Northcote Leader.

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 7, 1911.

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.

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

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia FOR INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS AND ACIDITY.

PUBLIC LIBRARY 7 OCT 1911 VICTORIA

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,

405 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,

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

BOX FIREWOOD
NEWCASTLE COAL,
ALTONA BROWN 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

Plumbers.

To Landlords, Householders and Builders

F. EDWARDS,

Licensed
PLUMBER, GASFITTER,

Mechanical and Electric Bell Hanger.

Steam, Hot, and Cold Water Engineer and Sanitary Plumber.

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

Corner High St. and Campbell Grove NORTHCOTE.

Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW

(Late Shaw & M. B. W.)

LICENSED PLUMBER, GASFITTER,

ELECTRIC & WIRE BELLHANGER

305 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Estimates Given for Sewer Connections. Post Cards attended to.

Telephone: Northcote 96.

Sand & General Carter

Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied

Manager—T. JOHNS, 46 Henry Street, Northcote.

Announcements

W. GRIBBLE,

Carpenter & Joiner

331 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(near Methodist Church).

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.

Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.

FURNITURE REPAIRED.

E. A. GEER

DESIRES to notify that he has taken over the
NEWS AGENCY AND STATIONERY BUSINESS
of Mr. C. Jenkin,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Stationery, Post Cards, Fancy Goods, &c., in great variety.

SCHOOL REQUISITES A SPECIALITY.

Postage Stamps always to be had.

SALE! SALE! SALE!

AT

A. LEWIS'S,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE,
NORTH FITZROY.

STOCKTAKING SALE
STOCKTAKING SALE

now on of

FANCY GOODS, GLASSWARE, VASES STATIONERY, PERFUMERY.

ALL GOODS GREATLY REDUCED.

Below are a Few of the Prices:

Dressing Combs	4d	Usual price 6d
Tooth Brushes	1½d	" 3d
Hair Brushes	6d	" 9d
Hair Brushes	9d	" 1/
Vases	1/- pair	" 2/-
Hairpin boxes	4½d	" 1/-
Fancy Pincushions	3d	" 1/
Writing Pads	5d	" 6d

A large variety of the Latest Post Cards.

Agent for "Challenge Corn Cure; also for Pauline and Demarest's Paper Patterns.

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 1866.

W. G. APPH,
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.

Business Notices.

R. B. LAWRENCE

Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dyer

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 STATIONS

Offices & Works: CUNNINGHAM STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock!
Small Prices!
Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME TAKE IT TO

GEO. H. ARMFIELD.

108 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 Street).

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	—	1c
" Ironed only	—	3d	" Ironed only	—	9 l dez.

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

Smith's Sons

HAM & BACON CURERS
and
Smell Goods Manufacturers.

'Phone 3961. 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.

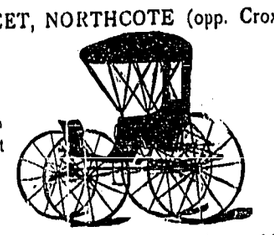
EDWARD FELLOWES,

Universal Carriage Works

AND SHOEING FORGE,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

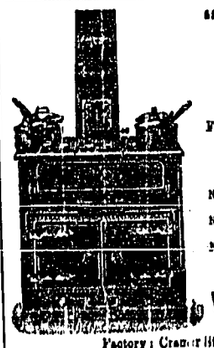
Lorries and Vehicles of every description Built, Bought Sold and Exchanged.



Repairs Effected Promptly and Substitutes provided

Horses shod on the shortest notice by thoroughly experienced shoer) sent for and returned.

FOR HIRE (by day or week):
Drags, Wagonettes, Abbot Buggies, Wagons, Jinkers, Lorries, Spring Carts & Drays; also good reliable Horses and Ponies.
Picnics and Parties specially catered for.



"NEW FAVORITE" STOVE

FOR COUNTRY USE.
WITH CAST IRON FALL FIRE DOOR
Full length of Fire Box.
FITTED WITH ASH PAN.
BURNS LONG ROUGH WOOD.
MADE WITH DOUBLE OVEN DOORS.
Three sizes.

	PRICES
No. 1—Size of Stove, 24in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 19in. wide, 14in. deep, 19in. high	£2/12/6
No. 2—Size of Stove, 30in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 23in. wide, 14in. deep, 19in. high	£3/10/
No. 3—Size of Stove, 36in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 27in. wide, 14in. deep, 19in. high	£4/7/6

Strong Copper Boilers, 20s extra. Make Stove 6in. longer.

WALLIS BROS. & CO.

419 Bourke St., Melb. (opp. Kirk's Bazaar).

Factory: Cramer St., Preston. Telephone 1258 City.

Manufacturers of the famous "Fobe" Cooking Stove, Cast Revolving Washing Copper Frames, &c.

The Leader PRINTING OFFICE,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Most Up-to-Date Suburban Printery.

Latest & Most Effective Types, Borders & Designs.

Advertising Posters, Placards, Show Cards, &c., &c.

Dance & Concert Programmes and Tickets.

Invitation, Wedding, Mourning, and Menu Cards.

Ladies' and Gents' Visiting Cards.

The Leading Printing Establishment outside the City.

All Orders Executed to Time.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

We are now prepared to perform every class of Printing on most economical Terms, in all styles and shapes, and anything entrusted to us will be executed promptly, and in the most approved style.

Lithographic Printing, Engraving, and Process Work.

Commercial Printing
a Speciality.

Pamphlets, Billheads, Memorandums, Invoices, Letter Paper, Labels, Delivery Forms, Bakers' and Milkmen's Account Forms.

Book Work,
Including
Catalogues, Pamphlets, Reports and Rules of Public Institutions and Societies . . . Time Tables, Monthly Periodicals, &c., &c.

Your patronage will be esteemed by

WHALLEY BROS.,

Proprietors and Publishers of the

Northcote and Preston Leader

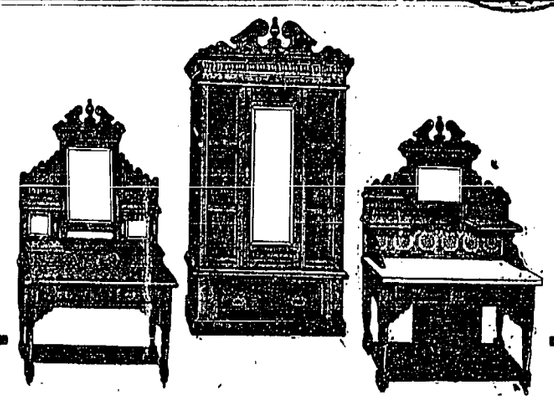
which has far and away the Largest Circulation of any suburban newspaper—and is therefore the

VERY BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

FOR

LOCAL BUSINESS PEOPLE

Terms on Application.



Bedroom Suite, £9 15s.

THE design of this Suite is artistic and pleasing to the eye. It is one of our very best values. The name "Clauscen" stands behind it. Clauscen's Furniture is reliable—it is made from high-grade woods by skilled workmen. There is no faulty workmanship in Clauscen's Furniture—it is built to outlive the remembrance of its price. If you want a Bedroom Suite that will give absolute satisfaction at a moderate price you cannot invest your money to better advantage than in above Suite.

This Bedroom Suite consists of three pieces—in light or dark, with ash facings.
We supply it complete or in separate pieces. Send for our Big Free Catalogue.
Your inspection of our Showrooms is cordially invited.

THE HOME OF RELIABLE FURNITURE **CLAUSCEN & CO.** THE HOME OF RELIABLE FURNITURE

194-196 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

Announcements

J. Eddington

BEGS to announce that he has commenced business as a

PASTRYCOOK

and

CONFECTIONER
at
329 High Street, Northcote
(next Eddington, Greengrocer).

No connection with any other Pastrycook.

Picnics and Parties Catered for.

ONLY THE BEST MATERIAL USED.

A Trial Solicited.

North & West Ward Folks.

When you want something nice and tasty for Lunch or Tea, go where you are sure —to get it, namely, to—

MISS DOWLMAN'S
Ham & Beef Shop,
411 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opp. Dennis Street).

Cooked Meats and Small Goods of every description and the BEST THAT ARE MANUFACTURED.

CONFECTIONERY AND SUMMER DRINKS.

Also Smokers' Requisites.

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.

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.

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 coloring matter or preservatives.
No second dealing or with other traders.
Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings

Established 30 years.

London and Devonshire Dairy,
20 HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE.

Every Precaution taken that Sanitary or Veterinary Science can suggest to prevent contamination.

F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.

Premises specially adapted for the business. Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.

JOHN PHILLIPS,
M.R.V.S.,
VETERINARY SURGEON
and
EQUINE DENTIST,
92 EARNE ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Telephone 1204, City.

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.

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

A HOME BUILT TO SUIT YOU

A VILLA
A COTTAGE

ANY PRICE ANY DESIGN

In Plow Street, Thornbury, one minute from Tram line .. and Railway Station ..
WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED

Consult T. JOYNSON 30 Westbourne Gr., Northcote; or, at the Works, Plow Street.

Keep the Rain Off!

HAVE your Umbrella Re-Covered and Made to Look Like NEW at Mrs. PALMER'S, 267 High Street, Northcote. New Stock of Fancy Goods, Stationery, Post Cards and School Requisites.

Business Announcements

TWELFTH ANNUAL

MOA ROAD RACE

Saturday, 21st Oct., from Preston Reservoir.

PRIZES:
1, Gold Medal with diamond.
2, Marbled Clock.
3, Gold Medal.
4, Gold Medal.
5, Silver Cake Dish.
6, Silver Cake Dish.

W. MERSON,

218 High St., Northcote. Phone, Northcote 78.

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS
Of Preston & Epping shires.

PLEASE NOTE!

—THAT—

T. HERLEY & CO.,
Woolscourers, &c.,
Oakover Rd., South Preston,

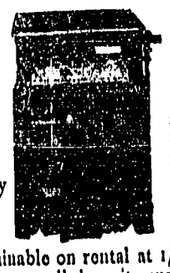
ARE CASH BUYERS OF

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

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY
A GAS COOKER

Combining Cleanliness, Comfort, and Convenience.



A Gas Stove for Cooking purposes is unrivalled, and is recommended for its Reliability and Saving of Time and Labour.

Should be in Every Home.

Gas Stoves are obtainable on rental at 1/6 per month; or on Hire Purchase, small deposit, and 2/6 monthly.

A GENUINE LABOUR SAVER—
A GAS IRON, 4/6 EACH.

Full particulars on application.

The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 Flinders St., Melbourne Phone 1713

DANCING!

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland,

Professors and Teachers of Refined Ballroom Dancing give STRICTLY PRIVATE LESSONS any hour, daily, evenings, and hold superior ADULT BEGINNERS' CLASSES on Monday evenings, 8 to 11, and on

Tuesday Evenings
Wednesday "
Thursday "
Friday "
Saturday "
Instruction, 7.30 to 8.30
Practice, 8.30 to 10.30

Saturday Afternoons, 3 to 5.30.
at their NEW ACADEMY, SPECIALLY BUILT No. 204 Drummond Street, Carlton
Call, Write or Phone (City 508). Prospectus on free

Tailors

INCE BROS.,

TAILORS and OUTFITTERS.
BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

SUITS, from	£3	3	0
TROUSERS, from	0	15	6
LADIES' COSTUMES a Speciality, from	5	0	0

The Fitting Room is under the personal supervision of Mr. R. Ince, and every satisfaction guaranteed.

174 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.

H. C. Saunders,

The Old-Established
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
269 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

Every Garment is Tailored by Tailors with the true essentials to good tailoring.

We are fully stocked with Winter Samples of the Latest Productions in Suitings and Ladies' Costumes.

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.

Artistic Tailoring.

Arch Wilkinson

TAILOR & MERCER,

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

is now showing a splendid range of new and exclusive designs suitable for the Spring & Summer season.

You are invited to inspect our stock of Tweeds, Coatings, Serges, and Trouserings.

The Very Latest in Fashion and Tennis Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hosiery, &c. Straw Hats, new shapes, especially made for our own trade.

Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality.

Costumes made to order in up-to-date style.

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAYS.

Announcements

The Thornbury Grocer

E. W. INGHAM

563 High St.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.

Families Waited on for Orders. Delivery daily.

GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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.

FRED. SMITH,

UP-TO-DATE
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.

Cleanliness. Good Workmanship. Razor Setting a Speciality.

242 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

HOUSEHOLDERS.—Save your Kitchen Fat. Highest Cash Price given. Delivery taken. Sterling Soap Co., South Preston.

Wanted to Buy.

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

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. H. COLLIER.
Evening, Rev. C. H. BARNES.
Special Collections for the Bishop of Melbourne's Fund.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday, 8th October.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer.
Collections in aid of Home Mission Fund.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning, Communion Service.
Evening subject, "Present Day Problems: Destiny."
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3 p.m.
All are cordially welcome.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall, Northcote, on Sunday Evening, at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. WILLIAMS.

PRESTON AND THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN.

PRESTON.—Morning, Rev. G. CARSON; evening, Mr. F. W. RANKIN.
THORNBURY.—Morning, Mr. F. W. RANKIN; evening, Rev. G. CARSON.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Services:
Morning, Rev. L. ROWLANDS.
Evening, Rev. T. ADAMSON.
All Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. C. SPENCER.
Evening, Rev. W. MOORE.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

CROXTON METHODIST HALL, Corner Shaftesbury Parade and St. George's Road.

Sunday Services
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. J. CHERRELL.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. C. PERRIN; 7 p.m., Rev. ORLANDO KNEE. Subject—"Our Glad Jubilee."
All Welcome.
SOUTH PRESTON (Church Anniversary).—11 a.m., Rev. R. WILLIAMS; 7 p.m., Rev VAL. TRIGGE.

SOUTH Preston Methodist Church.—Anniversary, Sunday, 8th October. Morning at 11 and Afternoon at 3, Rev. R. Williams; evening at 7, Rev. V. Trigge. Good singing by specially augmented choir. Monday, 9th October, Tea and Public Meeting. Tickets 1/-. Chairman, Dr. J. R. Lee. Speaker, Rev. A. Madsen. First-class Concert by Leading Singers and Choir.

CHAPEL BUILT IN A DAY

Meetings for next Lord's Day:
Worship at 11 a.m.
Bible Class at 3 p.m.
Gospel Meeting at 7 p.m.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.

Piano: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER
Miss HILDA BAKER, L.A.B.
Singing: Miss RUBY BOND.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

All pupils entered for Exams. during 1910 (30) passed, 5 with honors.
Theory Class, 6.30 to 7.30 Wednesday evening.
Programmes arranged and Engagements undertaken for Weddings, At Homes, &c.
Terms on application.

L. BRENNECKE (Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),
VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY and COUNTERPOINT.
KEMP STREET, NORTHCOTE.

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.

MRS. A. T. EARL, TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
Mrs. Earl's New Diagram Method of Teaching Beginners (any age) renders learning a pleasure, and progress easy and certain. Tone Production a special feature. Pupils prepared for examinations, if desired. Terms moderate. Correspondence invited. Violins and Accessories provided. Pupils visited or received at "Bushwood," Dundas-street, Upper Northcote. Songs written for musical setting.

MISS OLIVE ALEXANDER
GOLD MEDALLIST,
Melbourne, Ballarat, Bendigo, &c.,
Receives Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Terms on application.
1 MILTON ST., SOUTH PRESTON.

MISS CLARICE FREEMAN D.M.S.V.,
Teacher of PIANOFORTE, THEORY AND HARMONY.
Terms on application.
"Chowringhee," Henry St., Preston North.

MISS E. M. PREECE A.L.C.M.,
Visits and Receives Pupils for the PIANOFORTE, Theory and Harmony.
Terms on application.
12 Railway St. (off Hastings St.), NORTHCOTE.

A. H. SIEBEL,
TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN AND VIOLA.
Terms on application. Preston and Northcote visited twice a week.
Address: Westbourne Park, Thomastown.

Lost and Found.

£5 REWARD.—Lost in Northcote about eight months ago, Large Red or Fawn Greyhound Dog Pup, with black mask, one white toe nail behind. Detainer prosecuted.—BASSETT, Arthurton Road, Northcote.

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 rain—
The other merchant busted.

LATEST NOVELTIES IN

Spring and Summer Millinery

NOW OPENED.

Including a great variety of Trimmed Hats in newest designs, and Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, & Feathers.
¶ Children's Millinery at moderate prices. * *
Corsets to suit all figures from 2/11 to 21/-. * *

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood

VISIT THE SHOW OF

SPRING GOODS

AT

F. G. SMITH'S,

DRAPERS, MILLINERS, CLOTHIERS, &c.,

245 High Street, Northcote.

A GENUINE SALE

MRS. POWELL, of High St., Northcote, is now holding her Half Yearly SALE. Special Bargains in Hosiery, Underclothing, Aprons, Corsets, etc.

Having secured a job lot of Aprons we intend selling them at very low prices.

Cheap Remnants in Lace and Embroidery.

Mrs. Powell, High St., Northcote

Goulburn Valley Meat Supply

I AM ADVERTISING in this paper to LET YOU KNOW I'M HERE

Once let my Goods be sampled and they will be MY ADVERTISEMENT.

MEAT the very PRIMEST OF THE PRIME, at the price, too, of inferior stuff, and
Our SAUSAGES you will never forgo for their High Quality & Tastiness.
We Kill all our own Goulburn Valley Beef.
No Dead Market Trash.

F. R. VIZARD,

The "Square-Deal" Cash & Family Butcher

280 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(J. A. Sinclair's old premises, thoroughly renovated).

Shoe Comfort

When buying Footwear you like the new Shoe to feel as comfortable and easy fitting as the old one you have just taken off. In "Hurst" Footwear this is readily obtained.

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The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

Not more than twenty persons attended the public meeting at the Thornbury hall on Thursday night to consider the proposal of the Northcote Council to spend £3000 in completing the town hall. The meeting was convened by Mr. F. Duffield, and having explained briefly the object of the meeting and expressed his disappointment at the very sparse attendance and the utter lack of interest taken in public matters by the ratepayers, he was voted to the chair. Mr. Duffield moved—"That this meeting enters its strong protest against the action of the council in deciding to expend £3000 on improvements to the town hall when the streets and lighting are in such a wretched condition." Speaking in support of the resolution Mr. Duffield said the new councillors were as bad as the old ones in so readily falling into their ways. It was a farce to talk about erecting a new hall for £3000. Twice that amount would be necessary, and before it was finished another £6000 would be required, which would mean additional rating. It was time to talk about improving the hall when their streets were made, and when they had a larger population. Mr. Wardell, in seconding the motion, said this was the pet scheme of a particular councillor, and now that he had succeeded in getting it carried, it remained for the people to say whether they would tolerate it. If they wanted the hall the council should raise a special loan apart from public works, but it appeared to him that the council could spend £10,000 on a hall for all the ratepayers troubled. Mr. A. A Miller considered it would be a mistake to expend money on a hall in view of the deplorable state of their streets and the defective lighting everywhere. Besides it would be an unprofitable undertaking. Mr H. W. Goodall supported the resolution. Mr. W. Pearl was invited to speak. He did so, and expressed pleasure that the sum of £3000 had been included in the loan schedule to complete the main hall. He had always been in favor of it because he regarded it as an absolute necessity. The present makeshift was unworthy the town, and the people of Northcote were as much entitled to the comfort and convenience of a proper hall as any other civilised community. He was satisfied that it would be a profitable undertaking, and the expenditure would in no way hamper street construction. On the contrary it would promote. Mr. Dullieu also strongly advocated the town hall expenditure, for the reason that it was a necessity and would prove a remunerative investment. Cr. Harry also spoke, his remarks being of a general character. The motion on being put was carried. A further resolution that a petition be drawn up and signatures obtained protesting against the expenditure was carried. A discussion on the wards question ensued, but it was resolved to adjourn the meeting till next Tuesday night, Mr. Miller kindly placing the hall at the disposal of ratepayers. It was understood that members of the East Ward Progress Association would attend.

Mrs. G. E. Coles, of Mansfield-street, Northcote, had a trying experience on Tuesday. She was driving up Rucker's Hill when some wire which a man was fixing on a hand cart ladder fell upon her horse, and caused it to bolt. Her little boy was thrown out, but she caught him by the clothes and held him between the wheel and the step for some yards, with the other hand trying to pull up the bolting horse. After careering along like this for some time they were saved by coming into collision with a lorry.

The forward movement started at South Preston Methodist Church was continued last Sunday, the Rev. E. B. Bond preached at both services, and at night there was again an increased congregation. An open-air service was held at the tram terminus at half-past eight, the Rev. E. B. Bond conducting, and was assisted by members of the church, the South Preston choir leading the singing. To-morrow the church anniversary services will be celebrated, the Rev. Robt. Williams, of Middle Park, will preach morning and afternoon, and the Rev. Val. Trigge, of the Collingwood Mission, will conduct the evening service. The South Preston people are expecting a good time at this anniversary, as there is to be a tea-meeting on Monday night, to be followed by a concert and public meeting in the church. The Rev. A. Madsen will be the speaker, and Dr. Lee the chairman.

Fourth term at King's College, Clifton Hill, is announced to begin on October 10.

The South Preston State School Bazaar was brought to a close on Saturday night, the hall being crowded and splendid business resulted. The stalls were completely sold out, and the net profit will be about £90. The principal attraction in the programme was the re-appearance of the famous Mrs. Jarley and her family, and while they were on the stage the fun was fast and furious. The thanks of the school committee are due to all the ladies and gentlemen who worked so hard in making the bazaar such an unqualified success.

There was one of the largest attendances ever seen at the opening open-air concert at the Croxton Recreation Ground on Saturday evening last. The programme was also one of the best ever presented, the turns of George Pagden and Frank Melvin, comedians, and also Pagden and Stanley, sketch artists, standing out with special prominence. With the aid of electric apparatus the pictures were at their best, and the extra seating accommodation was appreciated by all. On account of the Croxton Recreation Reserve being engaged for the Continental Carnival this evening, the next open air concerts will take place on Monday, 9th, and Saturday, 14th October. A feature of Monday's programme is the special engagement of Miss Henderson's performing dogs.

The monthly meeting of the N.S.R.A. was held in All Saints' hall on Tuesday evening, Mr. Wright presiding. The secretary gave a lengthy report on the anniversary social, which proved to be one of the most successful, financially and socially, ever held in connection with the association. A hearty welcome was given to several visitors from the Clifton Hill Progress Association, including Cr. Burton, of Collingwood, Col. Hall, the president, secretary and others. Col. Hall was asked to explain a scheme which he had drawn up for the regrading of the railway line from Rossneath street, Collingwood, to Westgarth street, Northcote, to overcome the difficulties at the level crossings on the Clifton Hill line, Heidelberg road and Ramsden street. Cr. Mason, Cr. Burton, C. Jenkins and W. Dennis spoke, complimenting Col. Hall on the pains he had taken in preparing the scheme and submitting it to the meeting. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded him for his lecturette. Messrs Jenkins and W. Dennis were elected to act in conjunction with 2 members of the Clifton Hill Progress Association to find ways and means to have the scheme carried out.

The phenomena we see are cause and effect. To-day is the effect of yesterday and the cause of to-morrow, and so on till there comes a Cause of causes requiring no cause, i.e., God.
The undersigned will feel obliged by any logical expert who will please show that there is any flaw in the foregoing reasoning, any incorrectness whatever.
SENET SED NONDUM BENIGIS.
Heidelberg.

PHENOMENAL EGG-LAYING.

MR. W. G. SWIFT'S WHITE LEGHORNS INCREASE THEIR LEAD.

At the end of August Mr. W. G. Swift's pen of white leghorns in the Government egg-laying competition at Burnley allowed some of the other competitors to get up level with them; but since then they have put on a phenomenal spurt, and now hold a lead of 21.

After three 36's and a 38 in successive weeks they last week put up the great tally of 40, or only two short of "the possible."

For the first six months of the competition they have laid 777 eggs, which must be a world's record.

It looks now as if the Northcote-bred birds are in for a Newhaven victory—a win from start to finish.

Proposed Electric Tramway to Preston.

CONFERENCE TO BE CALLED.

At the meeting of the Preston Shire Council on Monday evening, Cr. Crispe gave notice of the following motion:—That this council considers it advisable, in the interests of the shire, to call a conference of the City of Fitzroy, Town of Northcote and Shire of Preston to take into consideration the construction of an electric tramway, starting from the Reservoir, High-street, along the said street to Bell-street, along Bell-street to pipe-track, and along the same to Merri Creek, each council to appoint five representatives to meet at Shire Hall on Wednesday, 25th October next.

FAREWELL TO NORTHCOTE POST-MISTRESS.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the members of Mrs. Argyle's past and present staff and friends at a farewell gathering in the Town Hall, the rooms at which were kindly lent by the Mayor.

Mr. Jackson, postmaster of Kew, and an old resident of the town, presided.

Apologies were received from the Mayor, Mr. Irwin, of the inspector's branch, Miss Williams, postmistress at Violet Town, and formerly a telegraphist at Northcote, as well as others who are scattered throughout the State.

Mr. McDonald, in proposing the toast of "The Department," said that in the Deputy-Postmaster-General they were fortunate in having a "white man." He also spoke in eulogistic terms of Mrs. Argyle.

Mr. Jackson, in reply, said there was now nothing to prevent the youngest messenger attaining to the highest position in the service.

The chairman then presented Mrs. Argyle with a handsome silver-backed mirror, brush and comb, beautifully engraved, together with an exquisitely-written inscription as follows:—Presented to Mrs. Argyle by the undermentioned members of her staff (past and present), on the occasion of her retirement from the Commonwealth public service, as a token of their appreciation of her many kind offices in her capacity as postmistress."

Dr. Soilleux, in returning thanks, said that if Mrs. Argyle was as good a postmistress as she was a mother-in-law he did not wonder at this mark of appreciation, and on her behalf he thanked them sincerely.

Mr. Cunnington, in proposing the health of Mrs. Argyle, said that in his association with her, he had found her to be kind and painstaking, and hoped that she would long enjoy her well-earned rest.

Dr. Soilleux, in replying, said he would sooner be writing out a prescription than making a speech. During her 40 years' service, Mrs. Argyle had endeavoured to conscientiously perform her duties. On her behalf he must sincerely thank them for their kind expressions of good will, and remind them that it was only an official good-bye.

The toast of Mrs. Argyle's staff (past and present), was proposed by Mr. Mayer, and replied to by various members of the staff.

The evening's proceedings were interspersed with songs and recitations. Votes of thanks were moved to Mr. and Mrs. Mayer and Miss Barker for the able manner in which arrangements had been conducted, also to the chairman, musical artists and all who contributed to the evening's enjoyment. Two flashlights were taken.

Localisms.

Some correspondence and reports are unavoidably held over.

A company has been formed at Northcote for the purpose of erecting a picture theatre and shops on land situate corner High and and Hastings streets, Northcote. The building will be erected on the most approved design, and will accommodate 1500 persons. It will be commenced immediately.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., has been successful in his endeavours to secure the duplication of the Heidelberg line, from Westgarth to Alphington. A sum of £13,000 is provided in the new loan for the purpose.

The takings at Preston Methodist Coronation Fair on Thursday amounted to the fine sum of £70.

The Rev. R. W. Rock gives the fourth of his series of addresses on present day problems at Northcote Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening, his subject being "Destiny."

At a certain church anniversary recently the advertised preacher for the afternoon, through a fit of forgetfulness, failed to turn up. After waiting vainly for the absent cleric a lay brother took his place in the pulpit.

In connection with their anniversary celebration the Northcote branch A.N.A. held a euchre party and dance at the town hall on Thursday evening. There was a good attendance, amongst those present being the mayor and mayoress (Cr and Mrs Harold Bastings). The event was enjoyable to all participating.

A euchre party and dance, in aid of the bazaar funds, will be held at the R.C. schoolroom, Preston, on Wednesday evening next, October 11.

At the Northcote Presbyterian School hall on Friday evening next, 13th inst, there is to be a grand picture display. Particulars are advertised.

Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A. yesterday informed us that extensive additions are to be made to the Prince of Wales Park State School, and the plans for same have been approved by the Minister.

Young Wallis Cressley, of Northcote, who appeared in the humorous recital yesterday afternoon for children under 16, was awarded an hon. mention. The adjudicator singled him out for special praise, describing him as a born comedian and worthy of a special prize from the society. He appears about 10 years of age.—*Ballarat Courier.*

A grand Continental Carnival is to be held at the Croxton Recreation Reserve this afternoon and evening in aid of the funds of St. Joseph's R.C. Church.

A Spring Fair in aid of the Congregational Church is to be held at the Town hall, Northcote, on Friday and Saturday, 19th and 20th October.

A monster Labour rally is to be held at the town-hall, Northcote, on Thursday evening next. Mr. F. Anstey, M.P., and Mr. Miller will speak.

"Spring Suitings In."—Come in and see them! Admission and advice free! Smartest Sac Suits for sunny seasons. To order from 60s. Patterns posted. Call or write. T. Trevena, 266 Smith street, Collingwood, or 'Phone City 410. [Advt].

When Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., went to get the parcel into which his purchases at the Coronation Fair had been made he found it had been collected by Lady Fuller's aide and also paid for. Some mistake had been made, by which the Jika representative got off light.

Lady Fuller personally congratulated Scoutmaster Holiday on the way his squad of Boy Scouts acquitted themselves at the Coronation Fair, Preston, on Thursday.

Self-denial offerings for the Home Mission Fund of the diocese of Melbourne will be made in all the Anglican Churches to-morrow. At All Saints' special sermons will be preached by Rev. H. Collier and Rev. C. H. Barnes.

We regret to record the death of Mr. H. F. Meyer, a respected businessman and citizen of Preston. For some time he had suffered from heart trouble. He attended to business as usual on Monday forenoon, but about 2 o'clock suddenly expired. Mr. Meyer was a member of the library committee, and as a mark of respect the flag was flown at half-mast over the building.

Preston branch P.L.C. held a euchre party and dance at the Bradford Hall on Tuesday evening, October 10. Particulars are advertised.

Entries for the 12th annual Moa Road Race, to be run on Saturday, 21st inst., close at Mr. Merson's, 218 High-street, this (Saturday) evening.

Entries for 12th annual "Moa" Cycle Road Race, to be run on October 21st, close at Merson's, 218 High-street, Northcote, on Saturday, 7th inst.—[Advt.]

A meeting of ratepayers will be held in the Town Hall next Wednesday, 11th inst., at 8 p.m., to discuss the question of abolition or alteration of the wards system.

In our advertising columns to-day Robert Hurst has something to say regarding the special qualities of "Hurst" footwear.

Loyal Templeton Lodge, I.O.O.F., are holding a euchre party, in the Bradford Hall on Monday evening, October 9.

Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R., is now in the strong position of having a members' roll of 330, and funds amounting to £2768 11s. 3d.

Preston tenders for the work of scavenging were much higher than the estimated cost of doing the work by day labour. It was therefore decided to continue carrying out the work by day labour.

The biggest crowd ever seen at Croxton assembled there on Saturday last, the occasion being the final match for the V.J.F.A. championship. There was a "gate" of £85.

Ernest Lees, 295 High-street, Northcote, advertises to-day several cheap properties for immediate sale.

A meeting of the East Northcote Progress Association will be held on Tuesday, 10th October, at Mr. Creak's, Hastings-street, and all interested are invited to attend.

Mr. W. A. H. Ackerley, of Northcote, has been awarded the first prize of £50 and champion gold medal, value £5 5s., gift of Lord Dudley, at the South Street Competitions, Ballarat, for best assay on "Victoria, its Resources and Greater Possibilities."

A social evening and euchre party in connection with the Jika Jika Campaign Council was held in the Town Hall on Thursday, 28th September, and passed off enjoyably. The hall was tastefully decorated by the ladies' committee. Miss McPherson won the ladies' prize, and Mr. R. W. Bryan the gent.'s. Miss Tucker has been appointed general secretary to the council.

In our advertising columns to-day the Metropolitan Gas Co. gives the terms upon which gas stoves and gas irons are available.

Epping Shire News.

The residents of Epping are regretting the loss of Miss Nellie Clancy who has acted as S.M. at the local railway station for the last four months. Miss A. McCarthy, formerly of South Yan Yean, succeeds her.

It is announced that our prominent footballer, "Mother Goose," has been joined in the holy bonds of matrimony with Miss Queenie Stevens, eldest daughter of Mr. F. Stevens, of Epping.

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings, in conjunction with Selwyn H. Lemme, will offer by auction on Saturday next, 27 valuable allotments in Westbourne grove, Carnarvon avenue, and Aberdeen grove, Northcote. Title certificate, apply Sir George Turner. Plans at auctioneer's offices.

Stott and Bastings will sell by auction on Wednesday, 18th inst., by order of Executor in estate, James Broadhurst, deceased, w.b. house on land 166 x 145, situated in Victoria road, Northcote.

Mitchell Bros., through their auctioneer, will sell on Wednesday next allotment of land in St. David street.

Heidelberg District Band Contest.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

Visitors to Heidelberg band contest at Northcote Park were highly delighted with the fare provided by the Heidelberg contest committee, who can be complimented upon the energy and enthusiasm they threw into the contest. The bands which competed were as follows:—Footscray (Bandmaster Code), Vice Regal (Bandmaster Mathews), Northcote (Bandmaster Hellings).

The proceedings were opened by the various bands marching from different centres, Footscray and Vice Regal from Clifton Hill, and Northcote from Separation-street, Footscray playing "Cavalier," Vice Regal "Inverargill" and Northcote "Inverargill." On arrival at the grounds the real work commenced, the opening item being massed bands, conducted by the judge, Mr. Ryder, a cornet player from one of the picture theatres. After the massed bands Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., the member for the district, addressed the gathering, giving some sound advice to the bandsmen. In the near future no doubt we will see the Membrey blossoming as Minister for brass bands; another prominent figure on the ground was the Mayor (Cr. Bastings), who was also present, and to all appearances enjoyed the contest thoroughly.

With the appearance of the inspecting officer, Sergeant-Major Creney, the bandsmen's work commenced. The first band to be inspected was Footscray, followed by Vice Regal and Northcote. After the inspection came the quick-step and counter-marching, which was greatly enjoyed by all present. The Northcote boys came in for a large share of applause. Points were awarded for inspection, music and drill, and it is pleasing to know that the Northcote band gained the highest points for music, which is greatly to their credit, seeing that the band has only been established 12 months. We believe that the band's failure in winning the quick-step was due to the carelessness of a few members in not carrying out the bandmaster's (Mr. Hellings') instructions. While speaking of the bandmaster it might be mentioned that Mr. Hellings also acted as drum-major, being the only occasion on which a bandmaster has acted as drum-major and conductor in Victoria.

After the last band had marched the bands again massed and played the "March Cavalier." This closed the afternoon session.

At night the bands again assembled and marched as follows:—Northcote and Heidelberg massed from Separation-street and Vice Regal and Footscray from Clifton Hill. On arrival at grounds lots were drawn for the order of playing, the draw being as follows: 1, Northcote; 2, Footscray; 3, Vice Regal. There was a large crowd present, numbering close on 2000. The greatest interest was shown during the evening, and on the completion of Northcote's fine performance the applause was loud and long, it being a really first-class effort, reflecting the greatest credit on all concerned. The judge's figures for the competition were: 1, Footscray, 56 points; 2, Northcote, 54 points; 3, Vice Regal, 52 points.

The verdict was received in silence, and evidently not very popular with the townspeople, who would have been delighted to see the local band victorious. But for a band 12 months' old to obtain second prize in company of such old bands in competitions, is highly creditable, and augurs well for their future success. We understand that a profit of several pounds will be the result of the Heidelberg band's enterprise.

Preston Public Free & Lending Library.

The monthly meeting was held on Wednesday, 27th ult. There was a good attendance of the committee. The librarian's report was received, which showed the number of books to be 2172, an increase of 72 for the year, and the number of subscribers as 114, and an average nightly attendance of 60. It was reported that the subscribers are very well satisfied with the new books. A letter was received from Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., stating that he had urged the Acting-Chief Secretary to see that the grant promised by the Premier, Mr. Murray, was made to this library.

Star of Northcote Tent I.O.R.

The above held their fortnightly meeting in the Rechabite Hall on Thursday evening, the C.R. (Bro. A. Fillingham) presiding over a good muster of members. One new member was elected, and four propositions received. The secretary of the inter-tent debating competition wrote, notifying that the next debate would be against Hawthorn at Northcote on October 26. The Camberwell Tent wrote, asking for two representatives to attend a united tent meeting, and Bros. Fillingham and Angus were appointed. Bro. McLeod made an appeal on behalf of the Croxton junior tent for a donation toward their cricket club, and 10s. 6d. was voted. The secretary submitted the balance-sheet for the past quarter, which showed the tent to be in a strong position, both financially and numerically. The credit to the tent now amounts to £2768 11s. 3d., while the number of members on the roll is 330.

At the close of business members of the local tent played the return match in bowls against Clifton Hill for the I.O.R. games tournament. The latter got going quickly, and, putting in some good shots got a good lead on the locals, scoring 14 points, while Northcote only put on 7. From this out Northcote forged ahead, and added 16 points, while the visitors only scored 1, the local tent thus winning by 23 to 15. The players for Northcote were:—J. Auty (capt.), H. Morris, G. McLeod, W. Findlay, T. Harris and J. Newnham.

On Thursday evening next Northcote play Coburg in the local tent room.

Northcote Football Club.

To the Editor.

Sir, Re "Fair Play's" letter in last Saturday's *Leader*, the committee of the above club requested me to write and give a detailed account of collections received for Player Harrison, not for the especial benefit of "Fair Play," as neither they nor myself take upon ourselves the trouble of answering any letters written in the papers which does not bear the name of the writer, but as this is a matter which our supporters have a right to have explained away we make an exception in this case. On June 19: Collection, 5/-; June 26: Collection, 10/-; July 3: Collection, 1/-; August 8: Footscray Football Club, 10/0; (expenses 12/0); collection Melbourne Ground, 14/-; total, £2 9/0; less, 12/0, £1 17/-. Amount paid to Mr. Harrison from June 12: £1 10s.; June 19, £1 10s.; June 26: £1 10s.; July 3: £1 10s.; July 11: £1 10s.; July 18: £1 10s.; July 25: £1 10s.; August 1: £1 10s.; August 8: £1 10s.; August 15: £1 10s.; total, £15. This amount was paid away out of the club's funds, together with other injured players, of whom the above collection was in aid of as well as Mr. Harrison.

Following on after the 15th August Mr. Harrison received some £9 odd shillings from Essendon Club League, whom we had written to. He received this amount himself from their secretary, and we consider that as our players are not insured that we assisted him financially to the best of our resources, as we had several other players injured during the season who had to be assisted in a similar manner. Trusting that the next time any person requiring information will subscribe his name, and thanking you in anticipation.—Yours truly,

ARTHUR HOTTON, Hon. Secy.

Preston Council and Electric Lighting.

AND LOAN WORKS GENERALLY.

CR. BRAITHWAITE QUOTES TOM PRICE.

Cr. Howe, at the meeting of the Preston Shire Council on Monday evening, inquired if any reply had been received from the Northcote Council with regard to their request for permission to run an electric feeder through the municipality to Preston.

The Secretary said no reply had been received.

Cr. Howe said that this was a very serious matter in that it was holding up other important works. Till they got an answer from Northcote their hands were practically tied. If Northcote would not give the concession they asked they might consider the advisability of bringing the feeder along some other way.

The President said councillors and the ratepayers would agree with Cr. Howe that it was regrettable that Northcote had not sent a reply before now.

Cr. Howe moved, and Cr. Allchin seconded, that another letter be written to Northcote asking for a reply. Carried.

Cr. Crispe said it was no use expecting that they would be able to deal with their loan schedule on an ordinary committee night, and he would move that a special night be set [illegible]—namely, Friday evening next. [illegible] the local paper he noticed that the electric lighting committee had a recommendation on the notice paper for last meeting, but it was withdrawn, on account of the council having swamped all the loan money available in other works. There need be no delay in considering other works. They could set apart a certain sum for electric light.

Cr. Howse seconded. They had been talking about this matter of a loan for a long time. He was a believer in acting, not talking.

Cr. Allchin said they should have moved definitely in the matter of a quarry site before this. It was scandalous the way the thing had been neglected.

The President: Do you blame me? (Laughter.)

Cr. Allchin: I blame the whole council.

Cr. Braithwaite said that from the talk he had heard he thought he had only to come into the council to endorse many wonderful schemes for electric lighting, purchase of a stone-crusher, and so on; but he now found that really nothing had been done. He thought they should meet early in order to get to business. As old Tom Price used to say, "For God's sake let's do something."

The motion was carried that a special meeting to consider the loan schedule be held on Friday evening.

Preston Noxious Trades.

COUNCIL DRAW THE LINE.

BOILING DOWN LICENCE REFUSED.

At the meeting of the Preston Council on Monday evening, Morgan and Jeffries applied for permission to melt fat for the preparation of margarine on premises occupied by them in Dundas-street.

Cr. Crispe moved that a reply be sent that the council cannot grant the application.

Replying to Cr. Braithwaite, the president said it had been reported that these people were boiling down, and they had no boiling-down licence. There had also been a complaint from a ratepayer on the Northcote side of Dundas-street, that fumes arose from the premises which were offensive.

Cr. Braithwaite: Wasn't it decided at last meeting that a notice be served on these people at last meeting that there must be no boiling down?

The President: Yes.

Cr. Braithwaite: Then I second the motion.

Cr. Howse opposed the motion, stating that the sort of thing this firm wanted to do was done all over the suburbs. There was really no need at all to get permission from the council to "cook margarine." (Laughter.)

Cr. Paterson said that a similar thing was done at other premises in Preston, and no objection was taken to it.

The motion was then put and carried, Crs. Howe, Paterson and Howse voting against.

J. G. Hutton's Resting Place for Pigs.

THE FINAL ACT.

COUNCIL APPLIES FOR THE BUILDING FEE.

At the meeting of the Preston Council on Monday evening the following recommendation came up from the committee of the whole:—

J. C. Hutton Propty. Ltd., Building Fee.—That the firm be written to, asking them to forward the building fee (£1) for the resting place for pigs.

Cr. Warr (chairman of the committee) moved the resolution *pro forma*, remarking that the council had not yet given its consent for the use of the building; and he did not think they were justified in taking a building fee under these circumstances.

Cr. Allchin seconded the motion. He thought the building fees should be paid to the council. This resting-place for pigs was merely an extension to an established factory. Plans of the proposed extension were handed to their engineer, who should have sent them to the council, but unfortunately he did not do so. J. C. Hutton did comply with the Act. Their minutes informed them that it was the site the council objected to, not the building, which complied with their building regulations. It might be argued that the work should not have been commenced before the plans were approved by the council; but it was only an oversight that consent was not applied for. The same thing had often been done, and overlooked in other cases. There was a case only that night. The building fee they were now asking for had actually been sent along to the council, but it had been used to pay another fee. They should not ask one party and not another to pay a building fee.

The motion was then put and carried.

Cr. Crispe called for a division.

For:—Crs. Braithwaite, Howse, Howe, Paterson, Allchin

Against:—Crs. Robertson, Stanlake, Crispe and Warr.

CORONATION FAIR, PRESTON.

Preston was *en fete* on Thursday, when Lady Fuller, wife of the State Governor, accompanied by her sister, Miss Phipps, and attended by Captain Curwen, visited the town for the purpose of opening the Coronation Fair in aid of the debt on the Preston Methodist Church. The day was one of beautiful sunshine, when everything looked its best and brightest. Her Excellency arrived per electric motor punctually at 3, and was received by a guard of honor consisting of 24 members of the Boy Scouts under Scoutmaster Holiday. Cr. A. Robertson, who with Mr. J. G. Membery, M.L.A., the Rev. Orlando Knee and others was on the steps of the shire hall to greet her ladyship, addressed to her a few words of welcome, on this her first visit to the shire. Lady Fuller was accompanied on the platform by Mrs. Robertson, wife of the president of the shire, Mrs. Membrey, and Mrs. Knee.

Rev. Mr. Knee, in introducing Lady Fuller to open the fair, said—

"Our church at Preston has upon it a debt of about £450, and as this is the year of our king's coronation and a season of very great prosperity the ladies of our church and congregation conceived the idea of a coronation fair to reduce that liability, with Lady Fuller as the presiding genius.

"For months past these ladies have toiled and spun most assiduously and lovingly. The result of their work can now be seen in this splendid array. I may say here that Lady Fuller's gracious acceptance of our invitation to open this fair has been a wonderful stimulus to all our workers.

"It may be of interest to know that more than 70 years ago when our preachers came to this district to conduct Divine service in the barn where our church now stands they were met at the foot of Rucker's Hill, near the Carnegie library, by Mr. Jeffray and his bullock dray, and in that fashion were conveyed to Irishtown, now Preston. [illegible] by and bye will [illegible] been six months in our midst and yet by her winsomeness and graciousness she has completely captivated the community and won all our hearts. His Excellency, Sir John Fuller, is from my own native county of Wilts, the garden of England, and he also is rapidly winning his way into our hearts and homes. In Wilts the name of Fuller is an honoured one, and we as a liberty loving people are proud of the fact that Sir John comes in a direct line from that grand old warrior and statesman, Oliver Cromwell, the man who did so much for England, Home, and Duty."

"We welcome your ladyship now for your own sake as well as that of your honoured husband, and when the time comes, as come it will, if God should spare his life, for Sir John to take his place among the Peers of the Realm, none will rejoice more heartily than the Methodists of Australia.

"I have now very great pleasure in asking your ladyship to declare our Fair open for the transaction of business, and can assure you that the ladies have decided to give good value for money received, without the aid of raffles or gambling of any kind."

Her Excellency, who spoke as a practised speaker, said:—it gives me great pleasure to be here to help the Preston Methodist Church. While we are in the State the Governor and I

THE TRAIN-WRECKERS

By Ian Grosvener.

Dorrington drove his fist with mathematical precision into Stannard's eye. Its effect proved magical. Brought up with a sharp turn, the enginedriver spun round on his heel, then, clawing frenziedly at the resistless air, sprawled sideways to the ground with heavy violence.

"That will teach you to speak civil when you're talking of Ella Wisdom, I reckon," remarked the signalman of the West Dalesworth box. "It won't pay you to come talking out of your hat. I give you my Sir Garnet! Ella is my girl now, and don't you forget it. She is marrying me a month hence, if it's any news to you. Come on; get up! I won't hit you again, unless there is any hankering after a bit more scrapping on your side. Time you took [illegible] of her siding and hitched it on to those coal waggons, isn't it? You are due out at 9.23, schedule. You've another twenty minutes to [illegible] this little dust-up if you have a mind to."

From the level of the clinker-strewn earth Stannard muttered that he did not desire to continue the fight. Swearing vengefully beneath his breath, he staggered to his feet, then, darting a look of hatred full into the signalman's face, lurched heavily away in the direction of the sun-scorched siding, where his engine stood hiccoughing in steamy life. Muttering his wrath, the driver carefully oiled the bearings of his locomotive, then, bathing a swelling eye beneath the drippings of an adjacent hydrant, climbed on to the footplate of his engine.

"Scrapping?" inquired the fireman, interestedly.

"Yus," replied Stannard, turning the starting lever half round on its ratchet as the signal arm at the end of the siding dropped. "That there Dorrington is too free and easy with his dukes to please me. I'll get even with him over this, though. I ain't the sort of chap to take a blow in the eye sitting, I give you my word!"

A determination he communicated to the signalman some ten minutes later when, with thirty coal-waggons, two brake vans, and a trio of cattle-trucks behind it, the 537 steamed laboriously past the West Dalesworth box.

Determined to cry quits with the man who had knocked him down as a reward for speaking lightly of the woman of his choice, Stannard proved in the precise frame of mind to accept an active part in any scheme which might involve Dorrington to the latter's detriment in the eyes of the company. Oddly enough, Fate, that great equation in the lives of men, afforded him the opportunity of doing so before the day had aged by more than three hours after his leaving West Dalesworth. The chance of accomplishing this was offered by a man he had known in the past and who was aware of more concerning Stannard's youth than was precisely pleasant for the engine-driver's peace of mind. The latter welcomed him with a sour enough smile of greeting.

"How's the strike going, Stannard?" he inquired, laying his hand lightly on the man's arm as the latter made as though he would have hurried past him and out of the yard's gates. "You're all coming out some time tomorrow, I hear. Is that correct?"

"Quite, Mr. Phelps," replied Stannard, almost fretfully, the while he shifted awkwardly on his feet, beneath his accoster's gaze. "We're coming out to-morrow at twelve o'clock. A good thing, too, that we are, say I. Yes, we are going to make this line hum, I give you my word! We'll all be drawing strike pay this week, unless Sir Julian Moore sees eye to eye with our leaders to-morrow morning. He's coming to London from the North to-night, to have a last powwow with his co-directors before meeting our delegates. He's due on the 5.55 through West Dalesworth, I am told."

Phelps smiled urbanely.

"Ah!" said he, reflectively. "What sort of a fellow is the signalman down there, eh?"

Stannard allowed the short cutty he smoked to fall from between his lips in sheer amazement. Smashing on the cobbles, it was allowed to lie there, whilst the engine-driver stared at his interlocutor in frank astonishment.

"I don't know what you're getting at, guv'nor," said he, in low, measured accents. "But if it's an honest opinion of the man you want, I'll give it you. He's about the almightiest rotter life was ever put into. Thunder! I'd like to slip a knife into him myself—aye, I would that, Mr. Phelps. It's the honest truth I'm telling you, too."

"No love lost between you, eh? When do you return to Dalesworth?"

"Five-eighteen; due in there at 8.29." Stannard paused, then added hotly. "No love lost between us, say you? Thunder! I reckon you'd feel the same as me if a chap had robbed you of the girl you wanted to switch on to. Knocked me down this morning, too, hang him!"

"Time for a drink, then, before you leave," said Phelps, quietly. "I want to have a serious talk with you, Stannard. It is one that will show you how to become a rich man if you know how to play your cards. I think you do, eh? I remember in the past——"

"That's gone and done with, guv'nor," snapped Stannard, sharply.

"When a past is concerned with an undiscovered crime you may be sure it is never done with," smiled Phelps, sardonically. "With what you have on your conscience, I wonder you ever had the nerve to turn honest."

"Curse you!" snarled Stannard, glancing furtively round him as he spoke. "If someone were to hear your infernal chatter they might——"

"The place is deserted," Phelps interrupted in his turn. "I am no fool, John Stannard. Also you need never fear anything from me, so long as you obey my instructions. Come, man, we will have that drink at a nice, quiet little place I know of. We shall not be disturbed, and I can show you how to lay your hands on some ready tin, and incidentally earn your revenge on this signalman friend of yours."

Flinching beneath the steady gaze to which he felt himself subjected, the driver, hunching his shoulders, tramped stolidly ahead by the side of his companion.

It was two hours later before he returned to the goods yard. To all intents and purposes he was a changed man, and as such occasioned his fireman some interest. Usually morose, Stannard, on the return journey to Dalesworth, proved almost jocose. Deeming himself wise in his generation, the latter came to the conclusion his mate's good humor was the outcome of beer, and, doing so, kept a sharper look-out on the signals than was usually his way.

Keeping his secret hugged tightly to his guilty chest, Stannard drove his engine to its destination, then, leaving the siding for his home, helped himself to a stiff glass of rum.

"Well, here's luck to you, John!" he cried, apostrophising himself the while he raised the glass aloft. "If my name is what it is, Jim Dorrington will be discovered drunk at his post and the express will pile itself into matchwood against the buffers at the end of the quarter-mile siding. Serve old Sir Julian right for sweating us poor beggars as he does. He's earned a funeral wreath over this here business. There won't be a man saved out of that smash, I reckon! An express running between sixty and seventy on a down grade will want some stopping. Love-a-duck, the coaches will be ground to powder, and we ought to have got a firm hold on the bullion before the break-down gang turns up to take charge of affairs. Money and revenge! Thunder! Phelps was right when he said I should have both on this job I shall!"

Turning in early, Stannard set his alarm in order to be aroused at five in the morning, then, getting into bed, sank into a deep and undisturbed slumber till the jangling crash of the clock's alarm-bell awoke him anew to life and action.

"Five!" he muttered, glancing casually at the clock at his side. "By this time to-night Dorrington will be a disgraced man, and—I? Well, reckon I ought to stand as good—aye, and a better chance than many with Ella Wisdom! Women usually turn towards money, and if everything pans out as Phelps says it will I should have more to offer Ella than ever that cur of a Dorrington would have had. Better hurry up, I suppose! Got to meet Phelps and the others in twenty minutes, and the express is due at 5.55. No time to be lost, by thunder there ain't!"

Bolting down his frugal breakfast, Stannard swung out of the cottage owning him as lodger, to tramp smartly down in the direction of the signal-box. On the road he had to pass the home of Ella Wisdom. Looking over the hedge separating its garden from the road, he saw that the girl had been up betimes, as a clothes-line of snowy linen testified. The sight of Ella, elbow deep in frothing soapsuds, drove the angry blood to his brow in a crimson flood.

"Morning, lass!" Stanning called his greeting out over the hedge. "Busy as ever, I see. Bit early for the kid to be up, ain't it?"

The engine-driver glanced questioningly at the girl's younger sister, seated on the ground at her side.

"Mary is wakeful these light mornings," replied Ella, shortly. "It's better to have her up than in bed when she is like that. You'll be late for your work if you hang round here, John Stannard. Best be off."

For the second time in as many minutes a dull flush of anger swept swiftly to the driver's temples.

"Best be off, had I?" he muttered, thickly, out from beneath his breath. "By thunder, but I'll be even with her for those words before the day's much older. With Dorrington out of the way, I'll be able to win her for my wife, same as I had done before that fellow came to Dalesworth. When she is my wife, I'll make her dance, as she has made me."

Muttering, Stannard walked briskly towards the wood in which he had arranged to meet Phelps, unaware, as he did so, that the peculiar expression of fury which had swept over his face on receiving his dismissal at Ella's hands had unexpectedly aroused the girl's suspicions. Intuitively, Ella suspected Stannard of some scheme which would involve her lover's ruin. Born on the edge of the railway, bred in its atmosphere, there was but little dealing with the iron track of which she remained in ignorance. Such being the case, it suddenly dawned on her that as Stannard was not due to leave West Dalesworth till 6.55, his going towards the station at that early hour was a circumstance which needed explanation to her woman's mind.

"I wonder if it has anything to do with the wrecking of the express," she exclaimed, suddenly, as, ceasing her washing, she dried her hands. "Sir Julian is an unpopular man with the strikers, and Stannard has said in my hearing that if ever the men killed him he would only have himself to blame. Yet how could he wreck the express? He couldn't place anything on the line without it being seen from the station, and if he did so through the cutting round by the bend there he would be seen from the signal-box. Oh, Heaven! Dick, I must see the end of this. I feel afraid—deadly afraid—and I don't know of what!"

Meanwhile Stannard, ignorant of what was passing in the girl's mind, had met Phelps and two other men in the cover of a wood at no great distance from the quarter-mile siding, which the quartet of scoundrels had so callously arranged would be the scene of one of the worst smashes known in the history of the iron way.

"You have twenty minutes to do the whole trick in, Stannard," remarked Phelps, calmly, on the conclusion of their criminal debate on final arrangements. "Twenty-two minutes, if the train turns up to time, the express will be piled up against the buffers yonder. The bullion will be carried in the tail brake-van, don't forget, and the motors will be waiting in the dip of the road to the left of the bend. Good-bye, and good luck to you, Stannard."

Whistling in the exuberance of his soul, Stannard passed on his way to the signal-box. Gaining the box, Stannard hailed the inmate.

"Any news about the strike, mate?" he queried. "Think the word will go round at midday for us to come out, or do you think Sir Julian will square the leaders by giving us what we want? What's the betting? Odds on?"

"Don't know," replied Dorrington, cheerfully. "I'd like us to escape the strike if it's possible. Up early to-day, aren't you?"

"Been up to the station to see if I could find out anything," retorted Stannard. "Nobody knows anything, so I came on here. Thought I'd like to square accounts with you, Dorrington. I made a fool of myself yesterday. Will you be friends, mate? I was riled, and said things I shouldn't. To-day I'm willing to say Ella has chosen the best of us two, and I wish you all luck!"

The signalman's face flushed with pleasure as the driver's halting utterances fell on his ears. Believing the apology to be a genuine one, he was only too willing to accept the olive-branch extended in his direction.

"That's all right, mate," said he, cheerily. "I guessed it was something of that sort that made you turn up rusty. Come up here, mate, and let's shake on the strength of it."

"Good!" cried Stannard. "I don't bear you no ill-will for it. Got some hot coffee here in my can. Have a drop, mate?"

"Against rules to drink anything on duty; still, I reckon I'll break them for once," laughed Dorrington.

Turning his back the better to conceal the sudden smile of triumph that wreathed his features, Stannard, bending down, picked up his pannikin, then held out his hand to its unsuspecting occupant, to take Dorrington's fingers in a grip of Judas friendship.

"Here's the coffee, mate," said he, in accents sounding strangely thick even to his own ears. "An honest drink, mind. Don't mop the lot. I want a drop or two to last me till I reach Melkington."

He laughed in a constrained fashion as, handing his companion the pannikin, he watched the latter raise it to his lips and drink deeply of its contents.

"Funny taste the stuff has got," remarked Dorrington, handing back the pannikin to its owner. "Bitter. Been stewing, hasn't it?"

"Not that I know of. I always like my drink strong, whatever it may be."

Furtively he placed the can behind him on the table at his rear, stepping back a pace as he noticed Dorrington's features suddenly assume a ghastly greyish hue. The drugged coffee had begun to take effect, he observed, with a savage satisfaction he barely took trouble to conceal. In five minutes the man should be incapable of action—impotent to save the express being turned into the deadly siding it had been arranged should be the scene of its wrecking. Five minutes, and the train was due in the section in eight.

He apparently had not been misinformed as to the potency of the drug he had employed to doctor the coffee. A savage smile of satisfaction sprang into being on his face. Its sight served to supply Dorrington with the reason of the inexplicable drowsiness that seemed to sap him of his strength.

"You dog!" he gasped, reeling up against a signal-lever as he spoke. "You've drugged me!"

The express was about to enter the section.

By a violent effort of will-power Dorrington succeeded momentarily in conquering the awful feeling of inertia creeping so swiftly over his senses. Desperately he strove to gather himself together, and, doing so, jerked himself into an upright attitude.

In a moment Stannard had flung himself at the signalman's throat. Intuitively, he realised Dorrington had in his mind to stop the express, an eventuality he was determined to prevent at all costs.

The deadly drug stood Stannard in excellent stead. Sapping the signalman of his strength, the driver was able to fling him, half-strangled and senseless, at his feet.

Smiling grimly, he hauled a lever forward in its rachet to allow the express to rush to its doom in the deadly quarter-mile siding reserved for its destruction.

"Done the trick," muttered Stannard, savagely to himself, as drawing a half-empty rum bottle from his pocket he placed it in a corner of the box. "Drunk at his post! That's what the verdict will be, and if it don't ruin him my name isn't what it is. Best clear out of this. It won't do to be caught hanging round here."

Forgetful in his haste to remove the pannikin containing the remains of the drugged coffee, Stannard crept guiltily down the cabin's steps. Like a hare he ran along the side of the track, then, doubling sharply to the right, disappeared from view amid a thicket of hazel bushes.

Swift as had been his passage, it had yet not proved rapid enough to enable him to escape observation. Arriving in sight of the box at the moment Stannard made his escape from the same, Ella followed his retreating figure till it had disappeared from view amid the belt of brushwood.

For a moment a deadly fear seemed to grip the girl's heart in its icy thrall; then, intuitively guessing Dorrington stood in need of her help, Ella darted forward towards the cabin's steps. Gaining them, she raced up their length and, pushing open the door, passed into the interior of the box.

A gasp escaped her lips as she did so. Uncertain how best to act, she stared first at the prostrate body lying at her feet and then at the lowered levers as from the distance came the shrill, echoing shriek of a locomotive's whistle. Its sound served to attract her attention to the fact that the lowered lever was painted green.

Like a flash it dawned on her that the points were set for the siding. Had she needed any corroboration of the idea, she found it in the lowered arm of the signal by the box itself. Startled by the realisation of the peril threatening the express, she sprang at the lever.

Gripping tightly hold of the steel, she was about to swing it forward on its ratchet, when, chancing to glance out of the window, she beheld a sight which appeared to freeze the blood in her veins.

Beyond the siding points, at the distance of perhaps half-a-dozen yards, her eyes fell on the figure of a child. Standing on the permanent way, between the rails which already shuddered beneath the vibration of the advancing train's wheels, she stood, bending to pluck the scarlet bloom of a pimpernel growing amid the broken granite covering the sleepers. Even as she gazed the child turned its head, to wring a cry of horror from Ella's lips as she recognised the features of her sister.

Unknown to her, the child had followed her from the cottage, and, attracted by the color of the little bloom growing on the permanent way, had resolved to cull it whilst waiting for Ella to leave the box.

The fingers holding the lever trembled in their nervous grasp on the pitiless steel. In that dread moment Ella Wisdom lived a century. She was confronted by as ghastly a problem as had ever been offered a woman to solve. There were two courses open for her to follow—one to sacrifice her sister's life and thus save the express and its living freight, the other to answer the call of affection and saved her loved one at the cost of the express and the destruction of some scores of human lives.

Palsied by horror, the girl stood motionless, great beads of sweat springing into being on the level of her ice-cold brow. Then, from near at hand, the shriek of the engine whistle broke sharply on her ear as the express roared on its way southward through the station.

The moment had come for her to decide how to act, and unflinchingly she cast the die. Pressing her hands to her head, she moaned the anguish of her soul in a despairing cry; then, gripping the lever with both hands, thrust it boldly upwards on its ratchet.

By the box the second signal arm dropped, signifying the main line was clear for the passage of the express.

Effacing self, she had resolved to obey the call of duty, and in so doing save the express at the cost of her sister's life.

Shuddering, she clung to the lever, then burst into a storm of hysterical sobs as she observed the child, still unconscious of the danger threatening it, cross the rail into the safety afforded by the bank of the siding.

Swaying, Ella Wisdom sprang round on her heel, to fall crashing to the ground in a dead faint as the express, unaware of the danger that had so lately threatened it, thundered southwards past the box at sixty miles an hour.

A quarter of an hour later Dorrington's relief arrived, and he, taking in the situation from a careful weighing of the girl's disjointed tale, telephoned to the station for help to carry the senseless man to his home.

At the inquiry the board, whilst censuring Dorrington for having disobeyed the rules of the company, yet exonerated him from all blame in view of his fiancée's resource. To her the company expressed its gratitude by a presentation of a purse containing fifty guineas, "For the saving of the mail, and for enabling Sir Julian to reach town in time to stop the threat ned strike."

So far as Stannard himself was concerned, no trace was ever discovered. Like Phelps and his two associates, he had disappeared as completely and entirely as dew before the sun.

THE REWARD OF "CHEEK."

An Officer Wins a Daring Wager.

Paul I., the eccentric Czar of Russia, assassinated in 1801, was very particular as to his dress, and considered trifling matters as of supreme importance. This peculiarity was once taken advantage of by an officer of the Guards, Major Vaksel, to win a wager. The major, the joker of the army, had bet several hundred roubles that he would tweak the tail of the Emperor's wig on parade.

The next day the Emperor happened to be present at early parade, and, as chance would have it, took position for a moment immediately in front of the daring major. Breathless with excitement and terror, Vaksel's companions beheld that rash officer's right hand steal slowly from his side, rise to the level of the Czar's neck, and give the wig's hanging tail a most decided tweak.

In an instant the Emperor's face, pale with fury, was turned upon Vaksel's countenance, which, however, reflected only an expression of childlike innocence, mingled with the most deferential astonishment. "Who dared do that?" demanded the enraged Czar, his eyes flashing evidence that his most dangerous mood was upon him.

"I did, your Majesty," said Vaksel, who, however his heart may have fluttered, managed to preserve outwardly unruffled calm, together with an expression of innocent surprise. "It was crooked, your Majesty," he added in a confidential undertone, "and I straightened it for fear the younger officers should see it."

Paul's countenance cleared at once. He stared fixedly, however, at Vaksel's innocent-looking face for some seconds. Vaksel admitted afterwards that this was the trying moment; but he had said to himself, "If I waver, I am lost!"

Then the Czar spoke, and spoke so that all might hear: "I thank you, colonel!" If ever a step in rank were gained by purest effrontery, it was so acquired on this occasion, and Vaksel left the field not only promoted to a coveted position in the Guards, but richer by many hundred roubles as the result of the wager.

The Widow was Surprised.

There was a dramatic development in a breach of promise case heard at Leeds Assizes. When the name of Mary Taylor, of Sheffield, described as a widow, who sued Mr. John Kramer, of the same town, for breach of promise to marry, was called, the lady was not in court.

There was a pause for a minute or two, then Mr. Kramer's counsel made a surprising announcement. "If the lady is not here," he said, "her husband is!" "What?" exclaimed the Judge, when the laughter had ceased. "That is very awkward for me," said the barrister who represented Mrs. Taylor. At this moment Mrs. Taylor arrived, and was at once confronted with the man. "I believe it is my husband," she said, after scrutinising him carefully. "I have not seen him for eighteen years, and I did not think he was alive," on which the case was, of course, dismissed.

Just His Luck.

The lady bather had got into a hole, and she couldn't swim. Nor could the young man at the pier head, but when she came up for the first time, he caught sight of her face and shrieked: "Help!"

A burly fisherman sauntered to his side.

"Wot's hup?" he hoarsely inquired.

"My wife! Drowning! I can't swim! Twenty pounds for you if you save her!"

In a moment the fisherman was in the sea. In another moment he was out of it with the rescued lady. Swelling with expectation he approached the young man again. "Well, wot 'bout that ther' twenty quid?' he asked. But the young man's face, pale before, became ashen grey as he gazed upon the features of the recovering dame.

"Y-e-s, I know!" he gasped. "But when I made the offer I thought it was my wife who was drowning, and now—now it turns out it was my wife's mother!"

The fisherman's jaw dropped.

"Just my bloomin' luck!" he muttered, thrusting his hand into his breeches pocket. "'Ow much do I owe yer, guv'nor?"

Fine Talker.

"I like the look of this parrot," said the lady who had stepped into the bird-shop. "Is he a good talker?" The proprietor replied that the bird was an excellent talker, and it was evident the customer was favorably impressed.

"What is your price for him?" she asked.

The man had noticed the rich apparel worn by his customer, and he judged that there was a chance to make a little "easy money" at the expense of one who would never miss it.

"Two pounds," he said, with just the slightest possible hesitation.

"One pound, madam," instantly croaked the parrot.

The lady looked at the proprietor, who had turned red.

"He certainly is a fine talker," she said, "and he also seems to have good sense. I am willing to take him at his own valuation. Do I get him for that?"

"You do," answered the man, sadly.

A Gallant Compliment.

At a dinner recently a very pretty compliment was paid to a well-known actress.

The actress wore a harem skirt of a new flame color, and one of the guests said to her:

"It is pretty. And what an odd color it is! Tell me the name of the color."

"Flamme de Vesuve—flame of Vesuvius," the actress answered.

"Be jabbers," was the reply, "ye make a vurry purty crater!"

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat her fill;
She had a bird's-wing on her hat,
And Jack—he had the bill.

TRAPPED.

By Walter C. Morgan.

"You must marry him."

"I shall not."

"Robena!"

"I don't care, Uncle George. It's too bad that you should try to dispose of me in this fashion. I don't know this Mr. What's-his-name. I have never even seen him since I was a mere child. I don't love him, and I'll not marry him. I'll die first!"

"Robena, you are——"

But pretty, fair-haired Robena Gray had fled, leaving her grey-haired old Uncle George to stamp and bluster in solitude. With all the grace and agility of healthy youth she ran along the gravelled path, past the neat flower-beds, out through the gate, and along the road for a hundred yards or more; then, feeling that she was safe from pursuit, she slackened her pace and walked along soberly, thoughtful, yet still defiant.

What a sweet little creature she was, and how charmingly saucy she looked with her dainty little chin held rebelliously high, her sun-kissed cheeks flushed with healthful exercise, and her loosely-coiled hair gleaming in the sun like a crown of burnished gold! Her attire was plain, yet extremely neat and decidedly becoming. Her beauty needed no costly setting. She was perfect just as she stood, in her simple dress—a child of nature.

"I'll never marry him!" she declared, as she walked slowly along the grass at the side of the road. "I would not marry him if he were a king!"

The utterance of this decided statement seemed to ease her mind, for the determined expression of her face relaxed somewhat, and then the smile that seemed to be ever lurking at the corners of her pretty mouth expanded the trembling lips, and she gave a little cry of delight as she spied a great bed of blue wood-violets that had reared their pretty heads above the short grass in a corner of the old rail fence.

"Oh, you beauties!" she exclaimed. "It's really too bad to disturb you, but I must. Uncle George loves you as much—or nearly as much—as I do. I must pick you for him. How pleased he'll be!"

Already she had forgotten the recent dispute. Her love for her uncle was not to be banished by a circumstance so trivial. She was upon her knees, busily picking the sweet spring flowers, when she again heard her uncle's voice:

"Robena!"

She was on her feet in an instant.

"I declare he is coming after me! How obstinate he is! I must run for it."

She slipped through a gap in the fence in a twinkling, and ran across a broad, green meadow, still pursued by the sound of her uncle's voice. On the other side of the meadow was a thick wood, that sloped gradually down to the river's edge. Robena plunged through the tangled bushes; then, as she reached a point where the bank sloped almost perpendicularly, she lost her foothold and crashed down for a dozen feet or more over the dry leaves and brush. So sudden was her descent that a young man, who was seated on a mossy hillock at the very edge of the bank, and was gazing placidly upon the blue waters of the river, had not even time to ascertain the cause of the commotion behind him before Robena fell against him and toppled him over into the stream.

Robena clutched wildly at the root of a tree and saved herself from a like fate. She was on her feet in a moment, and at once turned to see what had become of the young man. He had just emerged from the water, and stood for a moment with streams flowing from his clothing. Not unnaturally, he looked angry.

"Are—are you wet?" ventured Robena.

"Am I wet?" growled the young man, glancing ruefully at what a moment before had been a new spring suit. "Perhaps you imagine that a man can grovel at the bottom of the river and come up dry."

"I'm really awfully sorry," said Robena, trying very hard to suppress a strong desire to laugh at the young man's woeful countenance.

"You ought to be," he said, gruffly, but with a humorous twinkle in his handsome, dark eyes; "only you don't look it. What was it struck me?"

"To borrow a line from the poet, it was 'I, sir, rolling rapidly,'" responded Robena.

"It was—eh? I thought it was an avalanche. What are you laughing at? That joke of yours was perpetrated long before you were born, I assure you. It was weak, even in its earliest days, but now——"

"I'm not laughing at the joke; I'm laughing at—you," Robena managed to say, between her bursts of merriment.

"Thanks. I daresay my predicament is, to a certain extent, comical to others, but it's rather a damper to my spirits, to say the least of it."

"I beg your pardon!" said Robena, flushing a little; "but you do look so funny. Ha! ha! ha!"

Robena's merry laughter was infectious, and soon the deeper notes of the stranger's voice were blended with hers, and the woods rang with their laughter.

"Perhaps," he said, "now that you have had your laugh out, you will be good enough to take me home with you and induce your brother to lend me a suit of clothes till I dry mine."

"I have no brother."

"Then I'll stand before the fire till I'm dry. I can't walk back to the hotel in this plight. It's at least four miles from here to Derringham."

"Yes," said Robena, hesitatingly, "I'll take you home, and Uncle George will be able to fix you up all right. But he's awfully angry with me, and I'm almost afraid to go back. I ran away from him, you see."

"You seem an extraordinary young woman. I suppose he was going to chastise you."

"Chastise me! I'd like to see him try it."

"So should I. The spectacle would afford me infinite pleasure, and at the same time do you a world of good. However, if you take me home with you I'll try to forgive you."

"And if Uncle George is still angry, you'll speak a good word for me, won't you?"

"My dear young lady, I have already risked life and limb by standing between you and a watery grave, so you need not be afraid that I shall flinch before the stern wrath of your uncle. But I must know something of your case if I am to defend you. What mischief have you been up to?"

"Well," said Robena, blushing furiously, "I think I'll tell you, as you have promised to side with me. He—he wants me to marry a man I never saw—that is, I have never seen since we were children. He is the son of Uncle George's old friend. In fact, he is named after Uncle George. His name is George McBride."

Robena was walking ahead, picking her way through the thick bushes, and he was following as best he could. She did not, therefore, see the peculiar expression of surprise and delight that suddenly overspread the stranger's features.

"It was decided long ago that when we grew up we should marry," continued Robena; "and now the time has come."

"A very pretty arrangement. And you object."

"Of course I do. I hate him!"

"That's bad. But why do you hate him?"

"Oh, I don't know that I hate him exactly, for I really know nothing about him. But, of course, he is horrid."

"Quite likely. You can depend on my support. I'll talk to your uncle quietly, and I venture to say that you need not marry this obnoxious young man unless you wish to."

"Thank you, Mr. ——"

"Richards. You can call me Mr. Richards."

"And my name is Robena Gray. But here is the house, and my uncle is at the door. Really, Mr. Richards, I can hear your teeth chatter. You are positively frightened."

"Frightened! I am not frightened. I am cold. Your teeth would chatter, too, if you had been dumped in the river."

"You are quite sure you are not afraid of Uncle George?"

"Quite sure. I'll go ahead and square things up for you."

Uncle George looked very stern, but Mr. Richards, undismayed, went up to him, and they had a short conversation, which Robena, who stood at a distance, could not overhear. It ended in the two men shaking hands very cordially. Then they both entered the house.

Presently Uncle George appeared at the door.

"Come in, Robena," he said, mildly, and she obeyed. "Mr. Richards has gone upstairs to change his clothes. You had better see about getting something nice for supper; but, remember, no flirting. We'll say nothing more about your proposed marriage for the present."

Robena kissed him and hurried off to give directions for supper.

The meal was a very pleasant one to her and to Mr. Richards. Uncle George, if he heard any of the whispered words or caught any of the meaning glances that were interchanged between the two, gave no sign. After supper, Mr. Richards bade Uncle George good-night, and before leaving succeeded in getting a few words with Robena.

"I must see you again," he whispered. "May I come?"

"Yes," she answered; "but it must be to see Uncle George."

"Oh, of course! Good-night, Robena!"

"Good-night!"

She watched his tall form as he walked out upon the road under the stars, and her heart went with him. He called again the next day and the next. Then Uncle George put a stop to it.

"I have told Mr. Richards to keep away from here," he said to Robena. "You are the promised wife of George McBride, and as such cannot receive Mr. Richards' attentions."

But the lovers found a way, as lovers always will. They met in the quiet woods, and took long walks through the green fields and along the riverside. Then Robena's conscience smote her.

"I cannot meet you again, George," she said—she had learned to call him by his first name. "I will not deceive Uncle George any more. It is wicked, and I am ashamed of myself."

"But you love me, Robena?"

"Yes."

"Then I will see your uncle to-morrow. I will tell him that I want you for my wife."

Robena shook her golden head sadly.

"He will never consent," she said.

"We shall see."

True to his word, Mr. Richards called the following day, and had a private conversation. The interview was a stormy one. Robena could hear their voices raised high in anger, and presently Mr. Richards came out of the room with a clouded brow.

"Meet me to-night, Robena, at the old place. It is for the last time. Will you come?" he hurriedly said, in a low tone.

She whispered "Yes," and he was gone.

Uncle George soon made his appearance.

"Richards had the impudence to tell me he wants to marry you!" he said gruffly. "Of course, I refused him. Your future husband will be here tomorrow, and I expect you to receive him cordially."

Robena made no answer, but inwardly she vowed she would never yield to her uncle's wishes. At night she stole out of the house and ran rapidly down the road to the usual trysting-place, where her lover was impatiently awaiting her.

"Your uncle would not yield," he said, "so we shall have to do without his consent. You must marry me, darling. I have the marriage license, and we will be married at Derringham tomorrow morning. You must slip out and meet me here at ten o'clock. I will have a carriage ready, and we will drive over to Derringham together."

"I will marry you; but—I wish Uncle George would consent."

True to her tryst, Robena was at the meeting-place next morning, at the time appointed, to meet her lover, and together they drove over to Derringham.

Everything was in readiness at the church, and the marriage service was gone through.

After the register had been signed in the vestry and witnessed by the clerk and pew-opener, they passed out together, to find, to Robena's astonishment, Uncle George awaiting them, clad in his best, with his face wreathed in smiles. After grasping the groom heartily by the hand, he hugged Robena.

"What does this mean, uncle?" she gasped.

"It means," said Uncle George, his face beaming with smiles, "that, like a dutiful child, you have married the man I selected for you. He is George Richard McBride. The wish of my heart is gratified."

Robena looked up into the face of her handsome husband.

"You have been trapped, my darling," he said; "but you'll never regret it."

And she never did.

Two ladies were being shown through the County Lunatic Asylum. As they entered a ward, one turned to the other and said:

"I wonder if that clock is right?"

An inmate standing near overheard her, and instantly replied:

"No! It wouldn't be here if it was!"

SEMI-DETACHED HARMONY.

Tootleboom Next Door to Lunacy Through the Piano Next Door

"If that piano don't stop there'll be a funeral in this road!" howled Archibald Tootleboom. "There it goes again—tinkle, tinkle, tum, tum; tinkle, tinkle, tum, tum! Demi-semi-quavers! D'ye think I'm going to live next door to a jingle-jangle like that all my life, Mrs. Tootleboom?"

"It certainly sounds much louder," said Amelia, placidly, "now that we have the windows open in the evenings——"

"Then shut 'em up, my dear—nail 'em up! Padlock 'em! Pull down the venetians and let's see if we can hear our clock ticking. D'ye think I'm going to pay forty pounds a year to be linked up with a non-stop hurdy-gurdy, Mrs. Tootleboom?"

"Really, Archibald, you should have thought of all that before you took the house——"

"Oh, yes, of course, that's it!" Archibald snorted. "S'pose I ought to squint through a lump of crystal so as to see things before they happen. S'pose I ought to have known three months beforehand that the Slimmines were going to dash two shillings a week on octaves of trouble. I tell you I won't stand it, Mrs. Tootleboom. Don't talk to me."

Mrs. Tootleboom hadn't opened her lips, and as she seemed determined not to open them, Archie filled his fountain pen with venom and used up nearly a quire of notepaper in a fiery letter to the editor of the "Slowborne Mercury." But, alas! that dignitary was suffering from great pressure on his space, owing to a severe outbreak of church bazaars, petty sessions, rate assessments and other local galeties, so that all Archie got for his trouble was the following illuminating paragraph in the "Correspondence Corner":—

Indignant Neighbor.—Various methods are recommended for deadening the sound of a piano. One excellent plan is to remove the player.

"Meant to be funny, I s'pose!" snarled Archibald as he read it. "Remove the— By George! though, there's something in that removing idea, all the same. I can't remove the player—the jury mightn't look at it in the proper light; but what's the matter with removing the piano?"

That night Mr. Trykord, of the Slowborne pianoforte works, had the pleasure of conducting Mr. Archibald Tootleboom around his premises, and of booking a satisfactory order for Hope Cottage.

This settled, Archibald craftily led the conversation round to the subject of poor piano-playing, especially by next-door neighbors. He then talked of the position of the piano trade in general, and from this he passed easily to the subject of the grave risks run by piano dealers who let out instruments on hire to all and sundry without due inquiry as to their clients' financial standing.

At this point a light seemed to break in upon Mr. Trykord's mind. He turned aside for a moment with his hand over his mouth; and then—possibly to conceal his agitation—he took down a ledger and looked up the name of Slimmins; then extracted some correspondence from a file and ran through it with a curious twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"Of course, you know your own business best, my dear sir," Toot proceeded suavely. "It isn't for me to advise you, but a friendly word of warning, you know, is never out of place, eh? See what I mean? A nudge is as good as a thump on the back, and sometimes a darned sight better. When people are behind with the butcher and milk and have to keep changing their grocer, and when you see a new baker at the gate each week—well, it's pretty clear those people can't afford high-class pianos like yours—now isn't it, Mr. Trykord?"

Archibald left the shop amid a perfect crescendo of grateful compliments from the maker of the next-door and other pianos, and on going out into the street he narrowly escaped a collision with Slimmins, who was just going in.

"Hang it! that's spoilt it all!" breathed Tootleboom. "He's gone in to pay his instalment."

But morning brought a reassuring vision. The heavy rumbling of wheels aroused Archibald at an early hour. He peered from his window and rubbed his eyes at what he saw. A pianoforte van, inscribed with "Trykord and Co.," was outside Slimminses' gate.

Quickly as the men from Trykord's worked, Archibald dressed himself still quicker, and was downstairs executing a graceful dance of triumph on the front lawn as the hated next-door piano was carried to the waiting van.

"Didn't I work that splendidly?" he chortled to Amelia as he departed for the City. "Trust your little Archibald to get there every time when it's a question of diplomacy. Look up 'diplomatist' in your pocket dictionary my love, and also have a glance at 'tact' and 'sagacity,' and when you've got the meaning of all those words you'll understand the kind of family you've married into!"

Off he went in high feather, but when he came home again poor Archie had one of the shocks of his life.

Once more a piano van was drawn up at the house next door, but this time an import instead of an export transaction was taking place, and the windows were full of Slimminses proudly watching the inward progress of a glossy "bijou grand" that looked as though it would make ten times more noise than the "cottage" it was intended to supplant.

"Dinner ready?" grunted Archibald, striding indoors. "Hallo! whatcher porin' over a dictionary for, 'Melia?"

Very sweetly Mrs. Tootleboom was proceeding to explain she had been seeking the meanings of "blunderer," "failure," "disappointment," and a few other words, so as to get some idea of the characteristics of the Tootleboom family, when crash! the first chord was struck upon the piano next-door, and throughout dinner Archie and Amelia were treated to a wild orgie of harmony that filled the air and made the dishes and things rattle.

"I'll music him!" Tootleboom gasped. "Wait till you see the gramophone I've got coming home. If I don't go one better than that piano you can call me a chimpanzee. Oh, it isn't half a gramophone."

He was right—it wasn't. It was more like a gramophone and a half. The trumpet alone was as big round as Archibald's principal flower-bed and when this was carefully propped out of the window in the direction of Slimminses' establishment it gave out a tornado of sound that would have broken the eardrums of any ordinary family. But it only moved the Slimminses to ecstasy. They were gluttons for music. Instantly they started their piano to work on the same compositions as the gramophone. True, the two didn't always keep place with one another. Sometimes the gramophone was a bar or two ahead; sometimes the piano won handsomely; but the massed effect was Homeric, and the people at the uttermost ends of Slowborne stared at one another and asked what special kind of cyclone had struck the peaceful town.

. . . .

"Mumford," said Archie to that man of ideas, "this is killing me. Something's got to be done or I shall die of pianofortitis. Can't you think of some way of silencing that beastly instrument?"

"Why not buy it?" Mumford suggested.

"Wha-a-t! Do you think I want to turn Hope Cottage into a music shop. Haven't I got enough of that already? What with Amelia's piano and the one the kids practise upon, to say nothing of the music from the nursery——"

"I could do with a new piano myself," said his friend musingly.

"You could? Then buy it, Mum, buy it! Here, I'll tell you what: Give the beast ten pounds profit on his deal, and I'll make it up to you. Do this for me, Mumford, and I—I'll scratch from the billiard handicap and give you a walk-over—there!"

Three days later the thing was done. The bijou grand left the house next door never to return. At the same time Mumford delivered to Mr. Slimmins a mysterious brown paper parcel of great bulk, and then burst in upon the Tootlebooms with a whoop of triumph.

"All settled, Toot!" he chortled; "and I made a better deal of it than ever I hoped. You know that old trombone I took for a debt? Well, old Slimmins took a fancy to it—anything in the music line suits him—and I got the old buffer to take it in part payment for the piano! Why, Toot, my old warhorse, what's the matter?"

"You—you—you blithering idiot!" spluttered his grateful friend. "Hear that? D you hear that, you inferior nincompoop?"

No one within a radius of five miles could help hearing it. The deep, sonorous note of Mr. Slimmins's newest vehicle of harmony had a peculiar power of penetration. The long brazen arm was thrust out of the window of Slimmins's front room for greater freedom of movement, and as Mr. Slimmins slowly ground out the opening bars of "Beautiful Garden of Roses," Archibald reeled back in the direction of an arm-chair, missed his aim, and settled dejectedly in the coal vase.

THE ORIGIN OF COINAGE.

The first coins are stated to have been those of Croesus, King of Lydia, who issued gold and silver coins in the years 560 to 546 B.C. This statement, however, ignores the story of the Greek money struck in the island of Aegina by Phidon, King of Argos, in the ninth century before the Christian era. Previous to this, spikes of silver were used as the medium of exchange. The smallest coin was called an obolus, and is famous as the piece of money put into the mouth of the dead to pay the ferryman of the Styx Charon. About six of these silver spikes made a handful; hence the next coin was called a drachma, which in Greek means a handful. The word is retained in our drachm, as a weight.

The Myth.

I have lived in many regions
In my pilgrimage on earth,
And of people I've known legions;
Found them all of goodly worth.

Foolish folk, and proud and fearful;
Beggars, princes, millionaires;
Saints and sinners; joyful, tearful,
Puffed with pride; beset with cares.

Men of every rank and station,
Up and down the world I've met;
But—I say it with elation—
I've not met a bad one yet!

MEN!

By Our Pet Pessimist.

Some men are like—
Gramophones—All talk.
Footballs—Made to be kicked.
Eggs—Not always what they seem.
Chairs—Want sitting on.
Finger Posts—Point the way, but never go themselves.

An Irishman with one side of his face badly swollen stepped into Dr. Wieton's office and inquired if the dentist was in.

"I am the dentist," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I want ye to see what's the matter wid me tooth."

The doctor examined the offending molar, and explained:

"The nerve is dead; that's what's the matter."

"Thin, be the powers!" the Irishman exclaimed, "the other teeth must be houldin' a wake over it!"

"What does the man do over there at the desk who seems to be working so hard?"

"He checks the cash."

"And what does the man do who is leaning back in the easy chair smoking?"

"Oh, he cashes the cheques."

"Pa, what's tetanus?"

"Oh, he was a Roman Senator or something—I forget just what. Now don't bother me any more."

"At any rate," said a woman, as she looked at three children under four years of age, all crying as loud as they could, "I am not an old maid."

Walter: What will you have, sir?

Customer (looking at the bill of fare): Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognised property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to join, and——"

"Walter: Hash for one!

Gracie (heroically) Arthur and I have promised to stand by each other.

Pa: You're sitting on the sofa by each other every time I pass the parlor door.

Lawyer: The cross-examination did not seem to worry you. Have you had any previous experience?

Client: Yes; I have six children!

"Missus Mulcahy, Oi see be th' papers Danny's been discharged from prison," observed Mrs. O'Hooligan.

"Yis," sighed Mrs. Mulcahy. "Danny niver could hold any koind of a job.'

Constance: Is it an engagement?

Clare (with a new ring): No; just a skirmish.

A good way to whiten clothes which have become a bad color is to put two or three slices of lemon in the copper with the clothes. The rind should be left on. They will make the clothes much whiter, and will remove all the stains from pocket handkerchiefs, children's pinafores, etc.

A most valuable disinfectant is made by mixing one pennyworth of permagranate of potash with one quart of water. This quantity will last for six months in use in any household.

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some effort to get rid of them.

It seems as though the only way left for a young man to rise in the world is by investing £6000 in an aeroplane.

You don't need a very complete list of funny stories to amuse a girl who is gifted with pretty teeth.

Courage in excess becomes foolhardiness; affection, weakness; thrift, avarice.

A man's ideal woman is simply one who believes everything he tells her.

Few men can look themselves over and give their faults a fair hearing.

Want is the deadliest and surest of human tempters.

If your liver doesn't work, you won't.

Thief and Heiress

By LILIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON,
Author of "The Lost Millionaire," "The Miscreant's Wife," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"Don't Tell Him!"

She moved as if she would go on, but the woman still stood in the way with folded arms.

"You're not going to quit this till we've come to an arrangement," she said, boldly. "Let's have it out. I can see, though Jim doesn't, that you don't mean to have anything to do with us. He's kept on all along that you'd do anything for us, but I know girls better than he does. I don't suppose you will take us in at the Castle. Nobody would. But you've got to pay us a good big sum down, or we'll give you away and tell it out in the papers who you were before you was a great lady. How'll it read, do you think, in big head-lines in the ha'penny papers, 'Story of a Thief?'"

Juliette had quailed before her. The woman saw it—saw the white lips, the hand that shook—and she pressed home her advantage.

"Come, what'll you pay not to have it made the talk of the place, my lady? nobody knows now, hey? No, I should not suppose they would. What'll you give for us to keep our mouths shut?"

"Ju's not going to round on old pals," [illegible] wheedle. "She's going to give us a 'ome, same as we did herself."

"You shut up, Jim Ricketts! She isn't the fool she was. You can see that easy. But she's got to do something, or we'll split on her. She knows that well enough."

Juliette had her head up now, and her eyes were angry. "It's blackmailing," she said indignantly. "You can be punished for it. There's not a person in the country would believe you—do you for a minute imagine it? Nobody would listen to you! But they would send you to prison again for trying to extort money from me. You must be very foolish not to know that. Your word! Who would believe it? The story is the most insane anybody ever tried to invent. You would only be laughed at for your pains—and you would be heavily punished. It's a penal offence. If you had come to me differently—if you had asked for help for what you showed me of kindness once, I might have listened. I would have given you something, perhaps. But to come like this! to threaten, to browbeat, it is too abominable! I shall do nothing for you—nothing! Don't dare to come near the place again or I'll give orders to have you arrested, and the magistrates will make short work of you. It is disgraceful!"

Mrs. Ricketts was scarlet with fury. She would have broken in with a retort, but that Ricketts scrambled to his feet and caught her arm.

"Don't you waste breath!" he said, coolly. "If the missus won't hear reason, perhaps the master will. If I don't make any mistake, that's 'im, now, riding out of the gate along yonder. We can go to him just as easy. 'E'll 'ave a kinder 'eart."

Juliette, with a swift fear, turning quickly, saw in the distance, riding out through the little gate from the stables Ronaleyn on his grey mare. Her heart shook with terror as her eyes fell on him afar off. In a moment the old terror of the two before her overcame all her self-control—all her reason.

"Oh," she cied wildly, clasping her hands together, "don't tell him—don't tell him! I will give you what you want!"

Ricketts gave a gleeful chuckle. "I thought that'd bring her to her knees!" he said. "So 'e don't know, don't 'e? Why, my stars and blazes!" staring in astonishment. "Of all the starts I ever see! So that's it! So that's it, is it?" He went off into a lot of silent laughter that doubled him like two boards with a hinge to them.

His wife scowled angrily. "What's the nonsense now?"

And Ricketts, as if he had never heard a joke more ravishing, spluttered out, through bursts of smothered laughter, "Lor' blame me!"

They were hidden by the thick little grove of hawthorns. Juliette saw that, after one fearful glance at the mare and her rider, Ronaleyn could not see them. Yet her agony of apprehension did not lessen. If he should see—if he should turn! If he should ride back for anything!

Ricketts was still consumed with delight at his own joke. He rolled to and fro on the path.

"The chap 'imself!" he said delightedly. "'Im as you took the coupons from, and as caught you in the hact! And he doesn't know it! You haven't confided in 'im that little affair, eh? Don't tell 'im! Oh, Lor', 'ere's a go, isn't it? Talk of poeterical justice! I never did see!" And again he silently roared. "Don't tell 'im! And what are you goin' to give us down to keep our mouths shut? Seems to me it's worth your while, Ju!"

The mare and her rider passed down the road at a gallop; every minute carried them further and further away. Juliette held her breath till she saw them grow to a speck, then vanish. Then she turned on the two beside her like a trapped creature brought to bay. She snatched her purse from her pocket, and poured out into her hand all the money it held. There was a little heap of gold on her palm, and the silver ran over, and some fell to the ground.

Jim stooped and picked it up swiftly, and slipped it coolly into his own pocket.

She held out her hand with an indignant gesture. "Take it!" she said. "Take every bit of it. And then go from this place out of the neighborhood, away from my sight. Never let me see either of you any more. If you try to come back or to extort money from me in any way I will hand you over to the police for blackmailing. Who would believe your wild, impossible story? You know no one would. You would be thrown into prison again, that's all. Take the money and go. It more than pays you for all that you did for me. Pays! Who is to pay me for what you tried to make of me, for the thing you forced me to do that I can never forget—that was not my crime, but yours, because you forced me into it? Go, go!" She stood there with her eyes flaming and her hand pointing down the path.

Mrs. Ricketts, all her brazen effrontery gone, started to obey her. Jim lingered for a minute, while he jingled the coins into his pocket.

