done and was still engaged in. It was pleasing, he said, to find men prepared to meet and discuss questions concerning the welfare of the town, and it was even more pleasing to find those persons ready to work harmoniously with the members of the council. (Applause). Ratepayers' associations of this character were very beneficial to the town and no better evidence of their work was wanted than the beautiful entrance they now had to their town. [illegible] local press, and enthusiastically taken up by members, with their old friend Mr. Cornwall—(Applause)—as official collector. Mr. Clauscen had also suggested the desirability of providing play grounds in the park for children, and he was pleased to say that the movement had been warmly supported by members of the association. In a very short time, he understood, tenders would be called for the work. (Applause). Works of this character proved how very valuable the association had been, and he was delighted that the services of the past presidents were being recognized. He had pleasure in making the presentations and would ask Mr. John Evans, the first president, to accept the certificates on behalf of the ex-presidents. (Applause). Mr. Evans, in responding, attributed much of the success of the association to its being based on sound lines and to its being well officered during its early history. He was sure that each president had done his best while in office to initiate some work that would be for the benefit of the town, and on behalf of the ex presidents he tendered to the members their sincere thanks for the presentations made them. Subsequently in an adjacent room the following toasts were honored:—"The King," proposed by the president; "Parliament," proposed by Mr. W. J. Dennis and responded to by Mr. Membrey; "The Town Council," proposed by Mr. G. W. Clauscen and responded to by the mayor (Cr. Hayes) and Crs. Dennis and Lees; "Kindred Associations" by the president and responded to by Messrs Kenny and Sharp; "The Press" by Mr. H. Evans, and "The President of the N.S.R.A." by Mr. John Evans.

At the shire hall on Tuesday evening the employees of Col. Braithwaite tendered him a "Welcome Home" on his return from his trip to England and the Continent. The employees to the number of 60 sat down to tea at 6.30. As Mr. and Mrs Braithwaite and friends entered the hall "Home Sweet Home" was sung, and cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs Braithwaite. Mr. B. Mutimer was in the chair. After tea the chairman, after reading an apology from Mr. J. Smith, a very old employee, who on account of an accident was unable to attend, proposed the toast of "Our Guests" in a very suitable manner and was ably supported by Mr. J. Moylan. Mr. Braithwaite in responding gave a short resume of his trip and said that the fact of his having implicit confidence in his employes and knowing that they would all do their best had helped him to thoroughly enjoy his trip. At 8 o'clock the lady friends of those present arrived and a social evening was spent. Supper was served at 10 o'clock. Between the dances items were rendered by the following:—Mrs Mutimer, Miss Tarrant, Messrs D. Wilson, H. Smith, W. Gibbs, W. Hooper, W. Smith, and J. Kupsch. Mr. E. Long was at the piano and also sang. An enjoyable evening was brought to a close at 11 o'clock.

Cr. Tharratt's election committee tendered him and Mrs Tharratt a return social at the town hall on Monday evening last. There was an attendance of between seventy and eighty, and the event passed off most successfully and enjoyably. The guests were met at the entrance and welcomed with musical honors. An agreeable programme of songs, recitations, &c., was interspersed between the dances, those contributing being Mrs Anderson ("Loch Lomond" and "The Cows are in the Corn"), Miss Wood (recitations "At Number 1" and "The Heroine of Braganza") Mr. Tribe (recitation "The Sea Captain's Story"), Mr. Rowe, (recitation "The Bridal Wine Cup"), Mrs Whalley acted as accompanists. During the evening the chairman (Mr. E. C. Tribe) on behalf of the committee presented Mrs Tharratt with a beautiful E.P. fruit salver and cream jug and sugar basin as a mark of appreciation and as a souvenir of her husband's election. Cr. Tharratt suitably acknowledged the gift. Mr. W. Greer, on behalf of the committee presented Mr. W. T. Rowe (the secretary) with a silver-mounted pipe in case, a kindness that was evidently quite unexpected by the recipient. At the supper-table, which the ladies of the committee had laid with choicest edibles, Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., proposed the toast of "The Guests," referring to Cr. Tharratt's interesting, successful and resultful career locally both as a business man and a municipal representative and also praising Mrs Tharratt's good nature and many other graces. The Mayor, Cr. Hayes, who with the Mayoress was also present supported the toast, to which Cr. Tharratt made a fitting response. Cr. Hastings, in humorous terms, proposed the toast of "The Chairman," to which Mr. Tribe responded, giving all credit to a splendid committee. The enjoyment was kept going till nearly 1 a.m. Messrs D. Young and Solomon provided the dance music.

Cr. Howe, president of Prestonshire, gathered round him in the president's room on Monday evening last the representatives of all the local friendly societies. In proposing a toast in their honor Cr. Howe said he felt it his duty to recognise in this slight way the splendid work which the friendly societies were doing in the community. Cr. Cripps supported the toast. Responses were made by Messrs Fry (A.O.F.), Clancy (H.A.C.B.S.), representatives of the I.O.O.F., Messrs Schulz, J. E. Thomson, and Warr (I.O.R.), E. C. Scott and Hauser (A.N.A.), J. C. and J. E. Nankervis (O.S.U.) Mr. Clancy threw out a hint as to the need of more co-operation and less dog-in-the-manger policy in connection with local friendly societies, and thereafter several speakers spoke approvingly of the reorganisation of the Preston Friendly Societies' Union which in former years did good work in Preston. Cr. Warr, with others, criticised as unnecessary some of the requirements made by the new actuary. He also said the present effort to establish a dispensary for the special use of the Northcote and Preston lodge members was a move in the right direction. Altogether the meeting thoughtfully arranged by the president was the means of a very interesting and profitable discussion.

Lieut-Col. Braithwaite, of Preston, returned after his six months' trip abroad on Sunday last. He has had a most enjoyable time, and says he feels ten years younger. Though a holiday trip it has been a strenuous one—sight seeing till 12 and up at 6 writing an account of what he had seen the day before. While away he transmitted 500 quarto pages of manuscript to his family here, so that they were able to follow him closely in all his wanderings. The Colonel not only "did" the British Isles, but the chief cities of central and southern Europe as well, including Paris, Strasbourg, Venice, Naples and Rome. After seeing many countries he still remained impressed with the wonderful and peculiar beauty of England. He is glad to be back home in the "sunny south" again, however. Having looked upon other cities of the world he returns prouder than ever of Melbourne. Mr. Braithwaite might be induced, perhaps, to give his impressions in the form of a public lecture, which would undoubtedly be very interesting.

A united display by the Preston Girls' and Young Men's Guilds will be given in the shire hall on Monday evening next.

At all the State Schools of Victoria Friday next will be observed as "Bird Day," the idea being to stimulate interest in and cause a realisation of the value of our bird life. There has been a great demand on ornithological experts for lectures, Mr. G. A. Keartland, of Cramer St., Preston, having already had no fewer than 27 requests for his services. Finding it impossible to be in so many places at once he has decided to accept the invitations of the local head masters, and in the early part of the afternoon he will give the Preston children an hour, and afterwards the South Preston boys and girls a lecture of the same duration.

Monday evening last saw the first concert at the Northcote State School in aid of the piano fund. The new hall was crowded and an overflow concert had to be held in another portion of the building. The chairman of the Board of Advice (Mr. E. McPherson) presided. A fine display of calisthenics was given, the club swinging and dumb-bell exercises being a treat to watch, and reflecting great credit on the instructor (Miss Henderson). At the close a hearty vote of thanks to the performers was moved by Cr. Woolhouse, seconded by Mr. Kay and supported by Mr. Duffy.

A meeting to form a branch of the Commonwealth Liberal Party was held in the Rechabite hall, Preston, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Wilson, organiser for Victoria, was present, and a strong branch was formed. The following officers were elected, viz.—President, Mr. W. Ward; pice-president, Mr. Brangrove; secretary and treasurer, Mr. F. Schultz; committee—Messrs Winnett, Thomson, W. Fyfe, Greenhalgh, C. Warr, Rose, Struth and D. Thomson. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Wilson. Next meeting on Oct. 30th. Enrolment cards are in the hands of the secretary.

Localisms.

Preston councillors and officers play their Northcote confreres bowls at the Preston green on Thursday next, 28th.

Another £69 4s 9d interest has been added to Preston loan sinking fund, bringing it up to £4685 8s 4d, or nearly one half the municipality's loan liability.

Tenders have been called for the erection of a new brick station at Northcote. Those who have seen the plans say that a very nice building is provided for.

A meeting of the Moore Benefit Committee will be held in the Rechabite hall on the 28th inst.

Annual meeting of subscribers of Northcote Public Library will be held at the town hall on Tuesday evening; business—to receive report and balance sheet and fill vacancies on the committee.

Northcote P.L.C. hold an open air meeting every Friday evening. Mr. C. Fraser, M.H.R., speaks on 29th.

Madame Melba is giving a concert for the fund to provide nurses for the bush. The lady Mayoresses of the various cities and towns of the metropolis are co operating, and the Mayoress of Northcote (Mrs Hayes) intimates that she will be pleased if ladies will attend a meeting at the town hall on Monday, 25th inst., to form a committee to assist in the object.

The pupils of Miss Ettie Griffiths, assisted by Mr. George Morgan and pupils of Miss Anderson, are to give an elocutionary entertainment in Albert hall, Clifton Hill, next Wednesday evening. The programme consists of fairy plays, children's plays, such as Little Red Riding Hood, tableaux, recitations, &c.

The annual festival in connection with All Saints' Church, Preston, has been fixed for Sunday, 31st inst. Rev. E. J. B. White, M.A., will conduct a special service in the morning, a children's service will be held at 3 p.m., and in the evening the Rev. Canon Hart, M.A., will preside. On Monday 1st (All Saints' Day) at 8 p.m., choral evensong, the preacher being Rev. G. Merrick Long, M.A.

An inspector from the Department of Agriculture is at present visiting Preston gardens and orchards with a view to seeing how they stand with regard to disease. He found it necessary to condemn several trees, &c., in different orchards and gardens.

The next popular lecture arranged by Rev. John Darroch in connection with the Northcote Presbyterian Church will be by Mr. Frank Tate, Director of Education. The date is Monday, November 1, and the subject "Songs of Shakespeare." The lecture will be musically illustrated by the choir.

Lieut. Col. Braithwaite, Preston, met Cr. Bainbridge, Northcote, in Durham Cathedral, England. The world's a small place after all. Reminds us of a story told the other day by a clergyman. Whilst in the busiest part of London he was tapped on the shoulder by an old member of his Victorian flock, a Yarra Glen farmer, who commenced telling how he had been to Wales, and on the way seen such wonderful grass. "If only I could have put my bullocks into it," he said wistfully.

"Fairyland" is the November attraction of All Saints', Preston. It will take place in the shire-hall on the 25th, 26th and 27th, and Mrs. Jarley and her family will make their reappearance in a "business street in fairyland."

Cr. Stanlake told the Preston council meeting on Monday evening that he had been given to understand that if an application were made to the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board for a new station at Preston it would be granted. He moved, accordingly, that an application be made with a reminder as to promises made on two previous occasions.

Preston Branch A.W.A. hold a Cinderella social in the shire-hall on November 1st (Cup eve).

Under the auspices of Preston Branch A.N.A. a grand entertainment is to be given by Young Australians at the shire hall on Saturday next, October 30. The president of the shire (Cr. J. P. Howe) is to preside and items in the way of songs, choruses, action songs, piano solos, gymnastic exercises, fancy dances are to be given by Master Carl Bartling and a couple of score of other young folk. It should be a very interesting evening.

Ernest Lees, auctioneer, estate and financial agent, advertises that he has opened a branch business at Jenkin's News Agency, 106 High street, Northcote S.

When driving home from the City on Tuesday last Mr. J. T. Ralph, of the Junction Hotel, met with a nasty accident. Owing to the state of the tram track he could not pull off the road in time to escape collision with a lorry. The shafts of his buggy were broken and he was thrown out on his head, sustaining some nasty cuts, but fortunately no serious injuries.

Miss Olive Alexander, the talented young pianiste of South Preston, who was successful this year in winning the gold medal for solo under 18, has, it seems won eight gold medals and not six as previously stated.

Between Monday evening and Tuesday morning a most unusual theft took place at a house which is being erected in Mitchell street, Northcote. All the taps were carefully unscrewed and removed. The culprit was evidently skilled in his work as he first took the precaution to turn the water off at the main.

All Saints' Church, Preston, are holding a fete towards the end of next month with the object of raising funds to pay their quota (about £70) towards the construction of Murray road.

A series of Evangelistic services will be held at All Saints' Church, Northcote, commencing on Sunday next. The Missioner, the Rev. H. Gardener, of St. Saviour's, Collingwood, will meet the workers this evening at 8 o'clock. He will address men only on Sunday afternoon at 4.15 and preach at evening service. During the week a song service will be held each evening at 7.30 followed by an evangelistic address.

Gents straw hats, ties and shirts for Henley, Hallam's have them. Pop in and see. [Advt].

BOWLING.

Thornbury our-rink team play a pennant match against M.C.C. at Thornbury today. The three-rink team play a pennant match at Box Hill, and a three-rink rover team play a match against City at City.

Having a bye today, Preston club's four-rink pennant team will play Williamstown at Preston this afternoon.

Thornbury, four-rink were down 47 points against Camberwell last Saturday, and the three-rink team was defeated by 22 points at Armadale.

Preston four-rink pennant team were satisfied with their performance last Saturday against Armadale, the champion metropolitan team. Armadale, after a good game, won by 40.

Northcote's four-rink team was unsuccessful against Prince's Park.

There were 64 bowlers playing on Thornbury green last Saturday, and there will be the same number today, Mr Gillon having lent his new green to Hawthorn City for their pennant matches till such time as their own green is ready.

PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

ADDRESS BY MR. S MAUGER, M.P.

Instead of the ordinary afternoon service a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon" (under the auspices of the Northcote Brotherhood) was held on Northcote Methodist Church anniversary Sunday, the innovation proved popular, for there was a splendid congregation, quite filling the large church. Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., presided, and with him on the platform were the speaker for the afternoon and Cr. Hayes, Mayor of Northcote. Solos were sung by Mr. Lamb and Mr. Will. Davies, and the choir rendered Gounod's "Unfold ye Portals" and Barnby's "King all Glorious" (solos by Mr. Palmer and Mr Groube).

Mr Mauger spoke on the "Condition of Australia," mentioning that the title had been suggested by Mr. G. F. G. Masterman's book on the condition of England. Mr. Masterman, in his book, declared that 80 per cent of the population of England are always on the border land of poverty, hunger and want. He (Mr. Mauger) wanted to speak to them about the material condition, the social condition, the moral condition and the religious condition of Australia. There was no doubt about its material condition. It was the richest country, per capita, on the face of the earth (the speaker gave figures to prove it). Their political freedom also was the greatest in the world, even democratic Switzerland, where they had not yet emancipated woman hood, lagging far behind. It was the same with their social freedom. In no country did they work shorter hours and get more holidays, including a universal half holiday. Now let him ask were they any better for this? Were they intellectually, socially or morally better for it? Were they doing any more with these privileges than using them as a means to add to their own selfish pleasure? If not then it were infinitely better that in Australia there had been no religious freedom they had also that complete—an open Bible and no State church—and yet what was the result? He was not going to plead for a Puritanic Sunday, but he did not like the signs of the times. He was not going to affirm that a game of golf or a game of cricket on a Sunday was actually sinful, but he would affirm that in Australia, with all their spare time for recreation, it was absolutely unjustifiable. One of the most prominent members of the recent Commerce Congress declared that the tendency he saw in Australia of the growth of materialism, as the outcome largely of their undoubted prosperity, was appalling. It was not an openly expressed and avowed materialism, but all the same it was eating into the vitals of their social life. And with all their great political privileges, what are they doing with them? Why, not 50 per cent. of their manhood troubled to exercise their right to vote. Far more interest was taken in the Burns Johnson fight—an event that lowered the moral tone of the world—than in the last state elections. And was there not just at the present time a thousand times more interest in the Caulfield Cup than in the financial problems of the Commonwealth & State? And though they were far from having 50 per cent. on the border of poverty, poverty was increasing in Australia, with all its great prosperity, 32 per cent faster than the population. Surely, then, there was something wrong somewhere. The Commonwealth was now paying about £2,000,000 a year to 60,000 old age pensioners, and yet the pressure on charitable institutions was not reduced. Why not? He had been struggling with that question ever since he first heard it. He was not going to say one word against any deserving man or woman getting a pension; but what they needed to ask was, were they in their desire to do justice going to bring about injustice? He had heard of an artisan, getting £3 a week, who, when remonstrated with for his spendthrift ways and advised to take a pull at himself, as he was getting older and should be providing for the future, said "D— the future; the children can go to an Orphan Asylum and I'll get an old age pension." Did they not think that this spirit was getting too prevalent to-day? It was the sturdy self-reliance of the British people that had made the country what it is, and it was the only thing that would keep it as it is. In Germany every boy and girl when they started work had to commence to contribute to a National Pension Fund, and when they reached the age of 65 they could demand a pension as a right and not get it as a charity dole. He was told by the labour people that he dare not mention this but he was going to advocate it on every platform. £520,000 was spent on cigarettes, and only £15,000 on University endowment; £13,000,000 on drink and only £2,800,000 on education; added to which £219,000 was spent in gambling last year. To all men he said "Get out of your selfishness," and to the young men "Don't be parasites."

RAILWAY MATTERS.

FUNDS FOR DUPLICATING LINE TO BE PROVIDED FOR IN NEXT LOAN BILL.

NAMES OF MURRAY & PRESTON RESERVOIR STATIONS TO BE CHANGED TO PRESTON & RESERVOIR.

NEW TRAIN FROM CITY AT 11.10 P.M.

WON'T ALTER 7.15 P.M TRAIN FROM CITY TO 7.30.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., sent to the Preston council on Monday evening a letter he had received from the Railway Department stating it was intended to make provision in the Schedule to the Loan Bill now in course of preparation for the duplication of line to Preston Reservoir, and the work would be proceeded with as early as possible after the Loan Bill has passed the Legislature.

Mr. Membrey forwarded a second letter stating that in compliance with the wishes of the council the names of Murray and Preston Reservoir Stations would be changed to Preston and Reservoir respectively, now names to date from issue of Summer time-table. The Commissioners had also approved of an additional train from the City at 11.10 p.m., but could not alter the 7.15 p.m. "down" train to 7.30 as it would not suit the convenience of people returning from trips down the Bay.

The letters were referred to the committee of the whole for consideration.

GROWTH OF TRAFFIC.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., has supplied us with some figures showing the enormous growth of traffic during the past six years. In 1903 the revenue from the stations from Merri to Reservoir was £7622 10s 1d, now it is £15,637 15s 5d. The greatest increase was at Thornbury, which more than quadrupled, going up from £467 3s 5d to £1905 15s 4d. Croxton nearly trebled its takings, the figures rising from £1135 15s 11d to £3223 11s 11d in the six years. Bell nearly doubled—from £1477 19s 7d to £2108 12s 7d, and there is nearly twice the volume at Murray and Regent, the figures being now £1583 0s 10d and £1764 8s 7d respectively. The traffic from Westgarth to Heidelberg has also just about doubled.

Sale of Live Stock.

Nicol Miller and Co. report having held their fortnightly sale of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., at their yards, Coburg, on Monday. There was a good attendance of buyers and about 200 cattle, all in splendid condition, were yarded. The selling was spirited and a total clearance was effected at increased values:—Milkers, £5 to £7, forward sprungers, £5 to £7 10s; backward, £4 to £5, fat cows, £4 to £5; steers, two years old, £5 10s to £6; two and three year old heifers, £3 to £4 5s; yearlings, 20s to 40s; store cows 20s to £3. We sold on account of the following: Messrs R. S. Anderson, Mickleham, C. G. Williams, R. Fraser, A. D. Leder, W. McCallum, W. H. Poole, J. Mason, W. Fox, D. Brannigan, E. J. Fox and others.

Men's Summer Mercery
Seasonable and Fashionable Mercery is displayed in our windows just now.
Everything you want—at just the price you want to pay.
Call and See the SMART, SUMMER STYLES!
SPLENDID SHIRTS!
NECKWEAR NOVELTIES!
HATS FOR ALL HEADS!
Everything is New and Fresh and there's more still to arrive.
George Wardrop,
Tailor of Quality,
SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH.

FIFTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

Special services were conducted last Sunday to celebrate the fifty sixth anniversary of the church. Glorious spring weather prevailed and large congregations assembled. Excellent discourses were preached morning and evening by Revs. J. Nall and T. Alday respectively, and the choir, under Mr. W. Illingworth, rendered several anthems by such classic composers as Handel, Gounod, Stainer, &c.

"AT HOME."

The annual Methodist "At Home" was held in the school hall on Monday evening, and was well attended. Mr. George Little, the treasurer of the church, presided and was given a warm welcome. The Revs. T. Alday, R. Ditterich and Uglow and Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., also had seats on the platform, which was attractively decorated with lovely bowls of roses and lilies. The musical portion of the programme was well tendered and well received, and was arranged by the choirmaster, Mr. W. Illingworth, of whom the following appreciation appears in the annual report:—"Mr. Illingworth, our capable conductor, deserves our special thanks for the conscientious and unflagging fulfilment of his duties as choirmaster." The ladies and gentlemen who so kindly contributed to the pleasure of those present were:—Misses Wallwork, Groves, Cox, and Jensen, Mrs. Illingworth (accompanist), and Messrs S. Frayein, Goothe and Illingworth.

The chairman remarked that three great things had happened since their last anniversary. The first of these was the erection of their school buildings, among the finest in the suburban area, with accommodation sufficient to meet all requirements for many years to come. (Applause.) The second was the abolition of pew rents. He had always been opposed to the system, regarding it as a dreadful thing to sell the right for sitting in a church seat. He rejoiced to know that the higher ideal of making all seats free had been adopted. The third thing that had occurred was the gracious revival which had taken place in their church life, attributable, in a large measure, to the evangelistic work done of course. One of the highest principles of manhood was to be unbridled to anyone. That led the speaker to refer to riches. The inclination to get wealth was not always actuated by selfishness, but very often from a desire to leave those coming after in a better position than they themselves were, which was a mistaken idea. The rush for wealth was a characteristic of all modern civilisations, but under all the true conduct of men was his inherent worth and not the quantity of this world's goods he had accumulated. (Applause.) All kinds of schemes of political economy had endeavoured without success to solve the problem of a more equal and equitable distribution of wealth, but after looking into all the panaceas he was convinced that the only solution rested in the hands of the individual, actuated by the principle of pure mercy and justice. There were two more proverbs he would quote. The first was—"When all men have what belongs to them it won't be mine" (Laughter), and the second—"Honor and profit are seldom found in the same sack." If man only got what really belonged to him, continued the lecturer, it would not be much, and if he conducted his business on the highest principles of morality he would not make a large fortune. Many of them would like to do good, and they tried very hard to do good, but the experience of St. Paul was their experience also—"Will I would do good evil is present with me." Evil was pressing upon them in spite of themselves. If business men and employers of labor would but properly recognise the claims of those who helped them to make their wealth they would not have much in the end. Thus it was that through the non-observance of this principle many of their so called Christian men made as much in business as did those who professed no religion. He would like to know who of those men would stand if they were judged by the highest moral and Christian test? Certainly not out of the sack. The love of wealth was unworthy the true ideal of life. It vitiated, vulgarised, and commonised life. It was not needed. The goal of their ambition should be to develop on physical, moral, and spiritual lines, full to overflowing with the sweetest joys of life. There was another proverb which said—"Poverty is the mother of wealth." It did not mean that grinding, starving poverty that almost sapped the life from the body, but that kind of poverty which enforced moderation in all things.

WHY HELMORE PLEADED GUILTY.

"I should like to know exactly what he did tell you," said Tom Helmore.

"Certainly, you've a right to know that," granted Mr. Barton. "Doctor Clyde stated that while your father was at Bournemouth with your mother, whom he had taken there in a practically dying condition, you were arrested for stealing large sums of money from your employers and falsifying the books. He also said that you pleaded guilty to the charges, and were sentenced to two years' imprisonment."

The speaker fixed his keen eyes on the face of the young man before him and anxiously awaited a reply. At last it came—five tensely spoken words.

"He told you the truth."

Mr. Barton drew himself erect with a jerk. He had expected that Helmore would meet the accusation with a point-blank denial—that his informant had made some error in identity which could be readily explained away.

"True!" he cried, bringing his fist heavily down on the arm of his chair. "And yet you dared to make love to my daughter? You—a man so dead to honor that you could rob your employers while your mother was dying and your father was heart-broken with grief!"

"I ought to have informed Nora of all this before I asked her to become my wife," admitted Helmore. "But I did not speak because I could not tell all. You only know part of the story."

"To know you are guilty is enough," was the sharp retort.

"I'm as innocent as you are! I——"

He checked himself.

Shame burned in his brown cheeks at this humiliation. His whole nature rained into revolt at the contempt poured upon him. His nettle was stinging him savagely, and he had been on the point of dropping it. The impulse, however, was of short duration. He had chosen his course and must keep it, despite the scorn of his fellows.

"If you were innocent, why did you plead guilty before the judge?"

"I cannot tell you," answered Helmore. "I was the victim of circumstances. A different plea would have resulted in consequences far more painful than what actually followed."

"You expect me to believe that?" Mr. Barton sarcastically laughed. "Why, it's the tale every criminal tells."

"I don't think I expected you to believe it," the young man replied, recoiling sensitively from the taunt flung at him, "but it's the truth, and the time may come when you will deeply regret your present harshness."

"Are you threatening me?" The speaker leaned forward defiantly as he put the question.

"You know very well I'm not," Helmore curtly returned. "You seem determined to misunderstand me, so the sooner our interview comes to an end the better. I'll go——"

"Not till we've arrived at some arrangement about the future,' interposed Mr. Barton. "Your conduct has placed you outside the pale of honorable society, therefore you and my daughter must henceforth be strangers."

"And if I refuse?" queried Helmore, stiffening perceptibly, while his mouth set with a firmness which foreshadowed opposition.

"If you refuse I shall place all my information in the hands of your present employers," was the quick retort, "and give the world at large the story you have so carefully concealed. Refusal would be rather suicidal, wouldn't it?"

Helmore rapidly reviewed the situation. He was undoubtedly in the hollow of this man's hand. Should the secret of his past leak out he would be ruined. His employers would unhesitatingly dismiss him from the position he had won by six years of faithful, honest work. Once again he would be an outcast among men. Fate was dead against him—he must bow before her.

"What does Nora say about it?" he asked, after a lengthy pause.

"Unless she is prepared to see you exposed and disgraced, she will do as I wish," declared Mr. Barton. "Don't entertain any wild idea of persuading her to marry you in defiance of my wishes. Let me tell you that would be the most disastrous step you could take, for I would disown her, and do to you all I have said and more."

"And how do we stand if I agree to your terms?" inquired Helmore, realising from these fiercely earnest words that the speaker could be merciless when thwarted.

"Exactly as we did before we knew each other."

"Then I may take it that you will respect my secret?"

"Just as long as you respect my wishes."

"Thank you," said Helmore. Then with a quiet "Good day" he left the room.

Mr. Barton sat on for several minutes, gazing absently at the door through which his visitor had disappeared, thinking deeply.

"The blackguard!" he muttered, his hands gripping the arms of his chair. "The heartless blackguard!"

. . . . . .

On leaving the house Helmore walked slowly down the drive. Coming to a side path which led to some meadows, he turned along it, the silence and seclusion of the fields being more in keeping with his despondent mood than the noise of the dusty road.

Fate, which had been so unkind to him, seemed to have relented, for the girl he most loved, yet least expected to see, was standing at the gate through which he had to pass.

He was wondering how she would greet him, when she stepped forward with a faint smile and extended hand.

"I thought you might come this way," she said, coloring slightly.

"And you came to bid me farewell?" he asked.

"Is it to be that, Tom—farewell?"

He voice was not quite so steady as at first.

"I'm afraid so. Your father has the whip-hand. I am absolutely in his power. You know what he has been told?"

"I don't understand. How has dad got you in his power?" she asked, leaving his question unanswered. "It sounds like a bit out of a book."

"He says we are to have nothing more to do with each other—that the engagement must be broken off."

"And you have agreed?"

"What could I do? He threatened to expose me to my employers if I did not comply with his demands."

"Expose you? But, Tommy—it isn't—true? You haven't—been to——" Instead of completing the jerky sentence, she looked up at him with something very like fear in her large, dark eyes.

"Yes, I'm a jail-bird; it's quite true," he confessed, with a touch of despair. "Still, you need not be afraid of me, Norrie; I shan't hurt you."

"What have I done that you should speak to me like that?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Why, you have wronged me—deemed me capable of a deed to which the meanest scoundrel would blush to sink. Don't deny it!" he passionately commanded. "Your eyes were full of fear and distrust a moment ago."

Then his manner suddenly changed. Taking the girl's face tenderly between his hands, he fixed his eyes unflinchingly upon hers.

"Forgive me," he begged, in low, appealing tones. "I think this business is breaking my heart. A word or a look even hurts. I've been through it all once; now I seem to have got back to the beginning again. This is all my own fault; it's a punishment for making love to you under false colors. It was a despicable thing to do, but I was afraid to speak because I couldn't tell you all. But, badly as I wanted you had marriage with me been any real disgrace, I would never have asked you to become my wife.

"I've never told you a lie, Norrie, dear, and I never will. With appearances so dark against me, you will be unable to believe it, but I tell you now that I am absolutely innocent. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed—nothing I would not do again in the same circumstances—nothing you would not have me do."

He bent towards her, then drew himself up as though a new thought had struck him.

"I do believe you, Tommy," said the girl. "I trust you fully."

Helmore's face brightened visibly, and he kissed her. Then silence fell between them, for good-byes must now be said, and greetings might never again be spoken.

"I cannot ask you to pledge yourself to me, but if I am ever able to clear my honor, and you are still—free, may I come to you?"

"I shall always be free and waiting for you."

"Ah, don't promise that," he warned. "I may never come; and I don't want you to waste your life in waiting. If you meet someone else you had better forget me."

"Do you think you'll meet someone else?" she tremulously asked, glancing wistfully up at his averted face.

He laughed harshly.

"There never has been—never can be—anyone else for me, dear!" he exclaimed.

"Nor for me, Tommy."

Helmore felt that he was losing his self-control. Delaying the parting was only prolonging the pain, and weakening both for the final break.

"Good-bye, sweetheart. Keep a brave heart," he implored, taking the girl in his arms. "Hope on, hope ever. God may take pity on us yet."

The next moment he was gone. Through the gate and across the fields she watched him, though the tears played strange tricks with her vision. At a distant bend in the path he turned and waved his hand; then he was out of sight. Yet she still stood there gazing at the spot where she had last seen him.

. . . . . .

"By Jove, Helmore, this is a pleasure!"

"Why, it's Barton!"

The two men shook hands heartily, punctuating the performance with ejaculations of delighted surprise, regardless of the crowds of passengers surging round them on the busy platform.

"You are, indeed, a picture from the past! Wha'ever brings you to this sleepy place?"

"Oh, I've just recovered from a long spell of illness, and my son insisted on my coming here to recuperate. I don't see the young beggar anywhere," complained Mr. Helmore lightly. "You don't know him, I suppose?"

"Is he cashier for Lovell and Bond?"

"Yes."

"Then I know him very well. I haven't seen him. Here's my daughter; she's been seeing some friends off."

Mr. Helmore viewed the girl with a keenness that she considered almost rude while being introduced.

"Well, your son doesn't appear to have come," pursued Mr. Barton. "You have only a short distance to go, though, and your way lies past my place, so we might walk on together."

The suggestion was promptly accepted, and the three left the station. Before they had gone far Mr. Helmore said:

"Do you know, my boy's engaged to a girl named Barton. Can it be this young lady? She's strikingly like the photo he showed me."

"It was Nora, but the engagement was broken off some months ago."

A regretful "Oh!" followed the announcement. A lovers' quarrel, eh?" The question was put to the girl. She hesitated over her reply, then, impelled by a desire to get to the bottom of the mystery, threw out the unpalatable truth.

"We were told he had been to prison—he admitted it, and dad said that there could be nothing further between us."

"Is that right? He—never told me!" jerked out Mr. Helmore, gripping his friend's arm as he came to a standstill, his pale face stamped with a pained expression.

"I'm very sorry to have hurt you," apologised Nora. "I thought you knew."

Mr. Barton helped the stricken man into his own house, which they had just reached. A rest and a glass of brandy considerably revived him.

"I'd better send for Tom——"

"Not till we've talked the matter over," protested Mr. Helmore. "Was it solely on account of this prison story that the two young people parted?"

"Yes."

"What did Tom say when you accused him?"

"Only that he was innocent. Beyond that he kept a determined silence."

"He is innocent, Barton. Those books were falsified by—me."

The confession came with something like a sob, and the speaker's head sank upon his breast. The girl beside him drew a short, sharp breath.

"Impossible, Helmore! You are saying this to shield him."

"I took the money—committed the crime, and he paid the penalty," Mr. Helmore resumed. "It happened years ago. My wife was always delicate, and the time came when I had to lose her. The doctor said it might mean an extra week or two of life if I could get her to the South Coast. I'd have given my life to keep her with me a little longer, and I robbed the firm to do it—my savings were exhausted.

"Tom was with me, learning the business, and was the only one beside myself who had access to the books. He detected the alterations, and, knowing my position, suspected me. Then the auditor discovered the fraud and demanded explanations. Had investigations been made, I should have been dragged from my wife's bedside to the dock. To save me from that, Tom pleaded guilty.

"At the end his mother was continually asking for him, and I had to invent letters and messages. I told her that he could not return for several days, as the firm had sent him away, and under that impression she died."

Mr. Helmore stopped when his uneven recital had attained this point. He had awakened poignant memories by thus laying bare his long-guarded secret. He had fretted unheaded wounds into a throbbing ache, and his haggard features bore traces of the internal conflict.

"When all was over I went back to my work," he struggled on again. "My employers condoled with me on the loss of my wife, and sympathised with me in the shame of my son—the shame that was mine, but which I lacked the courage to own. All the money I had stolen I paid back with interest. My debt to my son I can never discharge.

"Don't punish the innocent for the guilty, Barton," he begged, rising unsteadily to his feet, and making an appealing gesture. "Drop me if you like, I don't expect to be the friend of any honorable man. But the boy—he deserves well of Fate—give him his due. And you," he went on, turning to Nora, "he told me that he loved you better than any other thing on all God's great broad earth. Think of what he has suffered, and be kind to him."

. . . . . .

"Dear Tom,—Please come up at once. Urgent.—Sincerely yours, David Barton."

Helmore read this astonishing note again and again. It contained enormous possibilities, but it was too slight a foundation to build great hopes on.

It was months after his interview with Mr. Barton, and, though he had faithfully kept his promise to that gentleman, there had been no indication of relenting.

The note started a succession of unexpected events. On obeying its summons, Helmore was pleasantly welcomed by the man who had sternly insisted on parting him from the girl he loved, and Nora herself greeted him with a bright, bewildering smile.

"The last time you were here, Tom, you warned me that some day I might be sorry for the harshness with which I was then treating you," began Mr. Barton. "You were right. I am sorry for what I then said."

Helmore was staggered. The whole affair was beyond his comprehension. Perhaps this was merely a ruse of Barton's to get to the bottom of his secret. It was impossible that the truth could have leaked out.

"I know all," was the next assertion—"all you did, and why, and I—you're a man in a million, lad."

"You know all?" reiterated Helmore, an ashy hue spreading over his countenance.

"Yes. I know it was your father who falsified the books and stole the money—that it was to save him you——"

"Silence!" thundered the young man, his eyes flaming with anger. "How dare you slander a man to his own son? By Heavens! if you were younger, I'd thrash you! You must be mad—mad to think of such a thing."

"Tommy! Tommy!" cried Nora, stepping fearlessly in his way. "It's the truth. Your——"

"I say it's a wicked——"

Their eyes met, and his denial broke off abruptly.

"Steady there, lad. They're right. I've told all."

The three swung round, and saw Mr. Helmore swaying at the door.

"Dad!" burst out the son, reaching his father's side in a couple of strides. "You here?"

"I waited for them to tell you, but hearing high words, thought I had better interfere," was the smiling answer. "Why didn't you come to meet me, you scamp?"

"Because your letter said 3.10; and you must have come by the 10.3."

"Never mind. It was a fortunate mistake, I believe. It's enabled me to clear the ground a bit," commented Mr. Helmore. "Why didn't you tell me of the trouble you were in?"

"It happened at the time of your illness. Besides, to have told you would have been like asking you to confess; and I couldn't do that till you were well, could I?"

"You knew it was heart-trouble, Tommy," said Mr. Helmore, huskily, putting his hands on his sons' shoulders, "and I don't think you'd ever have told me for fear of the shock. Luckily I met Barton at the station—we're old schoolfellows—and your little game was exposed. If you are as good a husband as you've been a son, some girl will be wonderfully happy."

"Mr. Barton, I was rude to you a moment ago," admitted Helmore. "I couldn't believe you knew all, and I was bound to—to—play the game."

'I understand—you were quite right. All's well that ends well," he said; then, taking Tom's father by the arm, he led him away.

"I told you when we parted, Norrie, that I had done nothing you would not have me do," said Helmore, directly they were alone. "Have I? Tell me."

"Tommy, any girl would be proud for the man she loved to do what you have done—just that," she answered, looking up at him.

"And are you proud?"

"Don't my eyes tell you?"

"They are full of tears. What does that mean?"

"Only that my heart is too full for words," she returned, indistinctly. She was in his arms then, and kisses are not conducive to clearness of speech.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF PARADISE.

The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the centre of the snows of Sweden, while the Muscogulgees imagine it among the islands of the vast Pacific.

The Mexican Indians believe that those who die from wounds or are drowned go to a cool and delightful place, there to enjoy all manner of pleasure; those who die in battle or captivity are wafted to the palace of the sun, and lead a life of endless delight. After an abode of four more years in this splendid habitation, they animate clouds and birds of beautiful feather, and of sweet song, having at the same time liberty to ascend to Heaven or descend to earth, to suck sweet flowers, and warble enchanting songs.

The Tonquinese imagine the forest and the mountains to be peopled with a peculiar kind of genii, who exercise an influence over the affairs of mankind; and in their ideas relative to a state of future happiness, they regard a delightful climate, and atmosphere surcharged with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of earthly felicity.

Among the Arabs, a fine country, with abundance of shade, forms the principal object of their promised bliss.

One tribe of American Indians believe that the souls of good men are conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding with guavas and other delicious fruits, while others regard it as a place beyond where the inhabitants have nothing to do but hunt—the "happy hunting-ground."

The Heaven of the Celts was called "Flashinnis," the "island of the good and brave"; their hell, "Ifturin," the "island of cold climate." The Druids believed that the souls of good men were wafted, in progressive course, from planet to planet, enjoying, at every successive change, a more sublime felicity than in the last.

Doubtful Praise.

A full-back in a county football team once had the misfortune to put the ball through his own goal. This regrettable error lost his side the game, and he suffered agonies of self-reproach on the long journey home.

"I'm no more use than a chocolate footballer," he said to his sweetheart, who had travelled a hundred miles to see him play. "A slip of a boy from school would have shaped better than I did."

"Now, George, I won't let you say such horrid things about yourself!" declared his loyal sweetheart. "You've no idea how popular you are. I heard a gentleman praising you up to the skies this afternoon."

"Never!" emphatically exclaimed the incredulous player.

"Oh, but it's quite true!" she said proudly. "He said you'd brought his club the best bit of luck they'd had for ages, and he heartily wished you were playing against them in every match!"

Hopeless.

When the stringed band, hidden behind the rose and carnation screen in Mrs. Poolo's dining-room, began to play an air from one of Meyerbeer's operas, the daughter of the house turned hopefully to the young and apparently dumb stranger who had been told off to take her in.

Here was a promising opening for conversation.

"Do you like Meyerbeer?" she asked.

"I never drank a glass of one of those lagers in my life," the young man replied with a touch of superiority.

What London street puts you in mind of a tooth which has pained you a long time?—Long Acre.

THE RICH MAN'S WIFE.

By Louise Gerard.

In the library of Silas T. Howley's country house were half a dozen men. The millionaire pork-packer had a big scheme on, and it was to be worked out and settled in that room. Silas said there were too many eyes in his Chicago office. He stood in front of the roaring fire, a rugged, powerful figure, with a hard, coarse face, the jaw of a bull-dog and hands almost the size of small hams. The son of his father, an Irish navvy, who had left the old country for the old country's good; but differing from his father inasmuch as, whereas Silas T. Howley, senior, had died a drunken pauper in a Bowery slum, Silas T. Howley, junior, at thirty-nine was the richest man in Chicago. And it was his boast that he intended to be the richest man in America.

The room was in darkness save for the flickering light of the fire that played on the faces of the five men seated round it—all true prophets of the great god Mammon. Although Silas could see the countenances of his five co-operators, his own was in the shadow. He had just propounded his scheme and was watching its effect. Without the aid of at least three of them the thing could not be carried through; and again, the whole five could do nothing without him.

A great man for getting his own way was Silas, and he always got the best thing on the market for his money. It was whispered in Chicago that the only plunge of his that had ever gone wrong was the matrimonial one. This was only rumor. It was a fact that his wife had never been seen in American society, although according to report he had been married nearly a year. Visitors were not encouraged at the great house he called his country seat, and the servants refused to gossip, which was disappointing from an American point of view. It was known that two years previously Silas had gone to England determined to get the bluest blood for his money, and had fallen violently in love with a girl not more than half his age, the daughter of an impoverished earl, who loathed him as only a delicately-nurtured girl could loathe a big coarse man, the antithesis of all she had been accustomed to. Also, it was known that when Silas, T. Howley, multi-millionaire and pork-packer, pressed his suit, the elderly and impecunious earl, figuratively speaking, kicked him down the stairs of the ancient and decaying mansion.

Silas was not the man to let go anything he had set his hands on, much less the only thing that had ever cut through the gold casing to his heart. No one knew better than he did how much Lady Muriel Delaroy disliked him, but he wanted that little girl more than he had ever wanted anything. Money was his great lever, but when that refused to work he resorted to strategy. He returned to Chicago and, on the most picturesque spot to be found within a hundred mile radius, built a replica of the ancient pile out of which he had been so summarily ejected, furnishing it, as well as he could remember, in the style prevalent there. Meanwhile his agents in England were waging a golden war, and the next time Silas presented himself to Cyril, ninth Earl of Montmorton, he possessed every mortgage and moneylender's paper to which were attached the names of either that elderly gentleman or his wild and extravagant son, and demanded immediate payment of his daughter. Young Lord Delaroy desired personally to assist Silas down the crumbling stairs that led from the great oak door to the gravel drive beneath, and expressed his willingness to face ruin cheerfully rather than his sister should marry, to use his words, "an American hog." For the honor of the family Lady Muriel intervened, and Silas got his way. The engagement was a short one. Only a month elapsed from the time Silas presented the mortgages, etc., to the wedding-day. There were those who said it was just as well, in some quarters doubt was expressed as to whether she would last through the ceremony. One thing was certain, that from the day Lady Muriel Delaroy became Lady Muriel Howley, she might have been off the earth for all that was seen of her.

Silas had his own way of doing things. There was no honeymoon; in that he showed sense. He had taken his little English wife straight to America on his private yacht, and, landing at an out-of-the-way place, had her ensconced in the big house that was as nearly like her own home as he could make it, before America realised the fact. The novelty of the case—blue blood coming into the country, not dollars going out—pleased the people. Silas was besieged with reporters and the like, but he refused to say anything beyond that he had given orders to his keepers to shoot anyone found trespassing on his grounds. It was difficult to get round a man of Silas T. Howley's calibre the press agreed with sorrow, and so with a resigned shrug, it amused itself by inventing stories concerning him and his aristocratic bride. A leading Chicago daily even went as far as to say he was not married at all, and the whole thing was a colossal advertisement. This theory, however, was somewhat rudely upset by a rival paper announcing, some weeks prior to the opening of this story, the arrival of a son to Silas T. and Lady Muriel Howley. But as far as Chicago knew, there was as much truth in one as the other.

