Mrs. 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, DECEMBER 2, 1911.

Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 197 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.

Price 1d

2 DEC 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.

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
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Sand & General Carter

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DON'T LET THE

SEWERAGE

OF YOUR PREMISES WORRY YOU.

Entrust the Work to

T. GRACIE,

SANITARY and GENERAL PLUMBER,

Cor. Arthurton Rd. & St. George's Rd. NORTHCOTE,

and you may rely on getting COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

The Most Efficient and Experienced Workmen Employed.

WATER METERS FIXED.

Sewerage Connections Guaranteed for two years.

CONTRACTOR FOR GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS.

Estimates Given.

Announcements

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Carpenter & Joiner

304 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (near Methodist Church).

Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.

Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.

FURNITURE REPAIRED.

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:

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HUNDREDS OF PAIRS SOLD EVERY WEEK.

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Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral Requisites.

Coffins, all sizes, for country orders.

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Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel,
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Also Branch Burgundy Street, Heidelberg
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Patent and every description of coffin at five minutes' notice.

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R. ROBSON,

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CORNER of BRUNSWICK ST. and ST. GEORGE'S ROAD (opposite Cricket Ground),

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Telephone 1844.

Estab. 47 years.

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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.
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ALL SUBURBS.

Offices & Works: CUNNINGHAM STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

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IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME

TAKE IT TO

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.

Established 20 years.

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GENERAL DRAPER,

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

SEND YOUR LINEN TO THE

NORTHCOTE LAUNDRY

HIGH STREET (nearly opposite London Bank).

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

Shirts and Collars Equal to New

and Saves Half the Wear and Tear.

Shirts, Washed and Ironed	4d	Collars, Washed and Ironed	1d
" Ironed only	3d	" Ironed only	9d doz.

All Classes of Washing and Ironing done, also MANGLING.

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Smith & Sons. HAM & BACON CURERS AND Small Goods Manufacturers. 'Phone 3661. 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

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

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Universal Carriage Works

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

Repairs Effected Promptly and Substitutes provided

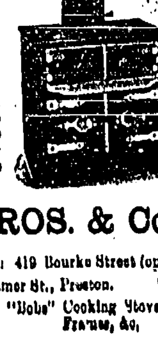
Horses (shod on the shortest notice by thoroughly experienced shoer) sent for and returned.

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.

UNIQUE OVEN

BURNS WOOD ONLY.
With Top Fire.
Made Specially for Country.
Built for Squatters and Farmers.
This is the heaviest One-Fire Stove made.
The flues are built on a liberal scale, which ensures a good draught and makes it easy to clean. The fire doors are made to open out full width of fire-box, giving room for large wood.



PRICE (Fall Door).
No. 1, burns 19in. wood, £2 12s 6d
No. 2, burns 24in. wood, £3 12s 6d
No. 3, burns 29in. wood, £4 10s
No. 3½, burns 29in. wood £5
No. 4, burns 41in. wood £8 (with double oven doors).
Double oven doors, 2/6 extra.
Heavy Copper Boilers, 35/-, add 6 inches to length of Stove
Will not burn out.
Is the strongest One-Fire Oven made and a splendid baker.
High pressure coils and boiler, £3 10/- extra.

WALLIS BROS. & Co., Ironfounders

SHOWROOMS: 419 Bourke Street (opposite 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.

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Lithographic Printing, Engraving, and Process Work.

Commercial Printing a Speciality.

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Your patronage will be esteemed by

WHALLEY BROS.,

Proprietors and Publishers of the

Northcote and Preston Leader

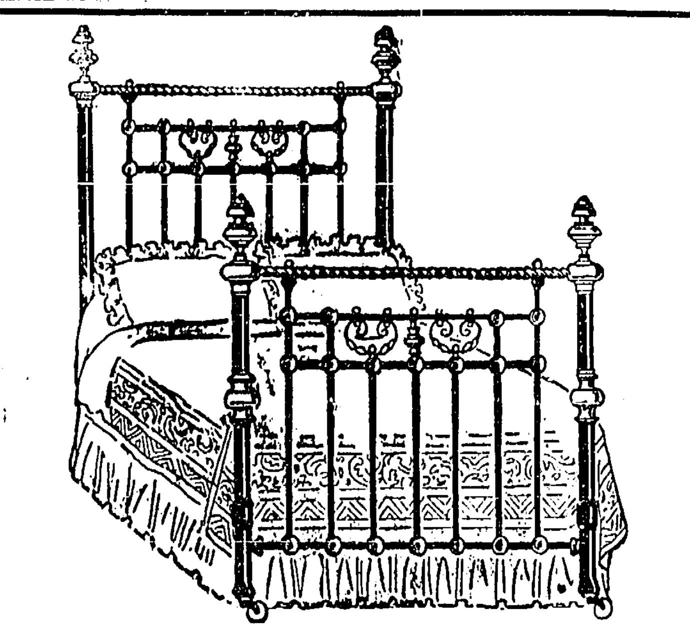
which has far and away the Largest Circulation of any suburban newspaper—and is therefore the

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.

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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 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,

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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 and EQUINE DENTIST,

92 EASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day.

Telephone 6204, Central

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

Printing!

Work of Every Class executed at the LEADER OFFICE

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 ..

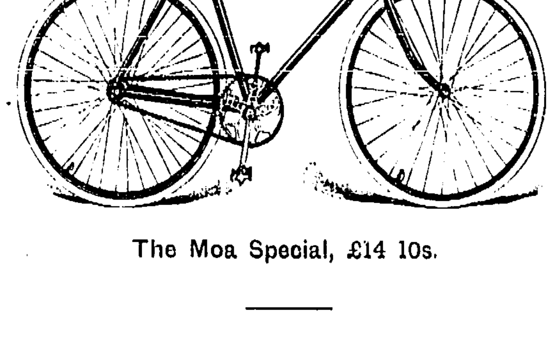
WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED

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



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W. Merson's Moa Cycle Works,

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FARMERS AND GRAZIERS

Of Preston & Epping shires.

PLEASE NOTE!

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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.*

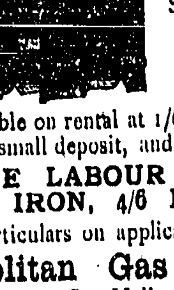
T HERLEY & CO., South Preston

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 2713

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INCE BROS.,

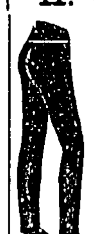
TAILORS and OUTFITTERS.
BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.

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,



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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 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 Northcote and Preston that he will 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).

MRS. BRICE

WISHES her old friends and now know that she has REMOVED 220 High Street Northcote, with a New Stock of Cheap Boots and Shoes with all her other good lines. Repairs Neatly Executed. Note the Address—Next to Mr. Merson's Cycle Shop.

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.

212 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.

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MISSIONARY MISSION.
Sunday.—Morning and evening, Rev. A J. H. PRIEST
Monday and Friday —Bible Readings 3, Children's Meeting 4 15, evening service 8. Addresses by Rev. A. J. H. Priest and Misses Nathercole and Nicholson, Missionaries on furlough.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., "Christ's Judgment," Rev. C. W. WOOD.
7 p.m., Evening Prayer, Rev. A. CAFFIN

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
Morning, Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Evening, Rev. FINLAY M QUEEN.
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

FAREWELL ADDRESS
by
Mr. W. P. SINCLAIR
TO MORROW (SUNDAY) EVENING
at 7.

INDEPENDENT Presbyterian Church. Minister, Rev. Fergus Ferguson. Address, 3 Victoria Parade (corner Smith St), Collingwood.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. P KNIGHT.
Evening, Mr. BOWMAN.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. A. MADSEN.
Evening, Mr. W. H. GRAY.
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. R. OLVER.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 am., Mr. W J. GRAY; 7 p.m, Rev. E. O. KNEE. Subject, "Ruth'. Resolve and Reward."
SOUTH PRESTON—Morning, Mr. J. M MANKEY; 7 p.m., Rev. E. B BOND. Communion.
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.

SALVATION ARMY, NORTHCOTE.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S ANNIVERSARY,
To Morrow, Monday, and Tuesday.
Special Services All Day To-Morrow led by Brigadier and Mrs. Harris.
Monday—Special Programme by the Melbourne City Young People.
Tuesday—Programme by the Northcote Young People and Distribution of Prizes. Lantern Drills, Flag Drills, etc.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.

Staff: 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.

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

MISS QUENIE 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.
Terms, moderate, on application.
Correspondence invited.
Pupils visited or received at "Bushwood," Dundas St., 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.

Tel. Northcote 87.

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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).

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 has 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

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 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.

Fine Shoes

¶ When you buy "Hurst" Shoes you receive the greatest footwear value you can get anywhere. ¶ Good shoes are known by their superior construction—their comfortable fit and satisfactory service. ¶ "Hurst" Shoes combine those essential qualities. ¶ An immense variety of Smart Summer Styles now showing at "The Home of Good Footwear" at prices that must appeal to you. ¶ Every pair guaranteed—absolutely. ¶ Ask for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide"—a profusely illustrated catalogue that is free on request.

Robert Hurst

"The Home of Good Footwear,"

293A High St., Northcote

Melbourne, All Suburbs, and Ballarat. L.R.W.

Law

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE,
SOLICITORS
AND
CONVEYANCERS.
MARKET BUILDINGS, 445 COLLINS STREET MELBOURNE.
Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE, "Craigielea," James St., Northcote.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY
SOLICITORS,
PROCTORS,
CONVEYANCERS,
"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor),
No. 475 COLLINS STREET.
Tel. 196.
Mr. R. Candy's private address—
88 Cunningham Street, Northcote.
Local Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

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The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

At the Northcote Presbyterian Church on Sunday last Rev. R. W. Rock made feeling reference to the death of Mrs. Glew, who was the oldest member of the congregation, having been a member of the church since its inception in Northcote. Mrs. Glew had reached the great age of 92 years, having been born in 1819. She had thus lived in the reigns of no fewer than six British Sovereigns—George III, George IV, William IV, Victoria, Edward VII, and George V. Had she lived till the beginning of the year, Mrs. Glew would have been a colonist of 60 years, having landed in Australia in January, 1852. In the earlier days of Northcote she carried on business in High street. Commenting on the late Mrs. Glew's character, Mr. Rock said he could not refer to her neither as a rich woman nor a talented woman, but she was much more than either, she was a *good* woman, with whom communion during the eight years of his ministry in Northcote had been a true pleasure.

The cinderella dance tendered by Rev. Father Murphy to the stallholders and assistants at the recent Catholic bazaar passed off very successfully at the Preston shire hall on Tuesday evening, seventy couples being present. All seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Fortunately the evening was cool, and this with the beautiful music provided by Smith and McGrath's band added largely to the general success. The ladies of the parish provided the refreshments, and, needless to say, fully maintained the high standard previously experienced at these entertainments. The tables were looked after by Mrs J. C. Costigan, Mrs Fitzgerald, Mrs E. O'Connor, and Miss Renehan.

McGeorge Bros. had a very successful subdivisional sale of the La Mascotte estate last Saturday. Thirty-seven lots were offered, and all but 16 were sold at prices ranging from 13s to 24s a foot, which is regarded locally as very satisfactory.

The London *Daily Mirror* calls special attention to the fact that during the rebellion in China, while most of the lady missionaries have gone to Shanghai, four of the ladies have remained at Hankow in order to render nursing service. Included in the four is Miss Isabella Wilkinson, M.B., daughter of Mrs Wilkinson, and sister of Messrs A. S. and Arch Wilkinson, of Preston. Miss Wilkinson went out as a missionary to China in 1909; but before going to the scene of her future work she studied at the Tropical School of Medicine, Greenwich.

A public meeting, convened by the mayor at the instance of the A.N.A., will be held in the town hall on Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock, when Dr Bottomley will deliver an address on "An Old Plague and a New Remedy." In view of the great importance of these social evils it is hoped that the men of Northcote and district will attend this meeting. The mayor will preside, and our local representatives, Messrs Anstey and Membrey, will also speak.

In this week's *Government Gazette* will be found the appointments of Messrs Joseph T. Downing (30 Helen st., Northcote), W. Freebairn (Northcote), A. Robertson (Preston), C. T. Crispe (Fitzroy) as assessors under the Land Tax Act 1910. Mr Downing will value for central, west and north wards of the town of Northcote; Mr. Freebairn south and east wards; Mr. A. Robertson for the whole of Preston, Epping and Woodstock; and Mr. Crispe for central ward of Fitzroy.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES JACKSON.

On Tuesday evening the death took place at his residence, "Hillside," Clarke street, Northcote, of Mr. Charles Jackson, who had been an esteemed and respected resident of the town for close on 50 years. Mr. Jackson was an engineer by profession and was always regarded as the most expert in his art. When he came from England in the "fifties" he commenced business in the city, but some time afterwards took charge of the engraving department of Sands and McDougall, a position he retained for over 30 years. Ten years ago when this firm gave up the branch Mr. Jackson again started in business for himself though over 70 years of age. As was always his wish to do so he has worked right up to the last. Blessed with exceptional health he has lived his 82 years hardly knowing an ache or a pain. It was only at the end of last week that he felt unfit to go in to his place of business. But on Monday he said to his eldest son, who worked with him, that he would be glad if he would bring him home some work, which he did, and the veteran craftsman spent nearly the whole of Tuesday upon it, executing it in his very best style and putting the finishing touches upon it about 4 30 p.m. Less than two hours later he had breathed his last, without ever having taken to his bed. It seemed a fitting end to one who had lived such a peaceful and industrious life. Many years ago Mr. Jackson was induced to stand for the Northcote Borough Council, and succeeded in gaining a seat, but the "sequestered vale of life" was more to his liking. Most of his leisure hours were given to the care of his plants and flowers, which he dearly loved, being an enthusiastic and expert horticulturist. The lure of the rod and the gun absorbed a good deal of his other spare time, for he was an ardent sportsman to the last, every Christmas seeing him away with "the boys," who always looked to him as their "guide, philosopher and friend." The passing of "the Boss," as he was always affectionately called by them, will leave a blank they will never be able to fill. Mr. Jackson has left to mourn his loss a family of five—two sons, Mr. Charles Jackson and Mr. Clarence Jackson, and three daughters, Mrs. F. J. Plant, Mrs. Eric Holmes, and Miss P. Jackson. The interment was on Thursday, the funeral being a private one.

BATHER DROWNED IN THE YARRA.

On Thursday evening, about 9 o'clock, a young man named Albert Becroft, in company with Gilbert Sturtevant and his brother, was bathing in the Yarra at a place that is called the Fairfield swimming hole, when he got out beyond his depth, and suddenly exclaiming, "I've got a pain," sank to rise no more. The three young fellows were but indifferent swimmers, and it was not until about 15 minutes had elapsed that Becroft's body was brought to the surface. It was found in 12 feet of water. Deceased, who was 17 years of age, was a commercial traveller, and resided with his aunt at West Heath street, Northcote. The body was removed to the morgue.

Property Sales.

This afternoon at 3, Messrs Membrey and Deane will hold a subdivisional sale of 39 allotments in the Murrayville Estate, with frontages to Cooper, Spring and White streets. Particulars as to terms, &c., are advertised.

Next Saturday afternoon at 3, Stott and Bastings will sell "St. Elmo," a six-roomed d.f.w.b. villa, 58 South Crescent, Northcote

The largest subdivision sale held in these districts for many years will take place on Saturday, December 16, when Messrs Nicol, Miller and Co. will offer 600 allotments in the well-known Thornbury Park Estate, close to Thornbury station. The deposit is £5 per allotment, with balance in quarterly instalments up to 10 years.

Stott and Bastings, in conjunction with Membrey and Deane, are holding a trustees' sale of allotments at Northcote and Preston on Saturday next, December 16. Full particulars are advertised.

COUNCILLORS AT BOWLS.

PRESTON V. NORTHCOTE.

VICTORY FOR PRESTON.

A contest at bowls between the Northcote and Preston Councils took place at the Preston Bowling Green on Wednesday, when a pleasant three-rink game was played and both teams were hospitably entertained by the president of Preston shire (Cr. Robertson). After 25 ends play Preston finished 20 "up" The Preston rink, led by Cr. Howe, scored 34 to 12 put up by Cr. Hayes' Northcote rink; while the rink skippered by the shire president, with 23, won against the Mayor, 21. Cr. Crispe's Preston rink was, however, "down" 4 to Harrington's rink. The game between the Mayor and the president was a very close affair, the contestants tieing on no fewer than 5 occasions. The rinks were constituted as follow:—

	P.	N.
Stanlake, Hall, Paterson, Robertson	23	21
Boyd, Thomson, Plant, Bastings	20	
Warr, Dean, Whalley, Crispe ...		24
Schwaebach, Glanfield, White Harrington	34	12
Howe, Allchin, Braithwaite, Howe	—	—
Swift, Membrey, Mason, Hayes ...	77	57

At the close of the game the president proposed the health of the Mayor and councillors of Northcote. He referred to the fact that these inter council games of bowls had become quite an institution, and they did much, no doubt, to establish good fellowship between the councils.

The Mayor, in response, said that while Northcote was "down" on this occasion they were not down-hearted. The "ashes" would remain for the time being in the keeping of Preston, but he had hopes that Northcote would regain them when, later on, he invited the president and his men to Northcote.

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 Suits at 84/- shows expert cutting in every inch of it.

Wardrop's Corner,
Smith Street, Collingwood.

Localisms.

The complete catalogue of the Northcote Free Library, with regulations, is now ready, and will no doubt be greatly appreciated by the 1500 or so borrowers. The committee request that each borrower procure a copy; price 1s.

At its last meeting the East Northcote Progress Association passed a resolution protesting against the council compelling residents to pay cash for the construction of their streets. It was decided to seek the co operation of ratepayers of other wards in opposing the carrying out of such a policy.

The complimentary evening to Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., at Northcote town hall on the 13th inst will take the form of a conversazione, to which admission will be free by ticket. Friends and supporters who desire to subscribe to the testimonial to Mr Membrey may send their contributions to Mr J. T. Downing, 30 Helen street, or any of the sectional committees.

Mrs E. T. Brown and Mrs Wm. Cox will be at home on Tuesday, 12th December, from 3 till 5, at "Blair Athol," Barry street, Northcote. This will be the first opportunity Mrs Cox will have of meeting her many friends, whose kindly solicitation and expressed sympathy during her serious and prolonged illness was so deeply appreciated.