"Garn!" he said. "Of all the ungrateful little vixens! And no thanks to you for the oof; I'd have nipped it out of your pocket as tidy as winkin' if you hadn't handed it out. You call yourself a lady, and round on your pals like that! I'm ashamed of you!"

But she stood and waved her hand with another imperious gesture, and he, too, shambled off.

Not till she had seen them cross the last open bit of path towards the village did her eyes cease to flash with anger, or her erect figure relax. Then, suddenly, she sank on her knees on the grass by the path, and bowed her head against the hand-rail of the little bridge, feeling sick and giddy, with the trampled roses and the little broken basket strewed about.

Oh, those ghosts from her past! Oh, that threat to betray her! Oh, the sudden terror at the danger that yawned in a gulf at her feet! When she thought how thin the barrier had been between the loss of Ronaleyn's love and respect and the tongues of those people, her heart was sick, sick. A chance crossing of their path, and he might have had it all revealed to him. She got up presently, with her knees sinking, and went slowly back to the house. But at least they had gone from her way now, those two ugly spectres of the past. They would not dare to return after what she had said. They knew as well as she did that no one would believe so wild a story as they threatened to make public, and that they dared not tell it, since it incriminated themselves.

It was not the fear of disgrace or shame from outside opinion that kept that crimson in her cheeks, or made her heart swell so. It was the bringing back with such sharpness that she was spending her life in the effort to forget and cast behind her. It was that that cut her so. Oh, to have no dark corners in the heart that Ronaleyn trusted! Oh, to be able to return his smile without a qualm!

The thing we call remorse rose and lashed her with its whips of scorpions. If she had told him before they married! Then he would have been free to take back his offer of his love to her.

But she got back her mastery of herself as she walked back to the Castle. When she came in at the side door from the terrace presently there was no trace of agitation in her.

She went to her boudoir, with the painted ceiling of Cupids and the blue silk panels and the many mirrors, and she rang and ordered another basket to be made ready and taken down to the girl in the village. "I had an accident with the one I started with," she said with a smile.

Brabazon was not home to lunch. It was almost dinner-time when he came riding up through the gate where the old disused, rusty portcullis hung. He crossed the hall, where the tea-table still stood, and Juliette sat beside it. She always waited to give him his tea, even if he were late. He came up and kissed her, but he shook his head when she would have sent for a fresh brew.

"No, thanks, I don't want any."

"Why, Ronny? You haven't had it? What's the matter with you?"

"There is nothing at all the matter," he said. "Nothing at all."

But he stood for a moment or two looking at her with eyes whose expression she could not see, though she leant back in her low chair to look up at him.

"It is late for tea, isn't it, now?"

And then he walked off upstairs to dress, and she watched him go up the long staircase with a curious pang at her heart. Oh, how dreadful a thing was conscience. Always encircling one's path with terrors. Ronaleyn could not even come in later than she expected him, could not refuse the tea he was always so eager for without her wondering what was the matter—wondering to herself if he would be like this if he knew she were the thief he had urged to live honest, and who had cowered beneath his kindness!

There were people dining with them to-night. She must go up now and dress too. She had lingered so long, hoping for him to come in, that it was late. And, with an absent mind, she was starting for the stairs when she remembered that she had not given the housekeeper the money she had asked for that morning. She went back to her boudoir writing-table, unlocked a drawer, and took out a roll of sovereigns.

When she got upstairs her maid was already waiting with the question, "Which frock, please, ma'am?" and in the haste of dressing before the first carriage should come, she had not much time for anything else.

She broke the roll of sovereigns open and sat at the dressing-table and counted some out.

"Take those to Mrs. Mowler, Elise, when you go down," she said; "she knows what the money is for."

She had meant to put the rest of the broken roll into her drawer and lock it, but she forgot that, too, to-night. When she stood up before the glass, a beautiful apparition in her primrose satin and old lace, with the flashing diamonds on, she heard the first warning crunch of the gravel in the avenue and the roll of wheels, and she stopped for nothing more of fear she should be late.

She hurried down to greet her dinner-guests, and Elise left the room with all the lights on in her anxiety to crane over the staircase and see who arrived. When she remembered the money for Mrs. Mowler she went off to deliver it in haste, and in the housekeeper's room she stayed chatting while dinner was being carried into the dining-hall, instead of going back to the mistress's room to put away the things she had used in dressing. There would be time enough.

And so it was that there was no one in the charming bedroom or the dressing-room beyond, where all the electric lights blazed like daylight, when a foot came along the corridor, a noiseless step, and someone, seeing the door open, went softly inside.

There, on the dressing-table, lay a broken paper roll, and from it ran a tiny golden stream of money. It gleamed and glistened on the white lace of the dressing-table cover, where the silver of combs and brushes and trinkets shone chastely white.

Someone came a little nearer to look at all that careless, lavish abundance strewn out like so much water, lingered, bent still nearer. Then there was a soft rush from the room, and flying steps that sounded light down the corridor, and the room still lay silent and empty and deserted but for the white lights and the many flowers. They could have told a story if they could but have spoken; but they had no tongues to speak.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Do Any of Us Know the Temptation?"

People stayed late that evening. There was a very clever little amateur actress staying with the Cloudsleys, who had brought her with them, and she was induced, in the drawing-room after dinner, to give some recitations and songs. When people woke to the fact that it was half an hour later than they had meant to stay, there was a general departure. They all went off with laughter and apologies. Mrs. Brabazon looked tired to death. She would never ask them again.

To tell the truth, Juliette was very tired. The excitement of the morning had its effect now, and her husband watched her with tender solicitude as she met him half-way across the drawing-room when he came back from his last journey through the hall to go with Mrs. Stanton to her carriage. He put his arm round her as she reached him, and looked down at her gravely.

"You're too done up, Julie. We won't have any more of this kind of thing just now."

"Perhaps not just now," she answered him, with a smile that was a trifle wan, and he went with her to the staircase, and up it, and helped her to the door of her own room. Elise was there, and there was short work with the undressing. Juliette was thankful to get to bed.

She roused herself when her husband's voice spoke to her presently, as he came in from his room through the further door. He had gone into her dressing-room to turn out the lights.

"Do you always leave sovereigns scattered round like this, young woman?" she heard him asking from the door by the fireplace. "Don't you think they'd better go into a drawer?"

She sat up hurriedly. "Oh, are they there? Yes, of course. Put them into the little jewel-drawer, please, and lock it. How careless of me! I think there are some that fell out. Put them back into the roll, if you don't mind. I only took out two or three."

"More than that, I should say, if it were a full rouleau. There are only two or three in it now."

Juliette sat still more upright on the lace-frilled pillows.

"No! There must be at least ten sovereigns there," she said, surprised. "I know how many I took out."

Brabazon pinched the paper with his fingers. "Three there are," he said. "You miscounted, perhaps."

"No, I didn't. I know there were some that had rolled out and were on the dressing-table, as well as those in the roll. I meant to put them all into the drawer, and then I was in a hurry, and I forgot. But Elise will know in the morning."

And in that assurance she went to sleep presently, when Ronaleyn had snapped the lights all out.

But in the morning Elise did not know! She opened wide eyes. "But certainly! The money was there when madame dressed! She did not see it when she was brushing madame's hair for bed—no, that was true, but madame's handkerchief lay across that corner of the dressing-table. Name of all that was sacred! what could have happened!"

"It does not matter," said Juliette hastily. "Very likely I put them somewhere else and forgot."

But of that Elise in her own mind was positive. They were there when she left the room, and madame would make her responsible. She went off to consult Mrs. Mowler as soon as she was free.

Juliette was at the writing-table in her boudoir, and Ronaleyn read the paper over by the window when Mrs. Mowler came in. She crossed to Juliette and stood beside her, brimming with severe importance.

"May I speak to you, ma'am, if you please to allow it?" she said.

Juliette laid her pen down and turned in her chair. "Certainly. What is it?"

Mrs. Mowler was red in the face, and her lips were set primly. "If you please, ma'am, I thought I ought to come to you at once. Elise tells me that you've missed some money from your dressing-room. I'm extremely sorry, ma'am, but I'm afraid I've found out who took it."

The pen Juliette had laid down rolled sharply from her blotting-book to the floor. She reflected the red in Mrs. Mowler's cheeks in her own for a minute, and they they were white as the frock she wore.

"Took it? Nobody took it that I know of! Probably I put it somewhere and forgot. I have not asked to have any inquiries made about it. I don't desire them."

"It's very obliging of you, ma'am, and kind"—Mrs. Mowler was breathing with heavy determination—"but it's only fair, if I may take the liberty to say it, to put Elise clear. She's in charge of the valuables in your rooms, and when things are lost there it naturally comes on her. Now I've found it lies with the fifth housemaid, and she's as good as confessed it. Indeed, there isn't any doubt."

The newspaper which hid Brabazon's face cracked slightly. But he did not lay it down. Perhaps from over there he could not hear their low-voiced conversation.

Juliette desperately tried to stop the housekeeper again. "I did not blame Elise. I should not have blamed her. It would have been time enough when I had."

"No, ma'am. We well know your kindness. But it's only fair to the servants' hall, and when there's a dishonest person in the household they'll go of course. It was most fortunate that Mrs. Watson's maid should have been crossing the corridor last evening just after dinner was announced. She saw Ellen Dawkins peeping into your room, and then come out again in a flurry and run downstairs. She might have had her suspicions then, of course."

Juliette had turned her face from the housekeeper. She was staring across the room to where that newspaper still hid Brabazon.

"It doesn't matter. Anyone might look into a room even if it were not in their duty," she cried under her breath sharply. "I will not have any innocent person even suspected."

But the housekeeper gave a smirk of superior cleverness. "That's just where it is, ma'am. Dawkins is not innocent. The wicked girl! When I taxed her with taking the money she burst out crying and confessed it. Some story about a sick father and nothing to get medicines and a doctor! I shall send her packing at once, ma'am, without a character, of course, but I merely wanted to have your permission first, when you knew the cause."

Silence. A silence in which you might have heard the clock ticking on its little gilded bracket n the corner. Then, in a voice so low that the man behind the newspaper, waiting, holding his breath for it, could only just catch the sound of it, came the words which dropped one after another painfully.

"I do not wish the girl sent away. I will not have her punished! Perhaps it is her first fault."

Mrs. Mowler started in astonished disapproval. She looked at her mistress with reproach.

"Ma'am, begging your pardon! But you can hardly mean that! The girl's a thief! She was caught in the very act of it! She deserves a heavy punishment if I may say so. She ought to be turned from the house without a character. It's only just."

Juliette struggled hard for a moment. It was as if she could hardly speak for the something in her throat. Then: "And isn't there something higher than justice?" she said, gasping a little. "Isn't there mercy and hope? It's the first time, perhaps. Even if it isn't, are we to make it the only thing for her in future? Are we to push her on? She wanted it for her father. Do any of us know the temptation?" There was a cry in her smothered voice that was like pain. "I won't have her turned away, or anyone in the house told of it. She shall have another chance. Think how young she is! Perhaps someone taugh her badly!" It was her own case she unconsciously pleaded for. "I will see the girl and talk to her. But I insist that no one else hears of it. You have done quite right in coming to me, but now I will manage the affair."

The offended housekeeper, only daring to utter a "Very well, ma'am," turned and went away in secret wrath and indignation. Such ledas she had never heard.

Juliette took up her pen again, but her hand shook so that she could not write. Oh, had Ronaleyn heard? Had he gathered anything? Had it brought back to his recollection that night when he had said to the trembling culprit before him, "Live honest," and had let her go unpunished, as she was letting this girl go now? She kept her face over her letters, the letters she could not see to write, and she moved her pen to and fro.

It was as if the silence in the room waited, waited. As if it called to her to break it with a cry, and yet her lips were sealed.

By-and-bye she got up and went out softly, shutting the door after her without a sound. As it closed, Brabazon sprang up and began to pace up and down the room hurriedly. Then he flung the window up, stepped out on the terrace, and disappeared.

Juliette went to her own room and sent for the fifth housemaid. A white and trembling girl came to the door. When she came out, by-and-bye, she was still white, and she had been crying desperately. Her eyes were too red to be seen, and her mistress had sent her out to walk in the park till they should be presentable again. She kept on murmuring something to herself as she went, and she looked back at the windows of the house from the shrubbery with a passion of devotion.

"Oh, if the time ever comes when I could die for her, I'd die, and think it a pleasure!" That was what had come from the interview.

And Juliette? She turned away when the door closed behind the girl, and flung herself face downward on the sofa, feeling as if she had no breath left in her. It had brought it to her own realisation, that trembling, convicted culprit who stood before her. She saw her own self in the shrinking thief. She could not, could not bear it! It was all too horrible, too past relief. How was she to go on longer with that false life of hers with Ronaleyn? How was she to smile back at him if presently he said something to her of praise for what she had done that morning? She loathed herself for the feeling that what she had said to the housekeeper had been in reality the appeal of her soul to him. She could not bear this intolerable sting, this torture. She sprang up suddenly with a fever of resolution, and began to take her hat from a wardrobe, and look round her hurriedly for a scarf. If one could tear oneself from this life that had grown impossible for living. If one could hurry from the world and hide!

The wild instinct of the tortured creature seized her. She would go away from Ronaleyn, whom she had deceived, and who had trusted her. She would hide somewhere, somewhere, where his eyes that looked his trust in her should not be a perpetual reproach.

She was once again the terrified child whose instinct had been blind flight. She hurriedly thrust together into her dressing-bag a few necessaries, and then stopped, when she felt the weight of the bag, and realised that she had not strength to stagger under it—she who must go away in secret. She must creep away now, down the yew walk, through the garden, out on to the park path that led to the station. She would only take money and her cheque-book. She could supply herself with all that she needed once she was away from here, and the life that had become intolerable from its very tenderness was behind her.

She took money from her drawer and hid it about her. She would not leave any word for Ronaleyn. He must not guess where she had gone. In thef renzy that was on her she did not stop to realise how she would hurt him. It was only in her heart that she was unworthy to stay with him. She was stung out into the world away from him by her remorse. And even yet her one blind instinct was to keep him from ever knowing. To let him preserve her memory, at least, free from loathing of her, to remember her only as the wife who loved him and would have died for him; who lived far from him, if he only knew it, just because she could not bear the torment of his trust.

She put the things into her pocket and walked to the door, listening to make sure that the corridor outside was empty, and that no one would stop her. She gave one glance of sorrow round the room that she should know no more, and where she had been so happy, oh, so happy! The memory of that happeningswould go with her to be her scourge all her life long.

And then, just as she was opening the door she stopped short, trembling and starting, her eyes widened with a sudden anguish, and then dimmed. She staggered back and dropped on a chair, and through the whirling world about her she saw nothing that was not mist.

To be Continued

HIGH PRICES FOR MEERSCHAUM.

The price of meerschaum, which four years ago rose 40 per cent., still remains high, but importers of the article deny that any scarcity exists. The high price is due, they say, to the growing demand in the United States, where of late years there has been a tendency among smokers to discard cigars in favor of a pipe (says the "London Standard").

Vienna is the great wholesale market for meerschaum, and most of the supply is brought there from Constantinople. On all hands it is complained that it is found impossible to induce the Turks to exert themselves to meet the growing demand, although there is plenty of the raw material to be had. Sales in England, curiously enough, are much smaller than formerly. It is stated by one firm of wholesale dealers that they now sell a hundred briar pipes to one meerschaum, while forty-five years ago they sold at least twelve meerschaums to one briar. Perhaps smokers in those days had more leisure. In the matter of briars the dealers say that the wood is growing dearer, while its quality is growing poorer.

The same firm has in its possession some display bills of 70 years ago, which proclaim the marvels of meerschaum, then a novelty. The bills, which are printed on silk, announce to "the nobility and public in general" that "this beautiful mineral—the froth of the Sea of Azoff," can now be supplied. Then follows an account of the difficulties with which meerschaum is obtained. The neighborhood of the pits is spoken of as "a wild and fearful scene, such as Shakespeare has described in his 'Lear,'" and the material is said to be "conveyed on camels for days across the immense deserts to Constantinople, where it is used by the ladies of the Eastern harems to cleanse their hair."

At the present time there is a considerable amount of second-class meerschaum from which cheap pipes are manufactured, and it is owing to this fact that few serious attempts at imitation are made. Prices are said by dealers to be slightly lower than was the case four years ago, though still much higher than before the great rise.

AVIATOR'S DARING FLIGHT OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

Blondin's famous feat of crossing the Niagara Falls on a tight-rope has been excelled by Lincoln Beachey, a Californian aviator, who recently gave an aeroplane exhibition, which for cool daring surpasses any circus act ever witnessed.

Beachey, finding the air currents satisfactory, circled upwards 2000ft., then slanted his aeroplane towards the famous Horseshoe Falls and descended. He came down at a terrific rate until only 50ft. above the falls. Then he made two wide circles 200ft. above the water, and sent his machine plunging into Niagara gorge. He was sprinkled by the mist from the falls as he sank between the rocky sides of the whirlpool rapids.

When only 15ft. from the tumbling waters, Beachey jerked the machine upwards, and then skimmed straight along parallel with the rapids. It appeared to the 50,000 spectators who watched him that he was floating on the water. After clearing the Niagara suspension bridge the aeroplane began to sway dangerously, but Beachey continued on his course over the rapids for a distance of about a mile and a half.

Finally he rose, missed crashing into the edge of the gorge by a few feet, and made a successful landing on the Canadian side.

No Rest.

"Are you in favor of woman suffrage?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! Enthusiastically," he replied.

"Now, I wish you would tell me why you think women ought to forget their children and their household duties and get out into the world to mix up in political affairs. If you know of any good reason——"

"Good heavens! I beg your pardon. I merely said I was in favor of it to avoid arguing with you. Can't a man be safe on any side any more?"

No Place for Belles.

Gadsby limped painfully off the polished dance floor. "It's all right about this 'rings on my fingers,'" he exclaimed, "but hang me if I can stand for the 'belles on my toes'!"

DAIRYING.

FIFTY DAIRY RULES.

For the Owner and His Helpers.

In the report of the Bureau of Animal History, U.S.A., the following rules are given:—

1. Read current dairy literature and keep posted on new ideas.

2. Observe and enforce the utmost cleanliness about the cattle, their attendants, and all utensils.

3. A person suffering from any disease, or who has been exposed to a contagious disease, must remain away from the cows and the milk.

The Stable.

1. Keep dairy cattle in a room or building by themselves. It is preferable to have no cellar below and no storage loft above.

Stables should be well ventilated, lighted, and drained; should have tight floors and walls, and be plainly constructed.

6. Never use musty or dirty litter.

7. Allow no strongly smelling material in the stable for any length of time. Store the manure under cover outside the cow stable, and remove it to a distance as often as practicable.

8. Whitewash the stables once or twice a year. Use land plaster in the manure gutters daily.

9. Use no dry, dusty feed just previous to milking; if fodder is dusty, sprinkle it before it is fed.

10. Clean and thoroughly air the stable before milking. In hot weather sprinkle the floor.

11. Keep the stable and dairy room in good condition, and then insist that the dairy, factory, or place where the milk goes be kept equally well.

The Cows.

12. Have the herd examined at least twice a year by a skilled veterinarian.

13. Promptly remove from the herd any animal suspected of being in bad health, and reject her milk. Never add an animal to the herd until certain it is free from disease, especially tuberculosis.

14. Do not move cows faster than a comfortable walk while on the way to place of milking or feeding.

15. Never allow the cows to be excited by hard driving, abuse, loud talking, or unnecessary disturbance; do not expose them to cold or storm.

16. Do not change the feed suddenly.

17. Feed liberally, and use only fresh, palatable feedstuffs; in no case should decomposed or mouldy material be used.

18. Provide water in abundance, easy of access, and always pure; fresh, but not too cold.

19. Salt should always be accessible.

20. Do not allow any strong-flavored food, like garlic, cabbage, and turnips, to be eaten, except immediately after milking.

21. Clean the entire body of the cow daily. If the hair in the region of the udder is not easily kept clean, it should be clipped.

22. Do not use the milk within 20 days before calving, nor within three to five days afterwards

Milking.

23. The milker should be clean in all respects; he should not use tobacco; he should wash and dry his hands just before milking.

24. The milker should wear a clean outer garment; used only when milking, and kept in a clean place at other times.

25. Brush the udder and surrounding parts just before milking, and wipe them with a clean, damp cloth or sponge.

26. Milk quietly, quickly, cleanly, and thoroughly. Cows do not like unnecessary noise or delay. Commence milking at exactly the same hour every morning and evening, and milk the cows in the same order.

27. Throw away (but not on the floor; better in the gutter) the first few streams from each teat; this milk is very watery and of little value, and it may injure the rest.

28. If in any milking a part of the milk is bloody or stringy or unnatural in appearance, the whole mess should be rejected.

29. Milk with dry hands; never allow the hands to come in contact with the milk.

30 Do not allow dogs, cats, or loafers to be around at milking-time.

31. If any accident occurs by which a pail full or partly full of milk becomes dirty, do not try to remeoy this by straining, but reject all this milk and rinse the pail.

32. Weigh and record the milk given by each cow, and take a sample morning and night, at least once a week, for testing by the fat-test.

Care of Milk.

33. Remove the milk of every cow at once from the stable to a clean, dry room, where the air is pure and sweet. Do not allow cans to remain in stables while they are being filled.

34. Strain the milk through a metal gauze and a flannel cloth or layer of cotton as soon as it is drawn.

35. Aerate and cool the milk as soon as strained. If an apparatus for airing and cooling at the same time is not at hand, the milk should be aired first. This must be done in pure air, and it should then be cooled to 45 deg. Fah. if the milk is for shipment, or to 60 deg. Fah. if for home use or delivery to a factory.

36. Never close a can containing warm milk which has not been aerated.

37. If cover is left off the can, a piece of cloth or mosquito-netting should be used to keep out insects.

38. If milk is stored, it should be held in tanks of fresh, cold water (renewed daily), in a clean, dry, cold room. Unless it is desired to remove cream, it should be stirred with a tin stirrer often enough to prevent forming a thick cream layer.

39. Keep the night milk under shelter so that rain cannot get into the cans. In warm weather hold it in a tank of fresh cold water.

40. Never mix fresh warm milk with that which has been cooled.

41. Do not allow the milk to freeze.

42. Under no circumstances should anything be added to milk to prevent its souring. Cleanliness and cold are the only preventives needed.

43. All milk should be in good condition when delivered. This may make it necessary to deliver twice a day during the hottest weather.

44. When cans are hauled far they should be full, and carried in a spring waggon.

45. In hot weather cover the cans, when moved in a waggon, with a clean wet blanket or canvas.

46. Milk utensils for farm use should be made of metal, and have all joints smoothly soldered. Never allow utensils to become rusty or rough inside.

47. Do not haul waste products back to the farm in the cans used for delivering milk. When this is unavoidable, insist that the skimmed milk or whey can be kept clean.

48. Cans used for the return of skimmed milk or whey should be emptied and cleaned as soon as they arrive at the farm.

49. Clean all dairy utensils by first thoroughly rinsing them in warm water; then clean inside and out with a brush and hot water in which a cleaning material is dissolved; then rinse, and lastly sterilise by boiling water or steam. Use pure water only.

50. After cleansing, keep utensils inverted, in pure air, and sun if possible, until wanted for use.

"I want a pair of shoes that will be plenty large enough," she said, as the clerk looked into her old one to find the number.

"In that case," he replied, "perhaps you had better step over into the men's department."

GRAVE AND GAY.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF VICTORIA

Manager: Where is Jones?
Office Boy: He isn't in. [illegible] wife [illegible] telephoned for him that the [illegible] asleep, and he's gone home t[illegible] what it looks like.

Indignant Lady: Sir, you've carried me six blocks past my crossing.
Philosophic Conductor: It's your misfortune, lady, that you don't live on this street.

"I see you advertise for a donkey," said a man who looked as if he had something to sell.

"Oh, yes," said the busy man, stopping his work for a minute to look up; "but I want one with four legs."

Myer: I understand your friend Hawley recently led a charming widow to the matrimonial altar.
Gyer: I don't know about that. I'm inclined to think she pushed him there.

His Wife: In this book the author says the heroine had a "wealth of golden hair."
Mr. Gringo: Sure thing! Put all her money into rats and puffs, like the rest of you.

"You need more exercise in the open air, sir."

"No, you don't, doctor; my brother took to aviation and now he is in the hospital on account of a fall which broke his leg, arm, and a rib or two."

"Explain," said the teacher to the class, "the difference between the quick and the dead?"

"The quick," answered the boy in the corner, "is them that gets out of the way of motor-cars, and the dead is them as doesn't."

Aunt Sarah: Think of studyin' to be a doctor, eh? Don't you do it.
Young Man: Why not, aunt?
Aunt Sarah: You can't git any practice till ye git married, an' ye can't git married till ye git practice, that's why.

Farmer Giles gazed after the big touring car as it whizzed past him and up the road, emitting a trail of bluish smoke from its oil-choked engine.

"Great Scott!" he sniffed, "them may be swell city fellers, but they certainly was a-smoking some vile seegars!"

Jones: I see, Brown, that you have got a new dog. What's its name?
Brown: Tonic.
Jones: Tonic? What a funny name for a dog.
Brown: Well, you see, I call him Tonic because he's a mixture of bark, steal, and whine. See?

Flatte: I thought I'd practise on my cornet last evening, but to save me I couldn't get the right pitch on it.
Bratte: Couldn't you get the window open?
Flatte: What's the window got to do with it?
Bratte: Well, the right pitch would have been through that.

Scribbles: I'm looking for information.
Dribbles: Well, you are talking to the head of the supply department.
Scribbles: Which would you advise me to do—write a novel and dramatise it, or write a drama and novelise it?

When a man goes out to buy a collar he comes back with a collar, and perhaps a necktie or two. When a woman starts out to buy a collar she returns exhausted with a new silk blouse, a pair of gloves, some skirt binding, a cake of soap, a paper of pins, some window curtains, a sewing machine, and a mangle.

The Remedy.

"Your behavior is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just stolen a kiss.

"Is that all?" said he. "I will soon make it plural."

A Triumph.

"Do you think it is becoming?" she asks, appearing in her newest gown.

"Don't bother about it!" gushes the friend. "It is perfect! It is simply delicious! My dear, it makes you look absolutely helpless."

A Risky Enterprise.

Life Insurance Agent: "One question before granting you this policy. Do you contemplate any enterprise involving great personal danger or risk?"

Applicant: "Well—yes; I'm going to discharge our cook to-night."

Tied to Time.

"So you took time by the forelock, as it were?" said a prison chaplain, addressing a newcomer, who had just got a month's "hard" for stealing a clock.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, with a sigh, "and now I've got 'time' by the padlock."

Tit for Tat.

An old country woman and her daughter went into a shop in town to buy a bonnet. When she had purchased the bonnet, the milliner, turning to the woman, said:

"What about a sailor for your daughter?" meaning, of course, a hat.

The woman, turning to the girl, indignantly retorted:

"What about a soger for yourself?"

In Those Days.

"Pa," said little Frank, as he turned the pages of his history, "can I ask a question?"

"What is it, my son?" asked the father, without looking up from his sporting page.

"How did the cliff dwellers keep warm in the winter-time?"

"Why, I guess they used the mountain 'ranges.' Now, don't ask me any more foolish questions."

Painted Beauties

At a banquet held in a room, the walls of which were adorned with many beautiful paintings, a well-known college president was called upon to respond to a toast.

In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of those painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"

Aerial Troubles.

The aeroplane, making a twelve-hour journey from London to Hong-Kong, had got into difficulties among the stars. Something apparently was wrong with the engine, for the customary comet-like speed of the airship had suddenly considerably slackened.

"Good heavens!" cried the skipper. "We shall be half a second late! What makes her go so slow?"

"Why, sir," replied the engineer, "we're passin' thru the Milky Way, an' the propeller's full o' butter!"

An Unconsidered Trifle.

A somewhat depressed party were returning home from a cricket match, when one of them broke the gloomy silence with the remark, "Poor game, gentlemen, poor game! Never saw a more uninteresting one in all my life."

A puzzled-looking member of the party who was sitting in the corner of the compartment looked up, yawned, and began fumbling in his waistcoat pockets. Then suddenly he sprang to his feet with the exclamation, "Great Scot!"

"What's up?" somebody asked. "Lost you watch?"

"Watch be hanged, sir!" cried the exasperated passenger. "I've left my wife asleep in the pavilion and she's got my return half!"

LUCERNE IN TURKESTAN.

[illegible] the last few years a large business has sprung up in Turkestan and Russian Central Asia in the export of lucerne seeds. Ten years ago only a small quantity was exported, and it was not until 1903 or 1904 that the trade seriously attracted the attention either of business men or of the native grower. Since then the amount grown and exported has increased by leaps and bounds. Last year 160,000 cwt. of seeds, valued at about £500,000, were exported from Russian Central Asia and Turkestan. Lucerne has been cultivated in the fertile plains of Central Asia for centuries, and is used as fodder both in green soiling and as hay. It is the staple food of all the live stock, horses, camels, sheep and oxen—horses, even in hard and constant work, rarely get anything else—and the thriving condition of the cattle proves it to be an exceedingly valuable feeding stuff. The natives of Khiva sow lucerne broadcast in March or April, sometimes with barley, but generally alone, and the first crop is taken in June of the following year, the extreme dryness of Central Asia not affecting its growth. When utilised as fodder, either for green soiling or made into hay, as many as six or seven crops are taken each season, and it will stand for seven or ten years. When intended for seed, the first crop, or in some cases the first and second crops, are cut for fodder, and the second or third, as the case may be, is left to seed. It is generally considered that the second crop is best for seed, as the third has not always time to ripen. When grown for seed, the lucerne is ploughed up after the third or fourth season. Crops vary according to the soils, and it must be remembered that agriculture is in an exceedingly primitive state in Central Asia. How primitive it is will be understood from a description of the method of threshing. The corn or lucerne is thrown into a rough stack in the middle of a field, a thin layer strewn around the stack, and the seed or corn is then trodden out by horses, oxen or donkeys. It is no unusual sight to see a small boy riding a horse with a donkey alongside, and an ox yoked to a small wooden roller bringing up the rear. The seed is then sifted by being thrown into the air with a fork on a breezey day, gathered up into sacks, and taken to the nearest market or bazaar.

HUNGARIAN HOUSEWIVES.

A visit to a Hungarian home and the privilege of a thorough inspection of its housekeeping arrangements would fill the average American woman with wonder and awe.

The Hungarians are noted for their careful and elaborate cooking. No Hungarian girl escapes her apprenticeship in the kitchen, where the mysteries of blended paprika and sour cream are unfolded to her. She must also become familiar with the secrets of preserving fruits.

With what pride will the housekeeper show you her preserve pantry. Row upon row and shelf upon shelf in precise order as to size and labelling. An entire shelf of cherries, one of pears, etc., and you will be indeed fortunate if you are invited to partake of their unexcelled flavor. It is considered an example of extreme shiftlessness in a woman to serve preserves not put up by her own hands. Can you calculate how many afternoons were required to furnish such a pantry? Ask your hostess to show you her stock of "cover all" aprons. They will help you solve the riddle.

Hungary is a land of exposed cupboards. The built-in closet that is part of the American home is unknown. There is, instead, an article of furniture similar to the old-fashioned "wardrobe." It is usually a huge affair that opens from the centre by two doors.

Here, again, is an opportunity to appreciate how busy the long, quiet afternoons have been. Piles of snowy bed-linen, each piece embroidered with the initials. Sets upon sets of table linen, often scalloped by hand and always embroidered with the initials, frequently of the maiden name of a wife of many years. Blankets and bed quilts are also embroidered with the initials or the first letter of the family name.

A BIG CATCH.

I have in mind a mighty deed,
By it I'll gain undying fame;
Of me posterity shall read
If I can only do this same.
My preparation's finished quite,
In fact, I mean to start to-day,
And if my plans mature aright
I'll catch the fish that got away!

I've heard of him from many men;
His size is something large and grand,
It shames the power of the pen
To try to him justice; and,
I know beyond all haunting doubt,
'Twill please me more than I can say
If I can only find him out
And catch the fish that got away.

Good fishermen, my brothers all,
I take this task to be my own,
To it I have an honest call,
I mean to do it all alone.
And for our reputation's sake
I ask you kindly that you pray
That in some river, creek or lake
I'll catch the fish that got away!

SHOPPING IN BURMA.

You may walk through the muddy old markets of Rangoon for hours at a time or through the bran new bazaar at Mandalay without any of the salespeople taking the slightest notice of you as a possible purchaser of their wares. The dear little ladies sit cross-legged upon long tables in front of the high cupboards containing their goods. They are placidly smoking or chatting or painting their faces or braiding their hair. They are not attending to business in the least.

If the European is conspicuously dressed or presents a figure which the Burman, with his finely-trained sense of humor, considers at all ridiculous, then a gay ripple of laughter passes along the stalls and then indeed the would-be tourist is an object of no interest whatever.

It requires a great effort to get a Burmese shop woman (they are nearly all women) to show you her silks, and when at last she has spread her merchandise broadcast upon the table and you are revelling in the illusion that you are living in the middle of a rainbow, with a chance of holding fast to some of its colors, she will ask her price (which is seldom more than one rupee too much) and will stick to it like glue.

She is an indolent lady in many ways who loves a quiet life, and she has determined that her most comfortable course is not to haggle in the market-place. So you may make up your mind that bargaining and persuasion are useless arts to practise in Burma, however valuable they may be elsewhere.

There are chords in the human heart which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeals the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch.

Nothing does so establish the mind amid the railings and turbulence of present things, as both a look above them, to the steady and good hand by which they ruled; and beyond them, to the sweet and beautiful end to which by that hand they will be brought.

The more social conditions are improved, the more people are dissatisfied with the existing conditions.

TWO YEARS COURTING A VOICE.

A romantic story of the courtship and marriage of a telephone-girl comes from St. Louis, U.S.A., where Mr. William McCalpin married Miss Viola Kortkemp, a young lady employed at the St. Louis telephone exchange. The marriage was the result of a courtship induced by the sweet voice of Miss Viola.

Mr. McCalpin, who is one of the managers of the Waters Pierce Oil Company, a subsidiary of the great Standard Oil Trust, whilst telephoning from his office two years ago, was fascinated by the voice that answered his call, and after several unnecessary calls, for the purpose of listening to the enchanting voice, he introduced himself and asked to be allowed to visit her and "get acquainted."

Miss Kortkemp was taken aback by such "rapid" methods, and invariably "rung off" when her admirer persisted, and at length, to escape the chaff of her fellow-operators, she obtained her transference to another exchange. Not to be beaten, her admirer set himself to hunt her down, and after a lapse of over two years he was successful.

Calling up a client on the telephone, he heard the long-sought voice from the exchange. He did not waste any time, for in response to the request, "Number, please," he said, "I am William McCalpin. Don't move. I am coming out to get you, and I a coming right away."

The sweet, but astonished, voice asked for enlightenment, and Mr. McCalpin repeated his former proposal. Persistence of this sort was bound to impress the lady, and after a moment's consideration the voice gave her name and address, and permission for her admirer to call upon her father for an orthodox introduction.

Mr. McCalpin immediately went to see the father, who was the chief of the fire brigade of University City, and he consented to introduce Mr. McCalpin, with the happiest results. The voice was quite up to expectations, and the oil man gave an equally good impression. He insisted upon immediate marriage, as he declared that he had been courting her for two years, and again his persistence won, and the young couple were married right away.

HOW TO TRACE YOUR ANCESTRY.

For the great ones of the land and the rich there are special agencies of searchers, individual experts, the College of Heralds, and the pages of Debrett, Burke, and other compilations, when it becomes a question of tracing descent. Needless to say, all existing pedigrees are not at all what they seem, and many have been deliberately manufactured, or simply "appropriated" by the method of adopting the pedigree of someone else of the same or a similar name.

Pedigree-seeking, or genealogy, is sometimes sneered at as an indication of a mean soul and snobbery. Yet there is no valid reason to despise the pursuit, because it is not only an extension of the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and mother," but a source of instructive, intellectual pleasure. An honorable ancestry and parentage is surely something to be proud of, and, after all, pride of family is closely akin to personal self-respect.

Try whether one person in ten of your acquaintances can give off-hand the names of all his or her grandparents, much less the ramifications of the family tree. It will astonish you to discover how soon such memories vanish. So, in the absence of other records, the only way to discover something of your almost immediate past is to gather and make a note of so much information as possible from the elderly relatives on both the paternal and maternal sides.

Next, it is necessary to look up any written records in the possession of any members of the family—family Bibles, or wherever memos. of births, marriages, and deaths have been jotted down. Find out if there are in existence any deeds or legal documents concerning the family, and there are sure to be some or many if there has been any property or valuable possessions.

Made previously to the last sixty years, you may be able to find silhouettes, miniatures, or oil paintings, and since, photographs, of some of your ancestors, and not improbably you may discover something to guide you written on them. Old signatures are useful to compare hand-writing, and if there are any mourning-rings, which at one time were fashionable, they will no doubt have the date of death and age of the deceased engraved on them.

This is the most than can be done within the family circle. Afterwards, outside sources must be sought and examined. A number of books are published, which any bookseller will procure, to guide the searcher, and these should be read. County histories often have information, and also old directories. But the chief source is the public records, which, however, are of little or no account to families who have been born in very humble circumstances.

There are Somerset House wills and Chancery suits, the parish registers, the tablets and tombstones in the village and town churches and churchyards, with names and dates, the registers of births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths, always remembering that the registers before 1690 are missing. An intelligent examination of even some of these sources may put you on the track of a genuine pedigree.

Cool as a Cucumber.

"You women fret too much about trifles," said Jones to his wife, when she began to complain of the butcher. "You allow yourselves to be upset over nothing at all. Now, we men act differently. We learn to look at things in a calm, critical light. We know the value of impassionate discipline. Now, where's my hat? I'm sure I laid it on that table last night! Don't stand staring there; help me to find it. Mary! Where is that servant? She must have moved it! Children! Vi! Tom! Harry! Mabel! Run round to see if you can see my hat about! No! I did not put it upstairs! I'll find that hat, by George, if I have to tear the house down! There goes a vase! Whose fault was that? Who is it moves my things, that's what I want to know? I shall miss my train, I say! Ah! There it is! Who put it there? Of all the silly—Here, I must be off!"

The Last Words.

The following is told of a Federal official, formerly a Senator of one of the American States:—

In the days of his youth he was asked by a friend to second him in a duel. He consented, and at sunrise the parties met at the appointed place. Now it was his duty to say the last words touching the terms of the duel. But, although he faithfully performed this duty, the duel never took place.

A murmur of "Why not?" invariably goes round whenever this story is told, whereupon the answer is as follows:

"For a very simple reason. When Joe finished speaking it was too dark for a duel."

"You forgot to get that silk for me?" she asks. "Why, I tied that strip of cloth around your finger this very morning to remind you of it."

The husband stares blankly at the strip of cloth, and then says:

"Well, I'll be jiggered! And here I've been trying all day to remember how I happened to hurt my fingers!"

It is no use spending large sums of money teaching the children how to read unless we provide them with suitable reading afterwards.

The test of a man's age is whether he is fit.

NEW DRINKING FOUNTAIN AT THE PARK.

TAKEN OVER BY THE MAYOR.

The drinking fountain recently erected by the Northcote South Progress Association was taken over by the mayor (Cr. Bastings) on Saturday afternoon last on behalf of the council for the use of the residents. There was a large and representative gathering.

The president of the N.S.P.A. (Mr. DuRieu) stated that the movement originated from Mr. J. O'Shea, a very old member of the association, who had now left the district. Mr. Backhouse also lent valuable service by collecting funds. The honorary architect was Mr. Creak, and the erection of the fountain was undertaken by Messrs Creak and Baker, both of whom acted in an honorary capacity. Mr. Wilson also assisted by putting on the finishing touches. The council was to be thanked for asphalting the path. The south ward representatives largely assisted in the work by donations in goods or cash. In fact almost every member of the association had "a finger in the pie." The fountain showed that members of a ratepayers' association could at times do more than "growl" It was roughly computed that the fountain was worth £25. Mr. DuRieu then called upon His Worship the Mayor to take over the fountain.

The mayor, after expressing his pleasure in taking over the fountain, said that the associations, in taking upon themselves work like this were to be highly commended. He wished the association every success and, [illegible] the first drink, declared [illegible] open amidst cheers.

Mr. Membrey, the member for the district, then spoke a few words complimenting the members on the very nice fountain they had erected. He concluded by moving that the best thanks of those present be accorded to all those who had assisted in the movement. The motion was seconded by Cr. Dennis, and carried with acclamation.

An adjournment was then made to the pavilion, where light refreshments were provided. The following toasts were duly proposed and honored:—"The King," "The Federal and State Parliaments," "The Mayor and Councillors of the Town of Northcote," "The Donors of the Fountain," "Kindred Associations," "The President and Members of the N.S.P.A.," "The Ladies," and "The Press."

Mention was made of the good work the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association had done in the park by erecting swings, &c., for the children.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2.

Before Messrs Tharratt (chairman), Brown, Redmond, and Stott, J's.P.]

UNSTAMPED MEASURE.

James Lucas Murray, inspector of weights and measures, proceeded against R. W. Bowman, grocer, Smith street, Thornbury, for having an unstamped measure.

Informant gave evidence that the measure held a full pint, but it was unstamped.

Defendant pleaded guilty, stating that he did not know it was necessary for the measure to be stamped.

Fined 5s, with £1 3s 6d costs.

WANDERING CATTLE.

Neil Hansen, ranger for the Town of Northcote, proceeded against Mrs. Golding, Geo. Gibson, W. Kelly, James Haslett, F. Kupsch, and John McIntyre for allowing their cattle to wander. Fines at the rate of 2s per head were imposed, with 2s 6d costs.

N.S.R.A. Moving Picture Concerts.

Despite the weather and counter attractions in Northcote a fairly large audience attended at the Northcote town hall on Saturday evening to witness the programme submitted by the above-named association. The historical drama, entitled "La Jacquerie, added much to the drawing power of the programme. In addition a complete supply of the latest works of the home producers was displayed, viz., "Jealous Jackie" (comic), "Mountain of Kentucky" (drama), "Landlord and Tenant" (comic), "Winning His Stepchildren" (comic), "Battle of Redwood" (Indian drama), "Cod Fishing" (scenic) and numerous others. Miss Eileen Loon gave a song and dance and Miss Ivy Tyrer and Eileen Loon a double song and dance. The manner in which these two juvenile artists did their work was demonstrated by the generous applause which rewarded their efforts, both being twice recalled. Star picture for to-night, "The Lyons Mail."

TENNIS.

The Pine Hill club met the Clarendon last Saturday, and after a close battle the game resulted in a win for the latter by 4 sets 50 games to 4 sets 41 games.

To-day Pine Hill play St. Luke's at Sth. Melbourne, commencing at 2.30.

Local Government.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

Ratepayers are hereby notified that the Pan Fee Charges for the quarter ending 31st December, 1911, are due and payable on the 1st October, 1911, and must be paid at the Shire Office on or before the 16th October, or the service will be discontinued.

The charge is 5/- per pan per half-year, or 2/6 per quarter

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

SOUTH PRESTON STATE SCHOOL BAZAAR.

CLOCK GUESSING COMPETITION.

The Clock stopped at 10.57½. Out of 777 tickets the nearest is one belonging to Ruby Clayden, Speight street, Northcote, whose time was 10.54½.

F. W. SCHULZ, Hon. Sec.

FOR Sale.—Manure, 2/6 per load, delivered. B. E. Johnson, Baker, Northcote.

The Clever Young Folks.

Answer to last week's problem—3 hours 20 minutes.

Correct Answers were received from—Olive Atkins, Bruce street, Preston, and C. Brewster, Northcote.

For this week—A Northcote business man imported a number of pianos and organs at a cost of £1000, and the duty came to £284. The duty on the organs was 25 per cent; on half of the pianos 20 per cent, and on the other half, under the new tariff, 40 per cent. What was the value of the pianos?

RIFLE SHOOTING.

[BY TARGET].

On Saturday last eleven members of the Northcote Rifle Club, including Captain Brown and the president (Cr. Woolhouse) journeyed to Frankston to fire a match against the Frankston club. On arrival at Frankston the team were met by a drag and driven out to the range, about 1½ miles distant, prettily situated in a valley and showing to great advantage with the various kinds of wild flowers in full bloom. The Frankston members had thoughtfully provided refreshments, which were much appreciated. The match, which was commenced about 3 p.m. and fired under ideal weather conditions, 14 shots at 500 yards, best 8 men to count, after a very close contest resulted in a win for Northcote. Detailed are the scores, viz:—

FRANKSTON.		NORTHCOTE.	
R. Lloyd	... 68	H. D. Soanes	... 66
Ford	... 68	J. S. Goldsworthy	66
Mosley	... 65	A. Glanfield	... 66
G. Reeve	... 61	E. Witcomb	... 64
Sanders	... 60	G. Kebelle	... 62
Capt. Willox	... 59	H. Hook	... 62
H. Lloyd	... 59	G. White	... 61
G. Grant	... 59	G. Hook	... 60
Total	499	Total	507

At the conclusion Capt. Willox, in a few well chosen words, congratulated the Northcote club on their win. Captain Brown and President Woolhouse replied on behalf of Northcote expressing appreciation of the cordial manner they had been received and entertained. The return journey was broken at Mordialloc, where the president and his family are now residing, and all hands were entertained by the president and his wife at a sumptuous repast, and needless to say their hospitality was much appreciated.

A spoon competition, fired at 900 yards on 23rd September, was won by H. Hook with the fine score of 65 off the rifle, reaching 69 with his handicap.

To-day's event is a spoon at 200 and 300.

A competition was fired on the miniature range on Tuesday, 19th ult., for a trophy presented through the letter box at the club room, for which the committee desires to thank its unknown friend. The winner, E. Witcomb, put up 69 out of the possible 70.

Church of Christ's Application for Use of Hall.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—May I crave space in your valuable paper to protest against the action of the Northcote council (as reported in your last issue) in refusing to allow the members of the Church of Christ to rent the small hall in Westbourne grove on Sunday afternoons for the purposes of an adult Bible class. The class made it clear in its application that no Sunday labor would be entailed on the part of the council's employes, and also that no damage would be done to the council's property. The members of the council in their wisdom not only refuse to grant the use of the hall, but apparently are unwilling to give any reason for their refusal. Surely the finances must be in a flourishing condition. It would be interesting to know the reasons that actuated the "powers that be" in arriving at their decision to refuse to allow facilities for the extension of an organisation that surely would make for righteousness. It would certainly be interesting to a number of the ratepayers to know how individual members of the council voted on the matter. Surely in common courtesy we are entitled to know why our request was not granted,—Yours, &c.,

S. G. CHIPPERFIELD, Sec.

20 YEARS' INDIGESTION ENDED BY BILE BEANS.

Now Enjoys Perfect Health at 75.

"Violent attacks of indigestion completely incapacitated me and I was unable to attend to my household duties," says Mrs. F. Doorne, of Hampton St., Goodwood, Adelaide. "Accumulations of wind around the heart caused terrific pains and at times I was unable to stand or sit. These attacks would last for days and the agony completely doubled me up. To get temporary relief I applied hot flannels. I was also distressed by periodical bilious attacks, the retching and straining causing me to suffer awful. I was so bad at times that I thought I should never be well again, and my suffering lasted on and off for twenty years

"After almost despairing of ever getting better I commenced taking Bile Beans with really excellent results. I had only been taking Bile Beans for a short time when I felt better in every way. My appetite which had disappeared returned, the bilious attacks ceased, and no longer was I troubled with wind. With every succeeding dose of Bile Beans my health improved until all my ailments were ended and I was completely cured. Now at 75 years of age I can do a day's washing or any other household duty of the greatest hardship without any ill-effects. It is entirely due to the wonderful power of Bile Beans.

"For the many slight indispositions caused through climatic changes I find Bile Beans are an invaluable remedy."

Sold by all chemists and stores.

Printing!

Work of Every Class executed at the LEADER OFFICE

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

The anniversary services were conducted on Sunday last by the Rev. Ditterick, Mr. W. Olver, and Rev. P. Knight, B.A., who had the pleasure of preaching to large and appreciative congregations. Special music was rendered by the choir under the baton of Mr. Grainger.

At the public meeting on Tuesday evening there was a good attendance. Rev. Percy Knight, B.A., introduced as chairman Mr. Pizzey, who in the course of a brief opening address said that except the individual was reformed all other attempts at reform were vain. They must instil the Christian Spirit in the children, and with that end in view they proposed forming a kindergarten in connection with the school; and in connection with this and other forward movements they must ask for regular and persistent effort on the part of the congregation.

Rev. Percy Knight, B.A., said the fashion nowadays was to have plenty of excruciatingly funny comic songs and as little about religion as possible at church anniversary gatherings, but he was one of the old-fashioned sort. Mr. Knight then read the 28th Chapter of I Chronicles, which tells of David's wonderful appeal to his people on behalf of the Temple, and for which his own private subscription was thirty millions sterling. If they wanted to know the true spirit of giving let them read and re read David's prayer on that occasion. Unpleasant as it was he had to remind them that they had only been "marking time," but fortunately the question that had divided them was now set aside and the way was clear for aggressive movement. The first thing they would have to do was to pay off some of their debt. Then they would be in a position to do something worthy of their name and worthy of their God.

Mr. George Little, the church treasurer, submitted the financial statement, which showed a credit balance of £57 18s 1d. The church debt, which formerly stood at £810, had now been reduced to £660. The committee had been considering some progressive scheme. They recognised the building was not suitable for the district they were in; and the congregation were going to be appealed to to do something to reduce the church debt, that is by contributing weekly as much as they could afford, it may be 1s or more or only a penny per week.

It was announced during the evening that £50 had been raised in connection with the anniversary, which would pay for the renovation of the church, a work just completed.

An enjoyable programme of music and elocution was provided by the choir, Mr. Grainger (conductor and soloist), Mr. A. Graham and Mr. Victor Trotman. The humorous recitations of the last named were particularly popular.

At the close of the programme coffee and refreshments were provided, and a comprehensive vote of thanks brought the meeting to a close.

Preston Branch A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held on Monday evening in the Bradford Hall, the president (Mr. S. Bott) presiding. During the evening five new members were elected and four propositions received. The report of the metropolitan committee delegate re proposed scheme for the formation of a Greater Melbourne Council was received, and the discussion of same held over to next branch meeting. Business having been disposed of all present adjourned to the banquet hall, where the catering of Mr. A. J. Baker was soon surrounded and justice done to same. The following toasts were honoured:—"The King," proposed by the president; "The Federal Parliament," by W. E. Maltzahn; and "Minister for Defence," Mr. Hauser responded; "State Parliament," by Mr. Madden; Mr. Douglass, Acting-Premier, responded; "Our Visitors," by Mr. Miller, Mr. S. Winnett responded; "The Preston Shire Council," by Mr. Alexander, Mr. Freeman responded. During the evening musical numbers were rendered by Messrs. J. D. Miller, S. Bott, S. Dwyer, and C. Owen. Recitations by Messrs. S. Jones, J. Alexander and A. J. Baker. A vote of thanks to Mr. Jarvis for his services as pianist was carried by acclamation, and brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

Trevena advertises white serge cricketing trousers from 15s to order. All serge shrunk before making. [Advt].

Wanted to Sell

WHITE Orpington Cockerels (Rohlk's strain.) 14 Wood St., Preston.

Meetings

A PUBLIC MEETING OF RATEPAYERS

of the

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE

will be held in the

TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE,

on

WEDNESDAY NEXT, 11th OCTOBER at 8 p.m.,

To Discuss the Question of the

ABOLITION OR ALTERATION OF THE WARD SYSTEM.

Ratepayers Roll Up and Hear the Matter Discussed.

A. A. MARSDEN, Hon. Sec.

THE WARDS QUESTION—What Change, if any, is Desirable?—Ratepayers interested in this question are invited to a PUBLIC MEETING at the Thornbury Hall, High Street, on Tuesday Evening next, 10th inst., at 8 o'clock.

EAST NORTHCOTE PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.—A Meeting of this Association will be held on Tuesday, 10th October, at 8 p.m., in Mr. Creak's Workshop, Bastings Street. All interested in the Ward are invited to attend. Full information from the Secretary, D. CAULFIELD, Clarke Street.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.—A Monster LABOUR RALLY will be held in the Northcote Town Hall on Thursday, 12th October, at 8 p.m. Speakers:—Mr. Frank Anstey, M.H.R., Mr. W. C. Miller, the Selected Labour Candidate, and others.

Miss M. TUCKER Hon. Secretary.

Wanted.

GIRLS, 15 years, Apprentices, 7/6 to start. D. and W. Murray, Straw Hat Factory, Argyle St., Fitzroy.

YOUNG Girl for Wrapping Soap. Sterling Soap Co., Oakover Road, South Preston.

Notices

I HEREBY give notice that I intend to apply to the Preston Shire Council, under Section 223 Health Act, for permission to make further extensions to my premises in Murray Road.

W. BRAITHWAITE.

Preston, 19th September, 1911.

Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate. — Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from 8/- a month. No deposit. No interest. Plans, all particulars, A. Robertson, corner High & Bell Sts., Preston.

HILLSIDE ESTATE.—Splendid Building Sites, close Shire Hall and Post Office. 40ft. blocks from 8/- monthly. 6/- blocks all sold. Get before too late Robertson, agent, Preston.

NORTHCOTE, Hayes Street.—1 minute tram, prominent position. 210 Miller street, North Fitzroy.

CHAS. FOWLER, Carpenter & Builder. Jobbing Work. Brooders and Fowl Houses a speciality. Stone House, High street (Regent station), Preston.

Thornbury Presbyterian L. & M. Society.

At last meeting a lecturette was given by Mr W. Olver on "Our Duty to the Poor." The speaker outlined the various forces or processes which were operating to produce poverty and slum life, and showed that only anything lasting and true in the way of reform would be accomplished when the poor man's "Home" became a fundamental principle of our national economy. He then pointed out that the upheaving force of the social movement was neither to be dreaded nor suppressed, but guided and looked to as the new labour of the human race, and that it was only by individual renunciation that social redemption could be attained. He then outlined a scheme of voluntary service upon the lines adopted in Elberfeldt and Leipsic as a means of solving this problem of the masses of the poor. An animated discussion followed and the society thanked Mr Olver for providing a profitable and interesting evening.

Northcote A.N.A. Rifle Club.

Northcote branch were beaten by Fitzroy on Tuesday night, not on the score as both teams shot 164 each, but on a "count back" a very close "go." The shooting was very good, over 23 per man. G. Kemter again got 25 (the "possible"). The team meets for practice next Tuesday, and on the following Monday shoot against Clifton Hill at Northcote.

P.A.F.S.

The officers and members of the Loyal Lady Northcote met at the Friendly Societies' hall on Thursday evening, and the sisters spent a very enjoyable evening. Next meeting 12th October.

Social News.

The Northcote Wallaby Club held a Cinderella dance in the Northcote town hall last Wednesday. An enjoyable evening was spent by members and friends of the club. Mr. Victor Collins acted as M.C., and the music was supplied by Cantor and Seccull's band, proving satisfactory to all. Miss Ruby Bowes, assisted by a willing committee, did everything possible to make the dance a success.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE'S PICTURE THEATRE TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT.

The Hit of the Season. A Strong Dramatic Sensation. Secured at Great Expense.

"THE LYONS MAIL"

A Thrilling Drama which terminated in the most shocking error of the 18th century.

You must see this.

Also "Ma-in-Law Goes Skating" (Comic), "Last of the Saxons" (Dramatic), "Uncle's Excursion Ticket" (Comic), "The Feud" (Cowboy), "Batty Boating" (Comic), "Iron Works of Donelsky" (Scenic), "Statue Dog" (Comic).

Special Engagement of CISCO BROS., Comedy Club Jugglers & Racquet Spinners. Adults 6d. Children, under 12, 3d.

N.S.R.A., Managers.

CROXTON, MONDAY NEXT, 9th Oct. At 8 p.m.

CROXTON GRAND OPEN-AIR CONCERT.

5000ft. ELECTRIC LIGHT PICTURES. Special Engagement of Henderson's Performing Dogs—a fine turn. Joe Lashwood in his Cowboy Speciality. Joe Hurley, the Great Impersonator, in that fine one act Drama—"Convict 99." Miss Elsie McGuire, the Dainty Soubrette. No Farce. Extra Seating Accommodation. No standing in front of stage. Everything Up-to-Date. The Public Specially Catered for. Don't Miss this Show. No Concert under this Management To-Night.

H. W. BALHARRY, Promoter.

THE LOYAL TEMPLETON LODGE I.O.O.F. will hold a EUCHRE PARTY in the Bradford Hall, Preston, on Monday Evening, 9th October, from 8 to 10. Tickets 6d. Everybody Come and Enjoy Yourselves. Lodge meets 7.30.

C. STEPHENSON, Secretary.

PRESTON BRANCH P.L.C. will hold a EUCHRE PARTY and DANCE in the Bradford Hall, High Street, on Tuesday Evening, 10th October. Cards 8 to 10. Dancing 8 to 12. Gents 1/, Ladies 6d.

A. McPHEE, Hon. Sec.

A EUCHRE PARTY and DANCE will be held in the R.C. Schoolroom, Preston, on Wednesday Next, 11th Oct. Proceeds in aid of Bazaar Funds. Cards 8 to 10. Dancing 10 to 12. Admission by ticket only.

E. J. SULLIVAN, Hon. Sec.

PICTURES.
PICTURES.
PICTURES.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL HALL, James St.

FRIDAY EVENING, 13th OCT.

GRAND PICTURE DISPLAY.

Latest and Best Films.

Admission 6d.

PICTURES.
PICTURES.
PICTURES.

CROXTON, SATURDAY NEXT, 14th October.

CROXTON GRAND OPEN-AIR CONCERT.

Glorious First Part.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PICTURES.

Direct from London, MORLEY & BATES, The Dandy Comedy Sketch Artists—a fine turn. LAL LOUIE, The Popular Comedian. MISS ALMA JAMES, Australia's Greatest Dancer. Star Turn—ARTHUR DOUGLAS, The Scotch Humorist. HARRY LEGGETT, The Pocket Comedian. MISS ELSIE BATES The Refined Belle. ARTHUR MORLEY, The Eminent Baritone. Farce by the Company.

H. W. BALHARRY, Promoter.

An attendant specially engaged to take care of prams, go-carts, &c.

NORTHCOTE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Armadale Street

A SPRING FAIR

Will be held in the Town Hall, Northcote, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 19th and 20th October.

To be opened by the Mayoress (Mrs. H. Bastings, on Thursday, at 3 p.m. Proceeds in aid of Church Building Fund.

SIDE SHOWS and COMPETITIONS.

GOOD PROGRAMME Each Evening. The Brighton Orchestra will render Choice Selections on Thursday evening.

Adults 6d. E. A. HAYES, Secretary.
Children 3d. C. K. MILLER, Treasurer

Opening of the Cricket Season

NORTHCOTE CRICKET CLUB.

Pennant cricket will commence to-day, when Northcote meet Richmond at the Northcote park. The prospects of this season are again very bright, as the services of ten of last year's team are available.

The committee wish to give all promising juniors every chance, and with that object in view have included L. Richardson, of the premier Presbyterian team, in the first eleven, and W. Cox, of club eleven fame, in the second team.

The club eleven have been entered for the Metropolitan Cricket League Competition, and start their matches next Saturday. No match will be played to-day.

A feature this year will be afternoon tea for the ladies, and the committee will be pleased to welcome all present.

The following are the teams:—First eleven—Bigg, Bailey, Brown, Billings, Cheesewright, Mitchell, Moyle, Plant, Richardson, Spicer, Vernon, F. Yeomans. Second eleven—Ahern, Andrew, Cox, Hammet, Lugton, Rowe, Studley, Thomas, Wilkinson, Yeomans (2) Twelfth man, Bolton.

FIRST GRADE JUNIOR ASSOCIATION

The Preston club start the season to day at 2.45 against the Fairfield (a new team in the Association) on the Preston oval. Owing to the wet weather there has not been much practice and the new men have not been able to show their form. Players are requested to be on the ground at 2.30 to elect a captain and vice-captain. Those not fortunate enough to be chosen will play with the Amateurs against the Rose on the Methodist wicket, Nth. Preston. Owing to the unsettled weather afternoon tea is postponed until next Saturday, when we hope to see all our supporters and lady friends present.

South Preston Methodists commence the season this afternoon, when they meet Clifton Hill at South Preston (opposite Army barracks) Players are asked to be attired in flannels (rule of competition) and to be on the ground at 2.30. Team will be chosen from Freeman, Wardell, Mohr (2), Wass, Campbell, Page, Martin, Stewart, McDougall, Bott, Janner, Cook, Knoll, Meyers, Schou, Bishop, Madden.

BOWLING.

The Preston Bowling Club had a splendid afternoon's practice last Saturday, rinks being chosen by the various skippers. The green was in splendid condition and drawing truly. The season opens to-day, when the A team play Thornbury at Thornbury and the B team play Thornbury at Preston

The following are the 16 players selected to go to Preston, viz., McDougall, McGregor, Lizzard, Lewis, Gourley, Denny, Sutherland, Oldenburg, Wright, Rouvray, Mulready, Littlejohn, Westgarth, Whiteoak, Richards, and Donegan.

At Northcote green the competition for vice presidents' trophy will be commenced to-day and continued next Saturday.

Dress and Fashion.

SPRING SHOW

OF

MILLINERY.

— LADIES! —

Before buying your Spring Hat just pay Mrs. Hare a visit for a good, stylish up-to-date models at less than half City prices. Just come along and see the windows—lit up every night — with just the price and style you want.

MRS. HARE,

324 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL.

MISS IVY READ, MILLINER,

No. 9 First Floor Victoria Buildings, Queen's Walk, City. (Take Lift.)

London and Parisian Experience.

Renovations and Children's Millinery a Speciality.

MISSES MATHER, COSTUMIERS

(late of Flinders St).

ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING.

Coats and Skirts a Speciality.

241 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL

(Near Tram Terminus)

EATON'S

THE

SMART HAT SHOP

NOW OPENED AT

301 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

(opposite National Bank).

Gentlemen Please Note.

The smart and natty appearance of our Hats is just what is wanted to put a finishing touch on your suit. Wear one and feel well-dressed.

ENSURE being UP-TO-DATE by purchasing your Hats, Shirts, Collars, and Ties at EATON'S, Where EVERYTHING is STYLISH.

Needless to go to Collins Street. You will be better served and cheaper at EATON'S.

Stott & Bastings

oldest-established

AGENTS and AUCTIONEER in NORTHCOTE,

203 HIGH STREET (Corner Westbourne Grove).

Tel. 1976.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

80 per cent. of purchase money advanced, repayable as rent.

ALLOTMENTS FOR SALE.

All parts of district. Terms arranged as required.

Loans Negotiated.

Insurances Effected.

Rents Collected.

Agents for Absentees.

Persons dealing in Real Estate in Northcote, Preston, and Fairfield are invited to consult us

Auction Notices.

WEDNESDAY, 11th OCTOBER. NORTHCOTE.

On the ground at 3 o'clock sharp.

ALLOTMENT of LAND, 60 feet frontage by a depth of 94 feet 6 inches, facing St. David Street, opposite Dennis Street, fenced on two sides, and is a Splendid Building Allotment, being only a few minutes from Croxton station and High Street.

MITCHELL BROS., Estate Agents, 235 High Street, Northcote, through their Auctioneer, have received instructions to sell as above, in a deceased estate.

Title, Certificate, Messrs Major and Armstrong, Solicitors, Market St., Melbourne.

SATURDAY, 14th OCTOBER.

On the Land. At 3 o'clock.

Westbourne Grove, Aberdeen Grove, Carnarvon Avenue,

—NORTHCOTE—
—NORTHCOTE—

Adjoining Merri Station.

And Few Minutes North Fitzroy Trams.

27 VALUABLE ALLOTMENTS 27
VALUABLE ALLOTMENTS

40 x 105.

This Land occupies a Fine Position, close to Merri Park, a New Reserve of 9 Acres.

Note Specially Easy Terms:

£10 deposit each lot, balance half yearly up to 5 years at 4½ per cent. interest.

Option of paying off.

Title, Certificate, Sir George Turner, Solicitor, 341 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Auctioneers in conjunction.

STOTT & BASTINGS, 203 High Street, Northcote, Tel. 1976; SELWYN H. LEMME, 341 Collins Street, Melbourne, Tel. 3257.

WEDNESDAY, 18th OCTOBER.

3 o'clock at Property.

VICTORIA ROAD, NORTHCOTE.

EXECUTORS' AUCTION.

D.F.W.B. HOUSE, of 4 rooms and outbuildings, and 2 roomed W.B. House, On Land 156 x 145

STOTT & BASTINGS have received instructions from the Executor in the Estate of James Broadhurst, deceased, to sell by auction as above.

The Property is situate in Victoria Road, between Bastings and Mitchell Streets, in an Improving Position.

Title, Perfect. Terms at Sale.

Orders at Auctioneer's offices, 203 and 521 High St., Northcote, Tel. 1976, and Station Street, Fairfield.

To Make Assurance Doubly Sure

Insure with the

London Assurance Corporation

whose Local Agent is

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer and Valuer,

295 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Tel., Northcote 54.

LOW RATES.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS IN CASE OF FIRE.

Call, Write, or Ring Up

COME!

Where the Tree Ferns Grow!

IF ever in doubt how to spend a pleasant hour, take a run on the Northcote Trams to the FRESH AIR of Thornbury, and to

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

Where you can get always a Delicious Cup of Tea, a Cool Drink, or a Lovely Ice Cream, and all "under the Shade of the Sheltering Fern."

Come and See for Yourselves and it will invite you to come again.

Refreshments and Confectionery, of all kinds.

REMEMBER—

WILLIAMS',

RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

MISS E. COOPER, Hair Specialist, "Brixton," 274 McKean St., North Fitzroy. Weak and Falling Hair a Speciality (Electric Treatment). Head and Face Massage, Manicuring, Hair-Dressing, Cutting, and Shampooing. Combings made up. Tonics, Scalp, and Skin Foods highly recommended. Ladies attended at their own homes. Premature Baldness Cured.

Tel. Northcote 87.

RELIABLE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

can always be obtained from

GEORGE REID,

220 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

My aim is to give the Utmost Satisfaction by Prompt and Courteous Service—A High Standard of Quality in all Goods. In addition to which my Prices will be found to be the LOWEST in the Trade. Orders called for & delivered to any part of the Town or district.

A TRIAL ORDER WILL BE ESTEEMED.

Branch:

29 Westgarth St., Northcote Sth. (near Fairfield).

Northcote Supply Stores.

A MOST Up-to-Date Stock of FANCY GOODS, SCHOOL REQUISITES, and TOYS of every description at Lowest Melbourne prices.

Lessons given in Chip Carving and Relief.

All invited to inspect.

Opening Day: Thursday, 21st September.

MRS. E. WALKER,

205 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Palace of Reliable Footwear,

396 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.

Next Thos. Dowd & Co., Tailors.

1000 Pairs Children's School Boots and Shoes.

500 Pairs Men's Bluchers, Watertights, Strong Working Boots.

1000 Pairs High-Grade Footwear in Ladies', Gents', and Children's.

Slippers, Goloshes, and Infants' Shoes in abundance.

Polishes, Insoles, Laces, etc.

ALL GOODS FROM THE VERY BEST MAKERS.

We Buy for Cash. We Sell for Cash.

Our Prices Cannot be Beat Anywhere.

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK of Well-Made Up-to-Date Goods.

REPAIRS at LOW PRICES.

E. C. LEE, Manager.

HILLSIDE NURSERY, NORTHCOTE.

ROSES

400 VARIETIES to choose from.

Strong Plants, true to name, from

6/- doz.

STANDARD ROSES, 1/6 each.

Palms, Hedge Plants, Shrubs, Seedlings, Fruit Trees, &c.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

Note Address:

168 CLARKE TS. WEST.

A. MAGGS, Proprietor

Estate Agents

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Membrey & Deane

(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),

AUCTIONEER, ESTATE FINANCIAL and INSURANCE AGENTS, SWORN VALUER

(Telephone No. 4682, Central),

Beg to notify that their business has been 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 Conducted

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 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 and specifications of houses prepared

V. C. SWIFT. Phone:
C. E. CORBEN. Northcote 212

Swift & Corben,

ESTATE AGENTS,

HOUSE, LAND, AND FARM SALESMEN,

232 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

LOANS NEGOTIATED
RENTS COLLECTED
INSURANCES EFFECTED.

Fine List of Properties For Sale and To Let.

R. H. TAYLOR,

ESTATE, LAND, and INSURANCE AGENT,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Town Hall).

Rents Collected.

Loans Negotiated.

Insurances Effected.

Valuations Made.

DON'T FORGET—

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL.

TO HOUSEWIVES of NORTHCOTE and DISTRICT.

C. Power & Son,

BEST VALUE BUTCHERS,

Wish to remind you that they are still in the lead for Quality and Cheapness.

Don't be Deceived by Tricky Advertising on shop fronts.

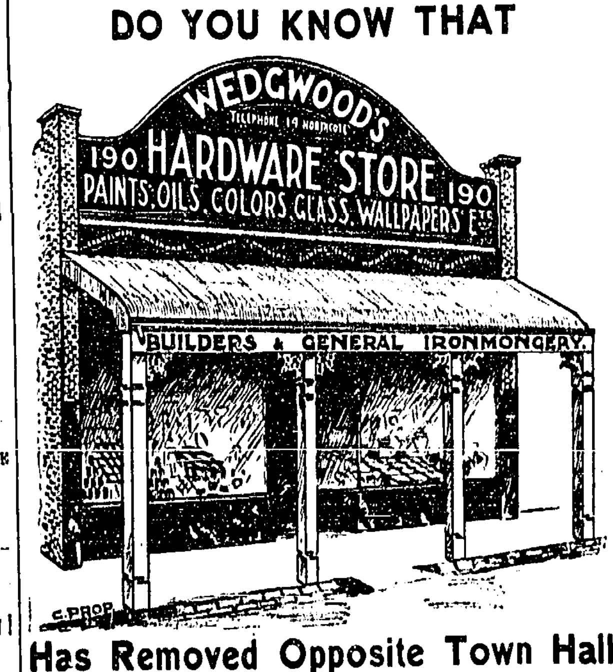
Come and Try Our Goods,

Your Money Returned if the Value is not the Best in the District.

Orders called for and delivered at SHOP PRICES.

CORNER PARK and CHARLES STS. (near Merri Station).

DO YOU KNOW THAT



Has Removed Opposite Town Hall.

Good News! Good News! Good News!

TO PRESTON HOUSEWIVES.

J. BARNARD

has opened an

UP-TO-DATE AND FIRST-CLASS MEAT DEPOT

CHEAP MEAT! CHEAP MEAT! AT J. BARNARD'S,
CHEAP MEAT! CHEAP MEAT! AT J. BARNARD'S,
83 HIGH STREET, PRESTON.
83 HIGH STREET, PRESTON.

YOU CAN REDUCE YOUR MEAT BILLS BY HALF if you purchase at this Shop where Meat only of the Best Quality can be obtained at Lowest Prices. Our Leading Motto:—Send your children and they will be supplied the same as yourself. One visit to 83 High Street and you will be sure to appear again.

GO STRAIGHT TO BARNARD'S MEAT DEPOT!

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer & Sworn Valuer,

295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE, Tel. 54 Northcote,

Has the following Cheap Properties for Immediate Sale:

Villa, 5 rooms, street made, sewered, gas, adjoining station £350

Villa and Large Allotment, 4 large rooms, all conveniences, gas, sewered, street made £375

Cottage, 4 rooms, &c., near station, rental 10/- £200

New Villa, Northcote South, few minutes station, 5 rooms, &c. £375

Terms can be arranged.

Small Deposit.

Balance as Rent.

Call, Write, or Ring—

ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer.

Preston Property Agency.

A. ROBERTSON,

ESTATE, INSURANCE, and FINANCIAL AGENT, and SWORN VALUATOR.

RENTS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED.
AUCTION SALES ARRANGED.

Insurances Effected on Buildings, Furniture Haystacks, etc., Plate Glass, Accident and Sickness, Employers' Liability, etc.

Valuations carefully made for Probate.

CHEAP Building ALLOTMENTS on easy terms.

No Deposit. No Interest.

Note Address:

C/r HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON.

Close to Bell Station.

Phone, 58 Brunswick Ex.

J. TYNAN,

The New

House, Land & Estate Agent,

Has opened premises at 331 High St., Northcote.

Auction Sales Arranged.

Rents Collected.

Insurances Effected.

Loans Negotiated

Agent for

Commonwealth Insurance Company Ltd.

National Insurance of N.Z. Ltd

Twentieth Century Building and Investment Society.

Note Address

331 High Street, Northcote (next Tharratt's).

W. J. GRAY,

House, Land and Estate Agent.

RENTS CAREFULLY COLLECTED.

HOUSES FOR SALE, ALL SUBURBS.

PRESTON.—Two Allotments Land, Queen Street, unrivalled position, each 56 x 126. Price, £56 each.

PRESTON.—CITY VIEW ESTATE; shortly to be subdivided (in conjunction with W. H. Edgar). Plans, particulars, on application

FARM.—Neerim South, Gippsland; 157½ acres, 60 acres cleared; six-roomed house; first-class dairy; milking sheds, six bails; ten paddocks; good barn; corn shed; permanent running creek; sown with English grasses; 1½ miles railway station. Price £11 per acre. This is a bargain.

LAND.—Johnston Street, Collingwood. Large allotment. Shops or factory erected to suit purchaser. No deposit. Easy terms.

Agents for the T. & G. Mutual Life Assurance; Lancashire Fire Assurance; Australasian Metropolitan Fire and General Insurance Co.

Live Stock Insured at Current Rates.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS:

176 JOHNSTON ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Private Address:

6 Hutton Street, Northcote.

Established (1883) over a Quarter of a Century.

Commonwealth Insurance Co. Ltd.

(formerly Melbourne Lloyd's Underwriters).

Head Office: 56 [illegible]

FIRE. MARINE.

Lowest Current Rates.

JOHN URQUHART, Manager.

Local Agent: J. TYNAN,

Land and Estate Agent,

331 High Street, Northcote.

Established 1821.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER 6½ MILLIONS.

Guardian Assurance Co. LTD.

Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. ACCIDENT

Local Agent:

R. H. TAYLOR,

HOUSE, LAND & ESTATE AGENT.

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Town Hall).

TREVENA'S

SUMMER SUITS!

If we have never made Clothes for you, now is a good time to let us begin. Our showing of Summer Materials is equal to the best to be found anywhere, including as it does all the Best Materials in the Newest Patterns and Colourings

T. TREVENA,

The Reliable Ladies' and Gents' Tailor.

Novel and Exclusive Designs in CHOICE SHIRTS. Soft and Pleated Prints, especially suited for summer wear, 5/6, 8/6. Our Summer Season's STRAWS just arrived.

T. TREVENA, "THE HAT KING,"

266 Smith St., Collingwood. Tel. Cen. 5410.

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 2.

Present:—Crs. Robertson (president), Howe, Crispe, Howse, Braithwaite, Allchin, Stanlake, Warr and Paterson.

DAMAGE TO A "PRAM."

W. R. Kupsch wrote, intimating that he understood the council denied liability in connection with accident to go-cart in Mary-street. Seeing the council admitted their guilt by getting their employes to remove the obstacle, he would give the council seven days in which to reconsider their verdict, otherwise he would sue the council for damages.—Received, and no action taken.

THE LEVEL CROSSINGS DANGER.

The Railway Department wrote, stating that instructions had been given for enginemen to sound their whistles when approaching level crossings, and these instructions are being strictly observed.—Received.

COMPLAINT RE BRUCE-STREET.

James Fortune wrote, drawing attention to the condition of Bruce-street, from Jessie-street to Elizabeth-street. In all the 18 years he had lived there the road had never been in such a state. The Jessie-street is positively dangerous, and to make matters worse the lamp there has not been lighted for a fortnight, owing to its being broken and not repaired. Seeing the number of houses in the street, he hoped the council would do something permanent. —Referred to works committee.

FOOTBALL CLUB AND PARK PROPERTY.

W. Tomkins, secretary Preston Football Club, wrote stating that the club would honourably meet its liability (if any) in connection with the park property, and was quite willing to abide by Mr. Hill's decision after inspection. At the completion of the club matches the keys of the park were handed to the Preston District Football Club, and on return they were handed by the writer to Mr. Halliday, who had permission to use the pavilion for scout meetings.

Cr. Crispe moved that the matter be referred to parks committee to consider with Mr. Hill's report.—Carried.

CRICKET CLUB'S REQUIREMENTS.

Wallace H. Fyfe, secretary Preston C.C., wrote stating they would like repairs made to the pavilion before their first match on Saturday next. One window is broken, and the lock of the door is also broken; also lock of the press-box, which has been left in a very dirty condition, having been used as a urinal. Once things were fixed up the council could rely on them being kept right while the Cricket Club was in charge.—Referred to parks' committee on the motion of Cr. Crispe.

POWELL-STREET GATES.

The Preston Progress Association wrote, thanking the council for action taken in regard to keys of Powell-street gates.—Received.

GARBAGE TIPS TO BE ABOLISHED.

The Public Health Department wrote, notifying that after three years municipal garbage tips would be abolished.—Received.

ASPHALTING WANTED.

A. Freeman wrote, asking that the footpath in front of his stores be asphalted. He would be willing to pay half cost.

Cr. Howe moved that the work be done at schedule prices.—Adopted.

LARGER DONATION ASKED.

St. Vincent's Hospital wrote, asking council to increase its annual donation to the institution. The patients treated from Preston last year were:—In-patients, 5; out-patients, 23; casualties, 11.—To be considered when next charitable vote is being allocated.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £67 5s. 7d. be passed for payment.—Adopted.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £177 11s. 1d. be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Tenders for tar-paving in David-street, Clifton-grove, Tyler-street and Bell-street.—That the tender of Thomas Adams, at £257 13s. 3d., be accepted. —Carried.

3. That the tender of Clarke Bros. for supplying horse, man and dray for 12s a day be accepted.—Adopted.

Maintenance, Section 1, High-street. —The tender of Clarke Bros., at £39, was accepted.

Maintenance, Sec. 1, Plenty-road.—The tender of Clarke Bros. at £26 was accepted.

Cr. Paterson said that the tenders sent in for operating the water cart viz., at the rate of 5s. per hour—were so ridiculous that it was decided to refer the matter to the committee of the whole.

The chairman also intimated that as the tenders for scavenging were considerably higher than the estimated cost by day labour, it was resolved to do the work by day labour.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

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

1. Request of L. K. Down re pipe track.—That same be acceded to.—Adopted.

2. Arthur-street, new apportionments. —That same be recommended for adoption by the council.—Adopted.

3. Ratepayers of Clifton-grove, re tar-paving. That Messrs. Porteous and others be written to and informed that the council cannot grant their request. —Adopted.

HALL COMMITTEE.

Cr. Braithwaite (chairman) submitted the report recommending that the offer of Carnegie and Son, re piano for hall, be considered with the estimates.—Adopted.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Mr. Dean reported an overdraft on the general account of £483 18s., and Cr. balance of £20 16s. 1d. and £214 12s. 6d. in the special improvement accounts.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

1. Alterations at J. C. Hutton's are in accordance with building regulations.

2. Met Shire of Epping engineer on Mahoney's, and they agreed that about 18 chains require attention.—Referred to committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs. Allchin and Howse.

MEAT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr. Sullivan reported having inspected and branded for the fortnight carcases of meat as follows:—Cattle, 72; sheep, 1111; pigs, 693. For 12 months:—Cattle, 2120; sheep, 34,460; pigs, 15,348. Revenue, £270 0s. 9d.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Crispe moved that Station-street be taken over by the council.

The President: Why not take over all the streets that have been made?

It was resolved that the matter of doing this be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Crispe moved that the matter of asphalting Wild and Station streets be considered with the estimates.

Cr. Howe seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Howe called attention to dangerous holes in the asphalt west of High-street.

The engineer was authorised to procure a couple of loads of tarred screenings to effect these and other repairs.

Cr. Paterson moved that Dundas-street, at the corner of Newcastle-street, be repaired with a couple of loads of metal. Cr. Howse seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Stanlake moved that the footpaths in Seymour-street be gravelled. Cr. Warr seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Allchin moved that another letter be written to the Railway authorities, asking that the 11.8 train from Reservoir be run a few minutes earlier, so as to make sure of passengers catching other suburban trains.

Cr. Howe moved that the question of purchasing a typewriter be considered with the estimates.

Cr. Warr moved that the Railway Department be asked to provide a ramp at the Bell goods siding to facilitate the loading of heavy goods. Cr. Howe seconded.—Carried.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Mr. I. Barrow, J.P.

BAD LANGUAGE.

Constable Lizars proceeded against John P. Boylan on a charge of using obscene language.

Informant stated that the offence took place in Tyler-street at 11 p.m. on December 2 last. Defendant had disappeared in order to avoid service.

Mr. Croft, for defendant, pleaded guilty, stating that defendant had been drinking at the time, and had had a quarrel with another member of the family. As to his evading service, there was nothing in that. He had been on his farm at Carrum all the time. Under the circumstances, and as defendant was a man of means and well connected, but with, unfortunately, the drink habit, he would ask that he be as leniently dealt with as possible.

Fined £2.

ASSAULT CHARGE DISMISSED.

Frederick Barnes proceeded against Joseph Fairey on a charge of assault.

Plaintiff stated that defendant struck him in the face, giving him a black eye, and knocking him down.

Defendant said he merely touched him, and he fell off his bike.

Case dismissed on the ground of triviality.

TAKING SAND.

Constable Lizars proceeded against John Sinclair on two charges—one of taking sand from a public street, and another of having no name on his cart.

Defendant said he was only getting a couple of buckets of sand for his pot plants. As for the cart, it was one that had only been used for pleasure this five years, and it was the first time it had been questioned.

The bench said the case was not a serious offence, but a technical offence had been committed. There would be a fine of 10s. in the first case, and 2s. 6d. in the second.

Stud Notices

TO Stand this Season at his Owner's Farm BUNDOORA, And Travel the Surrounding District.

The Magnificent Draught Stallion,

LORD LEESTON
(Government Certificate)

Imported from that breeding place of great horses, New Zealand, and purchased by his present owner at a very high figure, is a fine bay, in form a perfect model of the Clydesdale Stallion, with plendid bone and substance.

Lord Leeston was foaled in 1907. His sire, Royal Alexander (Small's, imported to Victoria from New Zealand,) gained, in 1902, first prizes at Leeston and Christchurch, second prizes at Leeston in 1903 and 1904, and first and reserve champion in 1905 and 1906 at Leeston. Grandsire, Alexander's Heir (202, N.Z., S.B.); g grandsire, St. Alexander (9,397, imp.) won the Dumfries premium in 1892, and first and champion prizes in 1895 at Gore, Dunedin, and Tapanui; g g grandsire, St. Lawrence (3,220). G g g grandsire, Drew's famous Prince of Wales (673), won first prize at H.S. Show, in Edinburgh, in 1869; first prize at the Royal Show, Manchester, 1869; second prize at the H.S. Show, Dumfries, in 1870; and first prize at the H.S. Show, Kelso, in 1872. G g g g grandsire, General (322) won first prize at the H.S. Show, Inverness, in 1865. G g g g g grandsire, Sir Walter Scott (797) won first prize at the H.S. Show, Dumfries, in 1860, and the first premium at the International Show held at Battersea in 1862. Lord Leeston's dam, Clara, by Thumper (imp.); granddam by Vanquisher (214 N.Z., S.B.); g granddam, Maggie Craig (Wall's, imported from Scotland, 202, N.Z. S.B.) by Large Jock (444); g g granddam by Loudon Tam (508)

Terms, £5 5s, payable half at end of season, balance when mare proves in foal.

Full particulars from H. DOIDGE, Proprietor, "Kadeleigh Park," Bundoora. Private address, High street, Northcote.

Public Notices.

Northcote Nursery
MITCHELL STREET.

PLANT NOW:
Hedge Trees
Buffalo Grass Roots for Lawns
Tomato Plants
Trees, Shrubs, &c.

C. J. JACKSON, Proprietor.

G. McKECHNIE,
HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST, CONFECTIONER, &c.,
81 HIGH ST., SOUTH PRESTON
(Two doors from Prince Alfred Hotel).
HERB. ROADLEY MANAGING SALOON.

D. J. CHAPMAN,
Dudley Fruit Palace,
237 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
SUMMER DRINKS & CONFECTIONERY
Choice Fruit and Fresh Vegetables daily.
Orders called for and delivered.

MARRIAGE.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on the 27th inst., at All Saints' Church, Northcote, the contracting parties being Mr. George Maydom, of South Yarra, and Miss Aggie Sands, of Hutton street, Thornbury. The Rev. A. C. Kellaway, M.A., officiated at the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mrs. W. F. Appleton, looked charming in a very pretty frock of creme satin, with an overdress of silk striped chiffon voile, daintily trimmed with tulle, satin, and ropes of pearls. She wore the customary veil and wreath and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Maydom (sister of groom) and Miss Ruby Moor. They were gowned alike in pretty creme muslin frocks trimmed with lace and pink ribbons. They wore large creme hats with pink trimmings and carried bouquets of pale pink carnations and camellias. Mr. W. Maydom (brother of bridegroom) acted as best man and Mr. H. Bosslemann as groomsman. After the ceremony the guests, who numbered about forty, were received by Mrs. Sands and Mrs. W. F. Appleton (bride's mother and sister) at 33 Hutton street, Thornbury, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of. After the usual toasts the happy couple departed amid confetti and the well-wishes of their friends for a short honeymoon to Whittlesea. Mrs. Maydom travelled in a very becoming dress of saxe blue chiffon voile with creme lace and black satin trimmings, large grey hat trimmed with blue.

The following is a list of presents:—House and table linen and handsome tray cloth, mother of bride; massive walnut hall stand, mother and brothers of bridegroom; pair of curtains, Mr. and Mrs. F. Green; tea service, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Appleton; handsome jardiniere and pedestal and case of carvers, girl friends of bride; copper hot water kettle and stand, Girls' Friendly Society and Mrs. Hector Ferguson; afternoon tea spoons and sugar tongs, Mr. F. Sands (W.A.); oak and silver tray, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Dundas (W.A.); silver fish dish, Mr. and Mrs. H. Denton; handsome silver salad bowl, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Appleton; fruit knives and forks, Mr. H. Bosslemann; silver afternoon tea tray, Mr. and Mrs. J. Timmins; pretty jardiniere, Miss S. Walton; oak framed picture, Miss E. Farr and Mr. V. Price; bronze and glass fruit epergne, Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Duncan; fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. E. Doig; silver flower vase, Mrs. McCaughey; oak and silver biscuit barrel, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ashton; silver butter dish and toast rack, Mrs. and Miss Moor; bronze tray, Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin; silver butter dish, Miss K. Frew; pretty table centre, Mrs. W. Greer; silver flower vase, Miss Brown; biscuit barrel, Miss Hughes and Mr. Gregory; cushion, butter knife, and jam spoon, Miss R. Philp (N.S.W.); afternoon tea forks, Miss E. Wells; d'oyleys, butter knife, and bread fork, Mr. and Mrs. R. Berryman (N.S.W.); pretty jam dish, Misses E. and I. Appleton; dainty cheese dish and cover, Miss Addie Inman; serviette rings, Mr. P. A. Coolson; Bible, Rev. A. C. Kellaway; flower bowl, Mr. and Mrs. Lowls; silver stud box, Master Bobby Dundas; teapot and glass fruit dish, Miss Madge and Master Wilfred Appleton.

Announcements

Why should Ladies call at

The Regal

98 Smith Street
Near Peel St.?

Because they can have a Nice Lunch or Afternoon Tea.

High-Class Pastry and Confectionery.

H. KNIGHT,
FURNITURE REMOVER
(late of Northcote)
Wishes to notify his old customers of Northcote and Preston that he will be pleased to remove them as usual.
Cheap Wood in blocks delivered any where.
All post cards sent to this address will have prompt attention:—150 HIGH ST, PRESTON (opposite Bell station).

W. T. ROWE
(Over 17 years with F. Yann, also late Eng'ish 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.

Dentists.

AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

MR. ALEX. G. DE LACY, DENTIST
(SPECIALIST in OPERATIVE DENTISTRY and Diseases of the Mouth)
Can be consulted at his private address: "Toronto" Martin Street, Northcote.
Hours—Mornings by appointment. Evenings, 6 till 8 p.m. Sundays, 9 till 10 a.m.
City Address—153 ELIZABETH ST., Between Bourke and Little Collins Street MELBOURNE.

LESLIE C. WEBSTER, D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST,
may be consulted at 182 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Town Hall)
Hours:—9.30—6. 7—9.
Saturday afternoon by appointment.
And at 87 COLLINS STREET, CITY. By appointment only.
Phone, Central 3803.

MR. L. R. McGREGOR, SURGEON DENTIST,
Of 123 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE, Will Visit EPPING at KEATING'S HOTEL,
Second and fourth Tuesday in each month. Hours: 12 a.m. to 7 p.m.

THOMAS WEBSTER, L.D.S., MAC.D., DENTIST.
Only Address—306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL
Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9.
Telephone 1832J, City.

IF you are running an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and ADVERTISE it thoroughly.

This Queer Old World.

It is queer how things go by contraries here,
'Tis always too cold or too hot
And the prizes we miss, you know, always appear
To be better than those that we've got;
It is always too wet or too dusty and dry,
And the land is too rough or too flat
There's nothing that's perfect beneath the blue sky,
—But—
It's a pretty good world for all that.

Some people are born but to dig in the soil,
And sweat for the bread that they eat;
While some never learn the hard meaning of toil
And live on the things that are sweet.
A few are too rich and a lot are too poor,
And some are too lean or too fat—
Ah, the hardships are many that we must endure
—But—
It's a pretty good world for all that.

The man who must think envies them that must be
Ever pounding and digging for men,
And the man with the pick would be happy if he
Might play with the brush or the pen!
If things go by contraries here upon earth,
Life is empty and sterile and flat;
Man begins to complain on the day of his birth.
—But—
It's a pretty good world for all that.

HOT WEATHER BREAKFASTS

During the hot, enervating days of summer, when one feels languid and worn, lack of appetite in the morning is a common occurrence, and it is frequently troublesome to provide something that will tempt the palate. If one feels a desire for nothing but a cup of tea or coffee, and that pretty strong, it should not be served at all; but in place drink a glassful of rich lemonade, either hot or cold, as will be most relished. This will stimulate a lagging appetite, and is also wholesome.

Few persons serve pickles for breakfast, yet an acid is very acceptable in warm weather and sliced cucumbers make an acceptable addition to a summer breakfast. To prepare them pare and slice as thinly as possible (and they can be sliced as thin as a sheet of paper), and salt rather more than would seem to be necessary. Do this the first thing in the morning and let them stand until the meal is ready, then carefully drain off all the water that arises, and rinse in cold water—ice cold, if possible; add enough sharp vinegar to almost cover, in which has been dissolved sugar in the proportion of a heaping tablespoon to a teacupful of vinegar.

Ripe tomatoes, pare and sliced in thin, regular slices, nearly covered with vinegar and sugar, as for cucumbers, are also a breakfast appetiser that, if served in a glass dish, with a few sprigs of parsley around the edge will be as attractive to the eye as to the palate. Some cooks add a little finely-chopped onion to sliced tomatoes, and consider it an addition.

Some nice fresh fruit, or a slice of juicy water-melon, is a delightful first course, or appetite stimulator, for breakfast that should not be forgotten as it rarely, if ever, fails to perform the task expected of it; and more than once have persons come to the breakfast table declaring they could eat nothing, yet, having been tempted by the sight of the fruit to make a beginning, have partaken of a hearty meal before leaving the table.

The utmost care should be taken in the arrangement of the breakfast table to have it present a neat, attractive appearance, that we may, if possible, reach the appetite through the sense of sight. Fresh flowers form an attraction whose value should not be underestimated.

Eggs poached in milk and served on toast, with a sprig of parsley on each slice, is a pretty as well as palatable dish. Break the eggs into scalding hot milk, having enough to nearly cover them; let them remain until the white is firm, and dip out on to the centre of a square of toast, adding enough of the scalding milk to moisten the toast. Salt and pepper the egg, and send to the table on small plates.

Baked or steamed eggs are very delicate. Butter small side or individual dishes, break the eggs into these, salt and pepper them, and set dishes in the oven until the white becomes firm, or set them in a steamer over boiling water and steam a few minutes. Serve in the dishes in which they are cooked.

A REMEMBRANCE CALENDAR.

An interesting calendar, especially suitable for an invalid, or one who living at a distance, seldom sees relatives or friends, may be constructed as follows:—

Make twelve envelopes—the largest nine by twelve, the next eight and a half by eleven and a half, and so on, each one half an inch smaller than the one before, the last one measuring three and a-half by five and a-half. Upon the face of the largest one print or write the words:—

A Remembrance Calendar for ——,
With best New Year wishes from ——.