After Silas launched his bomb, there was silence in the library. He stirred the fire to a more cheerful blaze, and then went to the window. Bright lights were burning in a room that lay snug and warm-looking between the main building and the wing that jutted out on the other side of the snow-covered terrace. A lot of the coarseness died from his face as his eyes rested on it, and the hard, resoluto mouth was almost pathetic. Again taking up his former position, he glanced at his companions. It was their turn to speak. He had done his talking. He knew his sort, and knew they had bitten.

The door opening made him look round quickly, and his hand sought the electric switch.

"Will you—will you come and have tea with Sonnyboy and me? Oh!" the nervous voice gasped as the flood of light streamed through the room, "I had no idea there was anybody also here."

Standing by the door was a slim, dark-haired girl. Such a fragile little thing, and on her arm was a morsel of humanity in silk and fine embroidery.

The five men had risen hastily when the low, sweet contralto voice—so different from the high-pitched twang of their own women—floated through the room. Involuntarily John P. Scott, thirty years ago deserter from the British army, now reputed the richest man and biggest blackguard in Texas, saluted. Perhaps of the six, Silas was the most startled.

"I—I'm sorry I've disturbed you."

John P. Scott said afterwards he had never seen a man cover a distance equalling that from the fireplace to the library door in as short a time as did Silas when his wife turned to go. The fact seemed to bring him to himself.

"Don't run away, Muriel, little pet. We're doing nothing at all," and the big hand that was laid on her shoulder trembled.

The ex-soldier whistled mentally. "Nothing at all!" A scheme that would double the wealth of each one there! Verily some men—more especially husbands—are liars! Silas had forgotten everything but the wife whose rough wooing had nearly been her death, and who had come to him for the first time of her own accord.

The bundle on her arm was what had brought her. For its sake the high-born, nervous little girl was going to try and understand the big, strange husband.

"Nurse said I might go for a little walk—just as far as from one room to another, so—so I thought I would come and see you. I—I understood you were alone."

Silas stood looking down at the small, pale face, and his fingers touched the soft hair caressingly.

"I guess her ladyship ought to sit down; she don't look fit to stand."

It was John P. Scott who spoke. In the interval he had drawn the most comfortable chair nearer to the fire. Silas came back from the seventh heaven; he drew his wife across to the fireplace and introduced his friends. She sat, a dainty piece of porcelain suddenly cast amongst a lot a crude earthenware jars. There was a pathetically lost, lonely look in her eyes as she glanced round. The ex-soldier closed up to her.

"Will you let me have the little un, my lady? Years ago the colonel's wife considered me a rare hand with the kiddies."

She looked at the bronzed, scarred face. There was an echo in his voice that reminded her of home—not the guttural accent of the American-German Jews, or the grating twang of the couple of New Yorkers who formed the rest of the party, or like her husband's strong Chicago which he endeavored to tone down to something like her own language when he spoke to her.

"Don't you think he's a big boy, Mr. Scott?" putting the bundle into his arms.

"Private Scott, wust man in his regiment. At your service, my lady."

"You—you are English?" she asked, wistfully.

"Once, my lady; but I was no credit to the old flag, so I sail under other colors now."

"I—I was English once, and—sail under other colors now. A wife is of the same nationality as—her husband, isn't she, Silas?" and one slim hand was put timidly on the big one that lay on the arm of her chair.

It looked so out of place on the coarse, sinewy hand with its thick, square-tipped fingers—like a lily too long out of water, lying weak and limp on a lump of rough, red clay. John P. Scott found it in his heart to wish he had not backed up Silas in that shooting affair at Frying Pan Creek, twelve years ago. Lilies do not flourish on clay. The ex-soldier was quite relieved when the big paw swallowed it up. It was not so noticeably out of place then.

A constrained silence fell on the men. Silas had eyes only for the delicate piece of feminity that money alone could have made his. The others were as much at their ease as they would have been with an angel from Heaven. With a woman of their own sort they were quite at home. They all, with the exception of Scott, had wives somewhere who spent most of their times in Europe trying to cultivate the atmosphere that seemed to radiate from the small being.

She glanced at them nervously.

"Won't you sit down? You all look so big and important standing up. You quite frighten me."

Four sat down with obvious relief. They felt less in the way, as if they were not so noticeable in that position. They would have knelt or crawled out of the room on their stomachs had she so ordered.

"What were you all doing when I came in just now?"

"What we most ways does, my lady. Hunting the golden bug."

She looked at Silas, perplexed.

"The national pastime, little girl—money-making."

"I—I thought you had more than you knew what to do with."

Scott spoke:

"Once you gets into the golden whirlpool, my lady, you goes on and on quicker and ever quicker till death sucks you down in the middle."

Lady Muriel looked at her husband.

"It's a scheme that will make you and Sonnyboy just twice as rich as you are now, darling. We're going to combine pork. The six of us here can do it. We're going to smash every firm, home or foreign, that won't join us. Get the monopoly and dole out to the world at our own price."

Lady Muriel was still at sea. She looked at her husband blankly. Scott brought the situation to within her grasp.

"It means, my lady, that whereas folks now pays, say, sixpence a pound for their bacon, lard and the like, when we get the combine going they'll have to pay a shilling, and the extra sixpence on all them millions of pork produce goes into the pockets of those here present."

"Oh!" she said again. For the first time animation crept into the girlish face. She looked a little tensely at her husband. "Why do you want all this money?" she asked.

The hard, coarse face softened.

"For you, darling, and Sonnyboy."

Her mouth quivered. John P. Scott thought he saw tears in her eyes.

"We don't want it. We've far, far more than enough already. I should always think of the millions of poor people who have hardly enough to buy food now. Always hear children crying, and every tear would be a sixpence. I don't like the scheme, do you, Mr. Scott?" The eyes overflowed, and a tear splashed on the baby's face as she took it from the man's arms.

The ex-soldier held the distinction of being the biggest liar in Texas. A position difficult to obtain and hard to keep owing to excessive competition. His companions gave him a secure and permanent first as he heartily agreed he did not like the scheme, and it was his intention to vote the thing. He had come that afternoon with one great object—to persuade Silas away from this new idea of his.

When he finished five men sighed and envied him this wonderful gift.

"You won't do it, will you, Silas? I would rather Sonnyboy were—dead than that he should live to make you do those things."

There were only two things on earth that Silas loved—his wife and dollars. The baby was nothing to him compared to the little woman who held it; but it was the bond that held them, that brought them together, that had kept her from fading out of life altogether. He could give her nothing but money; the gift had almost proved a funeral pyre. Now she had blossomed back into life again, he wanted to heap still more on her—to seat her on a golden throne, the richest woman in America!

"You won't do it, will you, Silas? You won't make all those poor people poorer and more miserable—make them pay you money you don't need—money that—that I think would smother me?"

The big, coarse hand was laid tenderly on the dark head. Six people anxiously awaited his reply.

"No, pet; not if you'd rather I didn't."

Five men glanced at each other, and read in each other's eyes that it was an almighty pity Lady Muriel had come in when she did.

John P. Scott saw rather more than twenty million dollars vanishing from him; yet he managed to say cheerfully:

"Silas and me always agrees on these money-making games, my lady."

Silas T. Howley is not the richest man in America; but the fact seems to worry him less every year.

A Scottish solicitor, responding to the toast "The Law" at a public dinner, brought his speech to a close with the following words:—

"But, alas! all the great law-givers have gone from us—Solomon is dead, Moses is dead, Confucius and Justinian are dead, and I'm nae feelin' very well myself this evening!"

THE WEALTH OF INDIAN PRINCES.

Their Jewels.

In a palace older than western civilisation, on a jewel-encrusted throne, a relic of a vanished art, sits the Maharajah of Gwalior. Over £400,000 worth of diamonds and precious stones glitter on the magnificent robes which mark his regal state.

Around the neck of the prince are six rows of pearls, the last row pendant and of enormous size. Even in India cannot be found a collection of these stones to equal this necklace. Seven ropes of large pearls swing from the shoulder to the hip for the support of his sword in his gold enamelled and diamond encrusted scabbard. This gorgeous weapon is estimated at being worth £50,000, and it is possible that that value falls far below the real worth of the gems with which it is adorned.

But the necklace and sword belt form but a small part of the mass of jewels which glitter from every part of the prince's costume. The only parts of his dress which are not ornamented are his headgear and his boots. In this respect he forms a contrast to the majority of his brother Indian rulers, who usually wear gorgeous jewelled turbans. The Maharajah of Gwalior, however, affects a curious kind of hat which looks like an Oriental slouch, and is bare of jewels with the exception of a great ruby, valued at £18,000.

But all the wealth of the Maharajah Sindhia cannot compare with Maharajah Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar Sena Khas Khel Samsher Bahadur of Baroda, G.C., S.I., commonly known as the Gaekwar. This person is even more magnificent than his name. His jewels have been valued at £800,000, while his yearly income exceeds £3,000,000.

This superb monarch has one article of dress which is the most costly piece of jewellery that the world has ever known or is ever likely to know. It is celebrated under the name of the diamond cape, ad its value has been placed at £1,000,000, although it is impossible to properly estimate the value of the stones which comprise it. The diamond cape really is composed in the main of woven pearls, but it is edged with an arabesque design of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds, and such is the size and glory of the diamonds that they far outshine the more numerous other stones.

However, the Gaekwar has a few trifles which he consents to don at durbars and other State occasions. Among these is a turban which is worth a mere £20,000, and a pair of gloves which you might be able to buy for £16,000. He also strews a few knick-knacks over his person in the shape of emerald studs and ruby buttons, with a diamond star or two, so that altogether he would go at a bargain sale for about a million, without counting the value of his princely self.

When the Maharajah of Patiala gets into a gala attire he carries around with him a few jewels which are worth about £300,000. His scarlet velvet cloak of state is embroidered with pearls to the value of £200,000, and the ropes of diamonds and pearls which he strings about his royal neck are, maybe, worth as much more. As a matter of fact, no estimate has ever been made of the wealth in jewels which this young princeling possesses, but the one perfect sapphire, which blazes in his turban, has been declared by such connoisseurs as have seen it to be worth at least £20,000.

Few Indian princes are better known tha his Highess the Jam of Nawanagar, whose wealth is mainly in pearls. He possesses one diamond necklace of twenty-four magnificent stones, but his pearls are numbered by the hundred, and every one of them is pure and flawless. The great ruby which he wears in his turban is reputed to have been in the possession of his family for 2000 years, and is a gem of extraordinary beauty.

The Nawab of Rampur, who is the despot of a small northern state with about 50,000 inhabitants, is the possessor of an enormous quantity of pearls which are practically priceless, as an attempt to dispose of any quantity of them quickly would glut the market. Two thousand of these stones form a six-ply sash, which supports his jewelled sword, while 150 stones of the largest size and of remarkable lustre form what is probably the most magnificent necklace of its kind in the world.

In addition he owns many hundreds of other necklaces which he is fond of draping about his neck until his entire breast is a mass of glistening gems of the sea. The nawab is a Pathan, one of the fiercest and most warlike of the tribes of India, and despite the barbaric splendor of his little court, he is generally extremely short of money, and has in recent years disposed of a considerable portion of his jewels.

The nawab of Bahawalpur is a much more important person than his brother of Rampur, for he governs the largest native state of the Punjab, the wealthiest and most fertile part of Hindoostan. He of Bahawalpur does not, however, compare favorably with his rivals in the matter of jewellery. He is a soldier and a descendant of a race of soldiers, the Mohammedan conquerors of India, who, despising the effeminacy of their foes, scorned to deck themselves with baubles.

However, the militant nawab has a few gems which are not to be despised. From a gorgeous pearl and diamond necklace, valued at over £200,000, there is suspended an emerald which is one of the wonders of the world. This emerald is pear-shaped, the size of a small hen egg, and such is its glory that the natives are afraid to look upon it for fear that they will be stricken with blindness.

In his full state robes the nawab is a creature of tremendous splendor. Physically he is a splendid type of manhood, over six feet tall, and built like an athlete. His full beard and curling moustache enhance his manly appearance, and his close-fitting scarlet robe sets off his figure. On his head he wears a turban, plumed and jewelled, which adds to his height, and on his breast blazes the great emerald.

Another prince, whose jewels are more remarkable for their fabulous value than for their number, is the Rajah of Jaipur, the most populous of the Rajputana States. The most valuable jewel which he possesses is an ornament which he wears in his caftan, or headpiece. It is an oval of pure gold, in which are set twenty-four gems, each of a different kind, and each of surpassing brilliancy and flawlessness. This remarkable ornament was valued in England at £600,000, and its marvellous glory is still spoken of in the British capital.

But vast as is the wealth of the Indian princes, there is one monarch before whom they are individually but as candles to the sun. His Imperial Majesty, Mohammed, Shah of Persia, has in his treasury gems which would almost make it seem possible to construct the palace of Aladdin. When he ascended the throne he had an inventory made of his jewels by English and French experts, and they reported at the end of their labors that the minimum value which they would place on the treasure was the incredible sum of £20,000,000.

One piece of jewellery which is the property of the Shah has only one rival, the diamond cape of the Maharajah of Baroda. This is the famous major crown, in which over 1000 flawless gems are set, and which contains the greatest ruby in the world. This ruby is the size of a pigeon's egg, and is cut so exquisitely that it is stated that no one can look at it long without having his sight temporarily affected. No attempt has been made to place an accurate value on this crown, but the experts are agreed that the stones alone would be worth at least £800,000. It is so heavy that it cannot be worn for more than a couple of minutes at a time, and is never seen in public save at the coronation of a Shah.

CONGO SLAVERY.

The horrors of the condition of slavery which exists in the Congo Free State in connection with the rubber industry, and for which the King of the Belgians is, rightly or wrongly, held to have been mainly responsible, seem to be continuing under the new regime. Protest after protest have been made officially and unofficially, but a recent White Book gives evidence that there is still in existence in the Congo a system which involves many of the worst features of African slavery, or even exceeds them in horror. Recently a representative private conference of the leaders of all religious denominations was held at Lambeth Palace, with the result that a fresh statement and appeal has been issued. This appeal charges the people of America and Great Britain with the greatest responsibility for placing the Congo under the authority which has governed it for a quarter of a century, and declares that the responsibility is one that cannot be evaded. The evil deeds which are being committed in the Congo, we are told, are not accidental, but are the necessary accompaniment of the deliberate claim by the European rulers of the country to its natural wealth and its human labor, a claim which is enforced with pitiless severity. Men and women are forced into a life of endless and unpaid toil, from which death alone brings release. Inhuman punishments prevail, and disease and famine, following naturally in the wake of tyranny, are sweeping whole districts bare of inhabitants. The signatories refuse to believe, they state, that diplomacy has come to the end of its resources, but diplomacy has so far, while exposing with unsparing analysis the unabated persistence of the evil, seemed merely to register afresh the unavailing protest which it has uttered during the past six years. The very principles of liberty for which the British people contended for a hundred years are at stake, and the members of Christian churches are urged to make their voices heard in such a manner that the statesmen of Britain will be compelled to listen and to act. "In our judgment," concludes the appeal, "the greatest by far of British interests is the maintenance of the moral force of the nation, and the greatest of all risks the nation can run is the abandonment of its moral obligations." There is little reason to hope that even this protest will be effective, but the public can only "hammer away" until reform is accomplished.

AIR IN BEDROOMS.

It has been proved, by experiment, that a layer of air lies against the walls, which is subject to very little movement, even when there is a circulation in the middle of the room. It is therefore important that a bed should not be placed close to the wall. If kept there during the daytime, it should be moved at least several inches out into the room at night. Alcoves and curtains should be avoided. In an alcove enclosed on three sides a "pool" of air forms, which may be compared to the stagnant pools often observed along the margins of rivers. The lack of appetite for breakfast, as well as many cases of anaemia, or worse diseases, are often due to the breathing over and over again of the same air in small bedrooms.

Six Years After.

A young man and a fair maiden lean over a garden gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loth to leave, as he is about to go away to a far country.

She is reluctant to see him depart.

"I'll nev—er forget you," he says brokenly, "and if grim death should claim me, my last thought shall be of you—you."

He buries his face in the golden coils of her hair.

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them, but wait for you to come and claim me for your own."

The small gate creaks; a sound of the last kiss; and the pale, sad moon looks coldly on the desolate front garden.

. . . . . .

Six years later he returns. The maiden fair has in the meantime married another. They meet at a party. She is changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really, I don't know," he answers, with a spiteful glare in his eyes. "Probably it was my father."

Still Alive?

In an article on the telephone a writer alludes to a controtemps in which M. Chauncey M. Depew played a part.

He was confined to the house for a few days through illness, had his bed wheeled into his business room, and during the day saw some callers. Night came, and with it much-needed sleep, rudely broken in upon by the telephone bell.

The call came from a well-known daily paper, and M. Depew answered it.

The conversation which ensued ran something like this:

"Old Depew still alive?"

"Yes."

"Likely to last through the night?"

"I—I think so—I hope so!"

"Then I won't come down. Thanks. Good-night."

"Good-night!"

How Wars Begin.

This was one of the amusing stories told by Bengough, the Canadian cartoonist and entertainer.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Harry.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain. They came near to getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Harry's mother; "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. M., "don't you suppose I know? That was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the German tried——"

"Mrs. M., I say it was because the——"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to——"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in the matter, anyway."

"Well,

THE CROXFORD MILLIONS

A STORY OF A GREAT ROBBERY.

By E. CAMERON MORRISON.

Author of "The Strange Case of Mr. Fenwick," "An Image in Wax," etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"Now," exclaimed Redgrave, after Mr. Canton had sworn himself to secrecy, "I can trust you. My object in coming here to-night is that you might, through the supernatural power you possess, learn from the spirit of a friend who died twenty-four hours ago, information which it is of the most vital importance I should obtain without delay. To come straight to the point, I want to learn the immediate movements of a certain person who has in his possession a number of valuable documents concerning my interests, and which he stole from the residence of my uncle. So that I may put your spiritualistic powers to the test, I shall withhold from you the name of the person from whom the information is to be derived, which will mean that if your professions are genuine, the spirit itself will reveal his correct name, without your having been able to resort to any trickery."

The spiritualist flushed with something akin to indignation at the insinuation, but beyond this exterior indication that he resented the innuendo, made no protest.

Continuing to speak, Redgrave proceeded to request the other to arrange the preliminaries, at the same time reminding him that whatever occurred was to be regarded as a secret in the strictest sense.

"Take a seat at this table," said the spiritualist, in a subdued voice, "and fixing your mind on the subject-matter upon which information is required, give yourself solely into my hands."

In response to the injunctions, Redgrave drew his chair up to the curiously shaped table before alluded to.

Mr. Canton then turned out the light, thus plunging the room into total darkness, and took his seat on the opposite side of the table, upon which he spread out the palms of his hands, inviting Redgrave to do the same, which he did, until the tips of each other's fingers met.

A dead silence ensued, Redgrave the while feeling a strange sort of fear creep over him. Suddenly he became aware of an intensely cold wind, which seemed to circle about the backs of his hands. By rapid degrees the extent and power of this peculiar coldness increased, until at length, unable to bear the strain any longer, he spoke to the spiritualist, who, in a whisper, promptly enjoined silence.

Hardly had this occurred when there was a curious shivering of the table, which, the next moment, began to rock quickly backwards and forwards. Alarmed beyond measure at this remarkable phenomenon, Redgrave was at first inclined to rush from the table and out of the room; but the two-fold desire to see what would happen next, and learn the secret which perhaps would later on be revealed to him through this strange agency, kept him rooted, as it were, to his seat.

Presently out of the darkness, Redgrave heard Canton speaking in sepulchral tones:

"Doth a spirit come hither?" he was saying. "If so, will a manifestation follow?"

Ere the last word had been spoken, the table almost leaped from the floor three times in quick succession, and then remained perfectly still.

"A spirit is present," he whispered, inclining his head towards Redgrave, who, by this time, was in a state bordering upon terror.

Huge beads of perspiration gathered on his brow, and trickled slowly over his face, whilst he seemed to tremble from head to foot.

He would have spoken, but when he attempted to do so, his tongue refused to give utterance to the sound.

Getting no reply from his companion, Canton proceeded to address the spirit, asking whether it would reveal him its name.

For answer, there were three more distinct and pronounced raps or knocks from the table, which appeared for the time being to be possessed of some extraordinary power, inasmuch as it moved from side to side with a force which almost dislodged Redgrave from his seat.

"Having thus revealed your presence," Canton proceeded, still addressing himself to the spirit, "might I venture to request that you will make manifest unto us your name."

A ready acquiescence was quickly forthcoming in the form of three additional knocks from the table.

"Having expressed concurrence with my desires, I will now proceed to give you the alphabet," continued the spiritualist, who began to name the letters very slowly; but it was not until "M" was reached, that any movement of the table was observed.

Recognising this, Redgrave started violently in his chair, but the terror which had possessed him previously was now beginning to give way to an intense excitement.

"Go on," he muttered hoarsely.

"I will now relate the vowels to you," remarked the other, still confining his remarks to the spirit, who, at the mention of "o," signified approval by a decisive movement of the table.

"Good God!" exclaimed Redgrave, his excitement growing in its intensity; "It's Montoli!"

"Hush! Such interruptions are unseemly," said Canton severely. "We cannot tell who it is until the name has been fully spelt out."

Letter after letter was picked out, until the name of Montoli was completely spelt.

"Is he the friend whom you wish to hold converse with?" inquired Canton.

"Yes," replied the other excitedly; "ask him to tell us where Hermann Doughton has gone to, and what his future movements are to be."

"Remain silent then, and I will speak to him as you desire. Of course you are now quite satisfied that as I was in ignorance respecting your friend's name, there is every indication of genuineness about the matter?"

"Perfectly. Proceed with the question," said Redgrave, removing one of his hands from the table, felt for his pocket-handkerchief, with which he vigorously mopped his perspiration-covered face."

Addressing the spirit, Canton said, "Twenty-four hours ago we believe that you were in the flesh, and spoke to Hermann Doughton. If this be correct, might we ask you to tell us whether he informed you as regards his movements?"

At first there was no response. Then all at once the table began to vibrate strangely, as suddenly stopping as it had begun.

"On the alphabet, will you spell out the information which we seek?"

Three not-to-be mistaken knocks resulted as an answer to his question.

Slowly the spiritualist began to go through the letters, but beyond spelling out the single word "Paris," the spirit declined to give information.

"Enough," exclaimed Redgrave, taking both hands off the table, and striking a light. "The man I want has gone to Paris, and there I must go without delay. It is absolutely imperative that no time should be lost. Although meagre, such information is of the greatest value to me, as it places me on the right track."

When the light had been restored, it was at once evident that Redgrave had felt the strain of his remarkable experience which he had passed through. His face was haggard, his eyes were bloodshot, and his general appearance suggestive of one who had just awakened from a terrible nightmare.

"Then you accept the information as being correct?" asked the spiritualist, as the other was preparing to leave.

"Most certainly I do. Indeed, after what has happened, I have no alternative left me. Good-night; and remember, not a word of this to a living soul."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Returning to London, Stanwell, the private detective, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover what had become of the real Mostyn Croxford, but although he had resort to every possible device, he was unsuccessful in attaining the end in view.

Time went on apace, days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and still the friends of the millionaire were without any information which would afford them a clue as to what had become of him.

Still both Miss Devereux and Mr. Stanwell had not lost hope, each being imbued with the idea that, although absent, Mr. Croxford was not dead.

It was a fine, bright morning during the second week in January, and as the detective sat in his private office with a number of papers before him, a telegraph boy came bounding up the stairs, and handed him a telegram.

Wondering from what part of the world such a message had come, the detective hastily tore open the flimsy envelope, and unfolding the paper, read:—

"Mostyn Croxford in restrain here, unable to obtain liberty.—Friend, Brisbane."

Again and again did the detective read the brief message, the purport of which meant so much to Miss Devereux and himself.

To state that the intelligence occasioned him surprise would be mere empty phraseology. He was filled with an amazement which he did not remember ever feeling through all his professional experience. From more than one point of view the whole thing was an enigma to him, and although he was not slow in recognising the great importance of such information should it be genuine, he was utterly at his wits' end to conceive how the sender of the cablegram learnt the fact that he had the case in hand.

He could quite understand that Willington's connection with the matter would be known, because it had been mentioned in the newspapers, but as far as he (Stanwell) was aware, his name had never been associated with any attempt to unravel the mystery of the millionaire's disappearance. The more he thought the matter over, the more deeply puzzled did he become. That the message had actually come from Brisbane there could be no suspicion of doubt; but it was another phase of the question as to whether the information it contained was true. For all he knew to the contrary, the message might only be a blind move with the object of putting those who were in search of Croxford off the real scent, and yet on the face of it, it looked very much as if someone connected with the milionaire's disappearance, or, at any rate, in possession of the essential facts of the case, was at that time in Brisbane.

A significant peculiarity about the message was the anonymity. To Stanwell's mind this might be taken to indicate two things—first, that the sender withheld his name because he had a motive for keeping it in the background, or, in the second place, it might signify that the person who had despatched the intelligence was really a friend of Croxford's, and wished to assist him in his dilemma, but was prevented by some consideration or another from declaring his identity.

Then the wording of the message itself was calculated to cause surprise, if not apprehension.

The millionaire was stated to be in restraint, and unable to obtain liberty. There was a deal of mystery circling round this—it conjured up all manner of suppositions and eventualities. Could it be accepted as meaning that Croxford was a prisoner upon some charge? This was a question which Stanwell put to himself in all seriousness, and came to the conclusion that with the concurrence of Miss Devereux, whom he intended to see at once, he would cable to the police authorities at Brisbane requesting information on that score. Then there was another aspect of the case. Might not the wording of the message be indicative of the fact that Croxford, made the victim of some carefully-laid and successfully-executed plot, was held in restraint by those who were responsible for his abduction. If he were not a prisoner in the hands of the law, then, so Stanwell reasoned, he was, assuming that the message was correctly based, being illegally detained.

Having logically argued the matter out to himself thus, the detective rose from his desk, put on his coat and hat, and went out with the intention of going direct to Miss Devereux, who was for the time being staying at Singleton Gardens, Kensington.

It was close upon lunch-time when he arrived at the house, but Miss Devereux, upon seeing the detective's card, caused him to be shown up at once.

"You have news for me?" she cried, as soon as she caught sight of Stanwell. "I know it—I can read it in your face."

"Yes—and no," replied the other, with that easy laugh of his, as he settled himself in a chair and produced the cablegram.

"What do you mean?" queried the girl, with a puzzled look in the direction of her visitor.

"That which I have to acquaint you with may be real valuable news, or it may be a hoax," returned the detective slowly.

"You have received a telegram from someone," she cried excitedly, noticing the paper which Stanwell was unfolding. "Tell me all about it—I cannot wait a moment longer. I am already in a state of terrible suspense."

"It is not an English wire," exclaimed her visitor; "it is a cablegram from Australia, from Brisbane." And then he read it out.

"How extraordinary! What can it mean, Mr. Stanwell?"

"Like yourself, I must confess that that is a question I should like answered. It may mean that Mr. Croxford is a prisoner legally, or what in my opinion is the most likely, it may mean that he is illegally detained by those who have an interest in his disappearance. As to the first point, we can easily satisfy ourselves by cabling this afternoon to the police authorities at Brisbane, and pre-paying the reply, hear from them before to-morrow morning. By that I mean we ought to have a message from them this evening."

"Then do so at once. Pray, do not lose another moment in sending to them," and as she spoke, Miss Devereux rose from her seat and went over to her writing table at the other end of the room. "Here are pens, ink and paper, Mr. Stanwell. Sit down and write the message."

The detective did as was suggested, and a few minutes later went out to despatch the cablegram himself, promising to return in the morning, by which time he calculated there might be some chance of a reply.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Joyce Redgrave left the spiritualist's house that night, he bent his footsteps in the direction of the railway station, being determined to catch the very first train to Dover, from which place he would be able to cross over to Calais, and from thence to Paris.

The experience through which he had passed during the last few hours had made a deep impression upon him, and firmly believing that it was the spirit of Montoli which had communicated the information concerning Doughton's movements, he felt that ere long he would come upon him, and then either by foul or fair means, the stolen papers should pass into his possession. Once accomplished, he trusted in a vague sort of way that the future would make the rest turn out all right for him.

It was true that beyond believing that Doughton was in Paris he knew nothing definite as to his exact whereabouts in that great city. Still even so slender a clue as this undoubtedly was of more value to him than he could estimate. He was bound to admit that he was now in the thick of a desperate game, one at which he stood the chance of gaining all he had set his heart upon, or, on the other hand, losing everything, and at the same time placing himself in jeopardy of coming within reach of the law.

Circumstanced as he was, he had no alternative but to make use of the stolen notes, which at any other time he would have seriously hesitated before spending. He was well aware that Willington, the Scotland Yard detective, was in possession of the number and value of every note he had appropriated, and for this reason at the outset recognised the inadvisability of putting them into circulation. But the situation had materially altered since then, and he the result what it might, he had been forced to part with the money. He did not believe that he was exposing himself to a great risk in acting in this way, and felt that the exigencies of the case demanded what he had done.

In due course he reached Paris, and lost no time in instituting inquiries of a cautious and guarded character respecting the object of his mission.

Passing himself off as an English law officer, he presented himself at the British Embassy, and invoked the assistance of the Ambassador in his search. His forged credentials were such that he had no difficulty in obtaining aid from this quarter, but with it all, no trace of Doughton could be found.

The Parisian police were also approached, and upon the representations made by Redgrave, lent him all the assistance in their power. Almost every hotel in the city was visited at some time or other during the four or five weeks he remained there.

But with it all, he was compelled at last to admit that Doughton was not in Paris, nor for the matter of that had ever been there. At the end of five weeks he had exhausted every available source of information, tried not only the patience of the British Embassy staff, and the city police, but also aroused their suspicions regarding his real identity.

Taking all these circumstances into due consideration, Redgrave concluded it would not only be useless his remaining in Paris any longer, but also unsafe. He, therefore, baffled and beaten in the attainment of his mission, and vowing a terrible vengeance against the spiritualist, whom he now for the first time began to suspect of collusion and deception, early one morning left the city on foot, his intention being to walk to a neighboring town, and taking the train from there, proceed to Calais, en route for England.

Darkness was setting in when he arrived at Groteux, the place he had selected, and being worn out with his long tramp, the weather scarcely favoring travelling on foot, he adjourned to a small inn, where, having engaged a room for the night, he ordered dinner.

All day long he had tramped over frozen roads, often with a biting cold wind in his face, and with the exception of a light lunch, eaten as he plodded onwards, had had no substantial meal since the early morning.

The night previous to his departure from Paris, it had come to his knowledge that he was suspected of being an impostor, so far as his role of British law officer was concerned, and that in all probability his remaining any longer in the city under that guise might mean his arrest.

Upon learning this, he hastily made up his mind to leave in the manner mentioned, his idea being that should there be any inquiries about him, this method of going away would possibly prove a stumbling-block to any pursuit which might be made. By the time dinner was brought in, it was quite dark, and the landlord, a quiet little man, who seemed to have but one aim in life—the pleasing of his customers—came into the room, bringing with him an additional light.

"Would M'sieu like another lamp?" he inquired with studied politeness. "It is darker than usual to-night, and colder into the bargain."

At the sound of the man's voice, Redgrave started involuntarily, but retained sufficient presence of mind to keep back the words which rose to his lips.

well-lighted already, so that an additional lamp will be unnecessary," he replied, in a voice which the landlord showed no signs of recognising.

"Thanks; but the room is warm and

"As M'sieu wishes," he replied with a bow, as he turned and left the room, taking with him the rejected lamp.

"Paul Dordantes!" muttered Redgrave to himself, after the landlord had closed the door behind him. "If he recognised me, he was careful not to show it. But what reason could he have for concealing his identity from me?—we were always good friends at Deepdean. A most extraordinary coincidence that we should meet in this way."

Monsieur Dordantes, the landlord of the inn at which Redgrave had happened to put up, was for many years the chef at Deepdean Hall, where, of course, the millionaire's nephew had often seen and conversed with him. Two years previous to the events related in this narrative, Paul had left the service of Mr. Croxford, and, returning to his native land, taken a small hostelry in the town, or rather village, which Redgrave had picked out from amongst so many others in the neighborhood of Paris.

Although his late master's nephew had recognised him, Dordantes had so far failed to discover the identity of his new customer, and as the former had various reasons for not being known to the landlord, he lost no time in finishing his dinner. After which, he rang the bell, and asked the waiting-maid, who responded, to show him to his bedroom. By retiring early, he would be able to keep out of Dordantes' way for the evening, at all events, whilst in the morning he could leave before he was up and about. In order that the way would be made clear for the carrying out of this plan, he settled his bill there and then, paying with such lavishness that the girl, filled with admiring wonderment at such an apparently long purse, confided to her master her belief that their guest was an English milord.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was early when Redgrave retired to his bedroom, but although suffering from great physical fatigue consequent upon his long day's walk, he felt no inclination to get into bed.

The startling discovery which he had a little while previously made, had had the effect of arousing feelings of considerable apprehension in his mind, for, as he admitted to himself, undesirable complications might ensue if Dordantes recognised him as the nephew of Mr. Mostyn Croxford.

Moodily speculating on the possibilities of the case, he sat down in a low armchair near the empty fireplace. The night was intensely cold, but in spite of this the landlord had, whether intentionally or by accident, omitted to provide his guest with a comfortable fire in the bedroom.

Sitting thus, Redgrave felt chilled to the bone, and was about to call for a fire, when suddenly the thought occurred to him that if he did so, it was quite possible that Monsieur Dordantes would attend to the matter in person, which eventually might lead to the latter making a discovery. Yet the cold was almost unbearable, and unless he obtained warmth of some kind he thought in a vague sort of way that he would perhaps freeze to death.

Whilst thinking thus, he glanced at the cheerless fireplace, when he noticed what he had failed to see before, that the fire was already laid for lighting. The next moment, matchbox in hand, he was kneeling down by the fender, and was in the act of applying a light to the paper and sticks, when something in the grate arrested his attention, and caused him to start back in amazement, not unmingled with a strange kind of fear.

"Good Heavens! But surely I know that writing!" he exclaimed almost aloud, as he picked up an almost severed envelope from off the top of the coals.

Taking it over to the light, he examined it more closely. The inscription on the envelope was: "Monsieur Paul Dordantes, Hotel du Roi, Groteux, France." It was franked with a ten centime stamp, which bore the Paris postmark of but a few days ago, and, most important of all to Redgrave, the writing was that of Hermann Doughton.

For a few moments the discovery seemed to rob him of thought and action. It was so startling, so extraordinary, so unexpected, that he could do nothing but stand gazing blankly at the torn envelope, which to him meant more than he had yet been able to realise.

"What new mystery is this?" he cried at last, as the significance of the discovery began to dawn upon him.

In view of the unmistakable evidence before him, it was certain that, after all, Doughton had really been in Paris, and quite recently too; in fact, according to the date of the postmark, he must have been in the city on exactly the same day as Redgrave, possibly had been there all the time the other had, and yet, despite every effort which had been made to find him, he had eluded detection.

Maddened at this thought, Redgrave paced excitedly up and down the long narrow room; then suddenly becoming calm, he thought of the unlighted fire, which he quickly ignited and sat down before it.

Now that his passion had subsided, he began to deliberate as to how best he could act in view of the discovery which had been so strangely revealed to him.

The central question which presented itself to him was as regards Doughton's whereabouts at that moment. Was he still in Paris, or—the very thought quickened his pulses and filled him with an excitement he could not control—was he in the village of Groteux—maybe, for aught he knew to the contrary, an inmate of the Hotel du Roi at that very time. Judging from the envelope, it was evident he was not only acquainted with Monsieur Dordantes, but evidently in close touch with him.

As far as Redgrave was aware, Doughton had never, whilst they were in England, given him to understand at any time that he possessed an acquaintance with his uncle's chef, but from the discovery just made, it would seem that he not only knew him, but had some important motive for communicating with him.

Another thing which puzzled Redgrave was as regards the finding of the envelope in the grate of the room which had been assigned to his use.

Going over all these matters in his mind, and endeavoring to formulate some scheme through which he could approach the landlord on the subject without allowing him to discover his identity, he was suddenly interrupted by a knock at the bedroom door.

Redgrave started at the sound, and jumping from his seat, crossed the room to the door, which he had taken the precaution to lock.

"Who's there?" he asked, assuming for safety's sake a false tone of voice.

"Excuse my troubling you, sir, but I occupied your room last night, and find I have left a small handbag in the corner near the window, which I would kindly ask you to oblige me with."

With ears which were strained to their utmost to catch every word, Redgrave listened eagerly, for if he were not deceived, the voice was Hermann Doughton's.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In accordance with the appointment which he had made with Miss Devereux, Stanwell returned to Singleton Gardens early in the evening, but so far there had been no reply from Brisbane.

Both the detective and the girl were in a state of the greatest excitement, as each confidently anticipated they were at least within reach of a clue which would ultimately lead to the discovery of the missing millionaire, respecting whose fate the world had by this time ceased to interest itself.

Since Mostyn Croxford's disappearance, Deepdean Hall had been shut up on the initiative of Joyce Redgrave, who, as the next of kin of the missing man, took the management of affairs into his own hands, but although he was possessed of sufficient legal power and authority to act in this way, he could not, for obvious reasons, prove the death of his uncle, and thus obtain administration of his estate.

Redgrave, however, found no difficulty in the way of his closing up Deepdean Hall, and this step he took in due course, the whole of the servants, many of them old and valued retainers, who loved their master and hated his nephew in a commensurate degree, being paid off.

The costly contents of the Hall he felt he dared not interfere with for the present, as he had had more than one uncomfortable interview with a certain lawyer, who was able to put forward undeniable proof to the end that for some years he had been Mr. Croxford's confidential adviser—though, strange as it may seem, the millionaire had not entrusted this gentleman with the custody of his will and other valuable documents. Keeping up his well-known eccentricity, he had preferred that all papers of this description should remain in his own possession, and thus Doughton, who was evidently intimately acquainted with Croxford's habits and general characteristics, found the will and a multitude of other valuable documents in the safe in his private room at Deepdean Hall.

But to return to Miss Devereux and the detective. When the latter arrived no cablegram had come to hand, but within an hour afterwards the following message was received from the police authorities in the Australian town:—

"Nothing known of Mostyn Croxford here."

Naturally this intelligence came as a great surprise to both of them, and instead of elucidating matters, only tended to make them more complicated.

"What can it all mean?" Miss Devereux inquired despairingly.

"Like yourself, I am also in a quandary," replied the detective, gazing blankly at the piece of paper containing the message from the other side of the world.

"There is more in all this than we yet know," and as she expressed her opinion thus, the young girl went over to the writing desk, and sitting down, commenced to write something on a sheet of paper.

Wondering what was going to happen next, but not feeling justified in interrupting his client, Stanwell remained silent.

For several minutes Miss Devereux wrote quickly on; then putting down her pen, turned and faced the detective.

"Mr. Stanwell," she said, with sudden emphasis, "I have made up my mind to go to Brisbane, and you must accompany me."

The detective started back in amazement; the proposition was so sudden that he could scarcely believe he heard aright.

"Go to Brisbane!" he exclaimed, rising from his seat and standing before the girl, who had also risen, "surely you cannot mean what you say; such a——"

"Not another word, Mr. Stanwell," she answered excitedly. "My mind is fully made up; I have just written to my bankers to ask them to arrange for the necessary draft, and we will leave by the next steamer."

"But, Miss Devereux," persisted the detective, "have you fully considered the step you seem determined upon taking? Does it not strike you that the information we have received about Mr. Croxford being at Brisbane is rather vague and unreliable? For anything we know to the contrary, the whole affair may simply be a plant with the object of putting us off the real scent."

"I have considered everything, and am fully determined to go. Need I say how invaluable your presence and assistance will be to me, but at the same time if you have any objections to continuing with the case I am willing to release you."

"My dear young lady," hurriedly explained the detective, "you entirely mistake my attitude in the matter. It is not one of opposition, but rather one of caution. I have not the slightest objection to accompanying you to Brisbane, or any place for the matter of that. The only thing which strikes me as unsatisfactory is the information we have received. I admit it is valuable, as far as it goes, and it would have been infinitely more so if we could have obtained corroboration."

"I quite comprehend your meaning, Mr. Stanwell; but don't you think it would be most unwise on our part—cruel, I should call it—if we neglected to act upon the message received from Brisbane? It is true that it was sent anonymously, but unless we know the real circumstances of the case it is impossible for us to judge as to the reason why it was sent in such a manner. Personally, I am inclined to place my trust and confidence in the friend, if I may so call him, who sent the message. There is also another point which should not be overlooked, because it appears to me to indicate that the sender is acquainted with you, and knows your connection with the case. I refer to the fact that whoever despatched the cablegram had a perfect knowledge of your name and address."

"I grant all your points, Miss Devereux," replied the detective, who could not but admit that his client had summed up in a decidedly convincing style, "and whether we are being misled or are on the right road, I am yours to command."

"I am sure I deeply appreciate those sentiments," replied the other gratefully, "and can only trust that our mission will turn out successfully. It is true we are setting off on more or less of an imaginary quest, but as regards myself, I feel certain we shall find Mr. Croxford at Brisbane. I have an instinctive conviction that this will turn out to be the case. Now, Mr. Stanwell, I must leave all the arrangements in your hands. Remember, we sail by the very next boat."

"Very well. All that may be considered as finally settled," remarked the detective with a smile, as he took his leave.

"Yes, quite settled," rejoined Miss Devereux, with just the semblance of a ring of triumph in her tone.

"I will lose no time in making the necessary arrangements, and you may depend on hearing from me in the course of a day or two," and with a bow the detective left the room.

(To be continued.)

VLADIVOSTOCK.

The great Siberian port of Vladivostock was in the centre of history a few years ago. Since then it has made peaceful progress. An Australian engineer who recently went to Siberia with machinery gives an entertaining account of the city, which he had leisure to examine during the three weeks occupied in passing his machinery through the Customs. The buildings are imposing, he says, but the streets are dreadful. Chinese form a large part of the population, and Koreans have made another large alien colony. The ordinary Chinese coolies, we are told, are the dirtiest, smellest individuals one could possibly meet, and it is always advisable to pass on the windward side of them. The loads they carry are described as marvellous. A small wooden frame like a chair is strapped on their backs. On this they pile cargo, till they are half hidden in furniture, sacks of flour and wood. Every day one catches sight of a piano or a wardrobe sagging along the street on the backs of half a dozen coolies. A lady shopping in Vladivostock always hires a Chinaman to carry her parcels. English is hardly known in the city. German is far the commonest of foreign languages. Foreigners are present in hundreds, including Chinese, Koreans, Japanese, Germans, English, French, Americans, Italians, and even a few natives of India. A day in the streets provides plenty of occupation for the eyes. Every two out of three men are in uniform. Not only the military and naval, but also all Government employes, heads of departments, down to messengers, students, schoolboys, professors, school teachers, even schoolgirls wear uniforms. The military element is always in evidence. Regiments marching through the streets sing as they go, each man bearing his tuneful part. Soldiers are everywhere on guard at banks, Customs-house, post office, and other important offices. The city has its "Block," where fashionable folk parade in the afternoon, and another institution that made the Australian think of his own country was the public holiday. There were five holidays in the three weeks during which he was in Vladivostock.

TOWN BUILT ON RUBIES.

An interesting description of the ruby mine of the Mogok Valley, Burmah, whence all the great rubies of the world have been drawn, is given in an American Consular report from Rangoon. The mines are said to have produced all the rubies of ancient and modern times, and it was always the policy of the Burmese Kings to keep them as mysterious and secluded as possible. They were in operation long prior to 1600. In adjacent valleys the Burmans still prosecute their search in the old way, digging and washing by hand labor, and they produce astonishing results; but in the large workings the system has been reduced to a science, with corresponding results. Mogok town is located on ground which holds a plentiful supply of rubies, and consequently mining operations are gradually encroaching on the residential and business neighborhoods, houses and streets being destroyed to prepare the way for the miner. Mogok is thus "a doomed place," as there are rubies everywhere within its limits. Within a short time the town will have been demolished and rebuilt in another place. The rubies discovered are said to be more precious than diamonds, and practically indestructable.