The East Ward Ratepayers' Association announces that they will hold their next meeting at the Northcote town hall next Wednesday evening, when the business will be "very important" to all ratepayers of the town. Delegates from all the local ratepayers' associations are expected to attend. Music and refreshments are to be provided.

Bro. John Clappison was on Wednesday installed as Worshipful Master of the Lord Northcote Masonic Lodge.

At the Ferguson Memorial Church to-morrow evening there will be a farewell address by Mr. W. P. Sinclair.

Northcote municipal accounts having been duly audited, the meeting to finally "examine, settle, and allow," same will be held on Monday, December 18, at 7 30 p m.

All lovers of Charles Dickens' works should attend the South Preston Methodist Church on Thursday, Dec. 7th, to hear the great author's famous ghost story interpreted by Mr. Victor Trotman.—advt.

Arthur Shands, in our advertising columns to-day, has a word of advice to those who contemplate donning "the Christmas rig."

The Northcote Salvation Army young people's Sunday school are celebrating their anniversary to-morrow, when special services will be conducted by Brigadier and Mrs Harris. Attractive singing and addresses will be given. On Monday a programme will be rendered by the young people from the Melbourne City corps, and on Tuesday by the Northcote young people, when the annual distribution of prizes will take place.

The monthly meeting of Northcote South Ratepayers Association will be held at All Saints' hall on Tuesday evening. After business there will be harmony and refreshments.

Preston Council have decided not to enter into the Citizen's League offer to assist in raising funds towards the erection of a drill room, considering the provision of such accommodation is national and not municipal work.

The Railway Department notified the Preston Council on Monday evening that in the new time-table the train now leaving Reservoir station at 11.8 p.m would be timed to leave at 10.58 so as to connect with the last trams to the various suburbs. This concession is in compliance with a request made by the council—at the instance of Cr Allchin—some time ago.

The wages of all brickyard employes have this week been increased beyond the rates provided by the wages board determination. Numbers of the men now earn £3, £4, and getting on for £5 a week.

On Tuesday next at the town hall a meeting of the old scholars of the Northcote State School is to be held with a view of arranging for a social re-union in honor of Mr R. Tobin, who for many years was head teacher there. All old scholars are requested to attend so that the re-union may be made as successful as possible. Mayor Bastings, ex Mayor Tharratt and many others are taking a lively interest in the matter.

Preston branch A.W.A. will meet at the Bradford hall on Tuesday, 7th Dec., at 8 p.m. A full attendance is requested. Installation of officers.

Scrooge, Scrooge's Sister, Scrooge's sweetheart, Scrooge's nephew, Scrooge's friends. Come to the South Preston Methodist Church Thursday night and hear the wonderful story of them all.—advt.

The monthly meeting of the Northcote Horticultural Society will be held in the town hall on Tuesday evening. The monthly competition will be continued and Mr W. H. Warren will read a paper on amateur gardening.

At a congregational meeting in connection with the North Preston Methodist Church, held in the school hall on Wednesday evening, over which the Rev. E. O. Knee presided, it was resolved by a very large vote to recommend to the trustees the advisability of abolishing pew rents. The recent Coronation fair has placed the church in a better financial position. This is a new departure, but it is believed that it will be productive of good to the church and congregation. It will be tested for twelve months and if successful will be continued.

There will be the usual grand bioscope display at Croxton Recreation Ground to-night, when also will appear for the first time in Northcote, Fisko and Bartello, comedy jugglers, also Victor Loydall, who will be well remembered as the Scotch comedian at the J. O. Williamson pantomime. These, with other attractions, should make up a very fine bill indeed.

A missionary mission will be held in All Saints' parish hall, Northcote, during the next ten days by the Rev. A. J. H. Priest, assisted by Misses Nicholson and Nathercote, missionaries on furlough. They will be welcomed at the parish hall this evening. Mr. Priest will preach at both services to-morrow and will address the Sunday school teachers at 4 p.m. On each day next week there will be a Bible reading in the afternoon at 3 p.m., a children's meeting at 4 15 p.m., and an evening meeting at 8 o'clock. Several similar missions have been held at New South Wales as well as in Victoria and have been very highly appreciated.

Where are you going my pretty maid? To the Northcote State school concert, Sir, she said. Town-hall, December 7. Most attractive juvenile programme ever prepared. [Advt].

Northcote Salvation Army is giving a musical programme at the Austin Hospital this afternoon.

The Preston Presbyterian Church is to hold a Christmas fair in the church grounds next Saturday.

On Saturday, Dec. 9, a garden fete and Christmas fair is to be held at "Benvenuta," the residence of Mrs E. A. Pinney, in aid of the Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Church. A list of the attractions will be found in our advertising columns.

The combined Preston and Northcote adult and junior branches of the People's Liberal Party hold their first annual picnic at South Morang on Dec. 16.

The special attraction at Thornbury Picture Theatre to-night is "Captain Midnight," considered the greatest production of Australian bush life so far achieved.

Northcote Municipal Band play one of their popular programmes at Whitelesa to-morrow. Our country cousins should experience a treat.

The Loyal Templeton Lodge, I.O.O.F., Preston, advertises a euchre party and dance for the Bradford hall on Monday, 4th inst.

NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY.

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The Committee requests that each Borrower will procure a copy of the Catalogue, with which is published the Regulations governing the Library.

H. BASTINGS, Mayor, President.
R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Secretary.

THE JOINT ELECTRIC LIGHTING SCHEME.

NORTHCOTE'S NEW PROPOSAL

RESENTED BY PRESTON.

At the meeting of the Preston council on Monday evening the Town of Northcote wrote forwarding resolution passed regarding conditions under which they would grant the privilege to Preston of laying an electric feeder along High street, Northcote. It must be on the understanding that the Preston council lay an electric cable (to be provided by Northcote) from Clifton Hill to Martin street in a separate wooden trough free of cost to Northcote, and to the satisfaction of its electrical engineer.

Cr Howse moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole.

The president (Cr. Robertson)—Why not say what you want to say now?

Cr. Crispe said he was not at all satisfied with this letter. They had had a conference with Northcote, and a clear understanding was arrived at that the concession to Northcote be limited to Preston laying the Northcote cable free of charge in the Preston trough, which was as good as a gift of £500 or £600 to Northcote But Northcote having got this so easily, was evidently anxious to grasp more. For his own part he was prepared to break off all negotiations with Northcote, and bring the cable up by some other way, by which he believed the council would be in pocket.

Cr. Howe said he might express his sentiments in the same direction. He was grievously disappointed at the turn things had taken. They had arrived at an agreement that was apparently satisfactory to both parties, and now Northcote wanted them to provide a separate trough According to electric experts, it was quite feasable to lay the two cables in the one trough Northcote's new proposal was just a little "over the fence."

Cr. Braithwaite said he was very much surprised at the decision of the Northcote council. At the conference there was almost a full representation of both councils, and it was unanimously decided to approve of the scheme. It appears most unsatisfactory to turn back now, and make these further stipulations. It was most disappointing that the conference had proved abortive.

Cr. Allchin also expressed his disappointment, as he thought the thing was settled once and for all. They were all fully satisfied that Northcote had got a very good bargain.

A councillor—So they have

Cr Warr said he also was surprised at the new attitude of the Northcote council. Asking them to put down a separate trough for the Northcote cable was asking too much, and if they could get the cable through by any other way they would be wise.

The president said that as soon as he noticed the decision of the Northcote council he made it his business to interview their electrical engineers who said decidedly that there was no objection to the two cables being laid in the same trough. It was a practice that had been followed for years in the city. He could hardly conceive of Northcote asking them to provide a separate trough, which would cost another £150, especially seeing Preston was so liberal in the first case. This new demand meant further delay and he thought they should take steps to convey their current by another route. But in any case Northcote would have to find a reasonable objection to the cable being placed in their territory on any conditions. Personally he would like to bring this matter to an immediate crisis, but he would support the resolution.

The motion to refer the letter to the committee with power to act, was carried unanimously.

THE THREATENED FRICTION OBVIATED.

The game of bowls between the two councils on Wednesday provided the opportunity for smoothing away the hitch in the negotiations above referred to. The mayor of Northcote (Cr. Bastings), in reply to the toast of his health, intimated that, while Northcote desired their electric-feeder placed in a separate trough, they had no intention of charging Preston with the extra cost.

PRESTON TREE-PLANTING POLICY.

TREE-GUARD REMOVED.

MATTER REFERRED TO THE POLICE.

Some time back the Preston Council received an application from Mr. A. Freeman, High street north, for permission to remove a tree-guard from the street in front of his business premises, as same caused him inconvenience.

The matter was considered by the committee of the whole, who recommended on Monday evening that the request be not granted.

Cr. Warr moved the adoption of the recommendation.

Cr. Stanlake seconded.

Cr. Howse said he did not think the tree-guard had any right to be there. Had it been in front of his place he would not have asked the council for permission to remove it. He would move an amendment that Mr. Freeman's request be granted.

The president—I might say I was up there to-day and did not see any tree guard there. (Oh!)

Cr Allchin—Even so I will second the amendment.

Cr. Crispe—I think £5 damages are sticking out if you ask me.

Cr. Allchin said he certainly objected to trees being planted in business parts of the town.

Cr. Crispe hoped the amendment would not be carried. The Citizens' League had helped them with the funds to plant these trees If these people had any objection why did they not object at the time.

Cr. Braithwaite said he failed to see any weight in the objections raised The trees planted added greatly to the appearance of Collins street, Melbourne, and he did not see why High street should not be similarly benefitted.

The recommendation was carried

Cr. Crispe subsequently moved that the police be requested to take the necessary action.

Cr Howse seconded. Carried.

PRESTON FREE LIBRARY.

NEW FLOOR WANTED.

ACCOUNT SENT TO THE COUNCIL.

F. W Schulz, hon secretary Preston Public Free and Lending Library, wrote the local council on Monday evening forwarding a account for £13 18s for providing new flooring, &c., in the library building and requesting that they settle same, as the library funds were very low at present.

Cr. Crispe, in moving that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, remarked that they had had a very bad experience with the library floor. Dry rot seemed to have got into it, and it had been necessary to renew it. The library had been freed from debt by the efforts of the citizens, and the latter should not be again called upon only through the council.

Cr. Howe seconded.

Cr. Allchin said he was very much opposed to accounts like these being sent to the council to settle. The library was a separate body altogether. He supposed the next thing that would come along would be an account for new books.

Cr. Crispe—So it ought.

Cr. Allchin did not think so. If the committee could not raise funds to pay these small accounts they should hand it over to a body who could.

Cr. Howe said the library was absolutely the council's property, though the citizens had provided most of the money. The time was not far distant when all these libraries should not only be owned but controlled by the councils.

Cr. Warr approved of the council paying the account. Surely after what had been done by the citizens in erecting the building the council could see their way to keep it in order.

Cr. Allchin—What does the council subscribe to the library?

The president—About £19.

The motion was carried.

PROPOSED ELECTRIC TRAMWAY TO PRESTON.

CONFERENCE ON DECEMBER 19

The Preston council on Monday evening fixed Tuesday, December 19, as the date of the conference with Northcote and Fitzroy to consider the feasibility of linking up these suburbs with an electric tramway.

MOTOR OMNIBUSES V. TRAMS.

The City of Prahran forwarded to the Preston council on Monday evening for their consideration the following resolution, which they had passed, viz:—"That the time has arrived when the present system of electric traction for municipal tramway purposes is almost, if not quite, obsolete, and that motor omnibuses be substituted of the most modern type." The (Prahran) council is of opinion that motor omnibuses will eventually supersede tramways in consequence of the great expense of establishing the system and maintenance of same.

The president said that in view of the conference which was about to take place regarding an electric tramway to Preston it would be just as well to discuss this matter, and he would move that the letter be referred to the committee of the whole.

FAREWELL SOCIAL TO MISS DENNIS.

A very enjoyable time was spent at the Northcote Methodist school room on Monday evening, when the members of the church and Sunday school tendered a farewell social to Miss A. Dennis, who, in consequence of her marriage, was about to leave the district. A short programme of musical and elocutionary items was rendered, after which Mr. Gray, on behalf of the school, referred to the splendid work Miss Dennis had done as teacher and organist in the school, and expressed the hope that she would be long spared to continue her work in another sphere. Mr. J. J. Fairlie, on behalf of the church, referred in complimentary terms to the valuable services rendered to the church, more particularly in connection with the choir, of which Miss Dennis was a member for very many years. Rev. Percy Knight, B.A., then presented Miss Dennis, on behalf of the church and school, with a very handsome silver cake dish, suitably inscribed, and expressed the hope that God would bless her and crown her life with joy and happiness in her new home. After refreshments had been partaken of and some games indulged in, the singing of "God be with you till we meet again," brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

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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 all the Best Materials in the Newest Patterns and Colourings.

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Preston Shire Loan Schedule.

To the Editor.

SIR,—It will have occurred to a number of your readers in reference to matters appertaining to Local Government administration. We are drifting and developing at our peril in such an elaborate style that lavish and even extravagant methods are insidiously honeycombing what should be a solid structure. An illustration which I will adopt by way of argument is afforded by the Northcote Council valuer's report for the year ending September 30, 1911, which discloses, among other marvellous results, that it contains a population of 17,210—four times that of Preston Shire, with rates, tenements, approximately on the same ratio; and, by a strange coincidence, Northcote is divided into four wards—South, East, Central, West—which, if contributed with mathematical precision, would equal a Preston Shire; if Preston was annexed and constituted a ward it would have to take a secondary position as regards capacity to contribute its quota to the municipal revenue. The ludicrous spectacle we present, to the cynic, is that practically a ward is able to indulge in all the tanfarronade and exuberance of civic mummery that should be alien to an intelligent people. Imagine each ward being stuccoed with a Town Hall, with its polished floors, its president, and retinue of officers, all drest in authority, or, as Max Nordeau put it, to [illegible] the coffin [illegible] the insatiable demand [illegible] taxes and irresistible mandate to pay, pay. Some will say, what is £12,000 for a progressive shire? Look at the improvements it will effect. Let us examine a few of the projects. The electric light plant that will absorb nearly half the loan—viz., £5000. When and where did the clamour emanate for electric lighting? Seeing we have a lighting system, where is the gain, and what is the object of duplicating it? There is an absence of one valid reason that justifies the inclusion of this item. Additions to the Shire Hall. By the way, is the hall completed? I think the design included a tower, and, also, I believe, a clock that perhaps might become historic by ringing out its chimes, "Turn again, Whittington," thrice—ahem—of Preston. But whatever they call the addition the expense is justified to provide the accommodation in keeping with the building generally. The private streets proposed to be made out of loan money, if insisted on, will have a pernicious result, and tend to vitiate confidence in the probity and integrity of our public men. I think one councillor's attitude could be emulated with the happiest results, on this question. It is not in any spirit of snivel or drivel that I desire to discuss this question, but to fairly face the fact that £12,000 judiciously expended and applied in the many ways that municipal progress in the old country and elsewhere verifies, posterity, apart from the responsibility of having to bear the brunt of the liability incurred, should, out of the powers now possessed, have some institution bequeathed that would prove an incentive to the moral, mental, and physical culture of their families, such as swimming baths, music, etc. It must be remembered that considerable time will elapse before similar opportunities are afforded. Consequently lethargy on the part of ratepayers entails serious consequences.—Yours, etc.

F. W. DONOVAN.

The Labour Party and Rents.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Abuse is easy and cheap—especially over a *nom de plume*—and your correspondent (Vabudada) uses more of your valuable space in abusing the Labour Party than seems really necessary. Vabudada's first letter arose out of the advocacy of the Labour Party for Fair Rent Courts. He stated that the cause for increase in rents was the increased cost of labour and material. I submit that the real reason is to be found in the fact that at present the demand for houses exceeds the supply. If houses were plentiful and tenants few house rent would be low. Vabudada supplies argument to show this when he states that houses built in boom times fell to a low rate in times of depression. To show that there is undue inflation in rents at present, and far above that which might appear to be justified owing to increased cost of labour and material, I will just mention an instance coming under my own notice. Two cottages, which twelve months ago were returning 7s. and 7s. 6d. respectively, now bring in 10s. a week each. Many people have had their rents increased ostensibly on account of land tax, increased cost of labour and material, etc., when these properties were not affected by any of these causes. That house property is good speculation is evidenced by the activity displayed in all directions, notwithstanding higher wages, etc. The Labour Party and Trade Unions have fought all along for Wages Boards to regulate wages and conditions of labour; and now we have tribunals which will regulate prices of commodities, or at any rate prevent the nullification of higher wages by undue inflation of prices of necessities. The latter part of Vabudada's letter is not worthy of comment; as it is only a re-hash of statements which have been constantly reiterated, until those making them really think they are true.—Yours, etc.,

R. W. BRYAN, 8 Martin-street.

Meetings

SOCIAL RE-UNION OLD SCHOLARS N.S.S. IN HONOR R. TOBIN, Esq.

A Meeting will be held in the Town Hall (old library room) on Tuesday evening, 5th December, at 8 o'clock, to decide on a Social Re-Union of the Old Scholars of the Northcote State School with the object of doing honor to R. Tobin, Esq., who for so many years was the Head Teacher.

This wish has been expressed by a number of old scholars to carry out above, and all who possibly can are requested to attend.

C. E. LOVALL, Hon. Sec. pro tem.

EAST NORTHCOTE PROGRESS ASSOCIATION.

This Association will meet on Wednesday night, 6th December, in the Town Hall, Northcote. Business: Very important to all

An Apple of Discord

By ESME STUART.

Author of "In the Dark," "A Woman of Forty," "Inscrutable," etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Lost.

Cousin Jane only became aware of Isola's absence when it was time to get the luncheon ready, but the good lady was of a hopeful disposition, and having prepared the simple meal she waited for mother and daughter to return.

All at once Mrs. Ashbury hurried in.

"Jane, Isola!" she called out, and her face looked troubled. "Jane, where is Isola? All the way home I felt nervous and frightened about her. I had a strong presentiment of misfortune."

"Come, Sylvia, don't be too imaginative! It does not do; Isola can only have gone into the square."