The next largest envelope should bear on its face the calendar for January, a quotation appropriate to the season, and a tiny screen or spray of flowers, suitable to the month. On the face of the next envelope place the February calendar, a quotation and cluster of flowers, and so on through the remaining envelopes, keeping the smallest one for November. For the month of December cut a card three inches by five, and decorate with holly and Christmas greetings.

Then slip the December card into its proper envelope, and also put in some little gift or emblem suitable to the month. Seal the envelope, and across the flap write, "Do not open until December first." Then place the November sealed envelope inside the one bearing the October calendar, and also a tiny gift; seal and label, "Do not open until November first." Continue in this way until the January envelope is placed inside the one that is marked "Remembrance Calendar."

If gifts or emblems are enclosed, they must all be small and flat.

If desired, one person might make and decorate the envelopes, and others in the family select mottoes, etc.

A gentleman found his little daughter crying bitterly because she had had a tumble. "Never mind, Wynnie," he said, "won't a chocolate make it better?" "No," said the child, between her sobs, "but two would do it."

Architects

LAUNDER & CO., CIVIL ENGINEERS, ARCHITECTS, and LICENSED SURVEYORS.
Established 1857.
Plans and specifications prepared for all descriptions of work.
Clients supplied with quantities and estimates without any additional cost.
Private address, Wallace Street, Preston.

PLANS, Specifications, &c., prepared. Sketches and Advice absolutely free. Competent and experienced draftsman. "Architect," *Leader* office.

BUY YOUR FUTURE HOME AT PRESTON

McGeorge Bros & Savage Local Auctioneer WILL SUIT YOU

HOUSES FOR SALE
RENT TERMS,
FROM A
COTTAGE TO A MANSION
BUY LAND and we BUILD to YOUR OWN DESIGN.
We are Sole Agents for all the Leading Subdivisions in this District.
Call and Select a Block.
PLANS FREE on Application.
Call or Write Phone: Northcote 102
M'GEORGE BROS. & SAVAGE,
Expert Property Salesmen,
323 High St., Preston, and Moreland
Auction Sales Conducted Rents Collected Insurances Effected

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME
Nothing adds more to the appearance of your home, or protects it better from the destructive action of the weather, than a coat or two of Good Paint. Whether you intend to decorate the exterior or brighten up interiors it will pay you to consult us if you want first-class workmanship at prices that are reasonable.

THERE NEVER YET
has been a house too dull or gloomy for us to "brighten up" with paint or paperhangings. It's a peculiar fact that eight of the last ten houses we have "done up" were sold in a week. We simply know the way to go about the ceilings, cornices, walls and woodwork. By the use of the best materials we were able to get results far ahead of anything thought possible.

D. B. MASSON,
Decorator and Ironmonger, Importer of Glass and Paperhangings,
Muraress from 10d a foot. Write for Patterns.
Lowest Current Rates for all Painters' Materials.
236 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Telephone, Northcote 104

Nurses

NURSE LOKEHERST ROBERTS, R.V.T.N.A., Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals.
Registered Maternity Private Hospital, "Sydenham," 21 Darebin Rd., Northcote. Terms, 3 to 5 guineas fortnight. Engagements. Patients Visited. Emergency Cases. Correspondence and enquiries invited. Phone, Northcote 220

PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Registered).
NURSE DONOHUE (late Nurse Sparrow) Receives Patients and also Visits Outside Cases (morning). Every attention and care. Terms, Moderate.
22 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Phone: Northcote 58.

Notices

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION.
MISS ELSIE BERRY
"Hunsdon," 203 Heidelberg rd, Clifton Hill.
Elocution, Deportment, and Deep Breathing thoroughly taught on most advanced methods.
Open for Engagement—Recitals, Monologues, Songs at Piano, etc.

ART SCHOOL.
MISS MARGARET B. WEIR will open Drawing and Painting Classes at Northcote Town Hall on Saturday, 11th March, afternoon at 2, evening at 7. All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade Royal Park.

BARGAINS
In Suits & Men's Mercery are to be had at ARTHUR SHANDS'S.
WE BOAST...
Not of our Price, but of our Quality
—PRICE is a mere Detail—
QUALITY STANDS FIRST
at all times.
The Best Bargain is that which succeeds in Pleasing both the Buyer and the seller. Hence our Excellent Value at
Moderate Figures!
We have on hand Excellent Stocks of Men's Mercery, including a vast range of LOVELY SUITINGS.
SUIT YOURSELF NOW THE —RUSH IS OVER!—
ADDRESS:
ARTHUR SHANDS,
88 High St., Northcote South
Opposite Barry Street.
'Phone: Northcote 97.

[A CARD].
DR. W. P. MURPHY (late of Nagambie)
Has commenced the practice of his profession at Northcote, and may be consulted at "Nyora," Normanby Avenue.
Hours of Consultation: 9 to 11 a.m. 6 to 8 p.m.
Telephone: Northcote 103.

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—19th October.
Single Tax.
J. TYNAN, Secretary, James St.

I.O.R.,
STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217.

MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.

Next meeting—12th October.
Juveniles meet every alternate Tuesday.

BENEFITS:
Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week.
Following 6 months, 10/ week
Afterwards during sickness, 5/- 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, 38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

I.O.R.

FIDELITY TENT, No. 75, and the ROSE of PRESTON JUNIOR BRANCH, No. 85, PRESTON, meet every alternate TUESDAY at Rechabite Hall, High Street.

Sick Benefits:—For 12 months, £1 per week; following 6 months, 10/ per week; afterwards during sickness, 5/ per week.

Funeral Benefits:—£20 at death of a member; £15 at death of a member's wife (if insured)

Contributions:—Benefit members, 1/- per week upwards; Honorary members, 1/- per quarter; Proposition Fees, 2/6.

Loans Advanced on Real Estate.
CHAS. H. WARR, Secretary, "Winniesville," Railway Place, Preston.

G.U.O. Free Gardeners.

NORTHCOTE LODGE, No. 27, meets on alternate TUESDAYS at the Peacock Hotel. Funds, strong.

Contributions from 1/2 per week.
Absolutely no quarterly or other levies.
Usual Friendly Societies' Benefits.
Entrance Fees, from 2/6 to 5/-.
Hon. Member's fees, 5/- per annum (6d per week extra for doctor and medicine.)
Single members entitled to obtain medical benefits for widowed mothers and family under 16 years.
Harmony, various competitions, and other amusements every lodge night.
F. J. ALDRIDGE, Secretary, 1 Bent St., Northcote.

No Initiation Fee!

For any Healthy Man between 16 and 40,

Court Pride of Northcote,
Ancient Order of Foresters.

COME & JOIN US.

Established Nearly Fifty Years in Northcote.

Next Meeting—10th October.

And Every Alternate TUESDAY in the Friendly Societies' Hall, Wimble Street, Northcote.

HENRY H. HANSEN, Secretary.
271 High Street, Northcote.

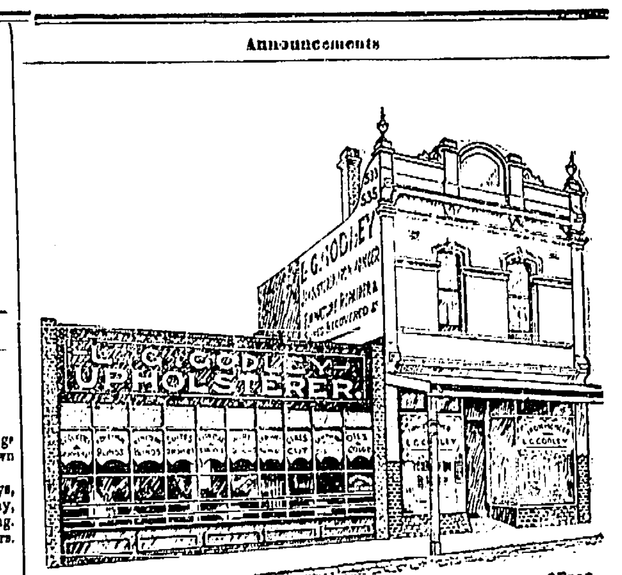
Educational

Westleigh College
Established 1880.
(Registered Secondary, Primary, Sub-Primary).
BAYVIEW STREET, NORTHCOTE, and also a Junior Branch at MICHAEL ST., NORTH FITZROY
Principals: MISSES WESTGARTH, assisted by University Staff (Visiting and Resident).
Kindergarten to Senior Public.
Spacious Class Rooms (adjoining private residence) ventilated and lighted according to requirements of Board of Public Health.
Large dormitory has been erected at private residence, where boarders are received.
Large Grounds, Poultry, Cow, Sports, Tennis, Badminton, School Library.
Classes for Music, Singing, Drawing, Painting, Elocution.
Physical Culture, Prof. Bjelke Petersen.
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.
Boys' School (age to 12 years). Separate class rooms and play ground).
Dancing, Mons. Sibron, 25/.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.C.D.
Pharmacy, Junior Public, and General Improvement Classes held at the College.
Juniors, between the ages of 6 and 8, under experienced lady teacher, £1 1s per quarter.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Fourth term begins on Tuesday, 10th October.
Evening Classes at the College.

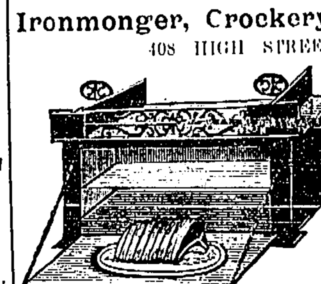
Austral Coaching College.
A SPLENDID SECONDARY SCHOOL. | JUNIOR PUBLIC. SENIOR PUBLIC. Classes Day & Night.
Special Equipment for Medical and Dental Students.
GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.
Students are prepared successfully for all Government Examinations.
Non-Clerical, Railways, State Public Service.
Commonwealth Public Service.
Telephone Attendants.
CLASSES DAY AND NIGHT, ALL SUBJECTS.
196 LITTLE COLLINS ST.
F. THOMAS, M.A.

Announcements

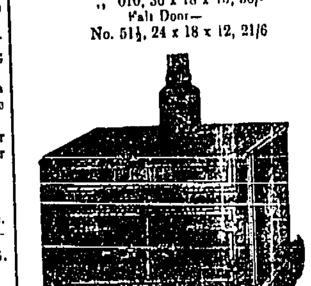


T. E. REDMOND,
Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil & Color Merchant
408 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

CHEAPEST and BEST PLACE to Buy Ironmongery, Tinware, Crockery, Brushware, Mill... Colors, Varnishes, ... dery, Dyols, Diamond Dyes, &c., &c.
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—
No. 51½, 24 x 18 x 12, 21/6



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 ,, 65/
Northcote No. 1 ,, 45/
Northcote No. 0, all door 37/6
Every Stove I have in Stock is a Good and Reliable Cooker.
Telephone: Northcote 42. Terms, Cash.

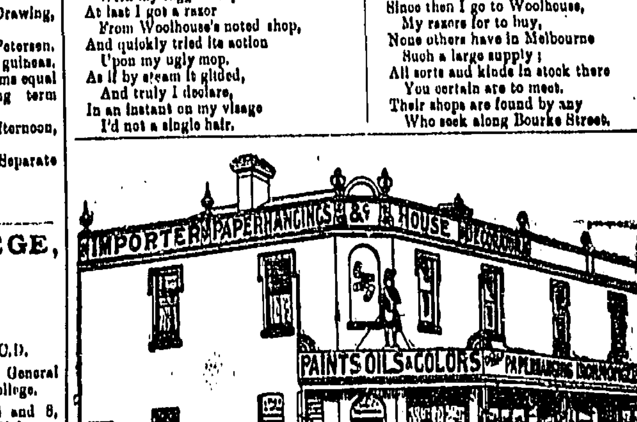
ALL-ROUND SATISFACTION
J. T. COLES AND CO.,
CASH GROCERS
ANY ARTICLE BOUGHT FROM US THAT DOES NOT PROVE WHOLLY SATISFACTORY MAY BE RETURNED AND YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.
NORTHCOTE, PRESTON, THORNBURY.

A. E. WOOLHOUSE,
Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).
Cutlery of every description—Razors, Scissors, Pocket Knives (from 1 to 75 blades, Carvers in cases, Carving Knives and Forks up to 5 feet long. Cutlery ground & set daily Optical Goods, Brushware, &c. Umbrellas of every description in stock, silver or gold mounted, or made to order. Repairs and Re-Covers a Speciality.

LINES BY SPOKESHAVE.

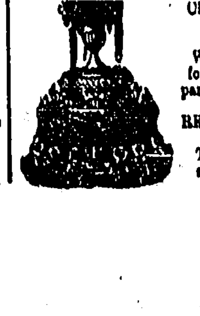
I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin:
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I got a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop.
As if by steam it glided,
And truly I declare,
In an instant on my visage
I'd not a single hair.

The razors made by Woolhouse
Are really made to shave,
If once you try their action
For more of them you'll crave.
In Melbourne nothing to beat them
I'm sure can ever be found,
If you seek in every quarter,
For many miles around.
If your razors should get blunted
And shaving gives great pain,
Go straight away to Woolhouse,
Who'll put them right again;
Then shaving will be pleasant,
You'll readily agree
If you buy the best from Woolhouse,
Who well has treated me.
Since then I go to Woolhouse,
My razors for to buy,
None others have in Melbourne
Such a large supply;
All sorts and kinds in stock there
You certain are to meet.
Their shops are found by any
Who seek along Bourke Street.



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.

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.

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

Mr Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil. Sold Everywhere.

Northcote Leader.

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia for Indigestion, Biliousness, and Acidity.

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 14, 1911.

Printed and published by the proprietors, ... at their office, 2?7 High street, Northcote, State of Victoria.

Price 1d

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF VICTORIA 14 OCT 1911

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,
405 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,

WISHES to thank his patrons for their past favors, and also to inform them he sells the best
BOX FIREWOOD
NEWCASTLE COAL,
ALTONA BROWN 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.

Plumbers.

To Landlords, Householders and Builders

F. EDWARDS,
Licensed
PLUMBER, GASFITTER,
Mechanical and Electric Bell Hanger
Steam, Hot, and Cold Water Engineer and Sanitary Plumber.
Gas & Water laid on. Estimates submitted
Work promptly executed.
Corner High St. and Campbell Grove NORTHCOTE.

Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW,
(Licensed by the M. & M. B. W.)
LICENSED PLUMBER,
GASFITTER,
ELECTRIC & WIRE BELLHANGER,
305 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

Estimates Given for Sewer Connections.
Post Cards attended to.
Telephone: Northcote 96.

Sand & General Carter
Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.
Manager—T. JOHNS, 46 Henry Street, Northcote.

Announcements

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
231 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(near Methodist Church).
Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.
Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.
FURNITURE REPAIRED.

E. A. GEER
DESIRES to notify that he has taken over the NEWS AGENCY AND STATIONERY BUSINESS of Mr. C. Jenkin,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.
Stationery, Post Cards, Fancy Goods, &c., in great variety.
SCHOOL REQUISITES A SPECIALITY.
Postage Stamps always to be had.

SALE! SALE! SALE!
AT
A. LEWIS'S,
350 QUEEN'S PARADE,
NORTH FITZROY.

STOCKTAKING SALE
STOCKTAKING SALE
now on of
FANCY GOODS, GLASSWARE, VASES STATIONERY, PERFUMERY.
ALL GOODS GREATLY REDUCED.

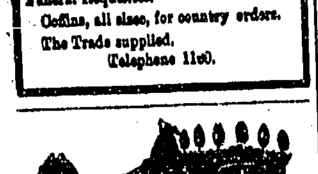
Below are a Few of the Prices:

		Usual price
Dressing Combs	4d	6d
Tooth Brushes	1½d	3d
Hair Brushes	6d	9d
Hair Brushes	9d	1/-
Vases 1/- pair		2/-
Hairpin boxes	4½d	1/-
Fancy Pincushions	3d	1/-
Writing Pads	5d	6d

A large variety of the Latest Post Cards.
Agent for "Challenge Corn Cure; also for Pauline and Demaret's Paper Patterns.

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 1944.
Estab. 47 years.

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.

Your Boot Man
DIMMICK!
Big Stock!
Small Prices!
Extra Value!
NO CARDBOARD
243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
GEO. H. ARMFIELD.
138 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(next to Foy & Gibson's).
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

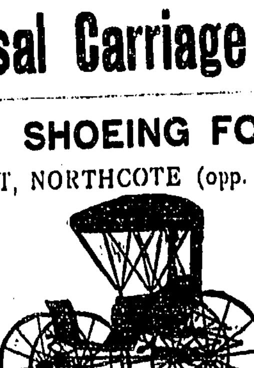
Established 20 years.
W. FIRTH,
GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston Street).

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 — 1s
" Ironed only — 3d | " Ironed only — 9d doz.
All Classes of Washing and Ironing done, also MANGLING.
Orders Called for and Delivered. A Trial Solicited.
MRS. FRAWLEY, Proprietress.

Smith & Sons
Ham & Bacon Curers and Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3861. 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.

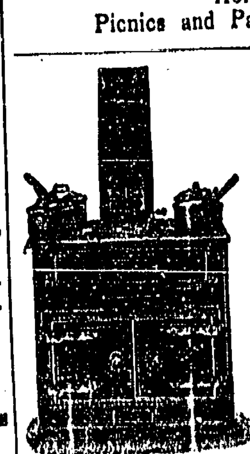
EDWARD FELLOWES,
Universal Carriage Works
AND SHOEING FORGE,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

Lorries and Vehicles of every description Built, Bought Sold and Exchanged.



Repairs Effected Promptly and Substitutes provided

Horses (shod on the shortest notice by thoroughly experienced shoer) sent for and returned.
FOR HIRE (by day or week):
Drags, Wagonettes, Abbot Buggies, Wagons, Jinkers, Lorries, Spring Carts & Drays; also good reliable Horses and Ponies.
Picnics and Parties specially catered for.



"NEW FAVORITE" STOVE
FOR COUNTRY USE.
WITH CAST IRON FALL FIRE DOOR
Full length of Fire Box.
FITTED WITH ASH PAN.
BURNS LONG ROUGH WOOD.
MADE WITH DOUBLE OVEN DOORS.
Three sizes.

	PRICES
No. 1—Size of Stove, 24in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 13in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£2/13/6
No. 2—Size of Stove, 30in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 22in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£3/10/
No. 3—Size of Stove, 36in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 30in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£4/7/6

Strong Copper Boilers, 50s extra. Makes Stoves 6in. longer.
WALLIS BROS. & CO.
419 Bourke St., Melb. (opp. Kirk's Bazaar).
Factory: Cramer St., Preston. Telephone 1258 City.
Manufacturers of the famous "Bobs" Cooking Stove, Cast Revolving Washing Copper Frames, &c.

The Leader PRINTING OFFICE,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Most Up-to-Date Suburban Printery.

Latest & Most Effective Types, Borders & Designs.

Advertising Posters, Placards, Show Cards, &c., &c.

Dance & Concert Programmes and Tickets.

Invitation, Wedding, Mourning, and Menu Cards.
Ladies' and Gents' Visiting Cards.

The Leading Printing Establishment outside the City.

All Orders Executed to Time.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

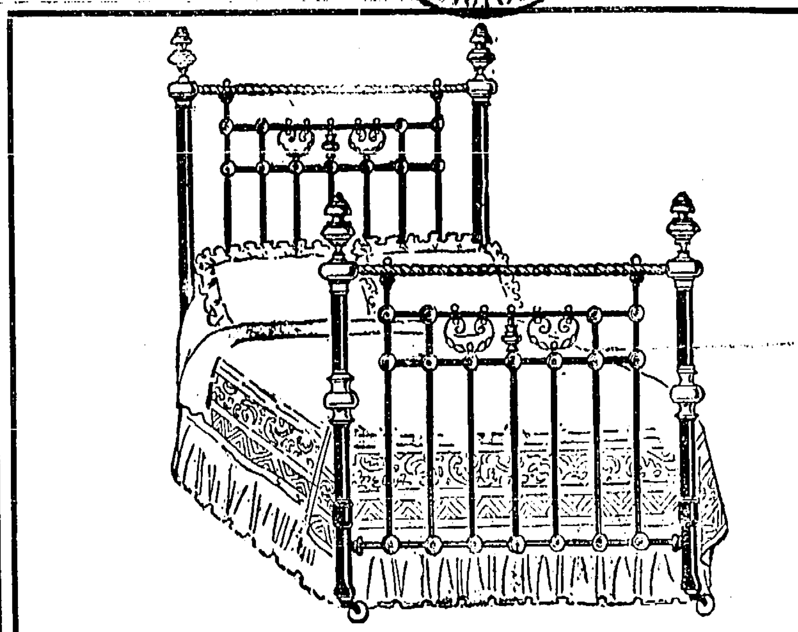
We are now prepared to perform every class of Printing on most economical Terms, in all styles and shapes, and anything entrusted to us will be executed promptly, and in the most approved style.

Lithographic Printing, Engraving, and Process Work.

Commercial Printing a Speciality.
Pamphlets, Billheads, Memorandums, Invoices, Letter Paper, Labels, Delivery Forms, Bakers' and Milkmen's Account Forms.

Book Work, including
Catalogues, Pamphlets, Reports and Rules of Public Institutions and Societies . . .
Time Tables, Monthly Periodicals, &c., &c.

Your patronage will be esteemed by
WHALLEY BROS.,
Proprietors and Publishers of the
Northcote and Preston Leader
which has far and away the Largest Circulation of any suburban newspaper—and is therefore the
VERY BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
FOR
LOCAL BUSINESS PEOPLE
Terms on Application.



This Bedstead, £3 : 15 : 0.
WITHIN ANYONE'S REACH.

¶ A close personal examination will confirm the impression of quality obtained by a cursory glance at the above sketch of this bedstead. Priced to find a place in the homes of people with moderate incomes, yet eminently suitable for the most lavishly furnished.

¶ The decorative pieces are in burnished brass of modern design—heavy enamel of any shade you desire—frame work exceptionally strong iron—not thrown together, but carefully assembled; again demonstrating to you that no matter how low Clauscen's price is, the quality is always of the best possible.

CLAUSCEN & CO. 194-196 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.

Announcements

J. Eddington
BEGS to announce that he has commenced business as a
PASTRYCOOK
and
CONFECTIONER
at
329 High Street, Northcote
(next Eddington, Greengrocer).
No connection with any other Pastrycook.
Picnics and Parties Catered for.
ONLY THE BEST MATERIAL USED.
A Trial Solicited.

North & West Ward Folks.
When you want something nice and tasty for Lunch or Tea, go where you are sure to get it, namely, to—
MISS DOWLMAN'S
Ham & Beef Shop,
411 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opp. Dennis Street).
Cooked Meats and Small Goods of every description and the BEST THAT ARE MANUFACTURED.
CONFECTIONERY AND SUMMER DRINKS.
Also Smokers' Requisites.

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.

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, 9d per doz.
Collar washed and ironed, 1d
Shirts sent for and returned.

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

Established 30 years.
London and Devonshire Dairy,
20 HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE.
Every Precaution taken that Sanitary or Veterinary Science can suggest to prevent contamination.
F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.
Premises specially adapted for the business.
Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.

JOHN PHILLIPS, M.R.V.S.,
VETERINARY SURGEON and EQUINE DENTIST,
32 EASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.
Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Telephone 1204, City.

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.

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

A HOME BUILT TO SUIT YOU
A VILLA
A COTTAGE
ANY PRICE ANY DESIGN
In Plow Street, Thornbury, one minute from Tram line .. and Railway Station ..
WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED
Consult T. JOYNSON 30 Westbourne Gr., Northcote; or, at the Works, Plow Street.

Keep the Rain Off!
HAVE your Umbrella Re-Covered and Made to Look Like NEW at Mrs. PALMER'S, 267 High Street, Northcote. New Stock of Fancy Goods, Stationery, Post Cards and School Requisites.

Business Announcements

TWELFTH ANNUAL
MOA ROAD RACE
Saturday, 21st Oct., from Preston Reservoir.

PRIZES:
1, Gold Medal with diamond.
2, Marbled Clock.
3, Gold Medal.
4, Gold Medal.
5, Silver Cake Dish.
6, Silver Cake Dish.

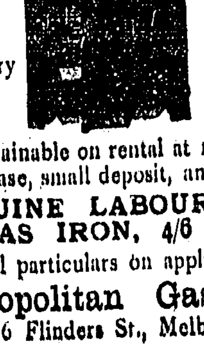
W. MERSON,
218 High St., Northcote. Phone, Northcote 78.

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

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY
A GAS COOKER

Combining Cleanliness, Comfort, and Convenience.



A Gas Stove for Cooking purposes is unrivalled, and is recommended for its Reliability and Saving of Time and Labour.

Should be in Every Home.

Gas Stoves are obtainable on rental at 1/6 per month; or on Hire Purchase, small deposit, and 2/6 monthly.
A GENUINE LABOUR SAVER—
A GAS IRON, 4/6 EACH.
Full particulars on application.
The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 Flinders St., Melbourne Phone 2713

Tailors

INCE BROS.,
TAILORS and OUTFITTERS.
BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

SUITS, from	£3 3 0
TROUSERS, from	0 15 6
LADIES' COSTUMES a Speciality, from	5 0 0

The Fitting Room is under the personal supervision of Mr. R. Ince, and every satisfaction guaranteed.
174 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.

H. C. Saunders,
The Old-Established
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
269 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.
Every Garment is Tailored by Tailors with the true essentials to good tailoring.
We are fully stocked with Samples of the Latest Productions in Suitings and Ladies' Costumes.

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

Artistic Tailoring.
Arch Wilkinson
TAILOR & MERCER,
Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston
is now showing a splendid range of new and exclusive designs suitable for the Spring & Summer season.
You are invited to inspect our stock of Tweeds, Coatings, Serges, and Trouserings.
The Very Latest in Fashion and Tennis Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hosiery, &c. Straw Hats, new shapes, especially made for our own trade.
Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality.
Costumes made to order in up-to-date style.
SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAYS.

Announcements

The Thornbury Grocer
E. W.
INGHAM
563 High St.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.
Families Waited on for Orders.
Delivery daily.
GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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.

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.

H. KNIGHT,
FURNITURE REMOVER
(late of Northcote)
Wishes to notify his old customers of Northcote and Preston that he will be pleased to remove them as usual.
Cheap Wood in blocks delivered anywhere.
All post cards sent to this address will have prompt attention:—150 HIGH ST., PRESTON (opposite Bell station).

D. J. CHAPMAN,
Dudley Fruit Palace,
237 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
SUMMER DRINKS & CONFECTIONERY
Choice Fruits and Fresh Vegetables daily.
Orders called for and delivered.

G. McKECHNIE,
HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST, CONFECTIONER, &c.,
81 HIGH ST., SOUTH PRESTON
(Two doors from Prince Alfred Hotel).
HERB. ROADLEY MANAGING SALOON.

FRED. SMITH,
UP-TO-DATE
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.
Cleanliness. Good Workmanship.
Razor Setting a Speciality.
242 HIGH STREET, 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.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

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

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday, 15th October.
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
4.15 p.m., Address to Men, "Our Mistakes."
7 p.m., "The Hospital Question."
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."
Evening subject, "Life's Chequered Web"
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3 p.m.
All are cordially welcome.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall, Northcote, on Sunday Evening, at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. P. SINCLAIR. Subject, "Our Father."

PRESTON AND THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN.

Sabbath Services:
PRESTON.—Morning, Mr. Ross; evening, Mr. Ross
THORNBURY.—Morning, Mr. Ross; evening, Mr. F. W. RANKIN.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

ANNIVERSARY,
Sunday, 15th October.
11 a.m., Rev. JOHN THOMAS, B.A.
3 p.m., P.S.A. Speaker, Hon. W. H. EDGAR, M.L.C.
7 p.m., Rev. J. CREAN.
See special advt.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH (High Street).

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.
Sunday, 15th October.
Preachers:
11 a.m., Rev. JOHN THOMAS, B.A.
3 p.m., P.S.A. Choice Musical Programme. Speaker, Hon. W. H. EDGAR M.L.C.
7 p.m., Rev. J. W. CREAN.
Special Collections for Building Fund.

Tuesday, 17th October, Tea Meeting in School Hall. Tickets 1/-. Tea on tables at 6.30 p.m. Concert in Church at 8 p.m. Admission Free. Collection.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. W. L. M'KELVIE.
Evening, Mr. BOWMAN.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

CROXTON METHODIST HALL Corner Shaftesbury Parade and St. George's Road.

Sunday Services:
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Rev. A. UGLOW.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11, Rev. A. McCALLUM President of Conference; 3 Rev. A. MADSEN; 7, Rev. R. FITCHER.
SOUTH PRESTON.—11, Ex-Inspector LOVE; 7, Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject—"The Tragedy of Cain."
All Welcome.

CHAPEL BUILT IN A DAY

Meetings for next Lord's Day:
Worship at 11 a.m.
Bible Class at 3 p.m.
Gospel Meeting at 7 p.m.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.

Piano: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER
Miss HILDA BAKER, L.A.B.
Singing: Miss RUBY BOND.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

All pupils entered for Exams. during 1910 (30) passed, 5 with honors.
Theory Class, 6.30 to 7.30 Wednesday evening.
Programmes arranged and Engagements undertaken for Weddings, At Homes, &c.
Terms on application.

L. BRENNECKE (Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),
VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY and COUNTERPOINT.
KEMP STREET, NORTHCOTE.

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. Lever, 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

MRS. A. T. EARL TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
Mrs. Earl's New Diagram Method of Teaching Beginners (any age) renders learning a pleasure, and progress easy and certain. Tone Production a special feature. Pupils prepared for examinations, if desired. Terms moderate. Correspondence invited. Violins and Accessories provided. Pupils visited or received at "Bushwood," Dundas street, Upper Northcote. Songs written for musical setting.

MISS OLIVE ALEXANDER GOLD MEDALLIST, Melbourne, Ballarat, Bendigo, &c., Receives Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Terms on application.
1 MILTON ST., SOUTH PRESTON.

MISS CLARICE FREEMAN D.M.S.V., Teacher of PIANOFORTE, THEORY AND HARMONY.
Terms on application.
Pupils Prepared for Examination.
"Chowringhee," Henry St., Preston North.

MISS E. M. PREECE A.L.C.M.
Visits and Receives Pupils for the PIANOFORTE, Theory and Harmony.
Terms on Application.
12 Railway St. (off Bastings St.), NORTHCOTE.

A. H. SIEBEL.
TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN AND VIOLA.
Terms on application. Preston and Northcote visited twice a week.
Address: Westbourne Park, Thomastown

Notices

I HEREBY give notice that I intend to apply to the Preston Shire Council, under Section 223 Health Act, for permission to make further extensions to my premises in Murray Road.
W. BRAITHWAITE.
Preston, 19th September, 1911.

LATEST NOVELTIES IN
Spring and Summer Millinery
NOW OPENED.
Including a great variety of Trimmed Hats in newest designs, and Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, & Feathers.
¶ Children's Millinery at moderate prices. * *
Corsets to suit all figures from 2/11 to 21/- * *
MRS. HOLLAND
118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood

VISIT THE SHOW OF
SPRING GOODS
AT
F. G. SMITH'S,
DRAPERS, MILLINERS, CLOTHIERS, &c.,
245 High Street, Northcote.

A GENUINE SALE
MRS. POWELL, of High St., Northcote, is now holding her Half-Yearly SALE. Special Bargains in Hosiery, Underclothing, Aprons, Corsets, etc.
Having secured a job lot of Aprons we intend selling them at very low prices.
Cheap Remnants in Lace and Embroidery.
Mrs. Powell, High St., Northcote

Goulburn Valley Meat Supply
I AM ADVERTISING in this paper to LET YOU KNOW I'M HERE
Once let my Goods be sampled and they will be MY ADVERTISEMENT.
MEAT the very PRIMEST OF THE PRIME, at the price, too, of inferior stuff, and
Our SAUSAGES you will never forget for their High Quality & Tastiness.
We Kill all our own Goulburn Valley Beef.
No Dead Market Trash.
F. R. VIZARD,
The "Square-Deal" Cash & Family Butcher
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LOW RATES.
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Death.

BUTTLER.—On the 12th October, at his residence, 12 Buttler street, Northcote, William, the beloved father of W. Buttler (Collingwood), F. Buttler (Montrose), Mrs. Mitchell (Frankston), Mrs. Witcomb (Northcote); aged 90½ years. A colonist and resident of Northcote for 59 years.
Patient sufferer at rest.

The Leader
FORTUM TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

At the meeting of the Northcote Town Council on Monday evening Cr. Hayes moved that the report of the Traffic Commission be referred to the committee of the whole. He noticed that the report referred to the rolling stock and permanent way of their own tramway as being in very bad order. It was proposed that the whole tramway system of the metropolis be taken over and controlled by a trust consisting of 12 members, two of whom would represent the City of Melbourne, and the ten others different groups of municipalities. The group in which they were consisted of Northcote, Preston, and Heidelberg. Each member, it was proposed, should receive £100 a year. It was proposed to electrify the whole of the tramways, and extensive extensions of the system were contemplated. Cr. Dennis seconded the motion, which was carried.

At the meeting of the Northcote Town Council on Monday evening complaint was made that the new practice of carting 6 ton 3-horse loads of bricks down High street was playing havoc with the roads, especially on the east side of Rucker's hill, where the lorries had to be braked, and thus cut into the metal like a plough. It was resolved to make an appeal to the Brick Companies to put a stop to the practice. Cr. Lees also intimated that he would make another attempt to have the Width of Tires Act applied.

The Northcote rate collector (Mr. J. A. Thomson) on Monday evening reported having got in £11,167 1s 4d, or 98.64 per cent. of the current rate, leaving only £154 16s 7d outstanding. £200 10s 3d of the arrears carried forward from last year were also collected. The total rates outstanding now are £885 6s 1d, or £45 less than last year. More rates by £820 were collected than in the previous year. Cr. Plant moved that the report be received and the council express its appreciation of the efforts of the rate collector. Cr. Lees seconded the motion, which was carried.

The Northcote town treasurer (Mr. W. G. Swift) reported on Monday evening that the total receipts in last financial year had been £18,452 15s 11d. The gross overdraft carried forward was £5636 19s 1d, but had it not been for the payment out of the general account to Heidelbergshire of £3543 (which will be recouped when the loan is floated) the overdraft brought forward would have only been £2093 19s 1d, a reduction of £2371 19s 4d as compared with the previous year. This latter intimation was received with a good deal of satisfaction and also with considerable surprise.

The Pender's Grove Settlers' Association held their annual meeting on Wednesday evening last in Ralph's hall. About forty members were present and Mr. Saxe presided. Six new members were elected. The members who attended the recent deputation to the Minister of Lands re Clause 79 reported having received favorable consideration. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. Richmond; vice president, Mr. Martyr; secretary, Mr. Mizon; treasurer, Mr. Alston; assistant secretary, Mr. Keenan; committee, Messrs Dyer, Eilers, Hopkins, Harper, Phillips, Wilson and Wright. It was resolved to hold a Christmas tree festival on December 16. A vote of thanks to the retiring executive was carried. Providing there are sufficient entries the judging of the garden competition will take place on Saturday, October 21. A syllabus committee was formed to provide games, etc., for the members after the meetings. It was decided to present the retiring president (Mr. Saxe) with a group photo of the retiring officers. The half yearly report and balance sheet, which was read and adopted, showed that the association is in a flourishing condition financially and numerically.

As the result of enquiries made at the department yesterday, Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., finds that the work of duplicating the Heidelberg line will be proceeded with without delay.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

The Epping Cricket Club journeyed to Donnybrook on Saturday week to engage the local team. There was a fair muster of members on the ground. The team had bad luck at the first. On the way to Donnybrook the axle of their waggon broke, and some of the team had to wait there until close on twelve o'clock until another conveyance could be obtained. Before the start Mr. B. McCormack was elected captain of the team, which included ex Cr. Bodycoat and Mr. Albert Wuchatsch. The Epping team won the toss and went to the wickets, but they did not reign long, all being out for 25. Donnybrook then went in and rattled up 50 for 8 wickets, when stumps were drawn. However, the members need not be discouraged, as some of the colts are very promising and should make a name for themselves before the season finishes. Epping plays Craigieburn at Epping to-day, when a good game is expected.

A large audience witnessed the performance of the "Birollers" Minstrel Troupe in the Epping shire hall on Saturday evening last, despite the very unfavorable weather, which deterred a great number from being present. As a result of the entertainment the refreshment stall at the bazaar ought to benefit to a considerable sum. One of the features of the programme was the item rendered by Miss Fannie McDonnell, a local young lady whose first appearance it was on the public platform. She received a hearty reception and made a very successful debut. The programme on the whole was a very good one and suited the taste of the audience in every respect.

Alterations have been made to the dressing room in the recreation reserve, which makes it more commodious and is a decided improvement in every respect.

The True Tailor's Skill
is a feature of every "Wardrop" Suit. There's originality, snap, style, and absolute wearing qualities in every garment. We buy the best materials, and we keep the cleverest cutters. That's why our clients come back again.
Some large consignments of our Spring and Summer Suitings are now to hand which are really smart and nobby. Our Specialty Suit at 84/- shows expert cutting in every inch of it.
Wardrop's Corner,
Smith Street, Collingwood.

Localisms.

The fee fixed by the Public Works Department for the audit of Northcote council's books is £15 and "travelling expenses."

Mr. Phil Collier, a native of Woodstock, and former resident of Northcote, and worker on the sewers, has just been appointed Minister of Mines and Railways in the West Australian Labour Ministry.

On Thursday next, 19th inst., at the town hall, Northcote, at 3 p.m., the mayoress (Mrs. Harold Basting) will hold a Spring Fair in aid of the building fund of the Congregational Church. The fair will be continued on Thursday and Friday evenings.

Cr. Smith, on Monday evening, informed the Northcote council that he was in favour of completing the town hall, and had he been present when the division was taken the mayor would not have found it necessary to give his casting vote.

Mr. Carnegie's promptitude—The mayor mentioned on Monday evening that it was only three days since the cable was sent to Mr. Andrew Carnegie making the final claim in connection with the library building and the money was already in the hands of their banker. He thought this was very satisfactory indeed, and a matter for congratulation.

The President of the Conference, the Rev. Alex. McCallum, of the Central Mission, will visit Preston on Sunday and conduct the morning service in the Methodist Church, High street. This will be the President's first visit to the district during his year of office.

An outcome of the public meeting in the North Ward is that a petition has been prepared for signature against the proposed expenditure of £3000 on a main hall. A requisition has also been signed praying the Mayor to convene a public meeting to consider the subject. After a discussion of the wards question it was decided to support the present arrangement. Mr. F. Duffield presided.

Just before the closing of the Coronation Fair on Saturday evening last, in the Preston shire-hall, Mr. John Hattam, on behalf of a number of friends, presented to Mrs. E. O. Knee, the president of the fair committee, a very handsome silver fruit epergne, as a memento of the event and a token of appreciation. The result of the fair will be an immediate reduction of the church debt by about £140.

Mr. Gardiner, of Preston, has taken some excellent photos of Lady Fuller's first visit to the district, some of which will appear in the Melbourne Illustrated papers. The best is that of Lady Fuller on the steps of the shire-hall, just before President Robertson's official welcome. Another is the one which shows the Boy Scouts as a Guard of Honour, under Scout Master Holliday.

On Sunday, October 15, at 11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 7 p.m., meetings will be conducted in the Salvation Army hall, St. David street, Preston, to which all are heartily invited.

It is notified that Preston shire council will consider the adoption of plans, specifications, &c., in connection with the construction of Arthur street, on Monday evening at 7.30.

Nurse Hooper advertises that her address is "Lillieville," Darebin road, and her 'phone number—Northcote 221.

At the recent examination of the Associated Board of R.A.M. & R.C.M., London, Miss Clarice Freeman, D.M.S.V., of Henry street, Preston, gained the L.A.B. degree. Miss Freeman is a pupil of Miss Nina Lording.

The I.O.A. insurance office of Australia, fire, accident, live stock, &c., intimates in today's *Leader* that Messrs Mitchell Bros. are the local agents.

The monthly meeting of the A.W.N. League will be held on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the small hall, Westbourne grove. Mr. Membrey will address the meeting. Committee will meet at 2 sharp.

A meeting of ratepayers is called for Monday evening to elect one representative to the Northcote Park Management Committee.

"Our Mistakes," is the subject of an address to be given to men at Holy Trinity Church, Thornbury, to morrow afternoon at 4.15.

Mr. Morgan, one of the speakers at the Labour Rally at Northcote on Thursday evening, was looking ahead. He said that probably another party will come along and push them (the Labour Party) out as too Conservative. He hoped they would.

At South Street (Ballarat) competitions, Miss Fernie Boyle, Northcote, was the winner in the section pianoforte solo (open). There were 27 competitors.

An English letter addressed Mr. W. Buttler, Buttler street, Northcote, Victoria, Australia, was not delivered for 12 days after it was received in Northcote. The explanation was found on the envelope in the shape of an endorsement by the letter carrier, "Unknown." Mr. Buttler (who died on Thursday last) had resided in the street for 58 years.

Preston Corps Boy Scouts is booming. Starting with 9 members it has now 40. Lady Fuller greatly pleased the boys on the occasion of her visit to the Coronation Fair by having a word with each. The recent concert was a good success, a profit of £5 9s 4d being realised. The success of the corps is due in large measure to the enthusiasm of Scout master Holliday.

Mr. Ben Davies, the famous English tenor, and Miss Esta d'Argo open their Australian season at the Melbourne town hall to night.

Swift and Corben, 232 High street, through their auctioneer, J. G. Membrey, will sell by auction w.b. villa, situate 9 Yeomans street, this day, Saturday, at 3 o'clock on the property. [advt.]

The batting performance of young Norman Brown (N.C.C.) at Northcote park on Saturday last was worth going far to see. In the course of his rapidly compiled score of 76 not out, he hit 5 sixers, 3 of them in one over from Lampard. His admirers are pretty confident that Australian Eleven honors await him, that is if he gets his due.

Cr. Robertson (president of Prestonshire) accompanied by Crs. Braithwaite, Warr, and Howse, and Messrs Daun, Daye, and Tidd, municipal officers, attended the civic service at All Saints' Church on Sunday morning last. The vicar, Rev. E. J. B. White, conducted the service.

The district inspector held the annual examination at the Northcote State school last week and after examinations promotions are made. Mr. G. H. G. Trengrove has had charge of the upper fourth, and, as the whole class was to be moved on, the class gave expression to its appreciation by presenting Mr. Trengrove with a beautiful shaving outfit accompanied by a note.

"Spring Suitings In."—Come in and see them! Admission and advice free! Smartest Sac Suits for sunny seasons. To order from 60s. Patterns posted. Call or write. T. Trevena, 266 Smith street, Collingwood, or 'Phone City 410. [Advt].

At the annual examination for secondary schools, held by the Church Missionary Society, Westleigh College, was again very successful, gaining 100 per cent. Prizes (over 80 per cent) Eleanor Pilkington, 1st prize (intermediate division); Gladys Olive, 5th prize (primary division). Honors (over 75 per cent) senior—Zano Strover, Madge Dobbin; pass—Grace Spalding, Frances Johns, Hazel Crosser; intermediate honors—Margery McQuie, Jessie Inglis, Verlie Vally, Clarice Salmon; pass—Vivie Steiner; junior honors—Sheila Whitford; pass—Lily Gamble.

J. Leo announces that he has opened a boot warehouse, next Hattam and Hattam's, Northcote, where best value bargains can be obtained daily.

In our advertising columns to-day will be found the winning numbers in the Art Union at Continental Carnival for St. Joseph's Church, also the time at which the clock stopped (guessing competition).

The anniversary services of Northcote Methodist Church take place to-morrow. Rev. Jedh Thomas, B.A., will preach in the morning; Hon. W. H. Edgar will speak at a P.S.A. in the afternoon; & Rev. J. W. Crean will conduct the evening service. On Tuesday evening there will be a tea-meeting in the school hall, followed by a concert in the church. An excellent programme has been provided for the concert, to which the admission will be free.

Northcote Town Council on Monday evening granted control of Merri Park to Northcote Cricket Club, who promised to encourage junior cricket in every possible way. A report will appear in next issue.

Attractive programme advertised for to-night at Croxton.

Trevena advertises white serge cricketing trousers from 15s to order. All serge shrunk before making. [Advt].

THE WARDS SYSTEM IN NORTHCOTE.

AGITATION FOR ABOLITION NOT SUPPORTED.

TWENTY-SEVEN COMMITTEEMEN NON EST.

A HUMOROUS ENDING.

A public meeting of ratepayers was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening to discuss the question of abolition or alteration of the wards system. There were about 100 ratepayers present.

Mr. W. Dunn, who was voted to the chair, said that, unfortunately, the chairman (Mr. T. L. Taylor) was laid aside through illness, and unable to attend. Mr. Dunn then narrated the events leading up to the present meeting. A public meeting was held on September 2nd, at which a resolution was carried that it would be in the best interests of the town to abolish the wards, and all present (30) were formed into a committee, with the object of giving effect to the resolution. This meeting was the outcome, but of the 30 committeemen, only three were present.

A Voice: "Cocktails," and laughter.

The three, however, were going to carry the matter to a finish, and he would call upon Mr. Lonie to move the first resolution.

Mr. Lonie moved—

"That in the opinion of this meeting the ward system in the town should be abolished, and instead the town polled as one ward."

Mr. Lonie said one of the first advantages this would give was a reduction in the number of councillors, resulting in less talk and more work. Another advantage would be that it would probably induce the best class of citizens to come forward, who, when elected, would not have the interests of one section only, but the interests of the whole town at heart. Works also would be dealt with on their merits, irrespective of locality. They would not then have the spectacle of one ward which had comparatively little work to do, getting its full quota of money, while absolutely necessary works in other wards were neglected. During his recent canvass of the East Ward, where so much was remaining to be done, he found how unfairly this worked out. Another good effect of the abolition of the wards would be that it would do away with the unpleasant and degrading business of a personal canvass, as in such a large constituency it would be impossible, and candidates would have to rely on placing their views before the ratepayers at public meetings. They had a magnificent town, properly handled, and this was one way to make it one of the best suburbs around Melbourne.

Mr. Jas. Sutch, who seconded the resolution, said he would like to know where the 27 other committeemen were. (A voice: "Lost in the mud." Laughter.) He thought the abolition of the wards would lead to considerable monetary gain, and prevent money being spent in wards where it was not required. He did not think they would hurt in the central ward if they didn't get any for a few years.

Ex-Cr. Pearl: Have you been on McCracken's estate lately?

Mr. Sutch: They are private streets, and should have been made before the estate was cut up. (Hear, hear.) Judging from reports in the local paper, there was always a struggle going on between the north and the south, and he thought the southern representatives had out-manoeuvred the north. (Laughter.) He did not blame the south, but blamed the north for not shaking up their representatives more. (Laughter.) He had had the misfortune to be a councillor.

Cr. Glanfield: You got a "cut" out of it.

Mr. Sutch: The gentleman who interjected has just been elected. He must be doing well.

Cr. Glanfield: I am. (Laughter.)

Mr. Sutch: If councillors represented the whole they would have no particular axe to grind. It would mean fairer play all round. He might say, however, he was not in favour of reducing the number of councillors, as it would perhaps mean "the smaller the number the bigger the clique." (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Jennings moved an amendment—

"That this council does not approve of the abolition of the wards."

With the wards abolished they might get wealthier men as their representatives, but that did not necessarily mean that they would be more capable men. He thought it would mean that the ratepayers would be robbed of the little they now have. There were too many men in the council, he admitted, and they were non-progressive. It was time the ratepayers shook them up, and made the more progressive. If they gave an instalment of electric light in High-street there would be no trouble then to get the gas in their side streets. The real object of that meeting was to wipe out the east ward and enrich the other wards.

Mr. Sutch: No.

Ex-Cr. Pearl: after a good deal of urging, here took the platform. He said councillors were only the creatures, the ratepayers were the creators, and whether they got good representation or bad was dependent on the interest they took in the town's affairs. One of the reasons put forward for abolition of the wards was that the Central Ward was getting more money spent on it than was necessary. He had come across the ward that night, and saw plenty of need for more light, and there were also streets that could have been made apart from private streets, and every footpath in the McCracken estate could be asphalted.

Mr. Sutch: Why doesn't the present council do that?

Ex-Cr. Pearl: It is perhaps the fault of the ratepayers. As to getting a better class of representatives with the abolition of the wards, he thought the present representatives compared favourably with those of any suburban council, and he thought that even the City Council could not show better intelligence than was possessed by at least five of their councillors. With the wards abolished, and the town polled as a whole, those portions of the town where the voting power was thickest would get the advantage every time. (Applause.) No representative could afford to slight the interests of the High-street shopkeepers, but he could afford to treat lightly the interests of those living in the Never Never parts of the East and the North Wards. Fitzroy, only one third Northcote's area, and with all its work done, thought fit to maintain its five wards. Surely then in Northcote, with almost everything to do, a division of labour was necessary. He would agree that the boundaries of the wards might be readjusted with advantage, say by extending the Central Ward to Beaver's-road, and the East Ward to Dennis-street.

Mr. Du Rieu said that when he attended the executive committee meeting, and was told that the object was the abolition of the wards, he said, "I have no place here." He had argued that it was a conservative move, favouring the wealthy man, with his motor cars and paid secretaries. The man of ordinary means would have to stand aside. The slow progress of Northcote was due to the apathy of the people. The people complained of the muddy streets, but they could expect nothing better.

Mr. Jennings' amendment having been ruled out of order as a direct negative,

Ex-Cr. Evans moved a further amendment—

"That this meeting does not consider it advisable to abolish the wards, but is quite willing to go for a readjustment of the wards."

Mr. E. Brothers seconded the amendment.

Mr. Caulfield declared that this agitation was begun "across the road," over some glasses of toddy. He had listened to it himself with his two ears. Those men, however, were cowardly enough to lead others into a trap. He was not a supporter of Mr. Lonie's, but he had proved himself a man of honour and a man of pluck in seeing the thing to a finish. (Applause.) This agitation, in principle, was totally against what is being striven for and done in the rest of the world, namely, to get their money spent in their own interests. To represent the whole town a man would need a salary of £300 a year, and a motor car. (Laughter.)

Mr. Lonie denied that anyone had led him into a trap. He advocated the abolition of the wards at his election meetings, and when he saw a chance of furthering this object, by attending a meeting advertised in the local paper, he did so. At that meeting he was elected to the committee, and had seen it through. (Applause.)

Mr. Sutch also explained that he had attended the first meeting only through seeing the advertisement in the "Leader."

The chairman made a similar explanation. Mr. Du Rieu and others, after seeing the trend of that meeting, allowed themselves to be nominated on the committee.

Mr. Du Rieu: Why point me out as a deserter? Didn't I say I was out of place at the executive meeting? Did I take any part at that meeting, and didn't I resign next day? (Laughter.)

Mr. Caulfield: I didn't include any of the three on the platform (Messrs. Dunn, Sutch and Lonie) as being the originators of the agitation.

The amendment was then put, and lost, and the motion carried, only three or four hands being held up against.

An amusing scene then followed, occasioning much hilarity.

Mr. Sutch rose and said: I presume that the 27 gentlemen who have left us have left us to pay. (Loud laughter.) Neither the president nor the secretary are here, but both sent apologies, the secretary sending no books, but a little bit of paper, showing that the expenses to date were £3 18s. (Laughter.) The ratepayers, having been given an opportunity to express their opinion, should be prepared to contribute. I would ask Mr. Brothers to see to it—he has got a good hat. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Sutch excited further laughter by saying it was only under pressure that he joined the committee in the first place.

The contents of the "hat" was a sixpence and two threepenny bits, though, to the honour of one member of the committee, who had not previously figured at the meeting, came forward with a promised donation of £1 1s.

Interest being evidently dead in the subject of wards abolition, there will probably be no attempt to revive the agitation within the next decade.

Carnation Lecture.

The monthly meeting of the Northcote Horticultural Society was held on Tuesday evening, and, despite the unfavourable weather, there was a very good attendance of members to hear a lecture on the cultivation and propagation of the carnation, delivered by Mr. E. Powell. The lecturer stated that the carnation will do well in almost any soil, having seen it do well in almost sheer clay, and grown it himself in a very light sandy soil. Deep digging is not necessary, as the plants do not root deeply. An open, sunny situation is the best. Do not plant near shrubs which overhang or shade them; they do best in a bed by themselves. Make the beds about ten feet wide, throwing the soil up so that the bed is from eight inches to one foot above the general level of the ground. A soil that holds water to excess will not grow carnations, and underground drainage is of great benefit to the plants, as they do not like water to remain at the roots. Well-rotted horse manure is the best manure to use, and should be dug well into the ground, where the roots will have to search for it. Bone dust is the best of artificials. An application of air-slaked lime occasionally is necessary to keep the plants in good health; it sweetens the soil, and prepares for plant food particles which before its use were not available, and acts as a preventative of most of the diseases to which the carnation is subject.

The American class of carnations, with the addition of a few of our Australian-raised perpetuals, are the best to grow. The American carnations are very strong in growth, healthy and free flowering, the blooms are large, and are best during the cooler months, a point very much in their favour. By making the hot weather the resting period, which is characteristic of them, the best blooms are obtained when the danger of thrip is past.

The main points in cultivation are to stake your plants when big enough, and do not tie too tightly to the stake, put three stakes round the plants, and keep the growths off the ground. Do not let the soil get set and hard, but keep the ground well stirred on the surface, using a Dutch hoe for the purpose. Water during the hot weather, but not too freely, and apply direct to the roots, and not over the foliage.

The best way to propagate is from cuttings and layers, the latter made being much the quickest, well-rooted plants being obtained in six or eight weeks. The best layers are obtained from the side shoots, the same wood that is used for cuttings. The lecturer here showed how to bend down the stem and make the incision in the shoot to be layered.

The following is a list of the best varieties to grow:—Fringe-edged—Enchantress, Heather Keep, Mikado, Helen M. Gould, Rose Pink Enchantress, Rosalind, Winsor, White Perfection, Prosperity, Willoughby, Beatrice Jean, Victory, Tartan Mrs. T. W. Lawson. Smooth-edged—Brilliance, Basil, Jean, Kerslakes Yellow, Mrs. T. H. Kerslake, Jessie Moodie, Veronica, Thos. Batt, Countess of March, Beatrice, Norman G. Bell, Phyllis Magno, Tessie McGann.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Powell for his interesting lecture, on the motion of Mr. A. B. Hosken.

HARRIERS.

Clifton and Northcote finished up the season with an enjoyable drag drive, dinner, and smoke concert at Mordialloc last Saturday, 30 members and friends taking part.

The points competition for the year resulted—R. H. Frew 1; H. H. Hutton 2; R. Bowman, J. W. Reid, J. A. Nelson, equal for 3rd place.

Northcote Council and Private Street Construction.

QUESTION OF EXTRA ASSISTANCE.

Cr. Dennis, at the meeting of the Northcote Town Council on Monday, moved:—

"That the matter of getting extra assistance for private street construction be referred to the commitee of the whole."

The people, said Cr. Dennis, were very anxious to have their streets constructed, and it was time the resolutions passed two months ago were carried into effect. The majority of the people who were at present paying for their houses, were not in a position to pay cash for their streets.

Cr. Schwaebsch seconded the motion.

Cr. Tharratt said he would like to see a separate department made of private street construction. (Hear, hear.)

Cr. Plant: Will all clerical and professional work be charged to owners?

The Mayor: I understand so.

Cr. Dennis: All but supervision.

Cr. Tharratt said the whole of this man's services should be charged to the work.

Cr. Hayes suggested that the town clerk report as to the most expeditious method of proceeding. [illegible] ask

Cr. Smith said the ratepayers outside had no conception of the difficulties to be encountered before a street is ready for construction.

Cr. Harry said they ought to get out of hand the 15 streets for which plans were already prepared before getting extra assistance.

Cr. Johnson thought the proper plan was to proceed with one street at a time.

Cr. Tharratt: That won't work.

Cr. Redmond said it was to further a street-construction policy that he had entered the Council; and now that they had some plans ready, and the money provided, he would like to see the work pushed on with.

Cr. Henderson said he was a glutton for street construction—(Hear, hear)—and he thought the question was important enough to have a special sitting of the Council about.

Cr. Lees also supported the motion.

Cr. Dennis said they wanted a policy whereby from meeting to meeting they would call tenders for private streets.

The motion was then put and carried.

Northcote Council and the Electric Light.

At the meeting of the Northcote Town Council, on Monday evening, another letter was received from the Preston Council, pressing for a reply to their request for permission to run an electric feeder through Northcote.

The following recommendation came up from the committee of the whole:—

Shire of Preston, re Electric Light.—That the Council be informed that if they still desire to proceed with the proposal to lay a cable through this town, and are prepared to submit their scheme to a conference to be arranged, this Council will be pleased to meet them at Northcote with a view to arrive at an arrangement for the mutual benefit of the two municipalities.

The Mayor moved the adoption of the recommendation.

Cr. Smith remarked that Northcote should itself get electric light by hook or by crook. In townships hundreds of miles away they had it, and yet four miles away from the G.P.O., what with their "farthing glims," it was like walking into a dungeon. They had an electric lighting committee, and it was very electrical, too. (Laughter.)

Cr. Lees: You are a member of it. (Laughter.)

Cr. Smith: Not me. (Laughter.)

Cr. Lees: You attended last meeting, and helped to carry this resolution. Continuing, Cr. Lees said he thought that the carrying of his resolution would bring matters to finality.

The motion was carried.

Smoke Nuisance Again Complained Of.

D. Caulfield, secretary East Northcote Progress Association, wrote to the Northcote Council on Monday evening, bringing under notice the nuisance caused by the smoke from the Northcote Brick Company's works. The smoking was having a detrimental effect on the health of children, as well as injuring property. One lady found her clothes on the line so covered with smut that she had to do her washing over again, and the houses in the vicinity were getting begrimed with smoke. The Association would also like the gas extended further down Clarke-street, so that the kerosene lamp below the Green-street drain could be connected.

Cr. Plant said the brick companies had promised their inspector, that they would do something, but he would like to know if they had done anything to minimise the nuisance. He moved that the inspector report as to what had been done.—Carried.

It was decided, on the motion of Crs. Dennis and Lees, that the Gas Co. be asked to extend the mains to Clarke-street.

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SUMMER SUITS!
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The Heart of an Old Fool

THE TALE OF AN ARTIST AND HIS MODEL-WIFE, AND HOW FATE STEPPED IN.

By Andrew Soutar.

It was the old dilemma—nothing in the larder save a ham-bone that wouldn't stew, and nothing in the studio save a few pictures that would not sell. And the edge of a curt note from the landlord peeped from behind the mirror.

As Brunswick came into the old studio with half a dozen canvases under his left arm, Cleo opened the door of their little bed-sitting-room and glanced quickly at his face. What she saw there depressed her heart but flushed her cheeks and brightened her eyes. Cleo knew the value of a smile when the clouds were hanging low.

"No luck, kiddie!" He threw the pictures on a stool, then opened the single large window of the studio. "At least we'll have some air; it's the only thing that's cheap." He was trying to make light of a disappointment, and she knew how much it was costing him. "One of these days, Cleo"—he was leaning back in his chair and watching her narrowly—"one of these days, little girl, the Jews will retire from the picture buying business, and you and I shall live on the very best that the best hotel can put up for consumption."

She was turning over the rejected pictures.

"I'm not sorry that he didn't buy this one—and this," she said. "He'd have offered you a quarter of their value, and you'd have taken it, thinking of me and my appetite. Brunny, boy, I wish you'd forget me now and again. Don't worry your head about what you'd like to see me eating. Bring along a picture agent one of these days, and I'll serve you up something new in the way of stews."

He smiled faintly; her optimism was unfailing.

"You've got a bigger heart than I have, Cleo. Believe you'd sing carols while the bailiff's men were removing the 'props.' You're a wonderful asset to a man of my temperament, Cleo. You're always full of fun when funds are at their lowest. And who's been here to-day, eh?" There was a letter on the mantelshelf.

It seemed to him that she trembled slightly; certainly the laughter went out of her eyes.

"Who should you think?" she asked.

"Another dun?"

"No, your father!"

He leaped to his feet. There was an angry gleam in his eyes.

"My father, Cleo. Are you joking?"

"Read the letter," she said.

He took it from the mantelshelf and read aloud:

"Young man, I've found you at last. The search has cost me a sight of money, but I never take up a thing to drop it when the difficulties appear. That's the motto of a real Hathcart. I came here today to find you in, but your little model said that you might not be back for an age—you'd gone abroad to paint the portrait of some duchess or other. I knew that she was lying, but as I've always admired loyalty in a servant, I took her word without squealing.

"I'm getting old, Brunswick, and perhaps a little sentimental and while I still hold the opinion that prime leaf lard pays bigger profits than oil-paintings, I'm ready to hold out the glad hand to you. There's going to be a family reunion at Kroots Park on the 2nd of next month. All your brothers and their wives and other relatives on both sides will be there. It wouldn't do to have you missed, in case some nosey person in the crowd should sell the Hathcart 'trouble' to the newspapers. Now, don't stand on that false dignity of yours and refuse to come because you can't see any blood tie between lard and painting. Between you and me there's art in both trades, but there is a dividend only in one. Maybe you'll feel out of place with the crowd—your brother Jo is managing the Hop Stores, and his wife's people keep half a dozen cars and a French chef; your sister, Hattie, takes tea without a table, and is president of the local society for the spreading of the new style of spelling; but in case you might feel lonely I've invited one or two artists, and they're going to bring along a model or two just to give the old place a lively touch. Guess you'd better bring that little girl of yours; she seems to know her place. Anyway, it will be a holiday for her, and if she's got her wits about her she might pick up a few new expressions that'll be useful to her in her business.—Your disappointed father,

"JOHN HATHCART."

Brunswick turned to look at the little woman who shared his few joys and many sorrows.

"Did he mention the contents of the letter?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"And did he guess—guess the real relationship?"

"No, I didn't think it wise to tell him."

"Why?"

She went to the window and drummed on the pane.

"It might have hurt you — your prospects, if you had any in that direction. It was difficult, I admit, because you had not told me that John Hathcart, the merchant, was your father. I thought you were just—just——"

"Just what?" He had come behind her and an arm was around her waist.

"Just Brunny," she whispered.

"I am still 'just Brunny,'" he smiled, "and not for all the gold in the world would I be anything else to you."

"If they guessed the truth they would turn you down. A lord who marries his servant commits a less sin than an artist who—who falls in love with a model!"

"Nonsense!" He drew her to him. "Your imagination's too lively; I'm feeding you too well."

She tried to laugh back, but there was no mirth in her eyes.

"I wish—I wish he hadn't found us," she went on plaintively, "because I think it's going to make such a difference." She sighed and toyed wistfully with his cravat.

"I never knew how much real joy there is in being poor till he came," she said.

"Then we shall not go. There's an end of it. They will get on very well without us, especially Hattie."

"You shall go." There was a challenge in her eyes. "And I shall go. Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think you're a weathercock," he laughed; "one moment you say 'No,' and the next you agree."

"But we shall keep up the deceit. I insist on it."

"Then we shall not go. I'm not going to play the hypocrite for the simple reason that I've nothing to be hypocritical about."

She caught the lobes of his ears and drew down his face till the lips touched hers.

"Please," she coaxed; "at least it will be a novelty, and novelties don't present themselves every day, and there's only a ham-bone in the larder, and there's a threat on the mantelshelf, and he's your father and lonely. Brunny, boy, I wish that my father were alive."

"Right," said Brunny, "we'll go. Whew! I can smell the lard from here."

And they went.

II.

Kroots Park stood in the midst of ten acres of beautifully wooded land. Hathcart had the house built to his own designs, and the matter of cost was not allowed to interfere with comfort. In his early life John Hathcart tasted much of the bitterness that is inseparable from comparative poverty, and when the time came that he could foot a draft for anything up to fifty thousand and not feel the pinch, he decided to extract all the pleasure possible from his money. He was an eccentric old fellow in many ways, but no man knew better how to judge the market or manage his affairs. By some he was hated for his hardness, by others he was blamed for his sentiment. He had been known to drive a debtor to the very steps of the bankruptcy court and to tear up the I O U's at the moment when his revenge seemed complete. As a parent, he was a disappointed man. For his first-born, Brunswick, he had mapped out a career that would, in time, have made him proprietor of one of the largest commercial businesses in the country, and nothing aged him so quickly as the son's rebellion.

The reunion of the Hathcart family was an imposing affair, and the local newspapers felt justified in writing up the Romance of the Hathcart Millions. The old man was reading the account when a servant announced the arrival of Mr. Brunswick Hathcart and Miss Cleo.

"My daughter, Hattie, will see to the lady," he said to the servant, "but show Mr. Brunswick in here."

Again he composed himself to reading, and as Brunswick came across the floor he merely glanced over the top of the newspaper and nodded a welcome.

"And I'm seventy-two years of age, am I? And the happiest magnate in the country. Do you believe that, Brunny?"

He was quoting from the paper, and appealing to his son in a manner that suggested that there had been no separation. But Brunswick knew his father, and although the newspaper shielded them, he was aware that the thin, clean-shaven lips were twitching.

"The age matters little, sir," he answered; "I trust that the rest is accurate enough."

The old man rose slowly and held out his hand.

"Brunny, boy"—his voice was very low-pitched and he glanced furtively at the door as though he were afraid of being overheard—"in my time I've made a sight of money, and I should not be natural if all that money had not worked a change in my nature"—he nodded meaningly at the sumptuous embellishment of the room, recalling silently the days when a couple of sparsely furnished rooms were his all—"but, Brunny, boy, I've still got the heart of an old fool, and 'father' sounds much nicer to my ears than 'sir.'"

"I'm very sorry, father," Brunswick said.

"That's all right," the old man chuckled; "now come along, and I'll introduce you to the crowd. Kroots Park isn't like itself. All the old memories which seem to sit in the armchairs while I'm here alone have cleared themselves out for a week. And the laughter of the women-folk—Brunny, boy, I wish I had thought of this idea before; I might have saved myself a deal of sadness."

"Certainly the place is more cheerful," said Brunswick, as the laughter of a girl in the grounds floated up to the study.

"Of course, it's more cheerful. Ah, me! If only a boy of mine would take it into his head to marry and settle down here! Brunny, boy, I would like to play the grandfather to somebody—or something."

No answer. They went towards the door.

"Did that little body come along?" the old fellow asked, his hand on the door. "She did! Good! We'll give her the time of her life, Brunny. She shall play the lady for a week, and do as she pleases in your old father's house. Bet she'll keep her end up, too. Good girl, that, although she is only a model. She stood by you, anyway, when she thought 'I was after you for the rent, and a servant who'll do that is worth a little kindness now and then. Suppose you don't pay her a mighty lot, do you, Brunny? Labor's cheap enough; keep that in mind when your sentiment threatens to run away with you."

There was a troubled expression on Brunswick's face.

"I ought to explain," he began, but the old man cut him short.

"Tut! My boy, I don't want to poke my nose into your business. Here we are among the crowd. Oh! There are some lovely women here to-day. Brunny, boy, you must see my ward, Kitty. Been here only a couple of days, but there hasn't been a drop of rain since."

He was introduced to Kitty, a sweet little woman of eighteen, whose chief mission in life seemed to be the disclosing of two rows of perfect teeth in a glorious smile. Among his brothers and their wives Brunswick found himself distinctly cold and uncomfortable. The brothers talked incessantly of their wealth, and discussed the share market with an avidity that suggested they knew of nothing more interesting in life. And their women chattered of nothing save their cars, and the speed they could get out of them, and the furs and the silks they had ruined by venturing to motor in them; it seemed to Brunswick that the women looked askance at him; then he remembered that he was the eldest son, and guessed at their thoughts. A party of artists, some of whom he knew quite well, arrived, bringing with them, in conformity with the wishes of their eccentric host, a bevy of models—girls who knew how to dress and enjoy themselves when the money and opportunity were forthcoming.

Brunswick was standing apart from the general guests as the artists and the girls trooped across the lawn. No one was more familiar with his father's temperament and eccentricity than he himself, but for the life of him he could not imagine the object in bringing down from the city this flock of careless, cackling geese who posed to live and lived to pose. Cleo was nowhere to be seen, but he was satisfied that the servants had attended to her. As he was standing there, lost in thought, his sister Hattie came behind him, and with all the acerbity of a woman of forty who didn't marry till she was thirty-eight, she bridged over a separation of three years with the remark that "those poor things are like butterflies that have been caught in the rain."

"I have known a peeress to pose for an artist at two and six an hour," he said quietly. Then, "It is three years since I saw you last, Hattie."

"Dear me! So long as that? And so much has happened in that time! You must come down to see us one of these days. Come whenever the fit takes you, but be prepared to find us out. We have so many calls to make in a day that I can never be sure of being at home. Wilfrid is so well connected, you know. Goodness only knows what he'll think of this latest freak of father's. Fancy bringing that class of woman down here!" She nodded in the direction of one of the models who was engaged in fixing an artist's hat on her mass of wavy hair.

Brunswick turned away abruptly. He was anxious to meet Cleo and ascertain her feelings. If Hattie had spoken to her as she had spoken to him there was an aching heart somewhere in the grounds. And he made up his mind that it shouldn't ache long.

Instead of Cleo he came upon the smiling Kitty. She had made friends with one of the youngest of the girls, and was feeding her with strawberries after the manner of a good-natured child feeding a pet dog with scraps—passing the fruit into the mouth and enjoying the flavor as keenly as was the eater. As Brunswick walked towards her she selected a specially large berry and thrust it between his lips.

"I've been neglecting my duty," she said, "for Mr. Hathcart told me that you had a habit of being dull in a crowd."

"Few persons could be dull if you were present," he said gallantly, and immediately someone thumped him soundly between the shoulders.

"Right, Brunny, boy; you're right," his father exclaimed; "she's like a poppy in a field of wheat. Kitty, little woman, my daughter Hattie is asking for you. Guess it's some performance you've got to go through for the amusement of the guests. Off with you."

Together they watched her lithe form disappear in the maze of moving guests, then the old man sighed deeply.

"The happiest magnate in the country!" he mused. "Ah, Brunny, boy, I should be if—if something happened."

"Something?" Brunswick turned an inquiring glance on him.

The old man hesitated, stumbled.

"I'm going to settle three-fifths of my money on you, Brunny," he said, quietly, "on the day that you marry to my satisfaction."

Brunswick's lips quivered as he looked at the deep-lined face.

"I would rather that we did not talk about that now, father," he said in a half-whisper.

"Right, my boy, don't let your foolish old father spoil your pleasure, only it was there on my lips, and I had to say it. Have you never felt like that, Brunny?"

"I always say what I think," was the reply; "that, at least, is characteristic of the Hathcarts."

"Aye, and a good characteristic, Brunny. I have no use for the man who says one thing and means another."

It was not until an hour later that he came upon Cleo. She was alone, and there was the old laugh in her eyes.

"I'm tired already of playing the hypocrite," he said, "for that is what it amounts to."

"And I'm just beginning to enjoy it," she laughed. "Brunny, dear, I'm having the time of my life, and the only thing that I'm afraid of is that someone will propose to me."

"Don't be foolish," he said almost roughly.

But she did not tell him that in the space of one hour she had been humbled as she had never been humbled. The vitriolic tongue of sister Hattie had stung her again and again. It had stabbed at the moral character of every light-hearted girl in the company, it had revealed the golden vista along which Brunswick might travel if he chose to fall in with the wishes of his old father, it had torn to tatters the dignity and pride of the artist's profession, and hinted that the idea of inviting the crowd of "doubtfuls" was John Hathcart's method of warning his daughters and sons that they ought to be thankful for their position in life.

But the crisis was near at hand. The banquet was to be held at eight, but ten minutes before that hour most of the guests were gathered in the great dining-hall and discussing in excited whispers the loss of the Hathcart bracelet. The value of the trinket was a sentimental one; it was given to the wife of John Hathcart by an ex-president of Venezuela for a service rendered his troops by Hathcart, who devised a tabloid commissariat. There were a dozen gems in the bracelet, and the workmanship on the gold band was of the finest. The bracelet had been proudly exhibited during the afternoon and returned to its case in the drawing-room. At seven o'clock a servant advised the host that it had disappeared, and sister Hattie, who was within ear-shot at the time, promptly took up the search.

"What can one expect?" she was demanding indignantly as Brunswick entered the room. Her father touched her arm.

"There's no need to make a fuss about the thing," he protested, much annoyed, apparently, that the discovery of the loss should have been made known.

"But I shall make a fuss, father," she insisted; "it is only fair to my friends that a fuss should be made and the thief detected."

"Tut! Woman, don't you see that someone's having a joke? You'll find the thing in its case within an hour, I'll be bound."

"It's a stupid joke, then, and the perpetrator shall be asked to explain it."

Brunswick glanced round the room. Cleo was not present. Why the fact should have startled him he could not have said. Quietly he went out of the room and found his way to hers. The door was slightly ajar, and the sound of someone weeping reached him. He called to her by name, and as she did not answer he opened the door and entered the room. She was kneeling near the window, her face buried in her hands.

"Cleo," he cried out, running to her and lifting her head, "what's the matter? Tell me, quickly."

For answer she pointed to the Hathcart bracelet, which was lying on her dressing-table.

"I heard that it was missing," she said brokenly, "and when I came to my room I found it among my own things in the trunk which I had not locked."

He placed the trinket in his coat pocket, and gently raised her to her feet.

"Come," he said in a deep, vibrant voice, as he drew her towards the door. "We've had enough of this mock sentiment—this damnable commingling of wealth and arrogance. I warned you of the futility of your scheme. I knew that it was full of flaws. I was aware of the class of people we should meet here. I hate them. I've always hated them. There isn't a man or a woman amongst them. Don't you understand why I couldn't tolerate them in the old days. Come."

The members of the family were in the drawing-room when Brunswick and Cleo went down the stairs. They shrank from him as he entered, for there was a bold challenge in his eyes and the angry blood had mounted to his very temples.

"There is your trinket," he said, throwing it on the table near his father. "It was found on the dressing-table of this lady."

"Ah!" sighed sister Hattie.

"And this lady is my wife!"

"Your wife!" It was a chorus of surprised voices.

"Yes, my wife"—he squared his broad shoulders—"and if there is a man or a woman in this room that dares to make one single insinuation against her character, let him or her make it now. Yes, by God! Make it now! . . . Not one! And now, sir," (he had turned to the old man, whose head was bowed low), "if I stay in your house another hour it will be to find the blackguard who placed that thing in my wife's dressing-case. I came here on your invitation, and because a sense of honor towards you as my parent told me that it was the right thing to do.

"I don't know what was in your mind when you invited my wife in her capacity as a model, but if it was to give your daughters a chance to ridicule her and break her heart, you may take it to yourself that you almost succeeded. We played the roles of artist and model solely out of consideration for you. It was not for us to damp the sentiment that prompted a family reunion. If it was to give you a week's pleasure in your old age, it was for me to sink the unfortunate differences of opinion which have kept up apart so long. There, you have the truth so far as my wife and I are concerned. If these people think that we came here after the manner of poor relatives to the feast of the rich, they are grievously wrong. I want nothing that you may have. I respect you as my father, and I shall always respect you, and my house, humble as it is, will always be open to you. Now, sir, will you vindicate my wife in the eyes of your guests, or would you like me to do it?"

The old man raised his head and took a step forward. There were tears in his eyes and on his wrinkled cheeks.

"I knew that this lady was your wife, Brunny, boy," he said, "and it was I who placed the bracelet in her dressing-case."

"You!" they gasped.

"Yes, I did it. They—someone told me that you were married, and if they didn't say that you regretted it, they hinted at it. I wanted to make sure, Brunny, especially after I had seen the little woman at your place. And, my boy"—his voice rose—"if you had gone back on her, I should never have forgiven you. . . . 'An eccentric old fool!' That's what they call me, Brunny, and they're right, but I've got an old fool's heart. Ladies and gentlemen"—he had taken Cleo's hand in his—"I believe that dinner is served. Will you follow us in? I want to tell the guests that the new master of Kroots Park is going to preside over us at dinner."

Slowly, wonderingly, they followed him in.

Was He Sarcastic?

"John, we have been married for nearly twenty years. I want you to tell me something."

"Oh, yes, Mary, you look just as young and girlish as you did the first time I ever saw you; I have learned to love you more and more as the years have drifted by; I wouldn't be free again if I had a chance; if you were to die I shouldn't think of marrying any other woman, but I'd spend the rest of my life pining for you; I admit that your family is much superior to mine; I realise that I never should have amounted to anything if it had not been for your influence; you are the best manager I ever saw; your new summer hat is very becoming; you look fifteen years younger than Mrs. Braunthwaite; yes, I like very much the way you are wearing your hair; I think of you steadily all day; I am sure that any young woman who would look at me twice would do so only because she wished to make a fool of me; and I acknowledge that you make a much better showing than any other woman could make on our income. Now, is there anything else? I'm in a good deal of a hurry this morning."

Nearly an Accident.

Old Gent: Pray, my good man, what's the matter?

Confused Individual: Matter, sir—Gen'lman's 'oss run haway with a bro'om, sir—never see hanythink like hit hin hall my born days—down 'e cums the 'ill with the sharves a dangling hall about 'is legs—knocks a butcher's cart into a linendraper's shop—bang hagin a carridge hand pair, hand smashes the panel all to bits—hupsets a phaeton, hand if 'e 'adn't a-run agin this 'ere cab, and dashed it right hover and stopped hisself, blowed if I don't think there'd 'a' been some haccident."

Hints to Travellers.

"John, a pedlar came round to-day selling stove polish. He was a very agreeable gentleman. Why, he talked so pleasantly about the weather."

"Really?"

"Yes; and I bought a packet. Then he complimented the baby and I bought another packet."

"H'm!"

"Presently he said our hall was kept in better order than any in the neighborhood, and then I bought another packet."

"Great Scott!"

"Before he left he said he thought I was your daughter instead of being old enough to be your wife. Then I bought three additional packets. Oh, it doesn't do any harm to encourage a real gentleman when you meet one."

THE ANHUI FAMINE IN CHINA.

Pitiful Scenes in the Far Orient.

Riding through a section of the famine district of Anhui on a good horse, in the company of Jim Cochran, is exhilarating at this delightful season of the year (writes the Shanghai correspondent of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat"). The section through which we passed is high above the level of the floods (of which there have been three in the last two years), and the spring wheat on which the lives of two million people largely depend, is already thick and green.

"And this is the famine country!" you say to yourself. "It looks almost as sunny and prosperous as Southern Kiangsu, on the Yangtsze."

But what is that? Over in a ditch at the side of the road is a corpse. The body has been stripped of clothing. The skin of the face has been torn off, leaving the bones exposed. Whether it is the body of a famine victim, of someone murdered, or of one of the robbers of the district who are taking advantage of the times, we cannot tell. But of whatever origin it is a shocking note of discord in the mellow, peaceful land.

It requires a close observer, an experienced famine relief worker, to locate the trouble from outward appearances. But such a man as Cochran can point it out to the visitor like myself. Approaching a village you see that all but these pretty green fields is bare and desolate. Many of the trees that beautify every village stand gaunt and white, stripped of their bark. A number have already gone in decay. Crows inhabit them. The willows stand and furnish some hope for the people, for their leaves as soon as they are a little larger will serve for food.

On the threshing floors there is not a vestige of the usual straw; all has been sold or eaten. You hear no friendly rooster's greeting. The chickens and the pigs which are a part of every farmer's household have gone long ago. Even the omnipresent dog has been starved to death or has served as nourishment for man. And as for donkeys, horses and cattle, where almost every household possessed one or more last summer, a village is fortunate which can display one to-day.

The doors of the houses and their straw roofs have been sold. The mud walls still stand only because they have no market value. But even some of the walls have been carried away by the flood waters.

The first cause of the desolation was a terrific rainfall in July of last year, covering the wheat land for thousands of square miles. The heavens seemed to open and pour down upon the whole famine region. In a period of hours a blanket of water from nineteen to thirty inches deep came down from the clouds, and the possibility of a fall crop was instantly wiped out.

The people of Anhui and Northern Kiangsu are supported from May until December by their spring wheat crop. In the autumn another crop is harvested, part of which is sold. But if this crop be wiped out starvation ensues. The starvation began in December last year. It has now a number of days still to run.

Over a million and a-half of people were on the Government's relief list, about a million of whom were actually reached. The joint Chinese-Foreign Committee reached another half-million. As a result, not so many people are dying now as in the months when the snow covered the ground. During March, it was estimated, though no enumeration was possible, that between two and three thousand people died daily from hunger and cold, but now it is believed that the famine fevers of the warmer weather are claiming all told not more than a few hundreds each day.

We stood in the village street studying the people, Cochran trying to decide whether one distribution of grain would keep the people here alive until the time of harvest, for every ounce of grain is also needed elsewhere—indeed, many villages throughout the vast tract of devastated country are not even on the lists for distribution.

The greatest sufferers are always the last to gather in a crowd. They are too weak to move about quickly with the stronger ones. In one place of distribution of grain twenty-one of these less fortunate people were trampled to death. Yet there is much kindness among them; it is not all a selfish struggle for one's own existence.

That middle-aged man who has just joined the crowd about us, whose neck is so thin that the bones and tendons of his throat are visible, is typical of a class. When the famine first drew near, last November, he and his wife put their household possessions, his aged mother and children, on a wheelbarrow and started off south, they knew not whither, in search of a more fortunate country. Thousands of such refugees crowded the roads in this way at that time. But gradually as they travelled their possessions grew less and they were able to find no word in the dead winter-time, nor were they able to beg a living from the poor people through whose country they passed. Finally the wife and daughter of this thin creature were sold into slavery, and two children died. When they turned to retrace their steps the mother succumbed, and the man was now the only member of the family left.

The plight of the returned refugee is a sad one. The Government relief lists have been made out while he was away, and when the Government money and the grain of the Relief Committee are distributed to his fellow-villagers he receives nothing.

It is heart-rending, but the lists must be adhered to strictly. New lists covering so great a number of people would be exceedingly expensive, and every cent must be made to count. In the final distributions, however, the committee will endeavor to reach this class.

"Where are the most pitiable people in the village?" we ask. The village elder and a bright boy from the mission school lead the way.

A mother goes into a house and returns supporting a boy, a piece of sackcloth about his shoulders and a red cloth bandage about his head. He is suffering from typhus, and in his famished condition must surely die. The mother asks us gently for medicine, and we must needs explain that we have none. Typhus is all about this district of Hwai Yuen.

A man across the road is also doomed from another form of famine disease. He has had only greens, weeds and dandelions to eat, and his abdomen is fearfully swollen. He is unable to eat such food any longer. "We have no salt to put with them," he says.

I saw a baby sitting before the ragged straw mat tent, in the likes of which several hundred refugees were camping. The child sat beside its father, who had for two days been stretched out in the same position, sick of typhus. The man had begged for his children and himself until he was no longer able, and the struggle was now passed. He did not even open his eyes as people passed. The baby sat mutely watching, with no food and no one to care for it.

Plague at its height in Fu Chia Tien was awful, but the suffering visible here strikes me as even worse. In Manchuria the Black Death terrorised; for two days the sickness was upon a man, but his suffering was for only this brief time. Here for weeks, under a yearning, strained agony, whole populations are groaning. It is not a sudden terror, but a lingering travail. And the toll of deaths from the famine bid fair to number perhaps ten times as many as were claimed by the plague

There are numbers of refugees at Lin Hwai Kuan, the end of the completed section of the Tientsin-Pukow railroad. Here ten carloads of grain a day (200 tons, enough to keep 20,000 people until the harvest-time) are now being transferred to boats and sent up the Nwai River.

As the bags of grain are being carried by coolies from the cars to the boats, the refugees collect the thinly-scattered kernels of rice, kaoliang or beans that may fall.

Long before the freight car doors are opened, old women, children, and sometimes men, take their places beneath the cars. Under a weighing scales I saw a woman sweep up no more than thirty kernels, then pick up a scattered few, one by one.

"You will get your foot crushed," someone said to a woman who persisted in staying beneath a car which was about to be moved.

"If I lose my foot I shall gain my life," she replied, having in mind the hospital and the food that is given to patients there.

In the district of Mengchen, where the relief committee has its heaviest work to do administering to 150,000 people, were two married sons living with their father, as the Chinese custom is. The family's want had become great, and there was little left to be converted into food. "You must sell me," said the wife of the elder son to the father, the head of the family.

But the younger son's wife interfered. "No," she said, "I am the younger. You have two children and I have none. Let me be sold. Then when you have all returned to prosperity my husband can get another wife and our family be continued." But the old man decided that neither should be sold, and one by one the family died.

The number of girls and women who have been sold is very great. There are no figures, but the relief committee finds that in every family of whom they have time to inquire some have either died or children or women or both have been sold to keep the others alive. At first girls of marriageable age—that is between twelve and fifteen years—brought from ten to fifteen dollars; now the price ranges from two to three. Children were at first sold for fifty cents or a dollar, but are now bartered away for a few ounces of bread if there is a chance for them to survive.

By an Imperial edict issued some years ago slavery was abolished from China; but the Government of China is very weak and only such reforms—as, for instance, that of opium—as meets the approval of the people are carried into effect.

The selling of women to those comparatively few people who have wealth enough to last them through a famine season, and to speculators, may mean several things. Many girls, if not given over to a worse fate, are sold into slavery as concubines or second wives—who are often practically household slaves—for well-to-do merchants and others of the towns and cities. Marriageable women largely become wives. For such women the selling is not so bad, because if they get good husbands their new homes may be as comfortable as were their former ones before the famine came. It means a change of husbands, a compulsory divorce, but often in China the first marriage, arranged entirely by the parents, is not very happy.

The farmer bumpkin in Anhui has a peculiar way of regarding the taking unto himself of a wife. He marries early. It is a commercial transaction, for the amount he pays to her parents for his spouse is estimated as payment for the food and clothes she has received from her babyhood.

"I got a good one," you may hear a muleteer say; "she can carry as much as I can, and I paid very little for her."

"I have had to sell my wife for less than four dollars," says another. "Was she willing? Of course she was willing; the other man can give her food."

"We have nothing more to sell," says still a third man applying for relief. "No one wants to buy our fields and they say our children will not live."

Word went out from the Yamen (the Government House) in one of the towns of the sorely-afflicted districts of Meng Chen that a distribution of food for five hundred people would take place at a certain hour at a certain temple, but as there was supply for only this limited number only those in the worst state of starvation, it was stated, need apply. On the appointed day the magistrate made his way to the temple, carrying in his hand a thick braided leather whip. Taking up a place at the temple door he looked into the face of each man as the crowd surged towards him, and permitted only those whose eyes were dim or closed and whose skins were a deathly yellow to pass through the portal. For the others he had only a slash of the whip. Those lucky enough, so to speak, to be nearly dead escaped the hiding and crawled in.

Why do they not fight in organised robber bands, pillaging and killing and making their way a hundred or two hundred miles to more prosperous lands? It is due largely to their natural peaceableness and to their being accustomed to suffering. Many people in the poorer provinces enter upon the winter trusting to heaven that they may come through it, and considering themselves fortunate if they do. In the present case, before the extreme famine was reached, the Government came to the relief of the people. And, furthermore, as is well known, punishments in China are sufficiently severe to intimidate all but the boldest.

There are two channels of relief at work, the Chinese Government and the Central China Famine Relief Committee, a joint Chinese and foreign organisation, with headquarters at Shanghai. The Government is reported to have appropriated over £150,000, of which about £47,000 is not yet spent. How much has actually reached the people, after passing through the intricacies of Chinese official machinery with its customary dishonesty, is uncertain. But it is thought to be about two-thirds. On the Government lists of those relieved there are one million and a-half names. Probably one million of those have actually received relief.

The Relief Committee, having no other source of income but charitable contributions, has received £57,000. The committee has administered to about 400,000 people.

The cause of the constantly recurring famines of Anhui and Kiangsu is the silting of the rivers, which have been permitted to flow uncontrolled for centuries, and have choked their outlets and raised the levels of their beds. The Chinese, in their ignorance and lack of forethought, have depleted the natural forests of the country which should hold the snows. In China science is only beginning to find a place, and the so-called paternal Government is only now waking to its responsibilities. Among the missionaries and other foreigners who are working at the relief of the present famine sufferers there is a plan afoot for the opening of the rivers and for otherwise controlling them, but the enterprise is so vast a project of engineering, requiring the expenditure of so much money, that it would seem the Chinese Government only can undertake it. Hitherto the Chinese gentry have looked upon pestilence and famine as evils of nature, necessary for the reduction of the surplus populations; but the present years are showing that the ideas of the West are at last making headway in this ancient empire.

"Oh, I'm sure you can sing! Won't you try just to please me?"

"I am afraid you are trying to make a butt of me."

"Not a butt; we only want to get a stave out of you!"

HOW MINERS DIE.

Those readers who are not miners have probably read that there are some fourteen hundred deaths in British mines every year; and they attribute that alarming death-roll mainly to explosions.

It may surprise many of them to learn that explosions account for only a comparatively small proportion of the yearly total.

Of course, you hear of the death of one hundred men as the result of an explosion, because that captures, and holds for a time, the public imagination. So the newspapers make the most of such a disaster.

Of the hundreds of individual fatalities, however, you do not hear. A big splash is noticed, so to speak, steadily dropping water is not. But the constant dropping effects the greater result as a rule.

Death lies in wait for the miner in many guises, but the chief contributory agent towards the fourteen hundred deaths annually is the fall from the roof.

Never a day passes but some miner is killed by a fall from the roof. Some local paper chronicles his death and probably states that he leaves a widow and family; and that is the end of him.

Even in the case of an explosion, comparatively few are killed by the blast or scorched by the flame. Only those in the immediate neighborhood of the scene of the explosion meet death swiftly, if horribly.

In the other quarters of the mine men run from their "faces," their cheeks blanched, and horror in their eyes. They know, only too well, that a big explosion results in airways being closed, and that they may not win clear to the bottom and safety.

Desperately they hasten towards the bottom—and come to a fall. This one may be small, and they clear it away sufficiently to creep over it. They come to another, and this one is mountains high and wide. Fear clutches at their hearts, but they work fiercely to clear away the fall. Tirelessly they toil for hours and hours, one set of men relieving another set, and the work never ceasing so long as hope remains.

They save their oil; they husband their little store of food of which the lads have the greater share. And bravely the men speak to the boys, bidding them be of good cheer for help is coming.

Yet the men know that the deadly after-damp is also coming—creeping towards them surely, if unseen. Then it comes, and a boy goes to sleep. They wake him and for a time he fights the creeping death. But they are powerless to sustain the fight. One by one they sit down and sleep. So they pass painlessly to their rest.

If death comes in the form of black damp it brings with it no pain. Men pass away, and are found later with faces serene and peaceful.

There are more cruel forms of death, however, and death by an inrush of water from some old working is one. Then are men caught up by the inky torrent and tossed forward like corks. They are beaten against roof and side before the cataract either mercifully drowns them or leaves them broken and bleeding to die before help can reach them.

From the moment, indeed, that he steps on the cage in the morning till he steps from it in the evening, the miner faces death in many guises. Half-way down the shaft the winding-rope may break, and eight or sixteen men may drop a sheer hundred fathoms.

That is the most dreadful scene any man can be called upon to witness. An iron cage dashed to pieces and a huddled heap of broken men, dead and dying, and the agonising cries of the injured! One does not dwell on the memory.

On his way to the "face" a runaway set of trucks may end the miner's life, and at the "face" he is never safe from falls. By about nine o'clock, when he has finished under-cutting the coal, he bores a hole and inserts a powder charge. If that goes off prematurely, he has small chance of escape from death. Sometimes, to be sure, he is merely maimed, and every mining district can show men scarred by the premature firing of a shot.

The history of Fez, the capital of Morocco, dates back some 1100 years, and in the middle ages it flourished exceedingly, and was one of the world's seats of learning. To-day, in its decrepitude, it still remains as fascinating as a tale from the Thousand and One Nights. New Fez is erected on the edge of a plain which drops almost abruptly into a basin between mountains, and therein, snugly ensconced, lies the real city of Old Fez. If you are lucky you may ascend to some vantage point on the high ground outside the city, or even within it—a roof for preference—and below and beyond is a vision of enchantment—a city of alabaster set with opals and girded with gold.

Mr. B.: My dear, your butcher gives you short weight for your money.

Mrs. B.: But consider also, my dear, the long wait you give him for his.

There will be no more poverty in the world one hundred years from now.—Edison.

A correspondent of "Cosmos" describes the remarkable journey performance by a paper balloon, such as may be obtained from the toy shops, which he sent up, with a postcard attached, on Sunday, February 26, at Tourcoing (Nord). Two days later the card was returned from Cornimont (Voges), 258 miles distant, with a note indicating that the journey to the latter point has been accomplished in 2 hours 45 min., i.e., at the rate of about 94 miles an hour. A northwest gale was blowing at the time.