Wealth is nothing, position is nothing, fame is nothing, manhood is everything.

DAIRYING.

ACIDITY IN CREAM.

It has been a generally accepted theory that the production of good butter necessitates the development of a certain amount of acid in the cream, for two reasons—to develop a desirable flavor and to improve the keeping quality. Recent investigations by the United States Department of Agriculture indicate, however, that butter made from pasteurised sweet cream has better keeping qualities and remains free from objectionable flavors for a longer time than butter made from sour cream. For the past three years that Department has been making a study of the changes which butter undergoes in storage, and especially the influence of acidity of cream on the keeping qualities, to determine the best method of making butter for storage. The investigations have included the making of experimental lots of butter by different methods and in different parts of the country. This butter was kept in cold storage and was examined and stored at certain intervals, the scoring being done by men who had no previous knowledge of how, when or where the butter was made, so their conclusions were based strictly on the quality of the butter.

As a result of the investigations it was found that butter frequently undergoes marked changes even when stored at very low temperatures, and that these changes are more marked as that acidity of the cream from which the butter is made is increased. No bacteria were found in the cream or the butter which could reasonably be expected to be the cause of the more rapid deterioration of the high-acid butter. Further, the changes in the high-acid butter was not checked by heating the ripened cream, which shows that they were not brought about by enzymes secreted with or in the cream and carried into the butter. The results also indicated that acid which develops normally in the cream by the action of certain bacteria, or which is added directly to the cream in the form of pure acid, brings about or assists in bringing about a slow decomposition of one or more of the compounds of which butter is largely composed.

What is regarded as of special importance is the fact that butter can be made commercially from sweet pasteurised cream without the addition of a starter. Fresh butter made this way has a flavor too mild to suit the average dealer, but it changes less in storage than butter made by the ordinary methods, and can be sold after storage as high-grade butter. At the present time there are at least ten creameries in the United States making butter from sweet pasteurised cream without a starter, and many more with a starter, but without ripening. The statements in regard to butter from unripened pasteurised cream do not hold for butter made from unpasteurised cream churned without ripening. Butter made in this way has poor keeping quality.

Butter for the United States navy is being made from sweet cream, and this plan, adopted last year, is giving satisfaction. A box of sweet cream butter fourteen months old, on exhibition at the National dairy show last December, had no storage or fishy flavor, and was pronounced first class in quality.

RULES FOR BUTTER MAKING.

The Dairy Expert to the Cape Government (Mr. R. Silva Jones) contributes to the Agricultural Journal of the Cape of Good Hope an article on butter-making, in which we find the following pertinent suggestions:—

1. Milk in as cleanly a manner as possible, and protect the milk standing in the kraal by putting butter-cloth over the buckets to keep out the dust and dirt.

2. Attempt should be made to improve the system of milking at present in vogue; the system of the milkers moistening their fingers in the milk is bad; and it must be remembered that the richest milk comes last, and that of the poorest quality first; therefore the calf with this system in vogue is taking all the best, which is the farmer's profit and oft-times detrimental to the health of the calf.

3. The use of a "thermometer" in a dairy is essential, the "rule of thumb" working very often plays one false. A hanging wall thermometer and a floating one for working with will be of tremendous help all through the year.

4. All cows are not profitable from a dairyman's point of view, therefore it is highly advisable that a series of testing and ultimate weeding out should be instituted, from a milk-producing point of view. At present many cows eat up the profit which is made by the others, thus reducing the profits of the herd.

5. In cleaning wooden dairy utensils use nothing but hot water. Soda if often used, but it should be discontinued, as it will cause the cream to "go to sleep" in churning. After washing the wooden things don't stand them in the sun.

6. Cream when ripening cannot be exposed to the fresh air too much, not can it be stirred too often.

7. Too much attention cannot be given to the temperature in dairying. Correct temperature, by using the thermometer, should always be controlling influence of milk and cream.

8. Don't work the water out of the butter on the worker first and then add the salt; add the salt at once, and work the salt in while you work the water out. By the former you either over-work the butter to get the salt in, or if you don't you cannot work the salt sufficiently in.

9. Try not to wash the butter more than is absolutely necessary. The more you wash the butter the more possibility there is of washing out its taste and flavor.

10. It is far better to stand butter and cream outside during the night properly protected from dust, etc.

11. Neat and tasty make-up of the butter and neat packing will help a lot in the sale of the article on the market.

12. It is not desirable to use any "preservative" for fresh butter if the cream has been well looked after and properly ripened.

13. It will be better always to churn the cream a little on the under-ripe side than over-ripe. Over-ripe cream is the forerunner of rancidity.

Wrong Again.

"Hallo! Are you there?" asked a lady's voice.

"Yes; who are you?" came the inevitable reply.

"Oh, you know well enough. What I want to know is what you mean by sending me hats to look at, marked two guineas, when I distinctly said I wanted a fashionable hat at six at least. And yet you call yourself a kind, good husband."

"But——"

"But nothing. I won't listen. Only you'd better not show yourself here till you have ordered that milliner to send hats—real hats——"

"But, madam, I assure you there is some mistake!"

"Oh! Who's that? Aren't you 0072 Central?"

"No, madam. This is 0027 City, the office of the Society for the Prevention of Unkindness to Animals. Will you kindly let me have your address,"

He who thinks he has little to learn learns little and teaches less.

AGRICULTURAL MOTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

In connection with the show of the Royal Agricultural Society next year at Liverpool, trials of agricultural motors have been organised. The conditions under which they will be judged have been issued by the society, and form rather interesting read.

1. For the purpose of these trials an "agricultural motor" may be described as any form of motor using either steam, oil, petrol or electricity as its motive power which—(a) Shall be capable of hauling direct in work a plough, cultivator, harvester or other agricultural implement. (b) Shall be capable of driving such agricultural machines as a threshing machine, chaff-cutter, grist mill, etc. (c) Shall be capable of hauling a load along a road and on the land.

2. The machines shall be tested for efficiency in carrying out all three classes of work.

3. The trials shall consist of ploughing with a three-furrow plough an area of about six acres, one part of which shall be ploughed shallow and the other part deep, at the discretion of the judges.

4. The fuel, water and other supplies consumed throughout the trial will be carefully noted and compared with the weight of earth removed.

5. Further trials on various classes of land with multiple ploughs, and with other cultivating implements to be provided by the competitors, with which they may wish their tractors to be tried, may be made at the discretion of the judges.

6. Special attention will be paid in the ploughing and cultivating trials to the weight of machine traversing the land, the space and time occupied in turning at the headlands, and the manner in which the work is finished off.

7. The trial will consist of hauling one or more self-binding reapers of not less than 6 feet in width round a plot of given area, cutting as far as practicable on all sides.

8. A course will be set out over roads and land selected by the society, and each competitor shall declare before starting what weight he is prepared to haul over such course; the fuel, water, and other supplies consumed during the trial will be noted. With selected motors hill-climbing trials may be made. Motors must conform to the requirements of the Act of Parliament.

9. Each motor will be tested driving on a pulley on a counter-shaft fitted with a brake, the size of pulley, speed of counter-shaft, and load on brake being equal to those of a threshing machine.

10. The time taken and attendance given will be noted in all trials.

11. Implements, unless otherwise stated, will be provided by the society.

12. The fuel, whether solid or liquid, will be provided by the society. The coal will be Welsh steam coal of uniform quality, and the petroleum and other liquid of one of the recognised brands.

13. Each competitor to state how many men will be required to attend to the machine.

14. The following are some of the points to which special attention will be directed: (a) Weight of machine, (b) weight per inch width of machine, (c) mechanical design and construction, (d) adaptability to various kinds of work, (e) ease of handling, (f) safety of handling, (g) ease of turning and space required for same, (h) facility for attachment, (i) attendance necessary, (j) consumption of fuel, water and other supplies per unit of work done, (k) price.

THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT.

The first ascent by means of a fire balloon was made by the brothers Montgolfier, at Annonay, on June 5, 1783. James Stephen Montgolfier, a Frenchman, celebrated for paper manufacture with his brother Joseph, in 1783 invented air balloons, for which he was admitted a member of the Academy of Sciences, created a Chevalier of the Order of St. Michael, and rewarded with a pension of 2000 livres. Wilkins and Lana first suggested ascent in the atmosphere by rarefied air, and Galien of Avignon in 1755 wrote a pamphlet on aerostation. The first balloon of Stephen and Joseph Mongolfier was a silk bag containing 10 feet, which burning paper rose 70 feet. The next attempt was with a bag of 500 feet, which rose 600 feet. Their third was 35 feet in diameter, and was capable of raising 500 lb. It ascended before the public in 1783. Pilatra de Rosier and the Marquis de Flandres ascended at Paris and afterwards others with air rarefied in the car by heat. In December, 1782, Messrs. Roberts and Charles ascended in a balloon inflated with hydrogen gas. After them, Blanchart, Morveau, the Duc d'Orleans, and others, made attempts more or less successful. In 1784 Lunardi made the first human ascent in England. In 1785 Blanchard and Jeffries passed from Dover to Calais, and soon after Rozier and Romaine perished in an attempted voyage from Boulogne to England. In 1804 Lussac ascended at Paris to a height of 23,100 ft. Balloons have been used for all sorts of scientific and military purposes. During the siege of Paris nearly two and a half million letters and several persons (including Gambetta) left the city in balloons. Balloons have been used for raising sunken vessels. In 1863 the steamship Ludwig was thus raised. The greatest height attained by a balloon is seven miles; the longest journey is 1200 miles. In 1882 some French balloonists, who started for Algeria, were carried by the wind to the neighborhood of Milan, and eventually dropped amongst the marble quarries of Brescia. The largest balloon was that made by Mr. Godard, with a capacity of nearly half a million cubic feet. Two ascents were made in it from Cremorne Gardens. M. Nadan's "Giant" contained nearly a quarter of a million cubic feet, and carried 37 persons at once from Paris to Hanover in two days. In 1873 Mr. Wise made a balloon of 400,000 cubic feet to cross the Atlantic, but it burst. The power of steering balloons is still more or less under experiment, but much progress has been made in keeping them under control.

GIRL "HIGHWAYMEN."

An extraordinary story of how a party of five motorists was robbed in Colorado by two girls on horseback is narrated by Mr. Clark M. Babbitt, a wealthy merchant of Buffalo, U.S.A. Mr. Babbitt was motoring across the State with four companions, and left Sterling one Saturday morning. An hour later, whilst driving across the prairie, the motorists noticed two women on horseback galloping towards them.

"We supposed," said Mr. Babbitt, "that they were a couple of the Wild West 'cow-girls' we had often read about. They rode astride, wore wide-brimmed hats and khaki suits, and were magnificent equestrians.

"Words of greeting were exchanged. 'Hold on a minute, I want to tell you something,' exclaimed one of the girls. I ordered the chauffeur to stop, and immediately one of the horsewomen covered us with a revolver, while the other rode up and demanded our money. I emptied my pockets, containing £18. Mr. Bartholomew, who was with me, produced his watch and his pocket-book with £20 in it. With this booty the girls rode away."

There are some people whose religion wouldn't fool the most credulous person on earth, but they expect the Lord to swallow it.

BRIDES IN QUEER PREDICAMENTS.

Strange Honeymoons That Led To Happiness.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," runs the old saying, the deeper meaning of which, according to some people, is that every mishap at a wedding is an omen of bad fortune and future unhappi

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M.]

TRUANCY CASES.

Truant Inspector Cocks proceeded against the following for not sending their children to school the required number of days:—Mrs Brown (adjourned for 4 weeks), Frank Allan (withdrawn), John Watts (fined 2s.)

FAMILY QUARREL.

Victoria Bransgrove proceeded against Geo. Steele for unlawful assault.

Thomas W. Bransgrove v George Steele for assaulting Victoria Bransgrove.

There was a cross summons George Steele v. Victoria Bransgrove for unlawful assault.

Caroline Kupsch also proceeded against Victoria Bransgrove for assault.

Mr. Crofts (Maddock, Jamieson and Lowe) for Mrs. Bransgrove, Mr. Backhouse for Steele and Miss Kupsch.

Victoria Bransgrove, wife of Thos. Bransgrove, said—On 5th October I saw cattle in our crop. We got them so as to take them to the pound. Steele came over the fence and Miss Kupsch also. I told them they must not come on the place and that they could not have the cattle without paying damages. Miss Kupsch came and caught hold of me while I was putting up the slip rails. Steele tried to make another opening in the fence to get the cows out. Steele threw the panels down, rushed at me and threw me down and held me down by putting his knee into the small of my back. I became ill and was in bed for four days and had a nurse attending me. My arms were severely bruised and my back was injured and I am suffering the effects yet. I never struck Caroline Kupsch either with my hands or a stick. Nor did I hit Steele.

To Mr. Backhouse—I did not set dogs on the cows and scatter them all over the paddock. I was excited, but not very excited. I believe Kupsch could pay the damages, but he won't pay.

Gladys Bransgrove said that when Miss Kupsch got hold of her mother she (witness) gave her a push and she (Miss Kupsch) sat down on a briar bush. (Laughter). Witness never saw her mother strike Steele with a stick.

To Mr. Backhouse—Before my mother and I got on the scene we saw Miss Kupsch and Steele driving the cows out of the paddock. My mother said they could not have the cows without paying damages. Miss Kupsch said "Oh, indeed we're not going to do that." Our dog chased the cattle all over the paddock.

Geo. Hendle, greengrocer, stated he saw no stick in Mrs Bransgrove's hand. He was a quarter of a mile away.

Nurse Chapman stated that when she was called in on the 5th she found Mrs Bransgrove, who was near her confinement, in a very excited state, and she had a bruise on her arm. The doctor was called in and ordered perfect quiet. Witness afterwards found a bruise on Mrs Bransgrove's back the size of the palm of her hand.

Mr. Backhouse said the evidence of Gladys Bransgrove clearly proved that when Mrs Bransgrove came on the scene Miss Kupsch and Steele were doing what it was their duty to do, driving the cattle out of the paddock. Kupsch was prepared to pay any reasonable damages.

Geo. Steele, employed by Mr. Kupsch, said:—I was driving cows out of Bransgrove's when Mrs Bransgrove came up. She ordered me off the place, but I went on driving the cows. Mrs. Bransgrove set the dogs on the cows and scattered them. I got them together again and Mrs Bransgrove came over and started to hit me with half a rail. When she would not stop hitting me I took hold of her by the wrists. In freeing herself she fell to the ground. I did not strike her in any way. Mrs Bransgrove afterwards pushed Miss Kupsch against the fence but Miss Kupsch did not do anything to her.

Caroline Kupsch, living with her father at Bell street, said:—I saw our cows getting into Bransgrove's through the slip rail in the right-of-way and told Steele. We went at once and were getting them out when Mrs. Bransgrove came. She said to me "Get out of here you wretch." She pushed me against a stone wall and I was bruised on the chest and hip and I still feel sore from it. I saw her beating Steele with portion of a rail. He took hold of her by the wrists and she fell down, but was almost immediately on her feet again.

Frederick Kupsch said Mrs. Bransgrove showed him her arms, but he could see nothing wrong.

The P.M. said the main question was as to whether Mrs. Bransgrove was assaulted. He regarded the cross case as a mere counterblast. He was of opinion from the evidence that Mrs. Bransgrove did use that stick on Steele, and she had no reason to complain of the assault upon herself.

The cases were dismissed without costs.

It was agreed by all parties that a case of Thos. Bransgrove v. Caroline Kupsch for rescuing 7 head of cattle which had been seized for the purpose of being impounded be struck out.

Preston Rifle Club.

The annual general meeting was held at the club rooms on Thursday, 14th October. Captain J. P. Howe presided and there was a full attendance of members. The treasurer's report was most satisfactory, and the general report, read by the secretary, gave the results of the shoots for the various competitions which showed the high standard of efficiency obtained by members under such adverse conditions as want of long range accommodation. Regret was expressed at the apathy of the Federal Government in neglecting to provide range facilities for clubs this side of the Yarra, and the hope was indulged that if a Defence Bill is passed it may be the means of strengthening the position of rifle clubs and obtaining this very necessary object. The miniature range has been practically reconstructed by the introduction of travelling targets and other improvements which brings this popular pastime right up to date. The committee are offering prizes to teams from all the lodges and clubs in the district and the entries are very satisfactory. They also propose to introduce draughts and other games in order to cultivate a spirit of comradeship and make the range more popular. Any member of the general public is invited to have a shot and will be most cordially welcomed. The attendance has been so large at practice that the committee have extended the time limit for the first shoot till the 29th October, which practically means that lodge competitions can be continued from next Monday, 25th. It is also proposed to offer further prizes and introduce other innovations in the shape of snap shooting, etc.

It is intended that the presentation of prizes won at the big range will take place at a smoke night to be arranged. After the election of officers for the ensuing year was disposed of a committee was appointed to prepare a syllabus of long range shoots for the season.

Friendly Societies.

At the last meeting of the Northcote branch A.W.A. one new member was elected and two propositions received, and the quoit competition was won by Mrs. Pattifoot.

Loyal Lady Northcote, P.A.F.S., held their fortnightly meeting on Oct. 14th, when there was a fair attendance. Two candidates were initiated by W.M. Sis. Zyschenk. There were also two propositions. Next lodge meeting there is to be a toy night for bazaar. After business a P.M. charge competition was held, Bros. Moore and Pike, No 59, acting as judges. Great interest was taken in the competition, which was won by Sis. E. Gray, with the Sisters Muntz a tie for second place.

The Northcote branch A.N.A. held their fortnightly meeting on Thursday, there being a very good attendance. One new member was proposed. Considerable business was gone through. It was reported that the benefit concert held was a great success. The item on the syllabus was a lecturette by Mr. J. Brown, snr., ex-Supt. of Detectives, on "Reminiscences of bygone days." The lecture, which was capitally delivered, was of a most interesting nature, and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Mr. Gardiner moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Brown, and Mr. McDonald seconded. Mr. Brown suitably replied, bringing to a close a very enjoyable evening.

Hattam & Hattam are showing to day the following special lines:—Millinery (including children's straws,) costumes and blouses, corsets and underclothing. See their windows. [Advt].

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary services of the South Preston Methodist Church were celebrated on Sunday last, October 17th, when three services were held, the Rev. Geo. Wong, a former very popular minister of the church, preached in the morning and afternoon to good congregations, especially in the afternoon, when the church was very full, extra seating accommodation being required. At night the Rev. C. C. Dugan, B.A., preached to a large congregation on the subject of "Christ as the Master." The rev. gentleman gave a most fervid and eloquent address, it being regarded on all sides as one of the finest discourses yet heard in the church. Mr. Mankey presided at the organ, and the choir rendered several very pleasing items at each of the services. On Saturday night Rev. Geo. Wong gave a lantern lecture entitled "A trip through Tasmania," showing a number of splendid views of different parts of the Island.

LECTURE BY REV. GEO. WONG.

On Monday evening the celebrations were brought to a close, when the Rev. Geo. Wong delivered his lecture entitled "The Story of my Life." The lecture was illustrated, and kept the large audience highly interested from start to finish. Cr. E. Allchin, J.P., occupied the chair. The lecture was interspersed with several musical items, those contributing being Misses Oldmeadow and Patterson, and Revs. Geo. Wong and C. C. Dugan, B.A.

Mr. Wong commenced his lecture by saying that he represented three of the greatest countries in the world. On his father's side he represented China—the great country of the East. On his mother's side, Ireland, which fact had often been a passport to him in his missionary work. On his own side he represented Australia, as he was born in a lovely Victorian town, one of the best, the Pivot. Should they not understand some of his words that would be the Chinese coming out of him, if he should put the cart before the horse that would be Irish, and if he used any slang that will be Australian. (Laughter). At the early age of 8 years he started work by helping his father to water the vegetable garden. He would first have to go to school and then hurry home to his work. At the age of 9 he commenced hawking vegetables. About 11 years ago there was a very sad event in their home, when little baby Gem passed away. His father used to smoke opium, and once when he had finished smoking he left an egg cup full of opium on a bench and little Gem put her nose to it and inhaled some, and within half-an hour she was dead. After that they dared not mention Gem's name in their father's presence, as he always blamed himself for her death. Mr. Wong next dealt with his experiences as a dairyman, learned while staying with his grandfather. From there he was summoned home in consequence of the illness of his mother. He found the priest and nuns there, who were very kind. His mother passed away, but one of the best of sisters took her place when 18 years of age. Though working in the factory from 6 in the morning till 6 at night his sister yet found time to attend to the household duties. Once when she had saved up money for a holiday trip she spent it all in buying a suit of clothes for him, his only other one having become too ragged to wear. At 13 he went to the woollen mills and was soon earning 35/- a week. There came a time after this which he would gladly now wipe out of his life, for he went to the devil altogether. At 21 he joined the Queen's army. He always longed to be a soldier. While waiting to be examined he dropped into the little chapel where a missionary service was being conducted by the late Mr. William Taylor, of Northcote, who had now gone to his reward, and under his influence he was led to decide for Christ. He next dealt with his call to the ministry and his father's conversion and death, finishing up with an account of his college days and subsequent life in the ministry.

The Rev. Mr. Trathan moved a vote of thanks to all who had assisted to make the anniversary such a success, especially mentioning Rev. Wong, who had come from Tasmania to preach at the Sunday services and also to give the lecture. The motion was carried with acclamation.

Lecture on Ventilation.

Before the members of the Northern Wards Ratepayers' Association on Wednesday evening, 13th inst., in N.C.C. rooms, Mr Ernest Lees gave a lecturette on "Ventilation, of which the following is a resume:—

The question of ventilation is essentially a vital one, and yet it is ignored sadly. One authority is for a committee of the British House of Commons stated "Ventilation seldom enters into the mind of the builder when he projects his building. He begins as if he did not know that ventilation was necessary, he trusts to the doors and windows, to neither of which belongs the business of ventilation." Another authority speaking of impure air says "Ague and fevers are as a drop of water in the ocean when compared with the other less obtrusive but more dangerous maladies that silently disorganise the vital structure of the human fabric under the influence of this deleterious and invisible poison." Pure atmospheric air contains oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion of 1 to 4 by volume. There is always a small amount of carbon dioxide or carbonic acid gas. When the amount of carbonic acid gas amounts to 10 in 10,000 the atmosphere begins to get bad. Tests made in various places are as follows:—In close buildings the average is 16 per 10,000, in the worst portions of a theatre 32, and in mines (average) 78.5. Carbonic acid gas is produced by the combustion of gas, kerosene, charcoal, &c., and by the respiration of animals, which is a species of slow combustion. Ventilation is the getting rid of the impure and ensuring a fresh supply of pure air. The problem is how to ventilate without causing unpleasant draughts or unduly lowering the temperature. Usually the impure air issuing from lamps or lungs ascends on account of its density being less than that of the surrounding air owing to its being heated and therefore expanded. So that one would suppose that all that was necessary was to provide for egress of air near the roof and ingress of air near the floor. This is usually done and is fairly effective. But other factors, such as the variation of the temperature in the outside air, strong winds, and fires in the room—all of which have an influence on the currents of air within the house. Roscoe's experiment with a small gas filled balloon, proves that a room with a fire at work causes a constant circulation of air, and that a splendid draught is passing up the chimney while outside air finds entrance through ventilators. This draught accounts for the "winter colds" which people catch while toasting their toes in the evening. Many a householder fancies he has a fine supply of ventilators, but in many instances it will be found that no provision was made by the plasterer for opening, and the ventilator shields are mere dummies. Each householder should examine these for himself. Hardly 5 per cent of the housewives seem to really believe that fresh air is necessary in the house. This can be demonstrated by any one making an inspection of the first 100 private residences in his neighborhood. Nearly every house will have doors and windows closed to keep out dust and flies, forgetting that a deadlier enemy is within. A vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer on the motion of the President (Mr. Sharp) and Mr. H. Smith.

Lawn Tennis.

Holy Trinity play St. Paul's, Avon Vale, A team today at Thornbury at 2 p.m. Trinity players will be chosen from Misses J. Wilson, E. Hunter, L. Tribe, F. Dickson, G. Freeman, Messrs H. Jones, R. Hammet, W. Fowling, F. Hackett, R. Bradley.

The Hat King,

Thomas Trevena,

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CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. ESSENDON.

This match was finished last Saturday, and the result was not altered from the previous Saturday Northcote losing on the first innings by 2 points Essendon reached 141, Plant getting all the wickets that were lost, and finishing up with 4 for 39. Bailey also got 4 for 39. Northcote in their second innings managed to keep going until the play was stopped by rain, losing 6 wickets for 72 runs. Billings made 42 after being missed in the slips early in the innings. He played with more freedom than in his first attempt. Mitchell and Richardson were the not out men when the stumps were drawn.

The second eleven of the above teams concluded their match at Essendon last Saturday, Essendon winning by 7 runs on the first innings. Scores—

Northcote, first innings—Studley 8, Begg 22, S. Yeomans 0, Colechin 14, F. Yeomans 49 not out, Wilkinson 14, Fox 8, Webb 0, E. Yeomans 9, Andrew 7, Coyle 1, sundries 6; total, 137. Second innings, 6 wickets for 43 (Colechin 24).

Essendon, first innings, 144 (S. Yeomans 3 for 28, Fox 1 for 16, E. Yeomans 5 for 21, Wilkinson 1 for 15.

F. Yeomans played an attractive innings for his 49 not out, and took a splendid catch in the long field off his brother's bowling. O. Begg's 22 was made by sound useful cricket. E. Yeomans bowled splendidly, using good judgment by mixing his balls, while T. Andrew's catch in the slips was one out of the best. It proved a rather expensive let off when Begg failed to hold a ball from Proud. It was a catch he would take 9 times out of 10.

Northcote v. North Melbourne.—The first elevens commence their match at North Melbourne this afternoon. Northcote's team—Bailey, Billings, Brown, Fontaine, Lovett, Mitchell, Plant, Rowe, Spicer, Elder Yeomans, F. Yeomans. Cars leave town hall 1.15.

The second elevens play at Northcote Park. Team—Ashby, Andrew, Begg, Bolton, Colechin, Coyle, Fox, Hammett, Organ, Studley, Webb, Lupton. Players are requested to be on the ground at 1.45.

SOUTH MELBOURNE FOOTBALLERS V. CLIFTON HILL A.N.A.

The above match was advanced another stage last Saturday at Croxton reserve, and was witnessed by several hundred spectators. On the opening day the 'Baller-and put together 118 runs and the Natives had lost 2 wickets for 5. Pidd Hennessy 5 and Schmidt 0 resumed their places at the wickets to the bowling of Robertson and Gray. Schmidt, after making 4, hit all over a yorker from Gray and retired. Three for 11. Geo. May came next, and runs came steadily till Hennessy was caught on the fence for a well-made 34. Four for 81. May also fell a victim in the same over. J. Hutchinson, of goal-kicking fame, followed, but after making 3 was bowled by Robertson. Alf. Cattle, after making 7, nobbled a ball from Robertson and retired. R. Mobs, late of Fitzroy, shaped nicely, but unfortunately for the Natives Lambert, Louis and McNaughton fell victims to Gray's bowling, who got the last three wickets for 2 runs. Mobs carried his bat for 10. The innings closed for 75. The Footballers, with a lead of 41, started their second innings, Birch and Bowcing being the batsmen, while Hutchinson and McNaughton had charge of the bowling. Before having scored the South were favored with a bit of luck, much cut a ball hard to Meighan, who fielded splendidly. Birch ran and both batsmen were at the one end, but a bad return allowed him to regain his crease. Runs came slowly, and Hutchinson was relieved by Mobs, whose 6 overs only produced 4 runs. Bowcing, in attempting to hit one out of the ground, was smartly stumped by Catlin. Hoban joined Birch, who was showing good form when the the stumps were drawn at 5.30 owing to the bad light, one wicket being down for 29 runs. Robertson 8 for 41 and Gray 4 for 32 bowled with deadly effect for South. It is worthy of special mention that since the South have been in existence they have only been defeated on three occasions. They have been champions of the grade during the past three seasons and were runners up the two previous seasons.

PRESTON V. "ARGUS."

This match was continued last Saturday, the scores then standing—"Argus," 61; Preston, 9 for 71. The not out men, Truman and Fyfe, resumed, but after 1 run had been scored the batter tried to hit the ball into the Melbourne ground and was caught. The second innings of the "Argus" produced 149 runs (Mackay 38, Eastman 18, Allan 17; Truman 3 for 20, Heysen 3 for 20, Robinson 2 for 28, Fyfe 2 for 28). The game will be finished to-day, Preston requiring 120 to win.

Northcote Club Eleven met Collingwood at Northcote last Saturday, the locals scoring a good win. Northcote batted first and were disposed of for the total of 76 runs. T. Phillips 30 and J. Organ 21 batted well for Northcote. Jamieson bowled in form for Collingwood, capturing 6 wickets for 30. Collingwood started their innings, confident of victory, but were really accounted for by Bedford and Parratt, who both bowled finely for Northcote, the former getting 4 for 9 and the latter 6 for 30. To-day's match is against the Preston Amateurs at Preston Park. Northcote team—Bedford, Parratt, Phillips, Organ, Watt, Johnston, Linton, Gingyn, McKeon, Trainor, Cody, Rankin.

Preston Amateurs v. Fern Tree Gully, resulted in a win for the former by 37 runs. Fern Tree Gully, 93; Preston Amateurs, 129 (C. Greenhalgh 37, J. Rutter 31, C. Staulake 16, W. Wilson 8 not out).

Northcote Presbyterian A v. Dorcas Street, resulted in a win for the former by 6 wickets. Northcote, 76 and 4 for 37 (Harrison 25, Griffith 17 not out, Clark 15); Dorcas St., 34 and 36 (Richardson 8 for 33, Harrison 4 for 31, Price 6 for 30, Griffith 4 for 14).

Northcote Presbyterian A play Union Memorial today at Royal Park.

Northcote Presbyterian B play Port Melbourne today at Thornbury, on west side of railway.

The A and B teams of Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Church completed their match last Saturday, the former winning by 7 wickets. A team, 104 and 3 for 45 (W. Gillies 13, C. Walker 10 not out); B team, 64 and 71 (A. Uglow 22 not out, N. Thompson 12; Scott 5 for 12, Thompson 2 for 16). The A team play Carlton La Mascotte at Royal Park to-day, and the B team play Fitzroy at Northcote.

Preston Presbyterians opened the season well by defeating St. Andrew's by an innings and 51. Preston, 121 (Boyd 33, R. Paterson 20 not out); St. Andrew's, 26 and 43 (Proebel 3 for 5, Boyd 4 for 9, Jones 3 for 8, Hartley 6 for 14). Preston play Cairn's Memorial next to Scotch College ground to-day.

Northcote Presbyterian B were defeated by Richmond by 10 runs. Northcote 61 and 63 (Livingston 31, McKenzie 16, Donaldson 14 not out); Richmond, 27 and 111 (Donaldson 8 for 39).

Northcote Church of Christ v. Swanston Street, resulted in a win for the latter by 66 runs. Northcote, 59 and 56; Swanston St., 109 and 72.

Preston Methodist v. Nicholson St. Scores—Nicholson St., 123 (Keen 4 for 11, Barker 3 for 43); Methodist, 3 for 33. To be continued to-day.

South Preston Methodist beat Somerset by 48 runs. South Preston, 60 and 91; Somerset, 55 and 88 (Bott 5 for 33, Dixon 4 for 28, Letchford 7 for 13, Saunders 2 for 2.)

South Preston Methodists play Brunswick United on Kia Ora's ground, Brunswick, this afternoon.

Northcote I.O.R. were defeated by St. Joseph's last Saturday by 3 wickets and 7 runs. I.O.R., 60 and 28; St. Joseph's 68 and 7 for 28.

Everleigh, 7 for 164, defeated South Yarra Baptists, 21, by 3 wkts and 143 runs. Everleigh play Huskins at Preston to-day.

South Preston State School played Fairfield at Preston last Wednesday, the match ending in a draw. Fairfield, 5 for 70, innings declared closed (Doidge 32, Bruce 13, Naylor 10); Richardson 3 for 22, Bagnley 3 for 26); S. Preston, 9 for 50 (Orch 15, Millson 8 not out; Doidge 4 for 20, Woodful 4 for 22.)

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings advertise sales by auction on the 20th inst and 6th and 13th Nov. of properties at Northcote and Coburg on account of the Curator of Estates of Deceased Persons in estate S. H. Wintle, The Equity Trustees Coy re F. Bruckner, deceased, and other owners. Plans and particulars at auctioneer's offices.

T R B Morton and Coghill, in conjunction with H. J. Looker, will sell by auction, as advertised, on 11th Nov, the "Oatlands" estate, Bundoora.

Nicol, Miller and Co. report having sold villa and furniture by auction on Tuesday last on account Mr. H H Barker. The house was knocked down to Mr Robert Edments, of Melbourne, at a satisfactory price.

Stott & Bastings, Northcote, Preston and Fairfield, report the following recent sales of properties by private contract:—Northcote: Darebin road, allotment, 132 x 153; Gotch st, do, 72 x 120; Station st, 2 do, 132 x 127; Christmas st, do, 128 x 130; Herbert st, 2 do, 132 x 152; Kemp st, do, 40 x 178; Kemp st, do, 63 x 178; Ballantyne st, do, 50 x 130; Woolton av, do, 50 x 130; Harold st, do, 66 x 135; McCracken av, do, 42 x 200; Flinders st, villa on land, 44 x 117; Alexander st, villa on land, 82 x 140; Kelvin gr, cottage on land, 20 x 100; Henry st, w.b. house on land, 17 x 152; Hartley st, cottage and land, 42 x 146; Kemp st, villa on land, 42 x 176; Sth. Crescent, villa on land, 50 x 127; Gladstone avenue, cottage on land, 34 x 120; Raleigh st, villa on land, 70 x 116; Westbourne gr, villa on land, 50 x 130; Wilson st, villa on land, 40 x 100. Union st, w.b. house on land, 17 x 120; Arthurton rd, land, 150 x 313; McCracken's estate, allotments, 40 x 150; Bayview estate, do, 40 x 127; Beaumont estate, do, 100 x 140; Brooke estate, do, 240 x 140; Waterloo rd, do, 50 x 145; Smith st, do, 40 x 134; Johnson st, do, 44 x 134; Langston st, do; Hawthorn rd, w.b. house; High street, allotment, 42 x 120; Clarke st, villa on land, 40 x 127; Gladstone av, allotments, 68 x 120. Fairfield Park: Heidelberg rd, allotment, 82 x 138; Railway place, do, 66 x 150; Separation st, allotments; Gillies st, allotment; Gillies st, do, 66 x 132. Brunswick East: Ethel st, w.b. house. Preston: Yann st, w.b. house. North Fitzroy: allotment, corner Miller and Inn sts.

EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.

The following are the results to October 21st, 1909:—

Pen	Name	Breed	Total for week	Total to date
1	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	W.L.	29	490
2	Jones, W. W.	S.W.	33	611
3	Fisher, D.	B.O.	35	620
4	Noncum, F.	S.W.	28	393
5	Brown, G. E.	B.L.	39	436
6	Sunnyhurst	W.L.	28	577
7	Powell, A.	"	32	404
8	Mader, C. and Co.	"	24	434
9	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	B.O.	33	417
10	Fisher, D.	W.O.	32	527
11	Grass, E. H.	W.L.	34	410
12	Mitchenson, Mrs.	"	28	524
13	Grass, E. H.	L.	24	477
14	Rogers, P. T.	W.L.	28	416
15	Ashby, Miss R. J.	"	25	397
16	Robinson, Mark	B.O.	26	383
17	Spencer, C.W.	W.L.	22	527
18	Featherstone, W.	"	35	503
19	Hobson, Capt. Kyme	"	32	498
20	Turnbull, Mrs. J. R.	"	29	587
21	Staples, A.	"	30	388
22	Dawborn, E.	"	33	537
23	Smith, Mrs. L.	"	32	457
24	Bartram, C.	"	31	451
25	Fisher, D.	"	33	497
26	Fletcher Bros.	"	34	438
	Total for week		780	
	Grand total to date			12,417

NICE HOUSES.

Nice Sites for Houses

FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS OR FOR CASH.

19 DAREBIN ROAD, situate few doors from High St., and near the Croxton station. A NATTY D.F.W.B. VILLA, containing 5 rooms, bathroom and wash-house, erected on land 30 x 100. The street is made, path asphalted, and right-of-way pitched. Price, £300.

WILSON STREET (now called Hayes St.) situate off Darebin Road and near the Croxton station. A NEWLY-BUILT D.F.W.B. VILLA, nicely finished, containing 5 rooms, bathroom, washhouse, vestibule, wood-shed, erected on land 40 x 96 to pitched right-of-way. Price, £300.

251 CLARKE STREET East, handy to Westgarth station. A GOOD D.F.W.B. VILLA, containing 6 rooms and every convenience, bow window, slate roof, well constructed, on land 40 x 130, street made. Price, £390.

ARMADALE STREET, near the Croxton station. A CHEAP W.B. COTTAGE, containing 4 rooms and conveniences, erected on land 20 x 96, 6/6 week, without deposit. Price £130.

Also many others, particulars of which may be obtained at our offices. Houses and Land for Sale in Northcote, Preston, Fairfield and Brunswick. Terms arranged to meet the wishes of purchasers.

LAND.

Ballantyne St., 50 x 130		12/6
Clarendon St., 70 x 115		15/
Clyde St., 49ft. 6in. x 148		12/6
Flinders St., 33 x 119		20/
Hammond St., 115 x 115		10/
Jenkin St., 35 x 115		25/
Langston St., 40 x 91ft. 6in.		25/
Lewis St., 40 x 90		6/
Mansfield St., 115 x 115		15/
St. David St., 33 x 115		25/

And many others.

Stott & Bastings,

(Walter S. Stott, Harold E. Bastings),

The Oldest-Established Firm carrying on business in Northern Suburbs,

AUCTIONEER,

ESTATE AGENTS,

VALUERS,

207 & 521 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,

Preston and Fairfield.

Tel. 1076.

"Two of the best medicos—Dr. Sun and Dr. Fresh Air"—Ventilation.

Do You Know

that if your advertisement were here every resident in the district would be reading it just as

YOU ARE READING THIS

It is advertised that drags, waggonettes, &c., are for hire at Frost's livery stables, Mansfield street.

Houses and Land For Sale.

McGEORGE BROS., AUCTIONEER, Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Insurance Experts, and Rent Collectors, 323 HIGH STREET, PRESTON (Murray station), AUCTION ROOMS, Sydney Road, corner The Grove, MORELAND.

McGEORGE BROS.' AUCTION ROOMS, MORELAND, Sydney Road, corner The Grove. Five minutes' walk north of Brunswick Tram Terminus. The Most Complete Sale Rooms in the Northern Suburbs. Entries of Furniture and Miscellaneous Goods will now be received for our opening Sale. Cash Settlement same day.

PRESTON.—CHOICE SELECTION. QUEEN ANNE VILLAS, 5 and 6 Rooms, Modern Appointments, Free Railway Pass. £335——£375——£450. Charming Position. Liberal Terms. McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

SHEFFIELD ESTATE, PRESTON. Allotments, 50 x 180, from £27. No Deposit. No Interest. Weekly payments from 2/3. Every block is surveyed and splendidly drained. Only a few minutes' walk to Regent station. Occupying a delightful position in the TOORAK of the NORTH. 300 feet above sea level, good train service, charming views, progressive locality. Select a Site for your future Home on this Grand Estate. Plans on application to the Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer & Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Murray Station, Preston. Tram Terminus, Brunswick.

PRESTON.—POST OFFICE ESTATE. Allotments, 34 x 115, £17 each. Terms—£3 deposit and 1/3 per week. Close to Murray station, municipal buildings and bowling green. Plans from Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Expert Land Salesmen.

PRESTON LAND BARGAINS.

High Street, 50 x 110	25/	foot
Cramer Street, 66 x 250	40/	"
Bell Street, 50 x 120	20/	"
King William Street, 57 x 125	10/	"
Queen Street, 56 x 125	17/6	"
Northernhay Street, 56 x 150	11/6	"
Tyler Street, 45 x 130	21/	"
Seymour Street, 38 x 110	£15	

Plans and particulars from McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer, Preston and Moreland.

PRESTON.—Sacrifice. Two Grand Building Sites, each 34 x 115, £35 the lot. Central position, close train. Plans, McGeorge Bros., Murray station, Preston.

PRESTON.—Something Cheap. Workman's Cottage, 4 rooms, conveniences, large shed, street asphalted, 2 minutes station, £185; small deposit, balance as rent. McGeorge Bros., Preston and Moreland.

AUCTION SALES.—This Day at 3 o'clock, Villa at White Street, Moreland; October 30, Villa, De Carle Street, Brunswick; November 6, Allotments, The Avenue, Moreland, and Chadoe Street, Coburg; November 13, Colebrook Street, Brunswick; November 20, Villa, Queen Street, Preston. McGeorge Bros., auctioneer still sell by public auction as above.

HILLSIDE Estate, Preston. Marvellous value. 40ft. blocks from 1/6 weekly. No deposit. No interest. Plans and particulars from Robertson, agent, corner High and Bell streets, Preston.

DENTISTRY.

T. WEBSTER, L.D.S. (Licentiate of Dental Surgery) M.A.O.D.

308 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.

Meetings.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

MADAME MELBA CHARITY CONCERT.

BUSH NURSING FUND.

I shall be pleased if Ladies will attend a meeting in the Mayor's Room, Town Hall, Northcote, on Monday next, the 25th inst., at 3 p.m., for the purpose of forming a Committee to assist in the above object.

E. A. HAYES, Mayoress.

October 22nd, 1909.

NORTHCOTE PUBLIC LIBRARY. The Annual Meeting of Subscribers will be held at the Town Hall on Tuesday, 26th October, 1909, at 8 p.m. Business:—To receive Report and Balance Sheet and fill vacancies on Committee. A full attendance is requested. R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Sec.

NORTHCOTE POLITICAL LABOUR COUNCIL hold OPEN-AIR MEETING in High Street each FRIDAY EVENING. Mr. C. FRASER, M.H.R., speaks on October 29th. Van Picnic to Heidelberg on Nov. 15th (King's Birthday). Tickets, 1/6; Children, half-price.

Amusements.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Annual United Display Girls' and Young Men's Guilds, Shire Hall, Preston, Monday, 25th October, commencing 8 sharp. Adults 1/-, Children 6d. Physical Culture, Music, Basket Ball, and Hockey Ring.

ALBERT HALL, CLIFTON HILL. ELOCUTIONARY ENTERTAINMENT, to be given by the Pupils of MISS ETTIE GRIFFITHS, Assisted by Mr. Geo. Morgan and Pupils of Miss Anderson, NEXT WEDNESDAY, 27th OCTOBER, at 7.30 p.m. Tableaux, Recitations, Dialogues, Children's Plays, &c., &c. Tickets 1/- Front Seats, 1/6.

PRESTON BRANCH A.W.A. CINDERELLA SOCIAL, Shire Hall, Monday, 1st November (Cup Eve). Smart and Aumont's Band. G. Hendrie, M.C. Admission—Gents 1/6, Ladies 6d. Refreshments included. Miss Z. Ozanne, President. Mrs. Sheppard, Secretary.

EPPING FOOTBALL CLUB. A GRAND SOCIAL, A GRAND SOCIAL, Under the auspices of the above, will be held in the Shire Hall on FRIDAY, 29th OCTOBER. The First of the Season. An Enjoyable Evening Assured. Moonlight. Efficient M.C. Good Music. Refreshments provided. Gents, 2/6. Ladies Free. P. Ryan, Esq., President. A. McHutchinson, Secretary.

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT BY YOUNG AUSTRALIANS, YOUNG AUSTRALIANS, in the SHIRE HALL, PRESTON, on SATURDAY, 30th OCTOBER. Under the auspices of the Preston Branch A.N.A. Tickets, Sixpence. Upon payment of sixpence extra seats may be reserved. W. HAUSER, President. E. C. SCOTT, Secretary.

Auction Notices.

AUCTION SALES. At the Properties by STOTT AND BASTINGS, AUCTIONEER, SATURDAY, 30th OCTOBER. CROXTON.