"No; for I stepped in to see if she were there, and it was empty."

"Did you ask Mr. Farrell as you came through the shop?"

"He was at his dinner."

"She will be here in a minute; I did not know when she went out for I was in bed; but this fine day tempted her, and I suppose she ran out to get a breath of fresh air. Poor child, she feels the restraint; I really think it would be better to move into the country."

"It is not possible; but certainly since Isola's adventure with that Mr. Noel, I feel more nervous than ever."

"I think he admires our Isola."

"Oh, no; that must never be. Isola must be told everything, and till she is of age that is impossible."

Cousin Jane put some food before her cousin, hoping to make her forget her anxiety, but Mrs. Ashbury could not touch it.

"I will go and ask if Mr. Farwell saw her go out."

Mrs. Ashbury went down to see the bookseller, who, as usual, was all smiles, and he told her that a gentleman had inquired if Miss Ashbury were at home, but had gone away on being told that she had just gone out.

"What was he like?" said Mrs. Ashbury, quietly.

"Well, ma'am, a fine-looking gentleman, with something of the foreigner about him."

"Not the gentleman who called on us the other day?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; that was a real English gentleman. No mistaking one of that sort."

Mrs. Ashbury felt now that she had been wrong to set herself against Mr. Noel. Would he not have helped her in time of need, for he admired her Isola. She ran hastily out into the square again. Perhaps her darling was there. She went to the May tree, but though all was spring beauty there was no Isola. In a few minutes she went back again to her cousin.

"Jane, it is true—I feel it, Isola has been decoyed away. I have dreaded this so much now——"

Cousin Jane was really anxious now.

"You must go to the police-station at once," she said, "and offer a reward for information."

"My darling! Oh, where is she? It will kill me," sobbed Mrs. Ashbury.

"Come, courage, Sylvia. We won't hang everything on the same nail. I will try to find Mr. Noel. He left his address. Here is his card; I kept it."

Mrs. Upjohn was one of those women who come out so well in trouble. She made Mrs. Ashbury eat some lunch, and then the two dressed themselves.

"What about your engagement, Sylvia, this afternoon?"

"I will telegraph that I cannot come."

"Good. Now we must work hard; before night we shall have a clue, or else she will herself walk in and laugh at our fears."

"No; Isola would not run away!"

"True; but she has a clever head, and it will not be easy to entrap her. She will not sit down and say nothing. Besides, he who pours out the drink, drinks last, and her father will not find her easy to conquer."

"Mr. Warren will be anxious for his revenge on us."

"But, after all, she is his daughter."

"He only cares for himself."

"Happily the wicked always overreach themselves. But now to work. Go to the police-station and give Isola's description."

"I hate the publicity. Besides——"

"What must be, must be; and, remember, an eel often escapes the cleverest angler."

"Jane, you are goodness itself. But for you I should have been crushed."

"Anyhow, our Isola will not be easily crushed. Had she any money?"

"I gave her five pounds this morning. How glad I am."

"Good. Now take plenty with you. Empty thanks do not fill greedy purses."

The two women separated, Mrs. Upjohn telling the bookseller that Miss Ashbury must have met someone who had enticed her out this fine day. She then took a cab and went to Julius Noel's rooms.

His man-servant said that Mr. Noel was starting for a journey, and was too busy to see anyone.

"Give him my card," and Mrs. Upjohn hastily wrote on it, "Miss Ashbury's aunt on special business."

In a few moments the man-servant begged her to come up. Julius Noel seized her hand.

"What is the matter? or is it good news? I saw her this morning. Don't blame her."

"You saw her, and—— Did she go out walking with you?"

"Oh, no; I left her in the square. Why, what is the matter?"

"She has never returned. Tell me, Mr. Noel, if it is your fault."

Julius had turned pale.

"Sit down, Mrs. Upjohn, and I will tell you everything." He told her how he had come to see Isola to warn her against a special danger, and how he had told her of his love.

"How do you know about this danger? Tell me everything. Her mother is distracted."

"I wish I had seen her mother again. She was afraid of you and of Mrs. Ashbury's displeasure; but why have you feared me? You must have guessed that I loved Isola, though I own you could hardly have believed in my affection."

"My poor cousin is afraid of everybody connected with Isola. Her father is a thorough scamp. Years ago my cousin found out this, and determined to leave him, though she never betrayed him; but she told him if he ever troubled her or her child she would denounce him. That is the story in a nutshell. The particulars I do not even know. But he swore to be revenged some day. Before Isola is of age she would be in special danger, for he is anxious to get hold of some money that will come to her. But money is nothing to my cousin in comparison to her child's happiness."

"Will you ask her to trust me with her child's happiness? Unfortunately, I must go to Paris to-night. I have important business, and it is my duty to go. It is most unfortunate; but I will take you at once to my informant, if you will be guided entirely by me."

"The person who told you of Isola's danger? But such a one must be in league with her father."

"No; I am sure she is not. It is a woman, but she is surrounded by evil."

"You may find a pearl in a pig's snout, but that is rare."

"Come at once. I will introduce you to Natasia, and she will keep you informed. If only I could stay I would find Isola; I am sure I could."

Julius looked so much distressed that Mrs. Upjohn felt sorry for him.

"It may be nothing. But why did you not tell me of Isola's danger?"

"Why, indeed?" Then Julius smiled. "I have not been made very welcome."

"That is true; but—words are useless now—fewer words, more action; come."

Julius spoke a few words to his servant and then hurried out. He called a hansom and told Mrs. Upjohn the outline of Natasia's story.

"Strange that you should know. We have been too cautious, too afraid of strangers."

"Remember that you are a lady coming to see some Russian needlework," he said. "You may recognise Natasia, for she said she knew Isola but say nothing about that unless she does. The place is full of queer people, and it is difficult to know friends from foes, but I am sure of the girl."

When they reached the street Julius stopped the cab and both got out.

"We will walk in, for we shall have to run the gauntlet of a character." Mrs. Pears was at her door and ready to receive Julius.

"Well, sir, it's you, sir! Natty was only talking of you to-day. Times is bad, sir, with me, as I was saying to her. 'Natty,' says I, 'Sarah Pears is quite disheartened.'"

"What is the matter, Mrs. Pears? I have only come for a few minutes as this lady is most anxious to get some of Natasia's work."

"It's kind to the poor girl, that it is. If I wasn't so worried with Pears I could do more for her. Believe me or not, as you like, sir, and if you are like Pears you won't believe me; but I says it as should, these foreign chaps is getting excited. If only Pears would leave them alone, it would make me happier, for he'll get into trouble, take my word for it, and then he'll believe me, but it will be too late, Mr. Noel, too late, as I said to Pears, 'Pears,' says I, 'one day the gate up there will be shut, and you'll be too late to get in because of them furriners.'"

"But you'll never be too late to get in yourself, Mrs. Pears—I must not keep this lady waiting; may we go up?"

"You may, sir; Nattie's been unwell and didn't go to work to-day. Joseph is never unwell, he isn't; if he was he wouldn't be so set up. Pain is our natural portion, and them as 'aven't got it is not natural."

Julius escaped, and led the way upstairs, and Mrs. Upjohn followed, smiling. In another moment they were in that pretty, peaceful room, where Natasia was bending over her work looking like some pre-Raphaelite Madonna.

"Oh, Mr. Noel!" she exclaimed, starting up.

"Hush, Natasia! Say nothing."

"Father is out, and Speculo is going away. Oh, I do hope——"

"You were right, Natasia. The misfortune we feared has happened. At least we think so. This lady is Miss Isola's aunt. She and her mother are in great trouble. Miss Isola disappeared at twelve o'clock. Do you know anything?"

Julius spoke in a low voice as he handed the work to Mrs. Upjohn.

"I thought so. I warned you, Mr. Noel. Why didn't you save her?" Natasia looked ready to cry.

"Then you know where she is? Tell me, my kind girl. Ask any money you like," said Mrs. Upjohn.

Natasia drew herself up a little.

"Mr. Noel knows I do not care for money. Do you remember, ma'am, I came about a dress, and the young lady was kind to me. She was so pretty and gracious to me, only a poor work girl."

"But how can you be connected with her disappearance?"

Natasia looked up at Julius, and he answered for her.

"She knows nothing personally about it, but by chance she had heard the subject mentioned. Listen Natasia. I am going away to-night, but you will help us, help me?"

"You know I will—I owe you so much."

"Find out where she is."

"I will try, but——"

"I know. Mrs. Upjohn and I will promise that nothing you tell us will be used against anyone you know."

"Thank you. You will promise; I can trust you."

"And this lady too, Natasia. Besides, I saw Miss Isola this morning, and we—she has promised some day to be my wife."

Mrs. Upjohn looked up. "Is that so? We had kept Isola so safely."

"And she walked out and found her fate. Even the fairy tales tell us that is the way," said Julius smiling, and then he added: "Look, Natasia, this is the address. Make the excuse of your work and go and see Mrs. Upjohn."

"I will buy this piece at once," said Mrs Upjohn, "and bring me as much more as you can."

"But do not tell anyone where you are going," added Julius. "Now, Mrs. Upjohn, go and make friends with Mrs. Pears. It is important to win her."

Cousin Jane grasped Natasia's hand.

"You will help us? Think of Isola's mother; the only one she has to love."

"I will do what I can, but I fear it is but little."

Julius lingered. "You know our secret now. I fell in love at first sight, as you did."

"I will do anything for you," the Russian girl said simply.

"Your uncle knows?"

"No; I don't think he does. Speculo knows, but he is going away. Still, what Speculo knows the Little Father will know."

"Who is he?"

Natasia colored up.

"A Russian friend of my uncle's."

"I must go, Natasia. I have work to do abroad. Here is my address, but if you write you must hide your meaning. You can trust Mrs. Upjohn, no one else. I am distracted with fear for Isola—only she will never be anything but brave. I will come back as soon as possible, and if you say that I must come at once I will. Good-bye. Here is some money to help you. It is only for my work. It is not a gift for you," he smiled, knowing her sensitiveness. "Good-bye, Natasia; God bless you," and left a five-pound-note upon the table.

"Natasia is worth helping," said Mrs. Pears to Mrs. Upjohn; "but she has to do with a queer lot of furriners, ma'am. When a fellow is born in those black countries his heart is bound to be black, too."

She thumped her saucepan down, and then she waved her good-bye with it to the visitors.

CHAPTER XV.

A Prisoner and Hope.

Mrs. Pears was shutting up the shop, she was not in good spirits, because Pears had stayed out late, and her temper was not improved by seeing Speculo hurrying up the street towards her.

"Is Natasia upstairs?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes, she is; but she don't want you. T'old man's not there."

Speculo dropped half-a-crown on the counter.

"I'm off to-night, Mrs. Pears, and I have a very particular message to leave for Novikov."

"Oh, 'ave you? T'old gentleman give you the message, I expect. You can have five minutes then, and no more," said Mrs. Pears, picking up the money. "Mind, five minutes, and then I shut up, and not even Pears 'll make me open the door again in a hurry."

Speculo ran upstairs like a cat that is pursued.

"Come in," said Natasia. She had expected him, and was ready with her plan of action.

"Uncle's not in, Mr. Speculo. Didn't Mrs. Pears tell you?"

"Yes; but look here, Natasia, I'm off tonight to Paris, and I want you to give this address to your uncle in case he wants me; look, can you read it, Hotel de la Croix, Rue Montesquieu."

"Yes," said Natasia, nodding, "I know it; uncle and I lodged there once."

"I shall only be a week, perhaps less, and I wish to goodness I was back already. For one thing, Natasia, I shall be always thinking of you."

"Oh, no; Paris is more lively than London; you'll amuse yourself. Won't you sit down and wait for uncle, he must be in soon. Have you been busy lately?"

"I should think I had!"

"Have you found the ladies you were helping uncle to look for?"

Speculo chuckled.

"Yes, I found them, sure enough. Is there anything Speculo can't find? Your uncle is smart enough; I'll not deny it, Natasia, but for a difficult job give me Speculo."

"And where is your young lady?" Natasia went on working quietly as she asked the question.

"In a very suitable place Nightingale Lodge. What better for a pretty bird?"

Natasia laughed, and Speculo fancied she was amused.

"There is not such a place in this big city; there are no nightingales now, Mr. Speculo; you're laughing at me."

"I'm not, on my word of honor. But it's right away beyond Clapham Common."

"Is that where you found the ladies?"

"Oh, no, Natasia. You're so simple. I said it's where she is, and pretty safe, too. It's a nightingale in a cage. But don't let it out. Your uncle knows. I wonder what he got for that job! He's paid me for the information, for he's honest. I don't mind dealing with him."

"Of course. Uncle is always so just. He doesn't care for money himself."

Speculo laughed. He liked gazing at Natasia's sweet face as she looked down upon her work. He wanted badly to make love to her, but he dared not.

"Look here, my pretty, tell Novikov I couldn't wait any longer. By the way, he's not going to travel, is he?"

"I don't know. He doesn't tell me his plans. If he does go, he knows I'm safe here with Mrs. Pears."

"Tell him when I come back we'll go for a long drive, just like a duchess you'll be, and after that—we'll have a wedding."

"Your wedding, Mr. Speculo?"

"Yes, my wedding. Good heavens! There's somebody at the door. I must be off. Look here, Natasia, here's a ring I bought—it's for you." He brought a flashy diamond ring out of his waistcoat pocket, but Natasia shook her head.

"Thank you; it's very kind of you, but I never wear jewels. If I took it I should only sell it for some of our poor prisoners in Russia. You would not like that."

Speculo returned it to his pocket, looking rather glum. He had no love for Russian prisoners.

"I say, the old woman's at the door."

"Time's up," cried Mrs. Pears, opening the door, and it seemed uncommonly as if she had been eavesdropping.

"I've got to catch a train. Well, goodbye, Natasia, remember all my messages to Novikov."

"Travelling like a lord, are you, Mr. Speculo? I reckon there's some mischief up, then. That 'Red Hand's' clean sold out to-day.

Speculo disappeared without answering.

"What's the sarpint been talking about diamond rings for, Natty?" asked Mrs. Pears, scowling at Natasia, who laughed softly.

"He offered me a ring. Speculo is very kind-hearted, but I never wear jewellery. I'm only a poor girl."

"Too much outside sparkles, oh! That's what I says to Pears. 'Pears,' says I, 'jewels is in the heart, Pears, not on the shirt front, where you puts 'em.' You do seem busy with your work, Natty. I never saw such a girl for sewing. I never favors the needle much. Some is clever with needles, and some with pins. Lor'! Carl my hair! There's Pears a-knocking! I'll go down and 'ave a bit of conversation with him through the door."

Down she rushed, and then Natasia threw aside her work and paced the tiny room, pausing at times to gaze over the dim sea of chimney tops.

"I wonder if it's the Little Father that has sent Speculo to Paris! Oh! I am glad he let out where she is. Oh, if only I can find her! I promised to help Mr. Noel. I' do anything for him. What have they done to her, and why did uncle want to find her? What will he say to me if——. But I must, I must."

It was late when Novikov came home, but Natasia was ready with a frugal hot supper. He looked terribly careworn, and for a few minutes he said nothing.

"You're tired, dear uncle."

"Yes; I've had a terrible day. I'm going to Paris to-night, Natasia."

"You, too! Speculo's been here and left his address. Must you go? Let me come with you."

"No, child, not now. The day is drawing near when I shall return to our country. The day is approaching when we shall strike a great blow for freedom; but you must not come with me now. It will mean—danger."

"As if I were afraid!"

"No; but you shall not fall into their hands. I swear it. Pack up my bundle, child, and when I'm away don't let anyone come in here. Do you understand?"

She nodded, and gave Speculo's message.

"Fool!" muttered Novikov; "but fools have their uses, and Little Father knows it."

"And does he send you, too?"

"Yes; I shall be there, too, but Speculo doesn't know it. Mind, Natasia, no one must know it—not yet, at least."

Natasia nodded. She was trusted with many secrets.

"Now, good-night; go to bed. Kiss me, child; before you wake I shall be gone."

Natasia flung her arms round his neck.

"Oh, uncle! Will the dawn never break on our country? Will the good never conquer the evil?"

"Yes, child, one day, one day; but first there will be a sea of blood to wade through. Courage, Natasia, courage."

The next morning Natasia, after hastily swallowing her breakfast, wrapped up a parcel of Russian needlework and hurried out, telling Mrs. Pears she might be home late. First she went off to ask her mistress for a few days' holiday, and after that she would go and try to get into that house—that is, if she could find it—and offer her work for sale. She might even see Isola, and relieve her mother's mind; and especially she must let Mr. Noel know.

. . . . .

And how fared it with the caged nightingale? When Isola woke up the next morning the sun was shining into her room. For one moment she could not recollect where she was; then the truth rushed back like a great overwhelming wave. She jumped out of bed and, completing her toilet quickly, went into the sitting-room, little guessing that worse misfortunes were to follow her. Mrs. Collins appeared in answer to her bell, bringing a tray with her breakfast.

"Am I to be let out of this prison to-day?" asked Isola proudly.

"I'm sure I don't know, miss; I'm only your papa's housekeeper. I hal ways obey horders."

"Let me go out just for an hour, Mrs. Collins, only to tell mother where I am. I don't want to get you into trouble, so I promise I'll come back. Did my letters go, and are there any for me?"

They had gone into the fire, but Mrs. Collins temporised.

"You must eat some breakfast, miss, and then, by-and-bye a friend of your father's wishes to see you. We'll ask him if you may. Your papa is away for a week, as you know."

Isola relapsed into silence, and, left alone, she wandered despairingly round the room. The windows looked into a back garden, bounded by a wall, and beyond was a large, rough piece of ground. Not a soul was to be seen, and not even the distant sound of children's voices to be heard. The silence frightened Isola. Had they brought her here to murder her? But how to get away? Isola was clever and full of resource, but, try as she might, she could think of no way of escape. Besides, of course that horrid woman must have guarded every outlet.

CHAPTER XVI.

Natasia Finds Isola.

Isola did not know how long she had been alone, when suddenly there was a sound of footsteps. She started up. The door opened, and the man who had brought her here stood before her. His deceitful smile still hovered round his lips.

"Good morning, Miss Warren. I hope you have slept well."

"You deceived me; you brought me here through a wicked lie. Let me out; I must go. It will kill my mother."