"Longevity? I should say longevity did run in the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two, Bill was six foot four, and George had more longevity than any man I ever see. He was six foot seven, if he was a foot."

Two Scotsmen met on board a steamer going to the United States, but rough weather was too much for one of them. When they saw each other a few days later Jamie greeted his friend warmly, and proceeded to make him comfortable with a deck-chair and some rugs, remarking, with a laugh:

"Why, Wullie, man, ye're lukin' years older than when I saw ye last!"

"Sma' wunner at that, Jamie," was the reply. "I've had several birthdays, ye ken, since I cam' on board the steamer."

Overheard in the regimental canteen:—

Rifleman: Do you know that I am quite a firm believer in the old saying that we have lived before in some other state?

Highlander (who has just paid for the twelfth drink): That's very likely.

Rifleman: I was just wondering what I was in my last existence.

Highlander: Well, mate, if there's anything in heredity, I should say a sponge!

A lecturer gave a very learned and interesting address before a women's club on "The Decadence of Pure English." At the close of the talk a much over-dressed woman came up to him and said:

"I did enjoy your talk over and over so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decading something awful. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and Heaven only knows what the next generation will talk like if nothing ain't done about it."

STORIES OF DEPEW.

Fatal!

Mr. Chauncey Depew, America's greatest after-dinner speaker, has been staying in London recently. He had just delivered one of his famous orations at a large dinner and had taken his seat again amidst a roar of applause. Facing him was a countryman who had never heard him speak before. When the shouting had subsided a little, the countryman leaned across the table.

"Well, Mr. Depew," he remarked thoughtfully, "you might have measles and recover, you might have heart disease and recover, you might have yellow fever and recover; but," very solemnly, "if you got lock-jaw—you'd bust!"

The Very Greatest.

He was calling on a friend some time ago, and after his departure his host said to his little son: "Did you notice that man who was speaking to me? That was Chauncey Depew, the world's greatest story-teller."

The youth treasured up the information, and the next time Mr. Depew called, he flung himself enthusiastically upon the visitor.

"I know all about you!" he shouted joyously.

"Do you?" Mr. Depew remarked. "And what do you know about me?"

"My poppa says you're the biggest liar on earth!"

The Spotted Dog.

"When I was about fourteen years old my father lived on the old farm up at Poughkeepsie. One day, after I had finished a five-acre field of corn, my father let me go to town to see a circus. While in town I saw for the first time a spotted coach dog. It took my fancy, and I bought it and took it home.

"The next day it was raining, and I took the dog out into the woods, but the rain was too much for him. It washed the spots off!

"That night, with a very long face, I trotted the dog back to the dog-keeper.

"Said I: 'Look at the dog, sir; the spots have all washed off!'

"'Great guns, boy!' exclaimed the dog-dealer, 'there was an umbrella went with that dog! Didn't you get the umbrella?'"

ARE OUR YOUNG MEN DEGENERATING?

When discussing this important and difficult question, the tendency is to arrive at a conclusion derogatory to the youth of the present day. But it should be remembered in this connection that the youths of our day are in a very different position from those of past generations. The tremendous development of the past fifty years has practically revolutionised all the conditions of life, and the elderly man, accustomed to old-fashioned modes, is naturally at sea in framing a judgment on this question.

Personally, I am inclined to think the race is improving, and that the young man of to-day is a decided improvement on his predecessor of thirty years ago. He is better informed, better educated, and in almost every way better equipped mentally. The average modern young man shows an educational development of a thoughtful and conscientious character, consequent upon the keen interest he takes in matters of moment.

For a few years after school his views may be a little crude, and his conversation somewhat self-opinionated; but he begins to think and act for himself much earlier than his father did, and, age for age, he has the better grasp of important social questions.

A genius, to be recognised, must tower above his fellows, and how, when culture has reached such an all-round excellence, a man is clever indeed who can reach beyond the tide-mark.

Physically, despite the recent outcry emanating from recruiting depots, the modern young man has in nowise degenerated. Thirty years ago the stamina of the town-bred lad was worse than it is to-day. But modern love of athletics and physical culture is working a wonderful change, and with physical improvement equal to the undoubted improvement mentally may reasonably be anticipated.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

When I married my wife she had studied stenography,
Got that down solid, then took up photography,
Mastered that science and started geography,
And all in the course of a year.

She presently took up a course of theology,
Followed that up with a touch of mythology,
Got a degree in the line of zoology,
Still her great mind remained clear.

So she took in a course on the theory of writing,
Some lessons and points on the subject of fighting,
A long course of house-building, heating, and lighting,
For over her classmates she'd soar.

So she entered the subject of steam navigation,
Took also instruction in Church education,
And mastered the study of impersonation,
And still she was longing for more.

Next she tackled the latest great fad—electricity;
"Dress Reform" institutes taught her simplicity;
Sought the best way to encourage felicity,
Oh, she's as smart as a book.

Then she decided to absorb aviation,
To wrestle with Sol, and with heat's radiation,
The subject of land and the soil's irrigation,
Nothing she would overlook.

She at last ended up with a course of phonetics,
Gave a little attention and time to athletics;
The rest of her time she then gave to magnetics,
And now she is learning to cook.

Trembling Female (to sixteen-stone policeman): Say, sir, would you come up to my house and speak to my husband? I don't want you to take him; I just want you to frighten him."

"My good woman," was the reply, "do you think I was taken on the Force to be a scarecrow?"

What the stars are to the firmament kind deeds are to the earth.

Mistress: This water has a queer taste.

Careful Servant (who has heard much scientific conversation): It's all right, mum. There ain't a live germ in it, mum. I run it through the sausage machine.

It is not only our right, it is our duty, to enjoy and be happy. Pleasure does us good if gratefully and lovingly accepted; the nature often expands and blossoms under it as under no other influence.

NOTICE.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Of

A NEW STORY,

Entitled

An Apple of Discord

By ESME STUART.

Author of "In the Dark," "A Woman of Forty," "Inscrutable," etc.

WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

THIEF and HEIRESS

By LILIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON,

Author of "The Lost Millionaire," "The Miscreant's Wife," etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Close to the Gates.

Down the long avenue from the village drove the doctor's brougham. It had had an unequal progress from the Castle; for from every house along the route heads had popped out. Old Betty Sykes, standing at her gate half the morning to wait for the first sight of the brown cob with the white blaze, that all the doctor's patients knew as well as they knew himself, had hurried down with a waving arm to stop the carriage. And when the groom would have slowed, the doctor's head was thrust out of the window nearest.

"Can't stop, Betty! I'll see to your rheumatics another time. I'm in too big a hurry now."

Betty turned an indignant eye on him. "As if it was me would he stopping you but for one thing! It's that pressing that I'd stop the King himself on his highway to tell him it. When my mother was mortal bad just the same, some seventy years ago, we cured 'un wi' a charm from a frog's toe, put into a bag round her neck. And here's the bag this blessed minute. I've treasured it all along since then, in spite of my grand-daughter's laughing and sayin' it's folly. Board school's the folly, says I. You take 'un and try 'un. Don't be too proud to larn from natur', even so be as you're a learned man and a doctor we're proud on."

"And they tell us England's a civilised country!" he said. "Good Lord! Look here, my woman, you take that and burn it before the parson hears about it, or you'll get a fine talking to from that new boy-curate who dresses like a Catholic priest. Your charms and your witchcraft! Get along, and don't block the way. I tell you I'm in a deuce of a hurry. I'm off to the station."

"And how is she, then, doctor?" The old wrinkled face softened into anxiety.

The doctor shook his head slightly. "I'll tell you that presently," he said, "when I've had the big man's opinion." And he called to the waiting John, and drove on at a double pace, while old Betty looked after him wistfully.

"He might a' tried the frog's toe!" she murmured with regret.

"Where's he off to so fast, anyway?" she called to one of the castle stable-boys, who was riding a tall black horse by her gate on some errand or another.

The stableboy put his hand up. "Don't you make all that row, mother! It seems as if they might hear it up at the house. And it's all to be kept as quiet. He's gone to the station to fetch the great London doctor they've telegraphed to come down."

"Deary me! oh deary!" wailed the old woman softly, as she hobbled with her rheumatic legs back to the cottage, along the little stone path bordered with gilly-flowers and stocks. "Oh, deary me! That's evil news! When there's two doctors, there isn't much hope!"

Dr. Roberts, on his way to the station, was called to many times. The carters along the roadside, with their slow teams swaying in the hot sun, shouted to John, and John shouted back. Women came running from cottages. Carriages pulled up and made grave inquiry. To them all the doctor gave but one answer: "We shall know better presently."

Just as the cob turned the corner to the station, the train came hurtling in, and out of a first-class carriage stepped a tall, grey-haired man, at whose verdict a thousand hearts trembled or sprang to hope again. It was the specialist from Harley-street, who had come down to give his opinion on the case.

Back along the dusty road together now, side by side in Dr. Roberts' brougham. The village, as they passed through, almost held its breath. It seemed to them that the gentleman, whose head they dimly saw, held in his hands the powers of life or death.

The Castle lay grey in the scorching sun that lit up every crumbling fragment of its battlements, every leaf of the ivy that mantled it. There was an air of curious expectation and anxiety over it; even the senseless walks and stones seemed to share in it. The peacocks that flaunted their bright tails along the grey terrace walks, to-day held them drooping despondently, and lurked in corners. The flower-beds, gay with blossoms—red, yellow, blue, purple—seemed to have an air of apology on them for their indifferent callousness.

The two doctors got out of the brougham, and Sir Thomas glanced about him as they walked through the portcullis, rusty and worn above their heads, and crossed the gravel of the courtyard. Carriages came no nearer than that now, lest the echo of crunching wheels should be heard, even through those ponderous walls that had lasted so many centuries.

"This is a fine place," said Sir Thomas. "I had not realised it was so beautiful."

"Yes, yes; but beauty's thrown away when things stand like this," said Dr. Roberts, a little hastily.

They had entered the great door, and were in the hall, vaulted, cool, shady, where the shining steel of breastplates and caps in the walls varied the lines of great framed tapestries.

A man came out of a door to the right, as if he had been watching for them—a man still young, yet there was grey creeping in little streaks through his short, smooth hair, and he looked as if he had not had much sleep recently.

"The husband," said Dr. Roberts, squeezing the great doctor's elbow.

And "Ah, yes, yes!" said Sir Thomas, going forward to shake hands sympathetically.

The husband was in the hall still, when by-and-bye the two doctors came slowly down the great staircase together. Sir Thomas was drawing his gloves through his other hand gently, and they exchanged words in an undertone.

Brabazon met them at the foot of the staircase. "Well?" he asked briefly, almost sharply, but his eyes were haggard.

Dr. Roberts put a hand on his shoulder and drew him into the library.

"Then there is hope?"

It was after they had told him Sir Thomas's opinion. He had turned on the specialist with that anguish of eagerness that all his self-control could not keep restrained. The specialist had seen it a thousand times in his experience.

He answered the look with one of understanding and great kindness.

"There is undoubtedly hope," he said, "great hope. There is youth and there ought to be the earnest desire to live, which is much in extreme cases. But it would be foolish to try and conceal from you that it is a grave case—one of great gravity. It would appear, if I may hint at it, that there is something weighing on the mind, increasing the feverish condition. If that cannot be removed it will present grave symptoms. Can you help us by suggesting the cause? It would be of the greatest assistance to us in the treatment."

Brabazon met his look. For just an instant there was a lighting of the eyes, a parting of the lips under the moustache that hid them. It was as if he were going to speak. Then, like a shutter, the lids fell, the look died. The lips were pressed together. "I can give you no clue," he said evenly. "She has said nothing to me of any trouble or anxiety."

"Ah, indeed? Yet if anyone knows a wife's troubles and burdens it is certainly her husband."

Sir Thomas kept his steady gaze on the face before him. It was an honest face, open and brave and straightforward. "Not his fault, whatever it is," he made a mental note. "There is no quarrel or misunderstanding between them."

"Well, well, we must hope," he said, encouragingly, as he turned to the door. "I will come down again in a couple of days, as Dr. Roberts requests; or I would come immediately if I were sent for. I sincerely trust that there will be a speedy improvement. No, thanks, no lunch! I must catch my train. There is only just time for it. Good morning."

At the door he stopped as if by an after-thought. "You have one great blessing," he said. "The boy is a healthy child, as fine a baby as I ever saw. We came across it upstairs. The heir, I believe. I congratulate you. He is a fine specimen."

"I suppose so," said Brabazon. "I have not thought about him."

He stood by the window where they had been talking together, and the sunlight through the painted panes above him gave his face a ghastly green pallor.

Sir Thomas made a gesture with his hand. It might have stood for apology, comprehension, sympathy—anything.

Dr. Roberts bustled him through the hall. "There is just time to get to the station," he said, "since you can't stay for anything to eat." They went down the steps, crossed the courtyard, flaming in the noonday sun, and got together into the brougham.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" Sir Thomas was drawing on his gloves and smoothing them with rapid fingers. "Only a year married? Yes, I thought so. A happy marriage? A success in every way?"

Dr. Roberts stared at him with some resentment. "I should have supposed you'd have known that to look at him. He's got about as bad a blow as he can carry. A success? Why, the Brabazons are a proverb through the county!"

"Ah!" said the great man. "Excellent—most satisfactory. Shall I tell you something, all the same, that may surprise you? What is killing that poor girl back there is the weight of a trouble he's bound up in. I don't pretend to guess at it—who could? She's past speaking of it as she lies there now, but unless it is removed she will die. Probably you know that as well as I do, though you don't say it."

Dr. Roberts, amazed, gazed at him. "No! I don't know it, and I can't believe it!"

But it was true. Juliette, floating on that sea of blackness, where there was only soundless silence, broken now and then by faint gleams of trembling light, where far-off voices came to her ear, and hands moved her, and she seemed dragged back from the clutching infinite—Juliette could have told him it was true, could she have heard him. When she came to herself, after that first confusion of pain and terror, and knew that the soft, downy head which pressed her arm was her little son, her own, her baby, she had known one moment of such peace and comfort as only mothers know in such a moment. His child! Ronaleyn's child! And the faint smile that quivered on her lips was full of angelic happiness. But then, with a pang, sharp, poignant, bitter, came recollection. Her child! The child whose mother was a thief! Her boy, and she was not worthy to own him! How was she to bring up Ronaleyn's son in honesty and truth and goodness, while that lie of a life was still lived between them, and she was a thing he would cover with his hatred and contempt if he knew the truth about her!

It was the anguish of it that overwhelmed her. She had so long deceived her husband—would he ever again find trust for her? Would he ever be able to forgive, if he knew? Ever speak to her, look at her? And then the fret and the torture pressed on her, and she grew feverish and light-headed. It was, indeed, as the fine perceptions of the great doctor had discovered, she who was bringing herself to the brink of the grave by her secret tortures.

And once more the blackness closed down, and through it came voices. She knew herself so near the place where all falsehood, all duplicity shrivels and dies, that she looked back at them with a wonder that she could ever have cowered under them. In the great white light before her she was stained and ashamed. A desperate desire seized her to tear from her all the stain, all the defilement. She would go to the questioning of that other world bare of the sins that had chained her. What mattered even Ronaleyn's contempt, the loss of his love, beside the horrors of sin for its own sake, of unworthiness to face purity and goodness? She cried out in her anguish, with voiceless cries: "Let me go back and tell him—tell him! Let me not die with a lie still between us—let me tell him everything, even though he for ever hates me!"

And then slowly, slowly, the bright light that blazed before her till her eyelids ached under it, grew dimmer—faded. She caught brief snatches of sound, voices, whispers, movements about her. She opened with an effort that was immense the eyes that were closed still, and she looked vaguely about her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I Knew It!"

It was no longer night. The electric light that had sent white glare down the further end of the room, shaded from her eyes by the rose-hued shades at this end, was extinguished. Round the great bed, with the gilded posts and satin hangings, she could dimly see people standing. She moved her head weakly on the pillows.

"I want something to moisten my lips," she said—for they were dry and burning. And when they had raised her gently, and given her the drink that cooled her, she said with a gasp, sinking back on the pillows, "Send him—send Ronaleyn!"

It was not far to send. He had never left her bedside unless he was turned out by the nurses. Then it was not to go far, but to linger in the corridor, eager for his return to her, waiting for news of her from moment to moment. He had not spoken often during those weary days that seemed to drag themselves on one after the other in changeless procession. Now he was standing at the corridor window, looking with blind eyes at the stretch of gardens, and the green yew walk, and the park and the rolling hills that lay blue on the sky line. He turned sharply, as someone came down the corridor to him. "She is asking for you," and before the words were ended he was on his way to her door. It was the first time she had spoken.

The long, low-roofed room with the painted ceiling lay silent and shaded with the silk blinds half-drawn at the windows. The nurses, in their caps and aprons, went away as he came in, and he was alone as he walked over the thick carpet. There she lay on the great bed, her beautiful bronze hair in heavy plaits, and her face white as the pillows. So she had looked without variation for these days. But there was one difference now. Her eyes met his as he came close to her and stooped down to her.

He would have kissed her, but that she faintly moved her head from his caress. "No, no, wait!" she said faintly. "Wait till I have said what I want to say! Ronny, have you seen baby?"

"Yes."

"Isn't he a darling?"

"He's a nice little chap, I suppose. I haven't thought much about him."

"Oh, Ronny! And I want you so to love him! He's to take my place when I'm gone. Promise me you'll let him be just everything."

"I can't promise." His voice was suddenly hoarse. "Besides, there isn't any use in thinking such things. You are not going to leave me."

"Yes, I am; I think I am. And it would be better for you."

Suddenly she began to cry weakly. There was no sound of sobbing, only the tears trickled bright from below the white lids and her look grew anguished.

"Hush, don't say any more, Julie. I can't bear it!"

"Yes, I must, I must! Oh, Ronny, I can't die without your knowing! You have trusted me so, believed in me, thought me so good. And all the time I have lived a lie to you! I did things before you knew me that would have made you fly from me in horror if you had dreamed of them! I was a thief! Yes, a thief! Don't try to take my hand! Don't touch me! Do you remember the girl who stole into your house at Wimbledon and took the coupons from your desk, and you caught and let go? Oh, Ronny, it was I! I was that girl! I stole from you! Now you know, and you must let me die, for I'm not fit to be married to you!"

Ronaleyn's hands that she had pushed from her with all her feeble strength came back and closed on her.

"What do you tell me that for?" he asked, almost fiercely. "Did you think I didn't know it? I knew it all the time—the first minute I saw you! Do you think that it mattered? I loved you when we met, and I wanted you. I knew you had been made to do it—that you were a victim, a tool. Oh, Juliette! But I waited for you to tell me yourself. I thought you would have told me! If you had ever loved me as I love you, you could not have kept it back. It was that that hurt me! You never told me, and I did all I knew to win your trust in me. Juliette, you were cruel, you never knew how cruel!"

Suddenly he broke off and buried his face beside hers on the pillow. She turned her wet cheek, till it rested beside his, and she pressed it to it.

"Oh, Ronny, Ronny!" was all she said, but in the three words there was a whole world of anguish, of confession, of passion. "Then you are going to forgive me?" There was a sudden hope in her voice. "I thought you never could. I never dared to hope it."

"Forgive?" he said, and he drew her tenderly, carefully close to him. "There isn't any talk of forgiveness when there's love. Love forgives before it's asked. Only you don't know love yet, Julie, it seems to me."

"If I don't, if I don't"—she was in his arms now, with her head on his breast—"you must teach me."

And with a long, tired sigh, as if a stone had been rolled from the door of her heart, she closed her eyes and fell asleep immediately.

. . . . . .

It was summer again, and the roses were all aglow in the yew walk, and the fountains at the Castle were playing, as they only did on state occasions. The green sward of the bowling-green was dotted with little tables, and there were many striped awnings, and chairs and tables. Servants in their red waistcoats went up and down with trays of ices, and while the band played from its ambush of old spreading cedars, there was talk and the buzz of laughter and the clatter of teacups. The Castle Roche garden party was the most successful that had been given this season, and people were congratulating each other and their hosts on the first fine day they had had for weeks.

"Just the Brabazon luck!" said Mrs. Coutts-Baker to Mrs. Saunders. "I never knew such lucky people. Just look at Mrs. Brabazon now. That frock came from Felix! I have to get mine in London! And the castle, and her husband, and that baby, too! We would give our ears for him, Tom and I; but that's always the way, isn't it? Some people have all the luck in this world. The rest of us have to content ourselves with picking up the crumbs from their tables."

"You can hardly call Mrs. Brabazon's luck unadulterated," said Mrs. Saunders. "No, thank you, not another lump! I've had three already. Look at her illness when the baby was born. I should call that pretty poor luck, myself, if it happened to me. You don't pine for journeys to death's door and back again; at least, I don't."

"Oh, all's well that ends well," said Mrs. Coutts-Baker lightly. "That does not count; and it only made her husband more devoted than ever. Look at them now!"

For down the terrace, where the peacocks were strutting and admiring themselves with spread tails, came Juliette walking with her husband. A small personage, taking his first steps, escaped from his nurse's arms, and ran toddling to her with shrieks of joy, and she caught him and raised him high in her arms for a minute, then laughingly devoured him with kisses.

"What a picture!" commented Mrs. Coutts-Baker. "Is that done for the general effect, do you think, or is it natural?"

"You wouldn't think Mrs. Brabazon was at death's door this time last year, eh?" said Dr. Roberts to Miss Wilkerton. "As fine a recovery as ever I saw, and quite sudden. Just after Sir Thomas White had been down to see her. A great feather added to his reputation"—and to himself he added, "And nothing to his penetration! The idea of there having been any worry that time—any trouble that kept her back! Just look at them!"

"Ronny!" said Juliette. The last guest was gone, and the smiles worn by host and hostess to speed the parting guest could be allowed to relax now. The last roll of wheels died down the slope to the village, and the roar of the dressing-gong had not yet rung out through the Castle. "It went off nicely, didn't it? Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. And what a fuss baby made! He seemed to think it his own party. I believe, yes, I do believe, you're getting to like him now, aren't you?"

She bent her head in its big hat with the feathers and roses to peep into his face, as he stood by her with his hands in his pockets.

"Like him? Rather! He's all right. Of course I like him."

"You rather snubbed him to begin with."

"And now I'm as proud as Punch. But I don't go round shouting to the world to come and see my pride in him."

"No, you never do shout. You are not of the shouting kind."

She put her hand through his arm and stood looking down the yew-walk across the park, now deep in grass and full daisies. Something in the sight of the bridge that spanned the little stream brought a recollection to her. For just a moment her eyes clouded; then they cleared again.

"Ronny, I often wanted to ask you something." She dropped her voice and came closer. He loosed one hand from his pocket and laid it on her shoulder. "We never talked of it again, you know, after that day when I thought I was dying. But sometimes I wondered. You said you always knew. How did you know? Who told you?"

"I knew the minute I set eyes on you that night at the Coutts-Bakers' dinner. Incredible, impossible as it was, I knew it, and nothing could have shaken my certainty. There are not two of you in the world, I fancy. Your eyes, your hair, something indefinable about you."

"But how unlike! How different! How could you ever have imagined it could be so? It ought to have seemed to you impossible!"

"It did seem impossible, and yet I believed it, if you can understand. I knew. That's enough. There is no weighing these things with penny measures. I only marvelled what could have brought you there, and when I heard you had been lost to your own world and discovered, I put two and two together, even if there were missing pieces, but then there were those two scoundrels who came here that day blackmailing."

"The Ricketts's! Oh, Ronny! You didn't know about them! How could you?"

"Easy enough. I had been for a ride over to Merton, and I was coming back, when just at the gate into the park by the turnstile I saw two tramps lurking. I suspect they had been there looking for me, for they came up whining in a minute, and they began the story about you and wanting money to hush it up. I heard them out. I listened while they gave them—as away with their detestable story of how you had taken refuge with them—you, a poor little shelterless, friendless girl—and what they had done for you. They told me about the burglary at my own house and I sat and listened. When they had done, I got down off my horse and I knocked the fellow down into the ditch, and I laid my whip about him till he yelled for mercy. The woman was making off. I suppose she thought I'd do the same for her. I called after them, 'If you're not out of this in ten minutes I'll ride round to the police, and if you ever set your faces within twenty miles of here again you may know what welcome to expect.' Then I mounted and rode on home. They had told me the whole story. I heard about the brute who was killed in the row, and that they had meant you to marry him. The fellow got a few more lashes for that information than he would have had otherwise. There, that's enough, Julie, isn't it? Never let us talk of it any more. It makes me sick to think of it.

"There's the gong!"

She turned and ran up the steps before him, light as a shadow. The son and heir, with his nurses, was promenading the terrace still, though it was close on bed-time. Juliette ran to him and fell on her knees beside him. Her white frock swept the grey stones of the terrace, and her big hat overwhelmed and hid the child as she caught and kissed him.

"Oh, son!" she whispered in his ear, "grow up good! Never do what you know is wrong, though they kill you! Never hide it when it's done, never deceive, never live a lie! Don't be like your mother!"

It was her nightly whisper to him in her fond happiness. If she could make Ronaleyn's child grow up honest, and true, and brave and good, she could forget the past, forget the sting, as she had forgotten the suffering. And her husband, overtaking her, carried her off with him into the home that was theirs and where no shadow lingered between them.

(The End.)

To Kill the Flies.

"Get out of here!" remarked the restaurant proprietor, as he saw a tramp coming in the door. "Get out of here!"

"Wait, kind sir," said the tramp; "I want to make you an offer."

"Don't want the floor scrubbed, table washed, windows cleaned, or——"

"But, kind sir, I——"

"Get out!" and his hand reached for a bottle. "You fellows and the flies are enough to——"

"That's it, kind sir; that's it."

"What?"

"The flies. I——"

"The flies?"

"Yes. You're troubled with flies?"

"Well, I should say so."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. You give me a dinner——"

"No! Get out of here!"

"Hush, kind sir, hush. Listen to me. Do not get angry. It pains me to see you——"

"Well, hurry up and say what you want."

"Ah, kind sir, that is right. I can kill flies. Can kill thousands in a day."

"Oh, you can?"

"Yes, kind sir, yes. Now, if you'll give me a dinner, I'll show you how to kill every fly in this place."

"You won't break anything or mess——"

"No; I have a very simple way of doing it—a very simple way."

"All right, then. Sit down at that table and I'll fill you up."

The tramp sat down and the proprietor gave him a good dinner. The tramp ate it slowly. When he finished he got up and said: "Now, sir, am ready."

"All right," was the reply. "How are you going to kill them?"

"Catch some for me and I'll show you," said the tramp, as he skipped out of the door."

Would Not Arbitrate.

In a provincial county court, not long ago, his Honor considered that case that should never have been brought into court.

The parties were a local sweep and a speculative builder, and the amount in dispute was so trivial that the judge asked if they had made no efforts to settle the matter in a friendly way.

"Oh, I've tried," said the builder; "but there's more soot than sense about that man!"

"Come, come," Mr. X., said his Honor; "that is scarcely the way to set about settling a dispute. You own a lot of property in the neighborhood, I believe. Now, if you gave the defendant a job to sweep half-a-dozen chimneys, you would be about quits."

"Wot!" blurted out the gentleman who had been described as possessed of "more soot than sense." "Wot! me sweep 'is chimneys; but you don't catch me taking the risk o' pushing over a row of jerry-built 'ouses!"

After which even his Honor thought the case had better go on.

Clever Hubby.

"Talk about Napoleon! That fellow Wombat is something of a strategist himself."

"As to how?"

"Got his salary raised six months ago, and his wife hasn't found it out yet."

The Austrian Parliament lives six years. The Italian, German, Prussian, and Spanish live five years. The French, the Dutch, the Belgian, the Portuguese and the Roumanian live four years. The Danish and the Swiss live three years. The United States Parliament lives two years, and the Austro-Hungarian only one year.

DAIRYING

TESTING CREAM.

Professor O. F. Hunziker, of Purdue University, in a bulletin on testing cream for butter-fat, summarises his experiments as follows:

Result of Experiments.

1. Twenty-one and four-tenths per cent. of the cream-test bottles used in Indiana creameries were found to be incorrect; the maximum error was 10 per cent.

2. All Babcock glassware used where milk and cream are bought and paid for on the butter-fat basis should be tested for accuracy. This can most readily be done by the burette method of calibration.

3. The nine gram 50 per cent. 6-in. cream-test bottle and the 18-gram 50 per cent. 9-in. cream-test bottle are the least objectionable styles of cream-test bottles.

4. Without the use of representative samples of cream correct tests cannot be made. Proper care of the cream on the farm and thorough mixing before sampling make possible the taking of representative samples.

5. Composite sampling and testing are unsatisfactory, and the results are unreliable. Their practice cannot be too strongly condemned.

6. Cream samples are best tested upon arrival at the creamery. Storing them under ordinary creamery conditions causes a rise in the percentage of fat, due to evaporation of moisture. If they must be stored, the bottles should be tightly sealed and placed in the refrigerator.

7. Cream samples must be made uniform in body before testing.

8. The cream must be weighed and not measured into the test bottles. The weighing should be done on sensitive scales in good working condition, and resting on a level table.

9. Sulphuric acid of a specific gravity of 1.82 to 1.83 should be added to the test-bottle until the mixture of acid and cream, immediately after shaking, has the color of coffee with cream in it.

10. Clearest and most accurate tests are obtained by two additions of water.

11. The tester must be run at the proper speed. A 12-inch wheel requires 1000 revolutions; an 18-inch wheel requires 850 revolutions per minute.

12. The fat column does not consist of pure butter-fat, but contains considerable and varying quantities of impurities, consisting largely of acid and water.

13. The percentage of impurities contained in the fat column varies with the speed of the tester and the amount of sulphuric acid used. Low speed and excessive acid increases the impurities.

14. All of the fat in the cream does not appear in the fat column. The fat lost in the test is the residual fat and a portion of the volatile fatty acids.

15. The loss of residual fat is greatest at a low speed and with insufficient or excessive amounts of acid. The loss of volatile fatty acids increases with the increase in the amount of acid used.

16. The losses due to residual fat and escape of volatile fatty acids are practically offset by the gains due to impurities in the fat column, provided that the test is made under normal conditions.

17. For uniform and accurate reading of the test the meniscus must be eliminated. This can best be done by the use of glymol.

The bulletin is brief on all these points, but ample, and is illustrated to make the matter clearer. Several of these points are worthy of more extended notice, for they call the attention of the butter-makers to points that may be imparted to suppliers and haulers.

Care of Cream on the Farm.

Under the heading "Care of Cream on the Farm" we find the following:—

"The root of all the difficulties of securing representative cream samples lies in the lack of care the cream receives on the average farm. If the supplier himself took proper care of his cream and made a reasonable effort to have it in proper mechanical condition, homogeneous and uniform in body, before the creamery samples it, the sample could not help being representative, and the problem would be largely solved.

"The farm separator should be so adjusted and operated as to deliver cream testing about 40 per cent. fat. After separation the cream should be cooled and kept cool by setting the cans containing it in cold water. This will prevent its thickening, due to souring in summer and freezing in winter. The cream should be stirred occasionally to prevent undue separation of the fat and the drying of the cream on the surface. It should be delivered in clean cans or pails not less than twice a week in winter and three times a week in summer. When sampled at the creamery it should be taken there in cans of the proper size. Small amounts of cream in large cans cause the cream to churn in transportation; this makes the sampling very difficult. If the cans or pails are too full, the cream cannot be mixed readily before sampling."

At the Creamery.

How to get a representative sample and the care of the cream samples are treated as follow:—

"Mix the cream of each supplier thoroughly by pouring or stirring. The pouring is facilitated, time is saved and spilling of cream is avoided by the use of a few straight-walled cans with the tops entirely open. These cans should be large enough to easily take care of the contents of a ten-gallon can without overflowing. When the cans are not too full, thorough mixing may be done by stirring, provided that a stirrer with a good-sized disc (four inches in diameter) and a stout rod, not less than three feet long, are used. When the cream is mixed by stirring, the stirring must be done thoroughly. Simply giving the cream a few dips with the sample dipper is not sufficient. The stirrer must be worked to the bottom of the can several times and the entire contents of the can must be thoroughly agitated. Thick cream should be warmed until it pours readily. Churned cream cannot be sampled; its fat contents may be calculated by testing the butter-milk and estimating the amount of butter.

"It is just as necessary to take the proper care of the samples after they are taken as it is to secure samples that are representative. Unless properly taken care of, the cream sample will deteriorate rapidly and change in composition, interfering with the accuracy of the test. A spoiled cream sample cannot be tested correctly, and there is a strong tendency in all cream samples to increase in percentage of fat with age. This increase is due to loss of moisture from the sample through evaporation. This evaporation is greatest in loosely-sealed or open bottles kept in a warm room. Experiments have shown cases where samples kept for two weeks on the receiving platform of the creamery in loosely-sealed bottles gained 4.5 per cent., in open bottles 10.5 per cent."

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Blinks: That fellow Sharpleigh is the most insufferably conceited man I ever saw. What has he ever done to gain such a high opinion of himself?

Winks: I believe he once found a mistake in a newspaper.

The education of the horse should be like that of a child. Pleasure should be as much as possible associated with the early lessons, while firmness, or, if need be, coercion, must establish the habit of obedience.

OUT WITH THE SLOWBORNE RAMBLERS.

Cycle-ogical Moments for Archie Tootleboom.

"Good news for you, Toot, old sport!" said Mumford the irrepressible.

"Not before it's wanted," snapped Archibald. "I've had plenty of the other sort. The rates are up twopence, the kids are down with measles, Susette has given notice, and Trotters has bitten the butcher's boy. Spit out your good news quick!"

For answer Mumford displayed a type-written notice of the Slowborne Ramblers' Cycle Club, duly formed and constituted that same afternoon in the bar parlor of the Truthful Angler. Would Toot join?

"No!" Archibald howled. "Four hundred noes. Haven't I got enough expense already, with rubber going down and bread going up——"

"But there's nothing to pay at all, my dear fellow—no subscription whatever. It's just a chummy little co-operative sort of thing—see?"

Archie didn't see, but in the end he allowed himself to be persuaded. He was duly proposed and seconded, and with rather suspicious speed Mumford brought him the intelligence that the committee had elected him a member. Not only that, but the committee, as one man, had chosen Mr. Tootleboom to act as honorary captain and treasurer on the occasion of the club's first run on the ensuing Saturday.

The cyclists, fourteen strong, assembled for the start at Hope Cottage, in honor of their captain. Also they drank their captain's health and the health of his wife; and then they drank to the children's speedy recovery from the measles, after which they began again by very cordially drinking the health of their honorary captain. Such was their enthusiasm that they did not give in until Amelia's bottled ale gave out.

"Now Archibald, no scorching!" was Mrs. Tootleboom's last word when the cavalcade set forth.

She need not have worried about that, for one of the party, old Mr. Clutterbuck, was mounted on a solid-tyred tricycle of antique architecture, with a speed limit of about six miles an hour. Being a man of some weight in Slowborne, Mr. Clutterbuck was treated with marked respect. He was waited for whenever the pace got too hot for him, and at each hill the members would take it by turns to push his tricycle to the summit.

Nobody needs to be told that country inns are very frequently placed at the tops of hills. In the environs of Slowborne almost every hilltop has its inn, and this fact led to a curious confusion of ideas in Mr. Clutterbuck's mind. On seeing a roadside tavern some two or three hundred yards ahead he would at once conclude that they were beginning the ascent of a hill. Instantly his tricycle would seem to be running less easily, and Mr. Clutterbuck would get off.

Just as the Speckled Heifer was being approached in this manner, Tootleboom overheard a remark that filled him with vague alarm. "Bill," said one thirsty Rambler to his nearest confederate, "isn't old Toot doin' us well? A regular sport, I call him."

Of course, by virtue of his office of hon. treasurer, our hero had been acting in the capacity of banker to the whole tribe, in the fond expectation of a sharing-up of the expenses at the day's end. But this stray remark seemed to suggest that . . . Well, Archibald spurred forward to Mumford's side and put it to him bluntly that he supposed the day's expenses would be split up and that each man would pay his share.

"Split up! Each pay his own share! My dear Toot!" protested Marmaduke in genteel amazement, "what a very narrow-minded, suburban idea! Didn't I say this was to be a chummy, open-hearted kind of a club? There'll be a new honorary captain for each run, and he'll settle for everything—see? Every dog has his day. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" echoed Tootleboom.

So that was how the land lay, was it? Archibald decided he would cut short his captaincy at the earliest possible moment.

So when the next hill was reached—or, rather, when they arrived at a perfectly level approach to the Red Dragon Inn, which Mr. Clutterbuck conceived to be a hill—the hon. captain of the Slowborne Ramblers suddenly vanished. He took cover behind a haystack, deployed along a dry ditch, and finally concealed himself in a barn at the rear of the inn, carefully shutting the door behind him.

Through a hole in the woodwork Toot witnessed the Ramblers' arrival at the inn door, and noted their growing looks of alarm as they vainly searched around for their hon. treasurer. Just then a cyclist who was quite a stranger to the party rode into their midst and inquired anxiously for Mr. Tootleboom.

"I've something of great importance for Mr. Tootleboom, gentlemen. I must see him. Please tell me which way he——"

"Here I am! Here I am!" Toot knew his voice would not carry he shouted to the door. Horror! It wouldn't open! Its fastening was such that it could only operated from the outside.

"Where's Archie? Archie to his loophole, you fatheads!" he yelled. But his fellow-members were now pointing to the far horizon and evidently explaining to the stranger that Mr. Tootleboom was many miles away. "Come and lemme out of it, can't you?"

At last some faint vibration of Toot's anguished tones must have reached the Slowborne Ramblers, for several of them came to the barn and liberated their captain with ejaculations of joy. Toot rushed past them with his bicycle, took a running leap into the saddle, and dashed forward in pursuit of the stranger.

Dozens of possibilities presented themselves. Perhaps the stranger had come in answer to his advertisement of a pedigree wire-haired terrier for sale; perhaps he had called on behalf of Amelia's brother Charles to pay back that five pounds he had borrowed.

"Stop, Toot! stop!" cried Mumford, riding after him. Two or three other Ramblers also pursued their revered captain, but Archie had a good start of them and kept it, and one by one they gave up the chase.

A glance forward showed Toot the stranger, now leading by a mile or more, and he groaned as he realised that he was losing ground. It was gall and wormwood to think that a crisp Bank of England fiver was absolutely racing away from him at fifteen miles an hour.

Teuf! teuf! The merry note of an oncoming motor-car sounded in Archie's ears. Here was a chance! A chauffeur on the driving seat was the car's only occupant. To slide out of his saddle and raise an arresting hand was the work of a moment, and as the car grunted to a standstill beside him, Toot eagerly bargained for a life as far as might be necessary to overtake the cyclist in front.

"'Arf a dollar!" said the chauffeur. "Hung your bike in the tonneau, mister, and look slippy."

Forward they whizzed on the top speed. The car rapidly ate up the intervening space and carried Archibald to a point well ahead of the stranger cyclist before setting him down on the road.

"My name is Tootleboom," Archibald began.

"Ah, Mr. Tootleboom, sir, how fortunate! What a pleasure to meet you, dear sir. My own name," said the stranger, with a deprecating wave of the hand, "doesn't signify; but the document I now hand you, dear sir, is one of very great importance—I may say great public importance——"

The man's voice seemed to trail off into a distant, confused murmur as Archie unfolded the sheet of blue foolscap paper and gazed with distended eyes at the opening words, printed in Old English type: "George, by the Grace of God——"

"Quite clear, I think, sir?" said the official, his voice becoming audible again. "A police summons in respect of injuries alleged to be sustained by the assistant of one John Briskett, meat purveyor, at the hands, or, rather—ha! ha!—the teeth of a certain canine beast—to wit, a wire-haired terrier, yclept or entitled 'Trotters.' Damages claimed, £20. If liability admitted—payment into court—no further trouble—half the hearing fee saved——"

He came to a sudden silence as he looked up and noted the peculiar expression that was creeping over Tootleboom's face. If it cost £20 to bite a butcher's boy, pondered Archibald, how much would it cost to assassinate a writ-server? Something of what was passing in his mind must have shown upon his face, for the gentleman whose name didn't signify suddenly remounted his bicycle and pushed off for Slowborne with a muttered "Good day." Towards the same goal at a more subdued pace went Archibald, using a by-road which would not be likely to bring him into touch with his fellow-members of the Slowborne Ramblers' Cycle Club.

ODDS AND ENDS.

You are compelled to accept so many explanations that are not satisfactory.

When a man begins to fall over the dog, and gets cross about it, that is a sign of age.

A fellow is generally broke when a girl drops him.

There is no lack of opportunities to do things we shouldn't.

Almost any man is a match for the fellow who has money to burn.

There are times when you don't have to be an acrobat to take a tumble to yourself.

Matches may be made in Heaven, but lots of them are scratched in Reno.

Women have no sense of humor, unless it is in their choice of husbands.

When a woman drives a nail she should always have a man around to do the swearing for her.

A fellow naturally feels cast down when he is on his uppers.

Tell a girl she has a pretty nose and she will become cross-eyed from constantly looking at it.

All men are equal at birth and death. An echo is the shadow of a noise.

Some men's only claim to distinction is a pair of white duck trousers or a three-colored hatband.

Most everybody wishes that he could live his life over again, but few would live much better.

Wisdom lies in knowing what to do next. Virtue lies in doing it.

Our thoughts are our life. There can be no small world and no prison for him who thinks. A thousandfold better are ideals and dreams in poverty than a visionless life in a palace.

Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises.

There is some particular work which lies to every one's hand which he can do better than any other person.

Nearly every old-time druggist does a good deal of "doctoring" for friends and acquaintances.

We live and learn. Until I became an inmate of a boarding-house I never knew there were so many stewed prunes in the world.

If it were not for their long faces some people have an idea the world wouldn't know they were religious.

Also in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as yesterday.

Many a man with genius hasn't common sense enough to use it.

No woman is so cold in her manner as the one who is all wrapped up in herself.

Honesty is the best policy, but aside from that most of it is the result of being closely watched.

Some of us are born small, achieve less, and have nothing thrust upon us.

A modern philosopher says you seldom see real concentration until you observe a man reading his own letter in a newspaper.

Gadsby limped painfully off the polished dance-floor. "It's all right about this 'rings on my fingers,'" he exclaimed, "but hang me if I can stand for 'belles on my toes.'"

"Dear teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday, as she fell in the gutter. By doing the same you will greatly oblige her mother."

A health journal is telling people "how to lie when asleep." If it could persuade them to tell the truth when awake it would be doing real service.

It is an entirely false humility which makes people sit still and never attempt to do anything because they will not believe they are capable of it. Everybody can do something, everybody can set a good example, and everybody has someone whom they can advise, instruct, and help in life.

To feel is amiable, but to feel too keenly is injurious both to mind and body, and a habit of "giving way" to feelings may end in a morbid state of mind which will render its victims a burden to themselves and to others. Those people who feel, and only feel, are the most absurd and useless characters.

Tombstones generally impart full information upon two points respecting the deceased—namely, when they were born, and when they died. But the knowledge of what they did between the intervals is always withheld.

Never be ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you have more sense than you had before to see your error, more humility to acknowledge it and more grace to correct it.

After some controversy about the age of various maps that have come down to us from ancient times it has been finally determined by savants that the oldest is in the form of a mosaic in a Byzantine church at Mamosaba, in Palestine. It is about 1700 years old, and purports to be a map of a part of the

EX-MAYOR ARCHBOLD ON TOUR.

It will come as a surprize to a good many Northcote citizens that the ex-Mayor (Mr. R. Archbold), so recently performing his civic duties amongst us, is by this time in London.

From Naples he mailed us the following graphic account of

A DAY AT COLOMBO.

I left Melbourne on Wednesday, 9th August, by the R.M.S. "Orvieto." We had somewhat a small list of passengers, including the Australasian Rugby Football Club, 30 members, on an English tour.

We have had a truly grand passage so far. Only about three rough days, and those only moderately so. I am a fairly good sailor, and have not yet missed any grub. My trouble is I'm always hungry.

It is many years since I visited Adelaide and Perth, and I was amazed at the tremendous growth of both cities. A thousand pities that Perth, like Melbourne, is not right on deep water. We had one bad day crossing the Australian Bight.

We were warned that, as this was the monsoonal season, old Neptune and his busy mermaids may shake things up some, but we only experienced the tail end of one, and we had that for forty hours. Result: 50 per cent. of passengers down. The big monotonous journey from Perth to Colombo was [illegible] games, cards and [illegible] was formed the day after leaving Perth. I was honored by being one of nine for the task, and we set about making things enjoyable, and I think we can claim to have given satisfaction. We made a levy to start with of 5s. and 2s. 6d. respectively from gents. and ladies, and this gave us about £30 for prizes, and we have kept things "moving" ever since.

We wound up last night with a fancy dress ball, and as far as a novice like I am can judge, it was a great success.

So far one place is fixed on my mind —Colombo. When you get the chance, see it. Don't miss it. It is a truly marvellous, unique, and grand sight.

The big steamers never come to the wharf, but anchor, say, a quarter of a mile away. We got to the breakwater, one of the finest shelters in the world for shipping, at 4.30 a.m. on 24th August. I think I can claim to be first on deck.

As soon as day broke—5.30—one of the finest sights to be seen catches the eye.

It is the huge unbroken Indian Ocean striking the strong breakwater, and after impotently battling with, and running along the piles of stone for hundreds of yards, it breaks into an enormous spray, rising anything up to 150 feet.

One could stand and watch it for hours, but time is too precious for this at Colombo.

As soon as the anchor drops the sea becomes dotted with craft of all description—catamarans, feluccas, rafts, rowing boats—which swarm round you with their dusky rowers. They seem to suddenly take possession of the boat.

If they *do* come in any order, perhaps it is this:—Laundrymen (washing returned by evening), tailors (who measure you, and have your suit by midday, costing 8s. to 12s. 6d., white calico), Cook's tourist agents. Cable sellers (all the cables received since we left Perth are made into book form and sold for 6d.). That was my first purchase, and even though the laugh is against myself, I can't help saying I was badly beaten; gave the nigger 1s., and he gave me two 10-cent pieces in exchange, and as they are the size of our threepenny piece, I took them without looking at them, and "fell in." Countless black men, seemingly selling everything under the sun, crowd the decks, and simply bewilder you with their ceaseless babble.

We formed a party of 20, about half ladies, and, under the pilotage of Mr. Millard Johnson, of picture theatre fame, and an old traveller, we took a launch to shore. What a wonderful sight meets the eye. Talk about the Arabian Nights and Oriental life. All the reading in the world does not convey as much of this kaleidoscope as five minutes' actual sight. It was 8.30 a.m. Myriads of people in all the colours of the rainbow in all stages of dress and undress, from the fully-dressed, better-class Singhalese to the street arab and 'rickshaw man, clothed in a pocket handkerchief, to the young street arab absolutely in Nature's dress.

The first thought, if you can fix on a first thought when so many new ones crowd on your vision, is the terrific number of beggars who literally block your way. In their babel of tongues you can catch the following:—"I've no father," "I've no mother," "I've no brother," "I've no sister," "Give me penny," "I dying." But perhaps the most amusing is the old well-learnt one of—"You my dadda," "You my mumma," "I'se you baby," "Help your child." Personally I used to think all my family were in Northcote, but if what I hear is true, I have spent a goodly number of years in Colombo in days gone by. Safely packed at last in five barouches (phaetons), our party makes for the well-known Lavinia Hotel, eight miles away. The whole journey is replete with interest.

Magnificent trees and foliage of indescribable beauty line and cover the whole way. Our passage is through an uninterruptedly inhabited area—shops and dwellings, nearly all native, and myriads of black boys and girls, mostly in full undress running alongside our vehicles, egging for "baksheesh." We took care to provide ourselves with plenty of small coin for this purpose, and the pleasure you give these poor but interesting little folk far more than commensurates for the outlay.

You make them earn your gifts by tumbling, somersaulting or singing as they run.

I got one interesting youngster to sing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," and as an encore, "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." The saddest feature here was, however, the child-mother, for in many cases girls of 12 to 14, carrying strong, healthy, little children, would join the crowd, running after us. Incidentally you very rarely see a young woman of, say, 18 to 20. Usually married at 12 to 14, for about four years they are only interesting child mothers. Then the next stage seems to suddenly be the woman of 25, and she is almost always an ugly, repulsive hag, looking without exaggeration to me more like 45 or 50. One little incident of the trip sent my mind back to Northcote. Our passage was blocked for a space by a steam roller, and I wondered whether the Northcote Council had yet obtained one. We visited the noted Cinnamon Gardens, and stayed there for half-an hour, enjoying the magnificent perfume and things of those appropriate lines—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft from Ceylon's Isle."

Light refreshments at the Lusaino at 11, and then on to Mt. Lavinia. There is practically no mountain, but a small eminence on a beautiful corner, jutting out into the also beautiful Indian Ocean. Pleasurably tired we rested, and then lunched in truly Oriental style. By-the-bye, never say you know what curry is until you get it made and dished up by Orientals.

After lunch we saw some native tree-climbing (cocoa nuts), native swimming and diving, and then once more to our vehicles, to return by the Colpetty-road, inspecting the Buddhist temple. We saw a figure of the old gentleman, about 30 feet long. We saw his original footprints (anyhow we were told so by the Buddhist priest), and those prints are 2000 years old. I can only say they are wonderfully fresh, and all his toes were just the same size and shape. His foot was evidently about eighteen inches long. (Incidentally you of course always believe all you hear.)

We then (or some of us) went right through some native dwellings, were invited to remain for refreshments, which we declined, but to please the mothers, nursed some of their brown and black little infants; ut the begging instinct is so strong in them that in the case of a sleeping little boy of three months' old, naked as the day it was born, that I held for a moment, the mother held the hand of the babe, still sleeping, out for bacsheesh. From there on to the native fruit mart, a lively, rowdy, reeking mixture of natives, fruit, dogs and filth. A very few minutes sufficed there and then we paid off our cabbies, and some of the party, wanting to do some shopping, we all went, and I wouldn't have missed it for a tenner. Having always known their reputation for bartering, trading, and cheating, I was somewhat prepared, but very inadequately, for what I met. In the first place, if you stand for an instant outside a shop window, twenty dealers or runners surround you, pulling at your coat. "My shop the best." "His no good. Don't buy, but just see Mr. ——"

Finally you decide to buy, say, a silk shirt. How much? 20s.! You offer him 10s. He gets indignant. You turn away. Before you leave the shop the chances are you have the article for 7s. 6d. A silver (?) ladies' belt—or rather, a ladies' silver (?) belt—was offered to one of the party for 8s. It was purchased finally for 6d. Same in everything.

Then one feature of their buying was very laughable, and shews the "Tattersall spirit" in the native. As often as not, if your arguments and badgering came to naught, the native would offer to toss you for it. Article you offered, say, 10s. for. Native wanted 15s. He would say, "Toss you for 12s. 6d." You toss; he wins, say, and you give him the 12s. 6d., but he keeps the article. If you win, he gives you the article, and you keep the money. Shopping over, we all took 'rickshaws, and made a dowdy party. One of the party was a very stout old lady of about 18 stone, and it was very strange to see the various niggers trying to "pass" her. Finally seated, and went for a run in a fresh part of the city, through the gardens, and then for dinner to the truly magnificent Galle Face Hotel on the Esplanade, say three-quarters of a mile away. Picture the Esplanade, St. Kilda, the George Hotel there, and you have a rather poor representation of our Colombo scene. This esplanade from 6.30 p.m. is a wonderful sight. It is the gathering and walking place of the elite of Colombo, and everyone else. The Sahib and the white officer, usually in his up-to-date motor, the high caste Cingalese, with his wife and family, in his carriage and four, and outriders; the various consuls, in their highly-coloured equipages; the hundreds of gaily-coloured men of almost every clime; the calling 'rickshaw men—a moving mass up and down the beautifully-kept esplanade. Bands playing, all forming a picture of beauty and interest, of which I do not expect to convey only but the faintest idea.

At 7 we formed a very small party of men, the ladies having gone on board, and had a look at Colombo at night, and were satisfied that it was truly Oriental at night as well as by day. On board again at 9.50, we weighed anchor at 10, and once more continued our journey to the land of "The Big Smoke." Next morning a very tired lot of passengers met, and after breakfast, started to compare bargains, and we lived the previous day over again.

It is a terrific place in which to pay something for nothing. If you enter a bathroom, apparently unobserved, by the time you wash your hands a nigger has entered, and is holding a towel for you—backsheesh. You put your hat down, and when you want it, a nigger is busy brushing it for you—backsheesh. An instance: I bought an English newspaper three weeks' old, usual price, 1d. I paid 10 cents for it and the seller then asked me for backsheesh. I said "Why?" He replied, "For selling you the paper."

Summed up, it was the most interesting day of my life (save, perhaps, my wedding day, for that had some interesting periods, certainly).

The people are interesting; they are dirty, with very few exceptions; generally poor; live and dislike ants; are apparently the most contented of people, and nearly all lazy. Some—an enormous minority—are awakening from the apathy of centuries, and are getting education, and this will probably, in the future, raise the status of the Cingalese; but will it not almost certainly raise trouble for their masters, the English Sahib?

P.S.—Forgot to mention one outstanding feature in Colombo. Thousands upon thousands of crows take undisputed possession of the streets.

They are the scavengers of the city, and are protected by the Government. There is practically no scavenging done apart from the crows.

Dead rats, mice and vermin are merely thrown into the street, and the crow makes quick work of them. The row they make is simply deafening, but they are invaluable.

R.A.

Thornbury L. & M. Society.

On Monday evening the ladies of the above society entertained the gentlemen members and their friends. The decorations were very appropriate, including some large placards—"Votes for Women," "Bachelors Should be Taxed," and "Old Maids Must Not be Taxed." The entertainment was a great success. The programme was shrouded in mystery, the audience only being enlightened about eight o'clock, when programmes were distributed. It was varied and original. The star item was "The Suffragette or Sufferers Yet?" Miss Wallace appearing as Mrs. Mallory, Miss Hambridge as Mrs. Wilson, Miss Kerr as Aunt Eliza, Miss Wright as Maggie Conroy, Miss K. Hambridge as "Susie," the "Leader" reporter, Miss Barnes, and last, but not least, "Katie." Miss Watts (the comic opera) was given by Miss Gemmell, as Mrs Thornburgh (hostess), Miss Wright as Miss Scotia (visitor), Miss Watts as maid. These items were very much appreciated—recitation, Miss Wallace; solo, Miss Gemmell; duet, Misses Hambridge and Gemmell; song, "Chin, Chin, Chinaman," Miss Hambridge; Trio, "Geisha Girls," Misses Borner, Kerr and Campbell. Sparklets were also given by the members, most of the gentlemen members coming in for some hard hitting. Miss Sutherland was at the piano, and acquitted herself well. After the entertainment the members were invited to sumptuous Eastern supper, the ladies being dressed in the Oriental costumes. Several toasts were honoured, and a vote of thanks was passed to the ladies for their admirable evening.

Property Sales.

Stott & Bastings, in conjunction with Selwyn H. Lemme, will offer by auction to-day at 3, 27 valuable allotments in Westbourne grove, Carnarvon avenue, and Aberdeen grove, Northcote.

Stott & Bastings will sell by auction on Wednesday next, by order of executor in the estate of James Broadhurst, deceased, w.b. house on land 156 x 145, situated in Victoria road, Northcote.

Stott & Bastings, in conjunction with Membrey & Deane, will offer w.b. cottage of 4 rooms and conveniences on Wednesday next at 3.30.

Particulars are advertised elsewhere concerning the grand subdivision sale of Jeffrey's City View Estate, Preston, some of the finest building land round the metropolis. Mr. W. H. Edgar is the auctioneer, and the date of sale, Saturday, October 28.

To Let.

SOUTH Preston.—D.F.W.B. House, five rooms, every convenience. Cooper's, 249 High street, South Preston.

Wanted to Buy

FIVE ROOMED House, 5 or 6 acres; £50 deposit, balance at interest. "Poultry," *Leader* office.

BOWLING.

NORTHCOTE.

The following players have been selected to represent the above club in pennant matches for the season 1911-12:—

"A" team: Messrs. Allen, Bennell, Burston, Brown, Bowden, E. Bailey, Girling, Harrington, Mitchell, F. Plant, Rendle, Saunders, Schiefferdecker, Tribe, Treleavan and M. Taylor.

"B" team: Messrs R. Bailey, Clarke, Campbell, Crossley, Duncan, Dennis, Lonie, Lawrence, Marsden, Mason, McIntosh, Reid, Stewart, T. L. Taylor, Threkeld and Warden.

Emergencies: Messrs. Horman, Bacon, Bainbridge, Wigg, T. Plant, F. Pounds, C. Jenkin, H. Bastings.

These players are requested to meet at conclusion of matches for tourney on Saturday, 14th inst., to select captains, and any players not available are requested to give early notice to the secretaries before each match.

Entries for green championship close at 8 p.m. on Saturday, 21st. "A" team plays Kew at Northcote, and "B" team plays South Melbourne at St. Vincent Place (on tram route) on Saturday, 21st Oct.

Rink tourney for vice-presidents' trophy was started last Saturday, with the following result:—Bennell and Rendle, two wins each; Plant, Harrington, Girling, Mitchell, Burston and Bailey following. This tourney will be continued, and brought to a conclusion to-day, when some keen games are expected.

Preston has at present probably the best side north of the Merri Creek. It seems a pity they did not enter a team for the A pennant. Most of the leading members now regret that this step was not taken.

Dr. W. P. Murphy, now a member of Thornbury Bowling Club, has just been notified that he has been made a life member of his old club, Nagambie. The doctor made one of the team which won for Goulburn Valley the V.B.A. pennant a year or two back.

Mr. A. Oastler, a member this year of Thornbury club, was made a presentation by the M.C.C. (his old club, and winners of the A grade pennant last season) on the day of their opening on the occasion of his marriage to Mrs. Dunning. Mr. and Mrs. Oastler are at present away on a honeymoon Trip to Lorne.

Thornbury have this year a team for the A grade pennant, a team for B grade, and also a three-rink team. Cards of all fixtures will be issued to members early next week. There will be general rink play at the greens this afternoon and all members new and old are requested to attend. The opportunity will be taken of the teams meeting to elect skippers for the ensuing season.

Preston will play a practice game to day. All the members are requested to attend early. The selection committee will meet at half past two to select pennant teams for the following Saturday, when the pennant games for the year start.

A friendly match was played at Thornbury green last Saturday against Preston's first 16. The latter had an easy victory, piling up 123 points to Thornbury's 69.

At Preston last Saturday sixteen Thornbury players paid a visit and had an enjoyable afternoon. Preston were on top at the close with 99 to 81.

Obituary.

On Thursday, 12th inst., at the residence of his daughter, Mrs Witcomb, Buttler st., passed away to his rest, one of the last of the "old brigade," in the person of Mr Wm. Buttler, after having passed his 90th birth day. Mr Buttler settled in Northcote in 1852, and thus had been a resident of the town for 59 years. For 58 years he resided on the same piece of ground in Buttler st. In the early days, in conjunction with the late Mr. W. H. Dennis, he engaged in contracting for the Epping Road Board and other bodies. He became attached to the Northcote Methodist Church at its inception 56 years ago, and remained a member until his death. The last year has been a time of great suffering to him, and his death was daily expected. He was the father of Mr. W. Buttler, Collingwood, Mr. F. Buttler, Montrose (late of Northcote); Mrs Mitchell, Frankston, and Mrs Witcomb, Northcote.

Social News.

LATONA ASSEMBLY BALL.

On Tuesday evening last, at the Northcote town hall, the Latona Assembly held their first annual ball, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Amongst those present were the mayor and mayoress and Rev. C. W. and Mrs Wood. While the dancing of the lancers was going on the mayor and mayoress were seen entering, and immediately the orchestra struck up "For they are jolly good fellows." In the supper room the mayor (on behalf of members of the assembly) presented Miss Jean Bradley with a Nellie Stewart bangle in honor of her 21st birthday, and in recognition of the many kindnesses received at the hands of all the good folk at "Latona." Mr F. A. Hackett responded for Miss Bradley. Mr Rupert Hammett spoke in terms of praise of Mr. Arthur Bostock for the excellent work done by him as secretary throughout the season, his remarks being endorsed by Mr Powling. Many thanks are due to the ladies who kindly decorated the hall, and to Messrs W. A. R. Powling and Mr A. Bostock. A choice little supper was served in the ante-room. Smart and Aumont's music was excellent.

Jika Jika Election.

Mr J. G. Membrey's election committee met last Tuesday night in the library hall. There was a large number present. Several suggestions were made and a canvass of the district is to be undertaken during next week.

SPRING SKIN ERUPTIONS.

Pimples, Boils, Blotches, Rashes, and all Spring Skin Eruptions Banished by Zam-Buk.

With the approach of spring do you find little rough patches on your forehead, cheeks, or chin? Has your skin that curious "tight" feeling? Are your hands or finger-ends sore? Is your skin disfigured by nasty pimples, boils, abscesses, or eruptions? Have you a raw, tender feeling where your skin creases—or are you very liable to chafing about the neck?

These "danger signals," which constitute the first signs of an unhealthy skin, should never be neglected. Following in their train are all the tortures of fiery eczema, wide-reaching blood-poison, and ulcerous sores.

Nothing is more important than the way you should treat your skin. It is not the slightest use relying upon any internal remedy or external application if these do not reach the impurity itself.

Because Zam-Buk is built of Nature's purest vegetable juices, it is everywhere used and recommended. Zam-Buk is so refined that the tissues absorb it readily; and its medicinal essences at once attack the disease below the surface. Wherever the skin has been injured by accident or eaten by disease, Zam-Buk promotes the growth of new and healthy tissues in a quick and marvellous manner.

No skin looks so well, or is so soft, sound, sweet, and healthy throughout, as the skin that has had frequent dressings with Zam-Buk.

In a sentence, the secret of a healthy skin is: keep Zam-Buk always handy, and use it daily. Skin disease will then be banished and the tissues made sound, healthy and strong. Prices 1s 6d and 3s 6d per pot, of all chemists and stores.

CHAS. FOWLER, Carpenter & Builder, Jobbing Work. Brooders and Fowl Houses a speciality. Stone House, High street (Regent station), Preston.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Bastings, Plant, Lawrence, and Bailey, J's.P.]

DRIVING OVER A FOOTPATH.

Constable Ellison proceeded against Franco Day for driving over a footpath.

The informant stated that the wheels of defendant's cart had gone through the asphalt and was bogged there.

Defendant produced a permit to go over the footpath and the case was dismissed.

DEBT.

James Caylo claimed £2 17s 6d from —Jensen for rent. Order for amount, with 16s costs.

Same v. — Faulds. Claim for £1. Order for amount, with 16s costs.

THE CHARGE OF VAGRANCY.

Charles Read, against whom a charge of vagrancy had been preferred and whose case had been adjourned for 14 days, did not appear.

Constable Denham said Read had done a couple of days work at any rate since last court, and the case was further adjourned.

Read subsequently turned up in an almost breathless condition, saying he had forgotten it was court day. He had, he said, left his work to come.

SOCIETIES.

Preston Branch A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting of the above branch was held last Monday in the Bradford hall, the president (Mr. S. Bott) presiding. During the evening four new members were elected and introduced by the president and five propositions were received. The resignation of Mr. Zwar as committeeman was received and accepted with regret, and Mr. S. Winnett was elected to fill the vacancy. The proposition of the Metropolitan Committee for the formation of a Greater Melbourne Council was read, and after a lengthy discussion it was resolved that the Preston branch approve of the scheme and support the formation of a Greater Melbourne Council. An invitation was received and accepted from the Preston H.A.C.B.S. to a lecture on Ireland, and the president was requested to arrange. At next meeting a paper by Dr. Bottomley will be read by Mr. J. D. Miller, entitled "An old plague and a new remedy."

Pride of Northcote I.O.R.

The usual meeting was held in the lodge room on Tuesday, the C.R. (Sis. Brewster) in the chair. There was a good attendance and one new member was proposed. Arrangements are now completed for the anniversary social which is to be held on Tuesday evening next in the town hall. Bro. J. G. Membrey, D.C.R., has consented to be present. The musical committee have arranged a fine programme, and it is hoped the eighth anniversary will prove a great success.

N.S.R.A. Picture Concerts.

With a fine night and a good programme the Northcote town hall was again filled to its utmost capacity on Saturday evening. "Full house" was posted up shortly after 8. The principal attractions were the Cisco Bros., the Comedy Club Jugglers and Racquet Spinners, and Miss Olive James, the champion mat and pedestal dancer, and Joe James gave an illustrated dramatic recital with good effect, entitled—The Fireman's Wedding. Amongst the pictures screened was a thrilling drama, entitled—The Lyons Mail, which was warmly received. To-night's star picture will be Fighting Blood, a sensational Indian photo-play.

The Clever Young Folks.

The answer to last week's question is—Piano cost £680. Correct answers were sent by—Claude Brewster, Northcote; Olive A. Atkens, Bruce st., Preston; Fred Rule, Preston; and "Staff," Regent railway station.

For this week—An up-train 88 yards long, travelling 35 miles an hour, meets a down train 88 yards long at 12 o'clock, and passes it in 6 seconds. At 15 minutes 3 seconds past 12 the up train meets a second down train 132 yards long, and passes it also in 6 seconds. At what time will the second down train run into the first?

Preston Troop Boy Scouts.

Last Wednesday night the above troop, in response to an invitation by Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., paid a visit to the State Parliament House, arriving shortly after 8. They were conducted into the Legislative Assembly chambers and had the pleasure of listening to a debate on the advisability of appointing three Harbor Trust Commissioners. They next visited the different rooms and lobbies and also the library, and afterwards the Legislative Council chamber, where members were engaged discussing the Teachers' Bill. Supper came as a great surprise to the boys, and consequently was the more appreciated, Sir Alexander Peacock meanwhile entertaining them with some amusing stories. Before leaving the boys gave three hearty cheers for Mr Membrey and Scout master Holliday.

This afternoon the troops will meet at the Junction at 2.45 and attend the district parade at Thornbury. Boys are requested to bring their tea in haversack, but no staffs to be carried.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

[BY TARGET].

The Northcote rifle club held a spoon shoot at Port Melbourne last Saturday. The conditions were 7 shots at 200 and 300 yds, and notwithstanding the rain all the members saw their shooting through. The winner (Secretary Glanfield) scored 60, including 4 handicap. Other scores were as follows:—

		Hcp.	Total
J. S. Goldsworthy	...	4	68
A. Weate	...	6	66
G. Kobelka	...	13	66
H. Hook	...	4	64
E. Witcomb	...	3	63
A. Schofield	...	14	66
W. Sims	...	7	66
C. Talmage	...	6	65
H. D. Scanes	...	7	64
A. H. Brown	...	4	61

To-day's event will be for a trophy donated by Lieut P. Fargher (secretary V.R.A.) at 900 and 1000 yards (1st stage). The final will be fired at 200 and 300 yds. on October 28.

The September spoon fired at the miniature range resulted in a win for E. Witcomb, followed by C. Wilson and A. Glanfield, who were level for 2nd place.

Members please note that the club room and miniature range will only be open on Tuesdays and Fridays till further notice.

Meetings

NORTHCOTE PARK MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE.

A Meeting of Ratepayers will be held in the Old Library Room, Northcote Town Hall, on Monday, 10th Oct., at 7.30 p.m.

Business:—To elect one (1) representative.

By order of the Chairman,
W. CAMPBELL, Hon. Sec.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

A Meeting of Mr. W. C. MILLER'S (the Selected Labour Candidate) Friends and Supporters will be held in the Old Library, Town Hall, Northcote, on Tuesday, 17th October, at 8 p.m.

MISS M. TUCKER, Hon. Sec.

Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate.—Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from 6/ a month. No deposit. No interest. Plans, all particulars, A. Robertson, corner High & Bell Sts., Preston.

HILLSIDE ESTATE.—Splendid Building Sites, close Shire Hall and Post Office. 40ft. blocks from 8/- monthly. 6/- blocks all sold. Get before too late. Robertson, agent, Preston.

Bereavement Notices.

MRS. MEYER and Family, of 141 Plenty Road, South Preston, wish to tender their sincere thanks to their many kind friends for sympathy, floral tributes, etc., received during their recent sad bereavement.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. RICHMOND.

The above match was started last Saturday at the Northcote park. R. Mitchell was unanimously chosen as captain of Northcote and lost the toss to D. Smith, Richmond's captain, who had no hesitation in sending the home team to bat, as the ground and wicket was all against run-getting. Begg and Spicer opened, and after scoring 4 runs Begg failed to stop a straight one from Macrow. G. Cheeswas, the champion of last season, followed, but to the dismay of Northcote's supporters pulled Macrow on to his wicket and obtained the first duck of the season. Yeomans came next and still further disaster pursued the home team, as after scoring 4 he jumped out to hit Kelly, but missed and was stumped by Lampard, and the batsman retired to the pavilion. Mitchell next had a try, but Kelly got one in that beat him and the score board showed 4—0—16. However, the team never lost hope, and when Bailey joined Spicer, (who was batting steadily, the improvement which was anxiously looked for began to arrive, as Bailey started from the jump, and, batting like a champion, the score began to wear a better outlook for Northcote. Spicer, after making 10, retired bowled Macrow. Sid. Billings on joining Bailey started a partnership which was very valuable, the two adding 50 runs before Lampard got one past Billings, whose score of 15 was a very valuable addition. The next batsman, Norman Brown, provided the sensation of the afternoon, and aroused the numerous spectators from mild excitement to intense enthusiasm. This rising young player started vigourously and went merrily to the end unconquered, scoring 76 not out. It was an innings worth going to see, and further emphasises the fact that he is going to be one of the leading cricketers of the State. In the meantime Bailey had fallen a victim to Healey. He had played a fine innings and deserves the highest praise for his valuable contribution of 74. L. Richardson, the new junior, made his debut in first eleven cricket, but started unfortunately, as mistiming a ball from Healey he cocked it up and was caught at mid-wicket. Vernon followed and played out time with Brown, the score at drawing of stumps being 8 for 207—a splendid finish after the disastrous opening. Scores—

NORTHCOTE—First Innings.

C. Begg, b Macrow ...	...	4
G. Spicer, b Macrow ...	...	10
G. Cheeswas, b Macrow ...	...	0
F. Yeomans, stp. Lampard b Kelly		4
R. Mitchell, b Kelly ...	...	0
R. Bailey, b Healey ...	..	74
S. Billings, b Lampard	...	15
N. Brown, not out ...	...	76
L. Richardson, c Smith b Healey...		0
R. Vernon, not out ...	...	2
Sundries ..	...	22
Total for 8 wickets	...	207

Afternoon tea was provided to the ladies and players last Saturday, and was greatly appreciated. This is to be continued throughout the season.

The reserve at the park is to be kept for members only, and the committee intend to enforce this rule strictly throughout the season.

SECOND ELEVENS.

The second elevens played at Richmond, and from the scores our team appears to be in a satisfactory position. "Son" Yeomans was re-elected captain for the season, with T. Andrew as his lieutenant. On winning the toss, owing to the bad state of the wicket, he decided to send Richmond to bat first. They were disposed of quickly for 91 (Sheppard 21, Curphey 18, Quinn 14, and Stewart 12). T. Andrew again started the season well with the ball, securing 5 for 53, besides having several expensive chances missed off him. S. Yeomans 2 for 2 and W. Ahern 2 for 16 also bowled well.

Northcote opened their innings and lost their first four wickets for 16 runs, namely, Lugton, Studley, Ahern, and Bolton, but Wilkinson and Thomas by plucky batting saved the situation and placed their side in a winning position. At the drawing of stumps Northcote had lost 5 wickets for 54 (Wilkinson 23, Thomas 11 not out). Lisle bowled well, securing 3 for 9.

Both matches will be continued to-day.

CLUB ELEVEN v. CARLTON SOCIABLES.

The Northcote Club Eleven have been entered for the Metropolitan League this season, and great enthusiasm is being shown by aspiring members of the team. The first match commences to day at Carlton, and the undermentioned players are requested to be on the Carlton cricket ground at 2.15 sharp: —Phillips, Bedford, Dunn, Hayes, Scott, Brown, Goodyear, Gillies, Lugton, Proposch, Schwaebach and Eaton.

PRESTON V FAIRFIELD.

This match was started last Saturday on the Preston oval. Prior to starting P. Howes was elected captain and E. Mehegan vice captain. Fairfield being a new team in the Association they were welcomed to Preston by Mr. Fyfe, and Mr. Reynolds suitably responded. Each team gave three cheers.

Fairfield batted first and made 33 runs, Downie contributing 17. W. Blundell bowled splendidly, taking 8 wickets for 16 runs off 58 balls, and Mehegan got 1 for 7. Preston then went in and the wickets fell rapidly, 6 being down for 30, but Lawson 16, Howes 14 not out, and Robinson 17 not out saved the side. Owing to the bad light stumps were drawn early with 7 down for 78. The match will be resumed to-day, when the lady supporters of the club will provide afternoon tea.

Preston Amateurs played the Rose last Saturday at Preston and won by 7 runs. Scores—Amateurs, 47 (Rutter 22, Wyer 17); Rose 40 (Wyer 5 for 20, Hedigan 3 for 2, Ingham 1 for 13). To-day the Amateurs play St. Kilda Baseballers at Preston.

Northcote I.O.R. open the season this afternoon by playing Norwood at Fawkner Park. The team and supporters of the former are requested to meet van at the town-hall at 1.45 sharp.

Northcote Presbyterian A play Dorcas St. at Albert Park. Team—Thomson (2), Shand, Adams, Horsley, Richardson (2), Shugg, Allen, Teasdale, Gough, Clark.

Presbyterian B play Richmond at Thornbury. Team—Bull, Brown, Livingstone, Bowles, Walker, Williams, Hastings, Reid, Lovell, McKenzie, Bray, Bailey.

South Preston Methodists opened the season last Saturday by meeting Wellington St., Clifton Hill, on the former's ground. Scores—South Preston, 26 and 3 for 12; Clifton Hill, 32 (Campbell 5 for 15, Wardell 4 for 17). The local club provided refreshments, which helped to make the game more sociable and enjoyable. Preston wore black arm bands out of respect for one of its members, who recently lost his father. The match will be continued to-day.

TENNIS.

The Pine Hill club played St. Luke's last Saturday and won by 3 rubbers to 1. To-day they play Benvenuto on the latter's court. Teams—Benvenuto—Pizzey, Archbold, Chirgwin, Granger; Pines—Holden (2), Hackett, Bradley, Powling.

Nurses

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

Registered Maternity Private Hospital, "Sydenham," 21 Darebin Rd., Northcote. Terms, 3 to 5 guineas fortnight.

Engagements. Patients Visited. Emergency Cases. Correspondence and enquiries invited. Phone, Northcote 220.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Registered).

NURSE DONOHUE (late Nurse Sparrow) Receives Patients and also Visits Outside Cases (morning). Every attention and care. Terms, Moderate.

22 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Phone: Northcote 58.

NURSE - HOOPER

"LILLIEVILLE,"

DAREBIN ROAD, NORTHCOTE.

Phone, Northcote 231.

LABOUR RALLY AT NORTHCOTE

In connection with the forthcoming contest for the Jika Jika seat in the Legislative Assembly, a labour rally was held at the Northcote town hall on Thursday evening. The hall was comfortably filled and Mr. Geo. Baker presided.

The chairman said it was always being said of their party that their organisation was perfect, but it was by no means perfect as concerned Jika Jika, which, properly speaking, should be a Labour seat. The principal object of this meeting was to form a working committee so that every house in the district would be canvassed.

Mr. W. C. Miller, the selected Labour candidate, said he had been in the Labour movement for 22 years. Why he resigned office on the Central Executive was because the late Sir Thomas Bent said he could not act as a Labour organiser and work in the Government Printing Office at the same time. By passing the Preferential Voting Bill the Murray Watt Government hoped to bludgeon the Labour Party out of existence, but after what had just happened in Western Australia they had no need to fear. He did not intend to deliver a political speech, as there was an understanding that no Labour candidate should speak until after the leader of the Opposition had made his deliverance at North Melbourne. After that all the Labour candidates would be expounding the same progressive policy simultaneously. He was not fighting Mr. Membrey personally, only politically. When the late Mr. Harry Beard was first elected in 1904 there were only .519 votes polled. Now, with the women's votes added and the rolls compiled on a more democratic system, there were 18,234 votes on the roll, there being over 9000 in Northcote alone. On the new roll the Labourites were confident of success. Two things that would be advocated in the Labour policy would be the electrification of the trams and the creation of a Fair Rent Court. (Applause.)

Mr. Morgan moved—

"That those present pledge themselves to work and use their influence on behalf of the selected Labour candidate and promise to become members of the committee."

Mr. Carter seconded the resolution, which, having been supported by Mr. Frank Anstey, M.P., in which he argued that all improvements had only been wrested from the capitalistic class by organised Labour, first outside Parliament and then inside, was carried unanimously.

A meeting of Mr. W. C. Miller's friends and supporters is called for Tuesday evening, October 17, in the old library room, town hall, at 8.

South Preston Methodist Church.

The anniversary celebrations were held last Sunday and Monday, and notwithstanding the very bad weather were a decided success. Three services were held on Sunday. The Rev. Robt. Williams, of Middle Park, and a former minister of the church, preached morning and afternoon to good congregations, and the Rev. Val. Trigge, of the Collingwood Mission, preached to a large congregation at night.

On Monday night a tea and public meeting were held, and proved to be a decided success. The tea in the schoolroom was one of the most social gatherings in connection with the church, and the concert which followed was first class, the soloists being Messrs E. Hore, H. Jones, and H. McKinery. A largely augmented choir under the direction of Mr. F. Thorpe gave several anthems and choruses, both Monday night and on Sunday. Their rendering of the "Hallelujah Chorus" at the close of Monday night's programme was really splendid and reflected great credit on all concerned. Special mention should be made of the services rendered by Miss Walker as organist and accompanist, most of the hard work falling to her lot, and assisted by the conductor (Mr. Thorpe) their combined efforts helped to make the musical portion of the services very bright and attractive. The Rev. A. Madsen also gave a sterling address, and the Rev. E. Orlando Knoe (in the absence of Dr. Lee, whose motor car broke down) made a splendid chairman. Thanks are due to Mr. Rowe for erecting tables, and to the energetic secretary (Mr. Arch. Wilkinson). The following ladies presided at the tea tables, viz., Mesdames Walker, Wilkinson, Thorpe, Pike, Watson, Johnson, Gray, and Misses Hurlstone, Allchin, and Dinwoodie, assisted by numerous ladies who helped in preparing the tables in the afternoon.

Continental Carnival.

A continental carnival in aid of St. Joseph's Church building fund was held at Croxton recreation ground last Saturday afternoon and evening. The most interesting feature of the day programme were the performances of the school children, who went through a series of exercises and evolutions to the delight of all. A programme of athletic events resulted as follow:—Sheffield handicap, T. Williamson 1, T. O'Keefe 2, Cochrane 3. Potato race, T. O'Keefe. Veteran's race, E. Bourke 1. Married ladies' race, Mrs Mildren. Ladies' committee race, Miss M. Flynn. Dogs race, J. Flynn. Boys' race, J. Purcell 1, C. Clancy 2, E. O'Brien 3. Girls' race, M. Slattery 1, R. O'Brien 2, E. Riordon 3. In the evening an attendance of 2000 were well entertained with an attractive programme of music and pictures. The art-union results will be found in our advertising columns. Messrs J. Hartnett and M. O'Rourke were the joint secs.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE'S PICTURE THEATRE TOWN HALL.

Another Stupendous Programme To-Night. Crowded to the doors last Saturday.

To-Night's Masterpiece—

"FIGHTING BLOOD"

A Sensational and Thrilling Indian Photo Photo Play.

Followed by "A Romany Tragedy," "Bertie's Bed of Bliss," "Leading Lady," "Whaling in the South Seas," "Tale of a Hat," "A Delayed Proposal," &c.

Special Engagement of those Up-to-Date Entertainers, Lydia Varley and Violet Oatlroy.

Come Early and Avoid Disappointment. Adults 6d. Children, under 12, 3d.

CROXTON POPULAR OPEN-AIR CONCERTS

Every Monday, Wednesday, & Saturday. TO-NIGHT at 8.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PICTURES.

And the following Star Artists:—Lal Logle, Harry Leggett, Arthur Douglas, Arthur Morley, Elsie Bates, Harris Sisters, Morley and Bates, the Dandy English Sketch Artists, Will Mason. Glorious First Part, Finale, and the Screaming Farce, "Irish Justice," by the full company.

Monday night, Minns & Minns, Wire Walkers and Jugglers.

Managerial Note.—Owing to the noise made by the electric plant the manager has had same moved to the back of stage.

H. W. BALHARRY, Promoter.

THE Pride of Northcote Tent I.O.R. will celebrate their Eighth Anniversary on Tuesday Evening next in the Northcote Town Hall by a SOCIAL EVENING, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission 6d. Good Programme.

NORTHCOTE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Armadale Street.

A SPRING FAIR

Will be held in the Town Hall, Northcote, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 19th and 20th October.

To be opened by the Mayoress (Mrs. H. Bastings, on Thursday, at 3 p.m.

Proceeds in aid of Church Building Fund. SIDE SHOWS and COMPETITIONS. GOOD PROGRAMME Each Evening. The Brighton Orchestra will render Choice Selections on Thursday evening.

Adults 6d. E. A. HAYES, Secretary.
Children 3d. C. K. MILLER, Treasurer.

CONTINENTAL CARNIVAL.

The Art Union was drawn in the presence of the public on Saturday, 7th October, at 10 p.m., as follows:—

1st, No. 1480, Mr. Cook, Westgarth St., Northcote.

2nd, No. 5288, Miss M. Barry, Jackson St., Northcote.

3rd, No. 67, Miss M. Dalton, Herbert street, Northcote.

Result of drawing for Doll—No. 1545.

" " Pipe—No. 1877.

Result of Guessing Competition:—Clock stopped at 7.32. A. Deans, 24 Henry St., Northcote, guessed 7.32 and 4 seconds.

We, the undersigned, certify that the above is correct.

J. HARTNETT, H. WHITBY, M. J. ROURKE.

Stott & Bastings

oldest-established

AGENTS and AUCTIONEER in NORTHCOTE,

203 HIGH STREET (Corner Westbourne Grove).

Tel. 1976.

HOUSES FOR SALE.

80 per cent. of purchase money advanced, repayable as rent.

ALLOTMENTS FOR SALE.

All parts of district. Terms arranged as required.

Loans Negotiated.
Insurances Effected.
Rents Collected.
Agents for Absentees.

Persons dealing in Real Estate in Northcote, Preston, and Fairfield are invited to consult us

Auction Notices.

THIS DAY.
On the Land. At 3 o'clock.
Westbourne Grove, Aberdeen Grove, Carnarvon Avenue,
—NORTHCOTE—
—NORTHCOTE—
Adjoining Merri Station.
And Few Minutes North Fitzroy Trams.

27 VALUABLE ALLOTMENTS 27
VALUABLE ALLOTMENTS
40 x 105.

This Land occupies a Fine Position, close to Merri Park, a New Reserve of 9 Acres.

Note Specially Easy Terms:
£10 deposit each lot, balance half yearly up to 5 years at 4½ per cent. interest.
Option of paying off.

Title, Certificate, Sir George Turner, Solicitor, 341 Collins Street, Melbourne.

Auctioneers in conjunction,

STOTT & BASTINGS, 203 High Street, Northcote, Tel. 1976; SELWYN H. LEMME, 341 Collins Street, Melbourne, Tel. 3257.

WEDNESDAY, 18th OCTOBER.
3 o'clock at Property.
VICTORIA ROAD, NORTHCOTE.
EXECUTORS' AUCTION.

D.F.W.B. HOUSE, of 4 rooms and outbuildings, and 2-roomed W.B. House, On Land 156 x 145.

STOTT & BASTINGS have received instructions from the Executor in the Estate of James Broadhurst, deceased, to sell by auction as above.

The Property is situate in Victoria Road, between Bastings and Mitchell Streets, in an Improving Position.

Title, Perfect. Terms at Sale.

Orders at Auctioneer's offices, 203 and 521 High St., Northcote, Tel. 1976, and Station Street, Fairfield.

WEDNESDAY, 18th OCTOBER.
At 3.30 On the premises.
No. 1 ANDREW ST., NORTHCOTE.

Administratrix's Sale of W.B. COTTAGE of 4 Rooms and Conveniences, erected on Land 33 x 140.

STOTT & BASTINGS, in conjunction with MEMBREY & DEANE, under instructions from Miss Isabella Brockie, Administratrix in the Estate of Mary Ann Brockie, deceased, will sell by auction as above.

Title, Certificate, Messrs Johnson and Johnson, Solicitors, Bank Place, Melb.

Orders from Stott & Bastings, 203 High Street, Northcote; Membrey & Deane, 17 Queen Street, Melbourne.

SATURDAY, 28th OCTOBER.

JEFFREY'S
CITY VIEW ESTATE,
PRESTON.

EXECUTORS' GRAND SUBDIVISIONAL AUCTION SALE.
At 3 p.m. On the Ground.

Unlocking of the Finest Subdivisional Property in Northern Suburbs.

Owned by the Jeffrey Family for past 70 Years.

Charming Views. Perfect Drainage. Elevated Positions.

Three minutes Regent station. Adjacent to Churches, Schools, Library, and Well-Established Businesses.

Secure a Home Block. Your Health Assured. Undoubted Investment.

Exceptional Terms, viz.—One Fourth Cash; Balance half yearly instalments up to 3 years, with interest at 5 per cent.

Title, Cert. Apply Messrs Maddock, Jamieson, and Lonie, Solicitors, 445 Collins street, Melbourne.

Plans and Full Particulars,

WH. H. EDGAR, Auctioneer, 231 Collins street, City (Tel. 2060), and Malvern, opp. station (Tel. 21); or WM. J. GRAY, 6 Hutton street, Northcote; or local agent, M. JEFFREY, on the Estate, Preston.

Local Government.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

Ratepayers are hereby notified that the Pan Fee Charges for the quarter ending 31st December, 1911, are due and payable on the 1st October, 1911, and must be paid at the Shire Office on or before the 16th October, or the service will be discontinued.

The charge is 5/- per pan per half-year, or 2/6 per quarter

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

Construction of Arthur Street.

The Council will consider the adoption of the Plans, Specifications, Estimate, etc., of the above Street at the Council Meeting on Monday, 16th October, 1911, at 7.30 p.m.

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

Wanted.

GIRLS, 15 years, Apprentices, 7/6 to start. D. and W. Murray, Straw Hat Factory, Argyle St., Fitzroy.

YOUNG Girl wanted, assist light housework. 54 Normanby avenue, Northcote.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer & Sworn Valuer,

295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE,
Tel. 54 Northcote,

Has the following Cheap Properties for Immediate Sale:

Villa, 5 rooms, street made, sewered, gas, adjoining station £350

Villa and Large Allotment, 4 large rooms, all conveniences, gas, sewered, street made £375

Cottage, 4 rooms, &c., near station, rental 10/- £200

New Villa, Northcote South, few minutes station, 5 rooms, &c. £375

Terms can be arranged.
Small Deposit.
Balance as Rent.

Call, Write, or Ring—
ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer.

Preston Property Agency.

A. ROBERTSON,
ESTATE, INSURANCE, and FINANCIAL AGENT, and SWORN VALUATOR.

RENTS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. AUCTION SALES ARRANGED.

Insurances Effected on Buildings, Furniture Haystacks, etc., Plate Glass, Accident and Sickness, Employers' Liability, etc.

Valuations carefully made for Probate.

CHEAP Building ALLOTMENTS on easy terms. No Deposit. No Interest.

Note Address:
C/r HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON
Close to Bell Station.
Phone, 58 Brunswick Ex.

J. TYNAN,

The New
House, Land & Estate Agent,

Has opened premises at 331 High St., Northcote.

Auction Sales Arranged.
Rents Collected.
Insurances Effected.
Loans Negotiated

Agent for
Commonwealth Insurance Company Ltd.
National Insurance of N.Z. Ltd
Twentieth Century Building and Investment Society.

Note Address
331 High Street, Northcote
(next Tharratt's).

W. J. GRAY,
House, Land and Estate Agent.

RENTS CAREFULLY COLLECTED.
HOUSES FOR SALE, ALL SUBURBS.

PRESTON.—Two Allotments Land, Queen Street, unrivalled position, each 56 x 126. Price, £56 each.

PRESTON.—CITY VIEW ESTATE; shortly to be subdivided (in conjunction with W. H. Edgar). Plans, particulars, on application

FARM.—Neerim South, Gippsland; 157½ acres, 60 acres cleared; six-roomed house; first-class dairy; milking sheds, six bails; ten paddocks; good barn; corn shed; permanent running creek; sown with English grasses; 1½ miles railway station. Price £11 per acre. This is a bargain.

LAND.—Johnston Street, Collingwood. Large allotment. Shops or factory erected to suit purchaser. No deposit. Easy terms.

Agents for the T. & G. Mutual Life Assurance; Lancashire Fire Assurance; Australasian Metropolitan Fire and General Insurance Co.

Live Stock Insured at Current Rates.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS:
176 JOHNSTON ST., COLLINGWOOD.
Private Address:
6 Hutton Street, Northcote.

Established (1883) over a Quarter of a Century.

Commonwealth Insurance Co. Ltd.

(formerly Melbourne Lloyd's Underwriters).

Head Office: 55 Queen Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. MARINE.

Lowest Current Rates.

JOHN URQUHART, Manager.

Local Agent: J. TYNAN,
Land and Estate Agent,
331 High Street, Northcote.

Established 1821.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER 6¼ MILLIONS.

Guardian Assurance Co. Ltd.

Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. ACCIDENT

Local Agent:

R. H. TAYLOR,

HOUSE, LAND & ESTATE AGENT.

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Town Hall).

Estate and Insurance Agents

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 and specifications of houses prepared

V. C. SWIFT. Phone:
C. E. CORBEN. Northcote 212.

Swift & Corben,

ESTATE AGENTS,

HOUSE, LAND, AND FARM SALESMEN,

232 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

LOANS NEGOTIATED.
RENTS COLLECTED
INSURANCES EFFECTED.

Fine List of Properties For Sale and To Let.

R. H. TAYLOR,

ESTATE,
LAND,
and
INSURANCE
AGENT,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Town Hall).

Rents Collected.
Loans Negotiated.
Insurances Effected.
Valuations Made.

DON'T FORGET—
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL.

SUPPORT THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY

THE I.O.A.

(Insurance Office of Australia Limited)

FIRE. ACCIDENT.

Plate Glass.
Employers' Liability.
Burglary.
Personal Accident and Sicknesses.

LIVE STOCK
a Speciality.

Horses, Mares, and all Stock insured against all risks of mortality.

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

For further particulars apply to Local Agents,

MITCHELL BROS.,
Estate Agents,
235 High St., Northcote.
Tel. Central 3454.

Wanted to Sell

CRICKET Material, Matting, 5 pairs Pads, 6 Bats, 4 Balls, Wickets, Bails, and Net. F. J. Jones, 112 Separation St., Northcote.

FOR SALE.—A few Tons of Hay. J. White, Cooper street, Preston.

EGGS, Pure White Leghorns, 3/- setting. Mrs. Owen, Percival street, North Preston.

FOR SALE.—Eggs, Runners, pure Henley strain, guaranteed, cheap. Mrs. Vincent, "Hillside," Penders St., Preston.

Business Announcements

COME!

Where the Tree Ferns Grow!

IF ever in doubt how to spend a pleasant hour, take a run on the Northcote Trams to the FRESH AIR of Thornbury, and to

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

Where you can get always a Delicious Cup of Tea, a Cool Drink, or a Lovely Ice Cream, and all "under the Shade of the Sheltering Fern."

Come and See for Yourselves and it will invite you to come again.

Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

REMEMBER—

WILLIAMS',
RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

Northcote Supply Stores.

A MOST Up-to-Date Stock of FANCY GOODS, SCHOOL REQUISITES, and TOYS of every description at Lowest Melbourne prices.

Lessons given in Chip Carving and Relief.

All invited to inspect.

Opening Day: Thursday, 21st September

MRS. E. WALKER,
205 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

LEES'

FOR

BOOTS & SHOES

ABSOLUTELY

BEST VALUE IN NORTHCOTE

BARGAINS EVERY DAY.
BARGAINS EVERY DAY.
BARGAINS EVERY DAY.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. BEST PLACE TO BUY BOOTS:

LEES',

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(Next to Hattam & Hattam's).

HUNDREDS OF PAIRS SOLD EVERY WEEK.

NOTE.—We Guarantee Extra Value in Every Pair.

UP-TO-DATE REPAIRS.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9.