3 o'clock—Wilson Street (now called Hayes Street). New D.F.W.B. VILLA, 5 rooms, Land 40 x 96. Also, adjoining above, 6 ALLOTMENTS, 40 x 96.

3.30 o'clock—Hunter, McFarlane, and Dennis Streets. 14 ALLOTMENTS, 40 x 88. MARVELLOUS TERMS: £1 deposit each lot; 10/ month; 5 per cent. interest. Plans at offices.

SATURDAY, 6th NOVEMBER. THORNBURY.

3 o'clock—Smith Street, 165ft. Raymont St, ALLOTMENT, 66 x 134ft. 6in. Shaftesbury Parade, corner Leinster Gr., ALLOTMENT, 79ft. 6in. x 138; to be offered on the land in Smith Street.

SATURDAY, 13th NOVEMBER. NORTHCOTE and COBURG.

3 o'clock—High Street, opposite National Bank, Valuable BUSINESS SITE, 30 x 200.

3.45 o'clock—A'Beckett Street, off O'Hea's Rd., near Coburg station, ALLOTMENT 40 x 100.

For full particulars see the Auctioneer, 207 and 521 High Street, Northcote, Tel. 1076, Preston and Fairfield. STOTT AND BASTINGS.

THURSDAY, 11th NOVEMBER "OATLANDS" ESTATE, BUNDOORA 11 miles from Melbourne. EXECUTORS' REALISING SALE. At 3 o'clock. In Morton & Coghill's Rooms, Queen's Walk, 72 Swanston Street. Subdivided into 8 convenient blocks from 22 acres to 104 acres (latter with homestead) The Surroy Hills water main runs through the property. Terms: ¼ cash, balance to 3 years. Plans now ready. T. R. B. MORTON & COGHILL, 72 Swanston Street, Canterbury and Box Hill; H. J. LOOKER, 418 Little Collins Street and Greensborough, Auctioneers in conjunction.

Wanted

STRONG Young Man, used to horses. E. Allchin, storekeeper, Preston.

TAILORESSES, Apprentices and Improvers to Vests; fare paid. E. Turner, Room 8 First Floor, 108 Queen street, City.

GRAZING.—Wanted at once, Paddock for pony, 2 or 3 months. J. Donath, 13 West street, Preston.

SMART, intelligent Boy. Hattam and Hattam have a vacancy for the above. Call this morning. Don's delay.

BOY, smart, for parcels. F. G. Smith, draper, High-st., Northcote.

Lost and Found.

LOST, Saturday, Gold Bow Brooch, with pearls. Reward. M. Pearl, Shaftesbury parade, Northcote.

LOST, last Thursday week, Fox Terrier Dog, body all white, black head, tan muzzle. Reward. Detainer prosecuted. A. H. Marsden, 151 Clarke st., Northcote.

Bereavement Notices.

MR. and Mrs. PERCY BLACKMAN and Family wish to tender their heartfelt thanks to the Rev. A. C. Kellaway, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Roberts, and many other kind friends for sympathy and kindly help in their recent sad bereavement; also to members of Holy Trinity C.C. for a beautiful floral tribute.

JOHN PHILLIPS, M.R.V.S., VETERINARY SURGEON and EQUINE DENTIST, 92 EASEY ST., COLLINGWO

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18.

Present:—Cr. Howe (president), Crispe, Robertson, Warr, Stanlake, and Wilkinson.

The president intimated that Crs. Allchin and Howse had requested him to apologise for them; Cr. Paterson, he regretted to say, was absent through illness.

TRANSFER OF CONTRACT.

Geo. Porteous wrote stating he was willing to take over Mr. C. Wall's contract.—Referred to clause 3 of works committee's report.

DIPHTHERIA CASES.

Dr. Wilkinson reported several cases of diphtheria—Geo. Carson, aged 16, David street; and Phyllis McPherson, 3 years, and Winnifred McPherson, aged 12 years.—Received.

CROSSING WANTED.

A. Robertson wrote applying for a pitched crossing in High street, near Bell street, on usual conditions.—Granted.

OBJECTS TO INTEREST.

Elizabeth King wrote asking council to forego interest charged, £2 6s 10d, and she would pay charge for channelling, £5 7s 11d, without delay.—Referred to finance committee.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH FETE.

Eric Rundle wrote asking for a concession on hall rent in connection with a fete they were going to hold on 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th November to raise funds to pay All Saints' church's portion of cost of construction of Murray road.—Referred to hall committee, on the motion of Cr. Crispe.

A.N.A. ENTERTAINMENT.

E. C. Scott, secretary A.N.A., wrote asking for permission to put calico sign over shire hall fence advertising children's concert.—Granted, subject to approval of the engineer.

THE AUDIT.

The Public Works Department wrote intimating that Mr. W. P. Steane had been appointed to carry out the audit of the shire books at a fee of £20.

Replying to a councillor the secretary said this was about £4 more than they paid last year.

Referred to the finance committee on the motion of Crs. Crispe and Robertson.

THE HOUSES IN SHOWERS STREET.

Wm. Ward, secretary Preston Citizen's Progressive Association, wrote re houses which had been put in Showers street. If the houses were condemned in Collingwood, and why? was the information the Association wanted to have. They had heard statements made that the houses were condemned for tuberculosis and wanted to know if such statements were true.

Cr. Robertson asked that the letter previously received from the association be read.

This letter said—"It has been stated that the houses were condemned by the health inspector at Collingwood as being unfit for habitation, and they would ask that the Preston inspector be allowed to enquire."

Cr. Stanlake—And we have enquired.

Cr. Warr moved that a further request be made to the Association for information, which, according to the correspondence, they seemed to have in their possession.

Cr. Crispe seconded. Carried.

WILLING TO PAY.

E. Knox, Northcote, wrote stating she was willing to pay her portion of cost of lane between Yann and Junction streets.—Referred to the secretary.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

The Board of Public Health wrote advising fumigation of rooms occupied by Mr. Jas O'Brien at Junction Hotel before admission to Greenvale Consumptive Sanatorium.—Referred to committee of the whole.

REGULATION RE BREAD.

The Board of Public Health wrote forwarding regulation re securing the cleanliness and freedom from contamination of bread.—Referred to the inspector.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING SCHEME.

The City of South Melbourne wrote asking if this council would be prepared to pay its proportion of cost (£8 13s 4d) of a report by an expert re question of municipal lighting.

Cr. Crispe said that with their scattered population electricity would be unsuitable as a lighting medium. He would move, therefore, that a reply be sent that the council take no action in the matter.

Cr. Warr seconded.—Carried.

LAND TAX BILL.

The City of Prahran wrote asking this council to send representatives to a conference to arrange for opposition to the Land Tax Bill.

Cr. Crispe said this was a political matter and was not one which the council, but the ratepayers, by public meeting, should move in if they chose. He moved that this council decline to appoint delegates.

Cr. Robertson seconded.—Carried.

LAND FOR RECREATION PURPOSES.

Several offers of land suitable for recreation purposes were sent in.—Referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs. Warr and Wilkinson.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Robertson (chairman) submitted the report, recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £53 11s 2d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Letter from Metropolitan Fire Brigades Board in reference to pillar hydrants for Murray road.—That application be made to the Board for two pillar hydrants to be placed in Murray road as shown in the plan submitted.—Adopted.

3. Letter from C. Wall asking to be allowed to transfer his contract No. 2/10 to Mr. Geo. Porteous.—That the transfer be allowed.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Stanlake (chairman) submitted the report, recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £33 13s 2d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Collector's report.—That the collector prepare a list of the cases where rates have not been paid for a number of years through the addresses of owners being unknown with a view to submitting same to the solicitor so that the sale of the land might be arranged for and the rates liquidated from the proceeds.—Adopted.

HALL COMMITTEE.

Cr. Wilkinson submitted the report, recommending—

1. Letter from W. Hooper applying for the use of the supper room—That from information received by Mr. Hamilton from Mr. Hooper no further action be taken.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

1. Re matters in connection with street lighting.—That 3 lamps be lit with benzine and continued on trial until Mr. Barnes reports to the council.—Adopted.

2. Report from Mr. Barnes re assistance for lamp lighting.—That Mr. Barnes be allowed 15s per week extra to provide for assistance at the pleasure of the council.—Adopted.

INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

1. In company with health officer inspected house occupied by Mr. Jeffries and owned by Mr. Wilson. There being no one at home, could not see inside, but acting on advice of health officer served notice that new spouting, downpipes, &c., must be put in, and the building generally put in proper condition within 14 days.—Approved.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Warr asked that the roadway on the hill at the other side of Vincent's be referred to the engineer for attention. Agreed to.

Cr. Crispe asked that the drains in Station street be referred to the inspector.

Cr. Wilkinson said the asphalt footpath near Mrs Thomas's, High street north, was broken by a pitched crossing. If the latter were removed and asphalt substituted it would be an improvement.—Referred to the works committee.

ADVERTISING V. "BUSTING."

Two men did business side by side;
For getting trade the first rallied
On advertising far and wide,
The while the second trusted
To other methods to obtain
The golden prize he sought to gain,
Upon the first the dollars rain—
The other merchant busted.

EPPING SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18.

Present:—Crs. McCormack (president) McCoy, Browne, Dea, Morgan, & Bodycoat.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Public Works Department wrote notifying that Mr. W. P. Sillane had been appointed to audit the council's books, at a fee of £6 6s.—Received.

From Railway Department asking on which side of the line at Thomastown the goods shed was required. Some of the residents had asked that it be put on the passenger side where the trains pull up.—The secretary had replied that the shed was desired on the passenger side.—Cr. Morgan moved that a letter be sent thanking Mr. Robertson, M.L.A., for his interest in the matter and that he be requested to endeavour to get the lighting at Epping station improved. Cr. Dea seconded.—Carried.

From Board of Health forwarding regulation with reference to the keeping of bread free from access by rats and mice or materials that would contaminate same.—Copy to be sent to the local baker, Mr. Patterson.

From Shire of Fern Tree Gully, asking, in view of a majority of the councils recommending that the use of pea rifles be restricted to persons over 21 years, that this council's representative support legislation being passed in this direction at the annual conference of the Municipal Association.—Request complied with, on the motion of Cr. Morgan.

The Shire of Merriang wrote stating that owing to the dangerous condition of the lane leading from Woodstock road east, beside Hadfield and Somerdale, it had been decided to call tenders for its construction. To be considered with engineer's report re the matter.

From secretary Lavinia Kennedy Heroism Fund, acknowledging receipt of 9s donated by councillors and officers.—Received.

From Victorian Employers' Federation, forwarding leaflets re Land Tax Bill, and asking council to pass resolution condemning the measure.

Cr. Morgan moved and Cr. Brown seconded that a reply be sent that this council had already passed a resolution condemning the Bill.

From Victorian Pisctorial Union, asking for information re local streams and their possibilities as fishing resorts. The information was wanted with a view of providing a guide for use in carrying out a scheme for the future stocking on thorough systematic and scientific lines the waters of the State.—No action taken.

From Constable Woodhouse, reporting having inspected Mr. Bunce's slaughter-house and yards, and although they are situated a little too close to the other houses he was of opinion that they are suitable for slaughtering purposes, being well drained and clean.

Cr. Morgan moved and Cr. Dea seconded that the license be granted.—Carried.

From W. B. and O. McCutcheon, asking to be supplied with the rates and charges of every description due and owing on the lots at Eden Park in possession of Messrs J. R. J. Butler, Tobias Butler, and Mrs C. Butler.—Secretary to supply the information.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

1. Would recommend two 15-inch pipes being put in Merriang road opposite Arnell's.—Approved.

2. About 5 chains of Davidson street requires to be constructed and he would recommend that the road be metalled with an open crossing in Coulstock street on north side.

The engineer having remarked that the work was not urgent, Cr. Morgan moved that the matter be postponed for three months.

3. T. Butler has finished gravelling Glenburnie road. An extra chain has been done; cost £2 12s.—Cr. Browne moved that the extra be allowed. Seconded by Cr. Bodycoat and Carried.

4. Hall and McKenzie have got two chains of their metal formation done.—Received.

5. J. Tuttle has supplied and broken all the metal for Donnybrook road. There are 9½ yards extra, cost £2 5s 6d.

Cr. Browne moved that the extra be allowed. Cr. Bodycoat seconded.—Carried.

6. Construction of Rufus street is now finished. P. Ryan has roughly pitched 1½ chains of the drain opposite his house.—Received.

7. Brazil Bros. have got 14½ yards extra metal in Cooper street; cost £3 4s 2d.

Cr. Morgan moved that the extra be allowed.—Carried.

8. Received copy of specification from Merriang council re work to be done on Boundary road at Hadfield's. When I went on Thursday found work completed. Am afraid the table drain will scour away.

The president—Is the tender at a fair price?

The engineer—I think it is just about double what it should be.

It was decided to pay half cost of the work, the Merriang council, however, to be informed that this council considered the cost excessive.

9. When Mr. Payne visited Mahoney's road he found no fences across same as reported.

FINANCE.

The treasurer, Mr. G. McClelland, reported having received since last meeting rates amounting to £28 3s 9d. Overdraft £650 19s 9d.

The accounts for the month amounting to £110 11s 2d were passed for payment on the motion of Crs. Morgan and Browne.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

The president remarked that no councillor need bring up any matter that involved the spending of any money.

Cr. Browne said that he was told by the Eden Park people when he visited there that they could not even get so much as a finger post. To refute that he would move that a finger post be put up on Grant's road. The president seconded.—Carried.

Cr. McCoy moved that the engineer arrange to have 10 yards metal put on the hill leading to the cemetery in Germantown lane which was in a very bad state; in fact it was dangerous.

The engineer suggested that it would be better to get 20 yards—ten yards of coarse metal and ten yards of fine metal.

This suggestion was adopted on the understanding that the cost would not exceed £5.

Cr. McCoy said he would like to see something done to Mahoney's road. He would move that Preston council be asked to meet the council's engineer to see what improvements should be made, also to try and provide some money on their estimates.—Carried.

The president said the motion he was expecting to hear moved was "That all works be suspended for three months."

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, 18TH OCTOBER.

(Before Messrs Thiarratt (chairman), McIntosh, Brown, and Redmond, J's.P.)

A MAINTENANCE CASE.

Catherine Silva proceeded against her husband, Joachim Silva, for the maintenance of her three children, aged 8, 5, and 1½ years respectively. Mr. R. Candy appeared for plaintiff and Mr. Sonenberg for defendant.

Catherine Silva stated that she and the three children resided with her sister in Separation street, Northcote. She had been married 9 years, but they had never lived happily together, and her husband had never provided sufficient means for their support. Seven months ago they all went to live with her sister on the understanding that her husband paid half the rent (five shillings) and otherwise maintained them. During this period her husband did odd jobs. A month ago he left her and is working at a restaurant in Swanston street, but has provided no support for the family. He sent her £1 a week when engaged in road-making at Omeo.

To Mr. Sonenberg witness said that her sister and brother-in-law did not like him. She admitted that her husband had asked her to leave her sister's house and make a home of their own, but she had refused to live with him again.

Julia Saffrana said that defendant did very little work when living at her place.

Joachim Silva said that he was a cook, but did not confine himself to that employment when out of work. He had undertaken such work as painting, paperhanging, fencing, road-making, street-blocking, serving in fish shops, tailoring, &c., &c. He was quite willing and ready to provide a home for his wife and children and had asked his wife three times—verbally and by letter—during the last three weeks to join him.

The chairman said that while they were satisfied that the wife and children had not received the support they were entitled to in the past they would adjourn the case for 14 days to allow the defendant to provide a home, and in the event of him doing so the Bench recommended the wife, along with the children, to share it with him.

ALLEGED ASSAULT.

Julia Saffrana v. Joachim Silva. Plaintiff alleged that on the 12th inst. defendant struck her on the head, and made her nose bleed. Francis Hannaford, greengrocer, stated that he was passing at the time and saw defendant hit her with his open hand. He was carrying a baby in the other arm. Defendant said that he was interviewing his wife when plaintiff ordered him off the premises. He went along the street and asked his wife to follow him. She did so accompanied by plaintiff and he turned round and pushed plaintiff back with his open hand. That was all that took place.

Case adjourned for 14 days.

Neglected Children's Act.

UNIFORMITY OF ADMINISTRATION DESIRED.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I desire to direct attention to an item of news that appeared in your last issue under the heading of the Preston Police Court, wherein it was stated that application was made to the Bench to have some children committed to the care of the Department for Neglected Children, which was refused. The public will readily understand the anguish of the mother and the chagrin of those that have interested themselves when it is stated that similar cases are in other suburbs dealt with in a manner strictly in keeping with the necessities of the application made. It does not require the satire of a Swift or the descriptive powers of a Dickens, to explain the capricious administration the Act is subject to, yet the Act is clear enough. Section 20 provides that "Any child brought before any two or more justices, charged with being a neglected child, they shall proceed to hear the charge and if it be established to their satisfaction they may direct such child to be forthwith committed to the care of the Department." The most inexplicable part is why Preston should be penalized; we have the ranks of the justices augmented by recent appointments and it is fervently trusted that the impeachment that the position is a mere social receptacle for embalming figureheads, will be met by an intelligent conception of the duties and a fearless carrying out of same that will dignify the position. Apart from the intrinsic merits of this case, the question from many standpoints is pregnant with religious, moral, and political issues of momentous importance, more especially when Roosevelt's injunction to Australia "Fill the Cradles" is remembered. Is it not an inhuman policy to convert cradles into coffins. It is computed by the advocates of immigration that each adult added to our population represents an added money value of £250, and estimated from this mercenary standpoint there are four children, or in other words an asset of £1000, and yet local law is such "an hass" as to dissipate it in one of those venal strokes of policy that Humble revels in. We are to kill all the maternal instincts that cherish and nurture them, creating environments that are incentives to desert them, increasing the state liability in a way that traduces and disgraces all. In conclusion I desire to testify sincere appreciation of the indefatigable zeal and courtesy I experienced from Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., in connection with this matter. I do this the more willingly because in politics we are opposed, but on questions of this type there are sentiments that makes nature akin. I must curtail and apologise for the inordinate length of a frail effort to deal with a beautiful theme.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. DUNOVAN.

BILIOUSNESS BANISHED.

Bile Beans Prove a Blessing.

When you are bilious, every thought of food is nauseous. When the room gets warm you may feel as if you are going to be sick. If you hurry to catch a car or a train, there the feeling is again! Headaches, turning off with sickness, a nasty coated tongue, are other symptoms of biliousness, and a symptom most distressing to the female sex is the fearful green-yellow color the skin comes to have if biliousness is allowed to continue. All this arises from misdirected bile, due primarily to improper liver action. It is by promoting the liver to proper action, and by purifying the blood from the bile elements which have escaped into it that Bile Beans cure biliousness whenever they are used.

Mrs. K. Tarry, of 262 Mitchell Street, Brunswick, Vic., says:—"For years I suffered from severe bilious attacks and headaches. Try what I would I could gain no relief. Some time ago a friend visiting the house recommended Bile Beans as a proved cure for my trouble. Just at this time I was afflicted by a severe attack, and at once sent for a box of the Beans. I gained relief with the first dose, and thus encouraged I continued the course, and in a short time I was entirely free from biliousness and its accompanying headaches, and have not had the slightest return of the trouble since. I am very grateful for the change Bile Beans have worked in me and never fail to recommend them to others who are suffering."

Bile Beans promptly cure all liver, stomach, and digestive ailments, and are obtainable from all chemists and stores.

THE STANDARD FAMILY MEDICINE.

A NURSE'S SKIN TROUBLES.

Zam-Buk Ends Terrible Disfigurement.

Such are the unique merits of Zam-Buk, either as an over-ready "first-aid" or original skin-cure, that nurses do not hesitate to use and recommend it, and always with a success surpassing their most sanguine expectations.

Nurse Crouch, residing at 37 Alexander Street, Footscray, Vic., has recently met with remarkable proof of Zam-Buk's curative and healing virtues. For thirteen long years this lady suffered from disfiguring blotches, pimples, and redness of the face, which the repeated treatments of doctors and hospitals failed to cure, and the success achieved by Zam-Buk enhances still further the splendid reputation of this great skin-cure. Nurse Crouch says:—"For the past thirteen years I have been a sufferer from blotches, pimples, and redness on my face. I consulted doctors, but derived no benefit from their treatments. I also attended the Ballarat hospital for eighteen months, during which time I was unable to follow my occupation of a trained nurse. I was recommended to try Zam-Buk, which I did with the most gratifying results and *it gives me great pleasure to inform you that my face is now entirely free from all eruptions.* I never fail to recommend Zam-Buk to my friends, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be *the best healing balm I have ever used.*"

Zam-Buk, the invaluable spring skin-cure is far preferable to so-called blood mixtures, which exert little or no influence on the delicate tissues. Zam-Buk cures pimples, boils, rashes, eruptions, eczema, and sores of all sorts, and is invaluable for cuts, scalds, burns, bruises, piles, ulcers, and all diseases and injuries of the skin. Of all chemists and stores at 1s 6d and 3s 6d.

EVERY HOME NEEDS ZAM-BUK.

Announcements.

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Loans Negotiated Promptly. Auctions Arranged.

Fire and Life Insurances Effected.

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HOUSE & LAND Agents,

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Houses for Sale—small deposit; balance as rent.

Rents Collected. Insurances Effected, Loans Negotiated, Commissions executed.

Valuations made. Auction Sales arranged.

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Pittosporum eugenoides, 5/ doz.
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ROSES in great variety. Flower Seedlings a Speciality.

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Fly-Proof Window Screens,

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Wooden frames 2/3, Metal frames 3/6 each.

Fly Wire. Perforated Zinc. Spring Hinges.

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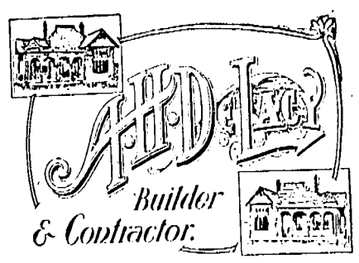

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2lb. "	10d "	56lb. "	7½d "
7lb. "	9d "	112lb. "	7d "
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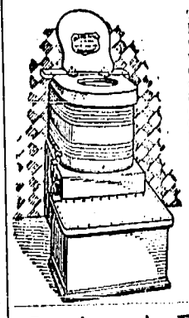

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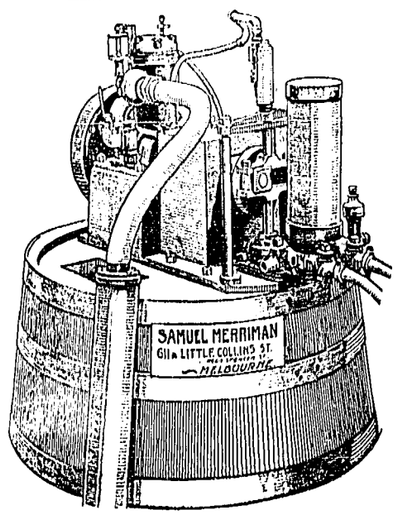

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CONSULT the DANISH MASSUER and MAGNETIC HEALER,

Professor R. OVESEN,

366 ST. KILDA ROAD,

near Hoadley's Jam Factory.

CONSULTATION FREE.

HOURS—From 10 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m. daily.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,

GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,

Cowkeeper and Dairyman

Cattle and Premises under inspection 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 colouring matter or preservatives.

No second dealing or with other traders.

Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings.

F. W. LUPSON

NOTIFIES the public that he has purchased and taken over the

"ACME" DAIRY,

HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE,

from which customers can rely upon getting

MILK

that is

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the supply being obtained from specially selected herds in the country districts.

A card to the "Acme" Dairy, Helen St. and the carts will call.

Carpenters.

W. Gribble,

CARPENTER and JOINER, HOUSE REPAIRER.

231 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (near Methodist Church).

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.

Venetian Blinds Painted, Re-Taped and Corded.

Vienna Chairs and Furniture Repaired and Stained like New.

Wire Doors, Windows, and Household Requirements in Wood.

Announcements

PUBLIC NOTICE.

J. McNamara,

the old-established

PRESTON BAKER,

BEGS to announce that he has now OPENED his

NEW and UP-TO-DATE BREAD FACTORY

in Plenty Road, near corner of Bell Street, where he will be able to serve customers better not only in the matter of the "STAFF OF LIFE," but in all kinds of

PASTRY and SMALL GOODS.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

J. KIDD,

Hay & Corn, Wood & Coal Merchant,

480 High Street, Northcote,

HAS ON SALE—

Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Maize, Lucerne Chaff,

And all kinds of Poultry Feed.

Agent for Singer's and Pratt's Poultry Food.

Best Box Blocks, Maitland and Pelaw Main Coal.

PRESTON GENERAL STORE

623 High Street North.

H. JONES

Begs to notify the public of Preston and surrounding district that he has commenced business as a

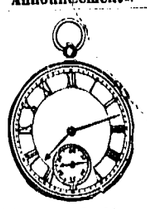
CASH and FAMILY GROCER

at above address.

Try our Special TEAS, 1/, 1/3, and 1/6. In stock—Bran, Chaff, Wheat, Oats Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Cheese.

All goods of the best quality. Families waited on for orders. A trial solicited.

Announcements.



Wm. Walker,

WATCHMAKER

and

JEWELLER,

92 HIGH ST.,

NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

WEDDING & BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

The Northcote Jewellers.

Angove & Fettling

232 HIGH ST. (opp. Meth. Church).

A Large Assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery & Electroplate always on hand. Prices Moderate.

All Repairs Done on Premises at Shortest Notice. Workmanship Guaranteed.

Northcote Leader.

Mr. J. Bostock'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, Diamond Creek, Arthur's Creek, Whittlesea, Fairfield, Heidelberg, Clifton Hill

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1909.

Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. B. Williams, at their office, 297 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.

Price 1d

PUBLIC LIBRARY 30 OCT 1909 VICTORIA

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,

305 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. Sole Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of REFORTED CHARCOAL.

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 (lfc.) by measurement,
2 tons 24/
1 ton 12/6
½ ton 6/6

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

Announcements

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.

Choice Selection of Suitings Veatings and Trouserings for this season's wear.

Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.

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.

PICTURES FRAMED
in Up-to-Date and Artistic Style
at
G. H. JACOBS'
255 JOHNSTON STREET, FITZROY
(5 doors west from Smith St).
and at
315 BRUNSWICK STREET.

Enlargements Framed from 2/6.

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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

J. W. DURANCE,
(late of Catanach's)
Watchmaker,
Fifth floor Equitable Buildings, Collins St., City,
Repairs Watches of all kinds,
Sells Reliable Levers, Gold, Silver, Gun Metal.
Private Address: 28 Salisbury grove, Northcote, where orders may be left.

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HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets,
FITZROY.

H.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.

The Trade supplied.
Telephone 1160.

Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1866.

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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—221 Victoria St.,
Tel. 980. WEST MELB.

High Street, Northcote.
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All Funeral arrangements promptly attended to.

Charges Moderate | Terms Arranged

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 be successful.

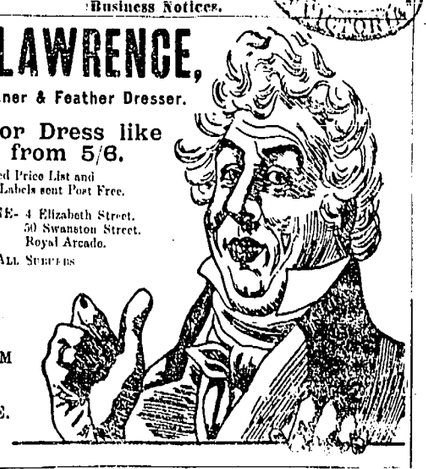
Business Notices.

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



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CUNNINGHAM STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

J. T. Coles & Co., Cash Grocers.
NEW PRICE-LIST:

O.T. Punch, 6d bottle	Sand Soap, 1½d bar
12 lb. No. 1A Sugar, 2/4½	Saunders' Malt, 8½d
8 lb best Flour, 1/-	Best Fruit Cake, 6d lb
Robin Starch, 5½d lb	Best Black Currant Jam, 7d
Candles, 4½d packet	Best Raspberry Jam, 7d
Bile Beans, 1/ box	Best Apricot Jam, 6½d
Beecham's Pills, 10½d box	Best Plum Jam, 6d
Nestle's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Quince Jam, 6d
Benedict's Cocoa, 7½d tin	Best Bread, 5½d large
Fry's Extract Cocoa, 4½d packet	New Season's Tea, just landed, 1/- & 1/3 lb.
Goffich's Cocoa, 4d tin	2 lb. Dates, 6½d
Hoadley's Cocoa, 2½d packet	

Brockwell's Coffee, Rice, Arrowroot, Ginger Nuts, Mixed Biscuits, all at 4d lb.

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.

Smith & Sons
TRADE MARK REGD
GOLD MEDALISTS
HAM & BACON CURERS
AND
Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3601. NORTHCOTE, Vic.

Champion & First Prize Winners for HAMS and BACON at the Royal Agricultural Show, Melb.

All Goods Manufactured under the supervision of the Central Board of Health

Our High-Class Goods
Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their
Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality
And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.

Our Fritz & Frankforts are just the thing for the Tea & Breakfast Table.

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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.

C. POWER,
Cartage Contractor,
37 CHARLES ST., NORTHCOTE.
Phone 311, Brunswick.

Lorrys, Drays, and Teams for all classes of Carting.

Back Loading from the City a Speciality.

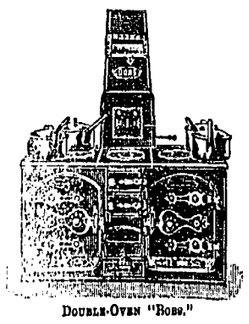
COAL delivered to householders at lowest market rates.

TO Have the Least Possible Expense and the Greatest Comfort in Cooking, use a
"BOBS"
(burns coal or wood)
Made in three sizes—No. 1, 2ft. wide
No. 2, 2ft. 3in. wide
No. 3, 3 ft. wide

Plate Warmers and Boilers can be fitted to either side.

Our many customers testify that "BOBS" is the most up-to-date FUEL SAVER.

Wallis Bros. & Co.
IRONFOUNDERS and STOVE MANUFACTURERS,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom—419 Bourke Street, Melbourne
(opposite Kirk's Bazaar.)



DOUBLE-OVEN "BOBS."

Sole Manufacturers of the Boadle Patent Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, suitable for Dairymen, Butchers, and ordinary household use. Very Durable and Economical. Write for Catalogues.

WHAT IS ESSENTIAL
to add to your comfort during the summer months is
A GAS STOVE,
which will save you endless drudgery in the kitchen.

On rental at the rate of 1/6 per month, or—

On Hire Purchase System; Small deposit and from 2/- month.

A GAS STOVE is indispensable and also ensures EFFICIENCY, CLEANLINESS, and RIGID ECONOMY

COOKING BY GAS means a saving of half the labor necessary with other methods, besides keeping the kitchen clean and the temperature down to a minimum.

The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 FLINDERS ST., MELBOURNE.
Phone Nos. 339, 359, 367, 2713.

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BOOTS MADE FOR YOU!
We Make Direct for the People.

Our Factory is manned with first class labor and we use only good solid leather, consequently we can give to our customers a boot better in quality and lower in price than can be got elsewhere.

Our Patent Unbreakable Back Boot
(made only by us)
SPEAKS FOR ITSELF BY THE THOUSANDS WE SELL.
Our Prices for them now are:

Men's Box Derby Bals., 8/11	Boys' Box, strong wear, 10 to 13, 4/11
Men's knock-at-out Bals., 8/6	Youths' strong leather, 1 to 5, 4/11
Youths' Box, strong wear, 1 to 5, 6/6	Boys' strong leather, 10 to 13, 4/6

Many splendid-value lines in Black

All Lines to Measure at Retail Price | Boots sent to all parts of the country.

Bring your old boots to be made new. Repairs a leading factor

DIMMICK, Manufacturer & Retailer
245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Above is the well-known establishment of
F. PIKE, General House Decorator,
GRAINER, SIGNWRITER, &c.,
PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON.
All kinds of Builders' Ironmongery, Lime, Cement, &c., stocked. Oils, Colors, Glass, &c. at Lowest Rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken.
ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ALL KINDS OF HOUSE REPAIRS.

E. FELLOWES,
COACHBUILDER

AND
SHOEING FORGE
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opposite Croxton station).

IF YOU WANT to purchase a cheap & good Vehicle.
IF YOU WANT your Vehicle repaired expeditiously and faithfully.
IF YOU WANT your Horse sent for, shod on the shortest notice and returned.
IF YOU WANT to exchange your old Vehicle.
Call on the above who is prepared to deal liberally with you.

He has one of the largest Coachbuilding Factories in Melbourne and suburbs, a large and efficient staff of workmen and up-to-date plant.

What more can be desired by a customer?

W. WOOLHOUSE & CO.,
Sheffield Cutlers and Umbrella Manufacturers,
143-145 BOURKE ST. EAST
(Above Russell St.)

LINES BY A LONGFELLOW.

To Woolhouse & Co. I advise you to go,
Umbrellas they make and their prices are low;
Whilst in quality, too, the public still know
Ne Cutlers here please them like Woolhouse and Co.
In the whole of Melbourne nought better you'll find,
Than their Optical Goods of every kind.
Fine Eye-Glasses they've got to suit people's eyes,
And Goggles to keep out the dust and the flies.
In Spectacles truly none better could be,
They've oft caused the blind, or next to it, to see.
Whilst in Scissors and Razors their stock is immense,
Manufactured by Woolhouse—they've spared no expense.
Of Knives they have millions of every grade,
From Woolhouse they come—they're the best that are made,
For pocket or vest, large, medium or small,
Just fit for the parlour, the kitchen or hall;
Some are pretty to look at, most beautiful toys,
Nice presents to give to your girls and your boys.
Others have Seventy Blades and cause quite a start (Art.
At the triumph they show in the Cutlery
Don't carve with blunt knives which wives tempers will try,
It will pay you far better new Carvers buy.
Or if you prefer to have them well ground
Then Woolhouse will make the poor cripple quite sound.
At Woolhouse & Co.'s there grinding is done
You'll find them hard at it from rise of the sun;
And the work that you give them—They Never Delay!
Repairing they do in the very best way.
Your Walking Stick broken—neat ferrules they've got, (spot
They mend it and make it all right on the
Your old Umbrella which lets the wet thro',
They'll cover with silk and make Equal to New;
Your Razors, your Shears, your Knives may be found
So blunt that they need to be properly ground,
Then hie you at once to Woolhouse & Co.
For tradesmen are they, and their charges are low.

For Easy & Comfortable Shaving Try Woolhouse's Latest Magnatic Steel Razors.

THE
Orient Marine & Stationary
3½ H.P. **ENGINES** 100 H.P.
Made for all Shipping and Farm Purposes.

Suppliers to the Victorian Government, Ports and Harbours, Health Department, Goldfields Diamond Drilling Co.

Guaranteed for 12 Months.

Particulars on application to
C. S. DEAN,
Motor Manufacturer, Mentone.
CASH or TERMS. Phone 71, Cheltenham.

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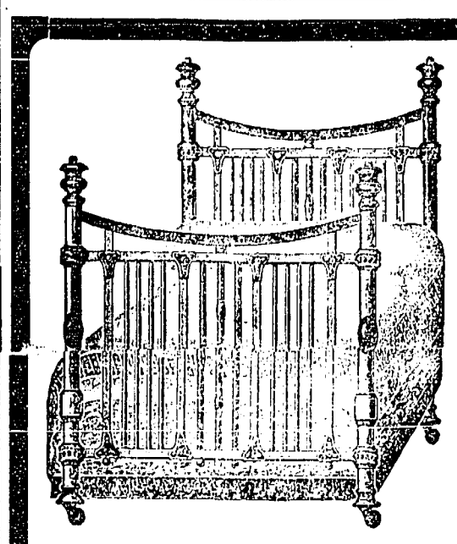


Buy this bedstead

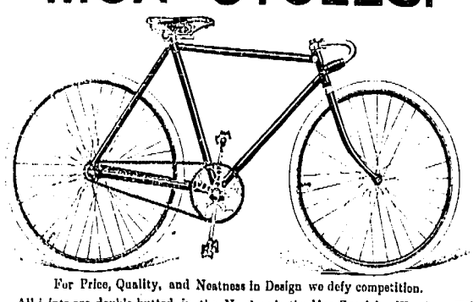
and your money could not be spent to better advantage. It is thoroughly well-made, nicely finished, and ready to give any amount of good service.

This HIGH-HEAD FRENCH BEDSTEAD, with nickel or brass mounts, 4ft 6in x 6ft 6in, 1½in posts, in black enamel, £5 10/-. Any shade, 7/6 extra.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED to inspect our furnishings—our showing includes everything for every part of your home. Purchase here and besides the certainty of obtaining quality articles you can furnish for the lowest possible cost.

CLAUSCEN & CO.,
FURNISHING ARCADE,
194-6 BOURKE ST. MELBOURNE, NEXT WAXWORKS

MOA CYCLES.



For Price, Quality, and Neatness in Design we defy competition.

All joints are double butted in the No. 1 as in the Moa Special. We give a TEN YEARS' GUARANTEE to replace any part of a Moa Cycle frame found defective or if broken.

No. 1, £8 10/; No. 2, £10 10/. All Accessories Free.

The Moa Special, £14 10/. We ask you to compare this model with any make of cycle in Victoria, and will refund money if better value can be obtained.

B.S.A. Cycles, £12 10/-

Large stock of Covers and Tubes, all makes, at Lowest Prices. Repairs to any make of cycle.

Merson's, 218 High St., Northcote
(Near Town Hall).

Your Success!
Depends upon the condition of your health and the activity of your mind. You cannot afford to DRINK any but THE BEST of BEVERAGES.

HING'S TEAS
Are ABSOLUTELY the BEST.

The Golden Canister can supply your wants and save your pocket at the same time.

ALL TEAS supplied by W. Q. HING can be relied upon to be THE BEST.

SPECIAL.

ART CHINA in endless variety and unique designs. Suitable for Wedding Presents.

Afternoon Tea Sets from 5/4. 40-piece Tea Sets, 13/11.

Wholesale & Retail Depot—
90 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Nurses.

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,"
Morri St., Northcote (near P.O.)

NURSE ROKEHERST ROBERTS, Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals. R.V.T.N.A.
"Waverley," 2 ROSSMOYNE STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Correspondence invited.

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MISS I. THOMPSON, St. George's Rd., Northcote (corner Morley Street), FRUIT, CONECTIONERY, and FANCY GOODS. Fresh Fruit direct from our own orchard at Ardmona.

MISS THOMPSON (same address), DRESSMAKER.

PURE BRED POULTRY.
FIRST-CLASS LAYING STRAINS.

BROWN LEGHORN HENS,
Bred from Dookie Competition Pens, mated to cock imported by Mr. H. Runneman.
Settings, 3/6 and 10/6.

SILVER WYANDOTTES,
Bred from Mr. Bunneman, Dookie Competition Winners.
Settings, 7/6. Infertile replaced.

YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE.

Correspondence invited.
A. C. W. BAILEY,
WOLLERT, via EPPING.

HERON & PARKER,
SAND, GENERAL CARTERS and CONTRACTORS.
Suppliers of the well-known Frankston Sand Pit Co's Fresh Water Sand, Gravel Metal Screenings, &c. City Address: 226 Little Collins St. Northcote Address—92 Helen Street. Telephone 3809.

Established 21 years.
Carl Oldenburg,
SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,
365 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(opposite Brickworks).

Whips, Bits, Sponges, and other Stable Requisites in stock.

Secondhand Harness taken in exchange or bought.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES to SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

A. SANGUINETTI,
THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED
HOUSE DECORATOR & PAINTER
IN THE DISTRICT.
Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs.

ON SALE—
Paperhangings
from 2½d per roll.
Dry Colors from 2d lb., 7 lbs. for 1/-.
Artists' Materials, Alabastine, Leads, Oils, Stainers' Varnishes, Plain & Fancy Glass, &c
Special Concessions to the Trade.
Muranese Glass cut to Size from 10d per foot.

Address: 347 High Street, Northcote
Close to Tramway Penny Section).

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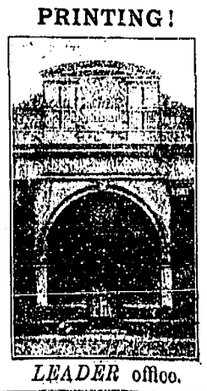


LEADER office.

Business, People, Societies & Clubs
are invited to send their
Printing Orders
to the
Leader Office,
HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

Every Class of Work executed in the Most Up-to-Date Style.

WHALLEY BROS.

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.

Tailors

FOR UP-TO-DATE CLOTHING AND REAL GOOD VALUE
go to
INCE BROS.,
TAILORS & OUTFITTERS.
Suits from £3 3/. Trousers from 15/6
Ladies' Costumes a Speciality.
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 personal supervision.
Country orders attended to with the utmost despatch.

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

Plenty Road and Garnet Sts.,
STH. PRESTON.

Arch. Wilkinson,
TAILOR
AND MERCER.

NEW GOODS for the Spring and Summer season just opened.

A choice variety of Suitings, Coatings, and Trouserings in all the Latest Shades.

Hats, Shirts, Ties and Hosiery in great variety.

Straw Hats—a special line—all the latest shapes in stock.

Suits to Order from £2 2/-
Cricketing Trousers to order from 12/6.

LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIAL STUDY.

J. G. Alston,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
324 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(late Smith St. and City.)

Fit and Style Guaranteed.
Prices to Suit all Pockets. Suits from 35/-
Trousers, 10/6 upwards.
TRIAL SOLICITED.

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 Sought, Sold, and Exchanged.

Horses Carefully Shod, called for and and Returned.

Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

J. J. Spence,
First-Class License, M.M.B.W.,
SANITARY PLUMBER
and
Sewerage Contractor.
Gas and Water laid on.
81 Gooch Street, Northcote

Are you allowing faulty illustrations to be inserted wit your advertising matter?

If so, you are killing the convincing power of your advertisement.

Allow me to give you advice when in doubt as to which class of block to use.

I have every facility for the making and perfecting of half-tone and zinc blocks for newspapers, magazines, and catalogues.

Write or phone 1553 Central.

H. W. VEREY,
479 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRST-CLASS CHINESE LAUNDRY
AH HAY,
HIGH STREET, THORNBURY
(next Post, Draper.

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!
ROOF LEAK!
S. McDOUGALL,
LICENSED PLUMBER,
Next Railway,
NORMANBY AVENUE,
NORTHCOTE,
WILL SEE MATTERS RIGHT—
Promptly—Reliably—Cheaply.
Water Meters Fixed. Gas & Water laid on

For Sale.

FIRST-CLASS Garden Soil (rich, black loam) for Sale.—J. Milot, Beaver's rd Northcote.

Church Notices

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY.
Evening, Rev. H. H GARDNER.
Monday, Rev. H. Gardner's concluding address. Rev. H. Collier will continue the Mission Services till Friday night. Holders of Jubilee Collecting Cards are invited to send them in next week.

ALL SAINTS', PRESTON.

Patronal Festival, 1909.
Holy Communion—Sunday, 8 a.m., and Monday (All Saints' Day), 7 a.m.
Special Preachers:—Sunday evening, Rev CANON HART, M.A.; Monday, 8 p.m., Rev. G. MERRICK LONG, M.A.
Augmented Choir.

CROXTON METHODIST HALL, Corner Shaftesbury Parade and St. St. George's Road.

Sunday, 31st October.
7 p.m., Mr. C. R. KELLY.
Sunday School at 2.30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Armadale Street, Northcote

Sunday, 31st October.
Morning and evening, Rev. E. WATTS.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY.

21st Sunday after Trinity.
11 a.m., Matins and Litany. Rev. H. V. ROGERS.
7 p.m., Evensong (Choral). Rev. A. R. WILSON, B.A., Th.L.

INDEPENDENT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE.