"A little subterfuge, that was all. Your father was so anxious to see you. You can't refuse a fond parent. Now, calm yourself. Sit down, my dear young lady, and let us talk a little reason."

Isola remained standing, though she felt somehow afraid of his smile.

"Where is my father?"

"In Paris, but he told me to come and see you. Indeed he did; without his permission I should not be here. Tell me if you are comfortable."

Isola hated this man, and would not answer him.

"The truth is, that you are nearing your majority. It is quite true your father thought of settling you in life, and he has found a suitable husband for you. He's a good father."

"I shall never marry a man chosen by my father," exclaimed Isola.

"Don't say never. You would have said a few days ago you would never come to your father's house, but here you are!"

"I have been compelled against my will," answered Isola, shuddering inwardly at the implication.

"Why beat about the bush?" said Mr. Hans Rosen; "your father has chosen me for that honored position."

"Chosen you—what for?" Isola grasped the back of a chair.

"For your husband, my dear. Don't look like that. It's nothing very dreadful; indeed, I know several ladies who will wish to scratch your eyes out."

"I will never marry you, never."

"We will see about that. Mrs. Collins, what news?" for the housekeeper opened the door at this moment. She was anxious to know how the interview was going on, for she was in the secret, so she had seized upon the first excuse to come and see.

"A girl has called here with some beautiful needlework, sir. Would Miss Warren like to see it?"

"No, no; we want no strangers here," said Mr. Hans Rosen impatiently, for he had to go in a minute.

"It's only a poor girl, sir. It's pretty work. If the young lady is a bit dull perhaps you might like to buy some for her. Young ladies like little attentions."

The truth was that Mrs. Collins had admired the beautiful embroidery and desired some for herself.

"Let's see it then," answered Mr. Rosen, wishing to humor the gaoler of his future bride.

The next moment Isola was astonished to see Natasia entering the room, holding a parcel of work in her hands. Isola knew her at once as the pretty Russian work-girl, and was on the point of claiming acquaintance when a quick glance from the girl herself stopped her. It was a look concealed from the others, which spoke volumes of warning. Hope, never far from the path of the young, sprang into life. Perhaps her mother had sent Natasia. She could have laughed for joy, but she had presence of mind enough not to move a muscle.

"Will the lady of the house look at my work? I do it myself, and I can take orders," said Natasia's soft voice. She came close to Isola and unfolded the embroidery. Julius had perhaps sent her; he had mentioned this Russian work. She was saved, but she must be careful. The eyes of those two wicked people were upon her, so very reluctantly she took up a piece and pretended to examine it. Then she shook her head.

"But if the lady would take it to the window she would see how beautiful the colors are," continued Natasia. "Look, madam, at this piece." She handed a roll to the housekeeper, and followed Isola to the window.

Now was Natasia's opportunity.

"Look, madam, this is expensive, but there is much labor in it." Underneath the work their fingers met, and Isola felt a tiny slip of paper pushed into her hand. She grasped it, and then shook her head.

"I do not require any work," she said, moving away as if disgusted, but how her heart beat.

"Come," said Mr. Rosen in a cheerful voice, "let me offer this pretty piece to my lady love. How much did you say it cost, girl?"

Natasia named a high price, and Mr. Rosen threw down the money as if expense were no object to him, saying, "I must be off now, but I will look in to-morrow. Mrs. Collins, take the rest for yourself."

Mrs. Collins smiled her thanks, and then bade Natasia follow her, and in another moment Isola was again alone. She waited a few minutes, and then unfolded her precious scrap of paper.

"I will tell Mr. J.N. where you are, and let your mother know you are safe. She must not come to you. Don't despair; don't trust anyone near you; but you may trust me, Natasia, the poor work-girl you were so kind to."

Isola almost laughed for joy, but checked herself. How had that sweet-faced girl found her. Then came a revulsion of feeling. Julius was away in Paris. Would Natasia know his address? Would that horrible man come again and insult her? And once more she paced the room, alternately hoping and despairing, but hope was strongest to-day.

She would try and be patient, and not set Mrs. Collins against her, and then feeling she must do something she took up a novel she found in the room and sat down to read, but every now and then she murmured:

"Julius! Julius! come back! What will mother say? Oh, mother, mother, how could I have been so foolish?"

(To be continued.)

Hard to Find.

Mrs. Smith was known to her boarders as being rather "near" in the portions of food that she doled out to the boarders at her table.

At one dinner, wishing to be polite to a new boarder, she asked:

"Mr. Finley, how did you find the steak this evening?"

"By turning my potato over," replied the boarder.

AMUSING INCIDENTS.

A Ready Reply.

At the breaking-out of the Crimean War, Elisa Rachel, the celebrated French tragedienne, was in St. Petersburg. Just before leaving the Russian capital some of the officials of the city gave a banquet in her honor.

At the end of the feast one of the Russian officers, a nobleman of high rank, said to Rachel, in a bantering sort of way:

"We will not bid you 'Good-bye,' but merely 'Au revoir,' for we will soon be in Paris to drink your health in sparkling champagne."

"Monsieur," replied Rachel, "France is not rich enough to treat all her prisoners of war to champagne."

Very Crushing.

"We were going along at an awful speed!" said a motorist, who was relating a strange experience with a dog and its mistress. "I didn't see the dog, but I heard his 'Ki-yi,' so I ordered the chauffeur to stop. Going back, we found an irate lady standing over her dead dog—one of the ugliest dogs you ever saw! She met us with a tirade of abuse, telling us in no uncertain manner what she thought of us and motorists in general, and finishing up by calling us the murderers of her dog. It was then that I thought I would pacify her.

"'Madam,' I said, 'I will replace your dog.'

"'Sir,' she said, in a freezing tone, 'you flatter yourself!'"

One Helped the Other.

A lady was continually accusing her servant of extravagance without any real cause. The servant always bore this accusation patiently.

One day the servant informed her mistress that the coal had all been consumed. This was followed by the usual remarks on the part of the mistress, who finished up by saying:

"You evidently eat them."

The next day the candles were all gone.

"Candles gone!" said the mistress. "Why, I bought half a pound only a fortnight ago."

"Oh, well," rejoined the servant, who could stand this sort of thing no longer, "I can tell you where the candles have gone. I ate them, to grease my throat so that I could swallow the coal more conveniently!"

An Excusable Mistake.

The irascible old gentleman had ordered a chicken, but when he got it he wasn't satisfied—some people never are.

"Waiter," he yelled, "bring a charge of dynamite and a hatchet and an extra double steam-power coke-hammer. This chicken's got to be carved, even if it is made of Dreadnought steel."

The waiter was desolate. "Very sorry, sir," he said, "but that always was a peculiar bird. It even objected to be killed, though we always do everything with the greatest of kindness. But this bird, sir, actually flew away, and we had to shoot it, sir—yes, shoot it—it flew on to the top of a house and——"

"Say no more," said the old gentleman. "I see it all now. You shot at it and brought down the weather-cock by mistake. John, my friend, all is forgiven."

Wearing Away the Stone.

The Stone family were in dire distress. Times were harder even than the family name itself, and poor little Jimmy was getting tired of it. Principally he suffered from a surfeit of bread-and-dripping. A slice of this dainty comestible formed his breakfast, and very often, alas! his dinner and supper. One day he openly rebelled.

"I don't want dripping," he sobbed; "I want butter."

"Be thankful for what you can get," cried his mother. "Dripping will do you more good."

"It won't; it's killing me. I've been feeling bad lately, and now I've found out from a book that it is dripping that's doing me all the harm."

"Why, what rubbish has the boy got hold of?" said his mother.

"'Tain't rubbish; it's the truth. It said: 'Constant dripping wears away a stone,' and it's right."

Got to Fighting.

Bishop Woodbridge, of Kentucky, was discussing the Southern mountaineers, among whom he had lived and worked for many years. The question of family feuds was brought up, and the Bishop related the following anecdote:—

"A certain family had attended a reunion, which terminated in a free-for-all fight. The offenders were taken before the local justice of the peace, who questioned an old woman as to the particulars of the fight. Her description was typical of the mountaineer's attitude toward strife and bloodshed.

"'Well, judge,' she said, 'Jem Lewis got into an argument with Hank Budd. Budd smashed Jem over the head with a stick of cordwood, bursting his head open. Then Jem's brother slashed Hank up with a butcher's knife, and Lou Barry shot him through the leg. Larry Stover went at Lou with an axe, and then, judge, we just naturally got to fighting.'"

McDonald's Modesty.

At dinner in a small town in Scotland it was found that everyone had contributed to the evening's entertainment but a certain Dr. McDonald.

"Come, come, Dr. McDonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape."

The doctor protested that he could not sing.

"My voice is altogether unmusical, and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty. Good singers, he was reminded, always needed a lot of pressing.

"Very well," said the doctor; "if you can stand it I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a candid Scot at the end of the table.

"Man," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your veracity's just awful. You're richt aboot that brick."

Splendid Sport.

A wealthy American gentleman, who had leased a Scottish mansion for a few months, was visited by a local shoemaker in connection with a business transaction.

The latter, observing a set of golf sticks reposing in a brand-new bag, remarked:

"I see ye gowf, sur."

"Oh, I've played the game for years. Do you play?"

"No, sur. I have never seen a game played."

"Well, I'm just going down to the links; if you care you can walk round the course with me. I am sure you will enjoy it."

The shoemaker readily agreed, and when they reached the links the Yankee made a nice tee, upon which he set his ball. Then, taking a mighty swing, he missed.

"Graund game, gowf, sur," commented the spectator.

Two other misses followed, and the "player" said things that, under ordinary circumstances, would have been quite inexcusable.

At last the cobbler got in a word.

"Man," he said, "it's a magnificent game; but what's that wee ba' for?"

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

By Walt. Mason.

"I'm afraid I'll have to look for another job before long," said the low-browed man, gloomily. "Unless there is plenty of rain soon the milk business will be played out. The way Aunt Julia's cows are falling off in their milk is enough to make any man view with alarm. The grass is as dry as excelsior, and the creeks are going dry, and our well is so far gone that I have to sprinkle it to lay the dust. My aunt is trying to unload her cows on somebody else, but you can't give away cows in a dry year unless you throw in a can of baking powder with each cow.

"I tell you, professor, things are mighty unpleasant over at our house. Aunt Julia spends all her time wondering whither we are drifting and planning new economies. I am the guy for all her plans. This morning she showed me enough figures to fill an arithmetic, going to prove that I could save £5 13/6½ in a year if I would cut out tobacco. She sat up most of the night figuring it out and she thought that when she showed me her little sums in addition and multiplication I would throw my navy plug into the stove and swear by my grandfather's hat never to touch the hideous stuff again. When I looked over her handiwork I took a fresh chew and told her she should have been a teacher of mathematics. Then she reached for the broom and I adjourned sine die."

"You would be wise, however, if you followed your aunt's advice," commented the professor. "This isn't exactly a year of famine, but there will be such a crop shortage as to cause great distress, and it is the duty of every man to economise wherever possible. Tobacco isn't necessary to anyone."

"That's all very fine, professor, and I agree with you that economy is hot stuff in a general way, but the people who stand up for it the strongest always want somebody else to do the hard work. Now, there was my aunt, sitting up all night doing sums to prove that I can get along without tobacco and save enough money in a year to buy a suit of clothes, six good shirts, a new pair of suspenders, two pairs of serviceable shoes, a toothbrush, and a box of shoe blacking, and have fifteen pence left to send to the heathen. Why didn't she spend the time figuring how she could do a little saving herself?

"Yesterday she went down to the milliner's joint and bought a lot of hand-made green roses and things to decorate her hat with. Those jimjam flowers cost more than 10/-, and that would buy enough tobacco to keep a poor widow and her orphaned children in comfort for a long time. I hinted, when she was urging me to reform, that such flowers weren't a crying need, but she reached for the saucepan as usual. You can't argue with that woman.

"When I tell you how foolish she is, expecting you to extend to me a little human sympathy, you endorse her position and say that tobacco isn't one of the necessaries of life. Your opinion isn't worth anything, for you never used tobacco and can't understand its refining and ennobling influence. And while you were saying that it is the duty of every man to economise you were fussing with a new electric fan you have been blowing yourself for. You might hire a hall and lecture in it every night for seven years without convincing anybody that an electric fan is one of the necessaries of life.

"But that's the way with all economy enthusiasts. They like to bask in gilded ease, making long rows of figures with gold-mounted fountain pens, showing that the poor man could save £3 3/6 while passing a given point by shedding his garments and wearing an apron of fig leaves. The down-trodden toiler could save 4/2 in thirty years by doing without horse-radish on his sandwiches. The stricken individual who ekes out a pitiful existence by delivering milk to professors with mauve side whiskers could put 5/6 in the savings bank if he would clean his teeth with gasoline instead of using an expensive dentifrice.

"I get so sick of being told how to conduct myself, how to save tenpence in ten months, how to make a hit with the secretary of the building and loan association! If the people who are always telling me what to do would only take some of their own medicine I could listen to them without feeling a desire to take the law into my own hands."

ARE THE STARS NECESSARY TO OUR EXISTENCE?

In the earlier periods of man's history, astrologers taught that the heavenly bodies had a distinct influence on the earth and its inhabitants, both individually and collectively. To-day, chiefly owing to the spread of education and the advance of astronomical science, astrology is generally regarded as a pseudo-science. Notwithstanding, it is an interesting fact that the erroneous beliefs and teachings of the ancients had a substratum of truth. The question arises: "How far are the stars from the earth? In our perplexity we turn to the astronomers, but they give guarded answers; the distances cannot be calculated, only estimated. The nearest fixed star is known as Alpha Centauri, and its distance from our earth cannot be less than twenty-four billions of miles. The sun, the great source of light and heat, is situated at a mean distance of 92,000,000 miles from us. It is, in reality, a star, though belonging to quite a minor order.

Spectroscopic analysis applied to many of the so-called fixed stars proves that their spectra are similar to the spectra of the sun, thus proving the latter to be a star.

Are the stars necessary to our existence. Astronomers tell us that the cold of interstellar space is 200 deg. below zero, and we know that were a human body exposed to so low a temperature for one second, life would be instantly destroyed.

The amount of heat poured into space by the countless millions of stars is simply incalculable; but it is estimated that were it not for this heat the temperature would be 400 deg. below zero; after sunset a cold wave would strike the earth, which would quickly destroy animal and vegetable life.

PAWNBROKERS' WEDDING-RINGS.

"These," said a pawnbroker, opening a drawer, "are pawnbrokers' brass rings. There's a couple of hundred of them here, but they'll only last me about a month.

"I hand out one, gratis, to every poor woman who has to pawn her wedding-ring. They resemble wedding-rings, you see, and with their help a wife can pledge her gold circlet without the knowledge of her friends.

"I've studied the pawnbroker's business in England, Germany and France, and in those countries, too, it is the customary thing for the progressive dealer to keep a supply of brass rings on hand for free distribution among needy wives."

Suburban Housewife: Look here, now, young man, you promised that if I would give you your dinner you would mow the lawn for me.

The Tramp: I'd like to, ma'am, but I gotter teach yer a lesson. Never trust th' word of a total stranger.

Why are grasshoppers like watches? —Because they move by springs.

A PLACE OF MAGIC.

Only Radium Hospital in the World

A hospital containing not a dose of medicine nor a surgeon's knife — a veritable hospital of magic—has been opened in London without ceremony of any kind.

The new Radium Institute in Riding House-street west owes its existence to the suggestion of the late King Edward. Apart from the necessary apparatus, the sole "stock in trade" of this new, handsome building, opposite the Queen's Hall, consists of a few blackish specks of a mysterious substance which could easily be placed on a watch-glass.

Over thirty people suffering from various skin diseases visited the institute during the day, and were interviewed, and in some cases treated with radium rays, by A. E. Hayward Pinch, F.R.C.S., the medical superintendent.

On each side of a long corridor are waiting rooms, where patients are inspected previous to the application of radium.

Poor patients, who pay nothing—they cannot be treated without a certificate from their medical adviser—and paying patients have separate apartments, but rich and poor receive exactly the same attention.

Unable to Gain Admittance.

When the first patient was admitted for treatment a crowd of sufferers, doomed to temporary disappointment, was already thronging the entrance.

The need for adherence to the rule that patients can only be received by appointment is due to the fundamental difference between the Radium Institute and the ordinary general hospital, where a host of junior physicians and assistants can be pressed into service to attend to any extra rush of patients. At the new institute the medical superintendent in person must examine each patient. Then he must decide on the dose, quantity and the quality of rays required. Then he must choose, and perhaps prepare, the apparatus, and finally apply it himself.

Of the nine or ten patients who received treatment on the opening day, one alone monopolised more than an hour of the medical superintendent's time. First the diagnosis of the disease, an advanced rodent ulcer involving the lower half of the orbit of one eye, had to be confirmed. Then a careful history of all the previous treatments (including the X-rays) the patient had undergone had to be reviewed before the correct radium dose to be given could be determined.

Choosing an Applicator.

This done, the medical superintendent's next step was to sort out from stock a suitably shaped metal applicator holding just the required amount of the wonderful radium. The applicator chosen was a flat metal disc, about the size of a postage stamp, on which under several coatings of varnish had been sprinkled a thin layer of radium. Then for half an hour he was occupied in shaping and cutting out a lead screen which would allow half of the diseased surface to be exposed to the rays while the other half and the eye itself were protected.

Then, when the shield was in place, the radium applicator had to be strapped carefully in place before the patient could be handed over to the nurse to sit quietly for an hour while the radium was at work.

The only thing this wonderfully endowed institute — endowed by Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel—cannot buy is a large staff of highly experienced radium specialists. At present the world's total of men who really have a scientific knowledge of the limits of radium as a therapeutic agent can almost be counted on one hand. Necessarily the work must be slow at present if the healing qualities of the new element are to be given a fair chance.

Consulting and Treatment Rooms.

When a patient passes through the doors of the institute he finds himself in a carpeted hall, leading to the little consulting rooms, where the medical superintendent forms his estimate of the case.

There is a room that can be made dark. This is for the examination of the throat. Electric lights that grow brilliant and dim at will, and strange-shaped taps that can be turned to let water flow with a touch of the elbow to prevent possible contamination with the hands, are among the novelties in these rooms.