Present: — Crs. Bastings (Mayor), Johnson, Schwaebsch, Plant, Smith, Glanfield, Tharratt, Henderson, Harry, Hayes, Redmond, Dennis, Lees, and Mason.

PROTECTION OF CHILD LIFE.

The Public Health Department wrote inviting two representatives from this Council, together with its medical officer, to a conference to consider a proposal to establish municipal depots for the supply of milk to infants, the efficient inspection of dairy herds and dairies, the providing of a nurse or nurses to assist mothers in the care of their babies, etc.

The Mayor and Cr. Johnson were appointed to attend.

RIGHT-OF-WAY AT P.O.

The Home Affairs Department wrote, agreeing to grant an easement for light and eaves space in connection with the municipal buildings. They suggested that an area ten feet wide be reserved for a common right-of-way to the Commonwealth, and the Council.—Referred to the finance committee.

CHEQUE WANTED FOR PARK.

The Closer Settlement Board wrote stating that the 9th instalment of £30 on Pender's Grove Park was now due, and requested payment.—Referred to finance committee, with power to pass cheque.

MOTOR CAR TRAFFIC.

The Under-Secretary wrote, forwarding diagram of signs suggested by the Automobile Club, to indicate dangerous points, etc., upon the streets and roads for the safety of motor car traffic, and asking how many of such signs would be required by the municipality.

THE NEW LOAN.

The Under Treasurer wrote, requesting to be supplied with a copy of the schedule of the works proposed to be undertaken with new loan.—The town clerk had supplied particulars.

THOSE SECOND CLASS CARRIAGES.

J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., wrote, stating he was attending to the Council's request for additional and better second class carriages on the local railway line.—Received.

PRESTON COUNCIL AND ELECTRIC FEEDER.

The Preston Shire Council again wrote, asking for a reply to their request as to whether this council would allow an "electric feeder" to be run through their municipality. As the matter was of vital importance, an early reply would be esteemed a favour.—To be considered with report of committee of the whole.

GAS FOR WATERLOO ROAD.

The Metropolitan Gas Co. wrote agreeing to extend their mains in Waterloo Road.—Received.

HALF COST OF FENCING.

E. L. Lizard wrote, notifying that he proposed erecting a six-feet paling fence adjoining the Council's land in Mansfield-street, and requesting Council to bear half cost.—Agreed to.

SEWERAGE CONTRACTOR AND ASPHALT.

C. R. Nelder wrote, drawing attention to the condition in which the asphalt had been left by the sewerage contractor in front of his premises, Westgarth-street.

It was reported by the surveyor that the matter had been fixed up, but another letter came in from Mr. Nelda stating the contrary.—It was understood that the engineer would give the matter his attention.

DRAINAGE IN FLINDERS STREET.

F. J. Donagan wrote, stating that as he had noticed in the "Leader" that Flinders-street would not be constructed until the ratepayers were prepared to pay cash for same, he would ask that a channel be cut on the north side to take the drainage from Mr. Miller's house into the channel now existing.—Referred to the works committee, on the motion of Crs. Dennis and Redmond.

BOILING DOWN OBJECTED TO.

Dr. Voss wrote, asking that the Council take steps to have the boiling down at Morgan and Jeffrey's establishment, Dundas-street, abolished.

It was intimated that Preston Council had refused to grant a boiling-down licence for these premises.

RUCKER STREET.

E. Brothers wrote, asking that a handy heap of sewer spoil might be used for the improvement of Rucker-street, which was now impassable.—Referred to works committee, on the motion of Crs. Mason and Lees.

W. H. Sutherland wrote, calling attention to the very bad condition of the right-of-way at the rear of Johnson-street.

Cr. Tharratt urged that temporary relief at least be given.

Cr. Johnson moved, and Cr. Henderson seconded, that the foreman report to the works committee on the matter.

Cr. Johnson said the only way out of the difficulty was the construction of the right-of-way.

Cr. Schwaebsch said he lived in the neighbourhood of the right-of-way, and knew someting about it. It was really a shame to see vehicles axle-deep in the right-of-way, which was at times so bad that horses could not get up it.

Cr. Harry thought Johnson-street would have to be made first.

The motion was carried.

BROOKE STREET WANTS.

W. Wills wrote, asking that something be done to improve the path in Brook-street. More light was also wanted, leading to the station.—Referred to works committee, on the motion of Crs. Glanfield and Harry.

FLINDERS STREET.

A. A. Miller wrote regarding the construction of Flinders-street, that he could not guarantee that the property-owners were willing to pay cash. Surely something might be done in the meantime in the way of putting down an asphalt drain (which could be flushed) to connect with the storm-water sewer. If the Council would not move, he would have to try some other source.

Cr. Plant said if they wanted Flinders-street constructed at once, the only way was to pay cash. If they were not prepared to do this they must take their chance with the rest. About 30 streets, which had been selected by the representatives for the wards, came before Flinders-street. He was reported to have said that there were thousands of pounds available for the construction of private streets. So there was, but it was not the Council's money. He moved that a reply be sent that no priority could be given in connection with this street.

Cr. Smith seconded.

Cr. Harry said they were so slow in proceeding with the construction of streets listed that it might be left optional to the members for the wards to change the order of construction according as circumstances warranted.

Cr. Tharratt said that Cr. Harry had just said that an "earnest endeavour" should be made to push on with street construction. They had long been talking like this. But, as Cr. Braithwaite had said at Preston, "For God's sake let us *do* something."

Cr. Schwaebsch said that for a long time he had heard that certain streets were going to be made, but he noticed that Crs. Plant and Tharratt were going grey before the work was started.

The Mayor said that they were now up to the stage when searches were being made, so that the apportionments in connection with several of the streets could be made.

The motion was carried .

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE

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

1. That accounts amounting to £320 14s 11d be passed for payment. —Adopted

2 Victorian Railway Commissioners re lease of land east side of Railway, from Beaver's Road to Beaconsfield Parade.—That the Council agree to lease this land for the purpose of forming a footpath under the conditions specified by the Railway Commissioners.—Adopted.

3. H. H. Hansen, re Bank Street —That he be informed that the Council will proceed with the construction of the street if the ratepayers undertake to pay cash for the work.

Replying to Cr. Plant, Cr. Dennis said that the surveyor had reported that nothing short of construction of the street would meet the purpose.

Cr. Plant said he thought that a channel on the low side of the street would prevent the storm water which fell upon the street flowing on to Mr. Hansen's premises. The street otherwise did not need construction.

The surveyor said a pitched channel might take the drainage to Mitchell-street.

Cr. Smith said he thought the property owners would pay for this willingly.

The clause was adopted.

4. Channelling in St George's Road, from Kemp Street to Beaconsfield Parade.—That the matter be deferred for consideration with the estimates.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE

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

1. That accounts amounting to 1853 8s 7d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Board of Public Health re Garbage Disposal.—That the matter be deferred for consideration with the estimates.—Adopted.

3. P. Macauley re compensation for alleged injury to cow.—That he be informed that the Council cannot acknowledge any liability in the matter. —Adopted.

4. G. Gibson re Stormwater, Mitchell Street to Separation Street.—That he be requested to grant a new easement to the Council on the eastern portion of his land, when the matter of the alteration of the course of the stormwater drain will receive consideration.—Adopted.

5. W. Heath re Rockeries west side of High Street.—That he be informed that the estimated cost of the work is £40, towards which he has offered the sum of £10, and that as the Council has not any funds available for the purpose his offer cannot be accepted.

Cr. Lees stated that the engineer had interviewed several of the property owners adjoining Mr. Heath, but they would not contribute towards the cost of the improvements.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

The mayor submitted the report, recommending—

1. Mr. G. Beer re Drain, High Street.—That he be informed that the inlet and drain having proved ample in capacity for the purpose no further action will be taken therein.—Adopted.

3. Building Regulations.—That the draft regulation be made an order of the day for the next meeting of the Council for the purpose of agreeing to the adoption of same.—Adopted.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Plant moved that the matter of preparing plant, etc., for the construction of the right-of-way between Waterloo-road and Andrew-street, be prepared. When notices could be served for the filling up of the "frog pond" at the corner of Waterloo-road and Hastings-street.—Carried.

Cr. Henderson moved that applications be made to have the water extended in several streets west of St. George's-road.

Cr. Plant said that as the roadway in High-street at Rucker's Hill, east side, had got into a very bad state, he would like to know when it was going to be metalled and barred.

Cr. Dennis said they were just waiting for the metal to be broken. In the meantime some temporary relief should be given.

Cr. Lees suggested that it was the three-horse six-ton loads of bricks going down the hill that was ruining the road. He was going to move again that the Width of Tires Act be applied to the municipality.

Cr. Johnson: Temporary relief is no good.

Cr. Smith: I won't take the responsibility of leaving it as it is.

Cr. Johnson: It's not that bad.

Cr. Glanfield: You got a jolly good road made in St. George's-road. Give us a few loads down there.

It was decided that temporary relief should be given.

Cr. Lees moved that some of the sewer spoil be put in Simpson-street, north of the railway line, which would form a very good connection between South Crescent and Clarke-street.—Engineer to report to works committee.

Cr. Tharratt moved for a crossing over St. George's-road, opposite Morley-street.

Cr. Harry moved that the sanitary inspector be asked to report on the stagnant pool in Flinders-street.

Cr. Redmond complained that Northcote ratepayers living in the north-eastern portion of the town had to get their letters addressed to Fairfield. If a letter was sent them addressed Northcote, it was re-addressed to Fairfield, by which much delay, in some cases, two or three days, was lost. He moved that the member for the district (Mr. Anstey) be written to, asking him to remove this grievance.

Cr. Harry seconded.

Cr. Lees: This is not a question of municipal boundaries, but of handiness to a post office.

The motion was carried.

The Mayor reported re taking over of fountain from South Ward Progress Association, as already published.

Replying to Cr. Harry, Cr. Hayes said he intended to vote for the preferential voting proposals at the municipal conference.

Cr. Dennis moved that the matter of altering the channel on the east side of Rucker's Hill be considered by the works committee.

Cr. Plant seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Mason moved that the matter of re-adjusting the channel from Westgarth-street to Barry-street be referred to works committee.—Carried.

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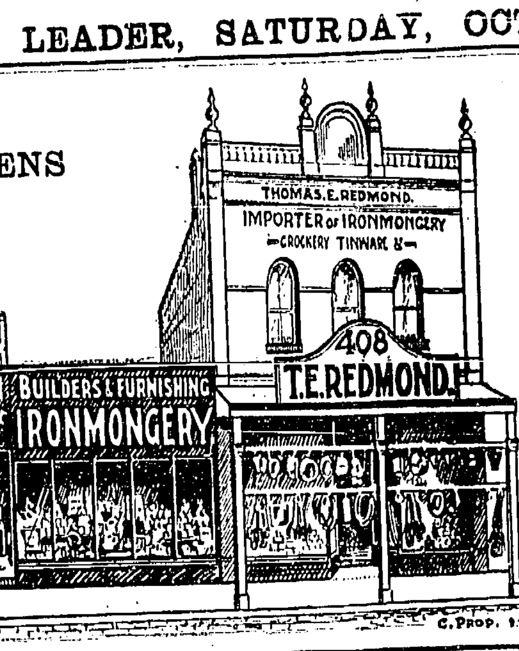

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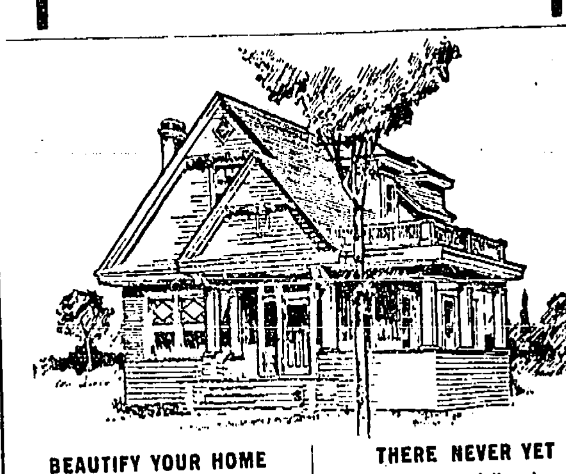

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I.O.R.,

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Funeral—£20 at death of member. £15 at death of member's wife (if insured).

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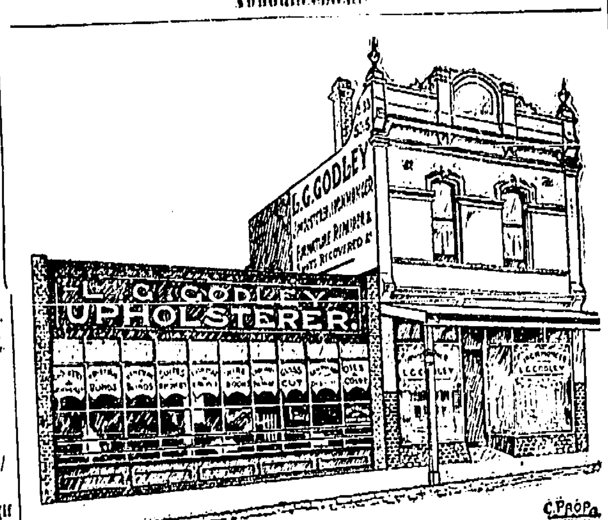

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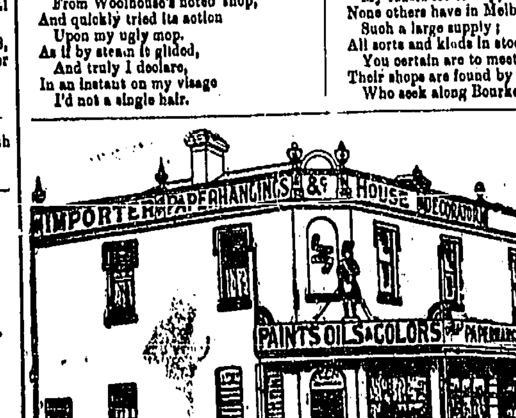
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I got a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop.
As if by steam it glided,
And truly I declare,
In an instant on my visage
I'd not a single hair.

The razors made by Woolhouse
Are really made to shave,
If once you try their action
For more of them you'll crave.
In Melbourne nothing to beat them
I'm sure can ever be found,
If you seek in every quarter,
For many miles around.
If your razors should get blunted
And shaving gives great pain,
Go straight away to Woolhouse,
Who'll put them right again;
Then shaving will be pleasant,
You'll readily agree
If you buy the best from Woolhouse,
Who well has treated me.
Since then I go to Woolhouse,
My razors for to buy,
None others have in Melbourne
Such a large supply;
All sorts and kinds in stock there
You certain are to meet.
Their shops are found by any
Who seek along Bourke Street.



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Kruse's Fluid Magnesia FOR INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, AND ACIDITY.

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 21, 1911. | Printed and published by the proprietors ... at their office, 197 High street, Northcote, ... the State of Victoria. | Price 1d

PUBLIC LIBRARY 21 OCT 1911 ... VICTORIA

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,
405 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,

WISHES to thank his patrons for their past favors, and also to inform them he sells the best
BOX FIREWOOD
NEWCASTLE COAL,
ALTONA BROWN 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.

Plumbers.

To Landlords, Householders and Builders.

F. EDWARDS,
Licensed
PLUMBER, GASFITTER,
Mechanical and Electric Bell Hanger, Steam, Hot, and Cold Water Engineer and Sanitary Plumber

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

Corner High St. and Campbell Grove NORTHCOTE.

Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW.
(Licensed by the M. & M. B. W.)
LICENSED PLUMBER, GASFITTER,
ELECTRIC & WIRE BELLHANGER.
305 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Estimates Given for Sewer Connections
Post Cards attended to.

Telephone: Northcote 96.

Sand & General Carter
Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.

Manager—T. JOHNS, 46 Henry Street, Northcote.

Announcements

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
231 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(near Methodist Church).

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.

Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.
FURNITURE REPAIRED.

E. A. GEER
DESIRES to notify that he has taken over the
NEWS AGENCY AND STATIONERY BUSINESS
of Mr. C. Jenkin,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Stationery, Post Cards, Fancy Goods, &c., in great variety.

SCHOOL REQUISITES A SPECIALITY.

Postage Stamps always to be had.

SALE! SALE! SALE!
AT
A. LEWIS'S,
350 QUEEN'S PARADE, NORTH FITZROY.

STOCKTAKING SALE
STOCKTAKING SALE
now on of
FANCY GOODS, GLASSWARE, VASES STATIONERY, PERFUMERY.
ALL GOODS GREATLY REDUCED.

Below are a Few of the Prices:

Dressing Combs 4d	Usual price	6d
Tooth Brushes 1½d	"	3d
Hair Brushes 6d	"	9d
Hair Brushes 9d	"	1/-
Vases 1/- pair	"	2/-
Hairpin boxes 4½d	"	1/-
Fancy Pincushions 3d	"	1/-
Writing Pads 5d	"	6d

A large variety of the Latest Post Cards.

Agent for "Challenge Corn Cure; also for Pauline and Demarest's Paper Patterns.

Undertakers

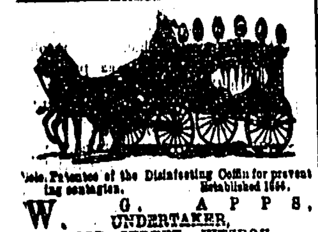
HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets, FITZROY.

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 1844.

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.

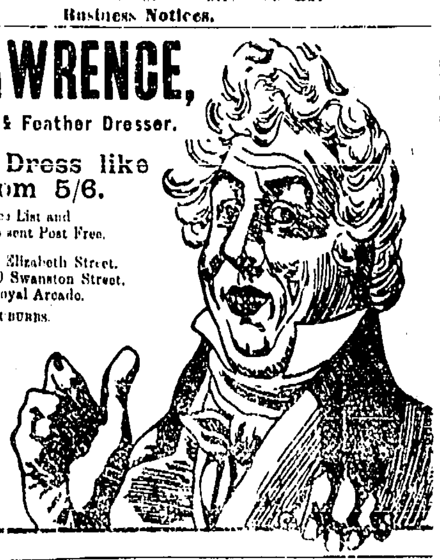
Patent and every description of coffin at five minutes' notice.
Hearses, Coaches, &c.

A.W.A.

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

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.

Your Boot Man
DIMMICK!
Big Stock!
Small Prices!
Extra Value!
NO CARDBOARD
243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
GEO. H. ARMFIELD.
148 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 Street).

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 ... 1/- doz.
" Ironed only ... 2d | " Ironed only ... 9d doz.
All Classes of Washing and Ironing done, also MANGLING.
Orders Called for and Delivered. A Trial Solicited.
MRS. FRAWLEY, Proprietress.

Smith & Sons
HAM & BACON CURERS
AND
Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3001. NORTHCOTE, Vic.

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

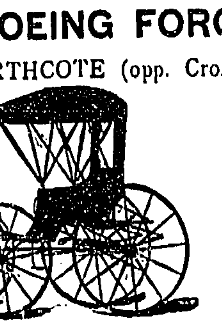
All Goods Manufactured under the supervision of the Central Board of Health.

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.

EDWARD FELLOWES,
Universal Carriage Works
AND SHOEING FORGE,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

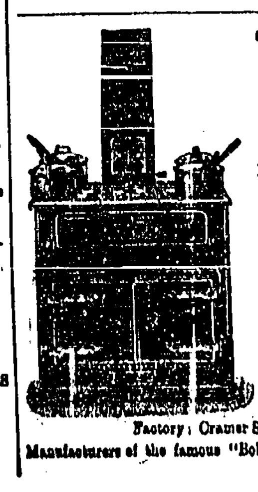


Lorries and Vehicles of every description Built, Bought Sold and Exchanged.

Repairs Effected Promptly and Substitutes provided

Horses (shod on the shortest notice by thoroughly experienced shoer) sent for and returned.

FOR HIRE (by day or week):
Drags, Wagonettes, Abbot Buggies, Wagons, Jinkers, Lorries, Spring Carts & Drays; also good reliable Horses and Ponies.
Picnics and Parties specially catered for.



"NEW FAVORITE" STOVE
FOR COUNTRY USE.
WITH CAST IRON FALL FIRE DOOR
Full length of Fire Box.
FITTED WITH ASH PAN.
BURNS LONG ROUGH WOOD.
MADE WITH DOUBLE OVEN DOORS.
Three sizes.

	PRICES
No. 1—Size of Stove, 24in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 18in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£3/12/6
No. 2—Size of Stove, 30in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 18in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£3/10/
No. 3—Size of Stove, 36in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 20in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£4/7/6

Strong Copper Boilers, 30s extra. Makes Stove 6in. longer.

WALLIS BROS. & CO.
419 Bourke St., Melb. (opp. Kirk's Bazaar).
Factory: Cramer St., Preston. Telephone 1253 City.
Manufacturers of the famous "Bobs" Cooking Stove, Cast Revolving Washing Copper Frames, &c.

The Leader PRINTING OFFICE, HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Most Up-to-Date Suburban Printery.

Latest & Most Effective Types, Borders & Designs.

Advertising Posters, Placards, Show Cards, &c., &c.

Dance & Concert Programmes and Tickets.

Invitation, Wedding, Mourning, and Menu Cards.
Ladies' and Gents' Visiting Cards.

The Leading Printing Establishment outside the City.

All Orders Executed to Time.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

We are now prepared to perform every class of Printing on most economical Terms, in all styles and shapes, and anything entrusted to us will be executed promptly, and in the most approved style.

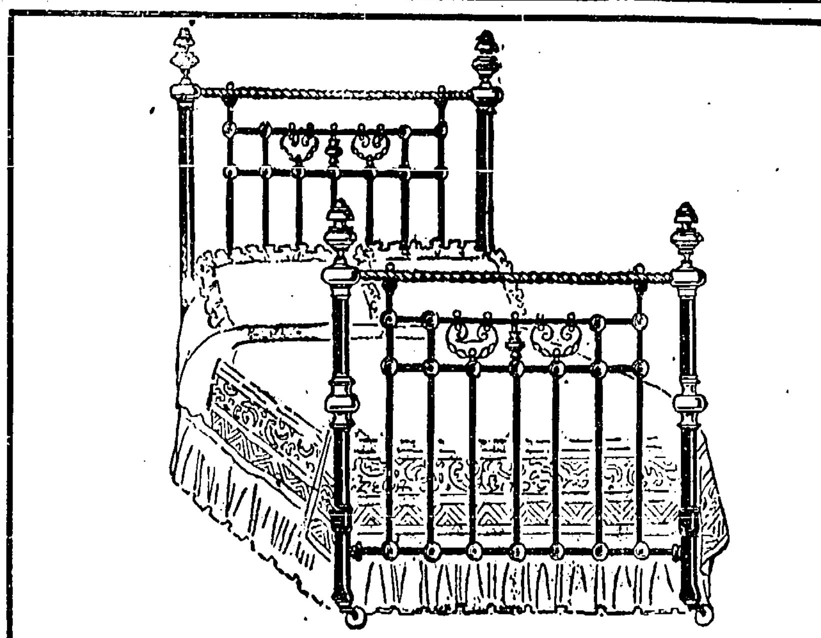
Lithographic Printing, Engraving, and Process Work.

Commercial Printing a Speciality.
Pamphlets, Billheads, Memorandums, Invoices, Letter Paper, Labels, Delivery Forms, Bakers' and Milkmen's Account Forms.

Book Work, including
Catalogues, Pamphlets, Reports and Rules of Public Institutions and Societies, Time Tables, Monthly Periodicals, &c., &c.

Your patronage will be esteemed by

WHALLEY BROS.,
Proprietors and Publishers of the
Northcote and Preston Leader
which has far and away the Largest Circulation of any suburban newspaper—and is therefore the
VERY BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM
FOR
LOCAL BUSINESS PEOPLE
Terms on Application.



This Bedstead, £3 : 15 : 0.
WITHIN ANYONE'S REACH.

A close personal examination will confirm the impression of quality obtained by a cursory glance at the above sketch of this bedstead. Priced to find a place in the homes of people with moderate incomes, yet eminently suitable for the most lavishly furnished.

The decorative pieces are in burnished brass of modern design—heavy enamel of any shade you desire—frame work exceptionally strong iron—not thrown together, but carefully assembled; again demonstrating to you that no matter how low Clauscen's price is, the quality is always of the best possible.

CLAUSCEN & CO. 194-196 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.

Announcements

COME!
Where the Tree Ferns Grow!

IF ever in doubt how to spend a pleasant hour, take a run on the Northcote Trams to the FRESH AIR of Thornbury, and to

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

Where you can get always a Delicious Cup of Tea, a Cool Drink, or a Lovely Ice Cream, and all "under the Shade of the Sheltering Fern."

Come and See for Yourselves and it will invite you to come again.

Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

REMEMBER—
WILLIAMS',
RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

North & West Ward Folks.
When you want something nice and tasty for Lunch or Tea, go where you are sure to get it, namely, to—
MISS DOWLMAN'S
Ham & Beef Shop,
411 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opp. Dennis Street).

Cooked Meats and Small Goods of every description and the BEST THAT ARE MANUFACTURED.

CONFECTIONERY AND SUMMER DRINKS.
Also Smokers' Requisites.

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.

LOON KEE,
CHINESE LAUNDRY,
316 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.

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 surrounding.

Established 30 years.
London and Devonshire Dairy,
20 HENRY ST., NORTHCOTE.
Every Precaution taken that Sanitary or Veterinary Science can suggest to prevent contamination.

F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.
Premises specially adapted for the business.
Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.

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.
Telephone 1204, City.

J. E. RIPPER, PIANO and ORGAN BUILDER
REPAIRS and TUNINGS a Speciality.
All Work Guaranteed.
Factory—271 Smith Street, Fitzroy.
Private address—8 Martin St., Northcote.

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

A HOME BUILT TO SUIT YOU
A VILLA
A COTTAGE
ANY PRICE ANY DESIGN
In Plow Street, Thornbury, one minute from Tram line .. and Railway Station ..
WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED
Consult T. JOYNSON 30 Westbourne Gr., Northcote; or, at the Works, Plow Street.

Keep the Rain Off!
HAVE your Umbrella Re-Covered and Made to Look Like NEW at Mrs. PALMER'S, 267 High Street, Northcote. New Stock of Fancy Goods, Stationery, Post Cards and School Requisites.

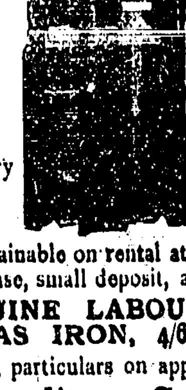
Business Announcements

MOA ROAD RACE TO-DAY

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

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY
A GAS COOKER



Combining Cleanliness, Comfort, and Convenience.

Should be in Every Home.

A Gas Stove for Cooking purposes is unrivalled, and is recommended for its Reliability and Saving of Time and Labour.

Gas Stoves are obtainable on rental at 1/6 per month.; or on Hire Purchase, small deposit, and 2/6 monthly.

A GENUINE LABOUR SAVER—A GAS IRON, 4/6 EACH.
Full particulars on application.
The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 Flinders St., Melbourne Phone 3713

Tailors

INCE BROS.,
TAILORS and OUTFITTERS.
BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

SUITS, from	£3 3 0
TROUSERS, from	0 15 6
LADIES' COSTUMES a Speciality, from	5 0 0

The Fitting Room is under the personal supervision of Mr. R. Ince, and every satisfaction guaranteed.

174 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.

H. C. Saunders,

The Old-Established
Practical Tailor,
269 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Every Garment is Tailored by Tailors with the true essentials to good tailoring.

We are fully stocked with Materials suitable for present season's wear.

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 ... utmost despatch.

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

Artistic Tailoring.
Arch Wilkinson
TAILOR & MERCER,
Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston
is now showing a splendid range of new and exclusive designs suitable for the Spring & Summer season.
You are invited to inspect our stock of Tweeds, Coatings, Serges, and Trouserings.
The Very Latest in Fashion and Tennis Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hosiery, &c. Straw Hats, new shapes, especially made for our own trade.
Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality.
Costumes made to order in up-to-date style.
SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAYS.

Announcements

The Thornbury Grocer
E. W. INGHAM
563 High St.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.
Families Waited on for Orders. Delivery daily.
GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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.

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.

H. KNIGHT,
FURNITURE REMOVER
(Late of Northcote)
Wishes to notify his old customers of Northcote and Preston that he will be pleased to remove them as usual.
Cheap Wood in blocks delivered anywhere.
All post cards sent to this address will have prompt attention:—150 HIGH ST., PRESTON (opposite Bell station).

D. J. CHAPMAN,
Dudley Fruit Palace,
237 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
SUMMER DRINKS & CONFECTIONERY
Choice Fruit and Fresh Vegetables daily.
Orders called for and delivered.

G. McKECHNIE,
HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST, CONFECTIONER, &c.,
51 HIGH ST., SOUTH PRESTON
(Two doors from Prince Alfred Hotel).
HERB. ROADLEY MANAGING SALOON.

FRED. SMITH,
UP-TO-DATE
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.
Cleanliness. Good Workmanship. Razor Setting a Speciality.
242 HIGH STREET, 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.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

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

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Hospital Sunday.
11 a.m., Matins and Holy Communion.
4.15 p.m., Holy Baptism.
7 p.m., Evensong.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
Morning, Rev. DOUGLAS BRUCE. Special Flower Service.
Evening, Rev. R. W. ROCK. Hospital Sunday Sermon.
Special Collections for Hospital Funds.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall, Northcote, on Sunday Evening, at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. P. SINCLAIR. Subject:—"The Lord's Prayer."

PRESTON AND THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN.

Sabbath Services:
PRESTON.—Morning, Rev. THOS. GRAY (of Horsham); evening, Mr. F. W. RANKIN.
THORNBURY.—Morning, Mr. RANKIN; evening, Rev. THOS. GRAY (of Horsham).

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Hospital Sunday.
Morning, Mr. G. HUNTER.
Evening, Rev. P. N. KNIGHT.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Hospital Sunday:
Morning, Rev. J. A. JEFFRIES.
Evening, Mr. W. OLVER.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

CROXTON METHODIST HALL, Corner Shaftesbury Parade and St. George's Road.

Sunday Services:
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. T. MUNDAY.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, Subject, "A Splendid Investment;" 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. WATKIN (of St. Kilda).
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. Dr. WATKIN; 7 p.m., Rev. E. B. BOND.
All Welcome.

CHAPEL BUILT IN A DAY

Meetings for next Lord's Day:
Worship at 11 a.m.
Bible Class at 3 p.m.
Gospel Meeting at 7 p.m.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.

Piano: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER
Miss HILDA BAKER, L.A.B.
Singing: Miss RUBY BOND.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

All pupils entered for Exams. during 1910 (30) passed, 5 with honors.
Theory Class, 6.30 to 7.30 Wednesday evening.
Programmes arranged and Engagement undertaken for Weddings, At Homes, &c.
Terms on application.

L. BRENNECKE
(Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),
VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY and COUNTERPOINT.
KEMP STREET, NORTHCOTE.

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

MRS. A. T. EARL
TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
Mrs. Earl's New Diagram Method of Teaching Beginners (any age) renders learning a pleasure, and progress easy and certain. Tone Production a special feature. Pupils prepared for examinations, if desired. Terms moderate. Correspondence invited. Violins and Accessories provided. Pupil visited or received at "Bushwood," Dundas-street, Upper Northcote. Songs written for musical setting.

MISS CLARICE FREEMAN, L.A.B. of R.A.M. and R.C.M., D.M.S.V.
PIANOFORTE, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT.
Pupils Prepared for Examination.
Terms on application.
"Chowringhee," Henry St., Preston North.

A. H. SIEBEL,
TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN AND VIOLA.
Terms on application. Preston and Northcote visited twice a week.
Address: Westbourne Park, Thomastown

Northcote Supply Stores.

A MOST Up-to-Date Stock of FANCY GOODS, SCHOOL REQUISITES, and TOYS of every description at Lowest Melbourne prices.

Lessons given in Chip Carving and Relief.

All invited to inspect.

Opening Day: Thursday, 21st September

FRED. W. WALKER,
205 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

LEES'
FOR
BOOTS & SHOES
ABSOLUTELY
BEST VALUE IN NORTHCOTE

BARGAINS EVERY DAY.
BARGAINS EVERY DAY.
BARGAINS EVERY DAY.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. BEST PLACE TO BUY BOOTS:
'LEES',
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(Next to Hattam & Hattam's).

HUNDREDS OF PAIRS SOLD EVERY WEEK.

NOTE.—We Guarantee Extra Value in Every Pair.

UP-TO-DATE REPAIRS.

LATEST NOVELTIES IN
Spring and Summer Millinery
NOW OPENED.

Including a great variety of Trimmed Hats in newest designs, and Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, & Feathers.
¶ Children's Millinery at moderate prices. * *
Corsets to suit all figures from 2/11 to 21/-. * *

MRS. HOLLAND
118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood

VISIT THE SHOW
OF
SPRING GOODS
AT
F. G. SMITH'S,
DRAPERS, MILLINERS
CLOTHIERS, &c.,
245 High Street, Northcote.

A GENUINE SALE

MRS. POWELL, of High St., Northcote, is now holding her Half-Yearly SALE. Special Bargains in Hosiery, Underclothing, Aprons, Corsets, etc.

Having secured a job lot of Aprons we intend selling them at very low prices.

Cheap Remnants in Lace and Embroidery.

Mrs. Powell, High St., Northcote

Back to His Old Pharmacy.
F. T. EAGLES
Has pleasure in informing his old friends and the public of Northcote and surrounding districts generally that he will be
RESUMING BUSINESS
at his old & well known Pharmacy,
281 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
at an EARLY DATE.

He would like to intimate that during the past eight years he has had the most extensive and varied experience in some of the Chief Pharmacies of the State.

He will reopen in Northcote with an absolutely new stock of the most up-to-date drugs and chemicals, and all Dispensing will be entirely under his own supervision.

DENTISTRY Practised on the Most Modern Principles. Repairs Executed and Ms Fitting Plates Re Modelled. All Extractions Painless.

Will be pleased to see old and new customers.

Shoe Comfort

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The Leader
JUSTICE TO ALL
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

The evolution of High street, Northcote, as an important and up to date business street is proceeding at increasing pace. Within the past few months the old-fashioned and ugly building that so long disfigured the corner of High and Mitchell streets has been demolished and in its place Mr. George Reid has erected a fine brick building for use as his grocery store. He has moved down to the new premises, by the way, during the week. Mr. Reid may be congratulated on the splendid show he has been able to make in the new shop. The building is of brick, tuck pointed, the front being finished off with tiles. The show windows are on an extra generous scale and the store itself capacious and well lighted. Another new shop, which is a decided ornament to the street, is that just erected by Mr. J. A. Walker, chemist. A finer chemist's shop it would be hard to discover anywhere in the metropolis. As shops like these gradually come into the street, so will the people be weaned from the habit of going elsewhere to shop and High street become a great business street.

A social gathering of the congregation of All Saints', Northcote, was held in the parish hall on the 12th inst. to celebrate the silver wedding of Rev. A. C. and Mrs Kellaway. There was a large attendance of parishioners and a few friends from outside. Mr Walker, the stationmaster at Clifton Hill, presided, and congratulatory addresses were given by the Revs. Barnes, Collier and Good, and by the churchwarden and vestrymen. Mr. Goldsworthy, on behalf of the parishioners presented Mr Kellaway with a beautiful silver urn and breadplate and knife. Mr Kellaway thanked the speakers for their kind congratulations and the parishioners for their valuable gifts, and Mr C. H. Kellaway responded on behalf of his mother. At intervals musical and elocutionary items were rendered by Miss Hilda Harvey, Miss Olive Swift, Miss Ilma Bull, Miss Violet Farr, Mr. Rickerby, and the Messrs Miller. Refreshments were handed round, the guests of the evening being seated at an amply provided wedding breakfast. The centre of attraction for the young people was the wedding cake, of which all were eager to carry away a portion. It was a most enjoyable evening and a happy surprise to Mr and Mrs Kellaway.

The concerts given in the Melbourne town hall during the week by Mr. Ben Davies, one of the world's tenors, and Miss Esta d'Argo, a gifted Australian who has made a reputation abroad, have aroused the musical folk of Melbourne to enthusiasm with their delightful singing. Mr Davies is a singer of quite exceptional purity and beauty. To night he will sing—"On with the Motley," "My Pretty Jane," "The Sailor's Grave," "The Songs of Araby," etc. Miss d'Argo will render—"Jewel Song" (Faust), "Where the Bee Sucks" "The Swallows," etc.

Campers and holiday makers cannot do better than include B. E. Johnson's celebrated plum puddings in their hamper.—advt.

NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY.

The first meeting of the newly constituted library committee was held in the committee room on Tuesday evening, when the following members were present:—Crs Bastings and Hayes and Messrs Whalley, Membrey, Tobin, and Don. The town clerk (Mr. Swift) was also present by request. Officers were appointed as follows:—President, Cr. H. Bastings, mayor; vice president, Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A.; treasurer, Mr. S. H. Don; honorary secretary, Mr. R. J. Whalley. A considerable number of matters were dealt with and recommendations were made relating to the committee's powers, control of the finances, etc., for approval of the council. The president & secretary were authorised to draw up document defining the librarian's duties in order that applications might be called for the position, and Messrs Tobin, Lees, and Don were appointed a book committee. The treasurer submitted the balance sheet for the year, duly audited, showing receipts amounting to £236 16s, £39 1s brought forward from previous year, and £7 9s proceeds from ball. The expenditure totalled £227 11s 11d, books and periodicals accounting for £190 0s 2d, the credit balance being £9 4s 1d. The treasurer added a memo. to the effect that there were accounts outstanding, principally for new books, aggregating £77 3s 5d, against which the sum of £75 was due by the council, being money advanced by the committee from Government grant. The balance sheet was adopted on the motion of Cr Hayes and Mr Tobin.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT.

SOME SURPRISING FIGURES.

POPULARITY OF THE LIBRARY INCREASING.

The librarian (Miss N. Clarke) reported as follows:—The president and committee.—Gentlemen,—I beg to report that during the last month the library has been even more popular, each week registering a daily increase in the attendance, not only for taking away books for home reading, but in the newspaper and reading rooms. A noticeable fact, too, is that the people remain much longer than they appeared to do at first, and seem to come now, not merely out of curiosity to inspect the library, but to make actual use of the books and papers at their disposal.

I have now enrolled in the borrowers' register over 1100 names, and you will note by the number of books changed that the people are making great use of their opportunity. Between the 11th September and 14th Oct. (30 days) I changed 4141 books, and I estimate the nightly attendance at 250, split up as follows:—To change books, 140; to read in the library, 110. These numbers, of course, fluctuate. On two or three occasions I have changed just on 200 books, and on one evening 244 books were exchanged."

Mr Tobin moved that the interesting and able report of the librarian be adopted. He thought the committee were exceedingly fortunate in obtaining Miss Clarke's services. Mr Don seconded.—Carried.

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Localisms.

Hospital Sunday To-morrow.—Will Church Secretaries and Stewards please leave the results of collections at Mr Walker's pharmacy, Northcote; at Mr. Dyte's pharmacy, Thornbury; and at Mr. Fagent's pharmacy, Preston, immediately after the evening service, so that we may get same and forward to the daily papers.

Since the opening of the Carnegie Free Library Northcote is rapidly becoming a reading community. For the thirty days ending 14th inst., 4141 books were taken out for home reading.

The most popular place in Northcote just now is the Free Library. The average nightly attendance, according to the librarian's estimate, is 250.

Last year the Northcote Library committee expended the large sum of £250 in literature.

Sinking fund on Preston's loan of £10,000 now amounts to £5279 10s. 8d.

J. C. Hutton Pty. Ltd. on Monday evening wrote to the Preston Council, stating that they had pleasure in forwarding the building fee, as requested. The incident in connection with the erection of a certain "resting-place for pigs" is therefore now closed.

Preston Council were notified on Monday evening that Mr. R. Shalders had been appointed to audit the council's books, at a fee of £23 2s.

Miss Clarice Freeman, L.A.B., intimates that she prepares pupils for examinations.

The Northcote Municipal Band will render the following programme at Preston tram terminus to-morrow, at 3 o'clock, in aid of the hospitals:—1. March, "Kia Ora;" 2. Valse (contest), "Cascino Tanize;" 3. "The Turkish Patrol;" 4. Cornet Solo, "Lost Chord;" 5. March, "Gippsland;" 6. "Vesper Hymn," with variations; 7. Handel's celebrated "Largo," and Selection Less Bands—Jollies; 9. March, "Artillery." The Preston Boy Scouts will collect in uniform.

A grand display and concert will be given by the Prince of Wales' Park Ladies' Guild, on Wednesday next, October 25, in the High-street Methodist school hall. Mr. J. H. Davey and Mr. Victor Trotman will assist.

To-night's programme for Croxton Recreation Ground open-air concert is elsewhere advertised. It should provide an excellent evening's entertainment.

The Rev. Dr. Watkin, the oldest Australian Methodist minister, and the first Australian native to reach the presidential chair, will visit Preston on Sunday next and conduct service in the South Preston Methodist Church in the morning, and at the North Preston church at night. It was Dr. Watkin's father who wrote the plea that so moved England, nearly a century ago:—"Pity Poor Fiji!"

Pender's Grove Settlers' Association is holding a smoke social this evening, at Ralph's Hall, at Plenty-road and High-street, at 8 p.m.

We have had some good old municipal veterans in these districts, but Cr. Dowling, delegate to the Annual Conference of the Municipal Association, this week breaks all records. Cr. Dowling has been associated with the Morthoe Council for nearly sixty years, and has been a member since 1863. He is ninety-one years of age, and was a member of an old road board in 1858.

Under the head of "For the Clever Young Folks" arithmetical problems have been set from week to week for some time. Answers while mainly from local boys and girls, have yet come in from various parts of the State. By yesterday's post a correct answer came to the problem set in the *Leader* of Sept. 30 from W. H. Clayden, Elvire street, Midland Junction, West Australia. No time could have been lost by the W.A. mathematician.

B. E. Johnson's celebrated plum puddings for the coming holidays.—advt.

It was the quaint idea of an American to buy a 500 acre cemetery in which to bury people who had been talked to death. Rev. Mr. Bunton told this story as a reason for making a short speech at the Congregational bazaar opening on Thursday.

It is notified that entries for All Saints' flower show, to be held at the parish hall, Murray road, Preston, close with the secretary, Miss Emily Zwar, on Tuesday week.

Mr. F. T. Eagles announces his intention of coming back to his old pharmacy, High street, Northcote, shortly to resume business as chemist and dentist.

Yet once again has Cr. Smith, Northcote, scored with his buggy pony, taking first prize this week at the Werribee Show.

At the monthly meeting of the Australian Women's National League at the Bradford hall, Preston, on Wednesday evening, October 25th, Mrs. Watson Robertson will speak on "Organising and Preferential Voting." A large attendance is expected, as the president (Mrs. Stanlake) and committee have issued a number of invitations. There will be music and refreshments.

"Spring Suitings In."—Come in and see them! Admission and advice free! Smartest Sac Suits for sunny seasons. To order from 60s. Patterns posted. Call or write. T. Trevena, 266 Smith street, Collingwood, or 'Phone City 410. [Advt].

Stott and Bastings advertise for sale, allotments in the centre of Northcote on exceptionally easy terms.

The Mayor (Cr. H. Bastings) has informed Mr. F. Duffield that he is awaiting a reply from the Under Treasurer in reference to proposed expenditure before taking action in regard to calling a public meeting re town hall. The petition protesting against this item of expenditure will not, therefore, be presented at the next council meeting.

In response to the appeal of the committee of Women's Hospital, Carlton, to the Metropolitan States Schools for donations of eggs, the pupils of Preston State School 1494, responded so liberally that the number of eggs received by the head teacher (Mr. Mankey) totalled 76 dozen.

At the Northcote Police Court last Monday a man named Spencer was charged with assaulting Richard Holt in front of the Grand View Hotel on the 7th inst, and was fined 10s and £1 3s 6d costs.

Admission to Thornbury Picture Theatre to-morrow evening will be by silver coin. The proceeds will be for the Hospital Sunday fund.

Bread.—Johnson's bread is the people's choice.—advt.

This afternoon at "Monirose," the residence of Mrs. Geo. Reid, Clarke street, there will be a garden fete in aid of the Northcote Presbyterian Church building fund and the Girls' Rescue Home, Elsternwick. The mayoress (Mrs. H. Bastings) will open the fete punctually at 3, and it will be continued through the afternoon and evening. Amongst the attractions will be an interesting pageant representing "Past and Present" by the young folk. Di Gillio's band will provide music.

Trevena advertises white serge cricketing trousers from 16s to order. All serge shrunk before making. [Advt].

At to-night's open air entertainment at Croxton, Messrs Roth Bros., J. Wallace, Howard and Palmer, Miss Elsie McGuire, and other comedy sketch artists will provide the programme, in addition to which there will be a display of beautiful pictures. On Monday evening there will be a grand vaudeville and bioscope concert. The special engagements are—Arthur Douglas, Scotch comedian, and Joe Hurley, impersonator.

T. Gracio, sanitary and general plumber, corner Arthurton-road and St. George's-road, intimates that he undertakes sewerage work, as well as contracts for general house repairs.

Election Notes.

All friends and supporters of Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., are requested to attend a rally of the combined committee's at the town-hall, Northcote, on Tuesday evening, 24th inst., at 8.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PROGRESSIVE MOVE CONTEMPLATED

BAZAAR IN AID OF BUILDING FUND.

At the Northcote town hall on Thursday a bazaar was opened in connection with the local Congregational Church.

The Rev. Mr. Bunton, in introducing the Mayoress (Mrs. Harold Bastings) to open the fair, forecasted a progressive move in connection with the church. He said the ladies of the church had been assiduously and enthusiastically working for the past six months for this bazaar, the real object of which was to raise funds to provide the balance of the purchase money of their new site in Martin street. He had no doubt about this being accomplished and of their very soon being able to make a start with their new church.

The Mayoress said she was very pleased to accept the invitation and sincerely hoped that the church would very greatly benefit by the work of the ladies. She had much pleasure in declaring the bazaar open. (Applause).

The Mayoress was then presented by little Miss Doris Bunton, on behalf of the ladies, not with the orthodox pretty but perishable bouquet, but with a nice box of hand-painted linen for table ornamentation.

Cr. Hayes, in moving a vote of thanks to the Mayoress for coming to the assistance of the ladies, said she was thoroughly entering into the spirit of the position, and he was sure all would join him in wishing her and the mayor a very pleasant term of office.

The vote of thanks was carried with acclamation.

There was a good attendance at the opening, and after business had somewhat settled down and those present had made their purchases from the various well furnished and gaily decorated stalls, items for the entertainment of patrons were introduced. Miss L Pitt, accompanied on the piano by Miss Olive Swift, sang "An Emblem," while Miss Pitt recited "Shadows," and Miss Wilkinson gave a humorous sketch, "The Waybacks in Town," all three items being much appreciated.

The following were the stall holders:—Flower Stall—Mrs. Brace, Miss Gladys Kidd; Doll Stall—Mrs. Miller, Misses, Lily Pickering, Duncan and Gourley; Produce Stall—Miss Miller, Mrs. Ocklesbaw, Mr. Prohasky; Fancy Stall—Mesdames Hayes, Marriott, Misses Gillies and Doidge; Jumble Stall—Mrs. Thomas, Misses K. Thomas, Garson, Rogers and Miller; Ice Cream—Misses Wood, Pickering and Clemens; Cake Stall—Miss Baty, Mrs. Andrew; Useful Stall—Mesdames Armstrong, F. Brace, Baty; Sweets Stall—Mrs. Candy, Misses E. and G. Miller; Panto-Shadow mime—Miss D. Miller, Mr. Eric Erickson, Mr. Greer, and Master Reece Miller; Afternoon Tea—Mrs. Bunton, Misses E. Miller, Erickson, Shands, Kidd, Wardell, V. Clemens and V. Bleach; Post Office—Misses Oakford and Ware.

The takings on the first day amounted to £60. The promoters feel assured that the fair will realise three figures.

The Brighton Orchestra supplied the music in the evening, and Mr. O. Brown and Miss Miller contributed solos.

Epping Shire News.

The Epping and Craigieburn Cricket Clubs met on the Epping ground on Saturday last It being the first match of the year played on the home ground there was a fair number of spectators to witness it. The Craigieburn club had a number of their best men absent, but nevertheless they were enabled to inflict a defeat on the home team. Craigieburn's skipper won the toss and elected to go in first. They were dismissed for 68. Epping were less successful, only compiling 46. George King was the most successful batsman, making an attractive 25. A match is to be played on Saturday between the married and single men which ought to prove a very interesting encounter. Both sides are confident of victory and there is bound to be a good attendance.

The contractor (Mr. Kelly) is making good headway with the new R.C. Presbytery. When finished this building will be an ornament to the town.

A very successful euchre party and dance was held in the Mechanics' Institute, Woodstock, on Friday evening last, 13th inst. There was a large attendance from the surrounding district at both entertainments. Mr. and Mrs. P. Daley, of Donnybrook, were successful in the euchre tournament.

The selected Labour candidate for the electorate of Bulla is Mr. A. M. Davidson, of Epping. Mr. Davidson announces that he will open the campaign in the shire hall, Epping, this—Saturday—evening, at 8.30. Messrs. Ozanne, M.P., and Lemmon, M.L.A., will speak. Mr. McCormack, president of the shire, is announced to preside.

A public meeting has been convened by the president of the shire (Cr. McCormack) for Saturday evening next, 28th inst., for the purpose of electing three new trustees to the Epping cemetery.

A meeting of the friends and supporters of Mr. A. Robertson, M.L.A., is called for Saturday evening next, 28th inst., at the shire hall. Cr. McCormack, president of the shire, is the convener.

Motor Car Traffic

A set of rules for the regulation of motor traffic was forwarded to the Northcote Town Council on Monday evening.

Cr. Plant said it was high time the Council took action in this matter, especially considering their narrow main thoroughfare. He had seen a woman knocked down in High-street with a motor, and only that day a child had been run over. He moved that consideration be given.

Cr. Hayes, in seconding the motion, said the drivers of a lot of these machines were not motorists, but motor hogs. He had seen the dresses of two ladies spoiled by a motor car swishing close by them as they got out of a tram.

N.S.R.A. Picture Concerts.

The above held at the Northcote town hall every Saturday evening continue to be one of the chief attractions of Northcote. On Saturday evening last the usual capital programme was put forward, the pictures covering a wide variety of subjects, dramas, comedies, and scenes of travel, all being dealt with in most interesting fashion, keeping the large crowd thoroughly entertained and amused throughout. In addition to these pictures, Miss Lydia Varley sang "In a long lane that has no turning," and "Playing the game in the West." Miss Violet Carlroy's contributions were—"A girl in White," and "By the moon's Pale Light." Both were doubly encored.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary celebrations in connection with the above church were commenced on Sunday last. Rev. E. A. Albiston, M.A., was expected to preach in the morning, but owing to his illness fresh arrangements had to be made at the last moment, and Rev. John Thomas, B.A., was secured. Needless to say no substitute could have been more popular than this former esteemed minister of the congregation. The middle service took the form of a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, at which an address was given by the Hon. W. H. Edgar, M.L.C., on "Sabbath Observation." In the evening the preacher was the Rev. J. W. Crean. All the services passed off exceedingly well, there being large congregations and good discourses, the singing of the choir, under Mr. W. Illingworth, with Mr. C. Stickland at the organ, also helping materially.

On Tuesday evening there was the anniversary tea which was fairly well attended and passed off pleasantly. The following ladies presided at the tables: Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Russell; Miss Pearl and Miss Smith; Mrs. Spencer and Miss Dennis; Mrs. Schieferdecker and Mrs. Cox; Mrs. Tomkins and Mrs. Knight; Mrs. A. Hunter and Endeavour Society (represented by Misses White, Jensen, Phillips, Aldridge); Mrs. Carrah and Mrs. Wilmot; Mrs. Dimmick and Mrs. Gray; Mrs. Edgar Bastings and Mrs. B. E. Johnson; Miss Little and Mrs. S. Dennis.

The tea was followed by a concert in the church at which there was a good attendance. Rev. Percy Knight, P.A., the minister of the church, presided. The programme contained some very good items, standing out from the rest being the recitations of Miss Rose Quong and the violin solos of Mrs. Jackson. In regard to the fine performances of these two artists, the audience was thoroughly appreciative, as shown by the pronounced recalls they received. In Miss Quong's case the enthusiasm extended to a treble encore. An attractive number also was the trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," by Mrs. Maynard, Miss Tuckfield, and Miss Cox, and Miss Ruby Wrixon's songs were favorably received. The choir, who were weakened by absence of a number of their best voices, did not acquit themselves to the usual advantage. Miss Hilda Baker was unable to appear through illness and Miss Millidge kindly took her place with a pianoforte solo.

The treasurer (Mr. W. Williams) in the course of a brief address on the finances, said there had been some extraordinary expenditure during the year—items that would not recur again—but, nevertheless, they had reduced their liabilities during the year by £7. One of the items was for the installation of new lights in the church, and all must agree that a splendid improvement had been effected. There was every indication that the finances would be much healthier during the coming year. He would like to mention one piece of splendid assistance they had received recently, and that was from the Girls' Friendly Society and Young Ladies' Gymnasium, who by their floral fair had raised £35. Regarding ordinary revenue, all the largest amounts had been given through the envelope system, and he would urge upon all the advantages of systematic giving.

The chairman explained that the G.F.S. and the Y.L.G. had now become amalgamated as the Girls' Guild.

Rev. A. Madsen in the course of a brief address, said "If you want to make a church successful give everyone something to do." All could do something, if it was only to "smile."

During the evening Miss Pearl received a pleasant surprise in being presented with a valuable manicure set and a silver-mounted scent bottle.

Cr. Dennis, church steward, who made the presentation, said it came from the members of the Girls' Friendly Society, now merged into the Girls' Guild, and the trustees, in recognition of the active and valuable work Miss Pearl had put in as secretary of the G.F.S. over a number of years and during which time the society had from time to time raised sums of from £20 to £40 per year for the church. They hoped they would not lose Miss Pearl's services.

Miss Pearl, through Cr. Dennis, said in reply that she appreciated the gifts very much and that she would be pleased to continue to work for the church.

Cr. Dennis also had a few words to say on the finances. He appealed for more regular giving, telling the congregation that the state of their finances demanded it. Some time back they had abolished seat rents. He would not like to see the need arise to again introduce it.

A pleasant meeting was brought to a close with the doxology.

THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Thornbury Presbyterian Church was packed on Thursday night, when the scholars gave a concert on behalf of the annual picnic fund. The following programme was rendered:—Mr. R. Durum played an overture; M as N. Keith sang "A little child shall lead them;" the scholars contributed a cantata "The Flower Queen's Court," a dialogue "The Real Fairy," and an action song "Coach and Four;" Master W. Bulmer recited "When the Parson comes to tea," and was encored for another recitation; the boys sang an action song "Merry Boys;" Miss Alice Boyd recited "The Little Gentleman" and Miss K. Hambridge "The Bellringers' Vengeance;" Mr. Petrie contributed two violin solos; Miss Lily Gamble sang "Roses," Miss R. Wallace "My Ain Folk," and the Misses Davenport "A Japanese Song;" the infants rendered two very effective action songs, "Ring a ring of Roses" and "Candle Time;" Miss Daisy Lizard played a selection on the piano and the seniors gave a dialogue "The Bridal Wine Cup." Miss G. Campbell presided at the piano and gave every satisfaction. The whole programme reflected the utmost credit on Miss M. Wallace and Mr. R. Stone, who were primarily responsible for the training of the children, and the evening's entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

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T. TREVENA, "THE HAT KING,"
266 Smith St., Collingwood. Tel. Con. 5410.

PROPOSED ELECTRIC TRAM TO PRESTON.

DIFFERENCE OVER ROUTES.

At the meeting of the Northcote Council on Monday evening, Cr. Crispe moved the motion, of which he had given notice, that a conference of the councils of Fitzroy, Northcote and Preston be called to consider the construction of an electric tramway from Preston Reservoir, along High-street to Bell-street, down Bell-street to the pipe track, and thence by the pipe track to the Merri Creek.

Cr. Crispe, in submitting the resolution, said he did not at present propose to go into details. He thought it desirable to get a move-on and see whether the municipalities named were in favour of such a scheme, as it would be very necessary to get their co-operation and help. The Malvern tram had proved a huge success, there being a profit of something over £3000 for the past seven months. The population was certainly denser there, but there were now proposals to extend the electric trams there in all directions and through similar country to that of Northcote and Preston. He had been given to understand that the cost of putting down a double track was about £9000 a mile. Even if they did not get the co-operation of Northcote and Fitzroy, he thought it would be advantageous to make this move at the present time, as it would bring them into prominence when the Trust was formed to take over the Melbourne tramways. He hoped, however, that the proposal would receive the favourable consideration of all the councils. He thought Fitzroy Council would do its level best to try and find a route for them through to Victoria Parade. If so, this would be one of the best paying tramways outside the metropolis.

Cr. Howe seconded the motion *pro forma*.

Cr. Allchin said he was not at all in favour of this scheme. It was a very unfair proposition to other parts of the shire. The proper way for any tram to go was from the present terminus, along Plenty-road, to as far, say, as the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle Hotel, and make a connection with High-street. Running parallel with High-street was a railway line, with the cheapest railway fares in Victoria, and to run a tramway in opposition he did not think would be at all fair. The object of an electric tram was to encourage settlement. All along Plenty-road was some of the grandest building sites in the metropolis. They should nip this proposal in the bud and not entertain it. High-street was getting right into the noxious trade area, and running a line down there was practically running through waste country. There was not the slightest doubt but that Fitzroy would favour the line, but they could not expect any support from Northcote.

Cr. Stanlake supported the motion, as such a line would open up fair country. A continuation of the trams along St. George's-road was bound to come. Cr. Allchin said the line should go up Plenty-road. That was all very well to develop the east side, but they wanted the west side developed as well. As for running the tramway alongside the railway line, that was done everywhere, and it was in the interests of the people, as it kept fares down. He certainly favoured a conference.

Cr. Braithwaite said there was one obstacle he saw—the pipe track was not proclaimed a public highway yet. No one doubted the advantages of these electric tramways. If it was any other capital, there would be lines out to Thomastown, Epping and Bundoora. But, before carrying this motion, he thought they should know whether they could have the use of the pipe track.

The president (Cr. Robertson) said they would all like electric trams, but before calling a conference they should have some information to put before it—something definite and concrete. Cr. Crispe put down £9000 per mile for the line, but he did not think that covered the cost of the generating station. The cost would be enormous for such sparsely settled districts. And, as Cr. Braithwaite said, it was just as well to know about the pipe track. On this ground, he thought the move a little premature. They should thoroughly consider matters before a conference was called. The discussion might be adjourned.

Cr. Howe said he did not think they were in a position to move definitely in the matter at the present time. They must have data, so as to know where the proposal would lead them.

Cr. Warr supported the motion, remarking that the more they got in the way of facilities of travel, the better for the municipality. The adoption of the proposal would secure the co-operation of Fitzroy in getting the pipe track proclaimed a public highway.

Cr. Howse said he was totally against a conference being held at the present time. They wanted first of all to be thoroughly agreed on the route, and he agreed with Cr. Allchin that the proper route was along Plenty-road, where there was such splendid country to open up. The western side was well served by the railway.

Cr. Crispe, in reply, said his idea was to let the conference discuss the whole proposal. To continue an electric tram from the present terminus would mean three changes of cars in getting to the city, which would be a fatal objection. Should the resolution not be carried, he was prepared to move further in the matter.

The president said he would like to see the matter adjourned.

Cr. Crispe: Oh, no; take a vote.

The motion was put and lost by five votes to four.

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings, in conjunction with Swyn H. Lemme, report a successful sale by auction on Saturday last, of allotments. Lots in Carnarvon avenue realised 50s; Aberdeen grove, 20s, 20s, 35s, 36s and 40s. Ten lots were disposed of, the total sales being £785.

Stott and Bastings report the sale by auction on Wednesday last of w.b. house and land, 156 & 146, in Victoria road, Northcote. Particulars are advertised elsewhere concerning the grand subdivision sale of Jeffrey's City View Estate, Preston, some of the finest building land round the metropolis. Mr. W. H. Edgar is the auctioneer, and the date of sale,

NOTICE.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS Of A NEW STORY, Entitled

An Apple of Discord

By ESME STUART.

Author of "In the Dark," "A Woman of Forty," "Inscrutable," etc.

COMMENCED IN THIS ISSUE.

An Apple of Discord

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CHAPTER I.

Three Plotters.

Make your way eastwards from the shopping centre of London, and when you have reached the city, turn to your right down any narrow alley that comes to an end at the feet of old Father Thames; and then you will almost forget that you are in a great city and that there is around you a teeming population, struggling for existence and for wealth. Just here, at certain hours of the day, there is almost an utter absence of noise and of pedestrians—a state of things quite incongrous, for this is near the very centre of the great mart of the world. You may even find yourself watching a lonely barge busily plying its traffic backwards and forwards between the wharf and some ship that is disgorging its merchandise into the midst of the trafficking Londoners.

When the riverside urchins are about it is not safe to leave the boats hitched to the side, even for a few minutes, or woe-betide whaever goods you may have aboard. Joey Cross had one day learnt by bitter experience what it was to leave a cargo of sweetmeats to its fate, whilst he went to refresh himself in a tavern hard by. On this particular afternoon, however, Joey was simply dying to quench his thirst; so when a man, who seemed to belong to a superior class, sauntered down to the water's edge and looked carelessly around him, Joey told his tale of woe. The newcomer wore a coat that had certainly seen better days, but it was well brushed and there was a look of care about his garments to appraise men, and he knew that with this one his cargo would be safe.

"If you are to be here a few minutes, mate, would you give an eye to my boat. Maybe you'll just step aboard; it will be all right, for the boys don't dare to play their pranks if anyone is about; but, Lord! they made short work of my sweets last week!"

The man addressed did not smile as he nodded. "All right," he said, speaking with a slightly foreign accent; "I want to look at the river; I'll stay till you come back."

Joey was off in the twinkling of an eye, and the newcomer, jumping across into the boat, sat down and gazed before him as if the ever-moving water exercised a kind of mesmeric influence over him. But every now and then he turned away and looked up the alley, as if expecting to see someone. He had not long to wait, for soon a gentleman came striding down the narrow street, glancing to right and left of him till he reached the water's edge, where he immediately espied the impromptu caretaker.

"Hulloa! Novikov, I did not expect you to be so submerged!"

Again Novikov did not smile at the joke; perhaps it was too near the truth to be at all amusing. The other, on the contrary, was all smiles, and his cheery manner inspired confidence—or at least was meant to do so.

"A man asked me to watch this cargo; not a bad place for a talk either."

"Why, excellent, my friend, first-rate. I'll join you. What is he afraid of?"

"The boys, sir; they're little devils. What do you want with me to-day? He'll be back soon."

The gentleman also jumped into the boat. There was just a chance that he might miss his footing and get a mud and water bath, but happily for himself he escaped the danger with a satisfied "Ah!"

"This is almost romantic, Novikov—I told you something of the business in my letter. Of course there's a woman in it; there always is in this jovial world; but there is also money to be made out of it, which is not nearly so often the case, eh?"

"You don't pick up gold in London as I used to be told you did when I war a boy in Russia."

"Foreigners never can understand our ways, but there is money to be made at times here, and now for you, my good fellow, the time has come."

Novikov was a man of few words, and did not seem to relish the familiar manner of the speaker. He shrugged his shoulders and waited without answering.

"You don't seem cheerful this morning, Ivan Novikov. It is our duty to take the world in a cheerful spirit and then we get on that rate. Has anything happened to your beautiful niece?"

"Natasia Grisha is all right."

He said "all right" with a little accent of pride, as if he wished to show his companion that he knew English thoroughly, even its slang.

"Well, that's a good thing—you are naturally anxious to know what I want you for."

"No," answered Novikov stolidly; "you told me to be here, and here I am."

"You are certainly a very useful man, a man one can rely upon, and that is why I sent for you."

"Well, be quick, sir, the boatman will be coming back."

"If he did he would merely see in us two very amiable friends—but to business. I want you to trace a certain lady and her daughter for me."

"How is she to be traced?" asked Novikov, raising his head, as if this were something more to his mind.

"Well, of course, that is your business, not mine. But I will give you all the clues I know and you must do the rest."

"Political?" asked Novikov, his dilated nostrils showing what it was that would rouse his sullen nature.

"Oh, dear me, no. In England we laugh at politics, but there are reasons just as powerful as politics and your high faluting games. I want you to trace this lady—and her daughter because . . ."

"What do you want them for? Natasia is sure to ask; and you know without her I can do nothing."

"Well, if she is told it is political she will be all right."

"It's best to speak the truth to her."

"But that is impossible! And after all it is such a simple thing. These ladies are in London. I have traced them to lodgings in South Lambeth, and there I lost sight of them. I must have the daughter. On her depends all the—well, the happiness of my life. She must be lured away from her mother and . . ."

"What for?" repeated Novikov.

"Because—no, you would never understand, but it is for no harm, of course. Do I look as if I could injure a woman?"

Novikov looked at the speaker as if seeing him for the first time.

"No, you don't look as if you could hurt a woman, but looks are nothing."

"On the contrary, they are everything."

"What is their name?" asked the Russian, slowly.

"The girl has a ridiculous name. Her mother would insist upon christening her 'Isola Bella.' She was born in Italy, and the mother is one of those romantic women who never can do anything like other people. Now I am not romantic."

He seemed to be talking to himself, for it is doubtful if the Russian understood the meaning of the word "romantic" as applied to a lady.

"You know they are in London?"

"Yes, though I have never actually found them; but once or twice, I very nearly discovered them in their lodging, but just as I thought I was sure of success, the birds had always flown. That is why I want to employ a foreigner who cannot be suspected. You are in want of money, and I am in want of this girl, and owing to your—what shall I say?—to your occupation, you are clever at finding people, so we are a good pair to work together."

"A good pair," repeated Novikov, whilst a sarcastic smile stole over his lips. "I don't accept that compliment, for I don't pretend to be better than I am. If I had, for instance, a certain man here, sitting where you are, do you think I would stop at—murder?"

The Englishman laughed, a little uneasily, however.

"Pray don't go into particulars; I am a peaceable man, or really I should be almost afraid of you when you look like that."

"Isola Bella is the girl's name, and the mother is called?"

"Mrs. Worth. That is the name. They were, when I last heard of them, in very poor lodgings in Canary-terrace, South Lambeth, and then suddenly they fled and they left no trace—they did not even leave debts. I wish they had, for then I might have traced them."

"When I find them, what am I to do to them?" asked Ivan Novikov, apparently not doubting that he would find them.

"You must come and tell me, but you must not in any way betray your connection with me; of course, I shall know what to do next. You might get your Natasia to visit the English girl, or vice versa, and make friends and then. . . . The rest is easy."

"And what about the money?"

"The girl will be worth to me about—well—a nice litle sum. If you can bring her to me, or, at least, tell me where to find her alone, you shall have £100. Will that satisfy you?"

The Russian shook his head. He was not a man to be easily taken in.

"She must be worth a great deal to you if you care so much. I must have more."

"Well, I will double it as we are old friends."

Again Novikov shook his head.

"I'll make it guineas."

Another shake of his fine head of grisled hair.

"Come, don't be grasping. If you bring this girl to me I will make it three hundred pounds. That is a good offer to a starving man."

"I never starve; Natasia works for me," he said gruffly. "But there is risk; I might get into trouble."

"But what trouble would you get into? You have only to find the girl, and I will do the rest. Well, name your price," and the jovial man heaved a sigh of sorrow.

"I want to get something sure for Natasia, a dower for her. With us it may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. What could she do alone in this great city? I want twenty pounds a year left for her, or what would make that—I don't call that much."

"Oh! don't you? I call it rather a dear price to pay for such a small service."

"I daresay there's money in it for you or you would not be so anxious to find them. Not a penny less. Give me her mother's last address and I will find her."

"How soon? Time is important to me. I must have the girl in my possession on her twenty-first birthday."

"I knew it was money!" growled the Russian.

"Well, I am never one to grudge fair reward to those I employ. Let it be as you say; I will buy an annuity in the best insurance office in London for Natasia the day that I get Isola Worth into my power."

"You said so before, when I'd found her," said Novikov sullenly.

"It's all the same; but if you ask more you must do more for it, so there. Will you agree—yes or no?"

At this moment Joey Cross was seen running down the narrow street followed by a troop of boys. He bestowed several punishments upon them of such a kind as best suited the need of the moment; then, with a cat-like agility, he sprang aboard his boat.

"The tide is turning; I must be off. Will you have a trip, gentlemen?"

Joey Cross's face was red. He was not quite as clear about some things as he should be, and he even fancied he had left two in charge instead of one.

"Oh, the varmints; wish I could duck them all till they were drowned dead."

"Or in beer," suggested Mr. Warren. "Good-day, I think we had better leave you, my good fellow, to trip by yourself."

When the two men strode away, Mr. Warren towered above the Russian, who was short, and walked with a slight limp.

"At the top of this street we had better separate, Novikov. Can I rely on you?"

"How am I to trust your word?" he asked. "Suppose I find the girl and that you back out of the money."

"Do I look as if I should do that?" said Mr. Warren, smiling.

"I don't trust anybody," said Novikov, slowly.

Mr. Warren laughed again, still quite good-temperedly.

"You are in a melancholy mood, Novikov; well, I'll tell you why you can trust me; because it will be too dangerous for me to break my word. You Russians are a queer set of people; at least, in this country, and I should expect to find myself—well, never mind where, if I disappointed you!"

"That is all very well; but you might leave the country, and I have no money to travel looking for you."

"Come, don't pretend to be so helpless. You have friends who are well able to help you. No, my good Novikov, if you find the girl for me, you may be sure of your money; but there is one more point I wish to remind you of. I shall not pay anyone else. You may get help if you like, but that will be your affair."

"I must ask Speculo to help me. He is in love with Natasia, and so he will do anything if I let him come and sit in a corner of our room to look at her." Novikov smiled sarcastically.

"Well, she is as fine a girl as you could find in London," said Mr. Warren. "I wish Miss Worth were like her, but though she is called 'pretty,' she cannot hold a candle to your Natasia. Who is this Speculo?"

"An Englishman now; his father was Italian. He works for several masters, but I don't inquire. Speculo is very clever in his line. My own people would want to know too much, or it would be easy without him."

"The name is not English. Here we part. Good-day, Novikov; I hope you will let me hear from you soon. I will send you all the particulars to-night by post."

"Send it to-night by hand; Speculo will come to see Natasia."

The two men separated without further formality, and each went their own ways and were soon lost to sight in the turmoil of the great city.

Mr. Warren had a well-contented smile on his face as he walked westward. He had at last found what he had been so long looking for; a man who was clever enough to find a needle in a stack of hay; a man, too, who had not even a rudimentary conscience, or, if he had one, it had long ago been dulled by personal misfortunes, which had touched him too nearly to keep his mind in its proper balance. Now only hatred of humanity burnt in his breast, a radium fire, unquenchable, ever glowing.

But even Novikov had his good side; he was not avaricious. If he had bargained for money it was not that he cared for gold, but because the one feeling still left to him which bound him to humanity was a strange affection for his niece, an orphan whom he had adopted. He knew that his own life was not worth depending upon, and what could this girl do without him? If he could be sure of her future, he could better afford to run risks he enjoyed, but which at times were tremendous. But, as a matter of fact, he was not penniless, and Natasia had regular employment, whilst in her leisure moments she made beautiful Russian embroidery, and kept all his things clean and mended, saving him every penny that was possible.

"If only she would marry someone that would take care of her," he thought; "but she is a strange girl. She does not love as other girls do. She only cares for me, she says; but it will come in time; it must come. Speculo—no, he is a worthless fellow; he would not make her happy. It must be someone who is more like her." He dived into a back street and, after a time, turned into a little newsagent's shop, where there was a look of dirt and mystery over everything, and strange literature in unknown tongues on a diminutive counter.

The man at the counter nodded.

"Is she upstairs?" said Novikov.

"Yes, she is. She's upstairs, too," he added, looking gloomy. "Speculo called an hour ago, but I told him you were not there."

"He'll call again, I dare say." Then Novikov opened a back door and hurried upstairs to the top of the house.

"Natasia," he called, and then he opened the door and entered a small, exquisitely-clean room that looked over miles of roof, made beautiful only when the sunsets and sunrises robed these unlovely things in rich mantles of every color and of every hue.

CHAPTER II.

Speculo.

"I am glad you have come back at last, uncle! The samovar has been ready this last hour, and your dinner. Did you meet the man you wanted to see?"

The girl who spoke was a maiden whom no one could have taken to be English. She was not very tall, but beautifully proportioned. Her fair hair was coiled round her head, but did not hide its exquisitely-shaped contour, and her blue eyes, though sweet and truthful, did not look as if they saw merely the common sights of earth. There was that in her which spoke of gentle blood, and yet her hands showed that she knew what toil meant. Though there was in her face a far-off look of sadness, she was not really sad; on the contrary, she had about her a quiet gladness that nothing could really crush, denoting plainly that she wove her own web of happiness out of the joy emanating from a good heart. At times the sorrows of other people could make her flush up and tremble with an excitement which plainly spoke of wild steppes far away, over which free tribes live and die in perfect liberty. It was this power of sudden passion that made Natasia interesting; otherwise she might have stood for a picture of a calm Madonna enthroned above the joys and sorrows of poor humanity. Her uncle, Novikov, was a strange contrast to her, with his reckless nature and his callous indifference to many ideas of what other people call right and wrong.

"Yes, Natasia, I met him. Our business was soon over. He wants me to find a lost friend in this wilderness of London. A mother and her daughter, that is."

"Surely that will be easy to you; you have but to tell the friends of the Four Square, and they would find anyone in a week. Did you tell him so?"

"No; I could not use the members of our committee, Natasia. You know well that any such business must come before them, and they would require good proof that this affair was in some way connected with our people; otherwise they would laugh it to scorn. They would not, if they knew, even let me undertake it, so keep your own counsel."

"You did not refuse, then?"

"No; I said I would do it myself, and that I could get your help."

"Surely; but what is it for?"

There was a tone of anxiety in the girl's voice.

"This man I have met on other occasions wants to find these relations, I suppose. It has something to do with money; it is the girl who is wanted."

"What is her name, or are they in hiding under another name?"

"I know not. My business is to find them. The girl is called Isola Bella."

"What a lovely name!" exclaimed Natasia, her eyes glowing with a sudden look of enthusiasm. "She must be a nice girl. Don't you remember when we were at Stresa, in Italy, uncle, I said that that was the most beautiful island in the world?"

Novikov grunted, but Natasia knew that she could not get much response from her uncle when she indulged in romantic thoughts. As well expect pearls out of a puff-ball. But she never would believe that there was no answering chord that could vibrate to hers. It was merely his way to hide what he felt most, so she put it to herself, and through this reasoning Novikov had many beautiful ideas attributed to him, and even a few golden deeds that he had never dreamt of having or of undertaking.

"Has Speculo been here?" he said, to turn the conversation, though he knew the answer.

"He called, but he did not come up," she said simply. Natasia never told lies. It was inconvenient, but Novikov had ceased to expect them of her.

"Speculo will help me. He is the cleverest Englishman that I know. It's his Italian blood."

Natasia did not answer, but she deftly began to cut some bread and butter to eat with their sausages, every now and again murmuring "Isola Bella," as if the sound were a pleasure to her. Presently all was ready, and the two sat down to their simple meal. Novikov ate and drank what Natasia set before him without seeming to know what it was, but all the time his niece rippled on with small histories of the people she had come across that day, and what she had heard in the workrooms, for she worked at a West-End dressmaker, who was a nice woman, and as much as possible studied the health and comfort of her girls. Natasia was so good-looking that she was often sent to help the fitter-on, and in this way she saw many ladies of the best English families, and listened to their chatter. She would repeat it to Novikov, though often he did not hear or listen to her innocent stories, but he liked the sound of her voice and it seemed to do him good, a sort of musical accompaniment as he laid his plans for very different kind of work.

Presently there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"There is Speculo," said Natasia; "he will prevent our walk, uncle."

"No, no, child; go and visit a friend whilst I consult with Speculo, and then we will have our walk; I want some air; this London is a stifling place." There was a knock at the door, and Novikov grunted, "Come in."

The door was opened and Speculo entered, a short laugh preceding him. He was a man of about thirty years of age. He had a soft voice and gentle manners, but also a curious habit of looking very swiftly sideways at the person he was addressing. He was well-dressed after the fashion of many thousands of respectable city clerks. His hands were white, nor did they look as if he ever spoilt them with over-much manual labor. The blue veins on them were very visible and he had long filbert nails; but there was in spite of their delicacy an appearance of great strength about these same hands, as if all the character had concentrated itself in them.

"Good evening, Novikov, good evening, Miss Natasia," he said in a soft voice. "I called some time ago, but you were not at home. Pears' Soap was like a bear. He is a bear. I shall call him Bears' Soap, eh, Miss Natasia?"

"No; I was out on business," growled Novikov, giving a reluctant smile. "Pears knows his duty."

"It is a nice warm spring day; would you like to come out, Miss Natasia? I will take you into the park. There is quite a lovely border of flowers to be seen. Your little window-box would be jealous."

"I want you on business first," said Novikov. The suave tones of Speculo made him feel still more surly.

"Don't go, Miss Natasia," he said quickly, as he saw the girl preparing to leave the room.

"Yes, let the child go; I want you alone. Come back in half an hour, child."

Natasia went out without even glancing at Speculo. He was her uncle's acquaintance; she had nothing to do with him but to be polite.

"She is no longer a child, Novikov," said James Speculo, looking after the girl. "By Jove! she is beautiful. If she were in London society now you would have——"

"Let the girl alone, Speculo. She is a working girl. Do you think I would let her marry a gentleman! No; down with all the rich; my child shall wed a poor man; but I would rather she did not marry at all. Now I want to know if you are very busy this week? You are always talking of your work; I don't know what it is, but I suppose it is not all in the clouds, eh?"

"To be sure it is not! I have to go into the country and here and there and everywhere, even abroad. It's a hard life, but I don't say that there is not something to be picked up at it."

"If there was nothing to be made you would not be in it;" and Novikov grinned. By the way, you went to a meeting of 'The Four Square.' I answered for you, so I hope you will act square."

"That is your little joke, Novikov. Of course, we must all live, and naturally I must think of the future, but I am a poor man, so that I could safely wed Natasia if that is all you want. A snail, I daresay, gets his home on the three years' hire system; but I don't."

"Tut, what nonsense! Natasia does not think of you in that light; I should be very angry with her if she did! The girl has to help me now; I can't do without her. I have to keep her; she must work for her living and for mine."

"And what is your work, Novikov? I have often wondered. Strange we both are ignorant. A woman would soon have found out."

Speculo glanced sideways at the Russian.

"To destroy all the rich,' he growled. "That's plain enough, is it not? I've nothing to hide."

"But you have some system for doing this, I suppose. I should like to join the society. In my humble way I would give a helping hand."

They wouldn't trust you far, Speculo, you are too rich; besides, you work for the Government. You need not deny it."

"How do you know that? You do me too much honor! No, no; I only know a man who does a little work in that line, and occasionally he gives me a job. There must be some secret Service, though England can afford to despise it. Do you call the man who blacks the King's shoes a courtier, and yet he is always at the feet of royalty?"

Speculo laughed, but Novikov took no notice of his sally.

"England's day will come, mark my words; she will have to fight against a powerful foe—not fifty years hence, either. Ah! you will see things here some day. But to the point, Speculo. A friend of mine wants to find the dwelling-place of a lady and her daughter. He will tell me the last address and I am to find the rest—will you help me?"

"Help you, Novikov! Why, you are ten times cleverer than I am. I am a tyro, quite a tyro at the work of finding, whilst you—I may find the cheese when it smells strong, but you would find the empty trap. No; you are joking."

"Don't waste words; will you help me, and what is your price?"

"My price! What an idea! Why for you I would do anything."

"But not for nothing. The sooner this thing is done the better. Do you understand?"

"To be sure. It is not easy in London, but there are ways, for instance, of finding out how many people of the name of Smith there are in London; but it would be tedious."

"Of course there are ways, and if it were not for my business I would not ask your help; why should I? But this is not in my real line of business."

"Let me see—a certain Englishman wants to find a lady and her daughter; then he has a motive; find the motive, Novikov, and the people will follow as easily as a cat's tail follows its owner."

"Of course he has a motive; but that is not my business."

"And you want to oblige this Englishman for nothing, Novikov, I admire you. I thought you had renounced humanity, and now I find your heart is like melted wax. It's living with the tender Natasia that does it."

"Do I care for gold," said the Russian, facing the Englishman, whilst his faded blue eyes seemed to dart forth glances of fire. "In that affair that you wot of, did I get my share of gold or did you take it all?"

Speculo seemed to wince a little as he glanced sideways, but a smile hovered over his lips.

"Come, don't be angry; I only wanted information. An electric light is easy to turn on, but it doesn't affect a blind man. One must know the motive to succeed, and this seemed at first sight such an unusual work for you. In fact, I have never known you undertake such a job before, Novikov; upon my word I haven't. It shows you to be a philanthropist."

"You know nothing about me. But to business. Natasia will be coming back, and I have promised to take her for a walk. This is her only free afternoon."

"We will say nothing about money, then. It is true what you said about that other business; you were generous; but you don't care for what money brings; I do. My wits are hard task-masters, and they like the pelf."

"I gave you more than gold. Your chief thought you had done the work alone; you got the credit."

"I tell you we will say nothing about money, but I do want to know if you will say something to Natasia about me."

"What should I say?"

"That I am not a bad fellow—in fact, that I should make her a very good husband."

"Oh, you think so, do you? It does not do to mix races. If she falls in love that will be time enough; till then, my friend, let her alone. If she thought that you were making love to her, she would never look at you again. She believes that you are my friend. In that light she will be kind to you. She adores no one but her uncle. Strange, but it is so."

"It is strange," said Speculo, with a smile on his lips as he eyed Novikov. "A bee on a poisonous flower; but there's something to be got out of it or the bee wouldn't settle there."

There was a knock at the door, and Novikov rose to open it. A note was handed to him by Mrs. Pears. It had come by special messenger.

"Here's something for you, Mr. Novikov. Prime Minister is busy to-day." She winked at Speculo as she retired.

"Now, Speculo, you will know as much as I do."

He opened the envelope and read out:—

"Mrs. Worth lived a year ago at No. 9 Canary-terrace, with her daughter, by name Isola Bella Worth. They were very poor at that time, and Mrs. Worth could hardly pay her way. The girl is tall, has brown hair, and a bright color. Rather deep-set brows, and very pretty. Not yet twenty-one. For a year they have baffled my attempts at tracing them. I must have a talk with the girl privately before her twenty-first birthday. This will be in three months' time. She must sign important papers unknown to her mother, who is not aware that these papers exist. Being too well known to them they have been able to give me the slip. I enclose a photograph taken some time ago. I am not in a hurry. A week before the three months will suit me if you keep an eye on her till then.—Warren."

Novikov looked at the photograph a few seconds, then handed it to his companion, who exclaimed:

"I say, Novikov, look at this girl. Why, she is a beauty. Is it a case of love? Must be!"

"Nonsense! English girls can be pretty, but not my style; besides Warren is not young. I'll get this picture copied."

"No; let me do it. I know a man who will do all that sort of thing for me free of expense; why waste money?" Speculo wrote down the address and gazed at the photograph.

"The mother was pretty, too, when she was young; but there is too much the look of—what shall I say—of a woman who thinks she has a soul. She won't give in easily, I wager."

"I have to find them, that is all I care about. Three months! They can't give us the slip, for they will not be afraid of me, but we must be cautious."

"There is Natasia coming back," said Speculo, his hearing being wonderfully acute. "She treads like a wild gazelle. Natasia's the girl for me."

"No, she isn't," said Novikov quickly. "Natasia is not your sort.'

Natasia opened the door.

"Are you ready, uncle? You will get no walk, and Mr. Speculo will miss his holiday, too."

"May I come with you, Miss Natasia? The day would be full of sunshine, for you will be the golden orb."

"Where do you pick up your comparisons?" said Natasia, laughing. "It's as uncle likes."

"If you like," said Novikov unconcernedly.

"Let me stand the treat of a carriage, Novikov; it will do Miss Natasia good to inhale the spring air."

"Little father, say yes. We shall feel quite grand."

Novikov frowned. He did not wish to feel grand at all, but he yielded in so far as he did not say no.

However, Speculo had signalled a passing carriage, and Mrs. Pears had come out of the shop to see the sight of her lodgers driving away.

"Quite the Cabinet Minister to-day, Mr. Novikov! and Mr. Speculo is the Hunder-Secretary of State. Pears is gone out, and he'll be terribly put out to have missed the sight."

"You'll feel lifted up several pegs, Mrs. Pears! There, I have left the photograph on the table," said Speculo as he jumped into the open carriage. "How tiresome, but I'll call to-morrow for it. Time enough. Now let's go round the parks. They'll envy me, Miss Natasia, and you will feel like a duchess."

"I love the sunshine. I think God will punish the wicked with eternal darkness, nothing more."

"They would switch on lightning, pretty soon," said Speculo; "but I for one don't believe in wicked people; it's only instinct; some have one kind and some have another."

Natasia shook her head; she believed in good and evil.

"When will you begin work?" asked Novikov. He was a man of one purpose.

"My advice is," said Speculo, waving his hand to emphasise his words, "that you need not do anything in this business, Novikov, till this day week, when I will come again and report progress, royal progress—eh, Miss Natasia?"

"How sweet the air is to-day, uncle. I wish we were living in the country; I do not like London."

"A little cottage in the country—that would suit you," said Speculo, smiling. "I agree with you; that's my ambition."

"No you don't," muttered Novikov; "why you are a town bird altogether, Speculo."

"But we have moments when the flight of the imagination reaches the sky. If I once let my mind go I dream of my cottage home—when I was a boy."

Novikov ejaculated a little word, followed by the word "Nonsense."

"Now, you, Novikov, you don't understand my feelings! You have always lived in towns."

"I have lived in a mine," said Novikov, his eyes flashing, "because man is a wild beast to his fellow-creatures, and so I learnt my creed there as a young man."

"Ah! is it so? Well, that must have been long ago. You in Russia do strange things. England is the only free country! No other would care to shelter you, Novikov! They say that your Emperor is never very happy when he thinks of your friends and of you, eh, Novikov?"

We shall live to see better days. In the meanwhile, Speculo, I have had enough of this carriage; I am not used to sitting idle. Come, you can finish your drive alone; I have business not far from here. Natasia, don't be late."

It never entered Novikov's head to think that Natasia was not as safe without him as with him. She was used to taking care of herself. When he had got down Speculo waxed even more eloquent; he liked to watch Natasia's face of amusement and enjoyment. He thought of the time when he should be able to offer her a home, and when he would call her his wife. He never doubted that the socialist's niece would accept the honor when the time came. Besides, he meant to weave a web round old Novikov, which should entangle him somewhat closely, and then he should act as his deliverer. Speculo was indeed a man of imagination. At last he dismissed the carriage, and he and Natasia sat in the park looking at the smart people going by. Natasia enjoyed herself immensely. She loved all that was beautiful. Suddenly she started.

"Oh, look at that lovely girl, Mr. Speculo. There, walking quickly, alone; do you see? I am sure I know her." Speculo was too late.

"When one is looking at a swan, Miss Natasia," one doesn't heed a goose." Natasia laughed.

"You are a very funny man, Mr. Speculo. Will you walk home with me now, or shall I go alone?"

Speculo accompanied Natasia to her door, then he went off to his own home.

To be Continued

MEN YOU SHOULD NOT MARRY.

The day is gone by when women looked upon marriage as an absolutely essential event in their lives. This is the day of the independent woman, who will gladly marry the man whom she can both love and respect; but if she fails to find him, she can and does refuse to marry at all rather than marry simply to escape any supposed stigma or disability which may attach to the condition of spinsterhood.

But in spite of this increased independence on the part of women, there are still numbers of the fair sex who are inclined to think twice and thrice before refusing a man, even if he should not by any means amount to the grand passion of their lives. Girls, however, are to be warned against certain types of men whom they will do well to avoid.

Never marry a man to reform him. It is almost invariably a delusion and a snare—to the girl, that is. If a man is vicious and has bad habits before marriage, he will have vicious and bad habits after marriage, and the girl who marries him is walking straight, not into a married paradise, but into a wedded Gethsemane.

Do not marry a man who is a spendthrift. He is often rather a jolly sort, with attractive manners and a very careless style, which girls rather like, but unless the girl is content to face eventually poverty, and perhaps something worse than poverty, she had better let him "gang his ain gait" without her companionship.

As a rule a spendthrift becomes a cadger. He flings his money about while he has got any, quite careless of the happiness of those who are dependent upon him, but when his money is gone he does not scruple to beg for more, and to stoop to all kinds of mean devices to "raise the wind." Avoid the spendthrift as you would the plague. He is selfish and heartless.

Do not marry the man whose word you cannot rely upon.

A man who is capable of telling a lie is capable of any meanness and any shabby trick. Lying is one of those things which doctors call, when they are speaking of diseases, "symptomatic." It shows a radical defect of character—a lack of conscience and rectitude and honor, defects which will not help to make a woman happy. No; the liar is a man to avoid. Give him a wide berth. Whatever you do, do not marry him.

Do not marry the man who sneers at the things you hold dear—the cynic, the blase man, who has seen everything and done everything, and lost all respect for honor and virtue and goodness and truth, and, indeed, has ceased to believe in these things. Such a man will quickly take the bloom off a woman's ideals, and drag her down to his own level of cynicism and unbelief.

And, when all is said, there is no happiness to be found in a cynical, sneering, unbelieving view of life, any more than there is any joy in a cold, cloudy day. That sort of thing blots the sunshine out of life, and a life-long companionship with such a man would be sufficient to blight any girl's brightness.

Do not marry a man who thinks of himself first, last and all the time, and expects everybody to wait upon him. Such a man is a born tyrant. He seems to walk with an imaginary mirror in front of him, in which he sees nothing else in all the world except himself. The man who loves himself best and first cannot possibly make a good husband, because love is giving and not taking, and is essentially unselfish.

No girl can mistake this sort of thing. She will quickly discover, long before it is too late, that she has got a thoroughly self-centred man to deal with, and unless she wants the position of housekeeper, or upper servant, instead of wife, she will do well to give him his conge before it is too late.

He simply wants someone who will fetch and carry for him, and the only love he knows is the love of himself, and when he has expended his love on himself he has none to spare for anybody else, however much he may protest to the contrary.

A DIAMOND MINER'S LUCK.

Among the many tragedies closely connected with the diamond fields of South Africa, the case of Henry Beauchamp, who went from London a few years since to seek his fortune in the African mines, is one of the most striking.

In common with many others who were bent upon the same errand, he arrived upon the field of his search in exalted spirits and full of hope and expectation.

Beauchamp was not a man to be easily discouraged, but after enduring all the privations that hunger, exposure, and illness could subject him to for months, without finding a single stone to reward his labors, he was about to give up in despair. His ill-luck seemed the more bitter since a miner close by his side had dug a fortune out of the ground after a single week of easy labor. Upon a crust of bread he toiled on, hoped on. Finally, at a time when he was almost perishing with hunger, fortune knocked at his door.

He found a gem, but the size of it was so great that the possession of it rather increased his miseries than alleviated them. No one could possibly afford to pay such a sum as it was actually worth. Then, again, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase were it known that he had so much value upon his person. What was to be done? He had no money wherewith to get away. He dared not attempt to borrow on the security of his precious jewel.

Deciding to keep on working the same ground, he starved and labored, but no more precious stones were to be found. He had got the aggregated riches of that locality in his one great prize. He sought a new place, and finally, after weeks of struggle, he found a few small stones, scarcely enough to buy him bread and repay one or two small loans he had succeeded in making at enormous rates of interest. He squared all up, however, at last, and kept on digging, until a few more small stones rewarded his patience and perseverance.

With the means thus obtained he managed to make his way to the seacoast and to embark for England, dreaming of future wealth and luxury. Arrived in London, he hastened to a respectable diamond dealer to dispose of his treasure. He scarcely dared to show it even to the merchant, but did so at last, when, to his horror and dismay, his dreams were dispelled in an instant. The precious diamond turned out to be a worthless pebble!

Beauchamp is now the inmate of an insane asylum, and believes that he received an enormous sum for his diamond and is worth millions of pounds.

Distressing Similarity.

A Londoner went to spend his summer holidays at a country house, the landlady of which professed to give bed and board for twenty-five shillings a week.

"I assure you," said he, when describing his visit to friends, "I was there a week before I discovered which was the bed and which was the board!"

GRAVE AND GAY.

Wife: I don't think she's a nice woman at all. She's said some horrid things about me.

Hubby: Never mind. She only repeats what she hears others say!