REV. HECTOR FERGUSON
Minister.
Morning, "The Demoniac."
Evening, Special Address to Young Men and Young Women. Parents invited.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
Mr. J. L. CLARKE, M.A., morning and evening services. Evening subject—"The Faith that Questions."
All are cordially welcome.
Lecture by Mr. Frank Tate, M.A., unavoidably postponed owing to indisposition of Mr. Tate. Lecture will delivered on Monday, 8th Nov. in lieu of the 1st.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. W. H. GRAY.
Evening, Rev. T. ALDAY.
All seats free. Strangers welcomed.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH, Kimberley Hall, Darebin Road.

Sunday Services:
Preacher—Rev. T. NICHOLS, morning and evening.
All welcome to all services.

NORTHCOTE CHURCH of CHRIST, Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove.

Sunday, 31st October.
Special White Service in connection with Christian Endeavor Society. Preacher—Mr. J. D. LANG. Subject—"Washed in the Blood of the Lamb."
All Seats Free. No Collection. All welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PRESTON.

Services will be held every Sabbath Evening, at 7 p.m., beginning October 31st, in Messrs Nicol & Miller's Rooms, Tram Terminus. Presbyterian families and all attached to no Church welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. J. NALL.
Evening, Mr. D. J. LUNN.
All Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. H. ROBIN.
Evening, Rev. L. S. MACDOUGALL.
Bright singing. All welcome.

Educational.

Westleigh College
(1886).
MICHAEL ST., NORTH FITZROY.
and
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Principals: MISSES WESTGARTH, assisted by University Staff (visiting and Resident).

KINDERGARTEN TO JUNIOR PUBLIC.

CLASSES for Music, Singing, Drawing, Painting, Elocution, Gymnastics, Dancing.

Boarders' residence, High St., Northcote close to tram and train (Heidelberg line). Large grounds, tennis court, poultry, cow

TERMS: Day Pupils, 1 to 3 guineas; Boarders, 10 to 15 guineas. All terms equal length. Pupils entering during term charged accordingly.

Dressmaking Class, Wednesday Afternoon; 12 lessons 1 guinea.

Dancing, Mons. Bibron, Friday evening, 25/.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).

Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.C.D., &c.
Vice-Principal:
T. COCHRANE (Melb. Univ.),
Assisted by Visiting Staff.

Telephone Attendants' Examination on Tuesday nights and General Improvement. Fee, £1 1s.

Pharmacy on Thursday nights. Fees by arrangement. Both held at College.

20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.

Austral Coaching College.

A SPLENDID SECONDARY SCHOOL. | JUNIOR PUBLIC. SENIOR PUBLIC. Classes Day & Night.

Special Equipment for Medical and Dental Students.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.

Students are prepared successfully for all Government Examinations.

Non-Clerical, Railways, State Public Service.

Commonwealth Public Service.

Telephone Attendants.

CLASSES DAY AND NIGHT, ALL SUBJECTS.

195 LITTLE COLLINS ST.
F. THOMAS, B.A.

Business Notices

PUBLIC NOTICE.

A. ROBERTSON begs to notify the Public that he has disposed of the NEWS AGENCY and STATIONERY portion of his Business to Mr. A. CROSS, who will open on Monday, 1st November, in New Buildings in High street, near Bell street.

The Estate and Insurance Agency will be carried on as usual at the old address, corner High and Bell streets, Preston.

NUNAN, COLLINS, & CO.,

Furniture, Carpet, and Piano Warehousemen,

212 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

And 300-2 Bridge Rd., Richmond.

Very Easy Terms as follow:

£3 worth ...	1/- week	£15 worth ...	5/- week
£5 " ...	2/- "	£25 " ...	7/6 "
£7 " ...	2/6 "	£35 " ...	10/- "
£10 " ...	3/6 "	£50 " ...	12/6 "

SPRING MILLINERY!
SPRING MILLINERY!

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120, 122 Smith St.,
Collingwood,

Has opened the Latest Shapes in Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, Ornaments, &c.

Also—
A Large Assortment of Trimmed Hats, Children's Millinery, & Corsets, all prices.

W. ANGLISS & CO,

Family Butchers,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

We invite the housekeepers of the district to inspect our Lovely Show of Meat at Great Reductions in prices.

Mutton from 1½d lb.
Roast Beef from 2d 1d
Corn Beef from 2d 1b.
Sausages. 2½d 1b.
Mince, 2d 1b.

All other Prime Joints Equally Reduced

TRY OUR SMALL GOODS.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

One Visit to our Shop will convince you that ours is the BEST and CHEAPEST MEAT in the district.

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a further continuance of your esteemed patronage.

W. ANGLISS & CO.,
High St., Northcote.

T. E. REDMOND,

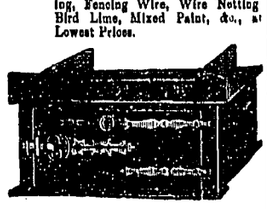
Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil & Color Merchant,
408 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

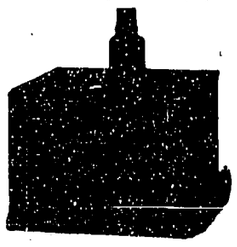
CHEAPEST and BEST PLACE to Buy Ironmongery, Tinware, Crockery, Brushware, Churns, & Milk Dishes, Window Glass, Wall Paper, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Leather and Grindery, Diamond Dyes.

Spades, Shovels, Forks, Garden Seeds and Tools, Watering Cans galvanised and painted, from 1/.

Galvanised Iron, Spouting, Ridging, Fencing Wire, Wire Netting Bird Lime, Mixed Paint, &c., at Lowest Prices.

OVENS—No. 141, 24 x 15 x 20, 11/6
" 121½, 24 x 16 x 12, 15/6
EXTRA STRONG—
No. 5½, 24 x 18 x 12, 19/
" 010, 36 x 18 x 15, 30/
Fall door, bar & trivets—
No. 5½, 24 x 18 x 12, 26/6





STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!
Thornbury No. 1, fall door, 45/
" " double door, 60/
New Favorite No. 1 " 50/
Thornbury No. 2 " 65/
Croxton No. 2 " 70/
Bobs ... " 63/
Bobs, large size, with plate warmer 92/6
Rosella, fall door ... 35/
Woolton " ... 37/6
Every Stove I have in stock is a GOOD COOKER.

Telephone 312 (Brunswick). TERMS: CASH.

Houses & Land Wanted.

WANTED, all districts, any quantity houses, allotments, farms, country homes. Buyers, tenants waiting. Gordon Garrett, 535 High St., Northcote.

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.

Law

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE,
SOLICITORS
AND
CONVEYANCERS.

Management Buildings 445 Collins Street,
MELBOURNE.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY
SOLICITORS,
PROCTORS,
CONVEYANCERS.
436 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE
(next to Scott's Hotel).
Tel. 196.

Mr. R. Candy's private address—
88 Cunningham Street, Northcote.

HOME AND WILKINSON,
SOLICITORS,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
Commercial Union Chambers, 413 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Tel. 853.

W. J. HOME, Commissioner for Victoria.
A. S. WILKINSON. Private address—"Fylingdales," King William St., Preston

LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Agency, High St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 5.00 a.m.

ROBERT G. BALL
(HENDERSON & BALL),
SOLICITORS, &c.,
Molesworth Chambers,
450 LITTLE COLLINS STREET
(Chancery Lane), MELBOURNE.

Private Residence—
"Landwor," Heidelberg Road,
near Studley Road, Ivanhoe
Tel. 973, City.

J. L. CLARKE, LL.B.,
BARRISTER and
SOLICITOR,
Atlas Buildings, 406 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Private address: 77 Roberts St., Northcote.

Dentists.

AMERICAN DENTISTRY.
MR. ALEX. G. DE LACY,
R.D.S.,
DENTIST,

Desires to inform the Residents of Northcote that he may be consulted at his private residence—
"TORONTO,"
MARTIN ST., NORTHCOTE.
Hours—8 a.m. to 9 a.m.
6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Or by special appointment.

The Latest High-Class System of Dentistry at Lowest Fees.
Artificial Teeth, Upper or Lower Set, from £2 10/.
Painless Extraction of Teeth, 2/6.

City Address—
153 ELIZABETH ST.,
Between Bourke and Little Collins Streets,
MELBOURNE.

DENTISTRY.
T. WEBSTER,
L.D.S. (Licentiate of Dental Surgery)
M.A.C.D.
308 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.

JOHN PHILLIPS,
M.R.V.S.,
VETERINARY SURGEON
and
EQUINE DENTIST,
92 EASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Horse and Cattle Medicines supplied
Phone 1204, City.

Accountancy.

Established 1885.
JOSEPH T. DOWNING,
ACCOUNTANT.
Licensed Auditor Companies Act.
Tradesmen's Books opened and kept, day or evening.
Accounts Adjusted and Collected.
SWORN VALUATOR.
Commissioner for Taking Declarations and Affidavits.

"Montana," 30 Helen St., Northcote. Trust Moneys To Lend.

Announcements

GOOD NEWS!
FOR
Preston Housewives.

Hughes & Jacobs
(late with W. Tracey)
Have commenced business at
Cash & Family Butchers
at
HIGH ST., PRESTON
(Opposite Wilkinson's Timber Yard).

Best of Meat and Small Goods at NORTHCOTE PRICES.

Corned Beef and Sausages a Speciality.

Goods Delivered to Customers at the Shop Cash Prices.

Eggs! Eggs!! Eggs!!!
THE VICTORIAN EGG-LAYING COMPETITION.
Bastings Street, Northcote,
Under the auspices of "The Poultry and Kennel World."

A Real Object Lesson, the Latest and Most Up-to-Date Method of Poultry-Keeping.

2000 Birds can be kept on an acre on this system.

The Very Thing for Small Holders and Suburban Poultry Keepers.

Admission 6d (Sunday excepted).
H. McKENZIE Manager,
"Burnette," Bastings St., Northcote.

"Narlings," Dandenong Rd., Caulfield,
25th October, 1909.

MR. C. SPARLING.

Dear Sir,—My eight day half-hour striking marble clock, the striking and going mechanism of which was out of order, and which was lying useless for years through several watchmakers failing to repair it, has been satisfactorily repaired in every particular and is now going well.

Yours gratefully,
WILLIAM ROGERSON.

C. SPARLING, Darebin Rd., Northcote.
Notified orders called for.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published Every Saturday Morning

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30.

A deputation from Cr. Harry's election committee waited on him at his residence on Saturday evening last. Mr. Dawborn, on behalf of the committee (in the unavoidable absence of the chairman, Mr. B. R. Patey) stated that his committee were pleased with the result of the recent election and were well satisfied with the manner in which Cr. Harry had represented them during his term of office, and to show their appreciation of his good work, which he hoped would continue, he was pleased to present him with the receipted accounts for the whole of his election expenses, which were borne by his committee. Mr. Dawborn then referred to the help Mrs. Harry had been to her husband during that period and to the many sacrifices that she had made in order for him to attend successfully to his municipal duties. Mr. Dawborn then presented Mrs. Harry with a gold cable bangle and Miss Harry with a gold medallion, both of which were purchased from the profits of the conversazione tendered to Cr. Harry. Cr. Harry, who was greatly moved and surprised at these proceedings, said there were times when words were difficult to find to convey the feelings, and this was one of those occasions. He thanked his committee for the hard work done on his behalf and for the handsome manner they had treated him that night. He further thanked them very sincerely for the beautiful presentations which they had made to his wife and daughter. They could not have pleased him better than in recognising his wife as they had done, as she helped him throughout and sacrificed [illegible] the ratepayers and he trusted that in the future he would continue to retain the confidence which he was glad to know that the ratepayers had in him.

The following officers and committee were elected at the last meeting of the Pender's Grove Settlers' Association:—President, Mr. Nelson; vice president, Mr. Adams; treasurer, Mr. Geddes; secretary, F. Duffield, Dundas street, Thornbury; committee, Messrs Duncan, Saxe, Strawbridge, Richmond, Turnbull, Earle and Smith. The secretary was instructed to call a conference of all the ratepayers' associations of Northcote for the purpose of drawing up a municipal platform. The association is also urging the local council to erect in the new park a band rotunda for the general convenience of the ratepayers, and satisfaction was expressed at the splendid manner in which it was proposed to lay out the park. It was decided to give the children or the estate a Christmas treat, and a committee consisting of Messrs Nelson, Geddes, Adams, Saxe, Strawbridge, Richmond and Duffield were appointed to draw up a programme for the little ones. Satisfaction was expressed at the way the estate is progressing, and the association is rapidly gaining in strength. The next meeting will be held at the residence of the president, Mr. Nelson, Collins street, on Tuesday, 9th November.

The spring show of the Northcote Horticultural Society will be held in the town hall on Thursday evening next. The season so far has been a splendid one for flowers and if the weather continues favorable there should be a very good display. A first class musical programme will be rendered and dancing may be indulged in by those who desire to do so. Intending competitors should forward their entries for the flower sections to the hon. secretary not later than the 3rd November.

Northcote Bowling Club's members are well satisfied with their green at present. It was never in such fine order, and the additional two rinks just laid down are expected to be ready for play before the end of the year. These extra rinks will be of very great advantage, as they will allow other portions of the green to get a rest occasionally, which was next to impossible with only four rinks for members to practice and play matches upon. All credit for the greatly improved condition of the green is due to Mr. J. H. Horsfall, the king of bowling green constructors.

The board of management of the Preston Presbyterian Church have resolved to hold evening service every Sunday evening at Messrs Nicol, Miller and Coy's. rooms, tram terminus, beginning to morrow at 7 o'clock. This step has been taken for the convenience of Presbyterian families residing in Upper Northcote, who find it too far to attend the David street Church twice a day. An invitation is also extended to any persons not attached to any other church to be present.

Under the auspices of Preston branch A.N.A. a grand entertainment is to be given by "Young Australians" at the shire-hall this evening. The performers will include Master Carl Bartling, one of the most brilliant young players in the Marshall Hall Conservatorium, and a score or two of other young singers, dancers, and instrumentalists will take part. It should be a very interesting and enjoyable entertainment indeed. Particulars as to prices of admission, &c., are advertised in another column.

Owing to the arrival of the hot weather Preston Football Club have decided to discontinue the successful and enjoyable dances which they have been holding in the shire hall on Saturday evenings. As a more appropriate form of entertainment for their patrons they have decided upon picture concerts, which will commence on Saturday evening next, November 6, and continued till further notice. Sangston's bioscope has been engaged, with films best and latest.

NORTHCOTE'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—There may be some excuse for the side and back streets not being in quite apple-pie order, but there can be no justifiable reason why High street—the leading thoroughfare of the town—should not be kept in better order. I am a thorough believer in the value of municipal government and appreciate to the full the splendid work done by municipal councils; but my gorge rises as I witness day after day, week after week, the deplorable condition of High street—the blocked and macadamised portions of the road included. In its present shameful and dangerous state High street stands forth as a monument of municipal heedlessness, or wanton neglect on the part of the engineer. There is no suburb around Melbourne with such a disgraceful main roadway, and no municipal body would tolerate its continuance, save one—Northcote! The metalled portions of the road, through being starved, are hollow and bumpy and shapeless—all for want of a proper system of construction and proper supervision—and even when metal is placed in patches along the road it is allowed to lay loose and roll into the channels. The veriest tyro in road making would be positively ashamed of High street as a specimen of his skill. It would damn him, rather than habilitate him, in public estimation. Anyone who doesn't know but wishes to learn how to make roads properly has only to cross over into the neighboring municipalities of Collingwood and Fitzroy. There, thoroughness and permanency are first considerations. The slipshod, slovenly, and expensive method of continually dumping metal down in patches—often allowing it to take pot luck—is not permitted by other councils. Why, then, should not some proper system be enforced in Northcote?

Then, sir, take the tram track. Was ever there a property so shamefully neglected? At intervals all along the line the rails can be seen outcropping one to two inches above the blocks, while at the sides in some places the blocks are approaching the vanishing point. *Vide* reports of council meetings, persons have complained of the dangerous condition of the track, and last week I noticed a paragraph in the *Leader* to the effect that a respected resident of Preston had been thrown from his buggy to the road owing to the wheel of the vehicle catching in the outcropping rail. Cyclists have had similar experiences, while others have had tyres torn from the wheels of their vehicles; yet in spite of all these warnings—to say nothing of the deterioration which is apparent to the most casual observer—the Council hesitates to put its foot down and have these things remedied. I expected, sir, to hear the voice of the newly-elected south ward representatives—(more especially that of Cr. Dennis)—declaiming against these things in the council after their vehement declarations on the hustings.—Yours etc.,

OBSERVER.

Localisms.

The fee fixed by the Public Works Department this year for the Northcote audit is £45. Northcote loan sinking funds now amount to £11,910 0s 1d, or to about one-fourth of the total loan liability.

Northcote Public Library has had a very successful year and finished with a credit balance of £6 12s 5d.

Mr Frank Tate's lecture at the Northcote Presbyterian school hall has been postponed to the 8th November.

Rev. Hector Ferguson will give a special talk to young men and women to-morrow night.

During the year 1908-9 the number of persons who used the Northcote Library was 12,047. For the same period 77 new subscribers were enrolled and 34 resigned, showing a net gain of 43 for the year. Subscriptions totalled £61 8s 11d and about 400 new volumes were added.

Northcote town council have decided to spend £10 in kerosene to use on the stagnant parts of the Merri Creek with a view to minimising the mosquito plague during the coming summer. The other municipalities abutting on the creek are to be asked to co operate.

A grand all picture concert is announced to take place at the Croxton Recreation Reserve this evening. There will be no charge for admission, but a collection will be taken up.

Under the auspices of the Preston Methodist Gymnasium and Orchestra, a bioscope and gymnastic concert is to be given at the shire hall on Wednesday evening, November 10. A special feature of the programme will be a grand display of Jiu Jitsu—the Japanese mode of attack and self defence.

Mr. J. H. Randall's appeal against North cote council's decision not to re register the Croxton Park Recreation Ground is not yet settled. Judge Cussen has referred the matter to the full Court, whose decision is expected next Friday.

Mr. C. Sparling, of immortality scheme fame, has turned his mechanical genius to practical account and advertises himself today as a repairer of watches and clocks. He would like those who have clocks which won't go to read the testimonial of Mr. William Rogerson, ex officer of police.

Arrangements for the Pastoral Festival in connection with All Saints' Church, Preston, are elsewhere advertised. The preacher on Sunday evening will be Rev. Canon Hart, M.A., and on Monday evening at 8 the Rev. G. Merrick Long, M.A. There will be an augmented choir.

Good Samaritan Convent, Northcote.—University of Melbourne musical results:—Grade II., Jennie Weyman. Grade III., Ivy Archer, Kathleen Chadwick. Grade IV., Ethel Bremner, Mary Costigan, Essie Dooley, Ada Ralph. Grade V., Katie Goldsworthy, Freda Munday. Theoretical: Grade III., Josephine Kennelly, May Killey. Grade IV., Jennie Weyman (honours), Mary Costigan.

Clausen and Co., of the Furnishing Arcade, Bourke street, advertise to day some of their specialities and give a cordial invitation to all to come and inspect their furnishings, their showing including everything for every part of a home.

Mr. A. Robertson notifies having disposed of his news agency and stationery business to Mr. A. Cross, who will carry it on in new shop, High street, as from Monday, November 1st. Mr. Robertson will continue his estate and insurance agency as usual.

Northcote town council advertise to day tenders for several important works.

Stott and Bastings advertise the terms on which building allotments can be purchased in all parts of the town.

The Rev. E. Watts is announced to preach morning and evening to morrow at the Congregational Church, Northcote.

D. B. Masson, painter and house decorator, gives "two strong reasons" in our business columns to day why you should entrust him with the renovation and beautification of your home.

Tenders are invited for the construction of a children's playground at the Northcote park.

Mrs E. J. Stall, of Bastings street, Northcote, intimates in our columns to day that she is continuing the dairying business formerly so well known as Bade's dairy, and solicits the patronage of the public.

NORTHCOTE VALUATIONS.

ALL ROUND PROGRESS.

VALUATIONS INCREASE £4920; POPULATION 915.

The valuer (Mr. F. W. Braiding) submitted his report to the Northcote town council on Monday evening.

The valuation of rateable property is £93,195.

Last year's report showed an increase of £4676. The increase this year is £4920.

The houses number 3356, 2321 weatherboard and 1025 brick.

One hundred and sixty five new buildings were erected during year.

The population, including 222 inmates of Little Sisters of the Poor Institution, is 14 778, being an increase of 915 for the year.

The rate for last year amounted to £9930 18s 9d. The new valuation on a similar rate (2s 3d in the £) will give £10,481 19s 3d; being an increase of £553 14s 6d.

The largest increases were in the south ward, where £1591 was added to the valuations and 258 to the population. In this ward 42 new houses were erected, the same number as the west ward. The north ward topped the list for new houses, 43.

The population in the various wards is as follows:—South 4462, east 1558, central 2171, west 2882, north 3403.

The valuations of the wards are: South £27,657, east £10,334, central £15357, west £18,788, north £22,420.

MARRIAGE.

On Wednesday last at the Brunswick st. Methodist Church there was a pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Miss Lilian May Hocking, second daughter of the late Mr Joseph Hocking and Mrs Hocking, of Gertrude street, Fitzroy (formerly of Northcote) and Mr Ernest Yeomans, third son of the late Mr C. Yeomans, and Mrs Yeomans, of Garden street, Northcote. The church had been tastefully and appropriately decorated, a huge white wedding bell, with ropes of smaller bells stretching away from it being a feature. The bride arrived on the arm of her brother, who gave her away. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. A. Albiston. The choir and congregation sang "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden," and Miss Croker at the organ played the Wedding March. The bride wore a handsome princess gown of cream chiffon taffeta, draped with Honiton point. The bridesmaids, the Misses Cassie and Annie Hocking, sisters, were in Empire frocks of white muslin de soie prettily trimmed with Irish crochet, their hats black crinoline lined white and trimmed with ostrich plumes. They carried bouquets of marguerites and maiden hair and asparagus ferns. The groomsmen were Mr Edgar Yeomans, brother, and Mr. W. H. Croker. The bride's travelling dress was black and white glace richly braided, black crinoline hat lined silver trimmed and ostrich plumes ribbon velvet. Mrs. Hocking, mother of bride, wore black crepe de chine braided and trimmed with applique, and Mrs Yeomans, the bridegroom's mother, black silk, with handsome black lace coat. The newly-married pair left the church amidst showers of confetti for the Fitzroy town hall where they met and received the congratulations of their many friends. The wedding tea was catered for by Holder. The toast of "The bride and bridegroom" was entrusted to Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., who, with an intimate acquaintance of each, spoke most eulogistically of both young people and extended to them every good wish for their future happiness. "The bridesmaids" was proposed in humorous vein by the Hon. S. Mauger, M.P., uncle of the bridegroom, and Mr Edgar Yeomans and Mr Croker responded. The remainder of the evening was enjoyably spent in a social way and in listening to an excellent programme of music, etc., provided by Mrs Whalley, Mrs W. Yeomans, Mrs George Mauger, Miss Stella Mauger, and Messrs Wilfred, George and Frank Mauger, Meinbrey, F. Hocking, Ern and Edgar Yeomans. The gifts were numerous and handsome.

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings, auctioneer, will conduct auction sales as follows:—This day, villa in Hayes street and allotments Hayes street, Hunter street, McFarlane street, Dennis street. November 6th, allotments Smith street and Shaftesbury parade, and w.b. cottage in Speight street. November 13th, business site in High street, opposite National Bank, and allotment at Coburg.

Percy Owen, auctioneer, will offer for sale, as advertised, several shop sites and allotments in High and other streets, Northcote and Preston.

COUNCILLORS AT BOWLS.

PLEASANT DAY AT PRESTON.

At the invitation of the president of Preston shire (Cr. J. P. Howe) and Mrs Howe, Northcote councillors and officers, accompanied by their wives or lady friends, proceeded to Preston on Thursday to play a game of bowls with their confreres there, the green being kindly lent by the local club for the occasion. The idea of these friendly contests was a happy one. It was originated last year by Cr. Allchin, who sent along a challenge to a game at cricket. Mayor Tharratt responded with an invitation to a game at bowls at Northcote, and Cr. Howe has now followed the matter up by arranging for a return match at the same fine old game. Right up to starting time it looked as if the weather conditions were going to be bad, but happily for the event the storm passed by, and it was a beautiful afternoon. All the Preston councillors and officers and 12 of the 15 Northcote councillors with their officers were present, who with the presidents, vice-presidents and other leading members of the two bowling clubs, and their various lady friends, made up a goodly company. While the men folk were engrossed in bowls afternoon tea was served to the ladies. The green was in excellent order, and its surroundings are improving every day, the borders just now being gay with blooms. Some of the Northcote councillors who had never handled a bowl before shaped well, and will no doubt ere long take up the game in earnest. Amongst the Preston councillors also there are some very promising colts. After an extremely pleasant game honors lay with Northcote, though Preston have every confidence of recovering the ashes at no distant date. The following were the scores:—

McIntosh, Woolhouse, Bastings, Plant	28
Warr, Hamilton, Paterson, Wilkinson	10
Less, Bainbridge, Robb, Mitchell	13
Robertson, Howse, Stanlake, Crisp	20
Dennis, Archbold, Harry, Hayes	22
Wilkinson, A., Allchin, Whalley, Howe	16
Warden, Swift, Lawrence, Bailey	16
Braithwaite, Zwar, Broadhurst, Walker	30
Totals—	76 79

The game over the whole company, with a few other friends, repaired, at the invitation of President Howe, to the shire hall, where a tempting repast was laid, and to which, it is needless to say, full justice was done. The president presided, and radiated geniality all around him. On his right was Cr. Hayes, mayor of Northcote, and Mrs. Hayes, mayoress, and on his left Lieut. Colonel Braithwaite, President of the Preston Bowling Club and Mrs. Braithwaite.

A short toast list served as the medium for a pleasant exchange of compliments.

"The King" was honored at the instance of the chairman, who then proposed "The Northcote Town Council," coupling with it the name of Mayor Hayes. Cr. Howe said he hoped their meeting together on this occasion would further cement the friendship and good feeling which was fast growing between the two municipalities.

The mayor of Northcote in reply said he was sure it would and anything he could do in the same direction would be a pleasure. He only hoped that any function he might arrange would be as highly successful and enjoyable as this had been, and on behalf of his fellow councillors and the officers he desired to thank the president and Mrs. Howe for their generous hospitality.

Cr. Crisp proposed "The Preston Bowling Club," coupling with it the name of the president (Lieut. Colonel Braithwaite). For the establishment of the Preston Bowling Club, he said, they had practically to thank the tanners of Preston. (Applause).

Colonel Braithwaite responded. When in York, England, he said, he was much interested in the old trade guilds. He found that in the pageants some trades were represented by his Satanic Majesty, but when he asked how the tanners were represented he was told "By God Almighty and all the Holy Angels." (Laughter.) They could follow out this argument, if they liked, in its application to the Preston Bowling Green. (Laughter.)

"The Ladies" was proposed by Cr. Allchin. Cr. Plant responded, and at the same time apologised for the absence of the president of the Northcote Bowling Club (Mr. R. B. Lawrence), who had to leave on account of his wife's illness.

Cr. Wilkinson proposed "The Officers," responded to by Mr. Swift, town clerk of Northcote, and Mr. Withrington, shire secretary.

Cr. Hayes gave "The President," and Cr. Howe responded.

"The Press" was honored at the instance of Cr. Robertson, Mr. Whalley ("Leader") responding.

After an inspection of the various apartments in the municipal buildings which were lighted up for the occasion, the company returned to the hall, which they found all prepared for a dance. Songs were also given by Miss White, and Messrs Draco, Howe, and Hamilton, Mrs Whalley playing the accompaniments. A most enjoyable afternoon and evening were brought to a close about 11 p.m.

NEW BOOKS.

SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE.

Book lovers and subscribers to the Northcote Public Library will be pleased to learn that the committee of management has just issued a supplementary catalogue, containing a complete list of the books purchased during the last 20 months. In all there are about 600 volumes. Of this number 200 volumes are to be found under the following heads:—

Biography, Speeches, &c.
Essays and Collective Works.
History and Historical Memoirs.
Geography, Travels, and Descriptive Works.
Political and Social Science.
Science, Philosophy, and Natural History.
Technical and Educational Works.
Religion and Theology.
Poetry and Drama.
Juvenile Works.

The balance comes under the head of fiction and amusement, and represents the cream of that class of literature.

Great care has been exercised in the selection of the books and the library committee deserves the thanks of the community for this handsome addition to the library shelves. With the money placed at its disposal by the Government the committee will be able to greatly add to the attractiveness and popularity of the library, and in doing so it can be relied upon to fully maintain its educational privileges.

Citizens, as well as subscribers, may obtain a complete catalogue on application to the librarian (town hall).

A ZEALOUS OFFICER.

NORTHCOTE SANITARY INSPECTOR CRITICISED.

Cr. Archbold complained at the Northcote town council on Monday evening that the health inspector was going to ridiculous extremes in carrying out his duties. He (Cr. Archbold) believed in zeal, but thought it should be tempered with discretion. He had been told of a case where the inspector ordered the removal of a barrow and a half of manure, being used for gardening purposes, and where the allotment was 175 feet deep, and he had ordered the removal of a three days' accumulation of manure at another place. And he found the inspector had been at his own place that day. (Oh!) In his farinery he had a fountain, and the inspector told his (Cr. Archbold's) wife that it must be emptied out and filled up. He asked what was in the water and his wife told him fish, and they had been there for seven years. He then said if the fish died it might be cleaned out. He would move that the inspector be asked to exercise a little more common sense.

Cr. Smith—Where's he going to get it—out of the north ward? (Laughter.)

Cr. Archbold—I will say discretion then.

Cr. Bastings said he thought it a pity such a matter was mentioned in open council, as it was calculated to discourage an officer in doing his duty.

Cr. Mitchell said that judging from his own neighborhood the inspector was doing good work.

Cr. Robb said the inspector was given a big task when, on Cr. Mitchell's motion, he was instructed to visit every house in the town. He was to be commended for good work; at the same time there was such a thing as allowing zeal to outrun discretion.

Cr. Plant said it would be very wrong to pass what would really amount to a vote of censure. A prominent ratepayer of the west ward had told him (Cr. Plant) that the inspector had ordered him to give attention to a drain which was not as clean as it might be, and instead of blaming the inspector that ratepayer commended him for doing his duty.

Cr. Archbold withdrew his motion.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

The collections in the local churches on Sunday last were the largest on record. Northcote's total was £73 6s 11d, against £61 17s 2d last year, besides which over £30 was contributed by the employe's of two of the large industrial concerns, bringing the total up to £104 4s 9d. The following were the contributions:—

NORTHCOTE.

Presbyterian Church and School, James street ..	£15	2	3
St. Joseph's R.C Church ..	11	1	9
Methodist Church and School, High street	9	17	8
Independent Presbyterian Church	7	11	0
Salvation Army (Band) ..	7	7	0
Methodist Church, Prince of Wales Park	7	3	7
All Saints' Church of England ..	4	15	0
Holy Trinity, Thornbury, Church of England, and S.S. ..	1	7	6
Church of Christ	2	2	6
Methodist, St. George's road ..	1	12	11
Congregational Church & School	1	17	3
Methodist Church, Croxton ..		8	6
	£73	6	11
The Northcote Brick Co. Emps.	£23	10	10
R. B. Lawrence's Employes ..	7	7	0

PRESTON.

Presbyterian Church	£6	2	0
Sacred Heart R.C. Church ..	4	3	0
All Saints' Church of England ..	3	19	0
St. Mary's Church of England ..		19	6

EPPING.

St. John's Church of England ..	£2	2	0

Northcote Entertainment in Collingwood Town Hall.

The want of a proper hall in Northcote was again made abundantly clear on Wednesday night, when the Methodist Girls' Gymnasium Class was obliged to hold its annual display in the Collingwood town hall, which meant that patrons had either to travel by train, take three different trams, or walk. Apart from the great inconvenience of having to travel to other suburbs in order to patronise your own entertainments, the added cost entailed through having to pay travelling expenses not only militates against the success of the venture, but places an extra charge upon families which is altogether unwarranted. The same evening an entertainment was given in the Albert Hall, Clifton Hill, which would otherwise have taken place in Northcote had the town possessed a decent hall. Considering the great drawback of having to go to Collingwood there was a fairly good attendance, and those present were afforded some excellent exhibitions of physical drill. After a piano solo by Miss Rendle, the senior girls, to the number of forty, and ranging in years from 12 to—well, the marriageable age, gave a striking exhibition of marching, and it is astonishing the number of figures that are possible. Whether marching in squads, in single or in double file, or interlacing one with the other, or moving in a similar way to a horizontal wheel, the girls went through their evolutions with such precision that it was difficult to detect any one of them out of time or out of step. This was followed by an exhibition of dumbell exercises which were both gracefully and accurately executed. The audience were greatly interested in both these exhibitions and frequently marked their appreciation by heartily applauding the performers. The senior girls also engaged in ring and rod exercises—both fine chest developers—and running evolutions, all of which were most creditably performed and to the complete satisfaction of all present. The leaders were Miss Blanch Pearl and Miss Nappor. The most picturesque exhibition was given by the junior girls, who went through a series of delightful marching exercises in a most commendable way. The hall lights were turned out just as the girls entered and as each child carried her own light in the shape of a Chinese lantern a particularly attractive effect was produced, which became enhanced as the little ones glided through many intricate exercises. The girls were enthusiastically applauded and nothing would have pleased the audience better than a repitition of the performance. The members—senior and junior—as well as their instructor (Mr. Harold Allen) are to be congratulated on the success achieved, and Miss Eva Thompson, the honorary accompanist, supplied the necessary music with her accustomed judgment. The drill exercises were interspersed with musical and elocutionary numbers. Miss E. Allen sang a couple of solos, Mr. E. B. Giles recited "Carl the Martyr" and "How McDougall topped the score" and was twice encored, Mr. J. F. Whitehead rendered two songs, and the Wees Quartette Party, who were down twice on the programme, were so successful that they had to give at least five or six numbers. The president (Mrs. Allen), the secretary (Miss Queenie Graham), together with their assistants, are deserving a word of praise for their capable management.

PUPILS' ENTERTAINMENT.

The Albert Hall was crowded on W

THE CROXFORD MILLIONS

A STORY OF A GREAT ROBBERY.

By E. CAMERON MORRISON.

Author of "The Strange Case of Mr. Fenwick," "An Image in Wax," etc.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

In a previous chapter we left Joyce Redgrave at the Hotel du Roi, in the small French village of Groteux, whither he had gone for the purpose of frustrating any designs which the authorities might have upon him as a result of the arousing of their suspicions respecting his identity.

Now, although Redgrave had come to France in search of Hermann Doughton, the Hotel du Roi was the last place in the world where he would have expected to find him, but if his ears did not deceive him, there was oral evidence that the voice of the man on the other side of the locked bedroom door belonged to no other person than that of him for whom he had been so vainly seeking all these weeks.

At the first sound of the voice he knew so well, the millionaire's nephew found himself in the position of being bereft of speech or action. The discovery was so unexpected, so overwhelming that it seemed to benumb his senses, and prevent him from acting either one way or the other.

Strange as it may seem, this temporary suspension of his faculties proved in the end to be to his advantage, for it caused the would-be disturber to return downstairs and inform the landlord that his guest refused to comply with the other's requirements.

The sound of the footsteps on the unearpeted stairs had the effect of arousing Redgrave from his lethargy, and before Doughton—for it was he—had reached the bottom, he had rushed over to the corner near the window in search of the bag referred to.

Trembling with an excitement which almost frozen though he had been a few minutes previously, had the effect of causing great beads of perspiration to stand out all over his face and brow, he could with difficulty suppress an exclamation of joy when he caught sight of the bag, which very naturally he immediately jumped to the conclusion contained the missing papers he was in search of. Seizing it in his shaking hands, he endeavored to open it, but it was locked, and although he tugged at it frantically, the fastening refused to give way.

For a moment he paused, and then an idea occurred to him. The bag was a leather one—he would cut it asunder.

Almost beside himself with excitement by this time, he felt for his knife, and opening the largest blade, plunged the point in below the lock, and quickly cut through the leather from end to end.

Exultantly he saw a carefully-tied bundle of papers peeping out from a variety of other contents, and slashing at the thick string, separated the papers the one from the other.

With feverish haste he examined one after another, but they were not what he sought for. In fact, they had no connection whatever with his uncle's affairs, relating principally, as he found, to various business enterprises of Doughton's.

Savagely cursing his ill luck, he threw the papers on to the floor, and commenced to turn out the other contents of the bag, which included, amongst other things, a small pocket-book. Opening this more out of curiosity than in the hope of obtaining any profitable information, he came across the following entry:—

"Left Paris December 19. Arrived at Groteux same day. Left the 22nd. Will proceed to Vienna; from there to Palermo."

At all events, if Redgrave had not found the missing papers, he was now in possession of valuable knowledge respecting the future movements of Doughton, by whom for obvious reasons he did not wish to be recognised at the Hotel du Roi. Had he succeeded in discovering the papers, as he imagined he would, it was his intention to make a hasty escape by means of the window, which was only a comparatively short distance from the ground, but his failure to accomplish what he had certainly thought was within his reach had to a great extent altered matters. How to act under the changed circumstances was now a very difficult problem. If he stayed on it would sooner or later mean detection, for it was certain that Doughton, who evidently was just on the eve of leaving the hotel, would require his bag before going.

Then again, on the other hand, if he made good his escape, he would be prevented from obtaining information concerning the landlord's relationship with Doughton.

With regard to the latter subject, it was clear that in attempting to get such information he would run a great risk of detection, that was, unless he could obtain it secondhand, either through the medium of the girl who attended the guests, or the man whose duties lay in the region of the couple of stables at the rear of the hotel premises. In a vague sort of way the thought occurred to him that perhaps Derdantes would be summoned from home the next morning, when in the event of such a possibility he would have the field all to himself.

Redgrave was most assuredly on the horns of a dilemma. Had the landlord of the Hotel du Roi been anyone else but Paul Derdantes, he would not have hesitated about escaping through the window and lying in wait for Doughton, who would have to pass along a lonely road in order to reach the railway station, but as matters were, he felt that the following out of this scheme, although as far as he knew practical, would have its disadvantages. Doughton might not have the papers in his possession; in this case the risk would have been run fruitlessly, and not only this, but by leaving the hotel he would miss all opportunity of finding out whether the landlord was in any way associated with Doughton's counter-plot.

Taking into consideration the fact that he (Redgrave) was now in possession of the future movements of Doughton, he felt that the delay of a day or two would make no material difference, and eventually arrived at the conclusion that his better plan was to stay on.

No sooner had he decided thus when he remembered the cut-up handbag. Any minute Doughton might be expected to renew his application for it, and his discovery of what had taken place would undoubtedly lead to most undesirable complications.

In the wildest desperation, Redgrave cast about him for some solution of this difficulty. Like a flash he remembered his own bag, which, by a remarkable coincidence, was similar in every respect to Doughton's; in fact, the two bags had been purchased at the same time from the same shop.

Without a second thought he hastily emptied out the contents from his own bag and transferred those from the other into it, not forgetting to retie the papers and replace the pocket-book. Having done this, he locked it, quietly opened the door, and placed it outside on the landing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Meanwhile Hermann Doughton was engaged in conversation with Monsieur Paul Derdantes. They spoke together in French, the landlord, despite the fact that he had resided for several years in England, possessing but an indifferent knowledge of the language of perfidious Albion, and preferring when it was at all practical to converse in his native tongue. A linguist of exceptional ability, Doughton was able to meet the little Frenchman in this respect, and they conversed in low but earnest tones.

"The traveller upstairs refuses to let me have my bag," Doughton was saying to the bar-girl as the landlord entered the room.

"What's that I hear you say, Monsieur Doughton?" broke in Derdantes, walking up to his guest.

"Ah, Paul, perhaps you can help me—at least I presume it is your duty to do so, seeing that as landlord of this hostelry you are responsible for the belongings of your guests." And as he spoke, Doughton glanced significantly towards the open door of a small room which adjoined the public bar.

Paul understood what was meant, and led the way there, Doughton following and closing the door behind him.

"You were saying to the girl that the traveller upstairs has refused to let you have your bag," the landlord remarked.

"Yes; he gave no reply to my request. My train leaves in less than an hour, and I must have that bag before I go. Will you go yourself and demand it?"

"Of course you must have your property, Monsieur Doughton, and I will see that it is in your possession before you go. Perhaps the gentleman was asleep, or did not understand what you meant." And the landlord sat down in a chair near the fire, motioning his guest to another on the opposite side of the grate. Apparently the two were on familiar terms with each other, the landlord dispensing with his usual obsequiousness which he was in the habit of exhibiting towards his guests. From his manner and general demeanor it was evident that he was anxious to say something of a confidential character to Doughton before he left, and the other was not slow to observe that there was something in the wind. Glancing furtively towards the door, the landlord drew out a small packet of papers from the breast pocket of his coat, and fingering them in a nervous sort of way, detached one from the rest, which he handed over to Doughton.

"This is a letter from my friend Herr Vernallt; everything is satisfactorily arranged, but you will see that he requires a little deposit—a mere matter of form—in order to finally clinch the transaction."

Doughton took the letter with apparent eagerness, and quickly read it through.

"What! Two hundred pounds in advance. Why, it is simply outrageous, especially as things are only in their infancy," and he threw the letter from him with a gesture of disapproval.

"But, my friend, have you thoroughly weighed the matter in your own mind? Just think of the enormous risk Vernallt will run by having in his possession all these deeds, which, according to your statement are worth millions, and I don't disbelieve you, for my late master was as rich as anyone could very well be."

"What risk is there? All your friend has to do is to stow the things away in his subterranean safe, and keep them there until I want them."

"It all sounds very easy and simple, but I know that I shouldn't care about having such wealth underneath my house, especially if it were stolen."

The latter part of the sentence was a home-thrust to Doughton, who, jumping up savagely from his chair, placed himself in a threatening attitude in front of the landlord.

"Look here, Paul," he exclaimed, with a fierce oath, "if I thought I couldn't trust you in this matter I would shoot you down without a scruple, and risk the consequences. It is better to run the risk of hanging than go about while there is a traitor in the camp."

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," cried Derdantes, cowering before the other's menaces. "I meant nothing disrespectful towards you."

"Then why did you say what you did? It is an insult."

"It was not meant as such. Forgive and forget it. Why this squeamishness over a trifle?" And the landlord laughed aloud.

"See here," said Doughton, calming down and resuming his seat; "we are both in the same boat, and both stand to win or lose. It is a case of sink or swim, so really it is to your interest as much as mine to keep quiet. When at the time I wrote and told you I had obtained possession of Croxford's papers, I knew that I could trust you, and as you had it in your power to render me valuable assistance, I hope my confidence has not been misplaced."

For answer Paul held out his hand, which Doughton grasped and shook with warmth.

"The compact still remains then?" he said to the landlord, who by this time had recovered from his former discomfort.

"You can write and tell your friend to-night that I accept his terms, and at the same time can send him the deposit he requires." And Doughton counted out a number of notes.

"Good. That's what I call business," replied Paul, with evident satisfaction.

"Now," looking at his watch, "it's time I was moving. Suppose you go upstairs for my bag."

"You wait here, and I'll bring it down in a few minutes." And with this admonition he left the room.

He had scarcely been gone a score of seconds before he returned carrying with him the bag.

"Why, how did you manage it so quickly?" inquired Doughton with surprise.

"The bag was outside his door on the landing. You did not give him time to fetch it perhaps?"

"Possibly not," rejoined the other carelessly, as he took the bag from Paul and prepared to leave.

"You won't forget to write me from Vienna, monsieur," whispered the landlord, as he shook hands with his guest. "I will post off to Vernallt early in the morning, and tell him to expect you at the end of the week. My letter will arrive before you."

When Doughton arrived at the little railway station he found that he had a quarter of an hour to spare, and this time he employed in releasing from the left luggage office a bulky portmanteau, which he had left there upon his arrival a day or so ago.

Extraordinary as it may seem, he had entrusted the Croxford millions to the keeping of the lethargic porter, whose duty it was to look after the left luggage; for—and no doubt his argument was sound—he contended that the portmanteau would be as safe at the sleepy little station as anywhere else.