Upstairs there are twelve softly carpeted rooms, upholstered in dark green leather. They look like bachelors' smoking rooms, with a couch and two arm-chairs. These are the rooms of healing.

This is where the patients undergo the application of the radium rays—the only "medicine" in the institute.

Nothing more wonderful can be imagined than this little square or circular trays of metal containing specks of radium in shellac varnish, which hold such vast unknown possibilities in their rays.

Radium Discs Worth Big Sums.

A reporter was shown three of the discs used in the treatment of cases. One, containing forty milligrammes, was worth £800. The other two were valued at £1500 each.

The trays, with their radium held in place by shellac varnish, are covered with metal caps when they are applied to the patient. These caps, or screens, which lessen or intensify the power of the rays according to the nature of the disease, are made of aluminium, silver, or lead. The thinnest screen is one hundredth of a millimeter in aluminium, and the thickest is an eighth of an inch in lead.

The screens and trays are made in a workshop on the premises, for each patient requires a special screen.

A strange place this institute—upstairs a laboratory where millions of disease germs live in slender glass tubes; downstairs in the basement a strong-room holding the largest stock of radium in the world—little black specks that are worth thousands of pounds.

Weighing Room in Basement.

The value of a speck of radium can be gauged from the care that is taken to weigh it. The scale room is a broad, high, white-tiled room, absolutely vibration proof.

In the centre is a stone table, resting on solid brick supports which go through the floor to the foundations of the building.

On this stone table under a glass case the scales stand, and here the scientists weigh their costly fractions, peering through a microscope to check the weight. The scales will register the thousandth part of a milligramme.

Just Like Father.

The son of a butcher had great difficulty in fractions, although his schoolmaster did his very best.

"Now, let us suppose," said the teacher, "that a customer came to your father to buy five pounds of meat, and that your father had only four in the shop to sell, what would he do?"

"Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it," was the youngster's candid reply.

"Maud says she's wildly in love with her new motor-car."

"Ah! Another case of man being displaced by machinery."

A sentimental young man wrote a letter to his fair enslaver in which he said:—"How I wish, my dear Adeline, my engagements would permit me to leave town and go to see you! It would be like visiting some old ruin hallowed by time, and fraught with a thousand pleasing recollections."

ON SUNDIALS.

Charles Lamb once suggested that sundials date back to the time of Adam, who probably first learned to tell the passing hours in the Garden of Eden by means of the movement of the shadows. In any case, sundials are of great antiquity, and are said to have been in use among the Hebrews as early as 740 B.C. They were known to the Egyptians and Chaldeans, and the Greeks became acquainted with them from their Eastern neighbours, and through the Greeks they were introduced to the Romans. In its simplest and original form the sundial consists of a staff fixed perpendicularly in a sunny place, the shadow of which is measured by feet upon the spot where it falls. This shadow, as the sun mounts higher and higher, becomes less and less, being shortest at noon; or, to put it another way, as the sun travels across the sky, it will be found that the shadow changes its position. And there are other matters to remember. We must point one end of our upright towards the pole-star, so that the former may be parallel with the axis of the earth. As the sun appears to travel round the earth in twenty-four hours, and every circle contains 360 degrees, it follows that every hour the sun appears to move through a space of 15 degrees.

In olden days every town hall of importance possessed a sundial; and churches naturally lent themselves to this useful and ornamental addition. A favorite position was on the door; sometimes the names of various cities were recorded showing their difference of time.

In the olden days, "natural" sundials were not uncommon; these were simply objects which cast shadows sufficiently accurate to calculate the hour of the day. "In Ireland," says Alice Morse Earle, "as late as 1813 very few persons owned clocks and watches, and each settlement had some natural dial by which the nine watches of the day were shown by the sun's passage over certain mountain peaks, or over set pyramids of stones if the natural formations did not afford a suitable object as a marking-place."

The sundial was formerly regarded not only as a time-measurer, but as an emblem. It suggested to every observer a moral lesson, and usually bore a device, which was intended to indicate teaching both pleasant and profitable. It was "literature to the bookless, a monitor to the heedless, an encouragement to the virtuous, a reproof to the wicked." Very suggestive are some of the mottoes on dials. The present writer has adopted the motto chosen by Harriet Martineau: "Come! Light! Visit me!" One of the commonest, perhaps, is the usually rendered:

I am a shadow, so art thou.
I mark time—dost thou?

The following may frequently be found:

It is my will and my delight
To tell the hours of day and night.

Still more terse is this:

Light rules me.
The Shadow, thee.

A well-known and favorite motto is that chosen by Queen Alexandra for the sundial at Sandringham:

Let others tell of storms and showers,
I'll only count the sunny hours.

A dial of the seventeenth century has this quaint motto:

Life's but a shadow,
Man's but dust;
This diall says
Dy all we must.

The mournful tone used on sundials was dominant in the olden days. Dr. Watts was responsible for the following:

So rolls the Sun, so wears the Day;
And measures out Life's painful way;
Through shifting scenes of shade and light
To endless Day or endless Night.

A PROTOTYPE.

The "Bachelor Girl" is usually supposed to be the most modern product of modern times. She is considered the outcome of an industrial phase, which was unknown and undreamed of by our grandmothers, and yet a writer in the "Dial" traces her origin back to "Rosalind." "I should like to make a little study of the type of female character which Shakespeare has made peculiarly his own," he says: "the brilliant, intellectual, fearless girl, who is really 'a pure anticipated cognition' of our most recent feminine ideals. Where did he get his conception? Of course history is strewn over with women of force and intellect, from Hypathia to Joan of Arc, and many others emerged from mythology and poetry, the Greek and Scandinavian goddesses and heroines, the Clorinda of Tasso, the Britomart of Spenser. These are satisfactory enough in action, but it is reserved for Shakespeare to make them speak. Retaining the nobility of character belonging to the scattered historic or mythical women, he gave them the glittering rapier of the tongue, by which they could more than hold their own against their opposites or enemies, the men.

"There are many studies of this wise-virgin type in Shakespeare—Beatrice, Portia, Isabella, but his best all-round girl, is Rosalind. Fearless, witty, truehearted, and brilliant, she is his most dazzling, if not deepest creation. For centuries she has been the favorite of the English-speaking stage. As Hamlet is said to be actor-proof, so Rosalind plays herself. Many actresses have interpreted her supremely well, but given only the most modern equipment, it would be difficult for any young woman to fall entirely in presenting the part.

"For one thing, Rosalind dominates her play as completely as Hamlet does his. She is the central fire which lights up all the other pensive and rather shadowy characters. Even in her eclipse at court, the reigning Duke's daughter is only a foil to her, and she goes into exile like a torch carried through the woods. Probably the very best kind of a young woman has a touch of the boy in her. Something more of Rosalind than her attire is virile. She seeks adventures like a Paladin, and though she faints when her affections receive a shock, we feel that she would meet real danger with heroism. But of course her supreme gift is that of brilliant speech. It runs through all the gamut of which wit is capable—gaiety, mockery, irony, badinage, humor, sarcasm. Yet it is never less than womanly, lady-like. She is the brilliant forerunner of the bachelor girl of to-day — the bright exemplar whom most women would like to resemble."

Putting It Prettily.

There is a good deal in putting a thing nicely. A prisoner was being sentenced at the assizes the other day. "You have a pleasant home and a bright fireside, with happy children sitting around it, haven't you?" said the judge.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner, who thought he saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Well," said the judge, "if the happy children sit around the cheerful fireside until you return, they will stay there just forty-two days."

"Sir," said the haughty American to his adhesive tailor, "I object to this boorish dunning. I would have you know that my great-great-grandfather was one of the early settlers."

"And yet," sighed the anxious tradesman, "there are people who believe in heredity."

For a Mill-Girl's Sake.

WHY THE GREAT STRIKE AT ANCROOK DID NOT COME OFF.

"Is David Brewster in?"

"Yes, sir. Come in, please. A gentleman to see you, father."

Resigning his pipe and paper at the kitchen fireside, David Brewster entered the parlor, to find himself in his employer's presence.

John Trafford, master of the great Ancrook Mills, was wealthy and proud. The mills were so firm-founded that he took small part in their administration. Subordinates relieved him, and left him free to pursue his scientific hobbies in the seclusion of Ancrook Hall. To his workers he was little more than a name. Some of them had never seen him. That such a haughty patrician should visit a humble home like Lytton Cottage was incredible and embarrassing.

"Good evening, sir," began David Brewster. "I'm afraid I'm not tidied up for—"

"Shut that door, Brewster, and save your breath. I'll do the talking. I suppose you can guess the purpose of my visit?"

"I cannot."

"You have a daughter Nan?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say you know nothing of her conduct?"

"Nothing dishonorable—and neither do you."

"I am ashamed to confess that my own son admits he has been courting her and has become engaged to her. It is the first time lunacy has appeared in our family, and I am here to have the fact hushed up. I have spoken pointedly to my son, and have crushed out the matter on my side. See that you do the same on yours. I don't suppose your daughter seriously expected to be mistress of my home. She has been laying herself out to catch the young master's eye, and she has succeeded. But tell her she must stop her flirting. Tell her to try it on the mill louts. To soothe her, there are twenty pounds. Buy her a dress and yourself some drink. But, for Heaven's sake, hold your tongues."

David Brewster depended on the man before him for his daily bread; but David Brewster was made of good material, and his daughter, though only a mill-girl, was the acknowledged beauty of Ancrook, and dear to him as his own soul. So he squared his shoulders and spoke.

"Keep that trash," he said, thrusting back the proffered money. "You have come to the wrong man and in the wrong spirit. You are my employer, and you expect me to speak respectfully. I shall; but not because I fear you or the consequences. I give you work for wages; that accounts stands even. And when you come here to instruct me how to manage my own affairs, you take too much upon yourself. My service is yours, my daughter is my own; and her father is prepared to defend her conduct in every detail, though all he knows about it is what you have just told him."

"Look here, Brewster. Consider the circumstances, and act with sense. Cecil Trafford is heir to Ancrook Mills and Ancrook Hall. He is a gentleman. Befitting brides, the cream of the county, are throwing themselves at him. But all young men have their mad moments; this is his. Obviously he has been having a lark with this mill-lass——"

"I'll thank you to speak respectfully of my daughter. She is not here just now to answer for herself. If what you say is true she is probably with your son. I am not anxious that he should be Nan's husband. She can get many another as worthy, if less wealthy. But if Nan does not forbid him, neither shall I. I know nothing of him yet, but he is a better man than his father, or Nan would have nothing to do with him."

"Think well before you defy me, Brewster. We are going to have a hard winter. You are too old to find employment readily, and you lose your job unless you promise that your daughter will stop this wicked fooling with my son."

"I promise nothing."

"Then you and your precious daughter are dismissed. You will get what is due to you at the office to-morrow; and never let either of you enter Ancrook Mills again."

He strode angrily from the room, leaving David Brewster smiling scornfully at the contemptible tactics.

At that same moment Cecil Trafford and Nan Brewster were standing alone in Ancrook Wood. Nan was sorrowfully shaking her pretty head.

"No, Cecil," she said, "I won't marry you. I love you—you will never guess how dearly I love you; but I will not wreck the happiness of your home. Though your father's prohibition weighs heaviest on me, I recognise its wisdom. It is not fitting that the young master of Ancrook should marry a mill-girl. Some time you might regret having married me, honest though your love is to-day. Go your way, dear, and let me go mine."

"Does it all matter so little to you?"

The tears rose to her eyes.

"Can't you understand? My heart is breaking. I know the torture I have endured; I dread the torture I shall yet endure—all for my love of you. You only make it harder for me. You might try to make it easier. Since we must part, let us not add pain to parting."

"I have no thought of parting. I intend to marry the woman of my choice. I frankly admit that my father was furious this afternoon when I told him of my intention. He instantly gave me the alternative of surrendering you or all that I depended on him for. I depend on him for everything, but my decision was soon made. I had no wish to provoke him further, so I withdrew quietly. I expect he thinks it was his win. He is wrong. I quitted Ancrook Hall disowned—until I disown you. I am now the poorest man in the community. I am going to seek humble lodgings to-night and honest work to-morrow. I don't want to talk heroics, but I feel happier now than ever I did. I am challenging Fortune; I am prepared to prove my worth, and to accept the price the world puts on it, and I am showing at least a small part of what I am willing to sacrifice in order to win the love of a mill-lass."

Nan would still have protested, but her lips were stopped by a passionate kiss.

. . . . .

John Trafford never admitted mistakes, but he saw that he had made one this time. Cecil Trafford had defied his father, quitted his home, and was working as a common docker over at Ilerton Docks. All for a mill-girl's sake! It was the talk of the county, and proud John Trafford writhed.

The only other member of his family was his daughter. Muriel Trafford was a clever, unselfish girl, quite unspoiled by the favors of fortune. She was engaged to Sir George Elgar, of Henton Towers. Sir George had easily won her promise to marry him. He found it more difficult to get her to say when.

"I can't forsake father. I can't leave Ancrook Hall without a mistress to look after him and Cecil. But on the day that Cecil brings a bride home to the Hall you can take me home to the Towers."

This had been her smiling badinage to her insistent lover. But now undreamt-of calamity had come.

"Cecil has gone," she said. "In anger, too. Disowned. Disgraced—no, not disgraced. But it is more difficult now than ever for me to go to the Towers."

"I see," sighed Sir George. "We must wait till everyone else is happy before we marry."

"No; but a heart free to love whom it listeth is the privilege of the humblest. The loss of that freedom is too often the penalty of the highest. All my sympathy is with Cecil. It is unfortunate that he has not chosen a bride of high degree. But high or low, hearts must always be trumps. If Cecil plays the game to the last card, he is bound to win."

These were Muriel Trafford's sentiments, but she kept them locked in her breast.

One day she boldly invaded her father's private room.

"Father, are you still opposed to Cecil's marriage with Nan Brewster?"

"Certainly."

"Why?"

"Because I think it my duty."

"But you are interfering with his happiness and hers."

"Her happiness does not concern me."

"Cecil's does. Suppose you thwart him, you will leave him with an abiding regret."

"Are you also opposed to me?"

"No. But I met Miss Brewster today and I was charmed with her. If you met her——"

"Which I have no intention of doing."

"Isn't that unreasonable? If Nan Brewster is pretty, which I can testify; if she is good, which is undeniable; if Cecil loves her, which he declares—what can you urge against her? Is it her poverty?"

"Partly."

"But poverty is no disgrace. And what will come over all the nice girls if poverty is to bar them? Romance and poetry will die out of the world. Then, are young men to be limited in their choice of a wife by money considerations? What man worthy of the name would be?"

"Your enthusiasm on behalf of poverty-stricken beauty is creditable but useless. Cecil doesn't marry this girl with my consent."

John Trafford uttered the last sentence with significant emphasis. Muriel recognised the signs of imminent storm, and promptly changed her tack.

"I was thinking of asking my friend Miss Leyton to visit us. You have never met her, but I am sure you would like her. She is not affluent, and she has few relatives. I find the house dull nowadays, and she would make a delightful companion. You will not mind?"

"Certainly not."

In the circumstances John Trafford assented with gladness. Then he proceeded to forget all about Miss Leyton.

But some days later, when she was presented to him on her arrival, John Trafford's gladness was renewed. Miss Leyton was fair to look on. Graceful in form, gentle in manner, one of those rare women who radiate the atmosphere of home and all its holy influences.

John Trafford exerted himself at dinner to win his visitor's confidence. And he succeeded. His own proud, self-centred nature melted in the presence of the shy, soft-voiced girl, whose conversational skill matched his own, and who gradually, yet gratefully, confided herself to the friendship he so freely offered.

. . . . .

There were seven hundred girls in Ancrook's mill. And in these days, if two or three were gathered together, it was safe to wager they were discussing Nan Brewster's wooing.

Cecil Trafford was at work all day. He reached his humble lodgings at night tired, grime-stained, but resolute. It was all for Nan's sake. Ancrook men said Nan was worth it, which was quite true. But Cecil Trafford was suddenly robbed of his reward.

Strange things had happened. There were to happen things stranger still. Everyone knew that Nan Brewster had refused to marry the young master while his father objected. So long as he was near Nan, Cecil Trafford was content to wait. But one day Nan Brewster suddenly vanished from Ancrook, no one knowing whither.

For the first time the mill-girls wavered in loyalty to their companion.

"The motive may be excellent, the act is inexcusable," said Kate Thornton, heatedly, at the dinner-hour. "Nan should not have given up him who has given up so much for her. She thinks it would be wrong to marry him. She doesn't think it wrong to desert him. Cecil Trafford might throw her up after this, and I shouldn't blame him."

"I hope he won't. We would be done out of a pretty wedding."

The bell rang. The critics went in to work. Feeble and few were the voices among them in favor of the culprit. Nothing justifies the wounding of love. And Nan Brewster had done it.

The days passed, the weeks passed, but not the excitement. Nan Brewster was neither seen nor heard of. David Brewster had received a note saying she was safe and well. Cecil Trafford had not received even that.

The mill-girls asked themselves when it would end. When John Trafford relented and consented? If those were Nan's conditions, she might never see Ancrook again. John Trafford was adamant, though things were hourly said of him in his own mill that might have melted him—with heat, not with affection.

There were always tender hearts and clever heads among the Ancrook girls. Now there was a grave sense of responsibility. Love was a woman's question. Nan Brewster's love was a local question. Could not the mill-girls of Ancrook do anything?

It was Kate Thornton who put it that way.

"John Trafford may say it is not our business," she continued. "But John Trafford spurns Nan Brewster simply because she is a mill-girl. That is an insult to all her class. Let us go and tell him so. Let us tell him that he should withdraw his objection to his son marrying Nan Brewster. And let us tell him that every mill-girl in Ancrook will go out on strike if he doesn't."

Kate was always more warm-hearted than wise, and she had backers in plenty. But old Maisie Keir counselled caution. She had been wife and widow, and she knew where woman's strength lay.

"Try John Trafford with fair words first. Petition him humbly and he may hear. Some men are easily drawn, but never driven. John Trafford is one of them."

Maisie's wisdom was not wasted. The mill-girls of Ancrook resolved to petition John Trafford.