"George calls me his idol, and says I shall never have to do anything but let him worship me."

"Well, after you're married he'll find plenty for idol hands to do."

He: I should think nothing could be worse than being made love to by the wrong man.

She: Oh, yes. Not being made love to by the right one.

Tramp: You haven't sixpence about you, sir?

Pedestrian: How did you find that out? I thought nobody knew I was broke.

Mrs. Peckem: I expect my brother will live and die a bachelor. He says he's afraid to marry.

Peckem: That's funny. I never knew what fear was—when I was single.

According to this magazine," said Mrs. Biffingham, "sliced onions scattered about a room will absorb the odor of fresh paint."

"I guess that's right," rejoined Biffingham. "Likewise, a broken neck will relieve a man of cartarrh!"

"You, there, in the overalls," shouted the cross-examining lawyer, "how much are you paid for telling untruths?"

"Less than you are," retorted the witness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."

Tradesman (with bill): You want me to wait because you're coming into some money. How?

Brokeleigh: Why, a weekly paper has introduced a bad character into its serial story with the same name as mine, so I can safely reckon on at least five hundred, if not a thousand in damages.

There's joy in the smile of an artless child. There's joy in a maiden's eye. There's joy in the spring when the song birds sing. There's joy in a lover's sigh. But such joys all pale and easily fail to compare with the joyous thrill of the woman who knows that her newest clothes give her rivals a nervous chill.

Fuddle: You know Stocks, don't you?

Doctor: Yes, indeed. He is now a patient of mine.

Fuddle: Pretty wide-awake man, isn't he?

Doctor: I should say so. I'm treating him for insomnia.

Prudent Mother: Now, my dear, don't let any man come too near you when courting.

Discreet Daughter: Oh, no, mother. When Charles is here, we always have one chair between us.

And the mother does not yet know just what her daughter intended to convey.

"Halloa, Bill! Have you heard about Jimmy Strong getting locked up?"

Bill: "No; what's he bin locked up for?"

Tom: "Why, he was outside a pub last night when the bobby told him to move on; but Jimmy wouldn't; so the copper called for assistance, and another coming on the scene, Jimmy got desperate and tossed them all over the place. After a while he was locked up, taken before the magistrate, and fined five shillings and costs for gambling."

Bill: "For gambling? I can't see that."

Tom: "Why, for tossing coppers in the street!"

A Survival.

A clergyman, addressing an audience of actors, alluded to the better social status of the players, remarking that in former days it was customary to brand them as vagabonds, and bore a hole in their ears that the public might recognise them.

"And who knows," the clergyman added, "but that it is a survival of the endeavor to hide this mark of indignity that induces some actors even to-day to wear their hair long?"

Died By Measure.

An Irishman had as his constant companion an exceptionally fine bull-dog, of which he was very proud. One day, however, a friend met him without his favorite, and, noticing that the Irishman looked very depressed, he inquired about the dog.

"Oh, be jabers," said the Irishman, "he's dead!"

"Dear? Why, that is sudden!"

"Yes. It was an accident. The poor baste was playing with the wolfe's tape-measure, and he swallowed it."

"Oh, I see!" remarked the friend. "Then he died by inches?"

"No, sure," said the Irishman, "he went round to the back of the house and died by the yard!"

Additional.

A doctor tells a story of one of his first patients, a young woman, whose complaint was that she was growing too stout. He prescribed for her exercise and a certain dietary. He was surprised, however, to find the patient, on the second visit, stouter than ever.

"Did you take the diet I told you?" he inquired.

"Yes," she replied, "I ate everything just as you said."

"Strange!" the doctor mused. "And the exercise?"

"Yes; also just as you said."

"And you did not eat or drink anything but what I prescribed?"

"Oh, yes!" was the explanatory answer. "Of course I had my ordinary meals as well, the same as before!"

Right to the Root.

An old laird in Scotland was stricken with the gout in the height of the hunting season, and the doctor came to see him; but the season was passing away, and the laird wanted to be astride his horse again. The doctor tinkered with the old man's feet, but without improvement, and at last the laird, losing patience, one day angrily said to the doctor:

"Why don't you leave off tinkering with my feet and go to the root of the business?"

The doctor at once seized his stick, and going to the sideboard, smashed the decanter of wine. The laird said, excitedly and angrily:

"What are you doing?"

And the doctor replied:

"I am going to the root of the business."

The Aeroplane Age.

Maud Muller, one bright day in June—'twas either morn or afternoon—stood dreaming by the garden gate and silently bemoaned her fate.

A swell came flying down the hill and, spying Maud, he stopped him still.

"Will have a drive in my machine?" he queried of this rustic queen. "My car is new, the roads are prime; we will be back by dinner-time."

"I'm sorry, Bert," the maid replied, "but I can't join you on this ride. These motors are so slow, you see; there's naught but aeroplanes for me, and Tommy Dart will soon be here—we're going to Mars and back, my dear."

The swell crept slowly down the lane and well reviled the aeroplane. "Alas! Alack! My eyes!" said he, "This age is much too swift for me."

WHEN A CONVICT DIES.

A Peep at an English Prison Funeral.

Death, out for a night prowl, sometimes pays a surprise visit to a great prison. Next morning a convict is found lifeless in his cell.

He fails to respond to the call, and the warder enters and shakes him, then starts as he catches the tell-tale glassy eye, and the calm, set features.

"Forty-nine" he calls, trying to assume the customary severe tone. "D'you hear?"

"Dead!" he mutters, touching the cold fingers and drawing nervously back. "Dead!" He doffs his hat, awed for the moment by the figure he used to command.

Then he creeps out and gently closes the door that always before had been banged; and he goes off to make his official report. When the usual call was made, he says, "49" failed to reply. His cell was entered, and upon examination "49" was found to be dead.

The prison doctor is called, and he makes a professional examination, after which "49" is removed to the mortuary. The governor records the occurrence in his book, the dead man's prison card is taken down from the cell wall, the little bed is rearranged ready for "49's" successor, and an inquiry is held into the circumstances. Nobody tells the other convicts, but the news gets round, and later on, in the exercise ground, they discuss the "release," as they call it, in their silent prison language of the eye, and the lips and the fingers.

"Lucky beggar," they say. "And ten years to go." (Tramp, tramp, tramp.) "Ten years to go. Lucky beggar!" (Tramp, tramp, tramp.)

A convict who is handy with the tools is making a coffin of elm, and oil-polishing it, and fixing two clumsy wooden handles vertically at each end, and the order goes out to a sexton in the nearest churchyard or cemetery to dig a grave, "man's size," and have it ready for occupation on the morrow.

And all that remains of what was "I" rests alone, and unmourned, and unattended, on a shelf in the white-washed prison chamber of the dead. Nobody knew him; nobody cares for him. In life he was a pest; in death he is a burden to be quickly removed. His years of innocence have long been outshadowed by his years of guilt. He came in as "John Smith, offence, burglary, fifty, no home," and he has remained as "Convict 49."

The effort to find his relatives is made in vain—"49" was a black sheep, and he wandered from the fold, and those who were disgraced by him in life are unmoved by the news of his passing.

So the convict sleeps alone.

On the morrow, half-a-dozen men with whom he used to slave are commanded to stop work and parade for a funeral. They are marched to the dead-house, and when one or two more gruff orders have been given they march out again, bearers of the ignominious dead. The coffin is borne on a plain wooden bier and through the handles are fixed two long bands of hemp.

"Steady. Slow—march. Steady."

And the last march of "49" is begun. In front and behind walks a warder with a loaded rifle, and one of the convicts carries a black bag containing a pall.

"Steady. Steadier." The bearers slow down. The sinner is borne along to his resting-place carefully and as gently as a saint. In a few minutes the little procession passes through the great bare court-yard and out of the gate to the highway, where, perhaps, a band of pleasure-seeking visitors to the neighboring hills suddenly find themselves growing serious and baring their heads.

Then on to the "convicts' corner"—a thin strip of earth by the churchyard wall, where the weeds flourish and the graves are unmarked and unattended. The visitors follow and stand, hushed and solemn, at the church door. Inside, the pall is taken out of the black bag and placed over the coffin, and the convicts living stand reverently around the convict dead, and whisper "Amens" through the burial service.

"Slow—march. Steady!"

The procession is again on the move, winding in and out among the graves. At the "convicts' corner" another halt is called, and the coffin is placed on the ground and the pall taken off. The clergyman reads another prayer in which you hear "John Smith," and "dust to dust."

"Amen. Amen." And the law-breaker is slung back to the clay from which he sprang. In the trees near by the birds sing their songs of freedom, and the prisoners glance enviously at the visitors, and the warders glance anxiously at their rifles.

"Quick march!" Crunch, crunch. The convicts are again on the move, both warders now at the rear with the muzzles of their rifles pointing to the smiling sky.

Now, the convicts, and the warders, and the rifles are gone, and the clang of the prison gate blends with the thud of sods falling on the coffin, and the joy-song of the birds.

The Retort Polite.

"Try our patent razors! Best value in the world. Two shillings and sixpence, post free, from Strop and Company, Sheffield."

Thus ran the advertisement; and, seeing it, an experienced "sponger's" eyes glistened. A Strop patent razor he must have, though the finding of the half-crown was a practical impossibility, so he wrote:—

"Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in enclosing a postal order for two shillings and sixpence. Please send me one of your patent razors by return. P.S.—As I don't possess two shillings and sixpence at the moment, I cannot send it. However, I have no doubt you will send the razor. In a large concern like yours one postal order more or less will not matter."

Messrs. Strop and Company replied as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—We beg to forward you the razor, and thank you for your esteemed patronage. P.S.—Our packer has carelessly forgotten to enclose the razor. To one with a cheek such as yours, however, that will not matter!

Have a Try.

A man once backed himself for a large amount, which he subsequently lost, to move an ordinary brick attached to two miles of cord along a level road. He failed to move the brick. And no wonder, because it may roughly be estimated that the friction of the cord on the road increased the weight of the brick about seven pounds and cord to a dead weight of not far short of a ton.

Prosaic Consolation.

During Victor Hugo's exile Dumas went to Guernsey, where Hugo received him kindly and took him to breakfast on a verandah overlooking the ocean. It did not take Dumas long to discover that Hugo was already posing as a proscribed prophet. With an Olympian wave of his hand, the poet said:

"You see me, my dear Dumas, on my rock of exile like the proscribed one of antiquity."

"Never mind," replied Dumas, with his mouth full, "the butter is far better here than in Paris. There is no disputing that!"

Mr. Beck Hall: Good afternoon, Miss Annex. Going for a walk? I hope I may accompany you?

Miss Annex. Yes. Dr. Sargent says we must always walk with some object, and I suppose you will answer the purpose.

DEATH or DISHONOR
Or, The Coward.

AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN-SPANISH WAR.

A sun-burned, lantern-jawed man, in the khaki of the United States Army, crouched near the edge of a clearing, cringing under the fell and pitiless rays of the Cuban noonday sun. He looked in all directions swiftly, like a hunted animal; then—for the heat had become intolerable—made his way furtively towards the shade of a great cedar that towered a hundred yards ahead of him. He gained it with a sigh of relief; but never for an instant did the hunted look leave his eyes, nor did the cat-like caution of his every move relax.

Tense as a highly-wound spring, he lay at length hugging the earth and glancing all ways at once with eyes that were sunken in his head from weariness and something very like starvation.

When voices coming suddenly from the other side of the clearing struck through the still air like an alarm, he did not start; he had been waiting for it, and he sensed its direction with something like relief in his set face.

It was a boyish face, from which recent hardship had not yet wholly erased the evidences of a lifetime of soft living. The effect of the steady eyes was somewhat belied by a too high-strung expression about the straight, nervous mouth.

His breath was coming in short sobs which he made desperate efforts to control; but, finally, the momentary, unreasoning fear seemed to leave him, and he turned with steady caution and burrowed his way deep into a thicket.

A party of a dozen men in uniform had appeared at the edge of the line of trees. He had heard their approach. That they were searching for something was evident; and they stood alternately scanning the ground and earnestly talking in tones he could not hear. It might be a scouting party from the nearest division of the army. His common sense assured him that this must be the case; but still his fears kept him a-tremble.

Then suddenly the air was riven by the whiplike crack of a Mauser. The sound travelled many times around the edge of the almost circular clearing; and before that had died away it was followed by another and another; then by a fusillade of shots in which mingled the occasional popping of a revolver.

The party opposite had dropped in a twinkling from sight, and only their brisk return fire showed how well they were holding their ground against evident odds. Presently they began working slowly forward; a ringing cheer went up, and they broke cover for a charge.

It was a kind of fighting that the Spaniards could least understand, and they gave way precipitately. The noise of the firing grew fainter in the distance; then it stopped as suddenly as it began, and the perfect stillness of the place remained. It was broken once more by the crashing of underbrush.

Again the Americans flashed into sight, and made across the clearing to their first position.

A voice rang out in sharp commands. Then they appeared bearing between them a limp figure. The man in the thicket could make out the gleam of shoulder-straps upon the coat. The head rolling from side to side as they bore him forward told its own story. And it was directly towards the big cedar that they came; for the sake of the shade, doubtless. One ran with several canteens towards a small stream that purled down from a row of foothills not far distant.

They set the limp form down within thirty feet of the concealed man, where he lay, not daring to look; but he could hear, and realised with a sudden spasm of fear that they were looking about for material with which to construct a litter. But he could not have moved away unseen.

"His heart's weakening," grumbled a voice he recognised as coming from a big grey-headed corporal. "He'll be done for before we can get him back to camp at this rate. Hurry up, you! He's bleedin' inside an' out; an' not a clean bandage or a swallow of whisky among the whole bunch o' you."

So grumbling, he began to wash a wound near the left shoulder, clumsily applying a bandage and feeling for the pulse from time to time. Material for the litter had been collected, and the fugitive breathed deep as he saw them prepare to place the wounded man upon it. It meant that they would soon leave him in peace, still unseen!

"Poor devil!" he muttered. "And to think I've got it right here! I wish——"

"I can't find his pulse," cried the corporal, suddenly. "For the love of Heaven—ain't someone got some whisky?"

"I wish——" murmured the man in the thicket.

Then he stopped, his eyes fixed upon the figure of the dying man as if fascinated.

Presently he would be beyond all help—all for the want of treatment, all for the want of the aid they could have put out their hand and taken had they but known it; all for the lack of—of—yes, that was it—courage!

His face was flushing hotly; and suddenly there flashed upon him, for the first time in his existence, the gulf of difference that lies between life and living. He saw it in a flash that seemed to blind him to all else. Sacrifice? Death? They were of no moment. He laughed aloud—a ringing, joyous laugh, and rose deliberately to his feet.

"It isn't whisky he wants; it's strychnine."

They had heard the laugh, sounding so strangely in that place of peril and death that they could have thought it maniacal; but the words came even and quiet, and they whirled about as though they had been rifle-shots, with hands on their weapons.

Before them, emerging from the thicket, was a man clad in a ragged campaign hat, a blue shirt, and khaki trousers.

"I know a bit about medicine; and I have a small case of things here. Let me have some of that water."

He extracted a small leather case from a knapsack he carried, and paying no further attention to their astonished glances, laid it open beside the wounded man.

"I happened to have what was needed," he explained, matter-of-factly, "and it seemed a pity he should die with the right stuff within a few feet of him. But it'll take me all my time to save him."

With swift, skilled fingers he dropped several small white tablets into a tin cup, and some larger ones into another.

"The strychnine first."

He filled an hypodermic syringe as he spoke, and motioned the corporal to help him. He repeated the injection twice.

"He'll stand a lot of it," he commented, with his finger watchfully on the pulse. "Now——"

He was watching the corporal while the latter bathed the wound with antiseptics; but neither the sentence nor the work were finished.

Some bushes swayed violently on the other side of the clearing; and a bullet slapped the trunk of the big cedar before the report of the rifle reached them.

"They're back with more," shouted the corporal, springing to his feet. "Quick. Get him on the litter — into the bushes with him"—and he seized one end of the litter, swearing.

The nature of the dilemma became suddenly evident.

"There's a hundred of them," roared the corporal. "Scoot—every mother's son of you."

"I know a place. Follow me!" said the stranger, sharply.

And without looking back, he plunged ahead, where the only clear path wound in and out through a chaparral they could not have penetrated ten feet. It served to shield them for the time being, and the curving pathway was fairly defensible. It gave them the chance they needed; and with every available hand on the litter they rushed onward, firing back whenever the pursuit of the now suddenly doubtful enemy came too close.

It was a small pass between two suddenly inaccessible foothills to which he led them.

"They can't touch us here for three or four hours," he said, as they hurriedly threw up a rough rampart of rocks. "There's only this path; and one man could hold it if he had to."

He had picked up the weapons of the unconscious officer, and now was leisurely sighting along the brown barrel at a flash of color in the depths of the path where it entered the chaparral.

A yell followed the report.

"They won't show up for a bit," he continued. "They'll want to think it over."

"Who are you?"

The corporal was looking sharply at the stranger's shoulders as he spoke. He saw distinct traces where the shoulder-straps had kept the blue from fading.

"Never mind that," said the other, shortly. "I showed up with the strychnine, remember—so let it go at that."

The corporal nodded and dropped the matter. Again the flashes of color were showing.

"I wish they'd come out in the open, so that a man could get a crack at them," he grumbled.

But the stranger was no longer by his side. He had turned his attention once more to the wounded man, and finished his work on the bandage.

"Someone had better make tracks for the nearest camp," he said, looking up suddenly. "We'll need help before long; and this man needs it at once."

"Go, Murphy," ordered the corporal.

A moment later a slender, active little man was feeling his way through the boulders to the other end of the pass.

"He's seen some Indian fighting," chuckled the corporal. "They never saw him. We may give these dagoes a tea-party yet."

But the enemy remained strangely quiet.

"I don't like it," he grumbled, uneasily. "It looks as if they knew some way in."

"There is one," said the stranger; "but it would take them four hours to make it. They know this place all right; it's reinforcements they want."

Thereafter he silently divided his time between the rampart and his patient, repeating the strychnine doses with anxious care.

At first there was no more than an occasional bullet to show that the foe was still on the watch. The corporal had ample time, therefore, to eye the stranger closely.

"You'd better look out," he warned him at last. "Them fellows do hit a mark sometimes when they can't help themselves; an' there's no use throwin' yourself away. There's plenty of rocks here if you just keep on your hands and knees instead o' standing up."

The other took the warning patiently enough.

"It wouldn't matter much," he said, calmly. "And I'd probably get a decent epitaph. I wonder how it feels to get hit," he added, musingly. But to the protest he paid no heed, and the corporal eyed him with growing disgust.

"What are you tryin' to do?" he demanded, at last. "Commit suicide?"

The other flushed.

"I—I was thinking about something," he muttered.

But as if the words had gone home, he exposed himself no more.

"Only cowards commit suicide," he remarked, five minutes later.

Too surprised to answer, the corporal merely stared at him.

"Crazy," was his muttered dictum, as he rolled over for another look towards the enemy. "I wish Murphy would hurry up. He allus was slow; but he's a good man. He won't let himself get shot before he gets there."

This was uttered with a touch of severity, and the corporal looked with intention.

Later, as time dragged, he became reminiscent.

"Curious," he observed, speculatively, "how we can sit here, like as not going to be nipped off the earth in the course of the next hour, and smoke our pipes, and take it easy, and wish the sun wasn't so hot. It's just a matter of getting used to it. Why, before my first skirmish I had the squirms till you couldn't see me for shakes. I was scared to death for fear I was a coward; but, bless you, didn't I scrap when we got goin'! Take a kid that's never been under fire, an' he can't help bein' funky."

The other nodded.

"I found it that way, too. I had to go out on the field after the fight, and see to the wounded; and the sharpshooters were just raking the field, picking off my orderlies right and left. Two of them dropped right by my side; and the lead was zip-zipping everywhere. I—I cut and run—pretty near."

He gulped as he added the last two words, and stared straight ahead of him.

"It's pretty much a matter of nerves," said the corporal, sympathetically. But then he fell silent, shooting covert glances at his companion when he thought they would not be noticed. "Most of us ain't cowards," he delivered, at last, "because we're afraid to be."

He laughed grimly at his paradox and resumed his watch.

"They're trying to climb those rocks," said the other, suddenly, pointing across the ravine.

The corporal gazed in the direction indicated.

"I can't see nothing," he said. "Well, I reckon we'll find out if they are when they begin popping. They can make it hot for us. Now if they'd just let us have a volley so that I could see where they are——"

"I'll get a rise from them."

Before the corporal could put out his hand to stop him, the stranger had leaped the barrier, and was working to one side along the cliff above them, fairly hidden from those in front, but a tempting mark to anyone across the chasm.

"Come back, you fool," he shouted, angrily.

But if the man heard he paid no attention; and it was not three minutes before the wisdom of his move became apparent. Unable to resist the temptation, the Spaniards opened up from behind a clump of bushes.

It was a difficult range; but the American squad was made up of pickmen, and in another moment a party of the enemy suddenly broke cover in hot retreat under their biting fire.

The corporal breathed a sigh of relief as he realised that a little further on they would have found some rocks behind which they could have hidden in security, and fired down at leisure.

As for the stranger, he calmly clambered down from his perch, and resumed his watch without a word.

"You've sharp eyes," vouchsafed the corporal.

"I know this place," was his only comment. "I knew what to look for."

"Hullo!"

The corporal's tone brought the men into line behind the barrier with a bound. Ahead of them the Spaniards were pouring from the path.

"Remember, we've only forty rounds apiece," he warned, "so go slow."

Directly ahead of them the path narrowed to a little more than a ledge, with a straight drop of fifty feet beneath it. At the foot of the declivity of the path was a group that grew while they watched.

"Now," said the corporal, softly; and every rifle belched forth its flame and lead. The front rank fell like grass before a sickle. Others were stumbling over the bodies, firing wildly because of the press from behind.

There was no pause in the storm of lead that now swept the one path open to the Spaniards; and though each individual picked his man with deliberation, enough rifles were busy to make the fusillade continuous.

From ahead came shrieks and oaths. A few bullets chipped the rocks and kicked up spurts of dust and gravel into the eyes of the Americans; but most of them whistled harmless overhead.

"I'm sorry for our rescuers," grinned the corporal. "It's hot up at the head of the pass, and that's where they'll have to enter."

He fired carefully as he spoke; but, to his astonishment the report was duplicated, almost doubled, by one from behind.

"The devil!" He turned with a start; then his face relaxed into joyous relief. "It's double quick they're coming, boys!" he called, suddenly. "An'—look! the dagoes are running already!"

Then he found that the place by his side was vacant.

"Thunderation!" he muttered.

Ahead of him fled the figure of the stranger, straight down the narrow path. A charge at that point was simply madness; and he sprang after the fleeting figure like a deer.

Then, suddenly, it dawned upon him that it was not a case of charging at all, but that the man was running away, and into the arms of the enemy at that. He was not precisely surprised. He had understood it was something of the sort.

"Easy there, sonny!" he growled, reaching out his hand.

But he was saved the trouble, for the other suddenly went down with his right leg doubled sickeningly and suggestively under him.

Without the least appearance of pain, he smiled.

"Well! I didn't know you were there. What's the trouble? You on the black-list, too?"

Then the pain of the wound struck suddenly home, and he lay back with a white face. His eyes closed, and the corporal, lifting him lightly in his big arms, bore him back to the rock barrier.

The rescuing force was coming down the pass at full speed; and they stopped at the tiny fortress. The Spaniards had suddenly been swallowed in the jungle-like strip below, and pursuit would have been useless.

A young officer strode up to the grizzled corporal.

"I'm Lieutenant Garnet of the Sixty-first. Your man came on us by accident."

The corporal saluted respectfully.

"This is a scouting party from the Forty-second. It's in command of Lieutenant Chartres, wounded."

While the corporal spoke, the eye of the lieutenant fell on the unconscious stranger.

"Who's this?" he asked quickly.

"Don't know him, sir! He met us after the lieutenant was wounded, and he had some medicines. He saved the lieutenant's life all right. Then came the dagoes, and he led us to this place. He's the gamest young cock——"

Recollecting himself, he paused and stammered; but a questioning look in the other's eyes encouraged him.

"He's all right," he blurted out, eagerly. "I don't know who he is; but he's worn shoulder-straps. I reckon he's in trouble of some sort; but whatever it is, he's made it up. Just as we were givin' up hope for the lieutenant he strolls up and says, 'I can see to him! I've got the right stuff here in this medicine-case.' With that he pulls out a pocket medicine-case; and he's kept him going ever since with strychnine, and fought between times. You can get every man here to subscribe to it on the Book!"

"I reckon he'll need it."

The officer turned abruptly on his heel as he spoke; but the move was not quick enough to hide the question or the disappointment in the corporal's face. He turned again suddenly, and for the moment waived the matter of rank, and spoke to the veteran as a man.

"His name's Cunningham," he said, "of the Medical Corps. He escaped after being sentenced to be shot. We've been hunting him for a week. It took some nerve for him to come out with that medicine now, just because it was needed, didn't it!" he added. "Pretty plucky, don't you think? Rather of a dare-devil, a man like that—not counting in the other things you tell about."

On the face of the corporal appeared a sudden flash of wrath.

"What's he to be shot for?" he asked shortly. "Blow me for a fool for holding him back!"

"He was tried for—cowardice," the lieutenant said.

The corporal lifted up his voice.

"You're talkin' to me man to man, like. Well, I'll talk to you the same way. If them—bloomin' peacockses in gold braid shoots him after all his, I'll—I'll desert!"

The lieutenant chuckled. He was not much of a disciplinarian; but his men would follow him anywhere.

"He'll be safe enough," he said, with a smile. "They may be 'peacockses,' as you call them, but they're men, too. I wonder what made the change," he added, mediatively.

"I remember a case like it when I was West under Crook," said the corporal. "The men found out this chap was a coward down to his boots, and they didn't forget to let him know it. Well, sir, when he found they was on, the disgrace of it scared him so that it frightened all the cowardice clean out of him. He became one of the coolest dare-devils I ever run up against. Queer, ain't it? Seems as if bein' brave's just a question of which thing you're the most afraid of—death or—or——"

"Dishonor," suggested the lieutenant.

The veteran nodded.

"Just so!" he said. "This chap was tryin' to get killed all right. I reckon when he wakes up, you and me'll have to shake hands with him, eh?"

THE MUSINGS OF A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

A pretty good example of supererogation is teaching a girl baby to talk.

A fellow who's intoxicated with love doesn't take long to sober up after marriage.

The English language contains no feminine form for the word sage. The reason is obvious.

It is a wonder that when a fellow forgets the date he was married his mind wanders intuitively to April 1?

The kindest-hearted father would hardly refuse an offer to exchange a baby for a well-bred fox-terrier during teething-time.

When a fellow's wife kisses him nowadays he cannot be sure whether it is to show her love or to find out what he's been taking.

It's always a question with the originators of fashions for women whether to make the sleeves too tight or too loose, or the hats too large or too small.

Few men who take a better half prepare for the worst.

One never knows that any other creature than man wears a wig until he gets married.

Science says kissing causes disease. It has been known to cause palpitation of the heart.

May is one of the unlucky months in which to get married. There are eleven others.

A Liverpool man saved a widow from drowning and was married to her inside of three months. One cannot be too careful.

Every wife should have a dictionary of synonyms. A fellow gets so tired of hearing the same old words after coming home late from sitting up with a sick friend!

Probably Adam would never have married if he had had to stand up in church before hundreds of people, with a frock coat on, and go through a ten-minute ceremony that seemed like ten hours.

ADRENALIN.

A Marvellous Medical Discovery Which Makes Operations Safe.

Hundreds of times a day serious operations in hospitals and elsewhere can be successfully performed on account of the discovery of Adrenalin, a substance which, although unknown to the public at large, is of immense value to the surgeon and to humanity.

There are two small glands, not an ounce in weight, connected with the human kidneys, which are absolutely indispensable to life. In the treatment of Addison's disease (consumption of the kidneys) a substance was found in these glands which acts as a stimulant for the control of the small blood-vessels all over the body. A Japanese scientist, Mr. Takamine, was the first to isolate this substance, and he gave it the name "adrenalin."

Now, the effect of this substance is that it enables doctors and surgeons to stop bleeding, which could not be otherwise controlled. Large blood-vessels can be tied by the surgeon, but the smaller vessels cannot be dealt with in this way. How, then, is a surgeon able to do his work of operating, if what he is doing is hidden from him by the blood flowing? Until the discovery of adrenalin he had to wait until the bleeding was controlled, or use clumsy and unsatisfactory pads to stop temporarily the flow.

Adrenalin has come as a boon to the surgeon and patient alike, for it allows practically bloodless operations to be carried out. The surgeon can see what he is doing, and he can do his work quickly and well. And the discovery of this invaluable substance, like many important discoveries, was the result of an accident, while experimenting in connection with kidney disease.

According to Holy Writ.

A college professor was one day nearing the close of a history lecture and was indulging in one of those rhetorical climaxes in which he delighted when the hour struck. The students immediately began to slam down the movable arms of their lecture chairs and to prepare to leave.

The professor, annoyed at the interruption of his flow of eloquence, held up his hand:

"Just wait one moment, gentlemen. I have a few more pearls to cast."

Other Fish to Fry.

Mrs. Tuthill has a reputation for prolonging her calls. One Sunday, after an hour's visit at a friend's house on her way from church, she said, playfully, to the eldest child:

"I am going now, Willie, and I want you to go part of the way with me and be my own little boy."

"I cannot," answered serious William. "We are going to have lunch as soon as you leave."

Every gem known to the lapidary has been found in the United States.

The utilisation of the waste products and energy in various manufactures is one of the most important problems of practical science. An interesting example of the latter comes from Nebraska. The otherwise wasted energy of the electric lighting plant is being used for the manufacture of ice. The exhaust steam works the ammonia absorption process of ice-making. It is also used for distilling the water of which the ice is made.

Minds the most congenial and seemingly formed to coalesce in the sweetest union may sometimes, by missing the precise moment of explanation after a slight misunderstanding, separate for ever. Let us learn a lesson from a fact which may be useful to the proudest heart and the most delicate sensibility—there is no pride so high, nor delicacy so refined, as to be above the aid of mutual concession.

In every department of human life the only service which counts is that of the hearts that have toil. Without feeling the greatest talent cannot achieve things.

A PATRIOT'S BRIDE

The year was 1839; the scene, a small town named Logano on the coast of Brazil.

On the deck of the flagship paced a young soldier of fortune, who had found in the unrest of the South American Continent an outlet for his energy and ambition. Success had crowned his arms and yet he was not satisfied. He was still a friendless exile. In this mood of depression his eyes turned towards the shore, and his listless gaze was suddenly arrested by the figure of a girl who stood upon the beach, gazing seawards. What followed is best told in the soldier's own words:—

"I felt that unless I found one to love me immediately life would be intolerable. I forthwith gave orders for going ashore. I landed and made for the house where I expected to find the object of my excursion, but in vain. I had just given up hope of seeing her again when I met an inhabitant of the place, who invited me to take coffee in his house; we entered, and the first person who met my eyes was the damsel who had attracted me ashore. We both remained enraptured and silent, gazing upon one another like two people who meet not for the first time and seek in each other's faces something which makes it easier to recall the forgotten past. At last I greeted her. 'Tu devi esser mia'; thou oughtest to be mine. I could speak but little Portuguese, and ventured the bold words in Italian. Yet my insolence was magnetic. I had formed a tie, pronounced a decree which death alone could annul."

Such was the meeting of Guiseppe and Anita Garibaldi—a meeting fateful to both. Her parents had other views for the girl, and a secret flight two days later was necessary. For this she had no misgivings; there was that in this stranger's eyes and voice which compelled allegiance and awoke all the dormant heroism of her nature. The source of his influence was not far to seek. In the prime of his manhood's strength and beauty, impervious to fatigue, incapable of fear, resourceful and courageous to the point of rashness, he was a bold leader of men. To him Anita Riberes plighted her troth; how well they were matched the years were to reveal. For nine years after their marriage Garibaldi led the Republican armies of Uruguay. In battles and in marches, Anita rode at his side, sharing danger and fatigue with a courage equal to his own. "She looked," wrote Garibaldi, "on battles as a pleasure, and the hardship of camp life as a pastime." In his absence she acted as his substitute. Once she was captured, but with an alacrity worthy of her husband, succeeded in effecting her escape, and after a ride of sixty miles through hostile country, fording rivers in flood, and crossing dangerous passes, she rejoined Garibaldi.

But she was no unfeeling amazon. In the midst of one of their hardest campaigns, their eldest son was born. He came at a time of misfortune for the Republican army, and when he was only a few days old his parents were forced to flee into the primeval forest, where for months they lived as outlaws. Day after day Anita rode with her infant for a saddle-bow, or, when torrents had to be crossed, he was slung by a handerchief round Garibaldi's neck. Needless to say, the child of such parents flourished on this treatment.

But, however zealously Garibaldi might espouse the cause of Uruguay, his heart was in his native land, and in South America he was consciously preparing himself for his true life work.

At last came the news that the time had come to strike for liberty. It awoke in Garibaldi a glad response, of which his words are the echo: "If the right hand, hardened in battles away, had been strong in an alien cause, what will it not do for Italy?"

Into the events which followed his arrival in Europe there is no need to enter, except in so far as affected Anita. Throughout the siege of Rome she helped to nurse the wounded, but her heart was ever with the leader, fighting, reckless of life, in the front of the battle.

Neither his heroism nor the devotion of his followers, nor the passionate fervor of Mazzini could save the city. On June 30, Garibaldi, covered with dust and blood, his sword so bent that it stuck out of the scabbard, left the walls and galloped up to the Capitol to hear the decision of the Assembly that the defence must be abandoned. Even he admitted that this tragic ending to their hopes and high endeavor was inevitable, but no doubt existed in his mind as to his further course of action. In the Piazza of St. Peter's he made known his intention to go out to the country, and there to pursue the campaign where and when opportunity offered. When, at midnight, he left the city by the Lateran gate, he was followed by a little army of four thousand men, who refused to leave such a leader.

The story of the weeks that followed of midnight marches through the trackless hills, of days hiding in the woods while the search parties of the enemy passed so near that their very words were audible, form pages of high romance. Through all, Anita rode at Garibaldi's side, dressed in the uniform of the legion. When they bivouacked, the men lay around her with kindling eyes, and she relate tales of their South American adventures; she rallied the rear-guard and saved the battle in one desperate encounter in the mountains; she was ever first to revive courage and instil hope.

But, as the days passed, it became evident that it was a forlorn hope. Crushed by long years of oppression, the peasantry would not rise against such overwhelming odds. Day by day the little army dwindled until it was a mere handful of exhausted men, worn out by the fierce struggle in Rome, the hardships of the march, the constant danger, and the frequent fighting. At last, when the summit of the Titano was reached, it was clear even to Garibaldi that men so prostrate with fatigue, so overwhelmed with bitter disappointment, could do no more. Clemency had ben promised to all but the leaders, and it seemed best to separate.

Accordingly, at the dead of night, Garibaldi parted with his remnant of an army, and, accompanied by a small group of devoted men, and by one yet more devoted woman, he set out on further wanderings. The overwhelming fatigue of the preceding days had begun to tell on Anita, but she utterly refused to leave her husband's side.

Their goal was Venice, but from it they were still separated by many miles of hostile country. All that night and the next day they stumbled on over mountain ridges, and down break-neck paths of dry watercourses, until at dusk they came within sight of the Adriatic, on whose waters they had hoped for safety. Not till ten o'clock did they reach the fishing village of Caesratico, and there fresh difficulties awaited them. All the boats were out of repair, the tide was adverse, and the Austrians were upon their heels. The fishermen declared that escape by sea was impossible, but Garibaldi knew that therein lay his only hope, and for seven hours he worked at the boats—his old seamanship serving him well. Through these hours of suspense, when, at any moment, the enemy might be upon them, Anita, racked with pain and burning thirst, sat upon the shore, keeping watch.

At last the boats were ready, Garibaldi turned to his horse which had borne him so well through battle and kissed it on the forehead, imploring those around him to prevent it falling into Austrian hands. Then, lifting his wife in his arms, he plunged through the surf into the boat which at once set sail for Venice. An hour later the Austrians galloped into the little village. Safe, indeed, the fugitives were so far, but there had been no time to provision the boats, and all that day and the following night, as they coasted along the shore of the Adriatic, they suffered the agony of hunger and thirst.

Even this comparative safety was of short duration. From danger on land they ran into danger on sea, and at dawn found themselves attacked by the pinnaces and long boats of an Austrian squadron. The little fleet of fishing boats separated; the one which carried Garibaldi, as a last bid for life, ran ashore. Safely landed, it was the work of a moment for the crew to separate, and Garibaldi, carrying Anita and followed by a wounded comrade, hurried, with what speed was possible, across the dunes. They had landed on a mere strip of land, six miles long by three wide, a strip which the Austrians could cover with search parties in an hour. Surely now Garibaldi's last hour had come, but once more his wonderful fortune smiled upon him. As he staggered over the sand heaps with his precious burden, a young man suddenly emerged from behind them. Acting on a bold trustfulness which had often proved his best defence, the fugitive with a price on his head threw himself on the mercy of the stranger, saying, "I am Garibaldi." The youth took them to an obscure hut, where a short respite could be gained, and undertook to have Anita cared for while Garibaldi's escape was arranged. If Anita had been fully cognisant of all that was happening she would have realised that in separation lay his only hope, and would have sacrificed herself to the last extremity; but she was now barely conscious, and in the intervals of reason could only cling with dying despair to her husband. His chivalry could not entertain the thought of leaving her at such a juncture. "You cannot imagine," he exclaimed, "all that she has done for me, nor how entirely she loves me. I owe her an immense debt of gratitude and love." But something stronger than human will was to separate them. As they were carrying Anita into the hut she died.

The story of Garibaldi's escape, due to his own intrepidity and to the devotion of the peasantry, whom no Austrian gold could tempt to betrayal, is of absorbing interest. But that, the years of waiting, the triumphal return and the consummation of his hopes find no place in the story of Anita Riberes. His fellow-sufferer through the night of pain, she did not live to see the birth of a free, united Italy. Not to scenes of peace or of triumph did he call her in his words, "Thou oughtest to be mine." We hear the same note of imperative summons in the words he addressed to the army on the night of the fall of Rome. "Fortune who betrays us to-day will smile on us to-morrow. I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the enemy come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, death. Let him who loves his country with his heart, and not with lips only, follow me." Hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, death—but the challenge was addressed by a hero to heroic souls, and for Anita Riberes, as for the soldiers, it was enough to live and die henceforth for Garibaldi and Italy.

A girl naturally feels, so says a man of experience, that a man's heart is in the right place when he entrusts it to her.

Caller (being introduced to the new baby): Do you think he's going to resemble his father?

Mother: I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up at nights even now!

Perhaps parents were a little hard on children in the old days; but is there no danger nowadays that the great idea should be that children should always have "a good time."

It is, in a way, as if pity and love gave everything a soul, for you can find out that to pretend to like the fat end of a mutton chop may be a sort of sacrifice upon love's altar.

"You seem none the worse for your dissipation last night," said the man who had responded to one of the toasts at the banquet.

"No," replied the other. "I stopped drinking just in time, thanks to you."

"Thanks to me?"

"Yes. When you started speaking I caught myself laughing at your stories, so I thought it was time to stop."

The men of real power are always men of one idea, who send all the force of their being along one line; and it is possible for any of us to win a true success in life if we will early choose one sphere, and persistently labor in it.

Fair Girl: My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it?

Gallant Youth: Not particularly; but I would like to know if he still has it.

A woman isn't really pleased unless she feels that she must kiss some one, and do it right away.

A certain solicitor recently spent two days and a night over one case, and then at the end could not tell what side he was on. We might mention that the case contained champagne.

Two Views.

"What a strangely interesting face your friend the poet has," gurgled the maiden of forty. "It seems to possess all the elements of happiness and sorrow, each struggling for supremacy."

"Yes, he looks to me like a man who was married and didn't know it," growled the cynical bachelor.

After a Big Haul.

"Binks used to be daft on the subject of buried treasure. What's he up to now?"

"He's got up an expedition to Asia Minor to try to find the place where Methuselah stored his birthday presents."

THE SELECTION OF A DAIRY COW

By W. R. Gilbert, in "Hoard's Dairyman."

It must be remembered that it is much more difficult to point out the indications of a good dairy cow than it is to point out the indications of a good beef animal. The reason for this is that the making of milk is a mystery, and one of the greatest mysteries of Nature, and there is no one outward, infallible sign of a cow's ability to produce milk. There are many men who claim to know such a sign; but I must confess at the outset that I have never yet been able to discover one that can be relied upon in all cases. I shall commence at the front of the animal, and go back, pointing out briefly the good and bad points of a dairy cow.

Head.

In the case of a dairy cow, we prefer that the head should be lean and clean cut. There should be no superfluous muscle or meat about it. There should be a good width of nostril to indicate good breathing and the lung power of the animal. The lips should be strong, with a good blunt muzzle.

Eye.

The eye should be bright, of good size and prominent. The reason I like a prominent eye is that it is the indication of an animal that makes good use of its food, while an animal with a sunken eye is lacking in this respect, and has a weak constitution; also, a prominent, bright eye indicates the nervous power of a dairy cow.

Horn.

The horn should be fine compared with the size of the cow; a spiky horn is an indication of coarseness. The ears should be of moderate size, and not coarse.

Neck.

The neck should be long and slender—not too thick or too beefy. A short, thick neck denotes that the animal will lay on beef; and also ruggedness of constitution, such as we find in a beef animal. The opposite is true of the dairy cow. The outward conformation, when rightly understood, is a sure indication whether the animal will lay its food on its back or put it in the pail. We require a long, slim neck, but I like to see style in the manner the animal carries its head. To my mind everything that is right in the beef animal is wrong in the dairy animal.

Shoulder.

The top of the shoulder should be pointed. This is a good point, if the sharpness is got by the backbone rising above the shoulder blades, and not by the shoulder blades themselves. The majority of our best dairy cows have the backbone clearly defined, standing above the shoulder blades. A dairy cow should not have a large brisket, but should have plenty of room for the heart and lungs, indicating a good constitution, and plenty of vitality.

Barrel.

Coming back to the barrel, it should have the capacity to contain and assimilate large quantities of food.

Ribs.

The rib bones of the dairy cow should be flat, not round as we often find in beef animals. There should be as much space as possible between the ribs. Speaking generally, the best dairy cows are of loose conformation, and the distance from the last rib to the hip bones should be such as to indicate plenty of room for the stomach. I like a broad rib much better than a round, well sprung rib. What is termed round, well sprung ribs often carry a round barrel or middle piece; still a cow falling in behind the shoulders shows want of constitution and small heart and lung development. This must not be confounded with a broad, deep rib. I prefer heart and lung development to be gained by depth of rib rather than by roundness.

Backbone.

The backbone should be prominent. The reason I like a prominent backbone is that the nervous force generated in the brain is carried back to the udder along the spinal column. A prominent backbone indicates strong development of nervous force which is being sent to the udder to produce milk.

Loin.

The loin should be strong, so that the cow will have strength to carry her calf and large quantities of food, and maintain her formation until she reaches old age.

Hip.

The hips, or "hoop" bones, should be prominent, and she should have good length of quarter. The pelvic arch should be prominent. The pin bones should be a good distance apart, giving room for easy parturition.

Flank.

The flank should be arched, indicating plenty of room for the cow's udder. I do not like a deep flank, such as we find in a fat steer. If you look over your cows you will find your best cows have high, arched flanks.

Limbs.

The limbs should be in proportion to the animal's size, but we do not require too much development of bone. There should be great width between the hind legs, giving room to the udder.

Udder.

I now come to what should be considered one of the most important points in the dairy cow. One of the rules of a horseman is, "No foot, no horse." My rule in judging a dairy cow is, "No udder, no cow." If there is one thing more than another that indicates the dairy qualities of a cow it is the udder. Personally, I lay great stress on a good head, neck and shoulders, but I lay more stress on a good constitution, and upon the size of the middle piece, indicating the capacity of the cow to use food; but more important still is the development of the cow's udder and the organs connected with it. You will see a great many cows in which the fore quarters are deficient. If you examine a large number of cows you will not find many with equal development in the front and hind quarters. The question has often been asked, Why are so many cows deficient in this respect? The explanation is that the arteries supplying the blood enter the udder in the posterior quarters; consequently more blood comes into that part, and it is built up more rapidly. While a cow may not have a perfect udder, she may have a good udder, and her milk veins may be quite prominent; and this is a very important sign, as it is an indication of a large amount of blood in connection with the udder. The veins are forced to the outside of the skin, and it is a strong indication of milk-producing qualities. The udder should be covered with soft skin, the hair not coarse or long, and the teats of good size.

Milk Veins.

What are commonly called milk veins, coming forward from the cow's udder, should be of good size, and more or less twisted, not running straight. The blood passes from the udder to the heart and lungs to be purified; hence the size of the veins are not due to milk within, but to the impure, or venous, blood, which indicates the amount of blood which comes into the cow's udder. Milk is the product of nervous force applied to the milk in the udder in some mysterious way which no man has been able to explain. This nervous force in the dairy cow is applied to the blood, and it is changed into milk; hence the value of the bright eye and the high spinal column.

Hair.

The hair should be fine, soft, and furry in character. The reason of this is that, in order to have hair of good quality, it must be well supplied with blood. This indicates a good heart and circulation, which means a good constitution, with good feeding qualities and perfect health. It is a sure sign that a cow is not in good health when the hair is starting and turned the wrong way. If anything is wrong with the digestion and circulation, the hair is improperly nourished, and we have a hair that is dry and turned the wrong way.

Skin.

As regards the skin, it should be soft, but not too thin and papery, still not of the mellowness of a fat steer, but something between both, but not harsh, thick and dry. The color of the skin is said by many to be an indication of the richness of the milk. This is not to be relied upon. The color of the skin denotes the color of the milk and butter. A cow with a yellow, nankeen skin will generally yield yellow milk and yellow butter, if not spoiled in the making; but it is no true indication of the percentage of butter fat. I believe a skin covered with fine scales of a fatty nature is a fair indication of rich milk.

Tail.

Some judges lay great stress on the length of tail as an indication of milking qualities. It should reach the hock and have a great switch. Still I have seen good cows where the tail did not reach within two inches of the hock. I think a long, slender tail denotes a persistent milker.

Escutcheon.

The escutcheon commences from the middle of the four teats, a part of its hair extending forward under the belly in the direction of the navel, while the other part, beginning a little above the hocks, spreads as far as the middle of the hind surface of the thighs, as high as the top of the vulva. The escutcheon is a direction opposite to that which covers other parts of the skin. The hair of the escutcheon is also distinguished by its tint, which is duller than that of the other hair. The form indicates the class to which it belongs, while the extent of the surface covered denotes the milk-giving capacity. The fineness of the hair and the color of the skin must be taken into consideration, as cows which have large escutcheons and composed of fine hair are the best milkers, especially if the skin is a yellowish color, with scales of a fatty substance. Cows which have the skin of the escutcheon covered with long, coarse hair of a flaring character will give poor milk; while cows whose udders are covered with short, furry and velvety hair will generally yield rich milk.

BABIES WHO PUZZLE MEDICAL MEN.

It is questionable whether the vagaries of nature have been more strikingly shown than in the case of James Adolph Cody, two years and three months old, the son of normal-sized parents, living at Mount Airy, Georgia. James eats as much as both his father and mother put together, and at the present time weighs 8½ stone. He measures 14in. round the neck, 36in. round the waist, 18in. above the knee, and 13in. below. He is very agile, and strong enough to knock down children thrice his years. Young James is constantly crying for food, and the amount of solids he consumes in a day would be sufficient for six boys of his age. For breakfast he eats numerous biscuits spread with butter and syrup, and drinks two glasses of milk, as well as a couple of cups of coffee. For dinner and supper he is supplied with a large plate of boiled bacon and vegetables, and he gives full vent to a lusty pair of lungs if he is not given light refreshment between meals.

A year or two ago doctors in this country were much puzzled over a six-year-old boy named Arthur Keene. Young Arthur had lived on milk from his birth, not a particle of solid food being taken. At six years of age he was finely developed and healthy, and his diet per week consisted of thirty pints of milk mixed with sugar and a little water.

When Lionel Brett, a young boy of Massachusetts, was a baby in arms his mother noticed something peculiar about his eyes and fearing that he was in danger of going blind, she had him examined by several oculists. These gentlemen discovered that the child possessed a most wonderful pair of eyes, his sight penetrating substances in the same fashion as the X-rays.

Dr. Ferroul, of Narbonne, and Dr. Grasset, of Montpellier, some years back examined a young girl of Narbonne, and she was found to possess eyes similar to those of Lionel Brett. Experiments proved that she could see through opaque bodies as clearly and penetratingly as if her eyes generated Rontgen rays.

Another child possessed of wonderful sight was a German lad named Shaefer, who created a furore in scientific circles some time ago. There was nothing unusual in his appearance, and yet he had a very strange pair of eyes. The usual order of things was reversed; in the day he was practically blind, while in the darkness of night the keenness of his sight was astonishing. When night came on young Shaefer could see with an acuteness which many ordinary people would have given much to possess even in the daytime. He could enter a pitch-dark room and pick up any small object from the floor or table with as much ease as his parents could if the room were flooded with light. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Shaefer sprinkled the floor of a room with tiny pins, and ordered their son to pick them up. Although the room was absolutely dark, the lad found every one of the pins in an incredibly short space of time.

People with magnetic bodies are not unknown, and six years ago doctors discovered at Vladikavkaz, in the Caucasus, a girl of twelve whose body was practically a magnet. According to a medico who examined her, every object which she approached would move. Once she walked to a kitchen dresser, and in an instant the crockery upon it began to dance. On another occasion a heavy bottle standing upon a table was raised in the air when the magnetic maiden went near it.

Miserable In Any Case.

Carlyle smoked often and complained much of dyspepsia. A friend once ventured to suggest that his smoking might perhaps injure and depress him.

"Yes," Carlyle said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very meeserable; so I took to it again and was very meeserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be meeserable than to go without."

"You'll never catch me in that restaurant again! I found the end of a cigar in my soup, and when I complained to the waiter he brought me a box of matches!"

There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness. The narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves, the lazy are too indifferent, the busy have not time to think, the rich disregard appeals for kindness, the poor have neither spirit nor ability, and the good-natured fool is not capable of serving you.

The Labour Party and Rents.

To the Editor.

Sir, An attempt is being made by the Labour Party to condemn the landlords. Their ostensible purpose is, as in all things, to hoodwink and ingratiate themselves with the electors, and thus win them to the cause of labour in their voting.

To tell half the truth, Sir, is often to tell an infamous falsehood, as is the case in the matter now being dealt with, and proves the rule in nearly every other case dealt with by them. As to the question of "Increase in rents," why not tell all the truth? Why is it rents are increased? The Labour Party are the primary cause of it. The facts of the case are these:

First, through the rise of wages in building operations. The price of building has been greatly increased, as, for instance, carpenters from 8s. a day to 11s. 3d.; bricklayers from 10s. to 2s. and 14s.; painters from 7s. to 8s. per day to 10s.; labourers, from 7s. to 8s. per day; plumbers and plasterers, at the same proportionate increase of wages. Sand from 5s. 6d. to 8s. a load. Cartage of bricks, an increase of 2s. per thousand. Add to these the expenses of sewerage and other expenses not here quoted, so you see, Sir, that mechanics have the present advantage of an increase of wages at from 10s. to 18s. per week, with this further advantage that they have full time. It will be seen that with this increase of pay and a corresponding increase of material, it must result in an increase in the price of building of property.

Now to meet this increase the property-owners have put on an average increase of say 2s. a week, and this increase of rent does not compensate for the increase of building, a mere trifle when compared to the large increase in wages and material. But the Labour cry is, We want more wages, and we want the rents as in the past. High wages and low rents. The Labour cry is like the horse-leech seeking blood, is "Give, give." If the low rent advocates had luck or brains to fall into a private property, they would be the worst of rent grinders. Now, Sir, what would be the result if the old rents are maintained upon these altered conditions? There is nobody but a fool who would ever build houses. Where would the Labour be then in its unjust exactions? They would have to walk about the streets with their hands in their pockets, and that is just what will happen from the clamorous and unjust exactions.—Yours, etc.,

VADUBADA.

Weekly Egg Day for the Melbourne Hospital.

To the Editor.

Sir,—My committee beg your co-operation in bringing under the notice of the public the Weekly Egg Day for the Melbourne Hospital. This means of contributing to the needs of the sick and convalescent in the wards of the institution was inaugurated last Thursday, with great success, the first count amounting to 173 dozen. Eggs form one of the staple articles of hospital dietary, and the annual cost of this one item to an institution treating over 6000 in-patients per annum is very great indeed. For some months to come eggs will be very plentiful, and poultry farmers might easily spare a dozen or so weekly, and many private owners of fowls might spare a few.

A liberal response to this appeal will enable the committee to supply liberally this most valuable form of nourishment to the patients in the wards, and will, it is hoped, provide in some degree for the winter months, when economy in this article of diet is necessitated by the limited resources of a public hospital.

Hospital attendants will be stationed inside the principal entrance to the Princes Bridge Railway Station (opposite the Cathedral), inside the Swanston-street and Elizabeth-street entrances to the Flinders-street station, and outside the main entrance to the Spencer-street station, from 7.30 a.m. to 10 a.m., and from 2.30 p.m. to 4 p.m., on Thursday, 26th instant, and on each following Thursday, to take charge of the donations. Parcels of eggs sent to the parcels offices at the above-named stations will be collected in due course.—Yours, etc.,

T. R. ANDREWS, Secretary.

It has been decided that an egg day be held on the Pender's Grove Estate in aid of the Eye and Ear Hospital on Wednesday, the 25th October. All settlers desiring to assist may leave eggs at Mr. Nelson's, Collins-st.

WOMAN.

Give us that grand word "woman" once again,
And let's have done with "lady"—one's a term
Full of fine force, strong, beautiful, and firm,
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen;
And one's a word for lackeys. One suggests
The mother, wife, and sister! One the dame,
Whose costly robe, maybap, gives her the name.
One word upon its own strength leans and rests—
The other minces tiptoe. Who would be
The perfect woman must grow brave of heart
And broad of soul to play her troubled part
Well in life's drama. While each day we see
The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do
And what to say, grace in each tone and act
(This taught in schools, but needs some native tact),
Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.
Give the first place then to the nobler phrase,
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

LIVER DISORDER.

"I felt as if I had no Desire to Live."

Another Permanent Cure by Bile Beans

Mrs Amy Seagg, of 172 Dowling St., Darlinghurst, Sydney, says:—"On account of my liver being disordered I became run-down. Often I was indisposed for days through severe bilious attacks. Fits of retching made me feel most wretched, and felt a horrible sore sensation from the excessive straining. Violent headaches were always succeeded by attacks of biliousness, and I became completely worn-out. I could not shake off the feeling of weariness and depression that overcame me, and I always felt tired and never seemed able to get enough sleep. When the attacks were at their worst I felt as if I had no desire to live. Altough I tried all sorts of remedies, nothing I took gave any permanent relief.

"At last I resolved to undergo a course of Bile Beans. I purchased a supply and commenced taking them regularly. In a short time the bilious symptoms disappeared, and no longer was I troubled with headaches. The vomiting ceased and my liver became more active. As I persisted with Bile Beans the weary feeling left me and my health became much better, until at last I was completely cured, and free from all misery."

Bile Beans are an excellent family medicine, and being mild in action they are especially suitable for children. All mothers should keep a box in the home, for a dose or two in time may prevent much suffering and expense. Bile Beans are a fine tonic for the jaded worker, and the surest specific for all liver and stomach trouble. Obtainable of all chemists and stores.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. RICHMOND.

This match was continued on Saturday on a vastly improved ground and wicket. Brown and Vernon resumed to the bowling of Macrow and Miller. Vernon was caught by Buckley off Miller after adding 1. Plant followed and contributed a single before Brown fell a victim to Miller, caught in the slips, and the innings closed for 204.

Smith and Lampard opened for Richmond to the bowling of Bailey and Plant. Both batsmen opened well, Smith hitting two lovely fourers off Plant in his score of 11. The first wicket fell for 15, Smith being caught and bowled by Plant. Dean was the next batsman and settled down to play the correct game. He and Lampard added 81 to the score before Dean retired caught. Bailey then bowled Brown, the board showing 3 for 96, and Northcote getting into a bad position. Lampard was still pegging away, followed by a run of luck owing to lapses in the field and being fortunate in hitting several balls just out of reach of the fieldsmen. The next batsman (Mackey) had his stumps rattled by Bailey. Buckley, who came next, also failed to stop a straight one from the same bowler, and 5 for 108 appeared, showing a greatly improved aspect for the home team's side. Allen followed Buckley, but Lampard's time had come, being brilliantly caught by Billings off Plant for 65—a very fortunate innings. The match now began to wear a very interesting appearance. Would Richmond get the runs or would Northcote get them out? Bailey seemed to settle the argument by getting Kelly and Healey in one over, and with 9 for 159 made it look certain for Northcote. However, Swift and Miller defied the bowlers and it began again to be very uncertain as 14 runs were wanted and 10 minutes to go when the captain threw the ball to Sid. Billings. The experiment seemed to be disastrous, as the first, a full toss to leg, was promptly hit for 3, but the next settled all argument, as it hit Miller's centre stump and the match ended in a victory for Northcote by 11 runs with seven minutes to go.

Bailey and Plant bowled finely for Northcote with 4 for 41 and 4 for 59 respectively. Brown also got 1 for 56 and Billings 1 for 3. In this match Northcote scored a fine victory, as Richmond had everything in their favor. Scores—

NORTHCOTE—First Innings.

Previous Saturday, eight for	202
N. Brown, c Healey, b Miller	71
R. Vernon, c Buckley, b Miller	3
D. Plant, not out	1
Sundries	22
Total	204

RICHMOND—First Innings.

D. Tmith, c and b Plant	11
A. Lampard, c Billings, b Plant	65
A. Dean, c Bailey, b Brown	33
Mackay, b Bailey	9
Buckley, b Bailey	1
Allen, b Plant	13
Macrow, b Plant	13
Swift, not out	25
Kelly, c Vernon, b Bailey	0
Healey, b Bailey	0
Miller, b Billings	9
Sundries	14
Total	193

Bowling—Bailey, 4 for 41; Plant, 4 for 59; Brown, 1 for 56; Billings 1 for 3.

The second elevens resumed their match last Saturday, when Northcote were beaten by 2 runs on the first innings. Northcote required 37 runs with 5 wickets in hand. On resumption of play things went badly from the start, Andrew, Thomas, E. Yeomans and W. Cox losing their wickets in quick succession. With the last two, S. Yeomans and Hammet, in, 21 runs were required, and they made a good try to win, but in trying to make the winning hit Yeomans was clean bowled, and an exciting match was lost by 2 runs.

Richmond batted again and were disposed of just on time for 196.

The scores were—Richmond, 91 and 196 (Quinn 14 and 52, Murphy 18 and 52, Bird 22 not out); S. Yeomans 5 for 40, Andrew 8 for 119; Ahern 2 for 35, Hammet 2 for 51, E. Yeomans 1 for 17); Northcote, 89 (Wilkinson 28, Thomas 16, Hammet 14 not out)

Northcote play East Melbourne at the East Melbourne cricket ground to-day. The second elevens will play at the Northcote Park.

First eleven team—Bailey, Begg, Brown, Billings, Cheesewas, McCarron, Mitchell, Plant, Spicer, Vernon, and F. Yeomans.

Second eleven—Ahern, Andrew, Hammet, Hughes, Lupton, Richardson, Studley, Thomas, Wilkinson, Yeomans (2). Twelfth man—Bolton.

Northcote have secured the services of one of South Australia's leading batsmen in McCarron. His permit was granted this week by the Association, and he will be playing against East Melbourne to-day. He played with Adelaide last season, his figures being—9 innings, 2 not outs, highest score 140 not out, total runs 366, average 52 2 runs. He was picked as one of the 15 players to practice for South Australia's representative team.

CLUB ELEVEN v. CARLTON.

Northcote Club Eleven made their debut on Saturday last into the ranks of the Metropolitan Cricket League, meeting Carlton at Carlton, and appear to be in a good winning position. T. Phillips was once again elected Captain, with A. Bedford as his lieutenant, and, winning the toss, decided to take first use of the wicket. Northcote totalled 111 runs, which, considering the state of the ground, the grass being very long, must be considered a very fair effort. Goodyear 34, Hayes 25, Schwaebsch 15, and Bedford 13, all showed fine form with the bat. Bowes, the Carlton trundler, bowled well, securing seven wickets for 45. Carlton, at the call of time, had scored 42 runs for the loss of five wickets; Bedford, bowling for Northcote, took three for 27. Good work was done by Dunn behind the wickets for Northcote. The match will be resumed to-day, at 2.30 sharp.

PRESTON v. FAIRFIELD.

This match was continued from last Saturday, the scores then being—Fairfield 33, Preston seven for 78. Howes (14 not out) and Robinson (17 not out) resumed their places at the wickets, and defied the bowling, both still batting at the 4 o'clock adjournment for afternoon tea. Soon after Preston declared closed, with seven for 165, P. Howes 59 not out and C. Robinson 51 not out. Fairfield, with two men away, could only manage to make 34 in the second innings. W. H. Smith taking three for 4 and W. Blundell five for 22. Preston thus won by an innings and 98 runs.

The ladies of Preston provided afternoon tea, and as this takes the form of a set table, where all sit round to the good things provided, the visitors were much surprised and delighted. Mr. Roper, on behalf of the Fairfield team, thanked the Preston club for their cordial reception. The captain (Mr. Reynolds) also added a few words, and Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., who was present by invitation of the Preston club, moved a hearty vote of thanks to the ladies, which was carried with acclamation.

Preston play the North Ports today at Port Melbourne, and as they are one of the leading teams in the Association, Preston hopes to put up a good account of themselves.

Northcote Baptist opened the season last Saturday by playing Footscray Baptist on the farmers' ground. Scores:—Northcote, first innings, 168; Footscray, first innings, 92. Northcote won on first innings by 66 runs. Walpole, five for 28; Lyons, two for 15; Threlkeld, two for 20.

Northcote team and supporters are requested to meet at the church at 2.15 sharp, where they will proceed by van to Burnley Survey Paddock, to play Richmond.

Everleigh were defeated by Collingwood United. Everleigh's most effective players were W. Punch, 66 not out (W. Hills 33 and two for 14); L. Punch, 26; C. Brittain, 10 not out; and E. Hacking, four for 31.

Preston Amateurs v. St. Kilda, played at Preston. Scores—St. Kilda, 58 (Hills 23; Hedigan 6 for 18, Wyer 2 for 24); Amateurs, 64 (Stephenson 23 retired). Amateurs play Ashburton at Ashburton to-day. Train leaves Flinders street at 2.5.

South Preston Methodists concluded their match against Wellington Street last Saturday, the latter winning by 8 wickets. Page was the only batsman to reach double figures for the former, getting 15, while Campbell secured 2 wickets for 9

To day South Preston Methodists play Fairfield Methodists at Fairfield. Members and supporters of the former are requested to meet at Preston tram terminus at 2 p.m.

Northcote I.O.R. played Norwood last Saturday and suffered defeat by 9 wicket.

Preston Presbyterians opened the season successfully last Saturday by defeating Union Memorial by ten wickets. Scores—Preston, 52 and none for 8; Memorial, 50 and 9 (Jones 6 for 4, Bartley 8 for 17.

Northcote Presbyterians commenced the season last Saturday, when the A team met Dorcas St. at Albert Park Northcote, 95 and no wickets for 3 (Shand 55, J. Thomson 11); Dorcas St., 40 (N. Richardson 6 for 10, W. Thomson 3 for 27). The B team met Richmond B at Thornbury. Northcote batted the whole afternoon, scoring 250 runs (Livingstone 120 not out, McKenzie 41, Lovell 19, Walker 18, Bull 14).

BOWLING.

NORTHCOTE BOWLING CLUB.

The rink tourney for the vice president's trophy was last Saturday advanced a stage, when Bennell and Plant tied for first place, each having won three games. These two rinks are to play off on a day to be arranged.

The selection of captains for each section was made at the termination of the day's play, the following being the elect:—A grade, J. Bennell, C. Mitchell, R. Harrington and F. Plant; B grade, A. M. Lonie, W. Clarke, J. B. Duncan and R. B. Lawrence.

The captains met and selected the following teams for the 21st:—Bennell, Schieffer-decker, Bowden, Trelevan; Harrington, Girling, Brown, Rendle; Mitchell, Buraton, E. Bailey, F. Allen; Plant, M. Taylor, Tribe, Saunders.

B teams—Lonie, T. L. Taylor, Mason, Dennis; Lawrence, Turner, Wardell, Campbell; Duncan, R. Bailey, Stewart, McIntosh; Clarke, Marsden, Crossley, Threkeld

A team meets Kew at Northcote, whilst B journey to South Melbourne by tram to St. Vincent's Place.

The billiard room is now almost complete. The table will probably be placed in it next week, and the room will be officially opened very soon afterwards. For this function please watch the notice board.

Entries for green championship close tonight at 8 p.m., and those for president's trophy are now being received.

Over fifty of Thornbury club's members were playing at the one time on Saturday last. To-day, the opening of the pennant season, they send three teams into the field. A team play Footscray at Footscray. B team play S.M.C.C. at Thornbury. Three rink team play Camberwell at Thornbury.

Preston A play Carlton at Carlton to-day. Preston team—Messrs Broadhurst, Bartley, Hanna, J. E. White, Crisps, Strahle, A. White, Winnett, Pike, A. S. Wilkinson, Hardess, Stanlake, Walker, Paterson, McKenzie, Du Dourg.

Preston B play Malvern at Preston. Team—Messrs Howe, Ross, Olney, McPherson, Robertson, Mutimer, Rojo, Box, Warr, Rowe, Howse, Robinson, A. Wilkinson, Zwar, Weeds, McDonald.

SOCIETIES.

Preston Lodge U.A.O.D.

The above met on Monday evening, there being a good attendance of members and visitors. Three new members were elected and three propositions received. After business the lodge adjourned for a bobs tournament, and a very pleasant and exciting time was spent. The winner was Bro. Anderson of the Royal lodge, who was presented with a cheese cooler, the gift of Bro. Powell of the Board of Directors.

Preston Branch A.W.A.

The last meeting was held on October 9, the president (Mrs. Howard) in the chair. One new member was proposed and one elected. At next meeting the syllabus item is "Comic Cuttings."

Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the Rechabite-hall on Thursday evening, the C.R. (Bro. A. Fillingham) presiding over a good attendance of members. Four new members were elected and several propositions received. The tent is making good progress numerically, not a meeting passes without three or four new members being welcomed. A committee was formed to make arrangements for the celebration of Temperance Sunday on November 12. Members of the games teams are reminded that they play Burnley at the Burnley tent room on Wednesday evening next.

Northcote A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held on Thursday evening, President Comans in the chair, and a fair attendance of members. Two new members were elected and four proposed. It was decided to hold a picture show in Thornbury hall on November 22. In reference to Dr. Bottemley's pamphlet "An Old Plague and a New Remedy," it was referred to the committee to arrange if possible for a public meeting to be addressed by Dr Bottomley in the town hall. Mr. Howden, a representative of the Single Tax League, then gave an address in its favor. Several questions were asked by those present and satisfactorily answered. On the motion of Mr. Claussen, seconded by Mr. McDonnell, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer, who suitably responded.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Mr. I. Barrow, J.P.]

AN OLD OFFENDER.

Against William Renouf there were eight charges of not sending his children to school. As leniency in the past appeared to have done no good the Bench fined him 5s in each case, or 40s in all.

Dr. Cole remarked that it was a pity these children could not be taken in hand by the State.

"SETTLING A DIFFERENCE."

William Tirrell and Rowland Hampson were charged with behaving in an offensive manner on vacant land off Winnifred street on Sunday, 8th inst.

Mrs. Emily Mather gave evidence that the boys were engaged in a stand up fight, and when no one else would interfere to stop it she did.

George Wilson stated the fight lasted a quarter of an hour.

Defendants, when asked if they had anything to say, said it was only a "schoolboys' quarrel," since "made up." They did not hurt one another.

Discharged, on paying costs of witnesses, 5s each.

Northcote School of Music.

At the annual examination of the Associated Board of the Royal College and Royal Academy, London, held on Wednesday last, the following pupils of Mr. Leonard Baker passed, as follows: — Primary — Wallis Crossley, Dorothy Earp. Elementary—Ruby Sutherland and Dorothy Nissen (honours), Norman Crossley, Eileen Cooper, Gladys Roberts, Ada Studd, Alfio Turner, Winnie Olenburg, Ivy Gordon, Doris Field. Lower Division—Daphne Gordon, Daisy Edgley. Higher Division—Lily Turner, Ivy Turner. Intermediate—Eva Gribble. Highest Grade (theory)—Eva Gribble.

Pupils of Miss Hilda Baker, L.A.B., passed as follows:—Primary—Gladys Raymont (honours), Jean Page, May Short. Lower Division—Dot Eccleston (honours).

Miss Ruby Bond's pupils were successful in the singing examination, as follows:—Miss Hilda Baker, Miss Gladys Bunce.

At the Ballarat competitions Miss Ada Studd (pupil of Miss Baker), secured prize for champion solo, and third in the vocal class under sixteen.

CRICKET CLUBS AND MERRI PARK.

GRANTED TO NORTHCOTE C.C.

There were six applications from cricket clubs for the right to use Merri Park during the coming season, viz.:—N.C.C., North Fitzroy C.C., P.A.F.S., Presbyterian C.C., S. Northcote I.O.R., and Royal Star.

F. C. Yeomans, secretary N.C.C., explained that they did not wish to occupy the ground to the exclusion of other junior clubs. They would arrange their fixtures to suit any other junior clubs, and let them use their pitch and help them by any other means in their power.

Cr. Hayes moved that the application of the N.C.C. be granted. They were prepared to improve the park and do their best in the interest of junior clubs. Any worthy juniors would be taken under their wing.

Cr. Johnson seconded the motion. He only wanted the assurance that they would allow another club to play on the ground. They went further and promised to assist junior clubs.

Cr. Henderson moved that the Presbyterian club be allowed to play on the ground. They were all sons of Northcote ratepayers, and the majority were anxious to qualify for the N.C.C.

Cr. Plant said he would support the motion, though he was disappointed to find that the N.C.C. would not allow juniors the use of their Northcote park pitch without they became hon. members.

Cr. Dennis said he thought the council should take the responsibility of saying who should be the second club playing on the ground. He would sooner see the park given to two junior clubs only they were not in a position to improve the ground. He would move an amendment that permission be granted to the N.C.C. subject to their arranging with the Northcote Presbyterian C.C.

Cr. Henderson seconded the motion.

Cr. Mason said he did not think the N.C.C. would have any money to spend on Merri Park and he believed they could make room for two other junior clubs on the ground.

Cr. Harry said he was in favor of granting it to the two clubs with equal rights.

Cr. Schwaebsch said he did not believe in their group the ground.

Cr. Lees contended that they must fix the responsibility on one particular team and he would support the motion.

The mayor also supported the motion, which was carried.

PARIS SETS THE FASHION.

The world is full of cities, they are
dotted on the map,
Towns, capitals, and thriving ports
of call;
And excepting Eastern centres and the
cities of the Jap,
Gay Paris sets the fashion for them
all,
Great and small,
Yes, Paris sets the fashion for them
all.

There are many weird creations on this
poor long-suffering earth,
There are costumes that do nothing
but appal,
And their origin may now be traced to
Paquin or to Worth,
For Paris sets the fashion for them
all,
Since the Fall,
Yes, Paris sets the fashion for them
all.

Be it habit, harem, hobble; be it decolleté gown,
On Collins-street, or Broadway, or
the Mall,
No matter what locality, what country
or what town,
Gay Paris sets the fashion for them
all,
Short and tall,
Yes, Paris sets the fashion for them
all.

There are marvels of the modiste that
reveal yet hide the form
(And they're seeking some new wonder to install),
There are filmy "dreams" of fairie
that would perish in a storm,
And Paris sets the fashion for them
all,
At the ball,
Yes, Paris sets the fashion for them
all.

In St. Petersburg, in Sydney, down the
Strand and Rotten Row,
On Melbourne's Block or streets of
Montreal,
You will see the latest *chapeau*, you
will mark the *mode nouveau*,
But Paris sets the fashion for them
all,
Hat and shawl,
Yes, Paris sets the fashion for them
all.

Now there isn't any moral in the tale
that I relate,
Having roamed around this old terrestrial ball,
Having jostled through its cities I am
simply free to state
That Paris sets the fashion for them
all,
Great and small,
Yes, Paris sets the fashion for them
all.

WILL W. ROCK, Berlin, 1911.

For the Clever Young Folks.

Last week's problem was a bit of a "teaser." There was only one correct answer—Violet Comans, 227 Barkly-street, North Fitzroy—viz., 15 minutes 3 seconds past 1.

The following for this week:—

A local butcher bought a hindquarter and a forequarter of beef, weighing together 252 lbs. He paid 7¼d. lb. for the hindquarter and 5¼d. lb. for the forequarter, and found that he had paid 17¼d. on the whole more than if he had bought both quarters at 6¼d. per lb. Find weight of each quarter.

CHILDREN'S SCALP TROUBLES.

Zam-Buk Cures an Obstinate Case.

Mrs. E. White, of Wilson Street, Boulder, W.A., says:—"My little girl Lillian had an outbreak of eczema on her head. Her hair all fell off, and it was a mass of corruption. Her head was like a lump of raw meat, and matter would ooze out, presenting a sight that was revolting. In attending to it a great loathing would make me feel ill. The disease was very obstinate, for although we tried various remedies and ointments, nothing had the desired effect. Nothing in the way of medical treatment was of the least good. The poor girl suffered terribly.

"A friend seeing the state of the child's head, said Zam-Buk would heal it quickly. We obtained a supply of Zam-Buk and applied it to the affected surface, and in a short time the pain and irritation ceased. As we continued with Zam-Buk I soon noticed that the disease was defeated. All bad matter was withdrawn, inflammation subdued, and new healthy skin was beginning to form. Soon new hair began to grow in place of that which had dropped off. We continued with Zam-Buk until Lilian was completely cured, and to see her now, no one would ever think anything had been amiss."

Zam-Buk, the over-ready healing balm, is invaluable for eczema, ulcers, ringworm, bad legs, festering wounds, rash, piles, as well as a quick healer of cuts, burns, gashes, scratches and all skin injuries. Sold by all stores and chemists, at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCH

The anniversary services in connection with the above were held on Sunday last under most favorable conditions. The morning service was conducted by the Rev. A. McCallum, President of the Conference. The Rev. A. Madsen, of Clifton Hill, conducted the afternoon service, and at night the Rev. R. Fitcher preached to a very large congregation. The musical part of the services was in the hands of the choir master, Mr. Grierson, with Miss Grierson at the organ. The singing was good, the preachers popular and powerful, and the congregations generous and appreciative.

On Wednesday the anniversary festival took the form of a complimentary social to the ladies who worked so splendidly for the coronation fair and the church choir. The school hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion and an interesting programme was presented. The Rev. E. O. Knee was in the chair and during the evening Mr. J. C. Nankervis gave the treasurer's statement for the year, also a detailed account of the result of the recent fair. The debt upon the church had been reduced by £100, and they had £31 towards another £50.

Mr. Lewis Jones, one of the trustees, in expressing the thanks of the trustees to the ladies who had worked so well and succeeded so splendidly, urged the immediate raising of £16, and so reduce the debt by another £50. Mr. Isaac Barrow, J.P., responded for the ladies in a felicitous speech, and Mr. Grierson on behalf of the choir. The soloists were Mrs. Dubourg, Mr. Von Mylius and Mr. Harris. Miss Roberts gave two recitations. At 9.45 refreshments were passed around and a very enjoyable anniversary came to a successful ending.

Preston Church of Christ Doroas Society.

At a meeting held Tuesday, October 17, president (Mrs. O. A. Walker) in the chair, it was resolved to postpone the sale of work to November 24 and 25 instead of October as previously decided. The sisters have been busy working for same the past six months. Further particulars will be advertised in this paper.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Members of the Young Women's Bible Class will hold a GARDEN FETE at "Montrose," Clarke Street, THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON. To be opened by the Mayoress (Mrs H. Bastings) at 3 o'clock sharp, and continued in the evening.

An Interesting Pageant, representing Past and Present, by the Young Folk; and other attractions.

Competitions in Cooking, Sweets, Needlework, and Pot Plants.

Proceeds in aid of Church Building Fund and Girls' Rescue Home, Elsternwick. Admission 6d. Children 3d.

Di Gillo's Band.

NORTHCOTE'S PICTURE THEATRE TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT.

The Picture-Lover's Resort.

MONSTER ALL PICTURE SHOW! MONSTER ALL-PICTURE SHOW! By Special Request.

8000 feet of Thrilling Drama, Sensational Cowboys, Lovely Scenics, Button-Bursting Comics.

A CITY SHOW IN YOUR OWN TOWN HALL.

Come Early and Avoid Disappointment. Adults 6d. Children, under 12, 3d. N.S.R.A., Promoters.

CROXTON POPULAR OPEN-AIR CONCERTS. TO-NIGHT at 8. ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL SHOW. ELECTRIC LIGHT STAR PICTURES. Glorious First Part and the following Talented Artists:

Miss Elsie McGuire, the Pleasing Balladist, a rare treat.

Roth Bros., Funny Patter Team & Dancers.

Joe Wallace	Gifford Sisters
Will Howard	Gertie Palmer
Victor Roth	Will Rollero
Will Mason	Violet Frawley

Howard & Palmor, Comedy Sketch Team. Screaming Farce by the Company. Plenty of Seating Accommodation. Best Open-Air Show in the State. H. W. BALHARRY, Promoter.

CROXTON, MONDAY EVENING, 23rd October, at 8 p.m. GRAND VAUDEVILLE & BIOSCOPE CONCERT. And every Monday and Saturday. Star Engagement—Arthur Douglas, Refined Scotch Comedian. Joe Hurley, Australia's Greatest Impersonator. Hosts of others. Hosts of others. Patrons can always rely on a Good Show. H. W. BALHARRY, Promoter.

THORNBURY PICTURE THEATRE

GRAND DISPLAY OF VERY LATEST PICTURES TO-MORROW EVENING. Admission—Silver Coin. Proceeds for Hospital Sunday Fund.

A GRAND DISPLAY and CONCERT will be given by the Prince of Wales' Park Ladies' Guild on Wednesday, 25th October, in the High Street Methodist School Hall. Mr. J. H. Davey, Humorist of The Royal Middles' Costume Co., and Mr. Victor Trotman, Elocutionist, will assist.

DON'T FORGET All Saints' (Preston) FLOWER SHOW in the Parish Hall, Murray Road, Saturday, 4th November. Entries close Tuesday week. EMILY M. ZWAR, Hon. Sec.

Wanted.

BOY to learn the trade. F. C. Cornish & Co., Grocers, 255 High street, Northcote.

GIRLS, 15 years, Apprentices, 7/6 to start. D. and W. Murray, Straw Hat Factory, Argyle St., Fitzroy.

SMART Apprentice to Dressmaking, wanted at once. Miss Harding, 123 Mansfield street, Thornbury.

SMART Boy Wanted. H. C. Dyte, Chemist, 581 High St., Northcote.

WANTED Improvers at once. Apply Miss Mather, 241 Queen's parade, Clifton Hill.

Election Notices

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

All Friends and Supporters of Mr. J. G. MEMBREY are requested to attend Rally of Combined Committees throughout Electorate, Tuesday Evening next, Town Hall, Northcote, at 8 o'clock. Cr. A. E. THARRATT, Chairman. J. T. DOWNING, Secretary.

BULLA ELECTION.

A Meeting of the Friends and Supporters of Hon. A. R. ROBERTSON, M.L.A., will be held in the Shire Hall, Epping, on Saturday Evening, 28th inst., at 8 o'clock. B. McCORMACK, Convener

BULLA STATE ELECTORATE.

A. M. DAVIDSON, The Selected Labour Candidate, Will open the Campaign in the SHIRE HALL, EPPING, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, at 8 30.

Messrs Ozanne, M.H.R., and Lemmon, M.L.A., will also speak.

B. J. McCormack, Esq., J.P., Chairman. Ladies specially invited to attend.

Stott & Bastings

Offer the following ALLOTMENTS for Sale on Remarkably Easy Terms:

WESTBOURNE GROVE, 40 x 100, 50/- foot.

CARNARVON AVENUE, 26 x 100, 52 x 100, 40 x 100, 50/- ft.

ABERDEEN GROVE, 40 x 100, 30/- and 35/- ft.

NOTE THE TERMS:

£5 Deposit Each Lot.

Balance in 10 half-yearly payments at 4½ per cent. interest. Right to pay off at any time. Assistance given to Build.

These Lots are Centrally Situated in Splendid Position.

Close to Merri and Northcote Stations, and Trams.

Plans at Office of

Stott & Bastings,

203 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Tel. 1976.

Auction Notices.

SATURDAY, 28th OCTOBER.

JEFFREY'S CITY VIEW ESTATE, PRESTON.

EXECUTORS' GRAND SUBDIVISIONAL AUCTION SALE. At 3 p.m. On the Ground.

Unlocking of the Finest Subdivisional Property in Northern Suburbs. Owned by the Jeffrey Family for past 70 Years. Charming Views. Perfect Drainage. Elevated Positions. Three minutes Regent station. Adjacent to Churches, Schools, Library, and Well-Established Businesses. Secure a Home Block. Your Health Assured. Undoubted Investment. Exceptional Terms, viz.—One Fourth Cash; Balance half yearly instalments up to 3 years, with interest at 5 per cent. Title, Cert. Apply Messrs Maddock, Jamieson, and Louie, Solicitors, 445 Collins street, Melbourne. Plans and Full Particulars.

WM. H. EDGAR, Auctioneer, 231 Collins street, City (Tel. 2060) and Malvern, opp. station (Tel. 21); or WM. J GRAY, 6 Hutton street, Northcote; or local agent, M. JEFFREY, on the Estate, Preston.

Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate.—Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from 6/ a month. No deposit. No interest. Plans, all particulars, A. Robertson, corner High & Bell Sts., Preston.

HILLSIDE ESTATE.—Splendid Building Sites, close Shire Hall and Post Office. 40ft. blocks from 8/ monthly. 6/- blocks all sold. Get before too late Robertson, agent, Preston.

Nurses

NURSE ROKEHERST ROBERTS, R.V.T.N.A., Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals. Registered Maternity Private Hospital, "Sydenham," 21 Darebin Rd., Northcote. Terms, 3 to 5 guineas fortnight. Engagements. Patients Visited. Emergency Cases. Correspondence and enquiries invited. Phone, Northcote 226

PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Registered).

NURSE DONOHUE (late Nurse Sparrow) Receives Patients and also Visits Outside Cases (morning). Every attention and care. Terms, Moderate.

22 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Phone: Northcote 58

NURSE HOOPER, "LILLIKVILLE," DAREBIN ROAD, NORTHCOTE. Phone, Northcote 221.

Notices

DEAD Horses and Cattle removed free of charge. Old healthy cows bought. O. Graff, Thomastown.

CHAS. FOWLER, Carpenter & Builder. Jobbing Work. Brooders and Fowl Houses a speciality. Stone House, High street (Regent station), Preston.

Meetings

A PUBLIC MEETING of the Residents of Epping will be held on Saturday evening, 28 h inst., in the Shire Hall, for the purpose of electing three new Trustees to the Epping Cemetery. B. McCORMACK, Convener.

DO'NT LET THE SEWERAGE OF YOUR PREMISES WORRY YOU.

Entrust the Work to

T. GRACIE,

SANITARY and GENERAL PLUMBER,

Cnr. Arthurton Rd. & St. George's Rd., NORTHCOTE,

and you may rely on getting COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

The Most Efficient and Experienced Workmen Employed.

CONTRACTOR FOR GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS.

Estimates Given.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

Auctioneer & Sworn Valuer,

295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE, Tel. 51 Northcote,

Has the following Cheap Properties for Immediate Sale:

Villa, 5 rooms, street made, sewered, gas, adjoining station £350

Villa and Large Allotment, 4 large rooms, all conveniences, gas, sewered, street made £375

Cottage, 4 rooms, &c., near station, rental 10/- £200

New Villa, Northcote South, few minutes station, 5 rooms, &c. £375

Terms can be arranged. Small Deposit. Balance as Rent.

Call, Write, or Ring— ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer.

Preston Property Agency.

A. ROBERTSON,

ESTATE, INSURANCE, and FINANCIAL AGENT, and SWORN VALUATOR.

RENTS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. AUCTION SALES ARRANGED.

Insurances Effected on Buildings, Furniture Haystacks, etc., Plate Glass, Accident and Sickness, Employers' Liability, etc.

Valuations carefully made for Probate.

CHEAP Building ALLOTMENTS on easy terms. No Deposit. No Interest.

Note Address: C/n HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON. Close to Bell Station. Phone, 58 Brunswick Ex.

J. TYNAN,

The New House, Land & Estate Agent,

Has opened premises at 331 High St., Northcote.

Auction Sales Arranged. Rents Collected. Insurances Effected. Loans Negotiated

Agent for Commonwealth Insurance Company Ltd. National Insurance of N.Z. Ltd Twentieth Century Building and Investment Society.

Note Address 331 High Street, Northcote (next Tharratt's).

W. J. GRAY, House, Land and Estate Agent.

RENTS CAREFULLY COLLECTED. HOUSES FOR SALE, ALL SUBURBS.

PRESTON.—Two Allotments Land, Queen Street, unrivalled position, each 56 x 126. Price, £56 each.

PRESTON.—CITY VIEW ESTATE; shortly to be subdivided (in conjunction with W. H. Edgar). Plans, particulars, on application.

FARM.—Neerim South, Gippsland; 157½ acres, 60 acres cleared; six-roomed house; first-class dairy; milking sheds, six halls; ten paddocks; good barn; corn shed; permanent running creek; sown with English grasses; 1½ miles railway station. Price £11 per acre. This is a bargain.

LAND.—Johnston Street, Collingwood. Large allotment. Shops or factory erected to suit purchaser. No deposit. Easy terms.

Agents for the T. & G. Mutual Life Assurance; Lancashire Fire Assurance; Australasian Metropolitan Fire and General Insurance Co. Live Stock Insured at Current Rates.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS: 176 JOHNSTON ST., COLLINGWOOD. Private Address: 6 Hutton Street, Northcote.

Established (1883) over a Quarter of a Century.

Commonwealth Insurance Co. Ltd.

(formerly Melbourne Lloyd's Underwriters).

Head Office: 56 Queen Street, Melbourne.

FIRE. MARINE. Lowest Current Rates.

JOHN URQUHART,

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCT. 16.

Present:—Crs. Robertson (president), Howe, Crispe, Howse, Paterson, Allebin, Warr, Stanlake and Braithwaite.

"LOADING" OF LAND.

The shire of Tambo wrote asking the council to co-operate in abolishing the practise of "loading" land for railway construction purposes.—Received.

A CORRECTION.

The secretary Preston Citizens' Progress Association wrote, stating that in his letter to building in west riding the words "purporting to the attitude of this association," were used instead of "purporting to the attitude of several members of the association." Received.

EXEMPTION FROM SEWERAGE.

Thos. C. Wardell wrote, asking to be exempted from putting in a manure box in connection with the sewerage of their premises, Plenty-road.

Cr. Stanlake moved, and Cr. Howse seconded, that the application be granted, subject to the approval of the Metropolitan Board.

CROSSING WANTED.

A. R. Pleasance wrote, applying for a crossing to his premises, Elizabeth-street.

Cr. Crispe moved that the application be granted under the usual conditions.

AN INCIDENT CLOSED.

J. C. Hutton Proprietary Ltd. wrote, acknowledging receipt of building fee in connection with erection of resting place for pigs, and stating they had pleasure in forwarding cheque for £1.—Received.

RAMP AT BELL GOODS' SIDING.

The Railway Department wrote, promising consideration of request for ramp at Bell goods' siding.—Received.

REPLY FROM NORTHCOTE COUNCIL.

The town of Northcote wrote re this council's request for permission to run an electric feeder through Northcote, stating that if Preston still desired to proceed with the proposal, and was prepared to submit a scheme at a conference to be arranged, Northcote would be pleased to meet them, with a view to arriving at an arrangement for the mutual benefit of the two municipalities.

Cr. Allebin said he believed Northcote was prepared to meet them in a friendly way, and moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole.

The President: Better make an appointment, and consider the matter in the meantime, so that no time would be lost.

Cr. Crispe said that while having no objection to a conference, he was surprised to receive such a letter from Northcote, who, after being written to on several occasions, now asked "if Preston still desired to proceed with the proposal." If they wanted any concessions in regard to the cable, they might have said so.

The motion was carried, and it was decided to arrange the conference if possible for Wednesday.

THE PIPE TRACK.

J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., wrote, stating there was no possibility of any bill being introduced during this session to have the pipe track proclaimed a public highway. After the elections, however, he would, if returned, do his utmost to carry out the wishes of the council.—Received.

CROSSING AT SHOWERS-STREET.

J. A. Gamble, manager, Clifton brick works, wrote, calling attention to the crossing at Showers-street, which was in such a state that their lorries had had their springs broken on several occasions in going over it. To keep Railway-place in repair they had been obliged to expend £200 during the past three years. They would ask that a wooden culbert be put in, thus making a level crossing.

Cr. Crispe moved, and Cr. Showers seconded, that the matter be referred to the works committee, engineer to report.

MOTOR CAR TRAFFIC.

The Chief Secretary's Department wrote, forwarding copy of the signs approved by the Automobile Club to indicate dangerous points, etc., on roads, and asking how many this municipality would require. At the same time, they would be glad to receive any claim the municipality may have for participation in the moiety of fees and penalities (about £3300) available for distribution, specifying any extra expense to the municipality caused by motor traffic.

Cr. Braithwaite, in moving that the matter be referred to the committee, said they might get something from this fund that would assist to maintain their roads, some of which were as bad as any in the colony. In England the tax on motors was much higher, and perhaps it was a good thing, as more would be raised towards improving the roads over which they run.

Cr. Stanlake seconded the motion, which was carried.

PROTECTION OF CHILD LIFE.

The Public Health Department wrote inviting two representatives from this Council, together with its medical officer, to a conference to consider a proposal to establish municipal depots for the supply of milk to infants, the efficient inspection of dairy herds and dairies, the providing of a nurse or nurses to assist mothers in the care of their babies, etc.

Several councillors were nominated as delegates, but as all declined to go, the letter was simply received.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Paterson (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. That accounts, amounting to £130 1s. 10d, be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Jas. Fortune, re Bruce and Jessie Streets.—That a reward be offered for the conviction of the person or persons who damaged the lamp; also that the writer be informed that the matter of making the streets has been referred to the estimates.—Adopted.

PARKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Howse (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. That the Preston Football Club be written to, informing them that the necessary repairs to the pavilion, press box, etc., must be done within 14 days, or the council will do the same at their expense.—Adopted.

2. The Preston Cricket Club to be informed that the football club has been written to, asking them to do the necessary repairs.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Stanlake (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:

1. That accounts, amounting to £56 2s. 7d., be passed for payment.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

Cr. Warr (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. Re Pipe Track. The member for the district has been written to, asking him to meet the acting Minister for Public Works to bring a bill before Parliament to get the pipe track proclaimed a public hiway from the Merri Creek to the Reservoir. Adopted.

2. Re Street Watering. To be left in the hands of the engineer.—Adopted.

3. Re Arthur-street Appointments. That the same be recommended for adoption by the council. Withdrawn, a letter having been received that there was a foot reserve.

4. Re Hall Tarriff. That the same be referred to the hall committee for revision; also that the Roman Catholic Bazaar committee be charged 15s. per day for the bazaar to be held from November 11th to November 18th (both dates inclusive).—Adopted.

5. Re Gazetting of Public Streets.—That the engineer prepare the necessary list of streets.—Adopted.

FINANCE.

The treasurer (Mr. Dean) reported that the overdraft on the general account was £655 9s., and the credits in the special improvements fund, £61 and £176.

ORDINARY BUSSINESS.

Cr. Howse moved that the matter of being five chains of construction in Raglan-street, near Albert-street, be referred to the estimates.

Cr. Paterson seconded.—Carried.

MEAT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr. E. J. Sullivan reported having inspected and branded for the fortnight carcases of meat as follows:—Cattle, 72; sheep, 1111; pigs, 603; and for the year—cattle, 2129; sheep, 34,769; pigs, 15,318. Revenue, £276 0s. 9d.

EPPING SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCT. 16.

Present:—Crs. McCormack (president), McCoy, Morgan, Goss and Dea.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Chief Secretary's office, forwarding copy of the signs, suggested by the Automobile Club, to indicate dangerous points on streets and roads, and asking how many signs this municipality would require.