The strain of having to carry such immense wealth about was beginning to tell upon him, however, and he was most anxious that some place of security should be found for it. From the outset he had taken Paul Derdantes into his confidence, and he, being just as unscrupulous as the other, was only too willing, in return for an ample remuneration, to assist Doughton, the nature of the assistance having been already described.

Once the portmanteau and its contents were safe in Vernallt's hiding-place, Doughton felt he could rest content and await the development of events.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Joyce Redgrave was up betimes next morning, a feat which he found no difficulty in accomplishing, considering that he had never slept a wink throughout the night, the intense cold, combined with the troubled state of his mind, preventing him from obtaining the rest he stood so much in need of. The night he spent in alternate pacings of the room and futile attempts to derive something of warmth from beneath the blankets of his bed, the fire having long since burnt itself out.

When the grey streaks of dawn began to struggle through the small windows of the room, the sleepless occupant found himself haggard and exhausted, yet unable to secure the rest which would have restored vital energy and freshness. Through the small hours of the night he had gone over again and again the extraordinary incidents of the previous day, and indulged in all sorts of speculations regarding the ultimate intentions of Doughton, whose treacherous conduct had aroused the other's passion to such a pitch that only a swift and terrible retribution, dealt out with his own hand, would suffice to subdue them. It is true that he might easily have carried out vengeance at the Hotel du Roi, and had it not been for the existing combination of circumstances there is no doubt but that he would have done so, though it will be noted that had any such event occurred, it would not have in any way enabled Redgrave to obtain possession of the papers which he was in quest of.

One point which had caused him the greatest anxiety was as to what had become of these papers. Upon discovering Doughton's bag in his bedroom, he naturally jumped to the conclusion that the contents represented what he had so long sought for, but as has been seen, he was doomed to bitter disappointment in this respect. In view of such a state of things, he was entirely at a loss to understand what had become of his uncle's deeds, and it was with great concern that he speculated on the diversified phases of this important matter. He was convinced of one thing, however, and that was that Doughton retained the knowledge regarding the whereabouts of the documents, even though they might have changed hands—a point upon which Redgrave had his misgivings. Whatever had befallen them, it was evident that Doughton had not brought them to the Hotel du Roi; otherwise, so Redgrave assured himself, they would either have been found in the bag, or some other receptacle. It never once occurred to him that his quondam friend had run the risk of leaving them for two or three nights at the left luggage office of a small railway station.

The more he thought about the subject the more perplexed and troubled did he become, but at the same time he derived considerable consolation from the knowledge of Doughton's future movements, and determined that upon the next opportunity he found, it would mean a final settlement of the matter for either the one or the other.

From the date in Doughton's pocket book he had learned that his next stopping-place would be Vienna, and afterwards Palermo. As to the nature of his business at these towns, Redgrave, of course, had no means of knowing, but he could not rid himself of the idea that the visits were in connection with the missing papers.

Another matter which had occasioned him not a little anxiety during the night was as to how he should conceal his identity from the landlord, and at the same time seek information respecting his association with Doughton. So far Paul had failed to recognise him, but in broad daylight, and with the memories of Deepdean Hall so recently revived in his mind, he might very easily discover who had been his guest.

Yet on the other hand Redgrave who had let slip a great opportunity of following Doughton on the previous night, in order that he might remain behind in the hope of making some important discoveries, felt that having already risked so much, he might as well go through to the end.

He did not hold from himself the fact that his recognition by Derdantes would completely upset his plans, as well as place him in a very awkward position should certain other eventualities occur.

If he were discovered, Doughton would certainly be acquainted with the fact, and alter his arrangements accordingly. Altogether, he was in a most perplexing dilemma, but felt that for the advancement of his own interests the risk must be incurred.

That he had materially changed in appearance since he had last seen the landlord of the Hotel du Roi, there was no doubt; his moustache had grown more fully, while there had been a substantial development of his body generally. By the adoption of a voice which not even his most intimate friends would have recognised, assisted by the above-mentioned changes, he hoped to escape detection, and so putting on a bold exterior, he went downstairs and entering what was called the coffee-room, rang the bell for breakfast.

The summons was responded to by the waiting girl, who, receiving Redgrave's orders, proceeded to the kitchen to execute them.

The hour was early, hardly eight o'clock, and hearing his guest come downstairs, Paul knocked gently at the coffee-room door.

"Come in," answered Redgrave, who was sitting immediately in front of the fire, and the landlord, quietly opening the door, advanced a step or two into the apartment.

"Good morning, monsieur," he began with great urbanity, looking across at Redgrave, who did not, however, change his position, which was such that the other obtained but an imperfect view of his face.

Like Doughton, Redgrave was also an accomplished French scholar, and consequently found no difficulty in engaging in conversation with Paul, who continued to remain standing near the door.

After an exchange of greetings, Redgrave, who was beginning to feel more confidence in himself, gradually brought the conversation round to the bag incident of the previous night and to his great surprise, as well as delight, found the landlord quite willing to discuss it.

"That guest of yours who left his bag in my room was a most impatient fellow," said Redgrave, glossing over the truth with that ease he could command so readily.

"Indeed! Monsieur surprises me!" exclaimed the landlord, becoming suddenly interested in the subject.

"Yes; he behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner. Threatened me with all sorts of pains and penalties unless I at once gave him his bag," continued Redgrave, with a wide divergence from the facts.

"If monsieur had complained to me, I would have obtained reparation for such an insult," and the millionaire's ex-chef bubbled over with righteous indignation at the thought of Doughton's behavior.

"Had he only been a little more patient and not run away downstairs, I would have given him the bag," said Redgrave, without noticing the other's remark; "but he wouldn't wait, so I just placed it outside on the landing, where he no doubt afterwards found it."

"Monsieur is quite right. The bag was found there by me. Unfortunately, the gentleman to whom it belonged went away last night, or he might have apologised this morning."

"I think I am entitled to something of the sort. Was never so insulted in my life before. Such treatment of one guest by another is not calculated to enhance the reputation of your house, nor does it leave a very favorable impression on me."

The last sentence was spoken in a voice betokening such injured dignity and offence that Paul, who was over anxious to maintain the good name which the Hotel du Roi had so far borne, hastened to pour out the most abject apologies, and implored his guest to overlook the incident.

Redgrave, duly recognising that he now held the trump card, felt that by the aid of a little more diplomacy he should be able to elicit from Derdantes more information than under ordinary circumstances he would have been ready to give concerning Doughton, who, the landlord felt, as the result of the other's glaring misstatements, had done him and his hotel a great injury.

"As I do not desire to be the means of hurting your reputation, I will say nothing more about this unpleasant incident, but perhaps as it is natural curiosity on my part, you will have no objection to telling me who your guest was."

"Certainly, monsieur. He is an Englishman named Doughton, and from what he told me he is travelling on the Continent in connection with some secret mission, the nature of which, however, he did not confide to me," replied the landlord, only speaking half the truth.

"A political spy, no doubt," said Redgrave jocularly.

"Non monsieur; nothing beyond that he was going to Vienna, and from thence to Palermo."

"Evidently he is not a believer in luggage," Redgrave remarked, with a laugh, "if that small bag contained his wardrobe."

"Oh, monsieur, these Government spies are sharper than many of us think. This one had heaps and heaps of luggage, but he did not bring it to my house. Oh, no! I expect he thought—although I don't see why he should—it would have been too great a risk."

Redgrave listened with almost breathless interest. He felt that he was warm on the scent of his uncle's missing papers.

"Really you astonish me! And where, pray, did this gentleman keep all his precious luggage? To hear this is to get quite an insight into the ways of those who guard the interests of Governments."

"Monsieur will scarcely credit it, but he left everything except that small bag at the railway station," said the landlord contemptuously.

"Some people have peculiar ideas about things," replied Redgrave, with studied offhandness; "but I suppose this guest of yours was a bit eccentric. However, after all, it is none of my business, although I do say he might have been a little more polite when he asked me for his bag last evening."

"I hope monsieur does not intend to do anything in reference to that little matter," said the landlord humbly.

"No; it is not worth troubling about further. Now let me have breakfast." And just at that moment Redgrave remembered that the night before he had given the waiting-maid to understand that he intended leaving early in the morning; in fact, so as to facilitate this, he had paid his score prior to retiring to his bedroom.

Circumstances had, however, very materially altered the complexion of affairs since then, and he felt that by remaining on he had lost nothing. If Derdantes were speaking the truth—and he had no reason to believe otherwise—the missing papers were still in the possession of Doughton, who by that time was en route for Vienna, where no doubt he intended to convert some of them into money.

CHAPTER XXX.

Breakfast over, Redgrave took his leave of Monsieur Derdantes, and carrying with him the mutilated bag which he hid from view as much as possible by an ingenious arrangement of his overcoat, wended his way in the direction of the railway station, where he booked his first stage in the journey to Vienna.

After what had fallen from the lips of the landlord of the Hotel du Roi, he felt in a better frame of mind, and was now sanguine that ere long he would come up with Doughton and obtain from him the papers, which he considered would bring him (Redgrave) untold wealth.

In due course Vienna was reached, and putting up at a third-rate hotel, Redgrave, in the morning following his arrival, sallied forth in quest of Doughton, whom he conjectured was already in the city.

With a view to facilitating matters, he resorted to a clever disguise, visiting a number of hotels as a French attorney. At each place he made inquiries for Doughton, but although the first and second days were spent in this way, he was unsuccessful in discovering the object of his search.

On the third morning of his stay at the old-fashioned hotel he had selected, which was situated in one of the lower quarters of the city, an extraordinary coincidence occurred.

Redgrave had just finished breakfast, and still keeping up his disguise, was standing at the window looking out into the street. As he stood thus mentally arranging his programme for the day, a two-horse vehicle drove smartly up to the front entrance of the hotel, and a well-dressed gentleman alighted. Giving some instructions to the driver respecting his luggage, which consisted of a large portmanteau and a small handbag, he turned sharply round in full view of the window, when Redgrave, to his unutterable amazement, recognised the newcomer as being none other than Hermann Doughton.

For a few minutes his agitation, consequent upon this unexpected discovery, was such that it was with difficulty he retained sufficient presence of mind to stay where he was, for incautious and destructive as so rash an act must have eventually proved, his first impulse upon beholding his treacherous friend, was to rush out and, throwing off all disguise, mete out the vengeance which for a long time had been burning within him.

But this passionate desire was only of brief duration, and with the disappearance of Doughton into the hotel, Redgrave became calm again, fully recognising that he could best succeed in the accomplishment of his purpose by the exercise of strategy rather than by any precipitous exhibition of physical interference.

Going quietly over to the closed door, which opened out on the main entrance hall of the hotel, the pseudo French attorney placed his ear against one of the panels and listened intently.

Outside there was a sound of footsteps as if several persons were walking to and fro; then suddenly he heard Doughton's voice. He spoke in French, and addressed his remarks to Herr Vernallt, the landlord. Only a few words were spoken, mere formal civilities, nothing which could be of any assistance to Redgrave, who, however, learned this much, that Herr Vernallt had been expecting the arrival of Doughton, who had travelled by a roundabout route.

All that day Redgrave kept to his room, racking his brains for some scheme by which he might obtain the millionaire's papers without open avowal of his identity to Doughton.

One idea after another presented itself, but each in turn was rejected as being impracticable.

Before the close of the day, however, a fortunate occurrence enabled him to take action for the recovery of the papers. He had just dined, and the servant was clearing the table, when through the half-open door he saw Doughton and Herr Vernallt in the passage, dressed as if about to leave the hotel.

Quickly rising from his chair, he boldly approached the landlord, and with a well-studied disregard for the presence of Doughton, inquired whether he expected a stranger to arrive from Groteux.

Both men started at the question, and stared in an alarmed sort of way at each other.

Without giving them time to reply, Redgrave continued:

"Monsieur Paul Derdantes, of the Hotel du Roi, has instructed me—I am an attorney—to meet a gentleman here named Hermann Doughton, and acquaint him with the fact that it will be unsafe for him to remain in Vienna with the papers he has in his possession."

Redgrave spoke in French, and in so changed a voice that the deception was perfect. Once or twice he thought he detected Doughton examining him with suspicion, but if he had any doubts in the matter, he did not express them.

"What does all this mean, monsieur?" asked Doughton, with growing apprehension and an agitation he could not conceal. "Paul Derdantes was bound to secrecy by a terrible oath, but he appears to have violated it in the most flagrant manner possible." Then, with an outburst of anger, "Monsieur, my reply to your message is, to return to Derdantes and inform him that he is a traitor, and that I will not forget the role he has played."

Despite the fact that this last sentence was delivered with every show of bravado, Redgrave was not slow in observing that his words had made a deep impression upon both Doughton and the landlord.

"As you please, monsieur," he answered with a shrug of his shoulders. "I have done what I was instructed to do, and if through a disregard of this warning from my client anything happens, then the loss will be yours." And with this remark he turned on his heel and re-entered his room.

Half-an-hour later there was a knock at the door, and the landlord made his appearance.

"Pardon the intrusion, monsieur," he said apologetically and in good French, "but the startling intelligence which you conveyed to Monsieur Doughton this evening has considerably disturbed us both. On his behalf I have come to request that you will be kind enough to furnish him with further details respecting the matter of which you spoke."

"I have nothing more to add to what I have already said, except that if your friend will put himself unreservedly in my hands I can take him to a place where the valuable property, which I am given to understand he has in his possession, will be perfectly safe, and beyond the reach of those who are seeking to obtain it."

"Surely monsieur is ignorant of the fact that in this very house is to be found the safest place in the whole of Vienna. I have here a subterranean hiding-place, the entrance to which I defy any living man to discover. Paul Derdantes knows that this is the case, and if he has not already told you, he it was who arranged that Monsieur Doughton should conceal the papers in my cellar."

"You surprise me, Herr Vernallt," and Redgrave not only felt genuinely surprised, but looked it.

This was a revelation to him, and for a moment he was in doubt as to how he should proceed in the face of this statement.

Quick to observe that he had unmistakably impressed his guest, the landlord followed up his statement by an earnest expression of opinion that happen what might there was no place in the world where Doughton's papers would be safer than in his cellar. That he was painfully anxious for some reason or other to have the documents secreted in his house, Redgrave could not fail to notice. Possibly had he possessed a knowledge of the pecuniary gain attached to the carrying-out of such an arrangement, he would have the better understood Vernallt's anxiety.

"Perhaps, after all," said the bogus attorney, "Monsieur Derdantes has erred on the side of zeal, for judging from what you have told me, it would seem that here undoubtedly is the best place for securing the safety of your friend's papers."

"Then I may take it that you will agree to their remaining here?" asked the landlord eagerly.

"Yes, on condition that I am released from all responsibility in the event of anything untoward occurring," replied the other, who by this time had determined upon the carrying out of a daring plan for obtaining possession of the papers.

* * * * *

Shortly before midnight, just as Redgrave was about to retire to his bedroom, Doughton accosted him in the passage. He was wildly excited, and waved an open telegram in one hand.

"You are an impostor!" he shouted, mad with rage, at the same time seizing the other by the throat, and bearing him to the floor. "I have just received a telegram from Paul Derdantes, and there is not a word of truth in what you have told us. I doubted you from the first, but to make certain of my suspicions I telegraphed to him, and here is his answer."

Attacked with such fierce suddenness, Redgrave was completely thrown off his guard, and found himself an unequal match for Doughton, under such a disadvantage. Borne violently to the floor, his head came into contact with the stone paving, and for a few moments he was stunned to such an extent that he was powerless to offer any resistance.

Meanwhile Doughton, all of whose passions were aroused, still held him by the throat, and would undoubtedly have throttled him had not Herr Vernallt interfered.

Catching Doughton by the shoulders he dragged him off the prostrate body of the other, and, despite his struggles, held him back.

Thus relieved from the pressure at his throat, Redgrave quickly recovered breath, and with passions equally aflame, rose to his feet and made a fierce rush at Doughton, who, wrenching himself free from the grasp of the landlord, repelled the attack. Then ensued a terrible struggle between the two men, each endeavoring to gain the upper hand. For a time they appeared evenly matched, when suddenly Doughton released his hold, and starting back a few paces, exclaimed in tones in which terror and amazement were mingled, "Joyce Redgrave, by God!"

In the struggle Redgrave's disguise had been torn from him, thus revealing his identity.

(To be continued.)

"CROSSING THE BAR."

How It Came to be Written.

As Tennyson's nurse was sitting one day at his bedside, sharing to a degree the general anxiety about the patient, she said to him suddenly:

"You have written a great many poems, sir, but I have never heard anybody say that there is a hymn among them all. I wish, sir, you would write a hymn while you are lying on your sick bed. It might help and comfort many a poor sufferer."

The next morning, when the nurse had taken her quiet place at the bedside, the poet handed her a scrap of paper, saying, "Here is the hymn you wished me to write."

She took it from his hands with expressions of gratified thanks. It proved to be "Crossing the Bar," the poem that was sung in Westminster Abbey at Tennyson's funeral, and which has touched so many hearts.

"Now confess, McBride, do you hold your wife on your lap as much now as when you were first married?" asked Barlow.

"Well, Barlow," replied McBride, "to tell the truth, I believe she sits on me rather more now than then."

Mrs. Snappom (who has been suffering from toothache): Thank goodness, I've had that tooth out at last.

Mr. Snappom: Happy tooth.

Mrs. Snappom: What do you mean?

Mr. Snappom: It's out of the reach of your tongue.

AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

Agricultural education should be the watchword of Australian farmers from sea to sea. What does agricultural education mean? It means more intense cultivation of the land, greater economy in the use of the forces at the disposal of the tiller of the soil, better business methods in the production and distribution of farm produce, improved live stock, increased yields of grain, hay, etc., greater profits and more time for thought and study—in brief, agricultural education means increased intelligence in all matters that have to do with the profession and business of farming. It means putting into daily practice the experience and knowledge gained during the past in all countries, just as far as that experience and that knowledge are applicable to local conditions.

Remember, however, that not all the problems of agriculture are solved—far from it. We know a little, but a very little compared with what will be known and practised by the farmers of the next generation. Yet we know a great deal more than we put into practice. Our farmers are no longer sowing and harvesting by the change of the moon. They are no longer working entirely by the rule of thumb methods used by their fathers. They are studying and thinking; they are reading and listening, and are finding better and more economical methods, as well as more profitable lines of farming.

Every farm has its own peculiar problems, which must be grappled with and solved by the farmer himself. The best brain, the most accurate and widest knowledge, and the greatest enthusiasm possible for any individual to display are none too good or too great for the ordinary farm. Please do not forget this. It is not the calling that makes the man, but the man who makes the calling. Farming is just as dignified, just as important, and just as respectable as the farmer who tills the soil—no more and no less. He who turns the clod may be a Deakin, or a Madden, or a Reid, or he may be a brother to the clod he turns.

AGRICULTURE AND CAPITAL.

People will have it that agriculture does not pay. It does not, very likely, on the old lines (says an expert). But no calling pays better in small hands when there is sufficient money to work it with. Only, in all our callings—agriculture has been the last to learn the lesson—the rule of the present day is: You must have plenty of working capital. It is not the food which just supports the life of a beast which earns a profit, but the extra hundredweight of cake or meal which lays on the flesh and fat. It is not mere delving or ploughing of the soil that makes farming remunerative, but the manure put into it. And of such fertilising material the last bag or hundredweight earns a profit out of all proportion to that earned by preceding ones. . . . . Of course, judicious employment must be taken for granted. But all knowledge and skill, all foresight and calculation will be thrown away if we have not got the money.

THE FARM WORKSHOP.

A good, comfortable workshop, well stocked with all the necessary tools for carpenter work and the repair of all sorts of farm machinery is a piece of economy which no farmer can afford to be without, and yet it is something which few farmers think they can afford to have.

The farmer who has such a shop knows what it is to be constantly beset with borrowers, who think it cheaper to borrow the tools which they almost constantly need than to own them themselves.

Success in any business depends upon economy of time, and the farmer who loses all the rainy days and spare hours when work is a little slack loses quite one-third of his time. It may be urged that farmers need the rainy days for rest, but change of occupation is rest, and as there is never a time on the farm when there is not work to do, the farmer should lay up work for rainy days, and this can be done if he has a workshop and plenty of tools. And, indeed, he may have a workshop; but if, when the rain is pouring down in sheets, finds that he must go to a neighbor to borrow a saw to saw off a stick for a hoe-handle, he will likely let the hoe-handle go, and then some day when he wants to use that hoe he will borrow one of his neighbor, or drive to town and buy a new one.

In one year, or at least two, any farmer can save enough by doing much of his own repair work and the many other odd jobs which will suggest themselves to the man with the workshop to pay for the building of a shop and all necessary tools.

Any farmer will bear us out in saying that there is plenty of repair work and odd jobs to be done on the average farm, and if the farmer has not the conveniences for doing this work, he will either have it done, or it will be left undone, neither of which will pay in the long run. And when all this work can be done by the farmer himself without loss of time, it will be seen how a farm workshop may be made a paying investment.

This shop should be large enough to contain a work bench, a blacksmith's outfit, and a lumber-room, and a loft for storing articles, which, if kept several years, will be found useful. And, beside the carpenter's tools and the blacksmith's outfit, there should be tools for working in leather, for repairing harness, machinery bands, shoes, etc.

A good many times the harvest hands must stop work while someone drives to the township to have a breakdown repaired, or a threshing outfit must lie idle for the repairing of a broken shaft or band, when if it could be done on the farm, it would be a saving of time and money. And there is, in nearly every family, some member who has the mechanical genius to learn to do all the ordinary repairing on the average farm.

In such a workshop a good many household conveniences will be made, and a good deal of fixing up of things around the premises, which otherwise would be forever left undone, and if and farmer cares to make an estimate of the cost of such a shop and its fittings, and the cost of repairs and the loss of the average one hundred rainy days, he will find a large balance in favor of the farm workshop, with good strong lock and key to protect its contents against lawless borrowers.

A SIMPLE TEST FOR LIME IN A SOIL.

Take a few shovelfuls of soil from different parts of the field or orchard, and dry, pulverise, and mix them thoroughly together. Take a few ounces of this powder, and reduce to ashes on an iron shovel over a fire. Put these ashes, when cool, into a glass tumbler, and mix with them as much water as it will take to cover them. Stir this with a glass rod or wooden stick, but not with anything metallic. To this paste an ounce of hydrochloric acid, which is commonly sold as muriatic acid, or spirits of salt, the mixture being stirred all the time. If a fairly brisk effervescence takes place, it may be taken for granted that the soil contains a fair percentage of lime, but if little or no effervescence takes place the soil contains little or no lime.

"How's your husband now?"

"Poor man, he's laid up at home with acute rheumatism. All he is able to do now is to mind the baby, chop the wood, answer the door-bell, an' run errands."

DAIRYING.

GETTING ACCURATE MILK TESTS.

There are some things that ought to be better understood about taking samples of milk for testing. The reason why we have so much controversy about the Babcock test is that people are careless in getting samples. The Babcock test is absolutely reliable. That is indisputable. If you have an honest man to use the test, and if you have an accurate sample of milk for the test, there is no question but that the Babcock test will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth every time.

Many times the trouble arises in getting the sample. For instance, when a man finishes milking a cow he will take a dipper and remove a sample of milk from the top of that pail. That is not a fair sample, because cream is lighter than milk and rises to the top, and as the cream has been rising slowly but surely to the top of that pail all the time he has been milking, that sample will be richer than the average of that milk.

To get an accurate sample, after you milk the cow, the milk ought to be turned back and forth from one pail to another until it is thoroughly stirred up; then take the sample at once. Or it can be taken with a "milk thief," which is simply a hollow tube having the same calibre throughout its entire length. Insert the tube slowly into the milk until it reaches the bottom of the pail, put your thumb over the top of the tube and raise it up. You will thus get some of the poorest milk in the bucket, some of the medium milk in the centre of the bucket, and some of the richest on the top. You have an accurate sample, and the test will be a true one.

VARIATIONS IN MILK TESTS.

There are some things we must understand about dairy cows in making tests and records of our herds. A cow naturally does not give quite as rich milk when she is fresh as when further along in the period of lactation, and when she becomes a strippper or is nearly dry she gives a richer milk than at any other time. A sample of the cow's milk when she is fresh would not be a fair sample by which to figure her yearly production, so we ought to make at least three tests during the period of lactation—one when she is comparatively fresh, one near the middle of the period of lactation, and again near the close of the period of lactation.

Then there is another thing. Individual cows vary in the percentage of butterfat in the milk from milking to milking, or from day to day. A cow may give 5 per cent. milk to-day and to-morrow 3.5 per cent., or vice versa. The wisest man in the world cannot explain why that is. No one knows. All we can say is that it is a fact, and the only way we can explain it is that the cow is out of normal condition, and it affects the percentage of butterfat in her milk. Perhaps she has been chased by the dog or been subjected to too much excitement. We ought to take all of those things into consideration when we take a sample and when we test the milk.

THE DAIRY BULL.

First, he must be bred from dairy stock. He should be an animal that combines the blood of dams with butter producing records and be sired by a bull that is noted for his good breeding of producers. A bull that has tested daughters in the list of high-producing cows always comes from right breeding and grand blood lines.

Second, give your preference to a young bull that has come from a sire and dam that have made reputations as breeding animals. This means that they will be aged parents.

Third, prepotency is essential in a bull that is to help uplift the herd's productivity, especially if the herd be a mixture of crossbreds.

COW FOX.

The disease called cow-fox is transmissible from one cow to another. The first symptom is a very slight fever, which is very often overlooked until the disease has somewhat further developed, the first noticeable sign being tender teats. Upon examining the teats, it will be found that there is a fever in same, when at the end of the second or third day, small, pale red patches appear which increase in size until they may be an inch in diameter.

From the seventh to the tenth day, these eruptions form into blisters. The blister is divided into several pockets, and each pocket must be opened separately in order to relieve them of the contents which have accumulated therein. An animal thus afflicted gives a decreased flow of milk and is caused to suffer intensely, owing to the fact that the scabs are cracked and broken open by the hands of the milker.

To overcome this difficulty, the animal should be given a tonic to tone up the blood and system in general. The teats and udder should be thoroughly cleansed with an antiseptic, after which a healing ointment should be applied.

SECRET OF PRODUCING GOOD CREAM.

Clean cream, cold cream, and rich cream are the words which tell the secret of producing sweet cream.

Be clean and sanitary in milking.

Have all pails, crocks, cans, and dairy utensils scalded and clean.

Keep the separator clean by washing after each separating.

Cool each lot of cream with cold water before adding to the general lot of cream.

Have a well-ventilated, cool room in which to keep the cream.

Skim rich cream—35 to 45 per cent.—and it will keep sweet longer.

Deliver the cream without needless delay.

There is no secret about sanitary milk. It is simply clean milk, milked from clean cows, fed upon clean, wholesome feed, milked by clean milkers into clean pails, and transported to market at a proper temperature in clean cans.

The way to get a good milk flow and hold it through the year is to give good cows good care.

Knew What They Wanted.

Milliners have other troubles besides the frequent difficulty of collecting bills. One milliner tells of a letter she received from the wife of a man who, in a brief time, had advanced from poverty to great wealth. His family was still in obscurity, but was preparing to emerge.

"I want you to make me a bonnet and two hats," wrote the wife, "for me and the girls, and expense is no account.

"My measure is nearly 12 inches from ear to ear over the head, and eight under the chin, and six from top of forard to back hair, and that's near enuff for both the girls.

"I'm sandy, Jane is dark, and Lucy's got red hair. We want lively colors, and I want blue flowers and strings on mine, besides some plooms.

"Jane wants hers green, and Lucy wants pink; we don't care what shapes, but they must be becoming, and so as they won't blow to pieces in the wind; nor we don't want them loud.

"Please send within five days, and if satisfactory bill will be paid at once."

Men are born, but husbands are made.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

"Radium was a unique discovery."

"Not entirely unique," answered the professor. "It resembled a great many other discoveries in being more remarkable for what it was going to do than for what it did."

First Married Woman: Did your husband lose his heart over you before you married?

Second Ditto (feelingly): I fancy he must have done. I haven't seen anything of it since.

"Yes, Hawkins is an absolute slave to fashion."

"Hawkins! why, he looks like a rag-picker, and never goes out at all."

"Just so; he's working himself to death

OUSELEY'S RELAPSE

By A. St. John.

Ralph Valnorth was in a brown study—he affected brown, even to boots—as he trudged heavily along the greasy pavement, through the misty drizzle that obscured him from his fellows. As rapid, splashing steps sounded behind him, hurried paces coming nearer, he drew aside towards the railings of the old houses to let the runner pass him.

"Clumsy brute!" he remarked in an audible whisper, as splashes fell on his hanging hand. His gaze followed the retreating figure as it entered the glare of a subterranean station, to disappear into the darkness beyond; and a curious thought came to him. For the man in a hurry wore a brown Chesterfield, a soft felt hat of the same hue, with brown boots; and was about the same height and girth, and muffled at the neck, like his own double; it might be his own corporal self fleeing from its dreary, laggard spirit, which stood and watched. Before Ralph could fully shake off this uncanny illusion, a touch fell on his left arm.

Turning, he confronted a ruddy-faced, oil-skinned young fellow of the chauffeur type. The man held in his hand a flat oblong parcel. It was something wrapped in brown paper and tied with a string; there was no marking or superscription, only the rain drops were darkening its surface.

"You left it in the taxi, sir," said the man, touching his dripping cap. "Can't stop now. Police, you know!" And as Ralph turned the packet over again after a vain scrutiny, the apparition disappeared again in the mist out of which it had come.

In the tail end of his day dream, Ralph realised what had happened. He had been mistaken by the taximan for that clumsy, uncanny double who had so hurriedly rushed on. It was the man in a hurry who had left the packet in the cab; and the honest driver had run after his passenger, and succeeded in restoring the package—to the wrong man! Already there was a whirr and a crescendo of puffs—to think of tracking the fellow was useless. Confound him!

Ralph turned over the packet in the light of a street lamp; and gained nothing by the process. He must take it to the police. That was all very well, but he had promised to be home by seven, to meet Tom Kittoe; it was five minutes to the hour now.

As a matter of fact his visitor stood, back to the fire, on the hearth-rug.

"What 've you got there?" he asked, his inquisitive eyes on the packet Ralph had flung disgustedly upon the table.

"Ask me another, Tom!" Ralph replied; then, in answer to an interrogating smile he added: "I came by that packet in a curious way—not ten minutes ago. Fill your pipe, old chap, and sit down while I tell you about it."

Tom Kittoe listened with an incredulous smile upon his face; and as the tale progressed he drew the package towards him along the table, his fingers itching at the string-knot.

"Let's see what it is!" he said impatiently. "We can tie it up again, and no one'll be a whit the wiser or the worse!"

Tom Kittoe was unfolding the brown wrapping before Ralph could protest. Then he gave a startled exclamation, and the packet slipped from his hand, scattering a litter of sheets upon the rug.

"Jupiter!" he exclaimed, as he pushed back his chair noisily and rose. "Bank-notes, by Jingo! —and ten pounders at that!"

Ralph leaned forward, his eyes on the scattered sheets.

"Bank notes!" he repeated in bewildered excitement. "Good Heavens, Tom! there must be hundreds—thousands!"

"Rather!" replied that individual, passing his thumb over the crisp corners of several he had culled, with evident satisfaction. "Why, Val., we'll get a thumping reward for these—unless we're taken for thieves, old chap."

The two friends discussed the collected notes quietly as they smoked before the fire, their eyes reverting now and again to the clean, new money.

"There's only one thing to do," concluded Ralph—"that is, pack 'em up and go to the police station!"

"Take the numbers, my boy!" suggested Tom, acrement in his voice, as he lifted the packet from the table. "Get out your stylo. Ready?" He read out the number of the topmost bank-note.

"A over ZYX21569467 3.' Got that?"

As the notes crisped the pen crawled sharply on paper.

"What did I say?" With puzzled brows Tom Kittoe referred back to the first note.

"What's up, Tom? Don't be all night!"

Tom's face had paled decidedly as he turned the notes over; he gave a short, artificial laugh.

"You've got a tartar here, old man, and no mistake!" he exclaimed at length. "Why, man, every blessed note has got the same blessed number!"

"The—same—blessed — number!" Ralph repeated the phrase mechanically as he looked over his friend's shoulder. "What——"

"These precious notes of yours,"—Tom held one up to the light, thumbing it as he spoke—"are wrong 'uns—but jolly good wrong 'uns too!—just the thing for a racecourse, no doubt! or for passing one at a time over public-house bars!—The number was engraved with the rest on the plate from which they were printed. That's plain!"

"Oh, hang it," muttered Ralph hoarsely. "There goes our reward!" He had been masticating that prospective reward as he smoked.

"Oh, don't worry!" retorted Tom. "Your reward's all right—measured by months or years."

"Good Lor'! Let's burn the stuff, and say nothing about it." He stretched out his hand.

"No, I shouldn't do that—yet!" counselled Tom. "Wait and see what turns up. Let's keep 'em for a while, if only as works of art!"

* * * * * *

The next evening, Ralph Valnorth took up the special "Evening News" that his landlady had placed on the tea-table. During his daily business, the thought of the condemning packet concealed in his cabinet at home had not troubled him much.

With no very great expectation of finding anything concerning his questionable haul, he glanced down the lost and found column. His eyes stopped on a small notice.

"Left in a taxi-cab in —— Street, about 7 p.m. on the 3rd inst., a small packet of engravings. Of no value to anyone but the owner."

The address given was at Ealing, a district with which Ralph was barely acquainted.

The evening was foggy again, though in the Western suburb the roads and paths were fairly clean. It was eight o'clock when Ralph Valnorth stopped before the open gate of Hanover Villa, a dwelling that answered loudly to its name, being of the stolid, smoked-brick variety that seems to have qualified not only for an old age pension but for a public cremation and interment into the bargain. It had been clothed at some time with ivy, and now looked doubly naked and ashamed in the light of the distant flickering street lamp.

The room into which Ralph found himself ushered was of a class with the house itself; old-fashioned lustreless furniture, threadbare trappings. On the walls hung several Turner-esque paintings in ponderous faded frames, small engravings finding accommodation between them. The scene transported one to the days Dickens has depicted for us.

The sight of a slim, fair maiden of proud demeanour and unquestionable beauty gliding into the roof called Ralph's attention from his dead surroundings. She could not have strayed far into the early twenties, yet there was the air as of one born to rule about her; and also—Ralph rapidly cudgelled his fickle memory to get at the bottom of it—something that was familiar, reminiscent of someone esteemed, perhaps even loved, in his past life. The girl's face showed perceptible relief as she saw the brown paper packet under the arm of her visitor.

"Ah! you have it!" she cried, and her tone was caressingly soft. "I am so glad! You saw the advertisement. It is so kind of you. Dad was distracted. He will be relieved." She stretched out a dainty hand to take it from him.

Ralph Valnorth, however, did not at once surrender the packet, and her hand fell as at a rebuff. He had come intending to play his fish well to start with—this saucy fish who dared to advertise for a packt of forged bank notes! Now he doubted whether she should have the bait at all. Could such an embodiment of beauty, of virtue and innocence, be an accomplice of forgeries? he thought, as she met his searching gaze unfalteringly. Nay; her face showed her to be kind and good and pure—even lovable—not one to be punished for such a crime!

"You can, of course, describe the contents—merely for formal identification?" he asked apologetically.

Still those eyes did not fall. She actually smiled at him. The minx! She deserved—kissing, perhaps.

"Oh, I know it's the packet," she assured him. "The paper and the string—Daddy left it in the taxi-cab——"

"But the contents"—he tried to be stern with a melting heart—"will you describe them in detail, please?"

"Oh, they are engravings," she said, lightly, "works of art. But please sit down, Mr. ——?"

"Quite so," agreed Ralph, sinking into the seat, and ignoring the implied question. "Works of art. But works of art sometimes cause trouble. Now these——"

A change came over the girl as she stood before him. Her hands shook, her face was grave and crimson.

"Do you mean——?" She gasped and stopped.

"Do you mean," he took up gently, "to tell me you are not aware of the contents of this packet?"

"They are valuable, I know," the girl answered. "Father takes them into town for old Mrs. Haigmeier, to her son. She cleans them, and he sells them to rich Americans. They are far too precious for ordinary messenger. I advertised for them without Daddy knowing. He was so vexed you see."

She looked so simple and innocent amid her blushes that Ralph could no longer doubt her sincerity.

"Well, you'd best look at them for yourself," he said, untying the knot of the string as he spoke. "Are these the——"

"No, no!"—she held up a hand of protest—"I would rather not. If—if they are not—quite the thing."

He laughed softly as the packet fell open before her, but at the sight the girl gave a gasp, and was about to fall. Ralph sprang forward and caught her, supporting her gently to the sofa.

"Oh!" she said, with a faint smile. "I thought——"

"Oh, no," put in Ralph. "But even these apparently desirable things are not quite what they seem."

He drew a chair up beside her. "Tell me all about this strange affair!" he said gently; then, noticing indecision in her look: "You have nothing to fear from me, child, neither you nor your father, I assure you. Tell me all about them, and this mysterious business."

The girl acquiesced, and told her tale straightly. Three years ago her mother had died, and her father, hitherto a devoted husband and father at home and a keen business man abroad, had moped and moped until things went to ruin. At length circumstances compelled them to remove further out from town, into the cheaper house they now occupied. Here had occurred an event that had cast gloom over the already stricken household.

The neighbours on the right, a middle-aged couple of the name of Haigmeier, were, as it turned out, interested in spiritualism; and in a pathetic longing for the society of his lost wife, the girl's father had fallen an easy prey to the worst of quackery.

"He became a different man on the day he met them," went on the girl. "Formerly he was an affectionate father, and our love was ideal. Now, he will not speak to me for days, passes me in the streets, and seems to be leading another life." The tears that fell fast brought the story to a close.

The girl looked so sweet in her sorrow that Ralph had to restrain himself lest he should take her in his arms to comfort her. As it was, he held the hand that had dropped near him, and exhorted her to courageous hope. Meanwhile at the back of his mind he was thinking deeply. What was there at the bottom of this strange change of a father towards his child? What had turned an honest business man into a crafty rogue? He had always strongly suspected spiritualism had as its chief ally mesmerism; and he knew that even when a subject is in an apparently normal state, his actions may be guided by previous hypnotic suggestion. The idea stimulated him to desire for action.

At that moment there were steps on the path outside; a key turned in a latch. Ralph sprang up and turned to face who might enter.

"That's Daddy!" exclaimed the girl nervously, with a look of mingled dread and relief. "He will explain all about the packet. I am so glad, for Mrs. Haigmeier was furious!"

"But his name—your father's name, child?" inquired Ralph under his breath, as the steps in the hall approached.

But as the door opened on the instant there was no need for a reply; for the face that appeared, if strangely changed, was familiar to Ralph, though years had slipped by since he had seen it.

"You, Ouseley!" he exclaimed, his hand shooting out as he sprang forward. "You, is it! Then,"—turning to the girl—"you must be little Jeanie, who often times has climbed on my knees as a child. No wonder I felt I knew you!"

But, to his surprise, the old friend was strangely aloof and cold. Although he took the hand offered him there was vacancy in Ouseley's eyes; whilst visible effort showed in his face as though he were trying to recall his visitor from the shadowy past.

"So you have found the packet, and brought it to me," he said at last, more light coming into his eyes. "I'm douced glad. That old woman was like a mad cat about those precious works of art. Now they're recovered, and I can restore them, I shall wish the pair of them a long good day for their insults."

"But the works of art, as you truly call them," said Ralph. "Surely you, Dick Ouseley, of all men, should not engage in such a traffic."

The older man looked at his friend again with troubled vacancy. Jeanie turned as if to leave the two men to themselves.

"Stay!" commanded the father, shortly; then to Ralph: "Please explain, sir. Have you seen——?"

"Let us discuss the matter with the works of art before us," was Dick's challenging answer, as he laid open the packet once again.

"Have you dared to pry into them?" cried Ouseley fiercely, his hands clenched, his eyes aglare. "Who are you who claim to be my friend? I don't know you. Come, now to Mrs. Haigmeier, and see what she says of your spying."

"Your friends shall know—all in good time," replied Ralph coolly. "But promise me, Ouseley, old man, that you'll delay restitution of this packet for a couple of hours.' He put out his hand towards it as it lay on a chair.

"Leave it alone!" roared Ouseley, stepping sharply between Ralph and the chair. His demeanour was as threatening as his voice, and, although Ralph's senior, he was no despicable antagonist.

Ralph Valnorth glanced over to Jeanie with a forced smile. The girl was trembling as she stood, with clasped hands, looking in silent appeal from one to the other.

Something must be done, he decided—something heroic. He made a false movement aside, then stepped forward and seized the packet before making for the door. The other was after him in a twinkling, his right hand diving into his tail pocket. The next moment, as Ralph had his fingers round the door handle, the glistening barrel of a revolver pointed between his eyes.

"The packet!" cried Ouseley, in tones tense and fierce; "if you go home alive, hand it over!"

'Ouseley!" pleaded Valnorth, looking his friend eye to eye, "tell me—do you know what these engravings really are?"

'Certainly I do," he replied; "they're the finest forged notes that have ever seen the light."

"Then you can't realise the crime of it!" pursued Ralph, trying to dodge the menacing bore of the revolver, "the disgrace it must bring on you, and on Jeanie, inevitably! Where is your sense of morality?"

"What is this morality?" the other laughed hollowly. "Does it thrive in London? But enough of fooling!! The packet, I say!"

Ralph bent his head suddenly to cover his flight—it would have been suicide to grasp the weapon. And at that moment the thing went off. It was old-fashioned, of largish calibre, and it made a fearful noise. Ouseley fell like a log; and through the filmy wreaths of smoke, where his own head had posed a moment before, Ralph perceived a circular hole through the panel of the door.

When Richard Ouseley came to his senses—right home this time—and saw Jeanie and Valnorth kneeling on either side of him, he looked from one to the other in confusion and puzzlement.

"Surely you're young Valnorth—the son of my old friend?" he said at last. "But what has happened? My memory seems gone." His shaking hand went to his brow as though to sweep away a clogging web.

"You're not well, father dear," said Jeanie, and kissed the furrowed forehead. "You've been ill. This is a friend who has called."

Ouseley soon recovered from the shock, and in an hour's time was quite his original self. But on Ralph venturing to mention the matter of the parcel of forged notes his mind was a blank; and he requested his friend to tell the tale from the beginning. As Ralph did so, Jeanie, sitting there with her father clothed in his right mind, sent repeated glances of gratitude to the younger man.

'Well, you know," said Ouseley at length, "this is all new to me. I'm aware that I have been in the habit of attending seances at the Haigmeiers', and have come under their influence, quite innocently. It is evident they have used me as a tool in some nefarious business. What think you, Valnorth?"

'I agree with you! Come to Scotland Yard at once; I know Pentland, and we'll put the matter before him. You have evidently been a victim of their hypnotism. Being in their power at a seance, they have suggested a line of conduct totally alien to your character as I know it. You were responding to their impressed will when you acted as an accomplice, also when you demanded the packet of me at the revolver's mouth. It was the shock of the weapon's discharge that shattered the thin hypnotic line that held you the Haigmeiers' mental prisoner."

Not a moment was lost by Detective Inspector Pentland, but the criminals had fled. Ample traces were discovered of a daring scheme for defrauding the Bank of England; and their timely flight saved the country much expense, and expedited by many years their deportation as undesirables.

Jeanie could not weary of reiterating her thanks to her father's deliverer. She adored the man, now in the prime of life, who had been the means of restoring their home happiness.

One evening, a month later, as she sat opposite him in the faded sitting-room, Ralph leaned forward from his arm-chair and took the hand that reposed on her lap. Ouseley had just left the room to look for a book he had promised to lend his young friend.

Jeanie did not draw her hand away; the touch of the man she had come to love gave her strange feelings of happiness and pain mingled, which was reflected in her smile.

"Jeanie, my dear!" he whispered, "can you love an old chap like me?"

"If you were twice as old, Ralph," she laughed happily, "I should love to love you!" And her face turned to meet the caress that had hesitated for her answer.

His Pressing Need.