In the Town Hall that night they stood, dozens deep, waiting their turn to sign. They did not even know what they signed. For the drafting of the petition was difficult and, therefore, deferred. But the lights gleamed in Maisie Keir's cottage till a late hour that night, while the sub-committee concocted the document which was freighted with the fate of two and with the hopes of seven hundred.

Meantime a quiet revolution had been in progress at Ancrook Hall. The gloom on John Trafford's home was deep. But Miss Leyton had brightened it. With his hopes wrecked and his son a rebel, John Trafford had sought forgetfulness in his laboratory. Now courtesy to his guest called him forth. But not nearly so often as he gladly came.

Miss Leyton was woefully ignorant of scientific pursuits, but she loved books. In the library John Trafford was always sure of finding her. So keen grew his sense of courtesy that, when Muriel went off each day on some errand of mercy, he looked into the library to chat with Miss Leyton for a few minutes. Gradually the minutes became hours. But John Trafford did not seem to notice it; Miss Leyton did not seem to resent it.

In these quiet talks they drew strangely near to each other. Her presence alone soothed him. He was weary of many things he had counted precious. He had been worshipping false gods. He had been trying to make his son an idolator also. And he had failed. It was his fair companion who skilfully drew the bandage from his eyes and showed him his folly.

His heart had once throbbed with joy. The wife who had created it and shared it was long since dead. Now his heart was cold. In his pride he had driven forth his son. Yet probably his son was wiser than he. Certainly he was happier.

Miss Leyton stirred these thoughts in his mind. Through the night watches he pondered them; and they gave root to a great joyful hope.

At first he was ashamed of it; but every day the vision became more fair. The sweet, blue eyes, the grave, winning smile of his library companion. How much they were beginning to mean to him. Dare he disclose his dream? Would she count him mad?

For the first time in his life John Trafford was a coward. He dallied with the thought till, suddenly, the hour of decision was thrust upon him.

The postman delivered a bulky packet. In his private room John Trafford read, with dilating pupils, the humble petition of the girls of Ancrook Mill. For hours thereafter he sat absorbed in thought; but when the dusk had descended and Muriel had gone out he sought the familiar corner of the library and Miss Leyton.

"Would you mind reading this?" he said.

He laid the mill-girls' petition before her. She swiftly perused the lines above the signatures, and seemed deeply moved. Her cheeks crimsoned, a mist gathered in her eyes, but, as she sat in the shadow, John Trafford saw nothing.

"I suppose it is quite intelligible to you?" he said.

"Yes."

"I am estranged from my son. I am too proud to yield. Now, here, my own mill-girls tell me that I should. They plead that the happiness of one of their number is involved. They beg me to withdraw my opposition and so restore Nan Brewster to her friends. A month ago I would have tossed the petition into the fire as a piece of impertinence. But I have grown less certain of my infallibility, and I wish your opinion."

"My opinion can be of no value."

"To me it is. I shall act upon it in this matter. And there is another matter on which I am even more anxious to have your opinion. Can you not guess it? We know little of each other, yet I think I understand you perfectly. I know I love you intensely. I had unconsciously been thrusting out of my life the things that once made me happy. When you came you restored them. My son has gone. My daughter is waiting an opportunity to go. Soon my home will be empty—so will my heart. I have refused to welcome a mill-lass as mistress of Ancrook Hall. I would gladly welcome you. May I?"

"It is impossible. I am sorry if I seem ungrateful, but it is quite impossible."

"That is what I expected—and deserved," he said quietly. "Still, since it has revealed to you the place you have in my heart, it may make you feel more secure in my friendship. And now that you have given me your opinion on that question, will you give me your opinion on this?"

"No, no," she said anxiously; "I cannot decide between father and son. Let me go."

"Very well. But I think I know how you would answer it. And, for your sake, I shall answer so. Perhaps in the act of bestowing happiness I myself shall find it."

That afternoon the word went round that John Trafford would meet his mill-girls in the town hall that night. All Ancrook crowded in to witness the historic occasion.

It was a strangely dramatic scene. John Trafford was a proud man, but he spared not himself. As his supreme act of penance, the mill-master of Ancrook made public confession of his error, of his remorse, of his willingness to restore his son and to receive his son's sweetheart.

"And now," he concluded, "I hope you girls are rewarded by the knowledge that you have not pleaded in vain. I have done all you asked, and all I can think of to make my penance complete. I do not know where Nan Brewster is. It is for you to find her and tell her that——"

Though he had not meant it that was the conclusion of the mill-master's speech. An exclamation of surprise burst from the excited mill-workers. All eyes were turned away from John Trafford; he looked round to see why. The door leading on to the platform had opened. Miss Leyton had entered.

There was a moment's dead silence. Then there rose a cheer so long and lusty that the stability of the old town hall was imperilled. John Trafford was mystified. Why Miss Leyton's presence should cause such elation was incomprehensible. She drew close to him.

"You do not understand?" she said.

Her smiles and blushes were as light to his mind.

"Yes I do," he answered, comprehending swiftly. "You are Nan Brewster!"

She nodded.

Amid the enthusiasm John Trafford was unable to make himself heard. So he gave a sign to the multitude. He drew Nan Brewster, mill-girl, into his embrace and gently kissed her. It was a fatherly kiss, but John Trafford seemed to relish it.

They passed out through ringing cheers. The carriage-horses were unyoked, and John Trafford and his prospective daughter-in-law performed a triumphal march to Ancrook Hall.

There, waiting to welcome them, were Nan's lover and father, Muriel Trafford, and Sir George Elgar.

"This is more of Muriel's work," said the astonished Nan to her companion. "You know it was she who first thought out all this deception and secretly asked me to help her. I did it in fear and trembling. But, since my full name is Nan Leyton Brewster, it wasn't very wicked after all, was it?"

"No. But even if it had been it would have been forgiven freely forgiven," said the mill-master, as he assisted her to alight and led her across the threshold of her future home.

NEVER TOO OLD TO WED.

Giddy Bridegrooms of 94 and Blushing Brides of 80.

The bells of the little village of Keevil, in Wiltshire, rang out the other day for two old-age pensioners who were lovers fifty years ago, and were married after being married twice before. The old man had gone to the village post-office for his old-age pension, but could not sign his order, and an old lady who was also in the office came to his assistance. His name was familiar to her, and when the next pension day had come round the two old people compared notes, and discovered that they had been lovers fifty years ago. Each had married twice since then, and now they are married again for the third time—to each other.

A remarkable scene took place at the Wesleyan Central Hall, Rochester, some little time ago, when William Hennan, who has the distinction of being the oldest post-boy in England, led Fanny Wadhams to the altar. Mr. Hennan looked quite sprightly, in spite of his ninety-four years. Indeed, he may be said to have looked no older than his bride, though she had the advantage of fourteen years over him, being just turned eighty.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of youth and age joining in matrimony occurred quite lately at Brighton. This bracing town has the honor of sheltering many very old people, and among others is Mr. Jas. Doughty, the oldest clown in England. He is still fond of surprising his friends, for, though he is ninety-three years of age, and lost his first wife a short time since, he has married his housekeeper, a young lady of no more than twenty-four years.

The papers lately recorded the marriage of a certain vicar, whom they described as nearer ninety than eighty years of age. He had vacated his incumbency two years ago owing to his advancing age, but he did not find himself too old for wedlock. The marriage register gave the age of the bride as thirty-five and that of the bridegroom as "full."

When December mates with May, one naturally expects the month of snow to be represented by the bridegroom and the month of blossoms by the bride. But that the roles are occasionally reversed was proved a short time ago, when a marriage, in which a lady of sixty-eight summers had made a husband of a young man of twenty-two, was dissolved in the Divorce Court. But the records of Cupid contain even more remarkable unions than this. As long ago as 1769 we read of "a woman of Rotherhithe, aged seventy, marrying a man of twenty-three," and of a widow of sixty-four leading to the altar a youth of eighteen, whose fickle heart she had wrested from her own daughter.

Ingenious.

A good story is told with reference to the publication of a certain Biblical dictionary. The editor is said to have given the article on the Deluge to what he considered a safe hand; but when the article was sent in it was found to contain certain views which would certainly have shocked orthodox readers. It had in it too much science and too little of theology. What could be done? The volume had to be published forthwith. In this dilemma he put in his dictionary: "Deluge—see Flood." This, at any rate, postponed the difficulty, and the article on the Flood was given to a writer who, it was thought, could be trusted better. But when this second article came in it was found to be worse than the first, and another postponement was necessary. The new volume contained another reference: "Flood—see Noah!" the bewildered editor trusting that by the time Noah was reached he would succeed in finding a man who would be able to mingle science and orthodoxy in due degree.

How It's Settled.

One summer morning, Spink, while cycling down a very narrow lane, encountered a large flock of bleating sheep.

For a space he wobbled successfully. Finally, however, he was obliged to dismount.

A problem vexed his mind.

"Look here," he said, addressing the shepherd, "what on earth do you do, driving a flock of sheep along a narrow road like this, when you meet another flock coming in the opposite direction?"

"Well," answered the man, "ye just drive straight on, both of ye, and the one that has the best dog gets the most sheep!"

The Candid Friend.

Young Artist (to a friend who has recently furnished bachelor's apartments): Charley, dear boy, I admire your taste. I see you have a little thing of mine hanging there.

Friend: Oh, did you paint that?

Young Artist. Yes; I'm proud to say it's from my brush. By the way, Charley, if it's a fair question, what did the dealer charge you for it?

Friend: Well—er, to tell you the truth, old man, the dealer threw that picture in.

Still Better.

They were discussing the things which help a man to obtain success in the world, when one young man said:

"There's nothing like force of character. Now, there's Jones. He's sure to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know."

"But Brown has something better in his favor," argued his friend.

"What's that?"

"A will of his uncle's!"

He is a brave man who refuses to be disheartened by the fact that he was beaten yesterday.

Do all the good you can and no harm where you cannot do good.

A. TOOTLEBOOM—TIPSTER.

The Sad Fate of the "Dead Cert." Machine.

Archie Tootleboom had never made any secret of his desire to find some sure way of making money in lump sums. In fact, he had often remarked to Mumford that he would finance any likely scheme if the results promised to be swift and auriferous.

"Here's just the man for you," said the versatile Marmaduke, introducing Mr. Ephraim Fridge and a parcel. "Brilliant new scheme for supplying reliable tips, Toot. Sleeping partnership, £60. Leave you two to talk it over. Bye-bye!"

"Tips?" echoed Archibald. "Who wants tips nowadays? Clumsy and out of date. Everyone's wearing rubber heels—"

"Racing tips, my dear sir," explained Mr. Fridge blandly. "Paddock finals for the million—two-horse specials at popular prices. Failure absolutely defied. A fortune certain." Mr. Fridge was a small man with a sunny smile and a cyclonic style of speech. "You, Mr. Tootleboom, cannot always predict the result of a race. Now can you, sir? Your knowledge of the turf is great, but you can't always say for certain."

"No," Toot modestly admitted; "I can't always."

"Nor I, sir; nor I. But this" and Mr. Fridge dramatically flicked away paper and string, revealing a bundle of mechanism that was something like a typewriter with a knife-cleaning attachment—"but this machine can, sir, and will. Feed it with a list of the runners, their weights, jockeys, and past performances, and my Mechanical Vaticinator will give you the absolutely certain winner on form. Barring accidents, that particular animal must romp home in front. Of course, if it falls down and hurts itself, or if a milk-cart gets in the way, that's different, but you see my meaning."

"Marvellous!" Archie murmured. "But how's it done?"

The inventor of the Mechanical Vaticinator tapped his left temple with a fat forefinger, this apparently causing his right eyelid to droop by the operation of the optic nerve. "Sixty pounds, sir, for a sleeping partnership," he remarked, "and together we will witch the world with noble tipstership. But you shan't take my word for it, Mr. Tootleboom; the Mechanical Vaticinator shall speak for itself."

The machine didn't exactly speak for itself, but it clicked, and squeaked, and wheezed, and rumbled for itself as Ephraim Fridge supplied it with the details of the September T.Y.O. Stakes from a week-old race-card. "Now for the winner!" he cried ecstatically, as the internal cranks and cogwheels and differentials of the Vaticinator creaked and jangled as if fighting out a desperate finish on the home straight. Around a small numbered dial at the top of the machine an indicator ticked uncertainly, until at last it came to a standstill at the figure 9.

"Number 9 on the card is Marmaduke, by Orange Peel out of Gallipot; weight, 7st. 4lb.; trainer, Fittem; and that's the winner of the race, Mr. Tootleboom. Look up, sir; verify it; get last Saturday's paper. Why, bless me, I believe I've got a copy in my pocket all the time. Now, where are we? September T.Y.O. Plate, won by Marmaduke, sir! Look, look for yourself!"

"Extraordinary!" gasped Archibald. "Upon my word, almost miraculous!"

Not only did it convince him, but the Vaticinator seemed to stretch out invisible hands towards him and draw his cheque-book from one pocket and his fountain pen from another.

A sleeping partnership Mr. Fridge called it, but that was absurd. Tootleboom scarcely got any sleep at all for thinking of the vast prospective profits of Mechanical Vaticination, and of all the great things he could do with the money.

"You know my great fear is this"—and Ephraim Fridge spoke like a man who is haunted with a secret dread—"I'm afraid of this thing being too successful. It might break the ring; and then, if people couldn't get their money on they wouldn't want tips, would they? It might cause a run on the banks. Oh, it's a terrible responsibility," and a weary hand was passed across the inventor's drooping brow.

"Perhaps," suggested the unsleeping partner, "perhaps it would be wise to give our clients a loser now and then."

"To be sure! Excellent!" agreed Fridge, to whom such an idea had evidently never occurred.

But Archibald, a few days later, felt rather sorry that he had been so free with his advice, for during the first week's operations losers were given every day with quite tedious monotony.

"Say, don't you think it's time you squeezed a winner out of that bundle of ironmongery?" he rasped, as the last moiety of his £60 was drawn out for office expenses and advertisements in the sporting papers. "'Stead of breaking the ring we're breaking all our clients."

"All in good time," said Fridge, speaking with a "Hist!-we-are-observed" intonation. "To give away the marvellous value of this discovery too soon might spoil everything. Wait and see! Before long we shall have armed bands of ruined bookmakers seeking to force an entry here and destroy that wonderful machine."

Toot waited—and saw.

What he saw was certainly an armed band, but it didn't consist of ruined bookmakers. It was made up of disappointed backers, who, after ten days of meteoric failure on the part of the Mechanical Vaticinator, wanted to get a little something to carry them over the week-end. With wonderful presence of mind Archie hung out that time-honored commercial legend, "Back in ten minutes," locked and bolted the door, and made a graceful exit by way of the office roof.

The next day brought balm to his wounded spirit. The Mechanical Vaticinator produced a winner, or to be exact, half a winner. It was that never-to-be-forgotten race for the Cribb Stakes, when Silly Girl and Do Be Careful passed the post nose-to-nose and cheek by jowl.

"A dead heat!" groaned Ephraim Fridge, "and we only tipped half of it! All because I never adjusted the twin indicator on the winning register. What a misfortune! Here's Do Be Careful an easy winner on the dial, and Silly Girl tangled up in the differential gear."

It was quite clear now that Ephraim Fridge was gradually overcoming his morbid fear of inciting the bookmakers to murderous outrages, and when the day of the Great Michaelmas Stakes came round Toot decided that now or never was the time to demonstrate the virtues of the Vaticinator beyond all cavil. He refreshed the great machine with a quart of the best lubricating oil. He purchased old port, sardines on toast, and other nourishing delicacies to tone up his partner for the task before him.

"This will be a winner right enough!" gurgled Ephraim Fridge, and there was a light of victory in his eye as he rattled off the names and weights of the eighteen runners on the keyboard of the Mechanical Vaticinator.

Now 'twas done, and but for the whirring and wheezing of the mechanism, a dramatic silence reigned.

"It's coming!" shrilled Fridge. "It's co——"

It came. Throbbing and groaning the Vaticinator gave one last painful gasp that seemed to shake it to its smallest cog, and then shattered itself into a thousand pieces.

. . . . .

Archibald was the first of the pair to recover consciousness, and as he sat up and detached various small items of machinery from his hair, neck and clothing, a raucous voice resounded from below-stairs:

"Winner! Micklemas Stikes winner. Amazing result of the Micklemas Stikes!"

Inside of three minutes Archie had purchased the paper, and was back in the office, reading off the headlines to the semi-conscious partner. "Amazing Result of the Great Michaelmas Stakes. A Dead Heat of Three. Unique and Unprecedented Finish to a Time-Honored Sporting Event."

"There you are!" screamed the inventor of Mechanical Vaticination, sitting up with a scowl of triumph on his face. "Don't that explain it all, Tootleboom? A dead heat of three. Why, it's enough to bust up anything. Now, you find another sixty, or p'r'aps fifty 'ud do it, and we'll rebuild the machine and make more money than Rockefeller's ever seen in his natural."

But it is doubtful whether Archie even heard him. With a wistful, far-away look in his eyes, our hero slid his hand into the office drawer, pocketed the remnant of the syndicate's capital—seven shillings in postal orders—and silently flitted from the scene.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Edinburgh had its first motor funeral recently. The remains were conveyed a distance of sixteen miles, and hearse and mourning-coaches were all motor-driven.

Mr. Carnegie has decided to give a pension of £8 a month to a man named Toth, of Pittsburg, who served twenty years of a life sentence for a crime of which he has now been found innocent.

A woman in Vienna has been sent to prison for three months for speaking disrespectfully of Maria Theresa, who has been dead for 131 years. In Austrian law Royalty is protected from criticism, written or spoken, for 200 years after death.

In the Julius Tower at Spandau, Germany, locked in old-fashioned war-chests, has lain over £5,000,000 for more than thirty years, a tribute from France at the end of the Franco-Prussian War. It is what is known as the imperial military reserve fund.

A remarkable old-age pension record has been established by a family in Norfolk. They comprise seven brothers and sisters, all of whom are receiving old-age pensions. The eldest of the seven is eighty and the youngest seventy-one. Their united ages total 530 years.

The Vicar of Fewston, speaking recently on the hot weather, stated that in an old book, left by a former vicar of the parish, he had found an entry relating to that particular July Sunday just forty-eight years ago. The entry ran: "Sixteen in church, eight asleep."