Referred to the engineer to ascertain the number of signs that would be required.

It was decided to apply for £100 from the fund of £3000, which had accumulated from fees and fines in connection with motor cars, the idea being to make good damage and wear and tear by motor traffic.

From Shire of Tambo, asking co-operation of Council in securing the abolition of "loading" in connection with railway construction fully explained.—It was decided to co-operate on the matter.

From borough of Portland, asking support of the following resolution:—"That there be brought under the notice of the State Cabinet, the urgent necessity, in the interests of the State generally, of carying out a more active policy of decentralisation—by constructing railways to open up new country, by abolishing preferential weight rates, by constructing railways to nearest seaports, and generally, by any other means calculated to develop the country districts of the State."—It was decided to take no action in the matter.

From A. Robertson, M.L.A., intimating that a sum of £350 has been placed on the estimates for the "Reconstruction of Roads in the Thomastown Estates." The Minister of Works (Mr. Cameron) and himself would be pleased to meet the Epping councillors on the ground on the 2nd inst.

From shire of Benalla, intimating that the High Court had decided the appeal in the case of Cherry v. the shire in favour of the council. The various councils had contributed sufficient to pay the costs of the appeal, and it was now suggested that the councils should favourably consider the claim of the payments of his costs, as a doubtful point of law had been settled.

From John T. Butson, correspondent school committee, Eden Park, stating that particulars desired by the Education Department re school had been forwarded.

From same, intimating that the Minister would receive a deputation on Oct 18, and they would like the president (Cr. McCormack) to attend.

It was understood that the president and Cr. Morgan would attend.

From Market Gardeners' and Fruit Growers' Association, intimating that a meeting of the conference re new central markets would be held on 29th at 9.30.

Cr. Morgan reported having attended the conference, and voted for Government control.—Action endorsed.

From E. J. Dea, asking the council to convene a public meeting to appoint three new cemetery trustees in the place of Messrs. Owen Clarke, John Keating and James Boyle.—It was left in the president's hands to call a public meeting.

From Constable Woodhouse, stating that he had made an inspection of the back yards in the township, and from what he saw was of opinion that it would be advisable to institute a proper sanitary service. The night soil was now buried in the yards (some of which were very small), which must be very detrimental to health. He was confident that but for the favourable climatic conditions there would be a serious outbreak of typhoid. He would suggest the double-pan system, supposing a service was instituted.

Cr. Dea said some were sure to object, but it was a thing that would have to come sooner or later, and the sooner the better. It was a very serious matter this burying of night soil in back yards.

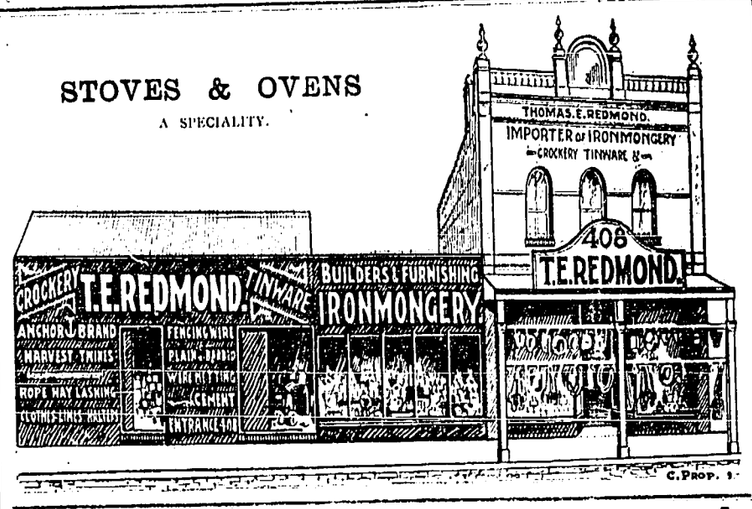
The president agreed with Cr. Dea's remarks. Their health officer had been urging the necessity of this for years, and now their inspector was advising it. He would suggest that the engineer report at next meeting as to the area over which the service should extend, together with the number of residents that would be served, with an estimate of the cost of the service.

Cr. Dea moved to that effect.

Cr. Goss seconded the motion.

STOVES & OVENS

A SPECIALITY.



The surveyor advised that the area embrace the whole township and half a mile to the south.

Cr. Dea: That's right, better go the whole hog.

The motion was carried.

From Frederic Bunce, making application for a slaughtering licence for premises situated on Mr. F. Lynch's ground.—Inspector to report, on the motion of Crs. Morgan and McCoy.

DEPUTATION.

A deputation from the Thomastown Settlers' Progress Association, consisting of Mrs. J. Dalton and H. Nevens, waited upon the Council with regard to getting assistance towards the construction of their roads.

The president stated that he was present on the occasion of the visit of the acting Minister of Public Works (Hon W. H. Edgar) to the settlement. Mr. Edgar promised to give £200 towards the construction of the road from the main road to the pipe-track if the council would give £200.

Mr. Dalton asked that if the council would not see their way to grant the whole £200 they would at least give as much as would do the worst portion, that is about 10 chains. As for the rates, he hoped that if they were found to be legally liable for them, the council would give every consideratoin.

Mr. H. Nevens also urged the council to grant at least £50, so as to "bridge over the quagmire." Personally he believed they were liable for the rates, though he was fighting with the rest. As the rates on the land in the settlement would amount to £25, he thought they were not asking too much in asking the council to borrow £200 for this work, which would only involve the council in an expenditure of £12 a year in interest and sinking fund.

The president told the deputation they could rely on the council doing what they could for them. If enought for interest and sinking fund would be provided by rates, he would favour borrowing £200.

The deputation thanked the council, and withdrew.

At a subsequent stage.

The president said that seeing this road was solely for the benefit of the settlers, whom they had placed there, and promised good roads, he thought they should give £2 for every £1 the council gave.

Cr. McCoy moved that an offer be made to the Public Works Department to that effect.

Cr. Morgan seconded, and carried.

FINANCE.

The treasurer (Mr. G. McClelland) reported that the receipts for the month were £212 15s. 11d., and the present debit balance was £176 5s. 8d.

The accounts for the month amounting to £89 15s. 3d., were passed for payment, on the motion of Crs. Morgan and McCoy.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Mr. Lockwood reported having met Mr. Dean, the Preston Shire engineer, on Mahoney's-road. They drove over the whole of the road, Cr. McCoy accompanying them. They agreed that about 10 or 12 chains should be metalled nearly opposite Mahoney's house.—Action deferred pending the Preston Council preparing its estimates.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

The matter of the unsafe condition of bridge to Nimmer's and Henderson's was considered, and it was decided to look into the matter to see whether the council was liable for the condition of the bridge.

The engineer estimated the cost of adding two rooms to the caretaker's cottage at £90.

The President: One thing I must demand of you, and that is that you provide the money first.

Cr. Morgan: Take some of the money provided for the crusher.

The President: You can't go in for expenditure like this without providing for it. That's according to the Local Government Act.

Cr. Morgan said he would give notice of motion to alter the estimates.

Cr. Goss moved that the engineer meet Mr. Baker and himself re drain opposite Baker's, Donnybrook-road, and report.—Carried.

The president reported that he was still busy making inquiries regarding stone-crushers, and he intended to see three crushers at work at Footscray on Saturday. As soon as he had what he considered sufficient information, he would call a special meeting to fully consider the matter.

CLOSER SETTLEMENT RATES.

Mr. Brownhill, representing the Thomastown Closer Settlement Progress Association, waited upon the council to have a talk about the rates. He said that personally he felt liable for the rates on his holding since he went into occupation on September 1, 1910, but not prior to that. There were many who were in a similar position. Then there were those who had doubled their holdings by taking over forfeited blocks. These people contended that the Government was liable for the rates on the forfeited blocks prior to their being taken over afresh. On an understanding being arrived at he thought the settlers would be prepared to pay their current rates immediately, but they would like to be allowed to pay the arrears by instalments.

The president said they would consult their solicitor on the new points raised. The council had a duty to perform, and if the settlers were liable they would have to pay.

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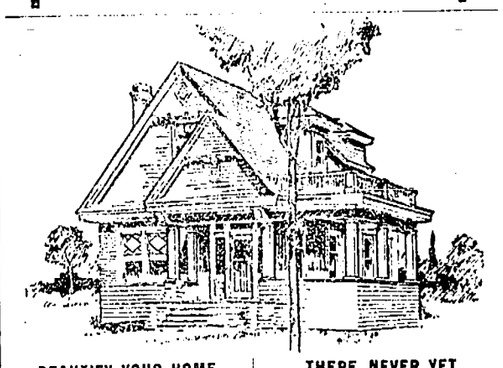

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Interesting Syllabus arranged. Essays, Debates, Shooting Competitions, Harmony, etc., &c. The public invited to each meeting

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Next meeting—2nd November.

Discussion on Local Requirements.

J. TYNAN, Secretary, James St

I.O.R.,

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MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.

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Juveniles meet every alternate Tuesday.

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Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week.
Following 6 months, 10/ week
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Funeral—£20 at death of member.
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38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

I.O.R.

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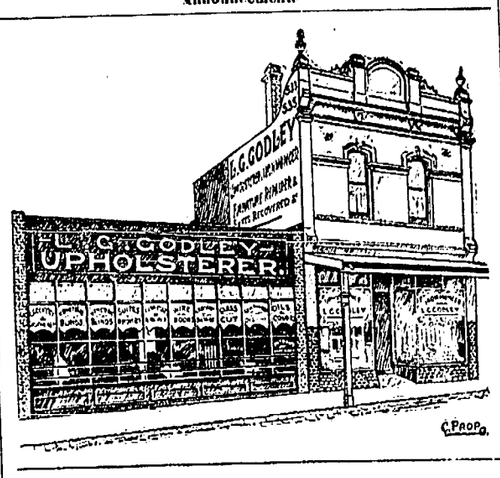

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And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilse shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I got a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop,
As if by steam it glided,
And truly I declare,
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I'd not a single hair.

The razors made by Woolhouse
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I'm sure can ever be found,
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And shaving gives great pain,
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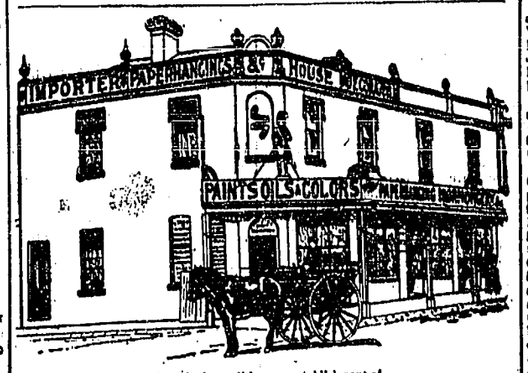
Then shaving will be pleasant,
You'll readily agree
If you buy the best from Woolhouse,
Who well has treated me.
Since then I go to Woolhouse,
My razors for to buy,
None others have in Melbourne
Such a large supply;
All sorts and kinds in stock there
You certain are to meet.
Their shops are found by any
Who seek along Bourke Street.



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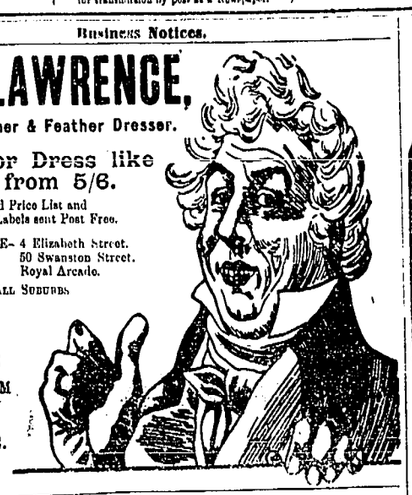

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Orders Called for and Delivered. A Trial Solicited.
MRS. FRAWLEY, Proprietress.

Smith & Sons
TRADE MARK
GOLD MEDALLISTS
HAM & BACON CURERS
and
Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3681. 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.

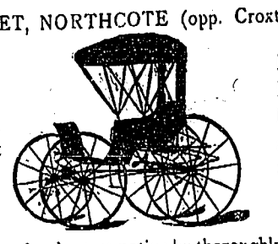
EDWARD FELLOWES,

Universal Carriage Works

AND SHOEING FORGE,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

Lorries and Vehicles of every description Built, Bought Sold and Exchanged.



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Horses (shod on the shortest notice by thoroughly experienced shoer) sent for and returned.

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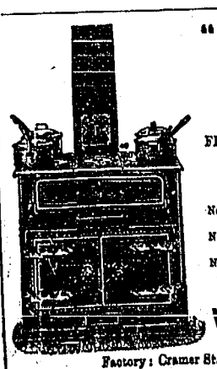
Drags, Wagonettes, Abbot Buggies, Wagons, Jinkers, Lorries, Spring Carts & Drays; also good reliable Horses and Ponies.
Picnics and Parties specially catered for.



"NEW FAVORITE" STOVE

FOR COUNTRY USE.
WITH CAST IRON FALL FIRE DOOR
Full length of Fire Box.
FITTED WITH ASH PAN.
BURNS LONG ROUGH WOOD.
MADE WITH DOUBLE OVEN DOORS.
Three sizes.

	PRICES
No. 1—Size of Stove, 24in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 19in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£2/12/6
No. 2—Size of Stove, 30in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 24in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£3/10/-
No. 3—Size of Stove, 36in. wide, 18in. deep, 27in. high; Size of Oven, 30in. wide, 14in. deep, 12in. high	£4/7/6

Strong Copper Boilers, 50s extra. Makes Stoves 6in. longer.

WALLIS BROS. & CO.
419 Bourke St., Melb. (opp. Kirk's Bazaar).
Factory: Cramer St., Preston. Telephone 1253 City.
Manufacturers of the famous "Bobs" Cooking Stove, Cast Revolving Washing Copper Frames, &c.

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HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Most Up-to-Date Suburban Printery.

Latest & Most Effective Types, Borders & Designs.

Advertising Posters, Placards, Show Cards, &c., &c.

Dance & Concert Programmes and Tickets.

Invitation, Wedding, Mourning, and Menu Cards.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

We are now prepared to perform every class of Printing on most economical Terms, in all styles and shapes, and anything entrusted to us will be executed promptly, and in the most approved style.

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Your patronage will be esteemed by

WHALLEY BROS.,

Proprietors and Publishers of the

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which has far and away the Largest Circulation of any suburban newspaper—and is therefore the

VERY BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

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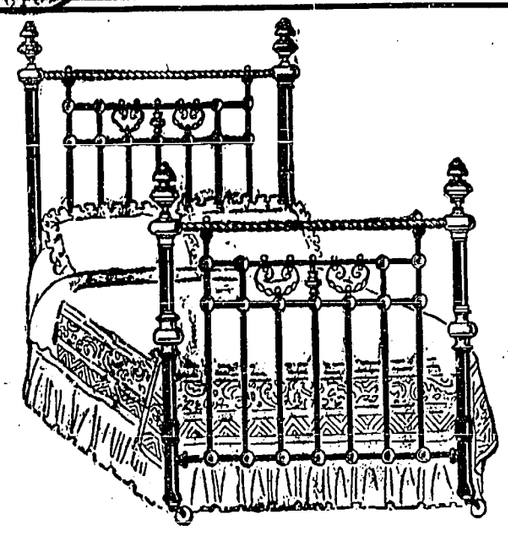
LOCAL BUSINESS PEOPLE

Terms on Application.



This Bedstead, £3 : 15 : 0.

WITHIN ANYONE'S REACH.

A close personal examination will confirm the impression of quality obtained by a cursory glance at the above sketch of this bedstead. Priced to find a place in the homes of people with moderate incomes, yet eminently suitable for the most lavishly furnished.

The decorative pieces are in burnished brass of modern design—heavy enamel of any shade you desire—frame work exceptionally strong iron—not thrown together, but carefully assembled; again demonstrating to you that no matter how low Clauscen's price is, the quality is always of the best possible.

CLAUSCEN & CO. 194-196 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.

Announcements

COME!
Where the Tree Ferns Grow!

IF ever in doubt how to spend a pleasant hour, take a run on the Northcote Trams to the FRESH AIR of Thornbury, and to

Williams' New Continental Tea Rooms

Where you can get always a Delicious Cup of Tea, a Cool Drink, or a Lovely Ice Cream, and all "under the Shade of the Sheltering Fern."

Come and See for Yourselves and it will invite you to come again.

Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

REMEMBER—
WILLIAMS',
RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

North & West Ward Folks.

When you want something nice and tasty for Lunch or Tea, go where you are sure —to get it, namely, to—

MISS DOWLMAN'S
Ham & Beef Shop,
411 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opp. Dennis Street).

Cooked Meats and Small Goods of every description and the BEST THAT ARE MANUFACTURED.

CONFECTIONERY AND SUMMER DRINKS.

Also Smokers' Requisites.

Established 1885.

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

LOON KEE,
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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.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.

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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.

Established 30 years.

London and Devonshire Dairy,
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Every Precaution taken that Sanitary or Veterinary Science can suggest to prevent contamination.

F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.

Premises specially adapted for the business.
Inspection of dairy invited.
Two Deliveries in Northcote only.
Your recommendation solicited.

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VETERINARY SURGEON
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EQUINE DENTIST,
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Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Telephone 1204, City.

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REPAIRS and TUNINGS a Specialty.
All Work Guaranteed.
Factory—271 Smith Street, Fitzroy.
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BUILDING SAND, coarse or fine; also gravel and first-class garden soil delivered in all suburbs. A. Strongman, Bell Street, South Preston.

A HOME BUILT TO SUIT YOU

A VILLA
A COTTAGE

ANY PRICE ANY DESIGN

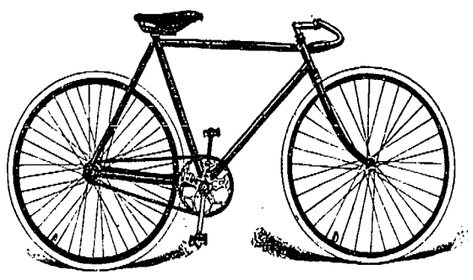
In Plow Street, Thornbury, one minute from Tram line .. and Railway Station ..
WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED

Consult T. JOYNSON 30 Westbourne Gr., Northcote; or, at the Works, Plow Street.

Keep the Rain Off!

HAVE your Umbrella Re-Covered and Made to Look Like NEW at Mrs. PALMER'S, 267 High Street, Northcote. New Stock of Fancy Goods, Stationery, Post Cards and School Requisites.

Business Announcements



The Moa Special, £14 10s.

W. Merson's Moa Cycle Works,

218 High Street, Northcote.

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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

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY
A GAS COOKER

Combining Cleanliness, Comfort, and Convenience.

A Gas Stove for Cooking purposes is unrivalled, and is recommended for its Reliability and Saving of Time and Labour.

Should be in Every Home.

Gas Stoves are obtainable on rental at 1/6 per month; or on Hire Purchase, small deposit, and 2/6 monthly.

A GENUINE LABOUR SAVER—
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Full particulars on application.

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TAILORS and OUTFITTERS.
BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

SUITS, from	£3 3 0
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LADIES' COSTUMES a Speciality, from	5 0 0

The Fitting Room is under the personal supervision of Mr. R. Ince, and every satisfaction guaranteed.

174 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE.

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The Old-Established
Practical Tailor,
269 HIGH STREET,
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Every Garment is Tailored by Tailors with the true essentials to good tailoring.

We are fully stocked with Materials suitable for present season's wear.

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 address—
VEREY & CROSS,
242 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Artistic Tailoring.

Arch Wilkinson

TAILOR & MERCER,
Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

is now showing a splendid range of new and exclusive designs suitable for the Spring & Summer season.

You are invited to inspect our stock of Tweeds, Coatings, Serges, and Trouserings.

The Very Latest in Fashion and Tennis Shirts, Ties, Collars, Hosiery, &c. Straw Hats, new shapes, especially made for our own trade.

Ladies' Tailoring a Speciality.
Costumes made to order in up-to-date style.
SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAYS.

Announcements

The Thornbury Grocer

E. W. INGHAM
563 High St.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.

Families Waited on for Orders.
Delivery daily.
GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

Established 21 years.

Carl Oldenburg,

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,
385 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.

W. T. ROWE

(Over 17 years with F. Yann, also large English experience),
COACHBUILDER, WHEELWRIGHT and GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Corner of HIGH and DUNDAS STS
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(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.
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Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

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FURNITURE REMOVER
(late of Northcote)
Wishes to notify his old customers of Northcote and Preston that he will be pleased to remove them as usual.
Cheap Wood in blocks delivered anywhere.
All post cards sent to this address will have prompt attention:—160 HIGH ST., PRESTON (opposite Bell station).

D. J. CHAPMAN,
Dudley Fruit Palace,
237 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

SUMMER DRINKS & CONFECTIONERY
Choice Fruit and Fresh Vegetables daily.
Orders called for and delivered.

G. McKECHNIE,
HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,
CONFECTIONER, &c.,
81 HIGH ST., SOUTH PRESTON
(Two doors from Prince Alfred Hotel).

HERB. ROADLEY MANAGING SALOON.

FRED. SMITH,
UP-TO-DATE
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.
Cleanliness. Good Workmanship.
Razor Setting a Speciality.
242 HIGH STREET, 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.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:

Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday, 29th October.
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
7 p.m., "An Assurance."
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "The Song of Moses and the Lamb."
Evening subject, "The Folly of Getting Under a Juniper Tree."
Young Men's Bible Class at 3
"Magic Wood" Cantata, see advt.

ALL SAINTS', PRESTON.

Sunday Evening—Rev. E. J. B. WHITE, M.A.; First Sermon of course, "National Dangers."

Annual Festival—All Saints' Day, Nov. 1.
7 a.m., Holy Communion.
8 p.m., Full Choral Evensong. Preacher, Rev. A. W. TONGE, M.A.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall, Northcote, on Sunday Evening, at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. P. SINCLAIR. Subject:—"The Lord's Prayer."
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday, 7 p.m.

PRESTON AND THORNBURY PRESBYTERIAN.

Sabbath Services:
PRESTON.—Morning, Mr. F. W. RANKIN; evening, Rev. G. CARSON.
THORNBURY.—Morning, Rev. G. CARSON; evening, Mr. RANKIN.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. A. MADSEN.
Evening, Rev. S. KNIGHT.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. S. KNIGHT.
Evening, Mr. A. JENKIN.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

CROXTON METHODIST HALL, Corner Shaftesbury Parade and St. George's Road.

Sunday School Anniversary.
11 a.m., Mr. BRANDON (of London:)
3 p.m., Rev. A. MADSEN.
7 p.m., Mr. R. CAREY.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. B. POND; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, Subject, "Absalom the Handsome; or, The Young Man's Perils and Pitfalls."
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. ORTON; 7 p.m., Rev. E. B. BOND.
All Welcome.

CHAPEL BUILT IN A DAY

Meetings for next Lord's Day:
Worship at 11 a.m.
Bible Class at 3 p.m.
Gospel Meeting at 7 p.m.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.

Piano: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER
Miss HILDA BAKER, L.A.B.
Singing: Miss RUBY BOND.

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE

All pupils entered for Exams. during 1910 (30) passed, 5 with honors.
Theory Class, 6.30 to 7.30 Wednesday evening.
Programmes arranged and Engagements undertaken for Weddings, At Homes, &c.
Terms on application.

L. BRENNECKE (Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),

VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY and COUNTERPOINT.

KEMP STREET, NORTHCOTE.

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

MRS. A. T. KARL, TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
Mrs. Earl's New Diagram Method of Teaching Beginners (any age) renders learning a pleasure, and progress easy and certain. Tone Production a special feature. Pupils prepared for examinations, if desired. Terms moderate. Correspondence invited. Violins and Accessories provided. Pupils visited or received at "Bushwood," Dundas street, Upper Northcote. Songs written for musical setting.

MISS CLARICE FREEMAN, L.A.B. of R.A.M. and R.C.M., D.M.S.V.
PIANOFORTE, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT.
Pupils Prepared for Examination.
Terms on application
"Chowringhee,"
Henry St., Preston North.

A. H. SIEBEL,
TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN AND VIOLA.
Terms on application. Preston and Northcote visited twice a week.
Address: Westbourne Park, Thomastown.

LEES'
FOR
BOOTS & SHOES
ABSOLUTELY
BEST VALUE IN NORTHCOTE

BARGAINS EVERY DAY.
BARGAINS EVERY DAY.
BARGAINS EVERY DAY.

MAKE NO MISTAKE. BEST PLACE TO BUY BOOTS:
LEES',
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(Next to Hattam & Hattam's).

HUNDREDS OF PAIRS SOLD EVERY WEEK.

NOTE.—We Guarantee Extra Value in Every Pair.

UP-TO-DATE REPAIRS.

LATEST NOVELTIES IN
Spring and Summer Millinery
NOW OPENED.

Including a great variety of Trimmed Hats in newest designs, and Untrimmed Hats, Flowers, & Feathers. ¶ Children's Millinery at moderate prices. * * Corsets to suit all figures from 2/11 to 21/- * *

MRS. HOLLAND
118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood

VISIT THE SHOW
OF
SPRING GOODS
AT
F. G. SMITH'S,
DRAPERS, MILLINERS
CLOTHIERS, &c.,
245 High Street, Northcote.

MRS. POWELL, *of High street, Northcote, desires to intimate that she a great variety of Ladies' and Children's Hrts, also Infants' Lace Bonnets, in newest styles at reasonable prices.*

Elbow length Lisle Gloves from 1/- pair.

All latest designs in Neckwear Hosiery a speciality.

Hats renovated at shortest notice.

Back to His Old Pharmacy.
F. T. EAGLES
His pleasure in informing his old friends and the public of Northcote and surrounding districts generally that he will be
RESUMING BUSINESS
at his old & well-known Pharmacy,
281 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
at an EARLY DATE.

He would like to intimate that during the past eight years he has had the most extensive and varied experience in some of the Chief Pharmacies of the State.

He will re open in Northcote with an absolutely new stock of the most up-to-date drugs and chemicals, and all Dispensing will be entirely under his own supervision.

DENTISTRY Practised on the Most Modern Principles. Repairs Executed and Mis Fitting Plates Re Modelled. All Extractions Painless.

Will be pleased to see old and new customers.

Shoe Comfort

When buying Footwear you like the new Shoe to feel as comfortable and easy-fitting as the old one you have just taken off. In "Hurst" Footwear this is readily obtained.

Careful selection of the leather—perfect modelling on lasts that conform to the natural shape of the foot, and skilful construction—these are the points that go to make "Hurst" Shoes fit, not "like a glove," but like an old shoe!

Ask for "Hurst's Shoe Guide"—profusely illustrated—free on request.

Robert Hurst
"The Home of Good Footwear,"
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Melbourne, All Suburbs, and Ballarat. L.R.W.

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AND
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SOLICITORS,
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"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor), No. 475 COLLINS STREET.
Tel. 196.
Mr. R. Candy a private address—88 Cunningham Street, Northcote.
Local Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

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.

LOUIS S. LAZARUS,
SOLICITOR, &c.,
60 Queen Street, Melbourne (3rd Floor).
Tel. City 964.
Mr. E. F. NORRIS, Managing Clerk, attends daily at "Bellevue," Wallace Street, South Preston.

FREDERICK HUGHES,
SOLICITOR, &c.,
Commissioner of Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits,
LEADENHALL CHAMBERS,
28 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.
Residence: Station Street, Preston.

Announcements

Why should Ladies call at
The Regal
98 Smith Street
Near Peel St.?
Because they can have a Nice Lunch or Afternoon Tea.
High-Class Pastry and Confectionery.

Tel. Northcote 87.
RELIABLE GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS
can always be obtained from
GEORGE REID,
High St., Northcote
(Corner Mitchell St).
My aim is to give the Utmost Satisfaction by Prompt and Courteous Service—A High Standard of Quality in all Goods. In addition to which my Prices will be found to be the LOWEST in the Trade. Orders called for & delivered to any part of the Town or district.
A TRIAL ORDER WILL BE ESTEEMED.
Branch:
29 Westgarth St., Northcote Sth. (near Fairfield).

To Make Assurance Doubly Sure
insure with the
London Assurance Corporation
whose Local Agent is
ERNEST LEES,
Auctioneer and Valuer,
393 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Tel., Northcote 54.
LOW RATES.
PROMPT SETTLEMENTS IN CASE OF FIRE.
Call, Write, or Ring Up.

The Leader
JUSTICE TO ALL
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

The Preston Council some time ago made an application to the Northcote Council for permission to bring an electric feeder along High street to their boundary. Instead of giving a reply off-hand Northcote suggested a conference of the two councils. This took place at the Northcote municipal chamber on Wednesday and was attended by 7 out of 9 of the Preston councillors and a quorum of Northcote councillors. The mayor (Cr. Bastings) presided. An understanding was arrived at that permission be given Preston to lay the feeder on condition that they at the same time put down Northcote's cable. To complete the business this offer will have to be submitted in writing, and this course will no doubt be decided upon at Monday evening's meeting of the Preston council.

A rose and spring flower show will be held in the town hall on Saturday evening next under the auspices of the Northcote Horticultural Society. Songs will be contributed during the evening and each purchaser of a ticket will receive a pot plant. The season has been a favorable one and everything points to a most successful exhibition of flowers. Entries close with the hon secretary, W. Dunn, "Euston," High street, Northcote, on Thursday, the 2nd November.

In our business columns will be found the abridged prospectus of the Northcote Picture Theatre Company Ltd. The company is being formed for the purpose of acquiring and purchasing land with 127 feet frontage to High street, and erecting an up-to-date brick picture theatre, with seating capacity of 1600, together with six shops and lodge rooms above, at an approximate cost of £1500. The capital is £8000 in 32,000 shares of 5s each, of which 20,000 are offered to the public on terms elsewhere set forth.

The Penders' Grove Settlers' Association held a successful smoke social last Saturday night at Ralph's hall, the president (Mr Richmond) presiding. About forty attended, and a musical programme was contributed by Messrs Nelson, Richmond, jor., Martyr, Hopkins, Davies, Lester, and Alston. Mr Martyr proposed the "State Parliament," and Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., in responding, indicated that clause 79 would likely be repealed. Mr. Baxe proposed the Northcote Council and Crs Hayes and Harry responded, the latter pointing out that the proposed loan of £20,000 involved an interest and sinking fund bill of £1200. "The Guest of the Evening" was proposed by Mr Alston, and Mr A. McDonel, in responding, said he was in favor of completing the town hall and running picture shows, etc., by the council to raise funds for completing the streets. Mr Harper proposed "Kindred Societies," responded to by Cr Mason and Mr Jenkin, N.S.R.A. The chairman's health was proposed by Mr Membrey and Mr Richmond responded.

The Northcote Brick Companies are, it appears, now making some effort to minimize the smoke nuisance, about which there has been so much complaint lately. At the New Northcote Company they have put in a steam injector by which they claim to have reduced the smoke by 50 per cent. with better results expected to follow, while the Northcote Brick Co., have let a contract for £6000 with a similar end in view. "There will be nothing done," said Cr. Glanfield. "Why?" asked a councillor. "It will all end in smoke," replied the new member for the east ward.

As anticipated in the annual report of the Northcote C.C., Mr Norman Brown has been chosen as one of the interstate team to play against Adelaide. He is the first Northcote player to be chosen for interstate cricket, and we heartily congratulate the club on possessing such a fine young player. He has started the season well, scoring 74 against Richmond and capturing six wickets for 43 runs against East Melbourne last Saturday.

Cr. Dennis reported on Monday evening that Fitzroy was inclined to join with Northcote in the undertaking of procuring and working a municipal quarry and stone-crusher. Negotiations would be opened up and they hoped to have the matter well in hand by the time the loan money was available.

We understand that Preston and Northcote councils are to try conclusions at bowls at the latter end of November. The challenge comes from Preston and the match will take place on the local green.

Mr. A. W. Anglor, who will be remembered by many as an "old Northcote boy," son of Northcote's first chemist and druggist, intimates that he has commenced practice as a consulting and dispensing optician at 117 Collins street east. Mr. Anglor has had many years experience in his profession with firms of the highest standing.

During the past year employes of the Northcote Brick Co. have contributed over £25 to the hospitals at the rate of 1d per week per employe. This shows the value of systematic giving.

Mrs Powell, milliner, etc., High street, Northcote, and Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill, advertises that she is now showing all that is latest and best in holiday hats, both for ladies and children.

The Preston District F. C. hold a concert and bioscope entertainment at the shire hall next Wednesday night. One of the special engagements is Mr Arthur Douglas, Scotch comedian.

The entertainment consisting of Australian songs and cantata, entitled "The Magic Wood," recently given with such success at Northcote Presbyterian S. S., will be repeated on Tuesday evening next for the school picnic prize fund.

Mr W. G. Fegent, late of Preston, has decided to settle in Sydney. Mr W. J. Davis intimates in our advertising columns to day that he has purchased Mr Fegent's pharmacy and is in a special position to carry it on on the old successful lines on account of having been associated with it for the past four years.

At All Saints', Preston, to-morrow evening, Rev. E. J. B. White, M.A., preaches the first sermon of a course, "National Dangers."

All Saints' flower show, Preston, will be opened next Saturday by Mrs A. Robertson, wife of the president of the shire.

Salvation Army (Northcote corps) self-denial effort this year totalled £112 5s, being the highest amount raised up to the present locally by £11 5s. Staff-Captain Rundle desires to thank all who contributed.

The Rev. E. O. Knee's address on Sunday evening in the Preston Methodist Church will be specially for young people. The subject advertised is "Absalom, the Handsome, or, The Young Man's Perils and Pitfalls."

At the October examinations in music at the University, Melbourne, the pupils presented by Miss M. V. Maguire were successful. Alice Wilcox passed grade III, Jessie H. Huxtable passed grade V., theory and practical. At the Associated Board of R.A.M. and R.C.M., Winifred Naylon passed harmony, junior grade; Nellie Newbold and Frances Gloster passed pianoforte, primary grade.

All Saints', Preston, new parish hall was opened on Thursday by Archdeacon Hindley. Report in next issue.

Property Sales.

Particulars are advertised elsewhere concerning the grand subdivision sale of Jeffrey's City View Estate, Preston, some of the finest building land round the metropolis. Mr. W. H. Edgar is the auctioneer and the sale will commence at 3 p.m. to day. A great chance will be offered of getting hold of some really desirable blocks.

Election Notes.

Mr. Membrey will probably open his election campaign at the Northcote town hall on Thursday, 9th October.

Mr. J. G. Membrey's Preston committee meets at library hall, High street, on Tuesday evening at 8.

Mr. W. C. Miller's committee meet at Taylor's shop, opposite town hall, Northcote, on Tuesday evening at 8. The Preston committee meets on Thursday evening at the Bradford hall.

CHAS. FOWLER, Carpenter & Builder. Jobbing Work. Brooders and Fowl Houses a speciality. Stone House, High street (Regent station), Preston.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

MEETING OF MR. MEMBREY'S SUPPORTERS.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of Mr Membrey's supporters was held in the Northcote town-hall on Tuesday night, Cr. Tharratt presiding.

Cr. Howe (Preston) said he was pleased to see such a large and representative attendance, and the fact that there were so many ladies present ensured a successful campaign. He had always been an earnest and consistent supporter of Mr. Membrey's, and with a fuller experience and knowledge of his parliamentary work and public worth there was no possible reason why that support should be withdrawn on the present occasion. (Applause) His political record should commend him to the vast majority of the electors of this constituency. (Applause). Every portion of the electorate had benefitted by his persistent and successful efforts, and there could be no doubt whatever in the minds of electors that he had done wonders. (Applause) Did all that effort—all that energy—all that watchful interest for the welfare of the electorate go for nothing? (Voices—No!) Assuredly it did not. They, the electors of Jika Jika, would, as a reward of all those benefits, return Mr. Membrey to Parliament with a triumphant majority. (Cheers). As a politician their representative had no need to hide his head under a bushel, for he was able to stand up in the House and command the attention and respect of all parties. (Applause). He, therefore, urged them to throw aside any little differences they may have, to organise their forces thoroughly, and to work steadfastly and determinedly in favor of their sitting representative. (Applause).

Cr. Stone, ex-president of Heidelberg shire, said he endorsed with pleasure the expressions of the previous speaker. Never in the history of the electorate had they had such a worthy representative as Mr. Membrey. (Applause). He had given the fullest consideration to all their claims—and they were many—and never in a single instance had he failed to secure justice. (Applause). The splendid State school they now possessed at Fairfield was largely due to Mr. Membrey's efforts, and he would be surprised if any single head of a family failed to support his return. (Applause). Then there were the greatly improved railway facilities he had been the means of securing, the acquirement of park lands and grants for their upkeep, etc, all of which were of immense benefit to the people who had elected to make their homes in the district. His politics, too, were right, for only in one small instance did his vote conflict with his (the speaker's) political opinions. He was anxious to see Mr. Membrey returned and would do his utmost to help him. (Applause).

Mr. Waddell (Heidelberg) said there was no corner or the constituency that Mr. Membrey did not know, and everywhere he was esteemed as a man and held to be a capable Parliamentarian. (Applause). He could not understand why even Labor wished to supersede him with an untried man. Was it because their representative had done anything to forfeit their confidence? (Voices—No!) Emphatically no He had attended to all their requests in a thorough manner, and what was more, his Parliamentary record was a straight and clean one, and for that reason alone he deserved to be returned by a larger majority than ever before. (Applause).

Mr. Membrey, who was enthusiastically received, said he felt grateful for the high encomiums which the speakers had bestowed upon him, and he was delighted to see such a large and representative gathering of supporters present, especially on so cold and unpropitious an evening. During the four and a half years he had been in Parliament it had been his one endeavor to do his duty, not alone in his constituency, but for the State as a whole. (Applause). It had been a strenuous time for he had given the best of his ability and his strength, never sparing himself on any occasion. (Applause). Even the opposition members had nothing in particular against him as a politician. The only reason for his being opposed was that he was not a pledged Labor candidate. He was against machine politics. (Applause). When he heard a question intelligently and thoroughly discussed, he deemed it his right to be allowed to form his own opinion and to vote accordingly. (Applause). When two Bills were before the House authorising the construction of new railways it was on his motion that the wages of the men was raised from 7/6 to 8/- a day, believing that to be the minimum rate competent men should receive. (Applause). But later on because he did not support a trap resolution by Mr. Prendergast, that all adults in the service—whether inferior or superior, young or elderly—be paid a minimum wage of 8/- a day, the Labor party had included his name in the black list. Since last election a new electoral act had been passed, with the result that the franchise had been extended to women, and he was satisfied they would exercise their vote wisely. In Jika Jika there was 8600 male and 9638 female voters, making a total of 18,238 votes on the roll. If the women threw the same work and enthusiasm into the forthcoming election as they did into the Referenda campaign he would not fear the result. He regretted that some important liberal legislation, such as the Workers' compensation Bill and the Apprentices' Bill had not been made law before the session terminated. Although in no way attempting to make a political speech, Mr Membrey referred briefly to the work of the Traffic Commission, of which he was a member, the need of a Greater Melbourne Council, and the importance of Yarra improvement. At his first public meeting, after the Premier had made his policy speech, he purposed giving some information regarding local benefits, and he believed the figures would startle them. They included State schools, duplication of railway lines, railway stations, park lands and grants, etc In conclusion, Mr. Membrey said that he was going to keep moving vigorously till election day, and if his supporters would also get earnestly to work, he would certainly be returned, which meant that they would have a representative who did not legislate for one class only, but one who would see that justice was done to every class. (Applause.)

A vote of confidence having been moved and seconded, it was supported by Mrs. Viall, Crs Redmond and Dennis, and carried unanimously.

THE NORTH WARD SEWERAGE EASEMENT.

DEADLOCK WITH THE METROPOLITAN BOARD

CR. WOOLHOUSE ADVISES MAKING A PRESENT OF THE EASEMENT.

Referring to the easement which the Metropolitan Board require over the council's land in the north ward for sewerage, Cr. Woolhouse said on Monday evening that the sewerage committee wanted to know when the council was going to get a little common sense.

Cr. Smith—And did you stand that? (Laughter).

Cr. Woolhouse—Oh! It rebounds. (Laughter) The sewerage committee think the ratepayers immediately affected should have the chance to vote on it.

Cr. Harry—They would all be against.

Cr. Woolhouse—I have tried them on £50—it used to be £200—but they won't give even that. They are sitting tight till the Northcote council come to their senses.

Cr. Plant—Are you speaking as a member of the council or a member of the Board?

Cr. Woolhouse—As a member of the Board, to save your feelings. (Laughter). I would recommend the council to make a present of the easement.

Cr. Hayes—It's vindictiveness on the part of the Board, pure and simple

Cr. Woolhouse—It's folly continuing to fight; only penalising the north ward ratepayers

Cr. Plant said that if, as Cr. Woolhouse said, the Metropolitan Board had got their backs up, it was an unworthy attitude for such a body as the Metropolitan Board of Works.

Cr. Dennis thought it was just as well to admit they were "dished," and he would move that Cr. Woolhouse's recommendation be carried out that the Board be made a present of the easement.

Cr. Lees seconded the motion, on condition that the contract was let in six months.

Cr. Hayes moved an amendment that the Board be asked to carry out their obligations and sewer the locality, whether they go through the council's land or not.

Cs. Harry said he would sooner sell a couple of the blocks than see the council "taken down."

Cr. Lees—That would be vindictiveness. (Laughter).

The mayor said he sincerely hoped the council would not carry the motion. The Board would never have thought of taking this short cut but for the council having the land. It was a paltry position for the Board to take up.

Crs. Redmond and Tharratt supported the amendment.

Cr. Dennis, in reply, said he was sick of the whole business, which had been dragging on for two years now.

The amendment was then put and carried, Crs. Lees, Mason, Dennis, Glanfield, Woolhouse and Henderson voting against.

FIGHTING THE MOSQUITOES.

MERRI CREEK TO BE KEROSENED.

Referring to the mosquitoes on Monday evening, Cr. Mason remarked "Neither are they unemployed, neither are they on strike; in fact they are very busy for so early in the season." He moved that adjoining municipalities be asked to co-operate in kerosening the creek.

Cr. Lees said it would be much more effectual if everybody would co-operate in kerosening the stagnant pools about their own premises which were the real breeding places of the mosquito.

Cr. Redmond supported the motion, saying householders could do what Cr. Lees suggested in addition.—Carried.

WIDTH OF TIRES REGULATIONS

TO BE ENFORCED IN NORTHCOTE.

The report that 6-ton loads of bricks were coming through Northcote and doing serious damage to the roads, especially on Rucker's Hill, where the braked narrow-tired wheels cut into the roadway like a plough, caused Cr. Lees to make a fresh effort to have the provisions of the Local Government Act regulating the width of tires according to weights adopted. On Monday evening he moved that the said provisions be made to apply to the town within six months of their proclamation.

Cr. Lees said he did not think any hardship would result from adopting the motion, and it would be a very great saving to the municipality. The provisions were applied in nearly all the southern suburbs, so when carters, after the adoption of the regulations here went into those districts they would not be penalised.

Cr. Hayes seconded the motion, which was carried.

Whitlesea Show will this year be held on Cup Day, November 7. There will be an attractive programme of events, including high jumping, hunting and trotting competitions. Special trains will leave Spencer street at 9.24 and 10.27 a.m.

BUILDING REGULATIONS FOR NORTHCOTE.

FINALITY REACHED AT LAST.

For quite a decade the Northcote Town Council have been considering the matter of framing building regulations, but finality was only reached on Monday evening.

The Mayor moved that the regulations as considered and revised be adopted.

Cr. Harry desired to move a new clause, making it necessary to leave at least three feet of space between each two of a series of cottages. Jamming half-a-dozen cottages together in a row was not in the interest of the inhabitants, for the places were like an oven in the summer, while in the winter not a bit of sunlight could play round them. Then again it was unfair for speculators to come and put such property alongside a nice villa.

The Mayor said he would not accept any new clause, but he would take a motion that the regulations be re committed.

Cr Harry moved to that effect.

Cr. Redmond seconded, stating he had five amendment uggest.

Cr. Lees, referring to Cr. Harry's suggested new clause, said it would be grossly unfair to those who had bought land with a view to building brick cottages.

Cr. Hayes—It certainly would not work in High street.

The regulations were adopted by 8 to 7.

SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS.

We are pleased to notice the brilliant record of three young students, nephews and nieces of Mr. M. Meere, of Clarke street, Northcote. Recently Matthew Charles at the West Ham Technical Institute outclassed all competitors in the first class in drawing (light and shade) model drawing, geometrical drawing, drawing of common objects from memory, painting from still life, anatomy, memory drawing of plant life, and second in drawing from the antique and perspective. He was appointed art instructor at the above institute, but in the meantime he, having competed for a national scholarship, which he won, he gave up his lucrative appointment and is now pursuing his studies as a national student at the Royal College of Arts, South Kensington.

Miss Meere on June 11 at the Glasgow University had the M.A. degree conferred upon her. She is only 22 years of age and went through the course in three years.

A younger boy, James Joseph, has passed the Cambridge Senior with distinction, and also in commercial or industrial law and in political economy.

Their first cousin, James Gerald Meere, in the last Commonwealth clerical examination secured 15th place.

In the senior cadets he is a lieutenant, attached to B Coy., 54A.

For the Clever Young Folk.

Answer to last week's problem—Hindquarters, 110 lbs.; forequarters, 198lbs.

Correct answers came from—Claude Brewster, Christmas street, Northcote, and Violet Comans, Barkly street, North Fitzroy.

For to-day:—Mr. Ah Poosy, of Geelong, sailed for China, and there married a wife. The happy couple then set sail for Geelong, and, on arriving at the port, the Chinaman was allowed to land because he had already a domicile in the Commonwealth. But, acting under the law, the stern authorities refused the wife permission to land. However, yielding to entreaties, the authorities relented to the extent of giving the woman a permit to enter and remain in the Commonwealth for 12 months. When that time had expired the permit was extended for another 6 months. Supposing the original permit for 12 months had stated that at the expiration of the term it would be extended by half the term, and that each succeeding term should be extended by half as it expired, when would the woman have to leave the Commonwealth?

Convalscent Home for the Blind.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At a meeting convened by the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne last week it was decided that a shilling fund be inaugurated for the purpose of purchasing a Convalescent Home for the blind at Brighton Beach.

It was agreed to convene meetings in the several districts to further the movement.

I will be pleased to meet ladies willing to take cards and collect for the above object, at the Northcote Town hall (Mayor's room) on Monday afternoon next, 30th October, at 3 o'clock.—Yours, &c., AMY E. BASTINGS.

Mrs. Robertson, Preston, has collecting cards, which may be had on application.

NORTHCOTE MUNICIPAL BAND.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the above took place in the band room on Tuesday evening last and there was a large attendance of members. Mr. W. Aitken presided in the chairman, Mr. Mayhew's, absence. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Schwaebsch Mr. K. Humphreys acted as secretary. A large amount of business was dealt with. The band master's annual musical progress report was read and adopted, the report showing a general advancement musically. Mr. Hellings made special reference to an old and earnest worker in the band's welfare, Mr. L. B. Ward, stating that although Mr. Ward's business arrangements made it impossible for him to take office with the band he was still heart and soul with them. He moved that Mr. Ward be made a life member of the band. Mr. Ward said he was delighted to accept the compliment, and would do all in his power to help the band to reach the top of the musical tree. During the evening the election for the various offices took place and friendly rivalry ran high. For some offices there were as many as six candidates. The following were elected:—Bandmaster and chairman, Mr. H. Hellings; secretary, Mr. Robs. Humphreys; assistant secretary, Mr. J. Blanch; treasurer, Mr. W. Aitken; librarian, Mr. C. Ratz; band sergeant, Mr. B. Barnet; band corporal, Mr. P. Martin.

At the suggestion of Mrs Carolano, Penders street, last Wednesday was "egg day" on Pender's grove estate. The ladies collected 445 eggs, which were forwarded to the Eye and Ear Hospital.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY COLLECTIONS.

GOOD LOCAL INCREASE.

NORTHCOTE.

Roman Catholic, Northcote parish—St. Joseph's, £16 5s 4½; Preston, £96 3½; St. Anthony's (Fairfield) £4 8s 5d	£80	0 0
Presbyterian Church and S.S.	18	1 0
Methodist Church and S.S.	15	3 0
Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Church	8	11 3
Holy Trinity Church of England, Thornbury	5	12 6
Congregational Church and S.S.	3	11 0
Baptist Church and S.S.	3	13 0
Church of Christ	2	18 9
St George's Road Methodist Church	2	13 1
Thornbury Presbyterian Church	2	7 6
Croxton Methodist Church		19 0
	£93	10 1

MISCELLANEOUS.

Employes Northcote Brick Coy. Collected at Tram Terminus by J. Curtis, M. Amery, L. Hart, R. Luizzi and M. Mackinnon	£25	12 6
Employes Northcote Sewerage Works	11	1 4½
Northcote Salvation Army Band	7	10 0
R. B. Lawrence, Esq (donation)	5	16 0
Northcote Municipal Band's collection	5	0 0
Employes R. B. Lawrence	4	0 6
Employes W. M. Cerutty	4	0 0
Employes F. G. Smith	3	13 0
Employes H. Doldge	2	15 0
Collected by Olive Barry	1	13 0
		3 6
	£165	0 11½

PRESTON.

Church of England (All Saints' and St. Mary's)	£6	15 0
South Preston Methodist Church and S.S.	4	16
Presbyterian Church and S.S.	4	7 0
St. John's Church of England (Epping)	4	5 0
Preston Methodist Church	4	0 0
Church of Christ and S.S.	1	12 6
Methodist Church (South Yarra)	1	10 0
Methodist Church (Thomastown)	1	10 0
	£27	16 0
Employes Thos. Broadhurst	5	13 0

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23.

[Before Messrs Plant (chairman), Brown, Bailey, Lawrence, and Barlinge, J's.P.]

"NO VISIBLE MEANS."

Charles Read, against whom a charge of having no visible means of support had been preferred and whose case had been adjourned to give him a chance to "mend his ways," reappeared.

Constable Denham said he was afraid Read was a "hopeless case." He only throws his coat off and pretends to work when he sees a constable coming.

Constable Lanigan said that defendant "wouldn't work, wouldn't wash himself, or anything else." When he sees a constable he rushes off to the nearest job. He worked a couple of hours for Mr. Shaw, got a draw and went down and got drunk.

Sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

UNSTAMPED WEIGHTS.

James Lucas Murray, inspector for the Weights and Measures Union, proceeded against Chas. McKeown, fruit and vegetable hawker of Dwyer street, Clifton Hill, for having an unstamped weight. Mr. Scheele for prosecution.

The inspector gave evidence that the weight was not only unstamped but 13 drachms light.

Fined £1, with £1 3s 6d costs.

Same v. Wm. Bennett, fruit and vegetable hawker, 159 Gipps street, Abbotsford.

Mr. Murray said that the three weights found in defendant's cart when he was doing business in Jackson street, Northcote, were not only unstamped but all light—the 2lb weight to the extent of 10 drachms, the 1lb weight half an ounce, and the ½lb weight 5½ drachms.

Fined 20s, with £1 8s costs.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CLAIM.

Carr Bros. proceeded against Mrs. Slater, of Gandy street, for the recovery of 2s 6d alleged to be due on two photographs supplied.

Plaintiff stated he called three times for the money, and on the last occasion defendant spat in his face and slammed the door on him. He then thought it was time to issue a summons.

Defendant said she only owed 1s 6d. She treated defendant as she had because he had bullied her daughter in her absence and had said that "Northcote was all rogues."

Order for amount, with 2s 6d costs.

Defendant said she had no money to pay.

WANDERING CATTLE.

Neil Hansen, the council's ranger, proceeded against E. Brothers for allowing 7 cows to wander.

Defendant said his boy was in the act of transferring the cows from the Fitzroy side of the creek to his paddock.

The ranger said there was no one in charge of the cows for at least 10 minutes after he sighted them.

Fined 2s 6d per head, with 2s 6d costs.

Same v. C. Brothers. Two horses.

Defendant swore that the animals belonged to his father.

The ranger said that at the time defendant said the horses belonged to him.

The case was dismissed.

Defendant asked for costs.

The chairman—No costs.

W. Gorry and Allan Leith were each fined 2s 6d with 3s 6d costs.

D. Mack was summoned for allowing 50 head to wander.

The ranger said that the cattle were being grazed on land off Leinster grove and Smith street. Witness said to the man in charge "Do you know you are doing wrong?" and he replied "What do I care so long as my boss sent me here."

Jas. Rogers, employed by defendant, said some of the 50 cows had got out through the gate being left open, and he was putting them back when the inspector came up.

Mrs. Bryant gave evidence that Rogers was driving the cattle home when the ranger come.

The ranger—How long were you watching him drive the cattle home?

Witness—About two hours.

The ranger—That will do.

Defendant gave evidence that it was just by accident that some of the cows got out.

The chairman announced that after consultation of the Bench had decided to dismiss the case.

Prince of Wales' Park Girls' Guild.

The first annual physical culture display under the auspices of the above took place at the Methodist schoolroom, High street, on Wednesday evening. There was a crowded audience. The Rev. Thos. Alday (now at Hamilton) presided. The platform was prettily decorated by ferns and pot plants, very kindly lent by Mr. Randle, of Arthurton road. The proceedings opened with the senior and junior classes combined marching in and taking up a display position. The work done was wonderfully good considering the guild has been in existence less than 3 months and reflected great credit on the instructress (Miss M. Hill). Much credit is also due to Miss Price, the very capable pianiste, for her regular and painstaking work. Miss H. Davey and Victor L. Trotman interspersed the work of the girls with humorous recitals and songs with very happy results. Mr. Cliff Archbold was a very efficient M.C. At the conclusion Mr. Alday complimented the girls on their very fine display, and said much credit was due to Mrs. A. E. Pizzey (the president) for her efforts on behalf of the guild. He moved a vote of thanks, to which Mr. Pizzey briefly responded. The proceedings closed with "God Save the King."

N.S.R.A. Picture Concerts.

An interesting display of pictures was given by the N.S.R.A. management at the Northcote town hall on Saturday evening. The programme was composed of the latest films, some of which entired the large audience to a high pitch of excitement, and at times greatly amused. The high standard previously set by the association was more than maintained.

TREVENA'S
SUMMER SUITS!
If we have never made Clothes for you, now is a good time to let us begin. Our showing of Summer Materials is equal to the best to be found anywhere, including as it does all the Best Materials in the Newest Patterns and Colourings
T. TREVENA,
The Reliable Ladies' and Gents' Tailor.
Novel and Exclusive Designs in CHOICE SHIRTS. Raffia and Pleated Prints, especially suited for summer wear, 5/6, 6/6.
One Summer Season's STRAWS just arrived.
T. TREVENA, "THE HAT KING,"
266 Smith St., Collingwood.
Tel. Con. 5410

An Apple of Discord

By ESME STUART.

Author of "In the Dark," "A Woman of Forty," "Inscrutable," etc.

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CHAPTER III.

Mr. and Mrs. Pears.

Mrs. Pears, the wife of the small news-vendor, had a very distinct personality. She and her husband were seldom of one mind; but this did not trouble her much, for they agreed to differ on all points. She possessed the first requisite of a good wife in that she was very fond of cooking, though her range of kitchen necessaries was represented by one saucepan, to which she paid great reverence as unto an idol. She kept it scrupulously bright, for when not used for its legitimate purpose she waved it about as the leader of an orchestra manipulates his baton.

When Natasia entered the shop—the only means of access to Novinov's top floor—Mrs. Pears stood on her doorstep, saucepan in hand, whilst her husband was busy sorting some evening papers, which he was about to deliver himself.

"So you come back like a tramper, Natty, though you went out like a dook's wife. It's good to keep 'umble, that it is." She banged the saucepan firmly on the miniature counter to emphasise her words. "Yes, Natty, the 'umble 'as no visible reward in this world, but they have their conscience to 'ip 'ip 'ooray them, and that gives 'em a very soothing influence, as I says to Pears. 'Pears,' says I, 'if you was to do your duty, Pears' (she took no notice of Pears, who was almost touching her), 'you would go to law with the man as advertises your name till it's quite onpleasant. Of course, says I, it's your name, Pears, not mine, only in so much as you've lent it to me.' Mrs. Muggs, she says the other day, Mrs. Pears, says she, 'Is you scrubbed clean yet, Mrs. Pears?' A very insulting remark, not to say onpleasant. If Pears' Soap wasn't advertised as it is there wouldn't be these onpleasant remarks directed to us—that's what I says to Pears himself, and he can't deny it."

Natasia smiled, for Pears took no heed whatever of these remarks, knowing they were not addressed to him.

"You mustn't take any notice, Mrs. Pears, the name is good enough."

"'Tain't that only, Natty; there's always the feeling that thar other one is a-driving in his carriage, and we are here in a 'umble position, Natty; that it is as hadds the vinegar to Mrs. Muggs's sauce."

"Uncle hasn't come in, has he?" asked Natty, feeling unable to understand the sorrow of Mrs. Pears.

"No," interposed Mr. Pears, now feeling he might join in the conversation; "no, he hasn't."

"It is a pity," added Mrs. Pears, "that he don't keep English hours, Natty; he'd be a better uncle if he did. Folks as don't keep to meal hours is no good in this world, nor in the next, to my thinking, and that's what I say. Give Natty her paper, Pears, and much good may it do you. You can't persuade me as a thing as is written in that sort of halphabet can bring any good to anybody." Down went the saucepan on the counter. "And look here, Natty, though you can read that Russian stuff, I do say as you're not a bad sort, so I'll give you advice as you can't get every day; don't you have nothing to do with Speculo."

"He is a friend of uncle's," said Natasia, smiling. "I am sure he is most kind to us."

"Don't you trust a man with that name, Natty; it seems to stir one up onpleasantly. 'Tain't English, whatever he may say; a name as isn't English is no good at all. Them as has such a name as Speculo may try to hide their wickedness, but it's no good, it' ll squeeze out sooner or later—maybe when you aren't prepared for it."

"But my name is as bad—Natasia Gricha," answered the girl, laughing. She was accustomed to Mrs. Pears' strange sentiments.

"That's true, Nattie; but you've been under my roof a long time; it makes a difference; there is nothing like living with them as knows; it's all in all. Pears knows it, if you was able to ask him."

Natasia would have been quite able, as he was still arranging papers; but she knew that he was not supposed to be there and so did not omit the indiscretion. When Mrs. Pears spoke of her husband it was understood that he was to efface himself unless specially addressed.

"You are always kind to me, Mrs. Pears. I've learnt a great deal from you. Now I must go upstairs and get uncle's supper ready. It is difficult because sometimes he is kept by his business."

"Yes, Natty, I 'ave. You would never 'ave learnt how to stew a kidney if it 'adn't been for me."

Natasia disappeared as Mrs. Pears emphasised this speech by giving two gentle taps with her saucepan. The elder woman went on tapping and shaking her head, which meant she was deep in thought. Mrs. Pears thought he might now make a remark.

"That girl's a good girl," he said, "say what you will, Sarah."

"Did I ever say to the contrary, Joseph? Never!" Down went the saucepan expressing injured innocence.

"But you throws her uncle in her face too much."

"As if I could," replied the indignant lady. "I couldn't a-lift him, and if I could throw him, I'd throw him away altogether, that's what I'd do. Haven't I often said it, Joseph? Joseph, I've said, you will get into trouble over Novikov, and I says it again, and some day you will say to me, Sarah, you will say, Sarah, I wish I'd a-taken your advice and turned 'im out, and I shall say, Joseph, Joseph, I told you so."

Mrs. Pears paused to give full weight to her prophecy. She was not acquainted with the history of the ancient Sybils, but had they come within the scope of her education she would have likened herself to them, but the crushed worm turned.

"I'll say nothing of the kind," replied Joseph, so as to make sure that prophecy at elast should never come to pass; "no, not if I wished to, ivver so."

"But you will say it inwardly, Joseph, mark my words, inwardly you'll say it."

Mrs. Pears was going to repeat the oracular words that Joseph would say outwardly or inwardly again, but her husband would not give her time to do so. He tucked a bundle of newspapers under his arm and departed, muttering, "I'll never say it, not if I wanted to ivver so."

Mrs. Pears thumped the saucepan severely on the counter when he was gone, and then she herself disappeared into a little black hole called the kitchen and was soon plunged in deep thought.

"If I makes 'im sticky batter he'll not be pleased, but he deserves sticky batter, that he does, but, curl my hair! men must be 'umored a bit when they are so contrary as is Joseph. It shows that the liver is a bit awry. Doctors 'ave said so to me, 'Mrs. Pears,' they have said, 'when the liver is a bit awry, why, then and not till then, you may expect anything,' and I do. It's better to be prepared for the worst with Joseph, he's that obstinate, he know quite well he would say that some day, but he won't own it. No, he won't, even if one was to stick at him he wouldn't own it even to me, as is his best friend if he only knew it. And there's that poor girl upstairs, she she took in with that Speculo; I know she is, but I'm not—Lor' a-mercy! What do you want?"

This was addressed to some one who was thumping the counter in the shop with all their might. Mrs. Pears hurried back still holding her saucepan in her hand, but she could see no one at first, till peering over the counter she beheld a small, dirty, unkempt boy, holding out a penny, the image it bore effaced with dirt.

"Well, Samson, what be you a-wanting?"

"My name's Bob, not Samson, and I want the 'Red Hand.'"

"Oh, do you, will I never! If I was you now—which thank the Lord I'm not—I would save my pennies for——"

"Lollies," said the boy; "but it's father as wants it. Mother don't hold by it, but he says as how the 'Red Hand' is a-coming. Nelly hollows when he says it, it frightens her so; but it don't frighten me!"

"Well, here it is," said Mrs. Pears, handing him the paper bearing the name of the 'Red Hand,' and adding a gentle tap with her saucepan on Bob's head. "Tell your father that he'd better not buy that rubbish; but, Lor'! don't 'ee be tellines Pears as I said so. He would nigh murder me!" She ran back to her kitchen and began fresh meditation about Pears' supper, and whether he should or should not be punished with sticky batter.

Upstairs Natasia was gazing out of her window upon the innumerable housetops. The spring day was coming to an end, but lovely tints were spreading themselves over the forest of roofs, tinting all that was unlovely and spreading peace where beneath there was so much warfare.

"Oh, the country must be beautiful," sighed the girl. "I wouldn like to go there, but uncle never has a wish beyond his work, and he is so good to me. I must be patient. God sends what is good for all of us."

She turned away, thinking of her uncle's supper too, but suddenly her eyes fell on the photograph which Speculo had left on the table. She took it up with a little exclamation of surprise.

"Why, it's my beautiful lady," she said aloud; "but that isn't her name, 'Isola Bella Worth'; no, it isn't the same; hers is Miss Ashbury. It must be—no, it is a mistake; uncle said Worth. Let me see, why, there is the same little lock of hair on the forehead, and the dimple on the cheek; it must be her or her twin sister! Her mother, too, is the same; the lady with such deep-set eyes that look through you. And yet these are the people uncle wants to find! I could easily tell him where they live, for it was only three months ago we sent back a dress for the mother! A lovely silk dress, too; they can't be very poor; I can't understand it. It was Miss Ashbury I saw this afternoon in the park. How strange, but I am glad Mr. Speculo did not see her."

Natasia went to the door and gazed again over the roof, but she did not see them this time. A little sigh escaped her lips. "I wish uncle had not undertaken to find them. Why did he? If I were sure it was for no harm, I would tell him; but it is strange a man should be looking for them. No; I will say nothing; no harm shall happen to that girl through me."

There was a step on the stairs. Natasia hastily put down the photograph and busied herself at the stove. Almost immediately Novikov entered.

"There you are! Well, did you like your drive? Did Speculo tire you with his foolish compliments?" and Novikov smiled grimly.

"I enjoyed it al ivery much, uncle. Mr. Speculo does not mean any harm; he likes to hear his own voice, and he makes me laugh. Here is your paper; sit down and read it, and then I will get supper ready."

To make sure taht Natasia is right, it will be better to follow the girl who had awakened in her heart such warm admiration, for youth must have some object on which to spend itself, and Natasia had so few.

Isola had also gone out, wooed by the spring sunshine and the impulse to see the world. She liked to see the people and flowers in the park, and, besides, she felt rebellious, for her mother had begged her never to go out alone, and never till it was dusk. Isola reviewed the months and years during which her young life had been surrounded by mystery, instead of being like other girls, and now she was tired, oh, so tired, of not doing as she liked.

It was so long since she and her mother had had a settled home, and now that at last they seemed to have done wandering, she began to feel that she could not much longer bear the confinement. Isola was like all young people, rather scornful of dangers that were invisible. For her mother's sake, whom she dearly loved, she rarely disobeyed her, but to-day she had not been able to resist the temptation of having a walk alone in the park. But her enjoyment was decidedly marred by feeling that her mother would be much worried if she returned home and found her gone.

Her mother—here was another mystery. Isola rebelled against mysteries, and yet she knew that the mother who loved her so dearly was hiding something from her—why? Isola was well aware that sorrow had followed them closely. She knew that they had been poor, but that now they were, if not rich, at least able to live in comfort, and how was this? The girl would have given much to know, but there was a veil drawn over this subject. She had once questioned Mrs. Ashbury, and the answer had been decided.

"Isola, darling, don't question me, for your sake I do it, but . . ." And from that day to this her "but" had never been finished. What was the good of being young and good-looking—for Isola did not hide from herself that she was pretty, why should she? and yet to live her life virtually a prisoner. Her mother never made any friends—a few, very few, acquaintances called on them, but they were never encouraged. These two seemed hedged in by this strange wall of mystery, which separated them from their fellow-creatures.

There was but one human being who shared their life, cousin Jane Upjohn, who loved them both devotedly. A bright, cheery creature she was, too, who would not allow Isola to be low-spirited, and who always accompanied her when she went out. But Cousin Jane had to-day been unable to prevent Isola's escapade. She had been obliged to go out for a special purpose, then Isola had taken French leave, and here she was!

And yet she hardly knew what to do with her liberty, and it was dull to wander alone in the park, noticing how happily other girls of her age were chatting to their companions, or flirting innocently with handsome cavaliers.

A lover—that was what other girls seemed to find easily enough—but how was she ever to find one as she never saw a man either young or old. She passed many good-looking fellows today, but Isola laughed at the idea that she would be any the better for seeing them.

"I am punished anyhow! This walk, which I thought would be so nice and planned so cleverly, makes me more discontented than ever, so I suppose I had better go back now!"

Providence at times grants wishes which bring with them a train of misfortunes; such has been the experience of many a human being, but this will never deter the young from wishing. Instead of going home, Isola sat down on a seat, and once more watched the gay crowd, so near to her and yet so far removed. She was a girl full of spirit, and naturally full of fun, but fun wants a certain soil in which to develop, and can easily languish when circumstances are too much against it.

"What a pity the mad dog does not come by," she said to herself, though smiling scornfully, "and then a gentleman would rush at it and save me; and then, of course, naturally that would serve as an introduction. The mad dog would figuratively have said, 'Miss Ashbury, Mr. Stanhope,' and then he would be interested in me and I in him, and we should strike up an acquaintance that way! Now, how am I even to speak to a man, let alone fall in love? Mother is afraid of the sight of a pair of pantaloons."

Isobel, having an artistic eye, drew a pair on the gravel to comfort herself, but the comfort did not go far. A young man, evidently an officer by his bearing, passed by with a tall girl by his side. The tall girl was decidedly plain; the officer handsome.

"It is a pity we can't change places," thought Isola; "I am sure I should be better company. Well, he did just give me a glance; I expect he is a flirt. But a flirting man is better than none at all, I think. What is the good of being pretty and having rather nice clothes, if no one but mother and Cousin Jane are to admire them? What can Cousin Jane be thinking of me at this minute? Poor old dear! She will have a fit, and it is rather dull. If she were with me we should have a little laugh at that girl! What a waist! It is like a wasp! I daresay she is waspish, too, by nature. Her mother is with her. Fat old dowager! Queer little poodle with them; I wish I could steal it. I should be taken up, and that would be some excitement! Oh, dear, there is a gentleman looking at me, and it is not quite as nice as I thought it would be. I wish he would not stare so much. I think I shall move on."

Isola jumped up rather quickly and tried to look natural as she hurried away, but she was conscious that someone was still looking at her, and at last she felt sure that he was following her. She hurried still more as she had no wish to allow a stranger to speak to her, in spite of all her late thoughts to the contrary.

"I beg your pardon," said a voice, and she was forced to turn round.

Isola showed a perfectly unmoved countenance, and the pure outline, the deep dark blue eyes, the rather thin, strong face, with its dark brown hair, and the little love-lock that would stray in spite of everything; all these made a most delightful picture. But the delightful picture was preparing to give a decided rebuke to an impertinent stranger, when a frank voice, accompanied by a very ordinary politeness, said, "I beg your pardon, I saw you drop your purse before you rose from the bench."

There! He had been looking at her purse, and not at her. The revulsion of feeling made her smile, and then her face became certainly still more enchanting.

"Oh, thank you; I thought—yes, how stupid of me!"

"You walked so quickly away that I thought"—a smile on his side then—"that you did not wish your property to be returned to you."

"I did not dream of my purse; I thought you had been looking at me," said Isola, and this time she could not help laughing.

"I did not see your face; you were turning round, but I saw the purse fall."

"It is really mine," said Isola. "Did you think I had—I mean, that it was stolen property?"

"One never knows in London," said the gentleman, with mock solemnity.

"Thank you, but it really is mine, and I do not wish to lose it, as——" But then Isola felt secretly sorry that there had not been time for the gentleman even to open her lost property. He could not have read her card or have noticed anything by which they might have been a little united. There was no mad dog to introduce them; a purse was scarcely sufficient. Isola did not even think of a lover now, but simply of a human being who would talk to her, someone outside the wall of mystery that surrounded her, and within which she was a literal prisoner. She put the purse in her pocket, and then there was nothing more to say or to do, but once more to murmur "thank you," and the stranger was much too much of a gentleman to do anything else himself. He raised his hat and walked away. What else could he do? But Isola was disappointed, the romance had fallen so flat.

She turned round with her face towards home, though her first idea was not home, but a wish to watch the man who had been so very gentlemanly, and who had said so little!

She saw him walking straight on, looking neither to the right nor to the left. "Not a bit of a flirty man," thought Isola, who had read plenty of novels, but had never taken part in a real love-story. "Oh, there he is being stopped by a man who has waylaid him! What a queer fellow! I wonder what he has to do with him. How slow they are walking; I shall catch them up, and I did not want to do so at all. But I must go home, so there is no help for it."

She walked on, trying to appear quite unconcerned, but she could not pass the man she had just spoken to without some recognition, so she turned her head quickly towards him and bowed and smiled. She had overheard the last remark of the man who had come up.

"I have a little business, sir; you might help me if——"

"Indeed, Speculo, what is it?"

Then Isola passed on, but behind her Speculo turned his head to look after her; he had caught a momentary sight of her face and stared hard. This time, however, Isola was unconscious of exciting any interest.

"A lovely girl, sir, and well dressed."

The gentleman did not take the trouble to answer him.

"If you have no work for me," continued Speculo, "a friend in the private line wants me to find a lady and her daughter for a client."

"I have nothing to do with the private line," said the gentleman, smiling.

"Of course not, sir; but you have ways and means, whilst I——"

Without appearing conscious of it, the gentleman was looking after Isola, and trying to see where she was turning out of the park. Speculo noticed the look.

"An acquaintance of yours, sir, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear, no! Well, Speculo, I wish you success. We have nothing for you now. How are your Russian friends?"

"The water is simmering, sir; it will boil soon, and then——"

"Then you will be travelling to Russia, I suppose?"

Speculo laughed.

"There are great responsibilities put upon one at times, Mr. Noel."

"You feel it, I know. Good-day, I must hurry on."

The gentleman did so without further apology. He was wishing to see, if possible, where the girl was going to. A foolish idea, but he had never before seen that conjunction of eyes and hair and a perfect figure. He wished heartily now that Speculo had not accosted him.

As to Speculo, he went his way meditating, "Where have I seen that face before?"

CHAPTER IV.

Proverbs and a Purse.

"Oh, the endless houses in London that are exactly alike!" Such was the remark of a foreigner quite lately on first seeing the great city, and certainly this fact is so self-evident that we do not pause to consider the dulling influence of this repetition of sameness on the young imagination. In Avondale-terrace this paralysing likeness was prevented by a few shops that broke the symmetry of the Row. One of these shops was that of a bookseller known by the name of "Farwell and Son," but the worthy man did not live over his place of business, for the first floor was inhabited by Mrs. Ashbury, who had converted the not very attractive rooms into a very perfect little dwelling.

The only inconvenience was that there was no other front door than the shop entrance, so that everyone had to go through the shop of "Farwell and Son" if they wished to call on Mrs. Ashbury. But then no one ever did call on her, for except her cousin, Mrs. Upjohn, her daughter Isola and herself, few crossed the threshold. Neither did she wish for them in spite of Isola's natural desire to see the world and the inhabitants thereof. On this evening Mrs. Ashbury, as usual, came back at five o'clock, and, of course, she thought of Isola—her one care and delight. As she passed through the shop she bowed gravely to the fussy little bookseller, who was always using invisible soap, and was anxious to give his customers the last report of the weather, as if he were responsible for it and must account for its vagaries.

"Good evening, Mrs. Ashbury, fine weather we have given you to-day, but we cannot promise you the same to-morrow, much as we would wish to oblige our customers."

Mrs. Ashbury smiled. Her smile looked as if it had been born somewhere far away and had to be fetched from the antipodes when required.

"You are so obliging, Mr. Farwell, that I am sure you would give us a fine day every day if you could, but certainly to-day it has been lovely."

"Yes, yes; we've done pretty well to-day, ma'am, and I hope you have been enjoying the balms which I daresay come from Ceylon's coral shores, if we only knew it, ma'am. It's wonderful how many things we might know, as I said to my son, 'You can never learn too much, son, and when you think you know something you must begin again.'"

Mrs. Ashbury's eyes looked quite through Mr. Farwell, as if she at least knew more than he did. She was evidently thinking of other things, but she wished to be polite.

"I think the less we know the better, Mr. Farwell."

"Oh, no, indeed no, ma'am; you are joking. I always say to my son, 'Son, never too late to learn.' If he were here, ma'am, he would tell you that I have often said that to him; I may say very often."

"It is often too late," murmured Mrs. Ashbury, and then she glided away upstairs, feeling glad that "son" was not there to endorse all that his father said.

There was a door at the top of the stairs which Mrs. Ashbury had had placed there to keep her lodgings even more private than they were. She rang at the bell, and immediately a small, good-tempered lady opened the door.

"Oh, Sylvia, have you seen Isola?" said Cousin Jane at once.

"Seen Isola! Why should I have seen her?" A deep flush spread over the features of the mother.

"Because I went out to see the Richardsons on that business you know about, and when I came home the child had gone! I am sure it is the spring feeling that sent her out."

"Oh, where is she? She knows that I cannot allow her to walk out alone."

"She is nearly twenty-one. I very much fear, Sylvia, that you will find the time has come when the child will rebel."

"Jane, you do not realise what it means. She must never fall into that man's hands. He will do everything he can to find her, and I must do everything I can to circumvent him. So far, with God's help, I have succeeded."

Mrs. Ashbury sank down into an armchair, looking sad and anxious, but Cousin Jane, who always saw the bright side of everything, would not be depressed, and tried to cheer her.

"But your plan is bad, Sylvia. Who holds an eel by the tail has not yet caught it, and a girl of that age is by nature an eel that wishes to see the world."

"But Isola is so pretty, so noticeable, that I fear she would attract notice."

"But even if you can shut up the child in a tower, you must make up your mind that she will, notwithstanding, find a lover. They all do."

"Oh, I would rather work all my life for her than see her married. See what misery I had! Was my marriage happiness? No; it was worse than death. If my child were to suffer as I did—oh, Jane, I should die."

"Well, anyhow, your marriage gave you Isola! But I do wonder what she can be doing. Girls are strange creatures to deal with. One is never sure what they will do next."

Mrs. Ashbury suddenly stood up and threw off her cloak, revealing the beautiful figure she still had. When she was young she, too, must have been beautiful, but now her hair was grey, and the deep-set eyes were too mournful for perfect beauty.

"Come, come, Sylvia, don't be over-anxious. If you transplant a tree too often you must not expect any fruit, and really you have made that child lead a wandering life. She has no friends but we two, and it is unnatural."

Cousin Jane had an extraordinary number of proverbs at her disposal; indeed, Isola declared that if she did not know one to serve the occasion she invented it on the spot.

But Cousin Jane, who was a philosopher, was beginning to be really anxious, though she had her fears.

"I think I will go out and look for her, Jane," said Mrs. Ashbury, seizing her cloak. Then she thrust her hand into her pocket and drew out a handful of gold.

"So you have had luck to-day?" said Jane. "It is better not to wait for thirst before drawing the water from the well."

"Look at that gold. Yes; I had luck if you call it so."

Jane carefully picked up the money so scornfully thrown down by her cousin.

"Well, Sylvia, you will make your fortune at this rate."

"Not a word to Isola, remember. She must never guess."

"Those who see farthest fall over a stone, my dear Sylvia! Isola will herself begin to ask herself questions, for she remembers your days of poverty."

"When we could not have such a good faithful cousin to take care of us! Oh, Jane, I have tried everything, I have worked my fingers to the bone; I gave music lessons, but you know I only just kept the wolf from the door, and now——"

"Oh! now the wolf would not even sniff within a mile of you, why do you complain?"

"Hush! What is that noise; I hear steps on the stairs. It must be Isola."

In another moment the bell was rung. Cousin Jane ran out and Isola ran in, looking full of life and spirits.

"Oh, mother! Oh, Cousin Jane, don't scold; I will confess at once. It was so beautiful, and I was so tired of staying indoors, dead tired, and so I took French leave."

"You disobeyed me, Isola," said Mrs. Ashbury, sadly. "My poor child, do you think that your mother would deny you anything that was good for you?"

"But what is the harm? Oh, mother, you don't understand, you who go out every day whilst you leave us in these rooms which I know by heart."

Mrs. Ashbury sat down, her face expressing her emotion.

"When you are twenty-one, Isola, you can choose your lot, but till then you must try to do as I wish, my darling."

Isola looked at her mother and saw the evident signs of her distress. Her conscience smote her and she was sorry.

"Mother," she exclaimed, kneeling down beside her. "Oh, mother! what a wretch I have been; but the day was so beautiful and I was irresistibly called out. I seemed to hear a voice calling me; I think it was 'the old lad,' as Sam Sutton used to say; 'If he calls you, miss, you can't help but go.' Well, mother, he must have called me to-day, and I have been well punished, for I imagined a charming man was looking at me and——"

"A charming man. Oh! Isola, I do hope——"

"Well, but listen, mother, he did not look at me at all, but I dropped a silly purse and he only stared at that and made such a fuss about returning it to me, as if money mattered half as much as being admired!"

"And he returned it?" said Cousin Jane, looking at the beautiful picture Isola made when when the color spread over her cheeks and her eyes danced with pleasure.

"He even owned it, Cousin Jane! Whoever heard of a young man who did not look at the heroine! Worse; I felt all at once quite stupid and I could not find a word to say in return, and that you must own that usually I am not much at a loss for conversation."

"Why should you expect the first young man you see to take any notice of you?" said Cousin Jane, feeling, however, that any young man ought to admire her favorite. And indeed, to see the girl standing there half-ashamed and half-pleased at her little adventure, with heightened color and animated eyes, it would have been hard to repress admiration.

"If he could have guessed how much I wanted to be noticed he would not have refused to talk!"

"Those who walk quickly tire quickly, Isola, so you have not had much for your trouble. You see the young man did not admire you, so you need not have given him so many thoughts."

Mrs. Ashbury had now somewhat recovered from her fright, and she was about to retire to her own room when there was another ring at the bell. The three women looked at each other. A visitor was such an unusual thing that it always caused a flutter of excitement among them. But before Cousin Jane had risen, Isola skipped away, saying, "Oh, let me go." She had no hopes of seeing anyone at all interesting, but even the sound of a bell was a little diversion in the girl's life. She opened the door, and then suddenly the color flew to her cheeks, already pink with the exercise and the previous excitement.

Before her stood the very man she had been speaking of!

"I beg your pardon, but I was so much afraid you had thought me rude in the park, that I came to apologise," he stammered.

"Yes, no, I mean—but how could you know where I lived?" Isola foresaw the displeasure of her mother and her aunt, and bitterly regretted having met the intruder.

"I happened to be coming your way," he said, "and I suppose a man walks faster than a young lady, so——"

At this moment Cousin Jane, hearing voices, came hurriedly forward. Her look of dismay was not lost on the visitor. Here, thought he, was evidently the home of a guarded treasure. He must put a bold face on it, so he thought of an expedient, a bad one certainly, but he had no time for further invention.

"I must introduce myself," he said. "Julius Noel, a hard-worked slave of our Government. I saw this young lady drop her purse, and I fear that she lost half-a-sovereign out of it. I was detained at first, but I was able to catch sight of her and——"

"My cousin has told us of her loss," interrupted Cousin Jane, struck by the manly exterior of the visitor, and never doubting the truth. "But if she were careless enough to drop her purse she deserved to lose her money. I do wish you had not taken the trouble to come all this way to return it."

"Who is there?" said Mrs. Ashbury's voice anxiously from the drawing-room, and before Jane knew what she was doing she had run back to reassure her cousin, forgetting that the visitor must take this as an intimation that he was to follow, and that Isola might be delighted to show him the way. She, too, was taken in by the idea of the half-sovereign, knowing that when she went out she had one in her purse. Then all at once Mrs. Ashbury saw Julius Noel standing in her drawing-room where she had meant to receive no one. Jane had already gone over the story, thus saving him from repeating his fiction. This Julius at once saw, for he was accustomed to see everything at a glance, and he noticed that he was not made welcome, but, on the other hand, he looked once at Isola, and he determined to brave the mother's cold reception.

"My daughter was very careless; I am sure that she did not deserve to get back the money. I am very sorry that you should have had the trouble——"

"It was no trouble at all; I was coming this way, and——" He, too, paused; he could not repeat his thoughts, and was afraid of incriminating himself.

"I am sorry that you gave my money another thought," said Isola; "but I am also really glad that you did at last look at me enough to recognise me."

She laughed her merry laugh as she said this, and in her heart she was delighted that someone had crossed the threshold of their door!

Mr. Noel held out the half-sovereign, and Isola received it laughingly.

"Poor little coin; it did not deserve to be saved from a tramp. I am afraid, Mr. Noel, that you have defrauded a starving beggar. To punish myself for my carelessness I must give it to the first one I meet."

The other two ladies were standing up saying nothing. Mr. Noel was evidently not meant to stay, and his quick eyes saw that ten shillings were not of great importance to this household, and yet from outside the lodgings spoke of no great wealth. Suddenly his eyes rested on the little heap of gold coin, and at the same moment he was conscious that the lady called Mrs. Ashbury had seen his glance. Looking from under his eyelids, he noted that she colored, and, as if by accident, that she threw something over the little heap. Had she not done this Julius would not have thought so much of it. Strange, but his eyes wandered again towards Isola. But again he did not know what next to do; no one asked him to sit down, and he felt that he must go. He took his hat more firmly in his hand.

"I must apologise again," he began.

"Oh, why should you?" said Cousin Jane, coming to the rescue; "it was most kind of you. Let me open the door for you; we have no servant."

"Pray, don't. I can find my way, Miss——"

He paused, and he thought no one was going to fill in the pause, but Isola herself finished the sentence. "I am Miss Ashbury, and I hope I shall not be so careless as to drop my purse in the park again."

He smiled and beat a retreat. He was too much frozen up by the expression of the strange lady, whose faraway look did not make him feel at his ease.

He bowed, but Isola held out her hand, and he took it. Evidently the girl was not at all mysterious, only beautiful, and before he knew where he was the familiar streets were before him, and he felt that he had been a fool for his pains. It served him right for trying to follow a very pretty girl, who, by the way, ought not to have been walking alone. He remembered Speculo, and could not bear to think that such a girl should have had the chance of brushing against a man of that stamp. He had but two pieces of information. He knew where she lived and that her name was Miss Ashbury.

"What a fool I am to be so taken by a pretty face—somewhat of a flirt, too, I expect—certainly not timid. Well, I shall never see her again."

When the stranger had departed, Isola, still holding the golden coin in her hand, hastened to her room and opened the purse in order to replace it. Opening suddenly the centre compartment, she was astonished to see her own ten-shilling piece still safely reposing there. She blushed peony red this time, for she realised vividly that Mr. Noel had used the supposed lost half-sovereign as a blind. The coin he had given her was not hers, but his. He had therefore come simply because he wanted to see her. She must certainly not tell her mother or her Cousin Jane; but what should she do with the money? It seemed to burn her fingers. Of course, she must return it to him, but how. She did not know where he lived, and he would never come again after the more than cold manner in which he had been received. She would always carry it about with her; and perhaps, some day she would meet him and reproach him for having acted this lie. Then all at once Isola burst out laughing. He wanted to see her—poor, imprisoned Isola.

"Poor fellow! Certainly mother's face would put any man into a fix," she said to herself, "but, after all, he thought more of me than of the purse!"

She went back to the sitting-room where tea was set out, and where everything looked so pretty and cheerful. She walked up to her mother and kissed her white forehead.

"Mother! When I am of age I shall take care of myself. You promised this, didn't you?"

"Oh, darling! What should I do if anything happened to you? You know your father would wish to take you away from me if he could."

"But he shall not! He has been cruel to you, little mother, and I will never leave you—only—I do want a little more liberty."

"Come, sit down and be cheerful," said Cousin Jane; "those who wander squander."

"Oh, mother, this is yours," said Isola, noticing the heap of gold pieces. "Did you earn all this to-day?"

Mrs. Ashbury gathered it up. "Yes," she said, and Isola dared not ask anything more; but to herself she said, "Whatever can mother do that she earns so much money? I wish she would tell me, and not make a mystery of it! I hate mysteries!"

To be Continued.

COUNTRY WAGES BOARDS.

Important Amending Legislation.

A matter of far-reaching importance, so far as country trades and industries are concerned, is the extension of wages boards to every district in the State. In the last session of the State Parliament, when the Factories and Shops Act was amended, providing for special boards, the Parliamentary Labor Party strenuously opposed the proposal, preferring that the determinations of metropolitan wages boards should be extended to country districts, irrespective of the fact that local conditions and requirements of the provincial districts are totally different to those obtaining in the metropolitan area. However, Parliament, ignoring the manifestly one-sided advocacy of the Labor members, in its wisdom authorised the creation of special boards for the country. So far so good. But, although the intention of Parliament in authorising special boards undoubtedly was that the members thereof should be bona-fide country employers and employes respectively, the Trades Hall Party, alive to the fact that such was not expressly stated in the Act, quickly discerned their opportunity and succeeded in getting two metropolitan men nominated as employes' representatives on the Country Printers' Board. To have gone on with such a representation would have been subversive of the principles at stake, and the employers' representatives thereupon resigned from the board. As the Country Printers' Wages Board would have been a precedent for all other special boards, the general community is indebted to the country printers for the determined stand taken in the advocacy of preserving to those in the country the right of determining their own affairs, freed from outside interference. The Government, to give effect to the wish of Parliament in the matter of securing bona-fide country representatives on special country boards, introduced the Bill providing that representatives of employers and employes, respectively, nominated for such boards, "shall reside in such area or locality and be engaged in the process, trade, business or occupation affected within such area or locality; and if any such representative ceases to reside or be engaged as aforesaid, he shall thereafter cease to be qualified as, and shall cease to be a member of the board."

A WAR STORY.

A retired military officer who went through the Boer War of 1881, tells the following story of a curious incident which he witnessed during that campaign:—

One of the sentries of a British regiment having been found asleep at his post, was tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot. At the appointed time he was marched to a spot outside the camp, and the troops were drawn up to witness the execution of the unfortunate man. Just as the officer in charge was about to give the order to fire, a bullet flew into the group of officers and men, and striking the prisoner, he fell dead at their feet. The shot came from the rifle of a concealed Boer marksman. In "sniping" the British troops, he had unwittingly acted as the executioner of the condemned man, who had thus died an honorable death after all.

Not Sarcasm—Oh, No!

Fair Customer (who has joined the Suffragists and been elected president of the Women's Equal Rights Club): What on earth makes eggs so dear now?

Grocer: Scarcity, mum.

Fair Customer: But why are they so scarce?

Grocer: I don't know for sure, mum, but they do say that hens nowadays is actin' quite queer—struttin' around and growing big combs an' spurs, an' tryin' to learn to crow, mum.

Old Lady (to sculptor): Haven't you got any more figures in marble?

Sculptor: No, madam; these are all. Is there anyone you are looking for?

Old Lady: Yes. I want the statue of limitations I've heard my dear husband talk so much about.

No human head was impressed on coins until after the death of Alexander the Great. All images before that time were of deities.

In Great Britain the consumption of tea per head has reached 6.38 pounds, almost equalling that of Australia, which has so long held the first place.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Marmalade Sauce. — Ingredients: Half an ounce of cornflour, one tablespoonful of marmalade, half a pint of water, the juice of one lemon and rind, one tablespoonful of castor sugar. Put the cornflour into a basin, stir in the lemon juice put the rind of lemon into the water, and boil. When it boils, strain into the cornflour, stirring all the time; put this into a saucepan over the fire, stir in the marmalade and sugar. When well mixed pour it round the pudding or serve in a sauce tureen.

Rhubarb and Orange Jam.—Peel about six oranges, remove as much of the white as possible, divide them, and take out the pips, slice into a preserving pan, add the rind of half the oranges, cut into thin strips, add 1½lb. of loaf sugar broken small. Peel sufficient rhubarb to make a quart when cut small, put with the oranges, and stir together until the sugar dissolves. Remove all scum as it rises; boil gently for one hour. This will be found a nice firm preserve.

Banana Cream.—Put one pint and a-half of milk on the stove to scald, beat together one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornflour, yolks of four eggs, and add to the milk when it is hot; stir until it thickens, but do not let it boil. Slice three bananas thin and sprinkle one-third cupful sugar over them, turn on the hot custard, and sprinkle a little grated cocoanut on the top, or other flavoring.

Coffee Jelly.—Required: Half a pint of clear coffee, half a pint of water, half an ounce of leaf gelatine, and sugar to taste. Method. Place water and gelatine in a small lined saucepan, stir by the side of the fire until dissolved, then pass through a fine strainer into a basin. Add the coffee, sweeten to taste, and turn into a mould. Turn out when set, and serve. Coffee jelly is usually made very simply. The addition of a suggestion of vanilla cream is good.

A Tennis Cup.—Take one small pineapple, two juicy oranges and three lemons. Put into a bowl, the pine cut in thin slices, the oranges peeled and freed from seeds, and sliced also, and the strained juice of the lemons, with a little of their rind grated. Lastly, add a teacupful of sugar, cover the bowl, and let it stand for an hour. Now strain off the juice into two quarts of iced water, and add a few small pieces of pine.

Scotch Oat Cakes.—Put three handfuls of best fine oatmeal into a basin with a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg, and add as much cold water as will form it into a cake. Press the cake out with the hands until it is thin, then roll with a rolling-pin till it is almost as thin as a crown-piece. Have the girdle ready heated, sift a little meal over it, and lay on the cake. When the under side is brown, toast the upper side in a toaster before the fire to make it crisp. These cakes should be kept in the meal-chest among the dry meal to preserve their crispness, which is their peculiarity. They are extremely nice to eat with cheese.

Bacon Pudding.—Make a plain suet crust, roll out thin strips of streaky bacon or ham, sprinkle over with powdered sage and finely-minced onion. Roll up like a jam roll, put into a floured pudding-cloth, and boil for two hours

Soda Buns.—Half a pound of flour, three ounces each of butter, sugar, and sultanas, two ounces of candied peel, two eggs, a saltspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little milk. Rub the butter into the flour, mix with the other dry ingredients, dissolve the soda in a little tepid milk, add it and the well-beaten eggs to the flour, etc., mix and beat all well together, and bake in patty-pans in a very quick oven.

Lemon Cream Cakes.—Six lemons, three gills of water, the whites of ten eggs, half a pound of sugar, six lady fingers, half a pound of puff-pastry. Pare the rinds of the lemons very thinly, and put them in a basin with the water. Strain the juice of the lemons on to the sugar. Whisk the whites of the eggs well, then stir into them lightly the lemon juice and sugar and the water strained from the peel. Lastly, add the grated biscuits. Roll out the pastry, cut into pounds, and line some small pans. Put a small quantity of the mixture into each, and bake them in a hot oven for from ten to fifteen minutes. These are equally good hot or cold.

STORIES OF PLACES.

Drunkard's Island is the name by which the Salvation Army's latest colony of inebriates off the coast of New Zealand, is known to passing mariners. Its real name is Pakatoa. All spirits and alcohol in any form are forbidden on Pakatoa, and the colonists lead the simple life on a fruit diet, without drugs or policemen. The New Zealand

A GARDEN PLOT.