The late Joseph Jefferson was suddenly taken ill while visiting at the home of a friend. The wife of the gentleman whose hospitality he had enjoyed became alarmed over his condition, and, being of a religious turn of mind, wished to instil in the mind of the actor her belief in the necessity for spiritual contemplation.

A call to his room for the purpose of applying a poultice gave her the much-desired opportunity.

"Mr. Jefferson," she said, nervously shifting the poultice from one hand to the other, "for your sake, for the sake of your friends, your family, I—I would like to pray for you."

The actor listened attentively, and his answer came slowly. "Yes, madam," he said, "you may—for my sake, for your sake, for everybody's sake; but for heaven's sake put on the poultice."

He Dodged.

It is said of a noted judge that in a pinch he always came out ahead. An incident of his childhood might go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father, when the lad had been going to school about a month, "what did you learn to-day?"

"About the mouse, father."

"Spoil mouse!" his father asked.

After a little pause Benny answered: "Father, I don't believe it was a mouse after all; it was a rat."

"I say, your wife is angry again. What is the matter?"

"Oh, first she was angry with the servant, then she was angry with me for not being angry with the servant, and then she was angry because I was angry with her for being angry with the servant."

Generally a man who thinks he is witty is about as successful at entertaining you as a nail in your shoe.

"THE GHOST."

It was a bitter spring night, with a chill rain and an easterly wind that swept viciously round street corners, making the few pedestrians who were about wish themseles safely within doors. Through the wet darkness Harding Thesiger hurried along, his coat collar turned up, his hands well occupied—one in holding up a streaming umbrella, the other stuffed into his pocket. His thoughts kept him busy enough to disregard all the horrors of the wet, cold night. They were not pleasant thoughts, but he could not escape from them.

Nearly a year ago Harding Thesiger had woke up to find himself famous. The public fancy—so easily moved to applause or disapproval—had seized upon his book and acclaimed it the work of genius. But his talent, which had made such a flash in the pan, had steadfastly refused to do any more for him; ideas would not come, his pen lagged—finally came to a standstill, and the man knew that what he tried to write now was only drivel. His reputation trembled in the balance—and he could do nothing to save it.

He had so little else to depend upon, and now, of all times, he was anxious that there should be no falling back—that fortune should still hold out the hand of friendship to him—for Rachel Verney was yet to be won. And he had set himself to win her—by fair means or foul. This fame of his—the writing of that book— had given him a lift up in her estimation; he knew that. His lips tightened at the thought, for he had built Heaven alone knows what dream castles of a greater and a more lasting fame which he could lay at her feet. And his muse was silent.

He turned into the archway beneath which stood the wide doors of the block of flats in which he had established himself with a good deal of comfort, and felt relief that he was out of the cold wind and rain. As he lowered his umbrella someone moved in the doorway, and Thesiger made out dimly the figure of a man standing there, evidently sheltering from the storm.

"Would you give me shelter for half an hour?" he asked abruptly.

Thesiger turned and looked at him. In the light which poured out from the hall of the flats he saw that the speaker was a young man, with all the appearance of a gentleman, despite his worn clothing and hungry air.

"Why should I?" he replied to the man's question.

"I don't know, but I thought you might. If you don't, there's nothing for it but the streets—and then the river, I suppose! Not a pleasant prospect on a night like this, is it?"

Thesiger felt his interest awakened.

"No," he said; "it doesn't sound pleasant. Come in, will you?"

The stranger followed him without a word into the lift, which shot up to the fourth floor and there deposited them on a landing luxuriously carpeted. Thesiger fitted his latch-key into a door, entered a pleasant, warm atmosphere, and motioned the stranger into a room to the right. Electric light glowed in an instant through pretty red shades—a tray with drinks and a plate of sandwiches stood on a side-table, a fire burned redly in the grate, and thick curtains were drawn across the two windows, shutting out all sight of the cold night.

Thesiger pulled a big chair near the fire.

"Take off your coat and warm yourself," he said. "I suppose a drink would not come amiss, eh?"

The man gave a sort of stifled gasp.

"I haven't had a drink—or anything to eat either, for the matter of that—since yesterday—or perhaps it was the day before. I—I forget."

Thesiger poured out a whisky and soda, put it with the plate of sandwiches near the stranger, and then moved away.

When he turned round the stranger was sitting back in his chair—the sandwiches were nearly gone—a new color shone in his thin face.

"Smoke?" said Thesiger.

"I've almost forgotten what it's like—thanks most awfully. You're very good to me. I——"

"Never mind that; you needn't be in a hurry to be off. Tell me what brought you to this pass."

Thesiger dropped into a chair near the fire, lit a match and his own cigar, and watched the stranger as he puffed luxuriously at his for a minute in silence. Adventures, they say, are to the adventurous, and perhaps in this strange encounter might lie the germ of some idea which would prove of use to the literary muse. It was with this object, indeed, that Thesiger allowed himself to be prompted to spontaneous charity.

It was a common enough story that the stranger told. Unfortunate speculations on the part of the parents—illness and misfortunes crowding thick one upon the other—the end of his Varsity career and the necessity of turning to account any little talent he possessed. Then a fruitless search for work. He had been destined for the Bar—he found he had to simply take anything that offered, and openings were few; then, when he had secured a wretched, under-paid post in a city office, illness overtook him, and he came out of the hospital to find his place filled up, and little hope of getting anything else to do.

"I know I could do something—good work, too—if only I had something to keep me going in the meantime," he finished, with energy.

"What sort of work?" Thesiger asked.

A flame burned for a minute in the younger man's eyes.

"Literary work," he said. "I—I write a little. I'd write more if I had time. But one might as well wish for the moon."

Thesiger sat up; his face grew suddenly thoughtful. For a minute or two he examined the stranger's face. Perhaps in those glowing depths he saw fairy castles—dreams of fame and fortune—if only the tide would turn and give him a chance.

"So you write," said Thesiger, slowly. "I don't know that I couldn't do something for you, then. How would a secretaryship do you for a week or two, at any rate? We'll call it that. You understand a typewriter, and so on?"

"Yes. It's awfully good of you, when you don't even know who I am or anything about me. My name's Randal—and there's nothing I wouldn't do in honest work to make a living."

"All right. I'll give you a shake-down here for the present, and we'll talk things over. You may be able to help me. My name's Thesiger. I'm a fellow-scribe, as perhaps you know."

"Thesiger! Why, the man who wrote 'Fame.'"

"Yes. You read it, then?"

"Read it? Rather. But I don't understand how I can ever help you! Why, you've made your name. You've fortune and fame in your hands; I've nothing."

"We'll talk about that another time," Thesiger said, cheerfully. "Now, I'm sure you'll be glad to get to bed. My man will see you have everything you want. Good-night."

* * * * * *

That was only the beginning of strange events. After the first week of his new work Geoffrey Randal began to feel a different man; also his literary gifts began to stir within him. He felt he must write; some great power urged him on, and he knew that what he wrote was good. It was while this power was goading hi mon that Thesiger noted the change in his secretary—saw that he had begun to write again—and after some days spoke to him of the matter.

"Let me see what you've written," he said, "and if it's any good I'll tell you."

He was immersed for a long time in the closely-written pages which Randal had turned out in the early hours of the morning, and as Thesiger read he marvelled—and rejoiced. Fate had played into his hands this time; fate had brought him the ghost he wanted—the ghost he meant to keep if he could bribe him into staying, that is to say.

He put down the pile of manuscript and looked at Randal, who was waiting eagerly for his verdict.

"It's good," he said; "very good.' There he paused, conscious that the story he had just read—the mere beginning of it—held more grip, more sustained interest, more power than anything he had ever written himself; it held, too, that indefinable atmosphere that serves to take hold of the reader's attention and to keep it—and he realised that in Geoffrey Randal, poor, unknown, the sport of circumstances, there was genius waiting for recognition.

"You think it's worth going on with—worth publishing?" said Randal, eagerly.

"Yes—if you had made a name for yourself," said Thesiger.

"A name! But I haven't! I'm unknown, and——"

"Just so. But—I could be its sponsor."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. Finish this story—let me publish it under my name—write others of the same quality—and you shall have a settled income. That is my offer."

Randal stared at him in bewilderment—then his face darkened.

"Under your name!" he echoed; "but why? You—you surely don't want a literary ghost!"

"That's beside the point; I've made my offer—take it or leave it—I've done with you."

Randal was silent. He saw again his own useless searchings for work—he looked back on those days, and nights, and weeks of horror; he thought of his delicate mother, living on next to nothing in a distant provincial town—and of Rachel, who had gone out of his life, but whom he always hoped to find some day, when success should have crowned him.

After all, why not? He was poor, friendless, alone. He could not afford to wait.

'I accept your offer," he said, hoarsely. And Thesiger smiled.

* * * * * *

Rachel Verney walked slowly through the park. It was mid-June, and the season was at its height; the trees were getting a little dusty, and the air felt hot and arid, making the girl long intensely for the wide spaces and the cool freshness of the country.

She chose a quiet path away from the crowd of fashion and the carriages bowling from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner, for she had many things to think about—a decision to make which would affect he rentire future.

It was no use to try and put off the evil hour any longer. Thesiger had succeeded beyond even his own expectations—certainly far beyond those of his friends—and there was no longer any reason why her answer should be delayed. But—could she marry him? He had worked—for her. So he said. He had laid his laurels at her feet. He had done all she had asked, and more, and now the man showed her that he confidently expected his reward.

Memory took her back to an idyll of the past. Better, of course, to forget it all; but she could not. Geoffrey's face rose persistently before her, and though he had vanished out of her life, she knew she could never banish his image from her heart.

As if her thoughts had conjured up his ghost, she saw, coming down the sunlit path along which she was walking, Geoffrey Randal himself.

The ground reeled and rocked beneath her feet. She felt the blood rush in one sickening throb to her face, and then was conscious that he was holding her hands as if he never meant to let them go again. And he was no ghost, but warm flesh and blood.

"Rachel!" he was saying, in incredulous tones. "It is you! Yet I can't believe it. Why, I thought—I thought you were in India."

"No; I did not go. And—why did you vanish, Geoffrey? I wrote, and got no answer. I thought you must be dead."

"I got no letters from you, Rachel. They must have gone astray. But what matter now? We've found each other again. Are you living in town?"

"Yes, with my aunt, Mrs. Mason. And you, Geoffrey? What are you doing?"

"I've got a post as—secretary," he said, his happy eyes clouding a little.

"As secretary? Whose, Geoffrey?"

"Harding Thesiger's—the author, you know."

Rachel started.

"Harding Thesiger! Why, I know him well! And he never even mentioned your name to me. If he had——"

Geoffrey was silent. He knew well why Harding Thesiger never mentioned the name of his ghost. They guarded their secret well, and he could never tell Rachel by what means he was earning that regular income.

They walked slowly down the sunlit path, and the world had never looked so lovely in Rachel Verney's eyes, for Geoffrey Randal was at her side, and she knew he had not forgotten—that he never would forget. They stopped presently, reluctantly, for he had work to do—work for his master.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked eagerly. "I may call and see you?"

"Of course. Come on Sunday, Geoffrey."

He took her hand, and held it in a close, lingering pressure.

"Rachel! You haven't forgotten the old days at the Vicarage—and the lilac bushes—can't you smell them still? And the long summer evenings when we used to linger together in the garden. You haven't forgotten?"

A slow color flooded her face.

"I have not forgotten," she said, clearly.

Something leapt into his eyes.

"I will come on Sunday," he said; "till then, au revoir. I don't mean to say good-bye to you again!"

His words rang in her ears long after he had left her, and she walked back along the sunlit path, her heart aflame, her mind made up. She knew now, without a shadow of doubt, that she could never marry Harding Thesiger, and as she turned into the broader walk near the Marble Arch she met him. The radiance in her face made his heart leap. It was for him—that happiness which shone out of her sweet eyes—for him. He never thought of failure now. Had he not stooped to trickery to gain her? Surely his reward would not be long delayed now! He asked her urgently, with feeling, to give him his answer, and he stared at her unbelievingly when she told him gently, but with such a terrible finality, that her answer must be "No."

"There is someone else?" he asked, hoarsely. He had grown very white. She looked at him bravely.

"Yes."

"You—it would have been kinder to have told me this before," he said, with difficulty.

"I—I thought I should never see him again," said Rachel, in a low voice. "I did not know if he lived even. Even now I can hardly believe that Geoffrey is alive."

Thesiger looked at her dully. They were sitting on a couple of the little green chairs in the shade of the trees; all the world was passing and re-passing before them, but they did not see.

"Geoffrey?" he echoed.

"Yes—Geoffrey Randal—he told me he acts as your secretary."

Thesiger said nothing. This blow had nearly deprived him of his senses. Rachel—and Geoffrey Randal. Rachel—and the Ghost. The ghost through whom he had leapt to such astonishing heights of fame—to whom he owed all the success and wealth for which he had longed—only to lay them at Rachel's feet, and now—they were worthless to her—and to him. What an irony of fate!

He had schemed and lied and tricked the public—for this! He had reaped where another man sowed, and gathered where he strewed. And now—he had lost his reward. The realisation of his loss stunned him, dazed his very sight, and it was like one broken and ruined that presently Harding Thesiger, universally counted as one of the most successful and to-be-envied men of the day, made his way out of the park, knowing nothing but a fierce desire to be alone—to get away from the roar of humanity and the company of his fellows. Crossing the whirlpool of traffic which roared down Oxford street, he found himself hemmed between swiftly moving vehicles—he paused a moment, groping like a blind man, made a step or two forward; there was a confused sound of shouting—a roar of thunder in his ears, as a motor-omnibus emerged from the pack and bore down upon him, and he fell—to rise no more.

* * * * * *

"I'll drop the thing. I—I can't go on."

Geoffrey Randal threw down his pen, got up, and paced restlessly up and down the room. The June twilight was dying, and lights were breaking out in the street. The room was comfortable and spacious—one of the suite which Thesiger had taken for his secretary in a street near his own quarters; bookcases lined the walls—there were a big roll-top desk, a typewriter on another table, and solid handsome furnishings. They—with the salary paid to Randal with business-like regularity—represented the bribe which had bought his services, his brain, his genius. And now he felt he must shake off these shackles—he must stand alone, make a way for himself—and for Rachel. That was the crux of the whole matter.

The telephone rang shrilly from a corner of the room. Geoffrey hastily turned and took up the receiver.

"Yes; who's that? Johnson? Right. Mr. Thesiger badly injured? Good heavens! All right. Yes, I'll come at once."

A brief statement that Mr. Thesiger had been knocked down and run over by a motor-omnibus was all he heard, but it was enough to lend wings to his feet. Ten minutes later he stood beside the bed on which Thesiger was lying—just breathing, but conscious; his face was ghastly. A cautious word from a couple of doctors standing by told Geoffrey that there was no hope; death would mercifully release the injured man in a few minutes.

"I—must speak to you alone," gasped Thesiger, hoarsely; and the doctors drew aside, walked to the window, and there stood speaking together in low tones. The room was very silent. One electric light glowed softly.

"So you've won—you've beaten me," he said, slowly, in a queer, whispering voice. "You've got genius—and Rachel. I loved her, you see. She only cares for you. Well, it's all up now. It was for her I tricked the world and shackled you—to win her. It was no use. Randal, you won't tell her?"

"I won't tell her," said Geoffrey, slowly, meeting the anguished eyes of the dying man. "No one shall ever know."

Thesiger heaved a sigh.

"You're a good fellow, Randal. I've treated you shabbily," he said; "but you've got Rachel. You'll win fame—everything you want, and you'll do it—off—your—own—bat."

His eyes closed; there was a long silence. Only once more did Thesiger speak, and then it was but a single word. Randal heard it.

"Rachel!"

A quiver passed over his face; the pain died out of it. Thesiger had joined the great majority.

* * * *

A year later and Geoffrey Randal achieved fame and married Rachel Verney. There are those who remark that his genius is much akin to that of Harding Thesiger, whose tragic death just at the zenith of his literary fame caused such a painful sensation, but Randal makes no comment on these opinions. The past is dead. He had the present and the future—and Rachel; more, he would tell you, than his share of happiness, so that nothing else matters.

THE SILENT RIFLE.

Hiram P. Maxim promises to give to the world a noiseless, flashless rifle. He demonstrated the fact recently at the King's Club, London. He has invented a silencer, which in the form of a small cylinder is fixed on the muzzle end of the rifle. Thereby the noise is quite deadened, and there is no flash. Inside the silencer is what practically amounts to a negative turbine—that is, a series of fixed "blades" which cause the gases of the explosion to assume a rotary motion. In turning rapidly round in this way their energy is absorbed and turned into heat, the sound being destroyed owing to the waste of the energy against friction.

The sharpshooter of the future will go up in an airship and his bullets will come as a "bolt from the blue!"

Can't Guess it.

An American paper tells of a girl who had a proposal of marriage, and asked a week to think it over. She went to all of her married sisters. One, who used to be a belle, had three children, did all her own work, and hadn't been to the theatre or out riding since she was married. Another, whose husband was a promising young man at the time she was married, was supporting him. A third didn't dare say her life was her own when her husband was around, and a fourth was divorced. After visiting them and hearing their woes, the heroine of this little tale went home, got pen, ink and paper, and wrote an answer to the young man. You may think it was refusing him, but it wasn't. She said she could be ready in a month.

Chicago Raillery.

Representative Mann, of Illinois, never loses an opportunity to expatiate upon the glories and material prosperity of Chicago, which, however, has often been described as "The wickedest city on earth."

One day he was holding forth in his usual strain, when he touched upon the part played by the railways in that prosperity.

"Statistics show," declared the member from Illinois, "that 1150 trains arrive in Chicago daily. These trains—run by some twenty-four companies—carry over 165,000 passengers. The railways have been a strong factor in making Chicago what it is to-day."

Whereupon Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, smilingly interjected:

"Mann, that's an awful charge to prefer against the railways!"

"Now look here, Algernon," said a parent to his son sternly, "when I was your age I was at the head of my class."

"Ah," responded the lad, "perhaps teachers were easier to fool then than they are now!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE SUBMARINE.

There are probably many that look on the submarine as one of the latest of scientific marvels who will be surprised to learn that it was no great novelty to our ancestors three centuries ago, when Milton was in his cradle and Raleigh was busy writing his "History" in the Tower of London.

The seventeenth century was but an infant when Cornelius Drebell, a clever Dutchman, brought his wonderful boat, which "could swimme under the water like a fyshe," to the Thames, and all London flocked to the riverside to watch the antics of this new monster. James I. was among the thousands of spectators, his royal mouth agape with wonder; and probably Shakespeare and Bacon were also among the crowd.

Drebell's boat was a weird-looking craft, carrying twelve rowers besides passengers; and she seems to have done all her designer claimed for her—sinking and rising and moving under the water like a fish. The chief marvel of this Dutch submarine was "a liquid that would speedily restore to the air such a proportion of vital parts as would make it again for a good while fit for respiration."

But although a learned bishop in 1648 published a treatise "Concerning the Possibility of Framing an Ark for Submarine Navigation," we read nothing more of the submarine for a century and a quarter, when, in 1774, an inventor named Day startled the world by announcing that he would descend in a boat in Plymouth Sound and remain under water for a quarter of an hour. The descent was successfully made in the presence of thousands of onlookers, but the adventurous Mr. Day was seen no more. He was the first on the long roll of victims of the submarine.

In the following year an American inventor called Bushnell produced a really wonderful vessel for submarine use. A strange looking boat it was, it is true, resembling two upper tortoise shells joined together, the operator (there was only room for one man inside) entering through an opening in the head. It was sunk or raised by means of an oar in the form of a screw, and was propelled by another oar.

Such, in rough outline, was Bushnell's boat, in which he was able to remain under the surface for half an hour at a time, moving swiftly and easily in any direction. Behind the vessel was a magazine containing 150 lbs. of powder, for attachment, by means of a screw, to the hull of an enemy's ship.

During the War of Independence, an attempt was made to destroy the British warship Eagle, but through the operator's bungling, the magazine floated away from the ship and exploded harmlessly.

After Bushnell came Fulton, the clever Irishman who was the first to make a success of steam navigation. In 1801 Fulton built three submarine boats, one of which, the Nautilus, was as far ahead of Bushnell's boat as that was in advance of her predecessors. In the Nautilus, which was propelled by manual power and supplied with compressed air, Fulton once stayed under water for hours, placing a torpedo, also of his own invention, under a vessel provided for the purpose and blowing it "to atoms." But Fulton, in spite of the pronounced success of his boat, received so little encouragement that he abandoned his experiments in disgust.

But submarines now began to follow one another in rapid succession. In 1859 Mr. Delaney, a Chicago inventor, produced an ingenious vessel, shaped like an egg, and raised or sank by the pumping of water out of or into a tank. Four years later the Plongeur, a vessel 146ft. long and driven by an 80 horse-power engine, appeared in France; and the following year saw the submarine fully launched as a weapon of war.

During the American Civil War, a submarine, called the David, after her designer, was expected to do deadly work against the enemy. She was a cigar-shaped vessel made of boiler-plates, and propelled by hand by a crew of nine men, at a speed of four knots an hour. Three times she made a trial trip, drowning her crew. At her fourth attempt, however, she got successfully out of the harbor, launched a torpedo at the Federal ship Housatonic, and blew her up. But, alas! she was too slow in making her escape, and was carried to the bottom of the sea with her victim, having thus destroyed thirty-six lives during her brief and ill-starred existence.

The Tourist and the Waiter.

He was a sad-faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"'Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your 'order, sir?"

"I said very distinctly two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressed silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time the waiter was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awsking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your 'order, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y'know."

"Two eggs," said the American, sadly and patiently; "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair dishevelled, and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron, he whispered beseechingly: "Would you mind tyking boiled hoggs, sir? I've 'ad some words with the cook."

"Sir," remarked the van

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. NTH. MELBOURNE.

First Elevens.

This match commenced at North Melbourne last Saturday. Northcote's team included F. and Edgar Yeomans in lieu of Richardson and Ashby. Lovett, the wicket-keeper, not turning up, his place was admirably filled by W. Rowe. Mitchell lost the toss to Noonan, who decided to bat on what proved to be a good wicket, though the outfield was very bumpy and treacherous in many places. W. Carlton and E. Spencer opened to the bowling of Plant and Bailey. Eight runs had been scored when Spencer touched one of Bailey's and was caught by F. Yeomans. 1—4—8. H. Stuckey followed and runs came very freely, 69 runs appearing on the board for the first hour's batting. Stuckey contributed 50 in an hour and 19 more in 44 minutes, a total of 78. Carlton made 27, when he was well caught by Rowe off Bailey. Noonan, after making 16 nds hit one off Spicer and was caught by F. Yeomans. R. Bailey delighted the hearts of Northcote's supporters by clean bowling Brown for 1, after he had played an over from Spicer in a most orthodox manner. Shield came next, and after making 11 was stumped by Rowe off Spicer. W. Carlton was held by Brown off Bailey when he had made 9. At this stage things were looking very rosy for Northcote, but Prior and McGregor became associated and were very aggressive, hitting up 88 runs before McGregor was caught by Mitchell off Spicer. Hart joined Prior and had made 8, with Prior 44 not out, when stumps were drawn, 8 wickets being down for 257. The only bowlers who did anything of note were Bailey (5 for 66), Spicer (3 for 85). Plant, Mitchell, E. Yeomans, and Billings were all tried without success. Spicer's figures might have been better if one hit had not been mis judged and another fieldsman had not the "sun in his eyes." On the whole his performance (first on trial) was really good. He bowled 10 overs, varying his pace and delivery with judgment, and is ever willing to receive and accept advice from those most qualified to give it, an example many others his senior might follow with advantage both to themselves and the team they play for. Scores—

E. Spencer, c Rowe b Bailey	...	4
W. Carlton, c F. Yeomans b Bailey		27
H. Stuckey, c Hart b Bailey	...	78
P. Noonan, c E. Yeomans, b Spicer		16
Brown, b Bailey ...	...	1
Shields, stmp. Rowe, b Spicer	...	11
Carlton, c Sub. b Bailey	...	9
Prior, not out ...	...	44
McGregor, c Mitchell b Spicer	...	51
Hart, not out ...	...	8
Sundries ...	...	8
Total for 8 wkts.	..	257

Second Elevens.

The second elevens of the above commenced their match last Saturday at the Northcote Park on a perfect wicket. North Melbourne, batting first, were all dismissed for 98 (C Flewellyn 27; Tom Andrew 5 for 39, Fox 2 for 16, Bolton 3 for 14. Wicket keeper Coyle was in good form, stumping three and catching one. Northcote commenced their first innings badly, 7 wickets being down for 62, when Tom Andrew joined his captain (Charlie Bugg), who was batting freely and with confidence. Andrew started well and North's total was soon passed Runs came freely and 139 appeared on the board before Andrew was bowled. He made 30 by perfect cricket at a critical period of the game, and was well applauded for his meritorious display of batting. Eight wickets being down for 139 stumps were drawn for the day. Charlie Bugg, who completely mastered the bowling, scored 72 by first class cricket, scoring freely all round the wicket. His score included one 6 and six 4's. The other Northcote batsmen were—Ashby 13, Colechin 11, Studley 6, Organ 0, Fox 2, Bolton 1, Webb 0. Northcote are 40 in the lead and have two wickets to fall, and have hopes of a three-point victory to-day.

The match between the Preston and "Argus" was concluded last Saturday, the latter winning by 93 runs. Preston failed badly with the bat, only making 36 runs. W. Hayson (19) being the only double figure scorer. Mackay (of baseball fame) took 6 for 15).

Preston play the St. Kilda Footballers today on the latter's ground. The Preston team will be selected from the following:—J. Thomson, J. Watt, G. Sykes, C. Robinson, W. Dickens, E. Mehegan, G. Truman, D. Dillon, T. Lyons, W. Hayson, W. Walters, W. Fyfe, H. Westmoreland, J. Rutter and C. Greenhalgh.

Preston "Amateurs" v. East Melbourne, played at Preston Park, was won by the former by 2 runs, whose 1st innings totalled 84 for 9 wickets (P. Ogden 21 not out, J. Rutter 18, C. Greenhalgh 14, D. Kerr 12; Laudeman 2 for 35); East Melbourne, 8 for 82 (Kennedy 19 not out, South 20; J. Hedigan 5 for 23, D. Kerr 1 for 19, P. Westmoreland 1 for 9.) Preston "Amateurs" play St. Kilda Rovers to Preston park to-day. Players are requested to be at park at 2 30.

Northcote club eleven play an East Melbourne eleven on the locale ground, corner Victoria road and Clarke street. The following will represent Northcote:—Phillips, McKeon, Butler, Bedford, Lugtin, Cody, Parratt, Rankine, Mitchell, Johnson (2), Gluyas and Trainer.

Northcote Club XI turned up at Preston Park on Saturday last with 4 men and minus their kit. A little more courtesy and respect is due to the Preston club.

Northcote Presbyterian A v. Union Memorial. Scores—Union, 47 and 4 for 26 (Len. Richardson 3 for 23, Price 6 for 24, Griffith 3 for 6, Allen 2 for 8); Northcote, 45 (D. Richardson 13). The match will be continued to-day at Royal Park.

Northcote Presbyterian B v. Port Melbourne. This match was commenced last Saturday and will be concluded to day. Northcote, 146 (McNee 28 not out, Price 21, Landy 19, Thomson 19, McKenzie 12); Port Melbourne, 1 for 8.

Preston Presbyterian 1 for 6 v. Cairn's Memorial 88 (Froebel 5 for 13).

Preston Methodist v. Nicholson Street Scores—Nicholson Street, 123 and 9 for 99 (Punch 5 for 44, Freeman 1 for 7, Barker 3 for 7); Preston, 131 (Bussell 37, Barker 47, Freeman 14). Preston won by 8 runs on the first innings.

Preston Methodists play Wellington St. on the former's ground to-day.

South Preston Methodist commenced a match against Brunswick United last Saturday, the scores at the end of the day's play being—Brunswick, 38 and 71 (Dixon 5 for 21; Bott 7 for 12, Campbell 6 for 25, Letchford 2 for 22); Preston, 49 (Saunders 12, Campbell 11). The match will be concluded to day, Preston requiring 61 to win.

Everleigh, 5 for 102 (Cameron 41, Hackling 22 not out, Brittain 12, Hill 12) v. Rushline, 48 (Horne 4 for 19, Davey 3 for 18, Hackling 2 for 4).

Prince of Wales' Park A team played Carlton La Mascotte at Carlton last Saturday. Scores—La Mascotte, 37 and 1 for 19 (G. Holden 5 for 17, including "hat trick," Jutson 4 for 18); Park, 69 (O' Uglow 11 not out).

Prince of Wales' Park B team played Pembroke at Northcote. Scores—Park, 57 (Scott 41); Pembroke, 5 for 121 (Thompson 2 for 30, Scott 3 for 12). Both matches will be continued to day.

North and South Preston State Schools met on Thursday, South winning by 34 on the first innings. Scores—North, 19 and 5 for 40 (Richardson 6 for 24, Bagoley 8 for 26); South, 53 (Smith 23, White 8).

LAWN TENNIS

Holy Trinity played All Saints', Northcote at Thornbury, on Saturday last, instead of St. Paul's. Holy Trinity were again successful, having a good win.

Miss E. Tribe and Mr. Fowling beat Miss Birge and Mr. Kellaway—4 6, 6-5, 6 4.

Miss J. Wilson and Miss E. Hunter beat Miss Brown and Miss Welck—6 4, 6 3.

Mr H. Jones and Mr R. Hammet beat Mr Whitelaw and Mr Goldsworthy—4-6, 6 4, 6 4.

Miss D. Dickson and Mr F. Hackett beat Miss Copperthwaite and Mr F. Belcher—6 1, 6 3.

Totals—Holy Trinity, 4 rubbers, 8 sets, 56 games; All Saints', 2 sets, 40 games.

On Nov. 6 Holy Trinity play All Saints', Preston, on the latter's court. All Saints', Northcote, meet Ascot Vale A team at Northcote.

MISS A. CHALLIS, Dressmaker and Underclothier. Blouses made from 1/6. Dresses moderate. Corner Seymour and High streets, Preston.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25TH.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Hayes, Bailey, Lawrence, and Brown, J's.P.]

REFUSED TO LIVE NEAT HER MOTHER-IN LAW.

Daisy Clotz sued her husband, Louis Clotz, for maintenance.

Mr. A. S. Wilkinson, for defence, said defendant had a two story house partly furnished, and if his wife agreed to come back to him it would be completely furnished.

The plaintiff intimated his willingness to go back, but not next to defendant's mother.

Mr. Wilkinson—My client wishes to remain next to his mother as he contributes to her support and likes to be near her. He is willing to undertake that she will not interfere with his wife.

The P.M.—It would be best to try and take her away from your mother.

Mr. Wilkinson—There is a six foot paling fence between the two houses.

Dr. Cole—It might be a sixty foot paling fence and yet there would be trouble.

Louis Clotz gave evidence confirming what his solicitor had said.

Plaintiff—I want to know can't I get any maintenance for the child?

Order made for £1 a week, defendant to find one surety of £25, in default one month's imprisonment.

DEBT.

A. Berry v. D. Nicholson. Work and labour done and material supplied, £3 2s 6d. Order for amount, with 15s 6d costs.

MAINTENANCE.

Alice Tangye, single woman, proceeded against Carl Peterson, of the Picture Gardens, Carlton, for the maintenance of a child; also for pre-maternity expenses.

Mr. Rylah, for plaintiff, stated that Peterson admitted paternity, having sent a letter enquiring as to the welfare of the child, and saying he would "be c[illegible] see it when he got time."

Order made for the payment of 10s a week, and pre maternity expenses, £8 8s. Surety of £20 to be found, in default imprisonment.

DOMESTIC DIFFERENCES.

A WIFE'S ALLOWANCES.

James Wood, grocer, Russell street, residing at Dundas street, Northcote, proceeded for an order binding his wife, Margaret Wood, over to keep the peace. Mr. Dethridge appeared for plaintiff, Mr. Rylah for defendant.

Mr. Dethridge, in opening the case for the plaintiff, said Mrs. Wood was a woman of very violent temper, and had frequently threatened her husband with violence, and he was afraid she would do him injury. He (plaintiff) could not thrash his wife, and his only remedy was to come to court. If his wife would live elsewhere he was prepared to make her a sufficient allowance.

Plaintiff stated:—On October 25th of last year I was correcting the children, when Mrs. Wood came out and struck me on the head with a paling. On March 27 I asked a lady friend of my wife's to leave the house. Later I found her still there and asked her if she wasn't going. As she didn't go I threw her basket over the fence. Mrs. Wood then picked up a cricket bat and threatened to bash my brains out. On February 18 she asked me for some money, and I asked her for a list of the things she wanted. She flew into a temper and picked up a teapot and threatened to strike me with it if I did not give her what she wanted. On March 28 Mrs. Wood was in a very excited state. I heard her call my son Eddy a "dirty little pup," and refer to him and his brother as diseased children. I remonstrated, and she said "You shut up" and picked up a teapot and threw it at me. The teapot struck the table, and after breaking a butter dish and some other articles cannoned on to a plate glass window and broke that. I said I would go for the police, and as I went she kicked me. She also put her fingers to her nose and behaved otherwise offensively. On September 28 at breakfast she said "Are you going to give me the money for the things I ordered?" I told her of the arrangements I was prepared to make. She then picked up the teapot and said "I'll let you have this all over you, you scoundrel." She afterwards picked up a knife and said she would stab me with it. She made a move towards me and I slipped out. My son Eddie came in and she threw cups at him, one of which struck him in the face. I am afraid to live in the same house with my wife. She is a dangerous woman and would stop at nothing. I want her bound over to keep the peace.

To Mr. Rylah—It was after I threw the lady's basket over the fence, and took some dress stuff out of it and put it in my own bag and was leaving the house that Mrs. Wood picked up a cricket bat to me. Since last October I have given my wife £12 15s 9d, and during the last two months I have given her 21s. If she wants any clothes she has to refer to me.

What is your income?

Witness—About £1000 a year.

And you allow your wife the princely allowance of 10s 6d a month?

Have you tried to drive this woman out of the house?—No.

Have you ever assaulted your wife?—I did smack her once after she had broken a piece of bedroom crockery over my head.

To Mr. Dethridge—I used to allow my wife 25s a week, but then took over the clothing of the two boys myself and then allowed her £1 a week. This went on for a couple of years till I found the money was not going where it should, and I stopped the allowance. I told her to ask me for anything what was reasonable and I would give it to her.

Edward Samuel Wood, son of complainant, said:—I live with my father and step mother. I remember September 24. When I was dressing I heard my mother say to my father "I'll bash your brains out" and "I'll run a knife through you, you dirty blackguard." I came down to try and stop the quarrel. My stepmother was threatening my father with her fists. I interfered and my stepmother threw cups at me, one of which hit me in the face. She also picked up a chair and threatened me with that.

To Mr. Rylah—My father told me to always take a note of what my step mother said as it might be wanted. I have no love for my stepmother, because I have to go home and make my own buds, get my own tea and darn my own stockings.

Doesn't the servant make the beds?

Witness—The servant was not supposed to do that. (Laughter).

Mr. Rylah, for the defence, said that plaintiff gave his wife a dog's life. Though he had an income of £80 a month and a fine house he put his wife on starvation rations, his object evidently being to force the woman out of the house. That he was afraid of his life was the height of absurdity.

Margaret Wood, the defendant, said:—I deny striking my husband. When I picked up the bat it was in self defence, and the tea pot I dropped when I was being pursued round the table. I did not kick him and never took up a knife to him. My life has been a life of misery. On several occasions, when I have asked him for money, he has told me to go on the streets and get it. After one of the children broke an ornament once my husband sulked for a week, and one night he came home and pulled all the clothes off the bed where I was sleeping and told me I could go out into the street. My husband so knocked me about that I was covered with bruises and had internal pains and had to call in Dr. Degenhardt, who prescribed belladonna plasters for my side.

Mr. Dethride—Did your husband pay the doctor's bill?

Witness—No; we are on the lodge. (Laughter).

Mr. Rylah—On a lodge with over £1000 a year.

A lady friend of Mrs. Wood's gave evidence as to coming on one occasion to see her. Mr. Wood told her to go away, but she remained for some time with Mrs. Wood. When Mr. Wood saw that she was not gone he used awful language and threw her basket over the fence, and afterwards went and took a skirt out of the basket and took possession of it, and said he would keep it. It was then Mrs. Wood took up the bat.

The summons was dismissed with £4 10s costs, the P.M. remarking that the case should never have been brought into court.

The fortnightly meeting of the I.O.R., Pride of Northcote, was held on the 19th. There was a good attendance and one new member was initiated and one proposed. At the conclusion of business a "kitchen tea" was held and a presentation made to the treasurer, who is relinquishing the position, after having held it over four years. Next meeting, Wednesday, 3rd Nov.

DISTRICT NURSES FOR THE BUSH.

MELBA'S CHARITY CONCERT.

Madame Melba will give a grand charity concert of an exceptionally interesting character in the Exhibition building on Monday, 15th November, in the presence of their Excellencies the Governor General and the Countess of Dudley and His Excellency the Governor of Victoria and Lady Carmichael. The concert is being given to provide the nucleus of a fund for Lady Dudley's scheme to extend district nursing to the bush centres of Australia.

The fortnightly meeting of the Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R., was held on Thursday evening last. There was a good muster of members present, and the C.R. (Bro. A. Glanfield) presided. A communication was received from the I.O.R. games tournament association notifying members that the semi-final and final matches of the bowls would take place in the A.N.A. hall, St. Kilda, on the 9th November, and that for quoits in the Temperance hall, Melbourne, on 17th November. Both the bowls and quoit teams of the Northcote tent have gone through the season so far without defeat. Members were reminded of the tent's cricket club concert to be held in the town hall this evening. Three new members were initiated and one proposition received.

BOWLING.

FOUR RINK COMPETITION.

Thornbury v. M.U.C. (B) at Thornbury:

THORNBURY, 98.

1. Meakin, Johnson, Harry, Gilpin ...	26
2. Cogle, Smith, Brown, Doran ...	26
3. Harris, Boyd, King, Dickason ...	20
4. Adams, Workman, Stephens, Whalley	26

M.U.C. (B), 88.

1. Bennett, Evans, Wright, Trevascus ...	26
2. Church, McCormick, Overend, Jaske	23
3. Gillespie, Milligan, Hennell, Fayden	21
4. Prescott, Launder, Andrew, Clendinnen ...	18

THREE RINK COMPETITION.

Thornbury v. Box Hill, at Box Hill:—

THORNBURY, 73.

1. McDougall, Lewis, Ingham, Whiteoak ...	19
2. Downing, Reid, Littlejohn, Simpson	29
3. Norton, Lizzard, Farley, McGregor	25

BOX HILL, 56.

1. Prior, Ellingsworth, Cash, Hall ...	26
2. Linsley, Hutchison, Belyea, Rawlings	18
3. Ellingsworth, Bishop, Phillips, Sanders ...	12

Two-rink friendly match, Thornbury v. City, at City:—

CITY, 36.

1. Molony, Mulcahy, Edwards, Palmer	17
2. Kirk, Morrison, Gleeson, Winnifred	19

THORNBURY, 26.

1. Mrs Ingham, Mrs Holm, Miss Adams Miss King ...	16
2. Westgarth, Tobin, Roberts, Denny	10

Thornbury four-rink team play a pennant match against Dandenong to-day on Dandenong green. Last train leaves Flinders St. at 1 30. The three-rink team play a pennant match against Hawthorn at Thornbury

On Cup Day Thornbury four-rink team play a friendly match against S.M.C.C. on the S.M.C.C. green; also a rink of ladies play their ladies.

During the past week the Rev. H. H. Gardner, of St. Saviour's, Collingwood, has been giving a series of evangelistic addresses in All Saints' Church, Northcote, commencing on Sunday evening last. The attendances have been remarkably good, and much interest has been shown in the services. Mr. Gardner will preach again to-morrow evening and will give his concluding address on Monday evening. Next week the Rev. H. Collier, of St. Hilary's, East Kew, will give a similar series of addresses, commencing on Tuesday evening. His subjects are as follows:—Tuesday, "Noah's Carpenters;" Wednesday, "Looking backwards;" Thursday, "A successful business man;" Friday, "What shall I do with Jesus?"

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN 5.

Notice of Intention to Borrow Money on the Security of a Special Improvement Charge.

Take Notice that the Council of the Town of Northcote, at a meeting thereof held on the 16th day of August, 1909, did, by resolution, make a Special Improvement Charge of three shillings and three pence in the £1 yearly on the properties comprised in the several schemes of apportionment for the construction of—

(A) Shaftesbury parade, between High street and Railway parade, Plan 275.

(B) Part of Gotch street, from Victoria road to Leonard street, Plan 353.

(C) Woolton avenue, between Railway parade and High street, Plan 372.

(D) Victoria Road, between Westgarth street and Clarke street, Plan 438.

(E) Normanby avenue, from the railway to St. George's road, part of St. Clair avenue, and part of Rayment street, Plan 472.

Such Special Improvement Charge being made and levied rateably in proportion to the amount of the cost of the works apportioned in respect of each property as set out in the schemes and in regard to the period of time during which it is to continue.

Further notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the said Council to borrow the sum of £24581 1s 11d (two thousand four hundred and fifty-eight pounds one shilling and eleven pence), on Mortgage of the said Special Improvement Charge for a period of nine years dating from the 1st day of October, 1909, for defraying the costs, charges, and expenses to be incurred in forming, channelling and metalling, paving and otherwise making good to the satisfaction of the Council the aforesaid streets.

That for the liquidation of such loan an amount of not less than 10 per cent. of the principal sum will be paid off in each year and interest at the rate not exceeding 5½ per cent. per annum be payable up to the termination of the loan at the Commercial Bank of Australia Limited, High street, Northcote, or at the office of the Mortgagee.

Dated this 15th day of October, 1909.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

TENDERS will be received until 4 p.m. on Monday, 8th November, 1909, for the following works:—

1. The Re-Construction and Widening of Arthurton Road from High Street to the Railway.
2. The Re-Construction and Widening of Arthurton Road from the Railway to St. George's Road.
3. Forming and Channelling Victoria Road from Mitchell Street to Clifton Street.

Plans and specifications may be inspected at the Municipal Offices, Northcote.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.
20th Oct., 1909.

Marvellous Terms

£1 Deposit,
10/- month,
5 % Interest.

OBTAIN A PLAN,
Then OBTAIN A BLOCK.

BUY A BLOCK.
£1 Deposit,
10/- month,
5 % Interest.

ALLOTMENTS! ALLOTMENTS!
on the
MARVELLOUS TERMS!
Situate in
BROOKE ESTATE
(near Westgarth station),
THORNBURY ESTATE
(near Thornbury station),
Raleigh Street,
Clarendon Street,
Wilson Street,
Hunter Street,
McFarlane Street,
Dennis Street,
Mansfield Street,
Rossmoyne Street,
Jenkin Street,
St. George's Road,
Langston Street,
Westgarth Subdivision,
Fairfield Station Estate,
and many others, on these
MARVELLOUS TERMS!

Plans,

Stott & Bastings,
207 & 521 High Street, Northcote,
Tel. 1976,
Preston and Fairfield,
Oldest-Established Estate Agents in the District.

Amusements.

PRESTON BRANCH A.W.A. CINDERELLA SOCIAL, Shire Hall, Monday, 1st November (Cup Eve). Smart and Aumont's Band. G. Hendrie, M.C. Admission—Gents 1/6, Ladies 6d. Refreshments included. Miss Z. Crance, President. Mrs. Sheppard, Secretary.

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT BY YOUNG AUSTRALIANS, YOUNG AUSTRALIANS, in the SHIRE HALL, PRESTON, TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT! Under the auspices of the Preston Branch A.N.A.

Tickets, Sixpence. Upon payment of sixpence extra seats may be reserved.
W. HAUSER, President.
E. C. SCOTT, Secretary.

CROXTON RECREATION RESERVE.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING,
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING,
at 8 o'clock,
GRAND
ALL-PICTURE CONCERT
By Proficient Operator accompanied by STRING BAND.

The Northcote Council having refused to re-register the ground there will be no charge for admission but a collection will be taken up.