The Berlin zoological garden restaurant, the world's greatest eating-house, is so large that 10,000 persons can sit down simultaneously beneath a roof. Open-air terraces for use in summer will accommodate another 10,000 diners. There are 1000 waiters, and the kitchen staff exceeds 500. The restaurant has its own laundry and bakery.

In order to prove that a woman can do all kinds of work as well as a man, Mrs. Charlotte M. Poole, an American suffragist, took a turn in the stokehold of the "Oceana" during her trip from Bermuda. She borrowed some old clothes and got busy with the coals, earning the good opinion of the chief engineer. She did a spell of twenty-five minutes before taking a breather, and afterwards declared that she was ready to go down again.

A Stepney vicar has, as a branch of his social work, provided free shaves for the unemployed. He secured a somewhat dilapidated building, which provided a large recreation room, for the Helping Hand Club, and in the basement shaving facilities are available. "Gentlemen are requested to wash their faces before being shaved" is a prominently-displayed notice. Another notice announces: "Gentlemen may wash their shirts any night. Notice must be given the night before."

A new German invention for supplementing natural tresses is hair made of artificial silk, which has the texture of real hair. It can be dyed the exact color of natural hair, no matter how difficult the shade may be. This new silk hair is certain to be extremely popular. It is clean, to begin with, and may be washed at any time as easily as any other kind of silk. Besides that, it has a great deal of body, and, when made into tails and transformations, holds much better than real hair. It is glossy, and will submit to brilliantine or oil like the loose hair switches, and when once curled keeps the curl much better than ordinary false hair.

A Lesson in Humility.

It is not very often that the very small space occupied in the scheme of things by any individual is brought home so forcibly as it was to Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, who tells of the following experience in her "Book of Remembrance." At the time of the incident she was a little girl attending a private school kept by a Mrs. Oldmixon—

"The morning session ended at twelve, and we returned to school at three. One noon Margaretta Bard invited Ellen Wilmer and me to go to her coach-house to play. Into it we went, finding two or three handsome carriages. We pretended to be ladies and a coachman, alternating these characters, the coachman being the most popular, because his was the high privilege of opening and shutting the coach door and letting down the steps. Besides, the coachman had the right to be pompous, while the ladies were meek and submissive. We went to balls, we shopped, we went to the play, we gave fresh air to our dolls, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Even the pangs of hunger were not felt until the return of the real coachman, who told us it was three o'clock.

"We put on our bonnets and went home. I found my whole family in confusion. They had searched for me at school, at my friends, and in the big park, and they feared that I was lost. My welcome was not hearty. I was reproved and given my dinner. After tea I was requested to withdraw from the family and go to bed, as a punishment, that I might remember the anguish I had caused my family. A sorer punishment awaited me.

"The next morning the family sky was clear and serene, and I left home with a light heart. When I reached the schoolroom I found my friends preparing the lessons of the day. Mrs. Oldmixon stood in the middle of the room. Seeing me, she threw up her hands, and exclaimed in the most tragic tones I had ever heard—

"'Are you here? We thought you were dead!'

"They thought me dead! And after twelve short hours teacher and pupils had recovered their composure! Mrs. Oldmixon's turban was adjusted as gracefully as it was before the sad news had reached her, and her breastpin was in its usual place. My schoolfellows were washing their slates and getting their copy-books ready, or, worse still, were laughing together, and I was not in the world! Never in life have I had more perfect consciousness of my insignificance. My home punishment faded away, and I wept sorely."

Wife: But why must we walk? Before our marriage you always took a taxi.

Husband: I know. That's why we have to walk now.

DREAMS WHICH CAME TRUE.

In the year 1869 the Suez Canal, one of the most important engineering enterprises ever undertaken, was opened to the world's traffic. It was foreshadowed as long ago as the sixteenth century by Christopher Marlowe, one of the early English poets, in the following lines:—

"Thence marched I into Egypt and Arabia,
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Whereat the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India."

It may be urged with reference to this quotation that so soon as it became possible to make an approximately correct chart of the world the advantage of cutting through the isthmus must have been apparent to many, and that Marlowe merely reflected the thought of others. This, of course, is likely to be the case; but no such plea can be urged against the very curious anticipation of wireless telegraphy by Strada, the Italian historian, who was born at Rome in the year 1572. Addison quotes Strada in one of his noted essays; but we need hardly say that in doing so he had no notion of any anticipation of the electric telegraph, for Addison died just a century before communication by that means became possible. Addison writes thus:

"Strada, in one of his profusions, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain lodestone which had such virtue in it that if it touched a needle and caused it to move, another, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters and in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked on the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this, their invention. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities and mountains, seas or deserts."

The torpedo was very well described by Ben Jonson three hundred years ago, as the following bit of dialogue, taken from his "Staple of News," produced in 1625, will show:—"Barber: They write here of one Cornelius-son hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel to swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all the shipping there. Pennyboy: But how is it done? Cymbal: I'll show you, sir. It is an automaton, runs under water, with a snug nose, and has a nimble tail made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles betwixt the costs (ribs) of a ship and sinks it straight. Pennyboy: A most brave device to murder their flat bottoms."

No doubt, however, can be entertained regarding the reality of the various devices described and illustrated in the work by Hero of Alexandria, who flourished about 100 B.C. In this book may be found the prototype of the steam turbine, the form of engine that has come to the front within the last few years.

Turning over the pages of Hero's work, we are reminded that the slot machines which seem to us moderns such a new way of dispensing small articles are by no mean new in principle. Here a machine is described and figured which is provided with a slot, the dropping of a coin within which will cause a measured quantity of the liquid to flow out.

It has been contended that a strange foreshadowing of the X-rays is to be found in a book by Dr. Andrew Blair, entitled "Annals of the Twenty-ninth Century." The date of the work is not given, but the prediction, if it may be called such, runs as follows:—"I perceived the Secundines could not only make grass and stones, and all inorganic substances malleable, but possessed a power undreamed of by man of making them transparent. I was shown animals upon which the youths were taught zoology and comparative anatomy, in some of which the skin was like a glass case showing beneath the working of the muscles. In others, the skin and muscles were pellucid, showing the circulatory system. In others, all was perspicuous save the bones, with the view of their being subservient to the study of osteology."

When the X-rays were first detected by Professor Rontgen by their action upon a fluorescent screen and upon a photographic dry plate, the newspaper scribes gave the discovery the erroneous title "the new photography," quite ignorant of the fact that the dry plate was no more than a recorder of the phenomenon. Strangely enough, what we may call the "old photography," by which is meant the usual process with camera and lens, was the subject of prophecy many years ago. This is perhaps not so remarkable as the instances of prediction already given; for although the invention of the camera obscura is commonly attributed to Baptista Porta in the sixteenth century, its principle was well understood many hundred years before his time. And we may feel confident that many must have dreamed of the possibility of making the images formed by the sun take a more permanent form. Especially would this be the case after Scheele, the Swedish chemist, had shown in the eighteenth century that silver chloride would darken under the action of light. La Fontaine, who died long before Scheele was born, gives in one of his fables a method of picture-making which may be regarded as foreshadowing the beautiful art that is now of service to mankind in so many different ways. It occurs under the title "Voyage Supposé," and a description runs as follows:—

"There was no painter in that country; but if anybody wished to have the portrait of a friend, of a picture, a beautiful landscape, or of any other object, water was placed in great basins of gold or silver, and then the object desired to be painted was placed in front of that water. After a while the water froze, and became a glass mirror, on which an ineffaceable image remained."

Method in His Madness.

A certain artist, noted for his parsimonious manner of living, awoke one morning with shaking hand and aching head. He was bothered by the idea that he had taken too much to drink the night before.

"Sam," he inquired of his friend, "was I very bad last night?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Sam. "You displayed such judgment as could be shown only by you in your sober senses. Every time the waiter brought in a bill for the drinks you passed it on to somebody else."

Pater, who had lately taken to lecturing on teetotal platforms, was approached by a young man who wished to become his son-in-law. "So you want to marry my daughter, sir? What are your principles? Are you temperate?" he asked.

"Temperate!" was the reply. "Why I am so strict that it gives me pain to find my boots tight!"

HOW I MANAGE MY HUSBAND.

I do not profess to rival the French lady who recently said, "I have been married to seven husbands, and I have managed them all"; but I do claim to be a successful manager of one man, my husband—and that should be the extent of any reasonable woman's ambition.

Have I found it difficult? Not at all. Nothing could be easier, if one only goes the right way to work. In the first place, I never made the mistake so common among young wives—I never idealised my husband, never put him on a pedestal. I knew that he was no different from other men, except that he was the only man I ever loved or could love. I realised that he was only human (I couldn't have loved him otherwise), and so I was prepared for a liberal share of human failings to set against his many good qualities. Thus I never had any disillusionment, that decay of early married happiness.

I also knew that all nice men are only grown-up boys, who can be easily managed with careful tact and at the proper time a little firmness. They want "mothering," to use an expressive word. They love petting and fussing—in moderation—and also a little of the firm hand so long as it is applied judiciously. The filial instinct is strong, especially in the young man. Treat him as a boy, and in nine cases out of ten he will love it and you.

When I married I made up my mind to make my house so attractive that my husband would find his chief pleasure in it. It should combine all the freedom of the bachelor life with the comforts of a true home. I encouraged him to bring his bachelor friends as often as he pleased, and I always gave them a hearty welcome. They were soon my friends just as much as his.

I not only permitted, but I encouraged, him to smoke in every room he pleased, even in our bedroom at any time, so that he had no excuse to go elsewhere to enjoy his pipe. I also recognised that it is good for even the most devoted of married folk to get away from each other now and then. And so we arranged that each should have an evening a week "off," if we wished to; he to spend it with his old friends, just as and where he pleased, and I to do the same. This I have found an admirable plan for making both of us happy and contented.

Another useful rule I have always observed—never to worry my husband with my domestic troubles. I can bear them quite easily myself, and he has business worries enough of his own. On the other hand, I never trouble him about his business concerns. If he chooses to discuss them with me, well and good; I can always sympathise, and sometimes help.

Above all, when he comes home in the evening—often tired, sometimes captious—I always meet him with a smiling face, have a cigarette ready for him to smoke as an after-dinner soother, and never, never allow any but pleasant subjects to be broached until after dinner, when he is himself again, and able to take bright views of things.

If a woman wishes to hold her place in her husband's heart, she must keep him a "lover" as well as a husband. For this reason I try to please my "man" just as much to-day as when he came "a-courting" me. I dress to please him, and, to ensure this, always consult his taste, which is excellent. I have kept up my singing and playing, which he loves now more than ever; and, generally, I try to forget that we are not "courting" still, and the illusion is as sweet as it is successful.

It may be gross to say that "the way to a man's heart is through his appetite," but there is a good deal of truth in it. Every man is more tractable when fed, and I always see that my husband is well fed—not extravagantly, for we cannot afford it—that all his meals are as good and well-cooked as I can make them, and that he has the food he likes best. It is astonishing what a great deal of pleasure a wife can give her husband in this way on a small income—by studying his tastes and catering for them.

Another valuable rule I observe is—never be jealous. If my husband pays attentions to other women I am pleased that he should do so; if they smile on him, they endorse my choice of a life partner, and I am pleased. And he always allows me the same freedom.

If we quarrel, as we inevitably do now and then (it clears the air, you know), I always make up quickly, if he is not the first to do so. We never put it back in the refrigerator and warm it up the next day; we have it out once, and then—we forget it, and are better friends than ever.

Those are a few of the ways in which I have succeeded in "managing" my husband. "Is it worth while?" someone may ask. A thousand times Yes; for if a woman loves a man the means she employs to retain his love, even (and especially) when they involve some sacrifice of self, give almost as much pleasure as the result.

Naturally.

"Well, George," said witty William, as they met in the street, "how is Arthur getting on now?"

"Oh, much better," replied George. "He has gone into the country for seven days to regain his strength."

"That's funny," answered Will. "I should have thought seven days in the country would have made one week."

Misunderstood.

An old lady, very fearful of being robbed of her purse, kept it in a pocket in her underskirt. She took a cab, and at the end of the journey began to search for the carefully-concealed pocket. The cabman, not understanding the meaning of all this, stood and watched for a moment in silence, and then said grimly:

"Well, mum, when you've done a-scratchin', my fare's eighteenpence."

Smith: Goldmore is a very generous old fellow. Do you know, he's always helping somebody out.

Jones (sadly): Yes, I know; I was down to see his daughter the other night, and he helped me out too!

Place a guard over your strong points! Thrift may run into niggardliness, generosity into prodigality or shiftlessness. Gentleness may become pusillanimity, tact become insincerity, power become oppression. Characters need sentries at their points of weakness, true enough, but often the points of greatest strength are, paradoxically, really points of weakness.

An open mind is the key to all power. We cut off a great many of the good things that we ought to enjoy because we set such narrow limits to everything by our strangling thought.

The man who has least time is the man who does least with his time; and the man who always has time for one thing more is the man who has already done several things more to-day than most men.

"Let us have peace," said the English invader. "Can you not see that the white strangers love the natives?"

"Ah, yes," replied the intelligent chieftain, "they love the very ground we walk upon."

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of sunshine in the soul and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., Mr. I. Barrow, J.P.

BREACHES OF BY-LAWS.

G. P. Daye, inspector for the Shire of Preston, v. Jack Latta. Driving over Tyler-street footpath. Fined 10s., with 2s. 6d. costs.

Same v. Arthur Bussell. Riding bicycle on Wild-street footpath. Fined 10s., with 2s. 6d. costs.

CHARGE OF DAMAGING PROPERTY.

Edward Bailey sued Andrew Reddie for damage to fence. Mr. Candy for plaintiff; Mr. Lonie for defendant.

Edward Bailey said that, as the owner of Worthing Estate, South Preston, he sold certain allotments to defendant, with the condition that the fence to Victoria-street be left intact until substituted by another fence. On visiting the property on the 10th November witness found the fence broken down.

Grace Jamieson, residing in Newcastle-street, gave evidence that on the 10th November she saw Reddie knock down the fence and bring his horse in and leave the fence on the ground.

Benjamin Jamieson, 11, said he worked for Mrs. Binks, who rented the spare land in the Worthing Estate for grazing purposes. On 10th November he saw defendant bringing his horse through the paddock.

Annie Binks, who rented Mrs. Bailey's paddock, stated that Reddie came to her place and said he would break her boy's neck for taking his cow. Witness said, "Say nothing about the boy; you have got to deal with me." Reddie also said to witness, "You are a —— fool to pay Mr. Bailey any money at all; that paddock does not belong to Mr. Bailey."

To Mr. Lonie: Other cows than mine sometimes get into the paddock.

Andrew Reddie (ex-constable), the defendant, absolutely denied bringing his pony back from the paddock on the 10th November, and said he did not interfere with the fence in any way on that day. He saw Mrs. Binks that evening about the boy taking his cow, and told her he would inform the police if the cow was not given up.

John Bally, residing with Reddie, stated that it was he who went into the paddock for the pony. He brought the pony through the fence where a panel was drawn. He did not break the fence down.

Mrs. Reddie gave evidence that she saw a couple of panels of the fence down on the 9th November.

The case was dismissed, with £2 6s. costs.

CLAIM FOR STORAGE.

John Tyrell sued Daniel Dinn for 13s., for storage of eleven cucumber frames for twenty-six weeks at 6d. per week. Mr. Croft for plaintiff; Mr. A. S. Wilkinson (Horne and Wilkinson) for defence.

John Tyrrell, director in the Miller, Tyrrell Co., said that on May 22nd last he found a lot of glass frames on the premises. Witness said to an employee named Dinn, "What are those?" He said, "They are mine." Witness asked him to take them away, but Dinn said if he did his partner would take them. Dinn then agreed to pay 6d. a week storage. The frames have not been used in the firm's business.

Defendant stated Tyrrell made no claim for storage till after he was dismissed. While the frames were there some of them were used in the business.

The bench said they were not satisfied there was any contract, and the case would be dismissed, with £1 5s. costs.

Daniel Dinn sued John Tyrell for the detention of the above-mentioned goods, which he valued at 55s.

Mr. Croft, for defendant, stated that it was not John Tyrrell, but the Miller, Tyrrell Pty. Ltd., that had the goods.

Dr. Cole said he thought this was not a very meritorious defence.

Mr. Croft: If you knew all the facts you would see where the merits are.

An order was made for the return of the goods, with £1 6s. costs.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

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

CHARGE WITHDRAWN.

One of the cases called was Neil Hanson, v. George Gibson. Nine cows wandering. Defendant pleaded not guilty, saying his son was in charge.

Mr. W. G. Swift, Town Clerk, stated that since last court the ranger had resigned and was no longer an officer of the Council. He (Mr. Hanson) had called at the office and said he did not desire to go on with the cases. He (Mr. Swift) thought the Council would consent to their being withdrawn.

The case was withdrawn.

DEBT.

M. Johnson v. Edward Thomas. Rent due, £1 17s. Mr. Lonie for plaintiff. Order, with 13s. costs.

B. E. Johnson v. Edward Pittard. Bread supplied, 3s. Order for amount, with 6d. costs.

B. E. Johnson also secured orders against the following:—Alfred Budge, £1 13s. 1d.; Thomas Connell, 18s. 1d.; Robert Cornell, 7s. 4d.; Allan Gardiner, £2 16s. 11d.; Joseph Morton, £2 7s. 8d.; Samuel Gration, 15s. 6d.; Joseph Price, 14s. 4d.; Frank Watson, £1 9s. 10d.

PROHIBITION ORDER.

Emmaline Blake made application for order prohibiting all licensed persons within the Shire of Heidelberg from supplying her son, William Blake, with liquor for the space of twelve months.

After hearing the evidence of the applicant and of Constable Ellison, of Fairfield, the application, was granted.

PRESTON RIFLE CLUB.

The above club held their second shoot in their six months syllabus last Saturday at Port Melbourne. The competitors were more interested in the shooting than last Saturday, the target being the orderly bulls-eye instead of the army service head and shoulder target. The distance being 300 yards made shooting very keen. The two best shoots of the day were F. Williams with 45 off the rifle, and H. Symons, one of the youngest members of the club, with 41 off the rifle. He is the coming shot of the club. The following are the scores, 10 shots and 2 sighters, 50 the possible:—

		Score	Hcp.	Total
F. Williams	...	45	0	60
H. Symons	...	41	12	60
W. Jarman	...	40	2	42
W. Kopech	...	[illegible]	7	39
F. Franks	...	[illegible]	4	32
J. Petrie	...	26	5	31

To-day's shoot is 900 yards, at Port Melbourne. It is also the M.R.C.A. monthly handicap match.