By W. W. Jacobs.

The able-bodied men of the village were at work, the children were at school singing the multiplication-table lullaby, while the wives and mothers at home nursed the baby with one hand, and did the housework with the other. At the end of the village an old man past work sat at a rough deal table under the creaking signboard of the Cauliflower, gratefully drinking from a mug of ale supplied by a chance traveller who sat opposite him.

The shade of the elms was pleasant and the ale good. The traveller filled his pipe and, glancing at the dusty hedges and the white road baking in the sun, called for the mugs to be refilled, and pushed his pouch towards his companion. After which he paid a compliment to the appearance of the village.

"It ain't what it was when I was a boy," quavered the old man, filling his pipe with trembling fingers. "I mind when the grindstone was stuck just outside the winder o' the forge instead o' being one side as it now is; and as for the shop winder—it's twice the size it was when I was a young 'un."

He lit his pipe with the scientific accuracy of a smoker of sixty years' standing, and shook his head solemnly as he regarded his altered birthplace. Then his color heightened and his dim eye flashed.

"It's the people about 'ere 'as changed more than the place 'as," he said, with sudden fierceness; "there's a set o' men about here nowadays as are no good to anybody; reg'lar raskels. And if you've the mind to listen I can tell you of one or two as couldn't be beat in London itself.

"There's Tom Adams for one. He went and started wot 'e called a Benevolent Club. Threepence a week each we paid agin sickness or accident, and Tom was secretary. Three weeks arter the club was started he caught a chill and was laid up for a month. He got back to work a week, and then 'e sprained something in 'is leg; and arter that was well 'is inside went wrong. We didn't think much of it at first, got understanding figures; but at the end o' six months the club hadn't got a farthing, and they was in Tom's debt one pound seventeen-and-six.

"He isn't the only one o' that sort in the place, either. There was Herbert Richardson. He went to town, and came back with the idea of a Goose Club for Christmas. We paid twopence a week into that for pretty near ten months, and then Herbert went back to town agin, and all we 'ear of 'im, through his sister, is that he's still there and doing well, and don't know when he'll be back.

"But the artfullest and worst man in this place—and that's saying a good deal, mind you—is Bob Pretty. Deep is no word for 'im. There's no way of being up to 'im. It's through 'im that we lost our Flower Show; and, if you'd like to 'ear the rights o' that, I don't suppose there's anybody in this place as knows as much about it as I do—barring Bob hisself that is, but 'e wouldn't tell it to you as plain as I can.

"We'd only 'ad the Flower Show one year, and little anybody thought that the next one was to be the last. The first year you might smell the place a mile off in the summer, and on the day of the show people came from a long way round and brought money to spend at the Cauliflower and other places.

"It was started just after we got our new parson, and Mrs. Pawlett, the parson's wife, 'is name being Pawlett, thought as she'd encourage men to love their 'omes and be better 'usbands by giving a prize every year for the best cottage garden. Three pounds was the prize, and a metal teapot with writing on it.

"As I said, we only 'ad it two years. The fust year the garden as got it was a pieter, and Bill Chambers, 'im as won the prize, used to say as 'e was out o' pocket by it, taking 'is time and the money 'e spent on flowers. Not as we believed that, you understand, 'specially as Bill did 'is very best to get it the next year, too. 'E didn't get it, and though, p'r'aps, most of us was glad 'e didn't, we was all very surprised at the way it turned out in the end.

"The Flower Show was to be 'eld on the 5th o' July, just as a'most everything about here was at its best. On the 15th of June Bill Chambers' garden seemed to be leading, but Peter Smith and Joe Gubbins and Sam Jones and Henery Walker was almost as good, and it was understood that more than one of 'em had got a surprise which they'd produce at the last moment, too late for the others to copy. We used to sit up here of an evening at this Cauliflower public-house and put money on it. I put mine on Henery Walker, and the time I spent in 'is garden 'elping 'im is a sin and a shame to think of.

"Of course some of 'em used to make fun of it, and Bob Pretty was the worst of 'em all. He was always a lazy, good-for-nothing man, and 'is garden was a disgrace. He'd chuck down any rubbish in it: old bones, old tins, bits of an old bucket, anything to make it untidy. He used to larf at 'em 'awful about their gardens and about being took up by the parson's wife. Nobody ever see 'im do any work, real 'ard work, but the smell from 'is place at dinner-time was always nice, and I believe that he knew more about game than the parson hisself did.

"It was the day arter this one I'm speaking about, the 16th o' June, that the trouble all began, and it came about in a very eggstrordinary way. George English, a quiet man getting into years, who used when 'e was younger to foller the sea and whose misfortin' was that 'e was a brother-in-law o' Bob Pretty's, his sister marrying Bob while 'e was at sea, and 'e knowing nothing about it, 'ad a letter come from a mate of his who 'ad gone to Australia to live. He'd 'ad letters from Australia before, as we all know from Miss Wicks at the post-office, but this one upset him altogether. He didn't seem like to know what to do about it.

"While he was wondering Bill Chambers passed. He always did pass George's 'ouse about that time in the evening, it being on 'is way 'ome, and he saw George standing at 'is gate with a letter in 'is 'and looking very puzzled.

"'Evenin', George,' ses Bill.

"'Evenin',' ses George.

"'Not bad news, I 'ope?' ses Bill, noticing 'is manner, and thinking it was strange.

"'No,' ses George. 'I've just 'ad a very eggstrordinary letter from Australia,' he ses; 'that's all.'

"Bill Chambers was always a very inquisitive sort o' man, and he stayed and talked to George until George, arter fust making him swear oaths that 'e wouldn't tell a soul, took 'im inside and showed 'im the letter.

"It was more like a story-book than a letter. George's mate, John Biggs by name, wrote to say that an uncle of his who had just died, on 'is deathbed told him that thirty years ago he 'ad been in this very village staying at this 'ere very Cauliflower whose beer we're drinking now. In the night, when everybody was asleep, he got up and went quiet-like and buried a bag of five hundred and seventeen sovereigns and one half-sovereign in one of the cottage gardens till 'e could come by the money, and, when Bill spoke about that, George English said that, knowing the man, he was afraid 'e 'adn't come by it honest, but anyway his friend John Biggs wanted it, and, wot was more, 'ad asked 'im in the letter to get it for 'im.

"'And wot I'm to do about it, Bill,' he ses, 'I don't know. All the directions he give is, that 'e thinks it was the tenth cottage on the right 'and side of the road, coming down from the Cauliflower. He thinks it's the tenth, but 'e's not quite sure. Do you think I'd better make it known and offer a reward of ten shillings, say, to anyone who finds it?'

"'No,' ses Bill, shaking 'is 'ead. 'I should hold on a bit if I was you, and think it over. I shouldn't tell another single soul, if I was you.'

"'I b'leeve you're right,' ses George. 'John Biggs would never forgive me if I lost that money for 'im. You'll remember about keeping it secret, Bill?'

"Bill swore he wouldn't tell a soul, and 'e went off 'ome and 'ad his supper, and then 'e walked up the road to the Cauliflower and back, and then up and back again, thinking over what George 'ad been telling 'im, and noticing, what 'e'd never taken the trouble to notice before, that 'is very house was the tenth one from the Cauliflower.

"Mrs. Chambers woke up at two o'clock next morning and told Bill to get up further, and then found 'e wasn't there. She was rather surprised at first, but she didn't think much of it, and thought, what happened to be true, that 'e was busy in the garden, it being a light night. She turned over and went to sleep again, and at five when she woke up she could distinctly 'ear Bill working 'is 'ardest. Then she went to the winder and nearly dropped as she saw Bill in his shirt and trousers digging away like mad. A quarter of the garden was all dug up, and she shoved open the winder and screamed out to know what 'e was doing.

"Bill stood up straight and wiped 'is face with his shirt-sleeve and started digging again, and then his wife just put something on and rushed downstairs as fast as she could go.

"'What on earth are you a-doing of, Bill?' she screams.

"'Go indoors,' ses Bill still digging.

"'Have you gone mad?' she ses, half-crying.

"Bill just stopped to throw a lump of mould at her, and then went on digging till Henery Walker, who also thought 'e 'ad gone mad, and didn't want to stop 'im too soon, put 'is 'ead over the 'edge and asked 'im the same thing.

"'Ask no questions and you'll 'ear no lies, and keep your ugly face your own side of the 'edge,' ses Bill. 'Take it indoors and frighten the children with it,' he ses. 'I don't want it staring at me.'

"Henery walked off offended, and Bill went on with his digging. He wouldn't go to work, and 'e 'ad his breakfast in the garden, and his wife spent all the morning in the front answering the neighbors' questions and begging of 'em to go in and say something to Bill. One of 'em did go, and came back a'most directly and stood there for hours telling diff'rent people wot Bill 'ad said to 'er, and asking whether 'e couldn't be locked up for it.

"By tea-time Bill was dead-beat and that stiff he could 'ardly raise 'is bread and butter to his mouth. Several o' the chaps looked in in the evening, but all they could get out of 'im was, that it was a new way o' cultivating 'is garden 'e 'ad just 'eard of, and that those who lived the longest would see the most. By night-time 'e'd nearly finished the job, and 'is garden was just ruined.

"Afore people 'ad done talking about Bill, I'm blest if Peter Smith didn't go and cultivate 'is garden in exactly the same way. The parson and 'is wife was away on their 'oliday, and nobody could say a word. The curate who 'ad come over to take 'is place for a time, and who took the names of people for the Flower Show, did point out to 'im that he was spoiling 'is chances, but Peter was so rude to 'im that he didn't stay long enough to say much.

"When Joe Gubbins started digging up 'is garden people began to think they were all bewitched, and I went round to see Henery Walker to tell 'im wot a fine chance 'e'd got, and to remind 'im that I'd put another ninepence on 'im the night before. All 'e said was, 'More fool you,' and went on digging a 'ole in his garden big enough to put a 'ouse in.

"In a fortnight's time there wasn't a garden worth looking at in the place, and it was quite clear there'd be no Flower Show that year, and of all the silly, bad-tempered men in the place them as 'ad dug up their pretty gardens was the wust.

"It was just a few days before the day fixed for the Flower Show, and I was walking up the road when I see Joe and Henery Walker and one or two more leaning over Bob Pretty's fence and talking to 'im. I stopped, too, to see what they were looking at, and found they was watching Bob's two boys a-weeding of 'is garden. It was a disgraceful, untidy sort of place, as I said before, with a few marigolds and nasturtiums, and sich-like put in anywhere, and Bill was walking up and down smoking of 'is pipe and watching 'is wife hoe atween the plants and cut off dead marigold blooms.

"'That's a pretty garden you've got there, Bob,' ses Joe, grinning.

"'I've seen wuss,' ses Bob.

"'Going in for the Flower Show, Bob?' ses Henery, with a wink at us.

"'O' course I am,' ses Bob, 'olding 'is 'ead up; 'my marigolds ought to pull me through,' he ses.

"Henery wouldn't believe it at first, but when he saw Bob show 'is missus 'ow to pat the path down with the back o' the spade and hold the nails for 'er while she nailed a climbing nasturtium to the fence, he went off and fetched Bill Chambers and one or two others, and they all leaned over the fence breathing their 'ardest and a-saying of all the nasty things to Bob they could think of.

"'It's the best-kep' garden in the place,' ses Bob. 'I ain't afraid o' your new way o' cultivating flowers, Bill Chambers. Old-fashioned ways suit me best; I learnt 'ow to grow flowers from my father.'

"'You ain't 'ad the cheek to give your name in, Bob?' ses Sam Jones, staring.

"Bob didn't answer 'im. 'Pick those bits o' grass out o' the path, old gal,' he ses to 'is wife; 'they look untidy, and untidiness I can't abear.'

"He walked up and down smoking 'is pipe and pretending not to notice Henery Walker wot 'ad moved farther along the fence, and was staring at some drabble-tailed-looking geraniums as if 'e'd seen 'em afore but wasn't sure.

"'Admiring my geraniums, Henery?' ses Bob, at last.

"'Where'd you get 'em?' ses Henery, 'ardly able to speak.

"'My florist's,' ses Bob, in a off-hand manner.

"'My florist,' ses Bob.

"'And who might 'e be when 'e's at home?' asked Henery.

"'Fain't so likely I'm going to tell you that,' ses Bob. 'Be reasonable, Henery, and ask yourself whether it's likely I should tell you 'is name. Why, I've never seen sich fine geraniums afore. I've been nursing 'em inside all the summer, and just planted 'em out.'

"'About two days arter I threw mine over my back fence,' ses Henery Walker, speaking very slowly.

"'Ho!' ses Bob surprised. 'I didn't know you 'ad any geraniums, Henery. I thought you was digging for gravel this year.'

"Henery didn't answer 'im. Not because 'e didn't want to, mind you, but because he couldn't.

"'That one,' ses Bob, pointing at a broken geranium with the stem of 'is pipe, 'is a "Dook o' Wellington," and that white one there is wot I'm going to call "Pretty's Pride." That fine marigold over there, wot looks like a sunflower, is called "Golden Dreams."'

"'Come along, Henry,' ses Bill Chambers, bursting, 'come and get something to take the taste out of your mouth.'

"'I'm sorry I can't offer you a flower for your button-'ole,' ses Bob, perlitely, 'but it's getting so near the Flower Show now I can't afford it. If you chaps only knew wot pleasure was to be 'ad sitting among your innercent flowers, you wouldn't want to go to the public-house so often.'

"He shook 'is 'ead at 'em, and telling his wife to give the 'Dook o' Wellington' a mug of water, sat down in the chair agin and wiped the sweat off 'is brow.

"Bill Chambers did a bit o' thinking as they walked up the road, and by-and-bye 'e turns to Joe Gubbins and 'e ses:

"'Seen anything o' George English lately, Joe?'

"'Yes,' ses Joe.

"'Seems to me we all 'ave,' ses Sam Jones.

"None of 'em liked to say wot was in their minds, having all seen George English and swore pretty strong not to tell his secret, and none of 'em liking to own up that they'd been digging up their gardens to get money as 'e'd told 'em about. But presently Bill Chambers ses:

"'Without telling no secrets or breaking no promises, Joe, supposing a certain 'ouse was mentioned in a certain letter from furrin parts, wot 'ouse was it?'

"'Supposing it was so,' ses Joe, careful too; 'the second 'ouse counting from the Cauliflower.'

"'The ninth 'ouse, you mean,' ses Henery Walker, sharply.

"'Second 'ouse in Mill-lane, you mean,' ses Sam Jones, wot lived there.

"Then they all see 'ow they'd been done, and that they wasn't, in a manner o' speaking, referring to the same letter. They came up and sat 'ere where we're sitting now, all dazed-like. It wasn't only the chance o' losing the prize that upset 'em, but they'd wasted their time and ruined their gardens and got called mad by the other folks. Henery Walker's state o' mind was dreadful for to see, and he kep' thinking of 'orrible things to say to George English and then being afraid they wasn't strong enough.

"While they was talking who should come along but George English hisself! He came right up to the table, and they all sat back on the bench and stared at 'im fierce, and Henery Walker crinkled 'is nose at him.

"'Evening,' he ses; but none of 'em answered 'im; they all looked at Henery to see wot 'e was going to say.

"'Wot's up?' ses George, in surprise.

"'Gardens!' ses Henery.

"'So I've 'eard,' ses George.

"He shook 'is 'ead and looked at them sorrowful and severe at the same time.

"'So I 'eard, and I couldn't believe my ears till I went and looked for myself,' he ses, 'and wot I want to say is this: you know wot I'm referring to. If any man 'as found wot don't belong to him 'e knows who to give it to. It ain't wot I should 'ave expected of men wot's lived in the same place as me for years. Talk about honesty,' 'e ses, shaking 'is 'ead agin, 'I should like to see a little of it.'

"Peter Smith opened his mouth to speak, and 'ardly knowing wot 'e was doing took a pull at 'is beer at the same time, and if Sam Jones 'adn't been by to thump 'im on the back I b'lieve he'd ha' died there and then.

"'Mark my words,' ses George English, speaking very slow and solemn, 'there'll be no blessing on it. Whoever's made 'is fortune by getting up and digging 'is garden over won't get no real benefit from it. He may wear a black coat and new trousers on Sunday, but 'e won't be 'appy. I'll go and get my little taste o' beer somewhere else,' 'e ses. 'I can't breathe here.'

"He walked off before anyone could say a word; Bill Chambers dropped 'is pipe and smashed it, Henery Walker sat staring after 'im with 'is mouth wide open, and Sam Jones, who was always one to take advantage, drank 'is own beer under the firm belief that it was Joe's.

"'I shall take care that Mrs. Pawlett 'ears o' this,' ses Henery, at last.

"'And he asked wot you dug your garden up for,' ses Joe, 'and 'ave to explain that you broke your promise to George. Why, she'd talk at us for years and years.'

"'And parson 'ud preach a sermon about it,' ses Sam; 'where's your sense, Henery?'

"'We should be the larfing-stock for miles round,' ses Bill Chambers. 'If anybody wants to know, I dug my garden up to enrich the soil for next year, and also to give some other chap a chance of the prize.'

"Peter Smith 'as always been a unfortunit man; he's got the name for it. He was just 'aving another drink as Bill said that, and this time we all thought 'e'd gorn. He did hisself.

"Mrs. Pawlett and the parson came 'ome next day, an' 'er voice got that squeaky with surprise it was painful to listen to her. All the chaps stuck to the tale that they'd dug their garden up to give the others a chance, and Henery Walker, 'e went further and said it was owing to a sermon on unselfishness wot the curate 'ad preached three weeks afore.

"All things considered, Mrs. Pawlett was for doing away with the Flower Show that year and giving two prizes next year instead; but one or two other chaps, encouraged by Bob's example, 'ad given in their names, too, and they said it wouldn't be fair to their wives. All the gardens but one was worse than Bob's, they not having started till later than wot e' did, and not being able to get their geraniums from 'is florist. The only better garden was Ralph Thomson's, who lived next door to 'im, but two nights afore the Flower Show 'is pig got walking in its sleep. Ralph said it was a mystery to 'im 'ow the pig could ha' got out; it must ha' put its foot through a hole too small for it, and turned the button of its door, and then climbed over a four-foot fence. He told Bob 'e wished the pig could speak, but Bob said that that was sinful and un-Christian of 'im, and that most likely if it could, it would only call 'im a lot o' bad names, and ask 'im why he didn't feed it properly.

"There was quite a crowd on Flower Show day following the judges. First of all, to Bill Chambers astonishment and surprise, they went to 'is place and stood on the 'caps in 'is garden judging 'em while Bill peeped at 'em through the kitchen winder 'arf-crazy. They went to every garden in the place, until one of the young ladies got tired of it, and asked Mrs. Pawlett whether they was there to judge cottage gardens or earthquakes.

"'Everybody' 'eld their breaths that evening in the schoolroom when Mrs. Pawlett got up on the platform and took a slip of paper from one of the judges. She stood a moment waiting for silence, and then 'eld up her 'and to stop what she though was clapping at the back, but which was two or three wimmen who 'ad 'ad to take their crying babies out trying to quiet 'em in the porch. Then Mrs. Pawlett put 'er glasses on her nose and just read out, short and sweet, that the prize of three sovereigns and a metal teapot for the best-kept cottage garden 'ad been won by Mr. Robert Pretty.

"One or two people patted Bob on the back as 'e walked up the middle to take the prize; then one or two more did, and Bill Chambers' pat was the 'eartiest of 'em all. Bob spoke to 'im about it.

"You would 'ardly think that Bob 'ud have the cheek to stand up there and make a speech, but 'e did. He said it gave 'im great pleasure to take the teapot and the money, and the more pleasure because 'e felt that 'e had earned 'em. He said that if 'e told 'em all 'e'd done to make sure o' the prize, they'd be surprised. He said that 'e'd been like Ralph Thomson's pig, up early and late.

"He stood up there talking as though 'e was never going to leave off, and said that 'e hoped as 'is example would be of benefit to 'is neighbors. Some of 'em seemed to think that digging was everything, but 'e could say with pride that 'e 'adn't put a spade to 'is garden for three years until a week ago, and then not much.

"He finished 'is remarks by saying that 'e was going to give a tea-party up at the Cauliflower to christen the teapot, where 'e'd be pleased to welcome all friends. Quite a crowd followed 'im out then, instead o' waiting for the dissolving views, and came back 'arf an hour arterwards, saying that until they'd got as far as the Cauliflower they'd no idea as Bob was so pertikler who 'e mixed with.

"That was the last Flower Show we ever 'ad in Claybury, Mrs. Pawlett and the judges meeting the tea-party coming 'ome, and 'aving to get over a gate into a field to let it pass. What with that, and Mrs. Pawlett tumbling over something further up the road, which turned out to be the teapot, smelling strongly of beer, the Flower Show was given up, and the parson preached three Sundays running on the sin of beer-drinking to children who'd never 'ad any and wimmen who couldn't get it."

ARE THE STARS NECESARY TO OUR EXISTENCE.

This is a subject that every thinking man and woman should study, for it touches upon the fringe of the Infinite.

Commencing from Shakespeare's point of view, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The only possible conclusion is that the earth is only a fragment, a part of one great system, an isolated member of one universal body. From this one may easily trace out for himself, or herself, that just as the various members of the human body fulfil their various duties at the direction of the controlling authority, the will, so does the earth obey the behests of the Supreme Control, and, supposing this theory—for it is only a theory—to be in the main correct, the parallel can be extended and extended ad infinitum.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the theory is correct, and then we will see at once what we call heavenly bodies are in reality only component parts of a great whole, like the earth, which to them is a heavenly body, as they are to us. We know if we only prick our finger with a pin it encompasses the whole nervous system in an instant. May not, therefore, a great eruption, an extraordinary earthquake, tell to some extent on the universe, or parts thereof?

This theory accepted, then, it not only naturally follows that the stars are necessary to our existence, but that we are equally necessary to theirs, and such a theory would go far in supporting the affirmative contention that other stars, planets, and worlds are inhabitated by creatures of at least an equal degree of intelligence as ourselves. We have been told to "learn to think imperially"; better still, learn to think universally.

The longer this subject is studied the greater the beauty of thought will be seen in it, and the stronger will be the student's reverence for the Architect and Creator, "Who taketh up the mountains in His hand as a very little thing."

'TWEEN TWO LOVES.

She was desperately sone on them both,
And couldn't think which one to choose;
'Twas rather perplexing, no doubt,
For one she was bound to refuse.

She gazed at them both in despair,
Quite puzzled to know what to do.
As soon as she thought about one,
She cared for the other one too.

They still remained under her gaze,
Not knowing the trouble they brought;
It really was hard to decide,
They both were so charming, she thought.

She couldn't say which one she'd have—
Her efforts foil hopelessly flat;
It's really exceedingly hard,
Selecting a new summer hat.

Little things are little things, but to do little things faithfully is a great thing.

THE SUNLIGHT CURE.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, the famous doctor and scientist, is an enthusiastic believer in the beneficial effect of sunlight on the human system. Writing on this subject he says:

"Sunlight penetrates much deeper than the skin. It quickens the circulation, it increases the oxidation in the body, it enriches the blood, it promotes nutrition in every organ and tissue. The races that still go about 'in native worth and honor clad' no doubt benefit by the influence of light on their bodies, but civilised races that have addicted themselves to raiment have been content to forego it. But in them, too, in certain circumstances, the exposure of the whole surface to light seems to have a tonic effect.

"At Veldes, in Carinthia, in Austria, a special sunlight cure is carried on. The whole body, uncovered, is exposed to the influence of the sun and air for several hours a day, and the patients walk about in the park as lightly clad as in a Turkish bath. It would be difficult to say how much of the beneficial effects of the treatment at Veldes is due to sunlight, how much to pure air, regular habits and a quiet and secluded life. But beneficial results are obtained in cases of blood poverty and nervous prostration, and the doctors and patients alike believe that in securing these the sunlight is at least an important adjuvant.

"Sir Lauder Brunton saw at the Roosevelt Hospital, in New York, a room three sides of which were glass, so that it was flooded with light; and he was informed that this was used as a sun-bath, and that convalescents recovering from illness and operations who were turned into it naked and allowed to bask in the sun's rays seemed to regain flesh and strength more rapidly than others not so treated.

"In certain states of exhaustion and reduced nutrition there arises a craving for sunlight, and in the grounds of any asylum in summer-time you may see chronic lunatics complacently basking in what would be a distressing and broiling glare to ordinarily constituted persons. That it is not altogether the heat rays which attract them is indicated by the fact that these same lunatics do not hang round the fireplaces within the building.

"But the surviving direct influence of light on the skin generally in man is comparatively unimportant, I believe, in comparison with its reflex influence through the eye; and that reflex influence has not yet, it seems to me, received the attention it deserves. We are apt to think that the eye is for seeing only, and to ignore its subordinate functions, but one of these subordinate functions is, I suggest, its transmuting light into a trophic stimulus to the system generally. Light, operating through the eye, brain and spinal cord, is, I maintain, a universal tonic, promoting health and nutrition, and so increasing resistance to disease. Light is instrumental in preserving health and in maintaining it at a high standard, by its immediate effects on the individual man, psychical and trophical, as well as by its action in safeguarding him from microbic attacks. And it surely follows, from what has been said, that light is a sanitary agent of the first order, and that it behoves all good sanitarians to spread the light, to conserve the light, and to protect it from pollution."

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Be not in haste about forming friendships.

Half-hearted success is only qualified failure.

Who is able to help is not yet poor; who is able to love is not yet old.

There are better ways of making a flower grow than hitching a steam derrick to its stem.

Who begins with talking much of self-respect ends with acting much from self-admiration.

There is much satisfaction and happiness in all labor that is honest and true. Few things bring greater contentment; few things give more peace of mind.

Original utterance is rare indeed—the words of most people are only echoes.

A man is never safe in rebuking another if it does not cost him something to have to do it.

If there is anywhere on your horizon a spot of light, fix your eyes upon it and turn your thoughts away from the clouds which may cover the rest of the sky.

Even with a correct ideal we need self-control and discrimination in the exercise of our ambition, so that it may be bestowed on that which is essential and not wasted on trivialities.

THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.

The colors of flowers have been frequently studied from the chemical point of view as well as from the biological—that is, in relation to the adjustment of plants to their surroundings. But very little has been done with the physical problems involved. A recent study of the physical basis of the colors in the petals of flowers brings out the fact that the brilliant appearance of many flowers is due, not to the character of the pigment in the cells of the petals, but to the presence of air spaces between the cells in the deeper layers; these enclosed air bubbles reflect from their surfaces in such manner as to give the brilliant appearance. The great variety of colors among flowers is produced by a comparatively small number of pigments. The explanation of this lies in the fact that a few pigments combined in different ways or in different proportions produce a variety of effects. Thus, a combination of two complementary pigments, one of which absorbs the light rays not absorbed by the other, will produce the effect of "black."

HOME TRUTHS.

"I told her a few home truths," I heard a girl say the other day.

That's the kind of thing a great many of us do when we lose our tempers—we let our tongues run away with us and say things we don't really mean at all.

But unfortunately unkind things spoken at such a time have a way of rankling in one's memory.

For our minds are really very like sealing-wax—always prepared to receive and retain an impression, and exaggerated things, even though said in a moment of bitterness, have a knack of sinking in so deeply that nothing can ever quite efface them.

So the thing to do is to try and prevent ourselves from telling home truths when we happen to be in a temper.

Keep all you have to say until a calmer moment, and quite possibly by that time you will no longer want to say it.

"The face of the returns," said the chairman of the meeting, "shows sixty-seven ayes and no noes."

"What a queer-looking face that must be!" remarked an old lady in the back row.

"You'll be like one of us some day," said the patronising sportsman to a lad who was throwing his line into the stream.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I s'pose I will some day, but I b'lieve I'd rather stay small and ketch a few fish."

Smoking in the streets of London was not known until introduced by officers who had returned from the Crimea.

HOSTILITIES.

"We're having big doings in our neighborhood again," said Mrs. Cumback, as she returned some butter she had borrowed from Mrs. Wagstaff.

"The old feud has broken out again between my husband and Mr. Crump, and I 'm sure I don't know what will be the end, unless it's a coroner's inquest."

"What's the trouble now?" asked Mrs. Wagstaff.

"It started two or three nights ago when my husband was reading the paper in the sitting room. Somebody threw a brick through the window, and it caught him on the back of the head and knocked him out of his chair. He was dazed for a little while but when he recovered his faculties he took the brick and threw it through Mr. Crump's parlor window, and Mr. Crump says it struck him in the stomach and caused him great agony, and he was very indignant.

"I believe in peace at any price, so I went over to the Crumps' and explained to Mr. Crump that my husband was hardly responsible for what he did at the time, as the blow on his head had unsettled his reason, as you might say. But Mr. Crump was perfectly unreasonable, and he said he would have satisfaction if there were any justice in our courts. I did hate to see those men start having each other arrested again. Paying fines at the police station soon eats up one's savings.

"So I begged my husband to go over and apologize to Mr. Crump, and after a while he yielded. Mr. Crump was squirting water on his flower beds with the garden hose, and Mr. Cumback began explaining, as politely as you please, that he took it for granted that the brick was thrown by Crump, but reflection had convinced him that he was wrong, and he wanted to apologize. Mr. Crump listened as though he were much impressed, and then turned the hose on my husband, and when he came home he was a sight to be seen, and he was so angry that I was terrified. He put on a dry suit and then sat in his rocking chair and brooded for a long time.

"Finally he got up with a weird, strange smile on his face, and said I might go and visit my mother for a few days, as he was going to arrange for a series of free concerts, and he knew I was not passionately fond of music. 'Our neighbors, the Crumps,' he said, 'are such excellent people that I want to hand them a small token of esteem, and I don't know of anything better than a serenade.' I couldn't imagine what he was up to, but I made up my mind to stay there to prevent mischief if I could.

"My husband telephoned to Mr. Grimes, the blacksmith, and pretty soon he came to the house leading a dingo by a chain. The brute had been captured when it was a pup, and was quite tame when its owner was around. Grimes tied the beast to a tree, and then went away.

"'This beautiful creature,' said my husband to me, 'is a chronic victim of homesickness when away from its master. Two or three men have bought him at different times and then they had to take him back because they could not stand his impassioned music. In about an hour, when it is dark, he will begin singing some of his folk songs, and then you will want to plug your ears with putty.'

"I declare, Mrs. Wagstaff, I never heard such horrible wailings and screechings and hootings as that creature set up. It would make dead people sit up in their graves and call for the police. He was tied right under the Crump's bedroom windows, and along about midnight Mr. Crump came over with a gun in one hand and a £5 note in the other, and a truce was fixed up on that basis."

COURTESY REPAID.

An article in an Italian review contains an interesting story of Liszt, the composer, and Rubini, the tenor. Touring together, they visited a town where a great financial success was expected. But they were disappointed, for when they entered the hall they found only fifty persons present.

Rubini was furious, and said he would not sing, but Liszt calmed him.

"You must sing," he said; "this small audience is evidently composed of musical connoisseurs of the town, so we should treat them with respect."

Liszt set the example with a grand overture, and Rubini sang to perfection. Liszt gave another piece, and then addressed the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I think that you have had enough music. Allow me to ask you to take a little supper with us."

The invitation was accepted, and Liszt and Rubini entertained the audience to supper at their hotel, at a cost of twelve hundred francs. When the guests separated the hosts thought the affair had been a joke about which nothing more would be heard, but they decided to give their concert as advertised on the following night. To their astonishment the hall was packed; there was not standing-room. The whole town had turned out on the chance of an invitation to supper.

LED BY A SHEEP.

Some time ago a sheep saved a battalion of soldiers from a cold night in the mountains, and perhaps from a more serious disaster, in the neighborhood of Mentone. An Alpine regiment had started from Sospel, a plateau in the hills above Mentone, where there are picturesque golf-links, and became lost in a heavy fog. Nobody had a compass, and, knowing the dangers of the mountain, the officer in command gave orders to his men to halt and make the best of things until the fog lifted. But a stray sheep saved the situation. With vivid recollection of the grass of the Sospel golf-links the sheep was hurrying down the mountain-side and plunged through the battalion. The soldiers followed, and they reached Sospel again an hour later.

CHOICE.

I would not wise nor wealthy be,
I ask not much of fame;
I care not that was left to me
No high and noble name;
I crave not power, no, not I,
Nor pride, which has its fall;
In fact, my longings do not lie
Along these lines at all!

I'd play no superficial part
To gain mankind's applause
If I might be in mind and heart
Exempt from nature's laws,
So that no fault could e'er be found
In my perfected ways,
And men the whole great world around
Would name me but to praise.

So could I choose whate'er I would
From all of life's estate,
I'd make my choice—I'm sure I should—
Without a moment's wait.
I'd choose that lot which no mishap
Could prove a hollow sham—
I'd choose to be the sort of chap
My mother thinks I am!

Clerk: May I have a week's holiday, sir? I wish to get married.

Employer: Why, you were away with measles for a fortnight during the spring, and last winter you stayed away with influenza, now you want to get married. Really, Jones, there always seems to be something wrong with you."

Common salt may be used to clean the teeth in place of powder or paste. It is good for the gums and removes stains from the enamel without in any way injuring the teeth.

HARD LUCK.

"If you don't man out all right," said the old farmer to the young man who had just engaged room and board for the summer, "I'll never let another stranger come into the house, no matter what inducements he offers. I know I said the same thing last summer, but you've made such an impression on my wife that I thought I'd give you a trial. I tell you, sir, city boarders are the limit."

"I infer that you have had some painful experiences," said the boarder.

"Don't mention them! Last year year we took in a young man who said he was studying chemistry. Of course we supposed he was studying it in books, but I'll be hanged if he didn't take a big box of glass tubes and things up to his room and then he began experimenting, and I give you my word the house wasn't fit to live in for weeks at a stretch. The smells that young man produced with his different chemicals would make a dead man sit up and sneeze, and the house was full of smoke of different colors.

"We are patient people, and so we stood it for a long time, but finally we decided that a stop would have to be put to it, and my wife and I went upstairs to interview the young man, and tell him that he'd have to quit such doings or quit the place. Just as we rapped on the door there was a biz explosion in the room. A brass cubicle or something that weighed about five pounds came right through the door and hit me amidships and knocked me downstairs. Well, sir, that room was plum wrecked. There was $10 worth of new furniture in it, and every stick of it was spoiled."

"Was the boarder injured?"

Yes, he had several bones broken. He saw there was going to be an explosion and jumped through the window and landed on a heap of old iron the hired man had carelessly left by the house.

"Summer before last we took in another young man of pleasant appearance. He paid two months in advance, and said he was studying oratory. It never occurred to me at the time that a man studies oratory at the top of his voice. I supposed he would sit down with a book and read about Demosthenes and Daniel Webster and William J. Bryan, and I thought I was in luck in getting such a boarder.

"Well, young man, when you grow up and get married, and think of taking in a summer boarder, don't ever be hoodwinked by a youth who is studying oratory. You'd better take a crate of guinea hens into the bosom of your family. That young man was a hollow chested individual, and a stranger wouldn't have thought that he could lift his voice high enough to call the dog, but he could saw the air into sections. You could hear him a mile away explaining that Brutus was an honorable man, and that he came to bury Caesar, not to praise him. He would keep it up for hours.

"I always take a little sleep on the lounge in the afternoon and that young man seemed to know just when I began to indulge in a little folding of the hands to sleep. He'd begin prancing about upstairs and roaring out that people did well to call him chief, and insisting upon having either liberty or death, and then I'd have to give up trying to get a nap. I offered to pay him back all his money if he would move out after he had been here a month, and he laughed the offer to scorn.

"So then my wife reminded me that I have a good deal of voice myself, and I decided to get some use of it. Whenever that young man started one of his orations upstairs I engaged in a friendly rivalry downstairs, and he was completely outclassed. My hog pasture is a mile from the house and calling the pigs developed my vocal chords. The orator stood the competition for three days and then he faded away.

"Well, there's the dinner horn."

A CHEESE FRUIT.

The Philippines produce two delicious fruits entirely unknown to Europe and America. One is the durian, whose remarkable qualities have been descanted upon by visitors to the archipelago. The durian grows on a lofty tree somewhat resembling an elm, is about as large as a cocoanut, has a shiny shell, and contains a creamy pulp which combines the flavor of delicious custard with that of a fine cheese. American soldiers in the Philippines have dubbed the durian the "vegetable Limburger cheese." The other rare fruit is the mangosteen. The exquisitely-flavored liquid it contains has not yet been successfully preserved for shipping abroad

All authorities agree that there is no exercise more beneficial both to health and beauty than correct walking—not a mere slovenly slouching walk, but one in which the body is held erect and the head tilted slightly backward. In a very short space of time a good effect will be produced, the back will become flat and straight, and the walk more graceful and springy without conscious effort. A rule should be made to take from half an hour to an hour's walking exercise every day. Begin to walk rather more slowly than the pace you intend to afterwards keep and take a regular and steady step, remembering what has already been said about the position of the body. You will be surprised how gently and quickly your figure as well as your complexion will improve.

It is considered a mark of beauty to have half moons at the base of the finger nails. Some women have these naturally, while others have to cultivate them. The only thing to do is to keep pushing the cuticle back from the nail every day, being liberal with a good cold cream.

Enlarged pores are extremely unsightly, as they become clogged with the natural oils of the skin and dust particles, which gives them the appearance of blackheads. The woman who goes in for a good complexion will diligently endeavor to bring about their reduction by keeping in constant touch with some reliable astringent.

After thoroughly cleansing the face at night before retiring massage it with cold cream or some good complexion lotion guaranteed to nourish the skin. In the morning rub a little of the cream or lotion on the face. This will prevent the pores becoming clogged.

The juice of a lemon rubbed on the skin and allowed to dry is excellent for clearing the complexion of blotches as well as improving the texture of the skin. It also prevents tan and freckles.

Bunions are caused by ill fitting shoes. All pressure on the joint should be relieved. The bunion should be protected with a disk for this purpose. Plunging the foot into water as hot as can be borne will often relieve the soreness.

The power of love is one of the greatest gifts to humanity. It generates the sunshine of the moral universe, without which life would be but a desert waste.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Food for Cats—and for Thought.

Said the tramp: "I went around to a back door to-day and asked for something to eat. 'Madam,' I said, 'if you will only give me the food you give your cat I will be satisfied.' 'If you want to lie around the barn and catch mice I haven't any objections,' she told me."

The "

BOWLING.

Preston A played Malvern at Preston.

MALVERN, 98.

O'Brien, Howden, King, Dr. Willis ...	32
English, Sprague, Kirkland, Clarke ...	14
Gray, Hamilton, Hattam, Jessop ...	18
Ferguson, Alway, Rekestrom, Murphy	34

PRESTON A, 92.

McPherson, Olney, Ross, Howe ...	14
Rex, Rojo, C. Wilkinson, Robertson ...	27
Robinson, Howes, Rowe, Warr ...	27
H. P. Zwar, Woods, McDonald, Arch Wilkinson	24

Preston B played Carlton at Carlton.

PRESTON B, 94.

Du Bourg, McKenzie, Paterson, Walker	28
Stanlake, Hardess, Wilkinson, Pike ...	21
Winnett, A. White, Strahle, Crispe ...	28
J. White, Hanna, Bartley, Broadnurst	17

CARLTON 90.

Richards, Glencross, Smith, Clark ...	17
Brunton, Kemp, Barroclough, Donaldson	21
Curtis, Cumbiro, Laufranche, Chambers	33
Elliott, Campbell, Kinnard, Leithbridge	19

Preston A play Kew at Kew to day. The B team play M.C.C. at Preston.

Thornbury A team played Footscray at Footscray last Saturday.

FOOTSCRAY, 109.

H. Griffiths, Rogers, Peebble, English	11
Mitchell, Gordon, J Griffiths, Wintle	25
Liversage, Snaddon, W. Smith, Gant ...	23
Ware, R. Smith, Lambert, Trewartha	20

THORNBURY A, 71.

Boyd, R. J. Whalley, Clausen, J. S Whalley	13
Hosking, Wright, Brown, Ingham ...	15
Meakin, Farley, Dickason, Dr. Murphy	24
Harris, Doran, King, Hayes ...	19

Thornbury B played S.M.C.C. at Thornbury.

S.M.C.C., 94.

Newbury, Thomson, Raynor, Heather	15
Tait, Webb, Strangward, Evans ...	19
Thompson, Carter, Booth, Wilson ...	26
Lederman, Bent, Bastian, Chapman ...	32

THORNBURY B, 81.

Gourley, Oldenburg, Workman, Smith	23
McDougall, Lewis, Littlejohns Denny	24
Richards, Westgarth, Wittenbach, Whiteoak	15
Sutherland, Rouvray, Donegan, McGregor	19

Thornbury 3 rink team played Camberwell at Preston.

CAMBERWELL, 130.

Westaway, Fraser, Spiers, Gunner ...	47
Farmer, Dixon, Pullar, Purvis ...	45
Bailey, Cole, Blair, Swan.... ...	38

THORNBURY, 28.

Mitcell, Campbell, Thorratt, Hattam	7
Sweetland, Redmond, Masson, Harmsworth	11
Sharp, Muir, Mulready, Hummet ...	10

To-day the Thornbury A team play South Melbourne at South Melbourne, the B team play Footscray at Thornbury, and the three-rink team play Victoria on the latter's green.

Northcote A team were at home to Kew last Saturday and put up a great fight for their first appearance in first grade company, Kew only winning by 10 up.

KEW, 96.

Retchford, Ford, Cook, Hambleton ...	29
Woollard, Simonton, Niven, Greenhill	20
Watson, Jellis, Tredinnick, Waltman	21
Stronach, Mansfield, Finlayson, Lilburn	26

NORTHCOTE, 88.

Rendle, Brown, Girling, Harrington ...	18
Allen, Bailey, Burston, Mitchell ...	23
Bowden, Treleaven, Schieferdecker, Bennell	25
Saunders, Tribe, Taylor, Plant ...	20

Northcote B team visited South Melbourne and returned defeated, the scores being—S. Melb. 152, Northcote 74, all rinks being down except Lonie's, who put up a splendid up-hill fight against Morrison, bringing their position from almost a hopeless one to 26 all.

To-day Northcote A team play Brighton at Northcote and B team play at Oakleigh.

The first draw for the Northcote green championship has been made and matches should be commenced at once.

The billiard room being now completed and the table in position it has been decided that the opening will take place on Tuesday at 7 p.m., when a good muster of members is requested.

SOCIETIES.

Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R.

There was a large attendance of members at the fortnightly meeting of the above on Thursday evening, the C.R. Bro. A. Filling ham) presiding. Dr. Cascaden's name was placed on the list of tent surgeons. The committee appointed to consider the best way of celebrating World's Temperance Sunday recommended that a joint temperance demonstration be held in the Presbyterian Church in the morning, arrangements to be made to have temperance addresses in the Sunday Schools in the afternoon, and the ministers of the district be asked to preach temperance sermons in the evening. The recommendation was adopted. It was decided that a complimentary social re-union of members be held at Christmas time.

On Tuesday evening last the quoit team played their final match in their section for the I.O.R games tournament against North Melbourne and won again easily, scoring 299 to 201.

On Wednesday evening the bowls and shooting teams played Burnley, and both teams came away victorious, the bowls team winning by 21 to 4 and the shooting team by 148 to 136.

For the I.O.R. games tournament both the quoit team and the shooting team have gone through their respective sections without defeat, while the bowls team tied with Fitzroy with two defeats each, and have therefore to play a deciding game to see which will play in the semi finals.

In the debating competition the local tent have also gone through their section without defeat, and debate their first semi-final next week night against Hawthorn, the subject for debate being—"Is Preference to Unionist-Desirable?" Northcote will take the affirmative. The tent will be closed at 8 30 and the public will then be admitted to hear the debate.

Preston A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held last Monday, the president (Mr. S. Bott) presiding. During the evening four new members were elected and introduced by the president and five propositions received. Mr. P. R. Doran reported at length on the doings of the Metropolitan Committee. Mr. C. Ross (trustee) reported that the sum of £350 had been invested in Government debentures. A paper by Dr. Bottomley on "Old Plague and New Remedy" was read and proved very interesting. The committee reported that for next meeting a euchre tournament would be carried out, to which the public are invited.

Fidelity Tent, I.O.R.

The above held their fortnightly meeting in the Rechabite hall on Tuesday evening. The attendance was good, the C.R. (Bro. Mitchell) presiding. Owing to next meeting falling on Cup Day it was decided to change it to Tuesday, 31st inst. The committee drew up a syllabus for the ensuing six months, in which they have included card tournaments, debates, bowls, and a moonlight banquet. Nomination of officers next meeting.

To Let.

TO LET.—Northcote Central. Window and half large shop. 218 High street.

The True Tailor's Skill

is a feature of every "Wardrop" Suit. There's originality, snap, style, and absolute wearing qualities in every garment. We buy the best materials, and we keep the cleverest cutters. That's why our clients come back again.

Some large consignments of our Spring and Summer Suitings are now to hand which are really smart and nobby. Our Specialty Suit at 84/- shows expert cutting in every inch of it.

Wardrop's Corner,
Smith Street, Collingwood.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

On Saturday last a very pretty garden fete was held at "Montrose," Clarke street, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. Reid, who kindly placed their grounds at the disposal of the Young Women's Bible Class, who with their class leader (Mrs. Rolk) were the promoters of the fete. The weather was all that could be desired, and so also was the attendance. Mr. Rock introduced the mayoress, Mrs. H. Bastings, who with a few well chosen sentences referring to the objects (the church building fund and Girls' Rescue Home at Elsternwick), for which the Bible Class was working, declared the fete open, after which Miss Meona Reid presented to the mayoress a beautiful floral gift on behalf the Bible Class. One of the chief attractions was a pageant by the young folk in costumes representing past and present. The procession entered the grounds led by two young ladies, Miss M. Kinsman and Miss M. Johnson, who with Mrs. Reid and Miss Kinsman and some of the parents, had prepared the children for their respective parts. The characters, too numerous to individualise, were excellently chosen, quaint, charming, humorous, and sedate, from Queen Elizabeth (whose train bearers were a small and dainty girl and boy) to Sairey Gamp. He by side with a modern nurse in neat uniform, a Red Indian and a negro. Our own country was not forgotten, Australia being represented by a pretty little lady with flaxen hair and eyes of blue. A very pretty group of girls dressed to represent flowers brought up the rear. The procession passed twice round the grounds to a slow march by Di Gillo's band, then parting in two lines on to the lawn, the group gave a very pretty display, singing an appropriate spring song. Another attraction, and a very popular one, was a motor car, kindly lent and driven by the owner, Cr. Schwaebsch. Good business was done at the various stalls, the church choir undertaking the cake and produce stall, and also the shooting gallery; while two of the boys, A. Keith and W. Freebairn, erected and carried on a post and telegraph office. The grounds at night were illuminated by lamps of various descriptions, and members of the choir supplied musical items, which were much enjoyed. Altogether it was an enjoyable afternoon and evening, and the objects for which it was held will benefit considerably. Mrs. Rock and the hard working secretary (Miss M. Richardson) are to be highly congratulated. The members of the Y.W.B.C. were the stall-holders, as follows:—

Work and fancy—Misses A. Alford, E. Forbes, E. Reed, H. Kinsman, E. Miller, A. Vivash and B. Richardson.

Ice Cream—Misses E. Peters, L. McLean, V. Johnston, M. Kinsman, O. McBurney and V. Cecil.

Fish Pond—Misses A. Glew, A. McNab and E. Freebairn.

Sweets—Misses J. McLean, A. Freebairn, E. Johnson and G. Rock.

Flower—Misses P. Thomson, K. Brown, F. Drakeford and H. Taylor.

Refreshment—Misses M. Richardson, E. Lamb, A. Francis, E. Brown, R. Hughes, A. Dockney, E. Vivash, B. McGregor, E. Haines, G. Wright and J. Reeburn.

The choir stall was presided over by Mrs. Frazer and Misses Duncan, Phillips and Erickson.

In cooking Miss Siebel came 1st for scones, with Miss R. Clarke 2nd; swiss roll, Miss R. Clarke; best worked d'oyley, Mrs. Harmsworth.

Bundoora and South Morang.

The Bundoora and South Morang fourth annual exhibition will be held in the Unity hall, S. Morang, on Wednesday next, Nov. 1st. Prize schedules may be obtained from the secretaries. There will be a musical programme in the evening, with shooting, nail-driving, and various novel competitions.

BILLIARDS.

The last stages of the winter tournament at the Peacock hotel, Northcote, will be entered on next week. On Tuesday evening P. Ward (receives 50) will meet A. Barker (receives 80). On Thursday D. Plant (owes 25) will play T. Stock (receives 90). The two winners will play off the week following.

FATHER, SON AND DAUGHTER BENEFIT BY ZAM-BUK.

Bleeding Piles, Running Eczema and Poisoned Wound Cured.

Mrs. C. Cohen, of 44 Glebe Point Road, Glebe, Sydney, says:—"My daughter, Lottie, suffered from a bad attack of eczema on her feet. The irritation was dreadful, and she could not get much rest at night, and her toes were in a fearful state. Nasty eruptions appeared, which broke and discharged in a terrible manner. In fact, her toes became white with the formation of these blisters. For three weeks Lottie endured great misery from the swollen and inflamed condition of her feet.

"Having previously used Zam-Buk with great success I induced her to try it on her feet. The first application had a soothing effect, and the irritation was subdued. She kept on apptying Zam-Buk at regular intervals, until the running ceased and the disease was completely cured. Now the skin on her feet is perfectly clear and cleansed of all impurities.

"My boy, Frank, severely cut underneath his big toe with a piece of glass. The wound was neglected and soon developed into a poisonous state. The toe was very much swollen and he could not get his boot on. It was very painful for him to even put his foot to the ground. However, to cut a long story short, Zam-Buk healed the wound and cleansed it thoroughly in practically a few days.

"My husband was tortured by blind itching piles, and the irritation was terrible. He tried all sorts of remedies, but nothing did him any good. Commencing to use Zam-Buk he soon obtained ease, and by persevering for a short time was completely rid of the painful piles."

Zam-Buk heals all cuts, wounds, and injuries, and is a perfect remedy for all skin disease. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1s 6d and 3s 6d per pot, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Wanted.

BOY, strong, smart, wanted to learn grocery business. Apply W. Williams, High street, Northcote.

GIRLS, 15 years, Apprentices, 7/6 to start. D. and W. Murray, Straw Hat Factory, Argyle St., Fitzroy.

WOMAN.—Washing and Cleaning, day work. "Iola," Penders street, Thornbury.

SMART Boy Wanted. H. C. Dyte, Chemist, 551 High St., Thornbury.

STRONG Lad to learn Ironmoulding Trade. Wallis Bros., Stove Manufacturers, Cramer street, Preston.

GOOD Home given old age pensioner in return for light services; no children. Apply "Lilliesville," Darebin Rd., Northcote

Wanted to Sell

MILK For Sale.—40 to 70 quarts daily produced on place; well cooled. Apply to F. W. Trethowan, 31 Bell street, Preston.

TWO Sheds for Sale; also quantity of Picket Fencing. Apply Saturday or Sunday. E. Turner, 267 Plenty Road, South Preston.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE v. EAST MELBOURNE.

This match opened at East Melbourne in ideal weather, and Laver, winning the toss, had no hesitation in sending Northcote into the field. McAlister and Seitz opened the innings to the bowling of Bailey and Plant. Both bowlers quickly found their length, and being supported by fine fielding, made it hard for the batsmen to score, and consequently runs came very slowly. Though bowling finely, neither bowler was able to penetrate the batsmen's defence. When 40 appeared on the board a double change was tried, Brown and Mitchell taking up the attack. Almost immediately the change proved effective, as Seitz in playing back at Mitchell hit his wicket, and retired for 30. E. Carroll was the next batsman, and after making 9 hit across at a very short one of Brown's and was clean bowled. E. L. Carroll followed his brother, but did not trouble the scorers, being brilliantly caught by Begg off Mitchell. The next batsman (Dunn) started very streakily, but managing to survive the first few overs improved very much. McAlister had in the meantime been going along very methodically, taking no risks, when, to the relief of Northcote, he failed to hit a full toss from Brown, and was out l.b.w. Laver followed, and the first he received was cocked up, but out of reach. The next clean bowled him, and Norman Brown was heartily congratulated by his delighted comrades.

F. Baring came next, and after making 7 was badly missed in the long field by Fred. Yeomans. This proved a very expensive let-off to Northcote, as Baring added 42 more before he was dismissed. Dunn was run out after making 36, and none of the other batsmen being capable of mastering the bowling, the innings closed for the very moderate score of 180. It was a fine performance on the part of Northcote to dismiss such a fine batting side for so small a total. Norman Brown was the main factor, securing 6 for 43. Mitchell also bowled well, with 3 for 40. The fielding of Northcote (with the exception of the one blemish) was perfect. Billings at mid-off was at his top, saving many fourers. McCarron, the new arrival from South Australia, also showed fine form. Having thirty minutes to bat, Northcote lost one wicket (Spicer) for 8, Begg and Vernon playing out time. With fine weather the match looks a good thing for Northcote.

East Melbourne—1st Innings.

P. McAlister, lbw, b Brown	34
J. A. Seitz, hit wicket, b Mitchell	30
E. V. Carroll, b Brown	9
E. L. Carroll, c Begg, b Mitchell ...	3
M. Dunn, run out	36
F. Laver, b Brown	0
F. Baring, b Mitchell	49
L. N. Ramey, c Yeomans, b Brown	9
H. F. Parsons, c and b Brown ...	3
L. McNaughton, b Brown	3
J. Walker, not out	1
Sundries	3
Total	180

Bowling.—D. Plant, none for 52; N. Brown, 6 for 43; R. Bailey, none for 42; R. Mitchell, 3 for 40.

NORTHCOTE v. EAST MELBOURNE—2nd.

This match was commenced last Saturday at the Park. Northcote won the toss, and decided to bat first on a perfect wicket. Wickets fell quickly at the start, Studley (41) being the only batsman to make any stand against the bowling, and 6 wickets were down for 81, when Hammet and S. Yeomans got together, and defied the bowlers, adding 82 runs for the seventh wicket. Hammet was eventually caught for a well made 37. This young player has greatly improved in his batting, and more should be heard of him in the near future.

With Bolton in the score was increased by 21 runs, when Yeomans was bowled with a fast yorker, after having made a first-rate 56 at a critical stage of the game.

The innings closed for 191 (S. Yeomans 56, Studley 41, Hammet 37, Bolton 13 not out); McDonald, 5 for 29; Williams, 3 for 21, were East Melbourne's best bowlers.

East Melbourne lost 3 wickets for 30 (Andrew, 2 for 23; Hughes, a promising young junior from Fairfield, who bowls medium pace left-handed, 1 for 6). The match will be concluded to-day.

NORTHCOTE CLUB ELEVEN V. CARLTON.

SOME WONDERFUL BOWLING.

This match was resumed on Saturday last, the scores standing—Northcote 111, Carlton 5 for 52. The remaining 5 wickets gave very little trouble, only 11 runs being added, the innings closing for 53. Bedford 4 for 35 and Lugton 4 for 1 bowled well. Northcote, with the match won on the first innings, decided to try for a win outright, which meant 3 points, and closed their second innings with 6 down for 65 (Dunn 22, Goodyear 12 not out). This gave Carlton 123 to win, with an hour to bat. The Northcote trundlers, well supported by the field, rose to the occasion and Carlton were dismissed in half-an-hour for 27, Northcote thus won their first match in the Metropolitan League outright by 96 runs. Too much praise cannot be given to the Northcote bowlers, Frank Lugton and Arthur Bedford, who secured respectively 8 for 5 and 6 for 40. These figures speak for themselves. Goodyear 34 and 11 not out was Northcote's best batsman.

To day the Club Eleven will meet South Melbourne at south. Players will dress in the pavilion and are requested to be ready for play at 2.30 sharp. Team—Bedford, Cox, Dunn, Eaton, Goodyear, Hayes, Lugton, Morris, Phillips, Proposch, Schwaebsch, and Scott.

PRESTON v. NORTH PORTS.

This match was started last Saturday at Port Melbourne. The Preston captain (Percy Howe) won the toss and elected to bat, sending in Westmoreland and Fyfe. Both batsmen played cautiously, as much depends on this match. After Westmoreland had made 12 he nicht a ball and was nicely caught in the slips. 1 for 15. Ivo Lawson then joined Fyfe, and treated the crowd to some splendid hitting, but was run out by an error of his partner after making 40, including 5 hits for 4. Two wickets for 87. Mehegan, Robinson, Smith and Froebel failed to score; W. Blundell 12, C. Wyer, 7 not out. Hiddleston bowled very well indeed, getting 6 for 49. The innings closed for 152 runs. W. Fyfe (73) took strike, and was ninth man out, bowled off his pads by Lewis. The North Ports then batted and lost 5 for 53 at call of time (Hutchison 12, Hiddleston 13). E. Mehegan, 2 for 19; W. Blundell, 2 for 34.

The game will be resumed to-day, and as the Preston seem to be in a good position, they will fight hard for victory. There were fully 500 spectators present, and some good barracking was done by the locals.

PRESTON AMATEURS v. ASHBURTON.

The Preston Amateurs had a very enjoyable trip to Ashburton on Saturday last to play the local club. Preston Amateurs, 1st innings, 77. C. Greenhalgh, 20; P. Greenhalgh, 18; and W. Gibbs, 19, were the principal rungetters. Freeman, 10 (retired hurt), also batted well. Ashburton went in to bat, and only totalled 16. J. Hodgan, 6 for 8; S. Moore, 5 for 8, did the damage. Ashburton in their 2nd innings lost 2 for 24. Amateurs won by 61 runs.

Amateurs play St. Kilda Rovers at Preston Park on Saturday. Members meet at pavilion at 2.30.

Northcote Baptist met Richmond ground. Result, 1st innings, Rich-Baptist last Saturday on the latter's mond, 55; Northcote, 1st innings, 62. Bowling, Turner, 5 for 20; Lyons, 0 for 13; Threlkeld, 3 for 7. The team meet Burnley at the church to-day at 2.15 sharp.

Northcote I.O.R. play La Mascott to-day on the former's ground at bottom of Bastings street.

Northcote Presbyterian A v. Dorcas Street, played at Albert Park. Northcote, 95 and 103 (J. Shand 55, N. Richardson 53 not out, J. Thomson 11 and 15); Dorcas, 40 and 109 (Richardson 11 for 42, W. Thomson 3 for 27.) Northcote won by 49 runs.

Presbyterian B v. Richmond, played Thornbury. Northcote, 248; Richmond, 61 and 9 for 74 (Bowles 6 for 22, Walker 2 for 11, McKenzie 4 for 25, Lovell 4 for 25). Northcote won by 187 runs on the first innings

Presbyterian A play Union Memorial to-day at Thornbury. Team—Thomson (2), Shand, Richardson (2), Adams, Horsley, Teasdale, Shugg, Gough, Clark. The B team play St. Andrew's at Princes Oval. Team—Livingstone, Brown, Bull, Walker, Bowles, Hastings, McKenzie, Reid, Williams, Bailey, W. Lovell, Grindrod.

South Preston Methodists commenced a match against Fairfield Juniors last Saturday. Fairfield, 67 (Thorpe 4 for 6, Martin 1 for 13, Campbell 2 and Wardell 1); S. Preston, 82 (Freeman carried his bat through the innings for 35, Madden 17 and Ratz 10) The match will be concluded this afternoon.

Preston Presbys. play St. Andrew's to day at the corner of Bell street and Plenty road. Players are requested to be on the ground at 2 30 sharp.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

(By Target).

The Northcote rifle club held a competition last Saturday at 500 and 600 yards, 7 shots at each, for a trophy presented by Dr. Young.

The winner, H. D. Soanes, reached the possible with the aid of his handicap while the runner-up, E. Witcomb, made the highest score off the rifle. Detailed are the scores—

	500 yds.	600 yds.	Hcp	Tota
H. D. Soanes ...	33	32	7	70
E. Witcomb ...	34	32	3	69
A. Weate ...	29	32	6	67
H. Hook ...	30	32	4	66
G. Hook ...	32	29	4	65
W. Sims ...	33	26	6	65
J. S. Goldsworthy ...	29	31	4	64
C. H. Talmage ...	28	29	7	64
A. Glanfield ...	28	29	5	62

The championship we advanced a further stage, 10 shots being fired at 600 yards in conjunction with the trophy shoot. Results were as follows:—Goldsworthy and H. Hook 46, Soanes 45, Witcomb and Weate 44, G. Hook and Talmage 42, Glanfield 41, Sims 37.

The leading aggregate scores for the championship to date are as follows:—H. Hook 186, E. Witcomb 181, A. Glanfield 180, J. S. Goldsworthy 179, G. Hook 176, H. D. Soanes 174, A. Weate 173, C. H. Talmage 172.

To-day's event will be 7 shots at 200 and 300 yds, which will conclude the competition commenced on 14th inst. at 900 and 1000 yds. for a trophy presented by Lieut. Farther. The best scores for the previous shoot were—Talmage 64 (7), H. Hook 59 (3), Soanes 57 (8), Weate 51 (6). H. Hook scored 33 out of a possible 35 at 1000 yds. and Talmage scored 32 at 900 yds.

MOA ROAD RACE.

RECORD TIME MADE.

It is 12 years since Mr. W. Merson, the builder of the far famed Moa cycles, inaugurated the Moa Road Race, and to show that there has been no waning in its popularity it need only be mentioned that there were this year 57 entries for the event, which took place on Saturday last under perfect weather conditions, and in the presence—so far at any rate as the start and finish were concerned—of an exceptionally large crowd. The race was run in the record time of 54 min. 27secs, which must be accounted very good going for the 20 miles. Another very noteworthy feature of the race was the splendid and plucky riding of the two youngsters, R. Stone (who did the distance in a shade under the hour) and S. Knight. Everything passed off without a hitch. The important duties of timekeeper and starter were ably carried out by Mr. Percy Cooper, and Mr. A. Brice acted as judge. Jowett, who won comfortably, annexed not only the gold medal set with diamond, but also the handsome sash and badge. The following are the times of the twelve best:—

		hrs.	min.	secs.
1.	A. Jowett		54	27
2.	H. Maker		57	
3.	P. Gaynor		59	55
4	F. Barker		57	2
5.	R. Roberts		57	15
6.	J. Slattery	1	0	16
7.	R. Stone		59	55
8.	A. Black	1	1	26
9.	S. Knight	1	3	50
10.	P. Yann		56	1
11.	P. J. Slattery		56	2
12.	J. Griffiths		56	43

Mr. Merson proposes altering the style of the race next year.

Board & Residence

WANTED Board and Residence for married couple and two children. Apply 50 High street, Northcote.

WANTED,—Unfurnished Room, with option of board, for two business ladies, near High street, Northcote central. X.Y.Z., "Leader" office.

WANTED, Boarders, two working men preferred. 82 Rossmoyne Street, Northcote.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS OF

The Northcote Picture Theatre Company Limited,

To be Registered under The Companies' Act.

Capital: £8,000 in 32,000 Shares of 5s. each.

2,000 of which are to be allotted and issued as fully paid up to the Promoter, Peter John Wilson, as herein provided.

26,000 are now offered to the Public as follows:

1s. on Application and 1s. on Allotment.

BALANCE as required in Monthly Calls of not more than 1s. per Share until the amount of 5s is paid up, after which there is no further Liability.

4000 are to be held in reserve.

DIRECTORS:

HENRI HERAULT, Whitehall Building, Melbourne, Manager Pathe Freres
L. PHILLIPS, London Hotel, Market Street, Melbourne.
ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer, High Street, Northcote.
JAMES D. COUSIN, Salesman, 405 Lygon Street, Carlton.
PETER JOHN WILSON, Architect, 13 Gore Street, Fitzroy.

PROVISIONAL OFFICE:

295 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Phone 54 Northcote.

Where Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained, also Plans and Estimates may be inspected.

SOLICITORS,
PAVEY, WILSON & COHEN, 61 Queen Street, Melbourne.

ARCHITECT:
P. J. WILSON, A.R.I.V.A., 13 Gore Street, Fitzroy.

AUDITORS:
RUNTING & McDONALD, 60 Market Street, Melbourne.

SECRETARY (pro tem):
W. H. SMITH, 295 High Street, Northcote, Phone 54 Northcote, and Nicholson Chambers, corner Swanston and Collins Streets, City, Phone Central 7967.

BANKERS:
THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA, Limited, Northcote.

This Company is being formed for the purpose of acquiring and purchasing land with a frontage of 127ft. to High Street, and a depth of 167ft. and 136 feet in the rising and progressive suburb of Northcote and erecting thereon an up-to-date and substantial brick Picture Theatre having a seating capacity of 1600 together with six commodious and well-fitted-up Shops and Lodge Rooms above, at an approximate cost of £4500. The building will be very similar to the Lyric at Prahran.

This abridged Prospectus does not fully comply with the requirements of the Companies' Act, but printed copies of the Prospectus filed at the office of the Registrar-General on the 21st October, 1911, and all further particulars can be obtained by intending investors from W. H. SMITH, Secretary (pro tem) and ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer, 295 High Street, Northcote. Phone, Northcote 54.

NOTE.—Early application for Shares is necessary to insure full allotment.

THE PERAMBULATOR.

The perambulator is not considered a convenient vehicle upon the pavement in England, but in America it is looked upon with a vast amount of horror and disgust. The editor of a Detroit paper feels very strongly in this matter, or he would not indulge in language like the following:—"The baby carriage made its appearance yesterday for the season of 1879. It was occupied by the usual baby, and it was propelled by the woman who looks into all the store windows as she goes along. A reporter, who followed the carriage for an hour, found that it collided with five women, ten men, six kerb blocks, four boxes, and a street car, and every collision only made the woman more determined to occupy two-thirds of the sidewalk if it took all the summer. She succeeded. They all succeed. A woman pushing a baby carriage in front of her on the sidewalk is as dangerous as seven roller skaters and four velocipede riders combined. She can't kill a full-grown man quite as promptly as a runaway team, but she can knock his shins to pieces, tumble him over, upset all his good resolutions, and leave him flint-hearted and evil-minded. You can't dodge a baby-cab."

POPPING THE QUESTION.

It was seven long years since Jonas Harris had begun to "keep company" with Miss Hannah Bell, and yet in all that time he had not mustered courage to propose a certain important question.

His house was lonely and waiting, hers was lonely enough to be vacated, and still Jonas could not bring himself to speak the decisive words. Many a time he had walked up to her door with the courage of a lion, only to find himself a very mouse when she appeared.

On making his usual appearance one night the hearth was swept, the fire burned brightly and Miss Hannah was adorned with smiles and a red bow.

Conversation went serenely on for an hour or so, and then, when they both sat paring red-cheeked apples with great contentment, Jonas began to call upon his recollections.

"It's a good many years, ain't it Hannah, since you and I first set here together?"

"Yes, a good many."

"I wonder if I shall be settin' here this time another year?"

"Perhaps I shan't be at home. Perhaps I shall go out to spend the evening myself," said Miss Hannah briskly.

This was a blow indeed, and Jonas felt it.

"Where?" he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, beginning to quarter her apple. "I might be out to tea—over to your house, for instance."

"But there wouldn't be anybody over there to get supper for you."

"Perhaps I could get it myself."

"So you could! so you could!" cried Jonas, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "But there wouldn't be anybody to cook the pies and cakes beforehand."

"Perhaps I could cook 'em."

At that moment Jonas's plate fell between his knees to the hearth and broke in two, but neither of them noticed it.

"Hannah," cried he, with pent-up emphasis of seven long years, "could you bring yourself to think of getting married?"

A slow smile curved her lips; surely she had been given abundant time for consideration.

"Perhaps I could," she returned demurely; and Jonas has admired himself to this day for leading up to the subject so cleverly.

THE MAMMA-IN-LAW'S PARADISE.

It is a custom among the Apaches for a man not to marry again until his wife has been dead a year and a half, though bad men, we were told, would marry before that time.

Their domestic arrangements are very peculiar, with a little background of poetic instinct that shows through all the hard, practical facts of the case the same old human nature that has gradually evolved the love which is stronger than death.

To begin with, when a man marries he is supposed to belong no longer to himself, but to his wife's parents.

He is not permitted to speak much in their presence, and dares not look on his mother-in-law's face, shielding his eyes from it, as from the sun.

The gift they have bestowed upon him in their daughter is supposed to be so valuable that he not only pays for it liberally at the outset, but any service they ask of him he is obliged to render, so long as their child remains his wife; when she dies he cannot marry again without their consent.

Election Notices

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

Mr. J. G. MEMBREY'S Election Committee will meet at the Library Hall, High Street, Preston, on Tuesday evening, 31st, at 8.

Business Important. Full attendance is requested. J. P. Howe, Chairman.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION.

W. C. MILLER'S Committee will meet on Tuesday night, at 8 o'clock, at Taylor's Shop, opposite Town Hall, High street, Northcote.

W. T. Carter } Hon.
M. Tucker } Secs.

JIKA JIKA ELECTION

A Meeting of the Friends and Supporters of Mr. W. C. MILLER, the Labor Candidate, will be held at the Bradford Hall, South Preston, next Thursday, at 8 p.m. Men and women electors are invited.

BILIOUS FROM CHILDHOOD.

Dizziness was Awful—Skin Turned Sallow. Cured by Bile Beans After Years of Suffering.

Further convincing proof of the splendid curative powers of Bile Beans is the case of Miss R. Baker, of Wilton St., off Ipswich Rd., Woolloongabba, Brisbane, whosays:—"From childhood I was subject to biliousness, attacks of which would come on before rising in the morning. Dizziness caused my head to feel as if it were turning round and it would ache something fearful and felt ready to burst. Terrific pains across my temples nearly drove me distracted. These attacks would continue for a while and I would become fearfully sick and retch most violently, the sensations of which were horrible. Utter prostration followed, after which I would sleep for hours. My liver was completely disorganised, and my skin turned sallow and the white of my eyes yellow.

"During the many years I suffered I tried many remedies and medicines but these all failed to give me any relief and I did not get better. After reading of some Bile Bean cures I commenced a course of this grand family medicine. After only a few doses the bilious attacks became less severe and I found I could eat a little food without vomiting after. This was so encouraging that I persisted taking Bile Beans until the biliousness was completely ended and I was fully restored to perfect health. Now I never suffer from drowsiness or bilious symptoms, and find that an occasional dose of Bile Beans certainly keeps me healthy and strong. We always have a supply in our house."

Bile Beans are unequalled for headache, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, bad breath, debility, that tired feeling, dizziness, lassitude, lack of energy, nervousness, bad blood, vomiting, anæmia, and female ailments. Sold by all stores and chemists. Bile Beans stand alone as a safe and reliable family medicine.

Auction Notices.

THIS DAY.

JEFFREY'S CITY VIEW ESTATE, PRESTON.

EXECUTORS' GRAND SUBDIVISIONAL AUCTION SALE.
At 3 p.m. On the Ground.

Unlocking of the Finest Subdivisional Property in Northern Suburbs.
Owned by the Jeffrey Family for past 70 Years.
Charming Views. Perfect Drainage. Elevated Positions.
Three minutes Regent station. Adjacent to Churches, Schools, Library, and Well-Established Businesses.
Secure a Home Block. Your Health Assured. Undoubted Investment.
Exceptional Terms, viz.—One Fourth Cash; Balance half yearly instalments up to 3 years, with interest at 5 per cent.
Title, Cert. Apply Messrs Maddock, Jamieson, and Lonie, Solicitors, 445 Collins street, Melbourne.
Plans and Full Particulars,
WM. H. EDGAR, Auctioneer, 231 Collins street, City (Tel. 2060), and Malvern, opp. station (Tel. 21); or WM. J. GRAY, 6 Hutton street, Northcote; or local agent, M. JEFFREY, on the Estate, Preston.

Notices

SEE TO YOUR SIGHT!

A. W. ANGIOR,
Consulting and Dispensing OPTICIAN,
117 Collins Street East (a few doors above Russell Street, Melbourne),
Phone 8151,

Desires to announce that he has opened modern sight-testing and spectacle fitting rooms at the above address.

Having a thorough scientific knowledge of the subject in all its branches and many years' experience with thousands of cases, he can give the best of attention in all eyesight troubles.

High Grade Eye Glasses, Spectacles, &c., of all descriptions. Moderate charges.

W. J. DAVIS

Desires to intimate that he has purchased and taken over the business of

W. G. REGENT,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
HIGH ST., PRESTON.

Having been associated with the business for the past two years, being at times in full charge, Mr. Davis is in the best position to continue to on the very successful and popular lines it has always been conducted.

Complete and Up-to-Date Stock of Patent Medicines, Toilet Requisites, and Homœopathic and Veterinary Medicines.

Dispensing Department a Specialty. Only the best of Drugs used.

NORTHCOTE SUPPLY STORES.

All kinds of Fancy Goods kept in stock at Lowest Melbourne Prices.

Chip Carving and Relief Carving Taught.

Bridal Bouquets for Sale and for Hire. Sprays from 1/-

All kinds of Needlework Taught.

A Great Variety of TOYS of every description.

MRS. E. WALKER,
205 High Street, Northcote.

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OF YOUR PREMISES WORRY YOU.

Entrust the Work to

T. GRACIE,

SANITARY and GENERAL PLUMBER,
Cnr. Arthurton Rd. & St. George's Rd., NORTHCOTE,
and you may rely on getting
COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

The Most Efficient and Experienced Workmen Employed.

CONTRACTOR FOR GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS.

Estimates Given.

Stott & Bastings

Offer the following ALLOTMENTS for Sale on Remarkably Easy Terms:

WESTBOURNE GROVE, 40 x 100, 50/- foot.

CARNARVON AVENUE, 26 x 100, 52 x 100, 10 x 100, 50/- ft.

ABERDEEN GROVE, 40 x 100, 30/- and 35/- ft.

NOTE THE TERMS:

£5 Deposit Each Lot.

Balance in 10 half-yearly payments

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Present:—Crs. Bastings (mayor), Johnson, Schwaebsch, Lees, Dennis, Mason, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Henderson, Plant, Smith, Glanfield, Hayes, Redmond and Harry.

Water Extension.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote agreeing to extend the water in Armadale street, from Martin street south six chains.—Received.

Return of Employes.

The Chief Inspector of Factories wrote asking that "record" in connection with council's employes be forwarded.—The town clerk had supplied the information.

Preston Council and Electric Light.

The Preston Council wrote intimating that they would be pleased to confer with this council re electric feeder through the municipality.—Received.

Merri Park.

The Lands Department wrote asking for plan showing the 5 acres of Merri Park granted to Fitzroy C.C.

E. C. Yeomans, hon. sec. Northcote C.C., wrote asking that the land granted to their club be defined.

The mayor moved that the letter be received. It would be necessary to have a conference between the two clubs, so that the position of each could be defined. In the meantime they would get a plan from the Lands Department showing the precise measurements.

Can't Give Gas.

The Metropolitan Gas Co. wrote stating that the main was not near enough to make supply of gas available to street lamp in Clarke street east.—Received.

Wages of Tramway Employes.

G. L. Prendergast, general president The Australian Tramway Employes' Association, wrote asking to be supplied with copy of the tramway lease, as far as such lease contains clauses governing the wages and conditions of employes. They had been informed that the conditions were not being carried out.

The mayor said he did not think they were called upon to provide a copy of the lease. If there was any complaint let it be made in writing. He moved that the letter be received. Carried.

The Late Mr. Harry Beard.

F. R. Brennan wrote asking to be supplied with the names of councillors so that their patronage might be solicited for concert on behalf of the widow and family of the late Mr. Harry Beard.

Cr. Dennis moved that the necessary information be furnished.—Carried.

West Ward Drainage Matter.

H. E. Brennan wrote calling attention to the bad state of the drainage existing at the corner of Harold and Rayment streets, Thornbury. The health of the residents would probably be affected if it was allowed to exist during the summer. He was about to build six houses. Only a ploughed furrow was required.—Referred to works committee, on the motion of Crs. Tharratt and Henderson.

Superfluous Notice.

R. W. Bryan, Martin street, wrote stating there was no need of the sanitary inspector's notice to fill up the depression at the rear of his premises with soil, as he was in the course of having the matter attended to. He would like to call attention to the council's own property (opposite his house) which was not exactly a health resort, and he hoped the sanitary officer would inspect.—Received.

Against Jerry Buildings.

Dunlop & Hunt wrote suggesting that a bye-law be passed insisting that specifications as well as plans be submitted to the surveyor by those erecting new buildings. The idea was to prevent "jerry-building."—Received.

Filthy Drain in the East.

D. Caulfield wrote calling attention to the filthy state of the drain in front of his house. He hoped the council would do something if only for the sake of the health of the district. Six months ago they had offered to supply the labour if the council would supply the material. The drain carries the sewerage of about 20 houses. Last year they had to spend 10s in phenyle to keep down the smell.—To be considered with Clause 4 of works committee's report.

Library Matters.

H. Bastings (chairman) and R. J. Whalley (secretary) wrote forwarding copy of librarian's duties for council's approval.—Referred to committee of the whole.

R. J. Whalley, hon. secretary Northcote Free Library, wrote asking for balance due of Government grant, namely £75, as they had accounts for books amounting to £70 to pay.—Referred to committee of the whole.

R. J. Whalley wrote forwarding the conditions under which his committee desired to work with the council, also a copy of last year's balance sheet duly audited; as well as a copy of the librarian's report to the first meeting of the newly-constituted committee, showing the great popularity of the institution.—Referred to the committee of the whole.

The mayor reported that the newly-constituted committee had met for the first time, and important business was done. The committee intended, by means of special efforts, to supplement the council's contribution to the library to the greatest possible extent. The recommendation of the committee was that the council grant its contribution to them in quarterly amounts to expend in books and up-keep at their discretion. In view of their past good management he thought the committee might well be entrusted with this power. Without such powers the position of the committee would be untenable.

Cr. Plant desired to know if the committee was satisfied that a lady could undertake the work of librarian.

The mayor said the duties had been carried out satisfactorily up to now by Miss Clarke.

Cr. Dennis said that it was practically settled that Miss Clarke should have the position, therefore it appeared to be unwise to advertise in the public press for applications.

Referred to the committee of the whole.

West Ward Troubles.

S. T. Stevens, Woolhouse street, wrote drawing attention to the disabilities under which residents west of St. George's road laboured, especially in the vicinity of Beaver's road, owing to the impassable state of the streets. Since the road across to Dynan's quarry was fenced in they could not get the tradesmen to call on them. No vehicle could come along Gladstone street or Aberdeen street on account of an open drain running across them, so the only thing to do was to temporarily repair Beaver's road by improving the drainage and filling in a few of the worst ruts. If this were done it would allow access to adjacent streets.

Referred to works committee, on the motion of Crs. Henderson and South.

Fairfield Main Sewer.

The shire engineer, Heidelberg, wrote forwarding plans for completion of Fairfield main sewer, for which tenders were to be called on the 23rd November.

Referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Cr. Hayes. Surveyor to report.

Edwards Street.

The property-owners in Edwards street wrote asking that the path be asphalted on the usual conditions.

Cr. Dennis moved and Cr. Mason seconded that consideration be given when the asphalting under the loan schedule is being decided.

Public Works Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £510 18s 8d, be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. That plans and specifications be prepared for the construction of the southern portion of the lane at the rear of Johnson street and High street.—Adopted.

3. Building Fees.—That the Town Surveyor be authorised (under seal) to take the necessary proceedings for the recovery of building fees due by owners of buildings, and also to enforce the provisions of the regulations.—Adopted.

4. Drainage in Clarke Street.—That the Town Surveyor be authorised to regrade the channel on north side of Clarke Street, from Membrey Street to the main drain, and also channels in Mason Street to conform therewith.

Cr. Dennis, chairman of the works committee, asked leave to withdraw this recommendation, as it was on the notice paper by mistake. While the committee sympathised with those who had this grievance, they could do nothing at present, as the surveyor informed them that the levels of the street would have to be altered, which would mean considerable expense. As it was unfair that the money for such a work should come out of the ward apportionment he would suggest that it be considered with the estimates.

The engineer said the channel would have to be lowered at Mason street 12 inches.

Cr. Plant said this was one of the most disgraceful channels in the town, and long ago the ward members thought they had dealt with it by allotting £15 of their apportionment for it, but this question of levels had cropped up and blocked it. He moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, where they would have the opportunity of seeing whether there would be sufficient out of the £250 scheduled for the east ward for drainage.

Cr. Smith seconded the motion, agreeing with Cr. Plant that the channel was in a disgraceful state. He was at a loss to know where the £85 apportioned to them had gone.

Cr. Henderson said this would mean delay and the ratepayers were disgusted with the slowness of the work done by the council. He moved an amendment that temporary relief be given.

Cr. Glanfield seconded the motion, saying it was no use "kidding them on" by referring it to the committee.

The amendment was put and lost and the motion carried.

Finance Committee.

Cr. Lees (chairman) submitted the report, showing that the receipts for the month were £88 13s 1d and the present Dr. balance £7511 6s 1d; also recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £673 4s 10d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Pan Annual Charge.—That the matter of making a Pan Annual Charge of 9s per pan be considered at next meeting.—Adopted.

3. Board of Public Health Regulations re biograph entertainments.—That the officers of the Council be instructed to enforce the regulations.

4. Edwards Crescent.—That the Town Solicitor having advised that it will be necessary for a survey of all the properties to be made for the amendment of title and realignment of the street, arrangements be made with Mr. G. R. B. Steane to make the survey.—Adopted.

Tramway Committee.

Cr. Harry (chairman) submitted the report, setting out that the Tramway Engineer has made an examination of the whole property, and has given notice to the Lessees for the execution of repairs where required; a further report will be submitted as to the progress made with the work.

Cr. Harry remarked that the report was now on the table for perusal. The committee had approved of the action of the tramway engineer in serving notices to have certain matters attended to, but, on the other hand, they would urge the engineer to see that any fresh blocking be at once backed up with tarred metal and not allowed to go unprotected for long periods as at present.

Cr. Hayes desired to know if the committee had given any instructions in regard to tarring the track.

The mayor said instructions had been given to Mr. Meekin that the work must be done early in January. Personally he thought the new tramway engineer was going to look after the interests of the council.

The report was adopted.

Ordinary Business.

Cr. Hayes reported having attended the sittings of the Municipal Association's Annual Conference. Legislation was recommended to prohibit unsightly hoardings in main streets. A resolution in favour of the election of mayor by vote of the people was lost.

Cr. Johnson reported having, with Cr. Schwaebsch, attended the conference re Greater Melbourne Scheme, which proposed to take over water supply, sewerage, tramways, electric lighting, gas, &c. The representation would be on the basis of 1 for every 10,000 population, so Northcote would have only one member. There was to be another meeting to go further into detail on Thursday.

Cr. Johnson also reported having attended the Weights and Measures Conference, but unfortunately there was not a quorum.

Cr. Redmond, who also attended, said one matter referred to was the practice of hawkers selling fruit in undersized cases. It was a matter for the police to attend to. They only needed a foot rule.

The mayor reported having attended the meeting of the Tramway Trust. It was agreed that the draft Bill embodying the executive committee's recommendations be circulated amongst the municipalities and circulated in three months' time. Mr Membrey, M.L.A., is to meet the committee of the whole re the matter on Monday evening.

The mayor also reposted having attended a representative meeting with regard to the protection of infant life, by practically the municipalisation of the milk supply. A committee was appointed to draw up recommendations which would be considered later on.

Cr Redmond moved that the Metropolitan Board be asked to extend the water in Kellett street, east of Victoria road.

Cr. Lees called attention to the need of attention to the tarpaving in Westgarth street, between High street and McLachlan street.

Cr. Henderson moved that the Metropolitan Board be asked to widen the crossing over St. George's road at Woolton avenue, as in its present narrow state it was dangerous, especially on race days.

Cr. Smith said he would like to know why the work in Mitchell street had not been attended to.

The engineer said the work would be gone on with very shortly. The delay was caused through the men being used for more urgent work.

Cr. Schwaebsch wanted to know if any progress was being made towards the construction of private streets.

The mayor said the solicitor was now making the searches with a view to the apportionments being made.

Order of the Day.

Cr. Mason moved—"That the resolution passed on the 22nd May dealing with the letting of the small hall on Sundays be rescinded."

Cr. Johnson seconded the motion, remarking that when the council refused the application of the Church of Christ they must have had more money than sense.

Cr. Hayes said he would oppose the motion on the ground that they should not let any portion of the municipal buildings without a responsible officer of the council was present; and he was opposed to Sunday work.

Cr. Schwaebsch said he thought seeing it would entail no work for their officers, he thought they should grant these people the facilities which they needed badly.

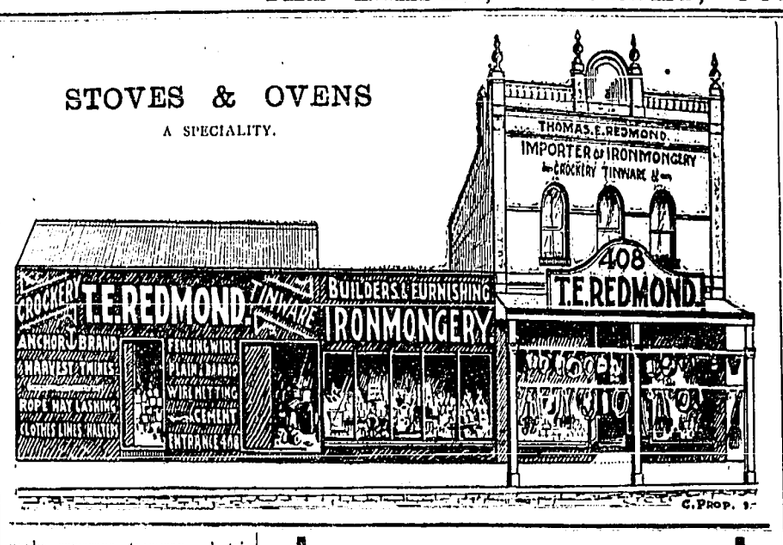
Cr. Plant wanted to know if the council was prepared to hand the buildings over to an irresponsible body.

Cr. Redmond said that as these people had no church they should assist them as far as possible by letting them have the use of the small hall.

Cr. Lees said councillors had a public duty as well as a duty to these particular people. Except one of their officers was present he would not vote for the motion.

The mayor also opposed the motion on the ground that if they let the hall to the Church of Christ they could not refuse others.

Cr. Dennis supported the motion, which was carried.



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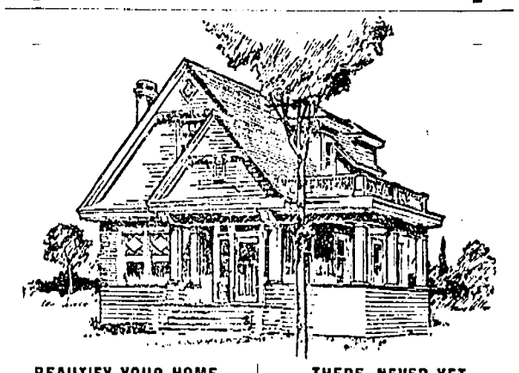

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THERE NEVER YET

has been a house too dull or gloomy for us to "brighten up" with paint or paperhangings. It's a peculiar fact that eight of the last ten houses we have "done up" were sold in a week. We simply knew the way to go about the ceilings, cornices, walls and woodwork. By the use of the best materials we were able to get results far ahead of anything thought possible.

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AUCTIONEER, ESTATE FINANCIAL and INSURANCE AGENTS, SWORN VALUER

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Loans Negotiated Promptly. Auctions Conducted

Fire and Life Insurances Effected.

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HOUSE & LAND Agents,

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Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate.—Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from 6/ a month. No deposit. No interest. Plans, all particulars, A. Robertson, corner High & Bell Sts., Preston.

HILLSIDE ESTATE.—Splendid Building Sites, close Shire Hall and Post Office. 40ft. blocks from 8/ monthly, 6/ blocks all sold. Get before too late. Robertson, agent, Preston.

Notices.

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"Hunsdon," 203 Heidelberg rd, Clifton Hill. Elocution, Deportment, and Deep Breathing thoroughly taught on most advanced methods.

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ART SCHOOL.

MISS MARGARET B. WEIR will open Drawing and Painting Classes at Northcote Town Hall on Saturday, 11th March, afternoon at 2, evening at 7. All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade Royal Park.

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Societies

A.N.A.

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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—2nd November. Discussion on Local Requirements.

J. TYNAN, Secretary, James St.

I.O.R.,

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217

MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.

Next meeting—9th November.

Juveniles meet every alternate Tuesday.

BENEFITS:

Sick Pay—For 12 months, £1 a week. Following 6 months, 10/ week. Afterwards during sickness, 5/ 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, 38 Raleigh St., Northcote.

I.O.R.

FIDELITY TENT, No. 75, and the ROSE of PRESTON JUNIOR BRANCH, No. 85, PRESTON, meet every alternate TUESDAY at Rechabite Hall, High Street.

Sick Benefits:—For 12 months, £1 per week; following 6 months, 10/ per week; afterwards during sickness, 5/ per week.

Funeral Benefits:—£20 at death of a member; £15 at death of a member's wife (if insured).

Contributions:—Benefit members, 1/- per week upwards; Honorary members, 1/- per quarter; Proposition Fees, 2/6.

Loans Advanced on Real Estate.

CHAS. H. WARN, Secretary, "Wionicsville," Railway Place, Preston.

G.U.O. Free Gardeners.

NORTHCOTE LODGE, No. 27, meets on alternate TUESDAYS at the Peacock Hotel. Funds, strong.

Contributions from 1½ per week.

Absolutely no quarterly or other levies.

Usual Friendly Societies' Benefits.

Entrance Fees, from 2/6 to 5/-.

Hon. Member's fees, 5/- per annum (6d per week extra for doctor and medicine.)

Single members entitled to obtain medical benefits for widowed mothers and family under 16 years.

Harmony, various competitions, and other amusements every lodge night.

F. J. ALDRIDGE, Secretary, 1 Bent St., Northcote.

No Initiation Fee!

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Next Meeting—7th November.

And Every Alternate TUESDAY in the Friendly Societies' Hall, Wimble Street, Northcote.

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Classes for Music, Singing, Drawing, Painting, Elocution.

Physical Culture, Prof. Bjelke Petersen.

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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Boys' School (age to 12 years). Separate class rooms and play ground).

Dancing, Mons. Bibron, 25/.

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20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium. Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.

Fourth term begins on Tuesday, 10th October.

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Classes Day & Night.

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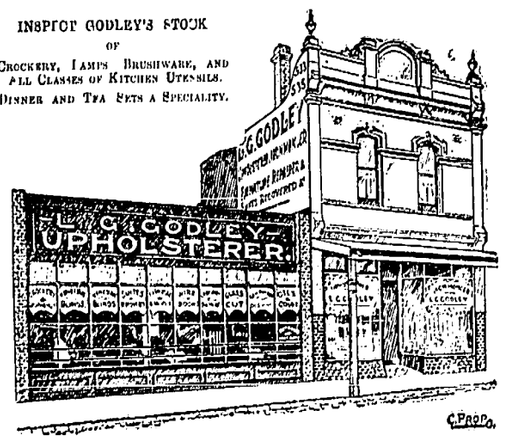

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YOU CAN REDUCE YOUR MEAT BILLS BY HALF if you purchase at this Shop where Meat only of the Best Quality can be obtained at Lowest Prices. Our Leading Motto:—Send your children and they will be supplied the same as yourself. One visit to 83 High Street and you will be sure to appear again.

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I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I go a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop.
As if by steam it glided,
And truly I declare,
In an instant on my visage
I'd not a single hair.

The razors made by Woolhouse
Are really made to shave,
If once you try their action
For more of them you'll crave.
In Melbourne nothing to beat them
I'm sure can ever be found,
If you seek in every quarter,
For many miles around.
If your razors should get blunted
And shaving gives great pain,
Go straight away to Woolhouse,
Who'll put them right again;
Then shaving will be pleasant,
You'll readily agree
If you buy the best from Woolhouse,
Who well has treated me.
Since then I go to Woolhouse,
My razors for to buy,
None others have in Melbourne
Such a large supply;
All sorts and kinds in stock there
You certain are to meet.
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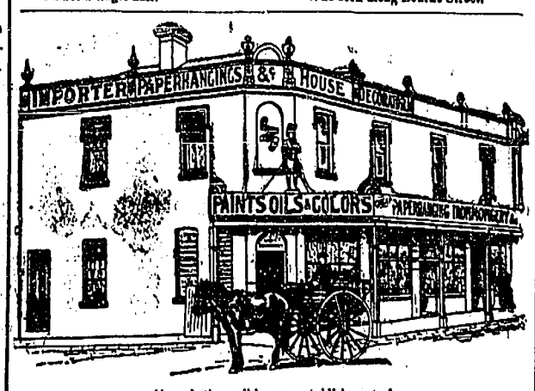

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