PRESTON FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Dances which have been held in the Shire Hall during the winter months will be discontinued.

LANGSTON'S BIOSCOPE, the Very Latest Pictures, will be held in the Shire Hall on Saturday Evening, 6th November, and continued every Saturday night from 8 o'clock until 10 o'clock. Admission—Adults 6d, Children 3d. (A few front seats, 1/.)
W. H. SMITH, Hon. Secretary.

Wanted Known

E. J. Stahl

WISHES to intimate to the residents of Northcote and Fairfield that she is continuing the DAIRYING Business formerly known as Bade's Dairy,
BASTINGS STREET, NORTHCOTE.

The Milk is the Purest and is specially recommended for Children & Invalids.

Delivered twice daily to customers.

Patronage will be greatly esteemed.

PAINTING!

We have made a study of it because we believe in good painting as a decorative feature of the home.

Two Strong Reasons for placing your Order with us.

If you don's know much about decorating and the harmony of colors our experience profits you.

If you are a connoisseur you will appreciate all the more our good work.

D. B. MASSON,
HOUSE DECORATOR and IRONMONGER,
236 High St., Northcote.

You should buy at the above, Paperhangings, Leads, Oils, Colors, Varnish, Glass, Mixed Paint and Enamel, Water Paints, Ironmongery, Tinware, Brushware, Crockery, Fly Wire Wire Netting, Garden Tools, Enamelware, Lime, Cement, Plaster.

Established 90 years.

W. FIRTH
GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET,
COLLINGWOOD.
(Below Johnston St).

Auction Notices.

AUCTION SALES.
At the Properties by
STOTT AND BASTINGS,
AUCTIONEER,
THIS DAY.
CROXTON.

3 o'clock—Wilson Street (now called Hayes Street). New D.E.W.B VILLA, 5 rooms, Land 40 x 93. Also, adjoining above, 6 ALLOTMENTS, 40 x 98
3.30 o'clock—Hunter, McFarlane, and Dennis Streets. 14 ALLOTMENTS, 40 x 88.
MARVELLOUS TERMS: £1 deposit each lot; 10/ month; 5 per cent. interest.
Plans at offices.

SATURDAY, 6th NOVEMBER.
NORTHCOTE UPPER.
At the Property. At half past 3 o'clock.
Speight Street, close Wales Street.
NICE W.B. COTTAGE,
containing 4 rooms, bathroom, &c., on land 26 x 148. Close tram and train.
Title, Certificate. Terms at Sale.

SATURDAY, 13th NOVEMBER.
NORTHCOTE and COBURG.
3 o'clock—High Street, opposite National Bank, Valuable BUSINESS SITE, 30 x 200.
3.45 o'clock—A'Beckett Street, off O'Hea's Rd., near Coburg station, ALLOTMENT 40 x 100.

For full particulars see the Auctioneer, 207 and 521 High Street, Northcote, Tel. 1976, Preston and Fairfield.
STOTT AND BASTINGS.

AUCTION SALES.
At the Properties by
STOTT AND BASTINGS,
AUCTIONEER.

SATURDAY, 6th NOVEMBER.
THORNBURY.
At 3 o'clock.
Smith Street. 105ft. from Rayment St., ALLOTMENT, 66 x 131ft. 6in.
Shaftesbury Parade, corner Leinster Grove, ALLOTMENT, 70ft. 6in. x 128; to be offered on the land in Smith Street.

SATURDAY, 20th NOVEMBER.
At 3 o'clock.
On the ground opposite Croxton Park Hotel, High street tram route and close Croxton station.
If weather unfavorable at the hotel.
The MOST IMPORTANT SALE of Valuable SHOP SITES & ALLOTMENTS ever held in
NORTHCOTE and PRESTON.
High St., 257 x 132, bet. Bent & Elm Sts.
High St., 71 x 110, corner of Beavers St.
High St., 66 x 300, opp. Croxton Park Hotel
High St., 121 x 115, corner of Clarendon St.
St George's Rd., 46 x 100, corner of St. George's Grove.
Dennis St., 70 x 100, next to No. 37.
Plenty Road, 108 x 100, near Shire Hall.
Plenty Road, 99 x 110, near Bell station.
Bell St., 150 x 155, corner Clifton Grove.
Clifton Grove, 48 x 150, near Bell Street.
Showers Street, 66 x 105, close High St.
Murray Rd., 66 x 120, corner Fitzroy St.
If desired these lots will be subdivided to suit purchasers. My instructions are to absolutely sell. Liberal terms: One fifth deposit 5 years at 4 per cent. Every lot perfect Certificate of Title.
PERCY OWEN, of Equitable Building, Collins street, Melbourne, has been instructed by the mortgagees and others to sell as above. Descriptive plans and particulars now available. Auction board on each lot. Shopkeepers, speculators, and investors will do well to take advantage of an opportunity which seldom arises to secure valuable main road shop sites at auction prices.

Houses and Land For Sale.

McGEORGE BROS., AUCTIONEER, Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Insurance Experts, and Rent Collectors, 323 HIGH STREET, PRESTON (Murray station).
AUCTION ROOMS,
Sydney Road, corner The Grove, MORELAND.

McGEORGE BROS.' AUCTION ROOMS,
MORELAND,
Sydney Road, corner The Grove.
Five minutes' walk north of Brunswick Tram Terminus.
The Most Complete Sale Rooms in the Northern Suburbs.
Entries of Furniture and Miscellaneous Goods will now be received for our opening Sale. Cash Settlement same day.

PRESTON.—CHOICE SELECTION. QUEEN ANNE VILLAS, 5 and 6 Rooms, Modern Appointments, Free Railway Pass. £335——£375——£450. Charming Position. Liberal Terms. McGEORGE BROS., Property Salesmen.

SHEFFIELD ESTATE, PRESTON. Allotments, 50 x 180, from £27. No Deposit. No Interest. Weekly payments from 2/3. Every block is surveyed and splendidly drained. Only a few minutes' walk to Regent station. Occupying a delightful position in the TOORAK of the NORTH. 300 feet above sea level, good train service, charming views, progressive locality. Select a Site for your future Home on this Grand Estate. Plans on application to the Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Auctioneer & Subdivisional Land Salesmen, Murray Station, Preston. Tram Terminus, Brunswick.

PRESTON.—POST OFFICE ESTATE. Allotments, 34 x 115, £17 each. Terms—£3 deposit and 1/3 per week. Close to Murray station, municipal buildings and bowling green. Plans from Sole Agents, McGEORGE BROS., Expert Land Salesmen.

PRESTON.—Gentlemen's Home. Pretty Brick Villa, 6 rooms, all in splendid order, fruit trees, nice garden, about 2 acres land, £775. McGeorge Bros., Auctioneer, Preston.

PRESTON.—Best Villa in district, 6 beautiful large rooms, stabling, coach-house, workshop, land 100 x 230 Splendidly situated, close station, progressive vicinity. McGeorge Bros., Auctioneer.

PRESTON.—Three compact Cottages, each 4 rooms, bath, &c., let at 10/6 week. Will sell at £350 to close accounts. Early inspection invited. McGeorge Bros., auctioneer, local.

PRESTON.—Rare Chance. Brick Villa, bluestone foundation, 6 rooms, nice order, stabling, fruit trees, £875. This is recommended for your inspection. McGeorge Bros.

PRESTON.—£180 for D.E.W.B. Villa, 4 rooms, land 40 x 110, between two main roads, close station. Terms if required. McGeorge Bros., Local Valuers.

PRESTON.—Brick Villa, 5 rooms, conveniences, land 40 x 120, good street, close shops, school and train, £225. Cards to view from McGeorge Bros., auctioneer, Preston and Moreland.

HILLSIDE Estate, Preston, near Shire Hall, Post Office, and Library. Wonderful value. 40ft. blocks from 1/6 weekly Plans and all particulars, A. Robertson, agent, corner High and Bell streets.

Wanted

GENERAL Servant. Mrs. Braithwaite, High street and Murray Rd., Preston.

BOYS Wanted. J. C. Hutton's ham and bacon factory, South Preston.

Tenders.

TENDERS wanted for construction of Children's Playground, Northcote park, consisting of Swings, See Saw, and Sand Bath, labor and material. Plans and specifications at 118 Westgarth street, where tenders may be lodged. Tenders close 4th November.

TO Let by Tender for two years, 23 acres Cultivation Land at Woodstock. Tenders close Nov. 30th. A. H. Ziebell, Oakover road, Preston.

WANTED to Sell by Tender 23 a res Oaten Crop at Woodstock. Open till Nov. 4. A. H. Ziebell, Oakover road, Preston.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

H. ADAMS,
BUTCHER,
322 High Street, Northcote
(Late W. H. TACEY).

The Cheapest First-Class Butcher in Northcote.

Call and Inspect our Goods and be Convinced.

H.A. can supply the Best Quality at prices never heard of before in Northcote.

The Workingman must have Nourishing Food. Do not be misled.

LADIES! Do you want strong, robust children? Avoid poor meat and buy the best.

Our Sausages are a breakfast treat.
TRY THEM.
Telephone 114, Brunswick.

Ernest Lees,
Auctioneer,
Estate & Financial Agent,
HAS OPENED A
Branch of his Business
AT
Jenkin's News Agency,
No. 106 HIGH ST.,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Houses and Land To Let.

PRESTON.—Pretty Queen Anne villas, 5, 6 rooms, free railway tickets, 14/, 16/. 2 storey brick residence, 7 rooms, every convenience, beautiful home, 17/6. Pretty villa, 6 rooms, perfect order, 12/6. Brick villa, 6 rooms, good street, 10/6 Brick Villa, 6 rooms, close train, 14/. Keys and particulars from McGeorge Bros., Rent Collectors, Murray station, Preston.

FARM, dairy, agricultural, 22 acres, splendid soil, subdivided, Yan Yean water, comfortable brick house, usual outbuildings, £65 year. McGeorge Bros., High street, near shire hall, Preston.

Sinclair's Great Meat Fair now on!
Sinclair's Great Meat Fair now on!
Sinclair's Great Meat Fair now on!

Don't Push, but
FOLLOW THE CROWD
to
Sinclair's, The People's Butcher,
for PRIME MEAT.

Just Fancy! Lovely Sides Lamb from 2/-
Loins Mutton, 2d. Fore-Quarters Mutton, 1½d.
Legs Mutton, 8½d.
Prime Ribs Beef from 8½d.
Sirloin Beef (none better grown), 4½d.
Chops, Steak and Sausages, 6lbs. for 1/-.

Greenbone! Greenbone! Greenbone! for Poultry.
Force your Fowls to Lay by giving them Sinclair's fresh ground Greenbone, 1½d lb., or 9lbs. for 1/-.

SINCLAIR, THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Notices

Cricket Materials
for Season 1909 10.

To Secretaries of Local Cricket Clubs and Schools.

We are prepared to supply any Cricket Material you may require at TOWN PRICES.
BATS from 10/ to 25/.
A Splendid Lot to choose from.
BALLS—Compo. from 6/ to 2/6
" Leather—Duke's from 6/6.
" " Sherrin's, 7/6.
WICKETS, PADS, GLOVES.
Matting and Nets supplied to order.
Bats Bound and Repaired.
Tennis Rackets Re-Strung, &c.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

T. THOMSON,
NEWS AGENT, &c.,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Savings Bank).

MRS FALLON
(late of Preston Arms Hotel),
WILL be pleased to see old friends and new at her
REFRESHMENT ROOMS,
210 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Tea, Coffee, &c., at all hours.

Frost's Livery Stables,
70 MANSFIELD ST., NORTHCOTE.
For Hire—Drags and Waggonettes.
Weddings and Picnics catered for.
TERMS REASONABLE.

COOPER'S,
HIGH STREET, PRESTON,
for
ICE CREAM, SUMMER DRINKS, and CONFECTIONERY.

J. E. RIPPER, PIANO and ORGAN BUILDER.
REPAIRS and TUNINGS a Specialty.
All Work Guaranteed.
Factory—271 Smith Street, Fitzroy.
Private address—6 Martin St., Northcote.

Wanted to Buy.

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Rd., Northcote.

SUMMER DRAPERY
AT
HATTAM & HATTAM'S.

SEE THEIR
Stylish Costumes,
Pretty Blouses,
Dainty Millinery,
Lovely Cambrics,
Smart Hosiery, Belts & Laces.
Children's Galatea Hats in numerous varieties.
S.S.S. Galatea for Boys' Suits.

Hoyle's Print in 250 different patterns.
Exquisite Neckwear & Gloves.

Just opened, 250 pairs of Ladies' & Maids' Tan Boots & Shoes at Special Prices.

Visit our Establishment for Everything that is Nice in Fashionable Drapery.
OUR WINDOWS,
— FIXTURES,
— TABLES,
— COUNTERS,
Are all displayed with New Season's Goods.

Also Save your Coupons for Presents at
HATTAM & HATTAM'S,
NORTHCOTE'S BUSY DRAPERS.

Miss Willmott, Costumiere, has rooms on the premises. See her about your Cup or Picnic Dress.

F. G. SMITH,
DRAPER, &c.,
245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Supply Store for
BOY SCOUTS!

Best Scouts' Hats (with chin straps),	...	3/6
Best Navy Scouts' Shirts (all sizes)	...	2/11
Kharki Haversacks	...	1/6
Puttees ...	...	1/6
Leather Belts ...	...	10½d
" Pouches	...	6d
Black Scarves ...	...	10½d
Knives and Lanyards	...	1/6
Blue Drill Knickers	...	1/11

Enquire for Prices of any other Lines.

SPRING NOVELTIES
AT
BEST & CO'S.

DAINTY BLOUSINGS in Cambrics, Muslins, Crepes, Zephyrs, and Prints.
COSUMES in finest Lawn, beautifully tr

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25.

Present :—Crs. Hayes (mayor), Harry, Archbold, Plant, Smith, McIntosh, Bainbridge, Dennis, Lees, Bastings, Mitchell, Robb, and Woolhouse.

Apologies were made for Crs. Williams and Tharratt, who are both away in Sydney.

WATER EXTENSION.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote agreeing to extend the water in Shaftesbury parade eight chains eastwards.—Received.

THE AUDIT.

The Public Works Department wrote notifying that Mr. E. L. Wilson had been appointed to conduct the audit at a fee of £45.

The town clerk had intimated that the books were ready for audit at any time.

PENDER'S GROVE STREETS.

The Closer Settlement Board wrote requesting to know what road works agreed to be carried out by the council on Pender's Grove Estate yet remained incompleted. The completion of the works was being urged by the lessees to give proper access to their blocks.—Information to be sent.

INEBRIATE RETREAT RESERVE.

The Lands Department wrote forwarding agreement re inebriate retreat land, the particulars of which have already been published.

Cr. Bastings moved that a reply be sent thanking the Government for their prompt action in the matter.

Cr. Plant said he understood previously that the council was going to get 9 acres in addition to the 5 acres for the Fitzroy C.C., but the letter stated that it was only going to be 9 acres altogether.

Cr. Mitchell said that the four acres left would be of no possible use till the ground was filled up 14 feet.

The town clerk said he thought there was a misapprehension as to the land they were going to get.

Cr. Mitchell said that having the Fitzroy C.C. there would interfere with the Northcote C.C.

Cr. Smith said that after recent experiences with other clubs they should be very careful in their arrangements with Fitzroy.

Cr. Dennis said it was too late to cavil now. The council had already agreed to assist the Fitzroy Club to get portion of the land.

Cr. Bastings considered the getting of the land on such terms was a first class proposition whatever way they looked at it. Even after the 4 or 5 acres was taken by the Fitzroy C.C. there was an area left as large as the Pender's Grove Park or Batman Park, for which they had had to pay. They were getting this land for nothing, and any money which the Fitzroy C.C. spent in improvements would count towards the £1000 which had to be spent before the land was permanently reserved for recreation purposes. The whole area would be under the control of the council, who could make what conditions they thought advisable. As to the land having to be filled 14 feet, as Cr. Mitchell said, not 14 inches of filling would be necessary.

Cr. Plant—Have we the right to say which portion of the land is to be allotted to the Fitzroy C.C.

The mayor—I could not say.

Cr. Plant—If not it is a breach of faith.

The motion was carried.

HACKNEY CARRIAGE FEES.

The City of Melbourne wrote forwarding circular showing how hackney carriage fees had been distributed. Northcote's amount was £22 1s 9d—Received.

LAND TAX BILL.

The City of Prahran wrote inviting this council to send representatives to a conference to oppose the Land Tax Bill.

The Victorian Employers' Federation wrote forwarding leaflets in opposition to the Bill.

Cr. Plant asked if this was not a political matter.

The mayor ruled that it was, and a motion was carried that no action be taken.

BOARD OF HEALTH VACANCY.

The Town of Williamstown wrote asking support for Cr. Treganowan for the forthcoming vacancy on the Central Board of Health—To be considered at next meeting.

VACANCIES ON LIBRARY COMMITTEE.

The hon. sec. Library Committee wrote requesting that certain vacancies on the committee through effluxion of time be filled. The seats were those of Crs. Hayes and Williams (council's representatives) and Mr. R. Tobin (council's nominee).

Cr. Plant moved that the representatives named be re-appointed. Cr. Smith seconded. Carried.

C. OF E. NEGLECTED CHILDREN'S HOME.

A. J. Masters, hon. sec., wrote bringing under notice the claims of the Church of England Home for Neglected Children.—To be considered when the charity vote is being allocated.

CHARGES AGAINST TRAM EMPLOYES.

F. W. Meakin, tramway lessee, wrote re complaint re cars not stopping at Bay View Terrace. He was sorry sufficient particulars were not sent to enable him to trace the offenders. If any councillor would note time and number of car when observing any misconduct on the part of an employe he would be obliged.

Cr. Plant said he did not think it was the duty of councillors to act as "spotters." The lessees should have their own men for such work.

Cr. Mitchell said that next time he saw any case of neglect of duty he would take a note of it and report it to the lessee.

RECREATION RESERVE PERMIT.

J. Dorgan wrote asking for permission to hold open-air concerts in Northcote on land at corner of High and Bastings streets, which he proposed to fence and charge for admission.—Referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs. Plant and Harry.

RATE COLLECTOR'S SALARY.

Herbert Chappell, rate collector, wrote applying for a substantial increase of salary. It was now 3 years since he was appointed, and though the work had considerably increased his salary still remained at £150 per annum. The receipts since his appointment had increased from £8739 to £18,366. He had now five instead of two special improvement rates to collect, as well as pan charge, street construction and tarpaving moneys.

Referred to the estimates, on the motion of Crs. Archbold and Harry.

CHARITY RATE.

Mrs. W. Key wrote asking for the hall free of cost or at the charity rate for a social on behalf of a very hard case in the north.—Referred to finance committee.

M'CRACKEN AVENUE CONSTRUCTION.

Martha Gordon wrote stating that she could not pay £12 12s for M'Cracken avenue, but could pay half down and the balance in three months' time.—Referred to committee.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Robb (chairman) submitted the report, recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £988 6s 4d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Victoria road opening (Loan No. 7)—That tenders be invited for the works in Victoria road, from Mitchell street to Clifton grove, as per plans and specifications prepared by the town surveyor.—Adopted.

3. Lane construction.—That the town surveyor be directed to prepare plans, specifications, &c., for the construction of lane or passage off the east side of Edwards street.—Adopted.

FINANCE AND LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Bastings (chairman) submitted the report, showing receipts for the month £748 7s 11d, and Dr. balance £4778 4s 3d; also recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £1180 10s 5d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Holy Trinity church, re rates.—That the sum of £1 1s charged upon the property of the church be written off, the land being used exclusively for religious purposes.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

The mayor submitted the report, recommending—

1. Re tramway track.—That all negotiations between the lessees of the tramway and the council for the expenditure of a sum of money for the repair of the tramway track be hereby terminated and the lessees be notified to that effect.—Adopted.

2. Stone crusher.—That the balance of stone stored be crushed and placed on streets in the south ward, the expense incurred to be charged as portion of the amount to be alloted to such ward in the estimates for the current year.

Cr. Bainbridge remarked that he was very glad to get stone in Westgarth street, but it was very galling to think that they could have got three times as much for the money twelve months ago. The sewerage contractor agreed to put the metal on the streets free of cost, but—

The mayor—You can't go into that now.

The clause was adopted.

DRIVERS' WAGES.

Cr. Mitchell raised the point that under the new arrangement of paying 10s 6d per day for man, horse and dray, the drivers, in some instances, were not getting the stipulated 7s a day.

The town clerk said that a driver employed by Mr. Short had come to the office and complained that he was not getting 7s a day, and he (Mr. Swift) had told him to put his complaint in writing and it would be dealt with. He said he could not do that as he had to go away to some other work in the country. They therefore went no further with the matter.

Cr. Plant moved that Mr. Short be asked if he paid the regulation wage of 7s a day.

Cr. Robb seconded.

Cr. Dennis said Cr. Mitchell had promised the committee that he would investigate the matter, but he had not done so.

Cr. Plant—Why should Cr. Mitchell undertake to sift it when there are proper officers to do it.

The motion was carried.

CENTRAL WARD IMPROVEMENT.

Cr. Bastings said that just now the central ward had to its credit £142, its pro rata equivalent of metal used in the other wards. The representatives had agreed that this money could best be used in the widening of Hawthorn road to St. George's road, for which the engineer's estimate was £142. He moved that the money be so expended.

Cr. Plant seconded.—Carried.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Bainbridge moved that a letter be sent to the Gas Co. complaining of the way their workmen left the roads after laying a main. It was hard enough to get the streets without having them spoilt by a rich company like the Gas Company.

Cr. Smith seconded.—Carried.

On the motion of Crs. Bainbridge and Dennis it was decided that in future all new blocking on the outer edges of the tram track be supported by tarred metal instead of ordinary loose metal, which was now being used.

Cr. Dennis said it was three months since the deputation to the Minister re the Merri Creek and nothing had been done. He moved that Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., be written to to find out what was being done in the matter. Seconded by Cr. Lees and carried.

On the motion of Crs. Mitchell and Archbold it was decided to spend £10 in kerosene to use on the stagnant parts of the Merri Creek with a view to minimising the mosquito plague, the other adjoining municipalities to be asked to co-operate.

The mayor reported having attended the annual conference of the Municipal Association. He was pleased to say the Fidelity Guarantee Fund had been a great success, the funds having steadily grown to £2000, without a single claim having been made. The question of having their own insurance fund for municipal buildings was now being considered.

Cr. Dennis moved that the matter of removing the tree-guards from some of the trees in the south ward be referred to the parks committee. A number of nervous ladies were now afraid to go along the streets fearing that each tree-guard might conceal a man. (Laughter)

The mayor moved that application be made for a grant towards the local parks.

The mayor submitted a request from the Penders' Grove Settlers' Association for the use of a room at the town-hall to hold a conference of ratepayers' associations to draw up a platform.—Left in the hands of the mayor, on the motion of Crs. Robb and Harry.

The mayor read another letter from the Association asking that instead of forming a flower-bed in the centre of Pender's Grove park a band rotunda be erected.—Referred to the parks committee.

A third letter from the Association asked the council to take some steps to protect them from the odours arising from the South Preston ham and bacon curing factories.—Referred to the works committee.

Crs. Hayes, Bainbridge, and Harry (three builders) were appointed to confer with a similar number of representatives from the library committee re designs and plans for new library building.

Construction of McCracken avenue and part of Hartington street, from Hawthorn lane to Arthurton road.—Plans for this work came up for adoption.

P. Burt objected to Hartington street being coupled with McCracken avenue, as he feared it would add to the cost of the former street. He also desired the street metalled from channel to channel and not only 16 feet in the centre as specified.

Mr. H. A. Foley also desired the metal to be full width, and the asphalting also, when that came to be done.

Mr. M. Hannah took the same objections.

Mr. Nicholson said he was charged on 80 instead of 40 feet, and Mr. O'Brien declared he would not pay 3d if Cornish and Fitzgerald were not brought in (Laughter).

The mayor—Oh! They'll be brought in. (Laughter).

Cr. Bastings said that in view of the objections and owing to there evidently being some inaccuracies in the apportionments he would move that the plans be referred back for reconsideration. Cr. Plant seconded.—Carried.

Arthurton road widening.—The mayor said they had seen Mr. Hickford re Mrs Anderson's land, and he had promised to give them an answer by telephone that day, but no word had come. Under the circumstances he would move that alternative tenders be called for the whole of the work and the portion from St. George's road to the railway. Cr. Plant seconded.—Carried.

"EVERY HOME NEEDS ZAM-BUK."

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Because of its unique soothing, healing, cleansing and antiseptic qualities, and its remarkable powers of actually "growing new skin," no home is complete or fully-equipped without its pot of Zam-Buk.

Mrs. G. Poynter, of 68 Richmond street, Petone, Wellington, N.Z., a typical busy mother and housewife, writes:—I have much pleasure in informing you that during the past twelve months I have adopted Zam-Buk as my family healer. For cuts, burns, bruises, sores, tender skin, chafed hands, &c., I know of nothing that has its equal, and no household should be without a pot of Zam-Buk. As a skin beautifier, there is, in my opinion, nothing to equal it. When used, I find it causes the skin to perspire, thereby ejecting all blackheads, &c., and softening and beautifying the skin beyond belief. I have frequently recommended Zam-Buk, and have no hesitation in advising mothers of families and others to always keep it on hand."

For all diseased conditions of the skin, from a common pimple to the ugliest ulcerated sore, Zam-Buk is invaluable. And for all injuries, from the smallest scratch to extensive lacerations, Zam-Buk is an unfailing healer. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1s 6d and 3s 6d (containing nearly four times the quantity).

SPRING FAG.

BILE BEANS ARE THE TRUE TONIC AND BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is well to remember that at this season, of all others, the human system needs toning-up, and putting in thoroughly good condition. At springtime you should feel so full of life and vigour, your energy should be just bubbling over. If, instead, you feel only equal to walking at a snail's pace—feel out of sorts, "headachy," "livery," bad tempered, without appetite, or have blood troubles such as blotches, pimples, boils, rashes, eruptions, or irritation—depend upon it you are "liverish," your system is out of order, your blood is impure—you have spring fag. Bile Beans are the finest medicine known for the ailments of spring. Being purely vegetable, and working on Nature's own lines, they purify the blood, flush the bowels and regulate them to natural effort, cleanse the stomach, regulate the liver and bile, and tone up the whole system; and with your system thus toned up, you are in a condition to withstand the health dangers that lurk in the springtime.

Mrs S. Lewis, of 5 Avon St., Glebe Point, Sydney, expresses her gratitude to Bile Beans as follows:—Some twelve months ago a friend of mine told me she had used Bile Beans and that they had cured her of biliousness, and as I was at that time run-down from anxiety and over-work she advised me to try them. I needed a real 'pick me-up,' as I felt as tired in the morning as when I went to bed, and my appetite was greatly impaired; in fact I was quite done up, and did not know what to take to recover my strength. Although I was a little prejudiced against medicines in general, I was persuaded to give Bile Beans a trial, and it is with much pleasure that I tell you a very few of them worked a miracle with me. I began to feel the benefit at once by being quite bright after taking one or two at night, and my usual health began to return to me. I would now have no other medicine in the house."

Insist on having Bile Beans—refuse all worthless substitutes. 1s 1½d and 2s 9d per box.

ADVERTISING V. "BUSTING."

Two men did business side by side;
For getting trade the first relied
On advertising far and wide,
The while the second trusted
To other methods to obtain
The golden prize he sought to gain,
Upon the first the dollars rained—
The other merchant busted.

Announcements.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Membrey & Deane

(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),

Estate, Financial & Insurance Agents,

SWORN VALUER

(Telephone No. 4682, Central),

Beg to notify that on and after 1st July the business will be REMOVED to more COMMODIOUS OFFICES on the ground floor of LOMBARD BUILDINGS, No. 17 QUEEN ST. (between Flinders Street and Flinders Lane.

Loans Negotiated Promptly. Auctions Arranged. Fire and Life Insurance Effected.

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.

W. Freebairn & Co.

(SWORN VALUERS),

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

NORTHCOTE & PRESTON AUCTION and ESTATE AGENCY.

Gordon Garrett & Co.,

583-585 HIGH ST.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.
Near Thornbury station.

Insurances Effected. Loans Negotiated. Rents Collected. Valuations Made. Auction Sales Conducted any district. Plans & specifications of houses prepared.

PRESTON and NORTHCOTE

Live Stock Market.

POULTRY, FURNITURE, SUNDRIES,

Every WEDNESDAY at 1 o'clock sharp.

Send your Poultry to us, good prices obtained.

MESSRS NICOL, MILLER & Co. will hold regular sales at their new yards, Tram Terminus, Preston, of Cattle, Pigs, Horses, Vehicles, &c.

Clients are requested to notify us as early as possible of stock coming forward.

Auction Sales of Land, Houses, Furniture, Stock, &c., conducted in any part of the district at lowest rates.

Local agents for the Liverpool & London & Globe Fire and Accident Co. Assets exceed £11,000,000.

Furniture stored free and sold on commission.

Anything and everything.

Houses wanted For Sale and To Let. Several good clients waiting.

NICOL, MILLER & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
LIVE STOCK SALESMEN,
TRAM TERMINUS, PRESTON.
Telephone 260, Brunswick.

"IF EVERY FOOL wore a WHITE CAP we should look like a FLOCK of GEESE."
ANCIENT PROVERB.

ALL WHO OWN

Uninsured Houses

would be found

IN THE FLOCK.

THE . . .

London Assurance Corporation

will insure you against loss for a small annual premium.

Local Agent:

ERNEST LEES,

AUCTIONEER & ESTATE AGENT,

224 High St., Northcote.

Dress and Fashion.

MISS GRINDLAY,

DRESSMAKER,
"RAVENNA," DERBY AVENUE,
UPPER NORTHCOTE,
rear Kimberley Hall.
Evening and Wedding Dresses a Specialty.

MISS CROOK desires to intimate that she has started business at

379 HIGH STREET, PRESTON,

as a

DRESSMAKER and UNDERCLOTHIER.

Haberdashery & Fancy Lines stocked.

FOR SMART, UP-TO-DATE

MILLINERY

at REASONABLE PRICES call on

MRS. E. A. MILLS,

MILLINER and COSTUMIERE,

249 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Ladies' Own Material Made Up. Renovations a Specialty.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

MRS. LEONARD BAKER
and
MISS HILDA BAKER,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE.

During 1908 fourteen pupils entered for examinations in four different grades, and all passed, two with honours.
Over 100 prizes in competitions.
Students prepared for examinations, &c.
Theory Class, Saturday, 3 to 4.
Terms on application.

MR. SIDNEY R. COLE, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., London;
10 years Professor and Examiner at the London Academy of Music; Licentiate, Royal Academy of Music London (Singing); Licentiate, Royal Academy of Music, London (Pianoforte); Associate, Royal College of Music, London (Pianoforte);
PROFESSOR of VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING and PIANOFORTE.
Mr. Cole is the only musician in Australia holding the Specialist (L.R.A.M.) Diploma in Two Subjects, from the Royal Academy of Music, London.
Lessons given at the residence of Mr. E. Lees, "Talgarno," Clarke St., Northcote, and at Allan's, Collins St.

L. BRENNECKE
(Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),
VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY, and COUNTERPOINT.
1 PLOW ST. (opp. Thornbury Railway Station).

MISS QUEENIE PARKER A.L.C.M.,
Receives and Visits Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for London College, Conservatorium, &c., Exams.
"Norman," Waterloo Road, Northcote.
Preston visited twice weekly.

MISS M. V. MAGUIRE (pupil of Mr W. A. Laver, University Conservatorium). Registered teacher of PIANOFORTE, THEORY, & HARMONY.
Pupils prepared for Matriculation and other Examinations.
Terms from £1 1s. Preston visited twice a week. Address—
182 High St. (opp. Town Hall), Northcote.

EDGAR B. SCHWAEBSCH,
Teacher of
PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for Competitions and Examinations.
For Terms apply "Edgehill," 451 High St., Northcote.

MRS. A. T. EARL,
TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
(Late Pupil of Thos. Bidgood, Bandmaster, and Gold Medalist London Academy of Music.)
Careful and Thorough Tuition for Children and Adults.
Pupils visited or received.
Fees (in advance)—From £1 1s per quarter.
Pupils prepared for Examinations.
Violins supplied.
Songs written for musical setting.
Sketches and Operettas written.
"Bushwood," Dundas St., Upper Northcote.

MISS FANNY SCARCEBROOK, Certificated Pupil of Mr. Henry Curtis, Cert. Violin Trinity College, London, Receives Pupils for VIOLIN.
"Glen Alvie," 44 Kemp Street, Croxton; or, 22 Hamburg St., East Richmond.

Nurserymen.

Northcote Nursery.

For Sugar Gums, Pepper Trees, Cootamundra Wattles
Grevillias, Pines, &c.
HEDGE TREES.—
Pittosporum eugenoides, 5/ doz.
" grassiforum, 6/ doz.
" undulatum, 5/ doz.
" nigrescens, 5/ doz.
Cupressus macrocarpa from 5/ doz.
" Torulosa, 5/ doz.
Privet Evergreen, 1/6 doz., 7/6 100
Tree Lucerne, 5/ to 6/ doz.
African Box Thorn, 1/6 100, 10/ 1000
ROSES in great variety. Flower Seedlings a Specialty.
Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants.

C. J. Jackson, Proprietor,
MITCHELL ST., NORTHCOTE.

"HILLSIDE" NURSERY,
NORTHCOTE.

Clearing Sale
of
ROSES,
ALL ONE PRICE—
6D EACH.

Salvia Bonfire, strong plants	4/ doz.
Pansies in bloom	6d doz.
Ranunculus Seedlings	3d doz.
Tomato Plants	6d doz.

A. MAGGS,
168 CLARKE ST., NORTHCOTE,
near High St.

IF your business is falling off, do not allow it to drift.
ADVERTISE and regain it.

Announcements

The Preston Pharmacy.

W. G. FEGENT
(late with Ford & Co., Toorak),
Successor to J. Slade,
PHARMACEUTICAL and DISPENSING
CHEMIST,
257 HIGH STREET, PRESTON.

THE Dispensing of Physician's prescriptions is a special feature of the Pharmacy. The greatest care is taken in the selection and testing of drugs. All dispensing is checked to ensure accuracy.

NOTE.
Records kept of all prescriptions dispensed since the establishment of the business in 1888.

HORSE and CATTLE MEDICINES.

D. J. Cameron,
(Over 12 years with Tacnys)
HAVING purchased A. HELM'S BUTCHERING BUSINESS,
411 High St., Northcote
(opposite Redmond's, Ironmonger),
Begs to notify the Public of Northcote and surrounding districts that he will supply them with the
Best Quality Meat
at
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
CORNED BEEF AND SAUSAGES A SPECIALTY.
Families waited on for orders.

SEWERAGE!
IS YOUR HOUSE CONNECTED?
If not—
R. H. NELSON,
LICENSED SANITARY PLUMBER
and
SEWERAGE CONTRACTOR,
COLLINS STREET, THORNBURY
(Upper Northcote)
Will give you a GOOD, SOUND and RELIABLE JOB.
TWELVE MONTHS' GUARANTEE GIVEN EACH CONTRACT
Post Cards promptly attended to.
Estimates for all classes of work submitted.

Societies

A.N.A.
AUSTRALIAN NATIVES!
Join the Northcote branch. Meetings held on alternate Thursday evenings, Town Hall, Westbourne Grove
Interesting Syllabus arranged. Essays, Debates, Shooting Competitions, Harmony, &c., &c. The public invited to each meeting.
Low Contributions for Benefit Members. Funds rapidly increasing.
Next meeting—4th November.
Nominations Musical Evening. Visit from Flemington Branch.
H. F. BATTEN, Sec., 150 Charles St.

Independent Order of Rechabites.
Star of Northcote Tent No. 217.
MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall every alternate Thursday
Next Meeting—11th November.
Juveniles meet every alternate Friday.
BENEFITS—
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week.
Following 6 months, 10/- a week.
Afterwards during sickness, 5/- a week.
Funeral—£20 at death of member.
£15 at death of member's wife (if insured).
FEES—
Benefit members, 1/- week upwards.
Honorary members, 1/- quarter.
Proposition Fee, 2/6.
J. NEWNHAM, Secretary.

LOON KEE,
CHINESE LAUNDRY
216 High St., Northcote.
Washing and Laundry Orders attended to
Good Workmanship and Polish Guaranteed
Prices Moderate.
White Shirts, ironed and washed, 4d
" ironed only, 3d
Collars ironed only, 6d per doz.
Collars washed and ironed, 1d
Shirts sent for and returned.

Phone 2906.

A. THARRATT,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
(Corner Separation St.)

Best Quality North British Garden Hose, ½in., 8d. foot; ¾in., 11d "
Good Quality British Hose, ½in., 7d ft.
Wire bound (prevents kinking), 1d ft. extra.
Watering Cans. Water Bags for Cooling Water.

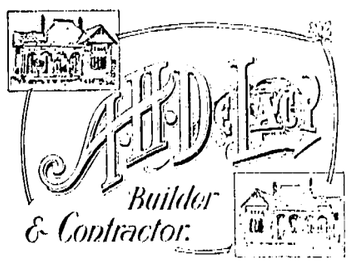
Cane Sun Blinds.
Large Stock on hand, complete with pulleys and cord.
Sizes—3 x 6 1/; 4 x 8, 1/10; 6 x 8, 3/; 8 x 8, 4/- 10 x 8, 5/ each.

Fly-Wire Doors.
All our own make, no warping like imported doors, from 8/3 each.

Fly-Proof Window Screens,
adjustable to any window.
Wooden frames 2/3, Metal frames 3/6 each.
Fly Wire. Perforated Zinc. Spring Hinges.
Meat Covers, nice and neat.

Call and Inspect our stock of CROCKERY.

Business Notices.



ARTHURTON ROAD, NORTHCOTE.
Plans and Specifications drawn up.
Estimates given for all Branches of the Trade.

HAVE YOU TRIED?
McALPIN'S
Self-Raising FLOUR.
NEW ELECTRIC PROCESS.
AWARDED FIRST PRIZE.
Ask your Grocer for it.

Delicious! Sustaining!
TRYAMBRO!
THE FRUIT FOOD.
Made from MILDURA Fruit and Nuts.
Supplies the Pure Diet of Fruit and Nuts so highly recommended by the Medical Profession all over the World.
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
Ask your Grocer for One Pound Household Blocks, Price 10d.
Use it as a Filling for Cakes or Sandwiches, between Bread, Biscuits, or Wafers
AMBRO LIMITED, Mildura and Fitzroy.

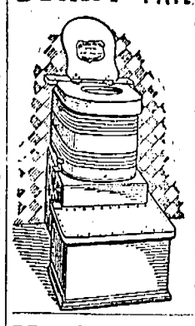
URUBNOT!
What is it?
ASK YOUR GROCER.
SAVES TIME, TROUBLE, MONEY, & WORRY.
Central Store, 52 Young St., Fitzroy, Manufacturers. City Depot: 52 Elizabeth St.

AN AUSTRALIAN SPRAY
FOR
AUSTRALIAN ORCHARDS.
"AUSTRAL" BRAND
ARSENATE OF LEAD
FOR
CODLIN MOTH
AND ALL LEAF-EATING INSECTS.
IS RELIABLE AND UNIFORM.

1lb. tins at	10½ lb.	28lb. "	8½ lb.
2lb. "	10½ "	56lb. "	7½ "
7lb. "	9d "	112lb. "	7d "
14lb. "	8½ "		

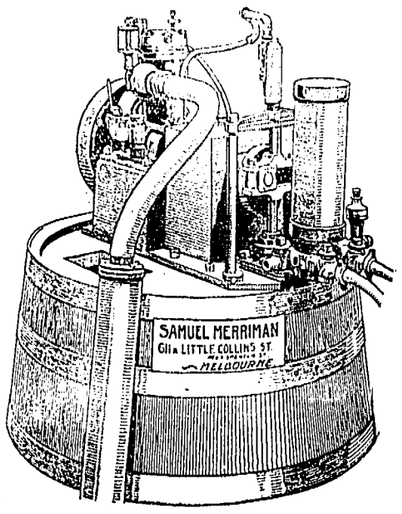
MANUFACTURED BY
A. J. JENKINS, Chemist,
CLIFTON HILL

BERRY PATENT AUTOMATIC CLOSET



The ONLY Rival to Deep Drainage. Best ever invented. Being Automatic Saves all Trouble. Fly, mosquito, and vermin proof. Always clean and sweet. Works like a watch. Guarantee given with each one sent out. No earth, ashes, or sawdust required. Can be used inside as well as outside. Only perfect system yet introduced. Specially constructed for use where not connected with deep drainage. Safeguard against infectious disease. Once purchased, it lasts a lifetime. Cost of disinfectant less than one penny a week. The comfort and cleanliness in using this closet appeal to one and all, and it is worth ten times what we ask for it.
BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.
Patentees & Manufacturers. Telephone 1047 City.
ADDRESS: 26 A'BECKETT ST., MELBOURNE,
Where the article can be inspected from 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.
GIBSON & SON, 479 Law Courts Place, Melb., or BERRY AUTOMATIC CLOSET CO.

Merriman's Power & Spray Pumps
ARE THE BEST.



SAMUEL MERRIMAN, Brass Founder, Engineer, & Spray Pump Maker, 611a Little Lonsdale St., Melb. Phone 1075, City.

CONSULT the DANISH MASSUER and MAGNETIC HEALER,
Professor R. OVESEN,
366 ST. KILDA ROAD,
near Hoadley's Jam Factory.
CONSULTATION FREE.
HOURS—From 10 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m. daily.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.
M. Walsh,
Cowkeeper and Dairyman
Cattle and Premises under inspection the Board of Public Health.
Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Skippings and One Cow's Milk a Specialty. Absolutely free from colouring matter or preservatives.
No second dealing or with other traders.
Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings.

F. W. LUPSON
NOTIFIES the public that he has purchased and taken over the
"ACME" DAIRY,
HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE,
from which customers can rely upon getting
MILK
that is
ABSOLUTELY PURE
the supply being obtained from specially selected herds in the country districts.
A card to the "Acme" Dairy, Helen St. and the carts will call.

Carpenters.

W. Gribble,
CARPENTER and JOINER,
HOUSE REPAIRER.
231 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(near Methodist Church).
Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.
Venetian Blinds Painted, Re-Taped and Corded.
Vienna Chairs and Furniture Repaired and Cabined like New.
Wire Doors, Windows, and Household Requirements in Wood.

Announcements

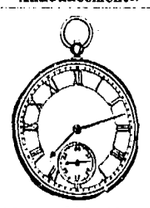
PUBLIC NOTICE.

J. McNamara,
the old-established
PRESTON BAKER,
BEGS to announce that he has now OPENED his
NEW and UP-TO-DATE BREAD FACTORY
in Plenty Road, near corner of Bell Street, where he will be able to serve customers better not only in the matter of the "STAFF OF LIFE," but in all kinds of
PASTRY and SMALL GOODS.
A TRIAL SOLICITED.

J. KIDD,
Hay & Corn, Wood & Coal Merchant,
480 High Street, Northcote,
HAS ON SALE—
Chaff, Oats, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Maize, Lucerne Chaff,
And all kinds of Poultry Feed.
Agent for Sirger's and Pratt's Poultry Food.
Best Box Blocks, Maitland and Pelaw Main Coal.

PRESTON GENERAL STORE
623 High Street North.
H. JONES
Begs to notify the public of Preston and surrounding district that he has commenced business as a
CASH and FAMILY GROCER
at above address.
Try our Special TEAS, 1/, 1/3, and 1/6.
In stock—Bran, Chaff, Wheat, Oats Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Cheese.
All goods of the best quality. Families waited on for orders. A trial solicited.

Announcements.



Wm. Walker,
WATCHMAKER
and
JEWELLER,
102 HIGH ST.,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
WEDDING & BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

The Northcote Jewellers.
Angove & Fettling
232 HIGH ST. (opp. Meth. Church).
A Large Assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery & Electroplate always on hand. Prices Moderate.

All Repairs Done on Premises at Short Notice.
Watchmaking Guaranteed.