MARRIAGES.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Saturday last at the Church of Christ, St. George's-road, North Fitzroy, the contracting parties being Mr. Clarence Timmins, of James-street, Northcote, and Miss Nellie Mason, of Raleigh-street Northcote. The officiating clergyman was Mr. Baker. The bride was given away by her father, and was beautifully gowned in ivory duchesse satin, lavishly trimmed with pearl trimming, rich lace, and orange blossom. She wore a handsomely-embroidered veil (the gift of her mother) and wreath of orange-blossom, and carried bouquet of Christmas lilies and white roses. The bridegroom's gift to bride was a diamond and emerald ring. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Harvey, cousin of the bride, and Miss Stella Wallington, cousin of the bridegroom, with Miss Ilma Bastings as train-bearer. They carried bouquets of La France roses and pink carnations, and were pearl and ruby spray brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. The groomsmen were Mr. Val. Griffith and Mr. Percy Austin. The bride's mother (Mrs. Mason) wore black duchess satin, trimmed with black silk applique and silver lace, and Tuscan hat and black plumes, and carried shower bouquet of red carnations. The bridegroom's mother (Mrs. Timmins) wore pale blue French voile daintily trimmed with tucked net and insertion piped with saxe blue silk and overskirt to match. Miss Harvey wore white silk with handsome lace overdress, with white mew bows. Miss Wallington wore pale blue embossed taffeta silk, richly trimmed with silk chiffon and sequin trimming and fringe. Miss Ilma Bastings wore handsome white net dress with mew butterfly bows.

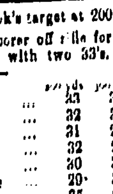
A reception was held in the Northcote Town Hall, which, with the annexe, was beautifully decorated by Mr. C. Jackson, and Mr. Ovens catered for the breakfast, at which 200 guests sat down. The following toasts were honoured: "Bride and Bridegroom," by Mr. Baker, and responded to by the bridgroom; "The Bridesmaids," by Cr. Bastings (Mayor of Northcote), and responded to by Mr. Val. Griffith; "The Bride's Parents," by Dr. Rose, uncle of the bride, and responded to by Mr. Mason; "The Bridegroom's Parents," by Mr Morton, responded to by Mr. Timmins. A very enjoyable programme was given in the evening, the music being supplied by Di Gilio's band. The happy couple were the recipients of a large number of very handsome presents.

A very interesting event took place at the Northcote Methodist Church on Wednesday, November 29, namely the marriage between Miss Dennis, elder daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Dennis, and Mr. J. Matthews, of Bet Bet. The bridal party and guests were conveyed to the church in taxi cabs. The name of Dennis is a household word in Northcote, and the popularity of the bride and the esteem in which she is held was seen by the large concourse of friends who thronged the entrance to the church and well nigh filled he building. The church had been most tastefully decorated by the young lady friends of the bride, a pleasing novelty of which was the construction of white gates in the aisles, through which the bridal party and guests passed. The officiating clergymen were the Revs. Percy Knight, B.A., and Bride Barber, of Daylesford. The entrance of the bride upon the arm of her eldest brother, Mr. W. J. Dennis, was greeted by the bridal march, most tastefully played by Mr. Stickland, the church organist. The ceremony was opened by the singing of the hymn "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden." During the progress of the service Miss Curtis (cousin of the bride) sang with nice feeling "God be with you." The bride was most beautifully attired in a frock composed of ivory chiffon silk choicely trimmed with embossed silk applique to match, also court train very daintily trimmed and borne by Miss Linda Quin, who wore a pretty frock of white silk. The only jewellery worn by the bride was a handsome gold watch chain (the gift of the bridegroom) and a gold pendant. The usual wreath and veil and choice shower bouquet completed a most effective costume. The bridesmaids were Miss McKernan and Miss L. Dennis, sister of the bride. Their dainty dresses were made of ivory merv silk, very effectively trimmed with rich lace. Pearl head dresses and beautiful bouquets of pink carnations gave the finishing touches to the group. Each bridesmaid was the recipient of a handsome gold pendant, the gift of the bridegroom, while Miss Linda Quin received a very pretty gold brooch. The groomsmen were Mr. Alf. Dennis and Mr. N. Trevena. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Park View," the residence of the bride, the arrival of the bridal party in the taxi cabs being welcomed by the Wedding March, played by Miss Florrie Trevena. Then followed the wedding tea by the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dennis, and which proved to be a most sumptuous repast. The usual toasts were proposed by the Revs. Percy Knight and Bride Barbor, and were honored by the happy guests. After a few hours of sociality and music, and amidst showers of confetti and good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews left for their home at Bet Bet, the bride's travelling dress being of saxe blue silk poplin and mole hat surmounted with dark blue hyacinths. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a handsome travelling bag. The wedding presents were both costly and numerous and were tastefully arranged in the breakfast room at "Park View."

NORTHCOTE RIFLE CLUB.

[NOTES BY TARGET]

Fine sunny weather again greeted rifle shooters at Port Melbourne last Saturday. A large attendance of members was present and great interest was taken in the afternoon's shooting. The competition was the first stage of the R. K. Wilson trophy, seven shots at both 200 and 500 yards. The shooting displayed at 200 yards was first class, H Hook being particularly successful. He got all his seven business shots in and keeping on got seven more before leaving the bullseye, fourteen in all.



H. Hook's target at 200 yards.

The best scorer off rifle for the day was E. Witcomb, with two 33's. Below were best results:—

		200 yds.	500 yds.	Hcp.	Total
E. Witcomb	...	33	33	2	68
A. Glanfield	...	32	33	3	68
A. H. Brown	...	31	29	6	66
A. Waite	...	32	28	6	66
C. Wilson	...	30	30	5	65
H. D. Scanes	...	29	30	6	65
H. Hock	...	35	26	3	64
J. S. Goldeworthy	...	29	29	5	63
O. H. Talmage	...	28	28	7	63

To-day's match is the final stage of the Wilson trophy, also second last shoot of the Grand Championship. The range is 900 yards.

Arrangements have been completed for the first annual Xmas competition. It is open to all comers. Prizes are liberal and entry fee small, therefore the range in Roberts street, next to Rucker's Hill, should be crowded out every night of the week. Guns will be available to all. It takes place between December 12th and 16th.

ADVERTISING V. "DUSTING."

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.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. STH. MELBOURNE.

Pennant matches will be resumed to-day, when the above teams will play at the the Northcote park. A great deal of interest is being taken in this match, as it has a great bearing on the premiership, both teams being unbeaten, and with such players as Trott, Farey, Scott and Kenney playing a good struggle for supremacy should be seen. Northcote team—Balley, Begg, Billings, Brown, Cheswas, Mitchell, McCarron, Plant, Spicer, Vernon and Yeomans.

The second elevens play at South Melbourne. Team—Andrew, Ahern, Hummel, Hughes, Lugton (2), Richardson, Studley, Thomas, Wilkinson, Yeomans (2).

NORTHCOTE CLUB ELEVEN V. COLLINGWOOD.

This match was commenced last Saturday at Victoria Park. A good turf wicket had been prepared, and with ideal weather conditions winning the toss was a big consideration. The luck, however, was against the Northcote skipper, and Collingwood batted first. The first half dozen batsmen could do nothing with the bowling, the wickets falling rapidly, one being down for nil, 2 for 13, 3 for 15, and 6 for 45, but at this stage the whole complexion of the game changed. Pitcher and Lucas became associated and started to have a go at the bowling. They gave chance after chance, which were declined with exasperating persistency. Some of the fieldsmen became rattled, and when some ridiculously easy chances were missed had to put up with the laughter of the spectators. The innings closed for 177, Lucas 77 and Pitcher 40 being the principal run getters. W. Cox who went on late, got 3 for 14, all clean bowled, and Morris 2 for 20 and Hayes 2 for 31 also bowled well, whilst Goodear, who secured two nice catches, was the pick of the field. Northcote at call of time had lost 3 wickets for 50 runs (Bedford 19, Goodear 19 not out). The Northcote team much appreciated the afternoon tea provided by the Collingwood team. The match will be concluded to day on the Ramsden street Reserve, Clifton Hill, at 2 30.

Northcote I.O.R. commenced a match against the Rushing at Royal Park last Saturday. Scores—I.O.R., 93 (J. Angus 41, H. Angus 11 not out, McLeod 10); Ruskins, 50 (Barkway 5 for 22, Webb 5 for 21). To be concluded to-day.

Northcote Presbyterians A v. East Brunswick. Scores—East, 102 (Richardson 5 for 44, W. Thomson 3 for 31, Hastings 1 for 9); Northcote, 4 for 73 (Richardson 20 not out, Hastings 15 not out, Adams 11). To be concluded to day. The B team play a scratch match against Northcote P.A.F.S. to-day at Thornbury.

Northcote Baptists were defeated by Port Melbourne last Saturday by 3 wickets. To-day Northcote play West Melbourne at Royal Park. Van leaves church at 2 15

Everleigh beat Richmond Socials by seven wickets.

To day Richmond play South Melbourne Footballers on the latter's ground.

Preston Presbys. 60 (Carson 24 Boyd 10) v. Dorcas St. 75 (Carson 24, Boyd 3 for 12). To be concluded to-day.

South Preston Methodists v. Carlton.—Carlton, with a lead of 17 on the first innings and with a total of 49 in their second, gave Preston 67 to win in little over an hour. At the call of time they had made 65 with the loss of 5 wickets, and were thus defeated by 17 runs on the first innings. Mohr 20, Madden 16 and Freeman 11 batted well, while Wardell 3 for 14 and Martin 2 for 9 did best with the ball. South Preston have lodged a protest.

SOCIETIES.

Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R.

The half yearly meeting of the above was held in the Rechabite hall on Thursday evening, when there was a large attendance of members. The District Treasurer (Bro. Wilson) presided. The District circular was received, which showed that the membership of the Order in Victoria was over 30,000. Five new members were welcomed by the presiding officer, and four propositions received. It was decided that a letter of congratulation be forwarded to Bro. J. G. Membrey, D.O.R., on his re-election to Parliament. It has been decided that a complimentary re-union of members be held in the town hall on Saturday evening, December 16, and the chief ruler and officers trust that a record muster of members will attend. A first-class musical and elocutionary programme suitable for the festive season is being arranged. The election of officers for the ensuing half-year resulted as follows:—C.R., Bro. H. Angus; D.R., Bro F. J. Pemberton; P.C.R., Bro. A. Fillingham; treasurer, Bro. C. E. Lacey; secretary, Bro. J. C. Newnham; assistant secretary, Bro. T. F. Harris; M.S., Bro. J. Barkway; W.S., Bro. A. Leget; levite, Bro. B. Broadbent; guardian, Bro. H Johnson; auditors, Bros. J. Thomson and G. Carter; dispensary delegates—Clifton Hill and Northcote, Bros. S. Dennis, W. Findlay and W. H. Gray; Fitzroy, Bro. W. J. Dennis. The newly-elected officers were installed by Bro. A. Fillingham, P.C.R., after which a vote of thanks was passed to the retiring officers. Bro. Lacey tendered his resignation as corresponding superintendent of the junior tent. The resignation was received with regret, and it was decided that the best thanks of the tent be recorded in the minutes to him for the services he had rendered. The receipts amounted to £150.

Preston A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held last Monday, the president (Mr. S. Bott) presiding. Three new members were elected and introduced by the president, and three propositions received. The committee reported that satisfactory arrangements had been made for medical attendance to members with Drs. Causcaden, Mendelsohn, Sturdee, Murphy and Young. The president informed members that during the half year 30 new members had been introduced into the branch, and altogether the branch has had a most successful term. Mr. Maltzahn reported on the doing of the Metropolitan Committee, and outlined the proposed programme for the celebration of Foundation Day. Next branch meeting election of officers, and visit from Board Member Mr. Crosbie, and Mr. Marrow from the Metropolitan Committee. Members are requested to be present to give the visitors a good reception.

Preston U.A.O.D.

The half yearly meeting was held on Monday evening, when there was a good attendance, and a great deal of interest was taken in the business, which was nomination of officers. It was decided to give a silver medal for every member initiated during the coming quarter; any one introducing five to get a gold medal. Two new members were initiated. It is hoped every member will do his best to sell tickets for the next gala in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital.

Northcote A.N.A.

The half yearly meeting was held in the town-hall on Thursday evening. President Osmans was in the chair and there was a good attendance of members. The following were elected office bearers for the ensuing term:—President, Mr. J. Frawley; vice-president, Mr. W. Barry; treasurer, M. R. Gardiner; secretary, Mr. J Tynan; assistant secretary, Mr. E. C. Tribe; committee—Messrs Clausen, McKeon, Rouvray, Rowe, and Williams; auditors, Messrs T. Crosbie and McDonald; dispensary delegates, Messrs Haggart, Hollis and McDonald; conference delegates, Messrs Bastings and Clauscen; delegate to Metropolitan Committee, Mr. Harrart. The officers were installed by the mayor, Mr. H. Bastings, an ex-president of the branch. On the motion of Mr. W. S. Stott a vote of thanks was accorded the retiring officers. After some discussion the motion previously carried to transfer the account to the Savings Bank was rescinded.

BOWLS.

THORNBURY NIGHT RINK TOURNAMENT.

THREE LOCAL TEAMS LEFT IN.

The Thornbury Night Rink Tournament has been continued this week with great success, the weather having been particularly favorable. Every evening there has been a full muster of players, as well as a good number of spectators. We may intimate that the public are welcome to come and see the final games on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The local teams have shown up very well in the tournament, three of the final four left in being from Northcote and Thornbury. At the beginning of the week Thornbury had only two of their eight teams left in, but these two have this week rendered an excellent account of themselves, F. H. Smith vanquishing in turn Brewer (N.F.) and Chapman (S.M.), and Ingham Wallace (N.F.) and Walker (Preston). Then unfortunately the two teams had to play against one another, and Ingham's rink, retaining their splendid form won. Preston should have had a rink in the fourth round (Pike's) but for a fluke. Balley's Northcote rink did remarkably well, accounting for such "top notchers" as Barr (N.F.) and Mason (F. and E.M.), and Burston (Northcote) also did well to win (after a tie) against Bain's strong rink from Middle Park. The following are the results of this week's play:

Smith (Thornbury) 13 beat Brewer (N.F) 10.

Walker (Preston) 28 beat Denny (Thornbury) 8.

Ingham (Thornbury) 16 beat Wallace (N.F.) 9.

Fidler (City) 15 beat Broadhurst (Preston).

Bain (M.P.) w.o. Martin (N.F.)

Burston (Northcote) 20 beat Marsden (Northcote) 12.

Smith (Thornbury) 13 beat Chapman (S.M.C.C.) 12.

Ingham (Thornbury) 24 beat Walker (Preston) 5.

Barr (N.F.) 14 beat Fidler (City) 12.

Balley (Northcote) 13 beat Mason (F. and E.M.) 12.

Holdaway (S.M.) 17 beat Oliver (Essendon) 7.

Girling (Northcote) 15 v. Pike (Preston) 14

Balley (Northcote) 20 beat Barr (N.F.) 12

Holdaway (S.M.) 17 beat Girling (Northcote) 10.

Burston (Northcote) 13 v. Bain (M.P.) 12.

Ingham (Thornbury) 14 beat Smith (Thornbury) 3.

On Monday Holdaway (S.M.) plays Balley (Northcote), and Ingham (Thornbury) plays Burston (Northcote).

The final will be played on Tuesday.

Preston 3-rink played Northcote at Preston. Scores—Preston 97, Northcote 64.

Northcote v. Preston at Northcote. Scores—Northcote 88, Preston 67.

Preston A play North Fitzroy 3-rink team at Preston, and the B team play Moreland A 4-rink at Moreland to-day.

Thornbury 3-rink team played a friendly match with North Fitzroy and won by 77 to 61. B team played a friendly match with Collingwood and scored 90 to 96.

To-day the A team play a pennant match against Melbourne at Windsor, and the B play Collingwood a friendly match on the Collingwood green.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

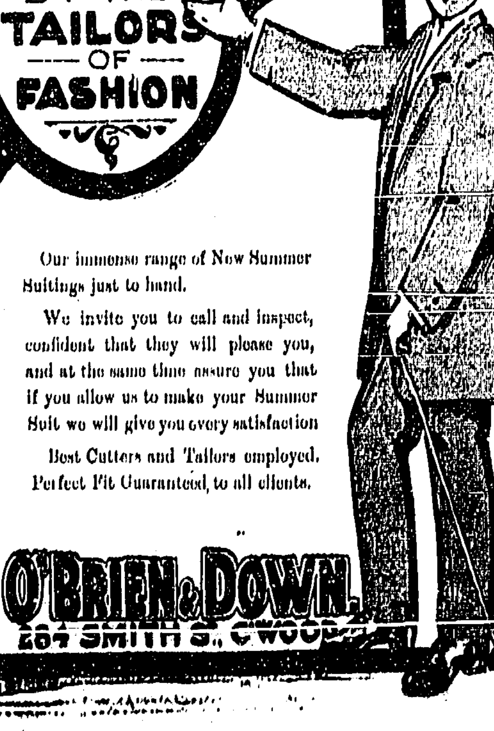
Notice is hereby given that at a Meeting of the Council of the Town of Northcote, to be held in the Council Chamber, Municipal Offices, High St., Northcote, on Monday, the 18th day of December, 1911, at 7.30 p.m., the Annual Statement showing the financial position of the Municipality to the end of September, 1911, duly audited and certified to, will be produced, and, if found just and true, finally examined, settled, and allowed.

Such Financial Statement is printed and will lie at this office for the inspection of parties interested during office hours.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices,
High St., Northcote.
1st December, 1911.

NORTHCOTE South Ratepayers' Assn. Monthly meeting, Tuesday next, 8 p.m. After business, harmony and refreshments. Residents welcome. H. Wright, President.



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.

THIS DAY.
At 3 o'clock. On the Ground.

SUBDIVISIONAL SALE.

MURRAYVILLE ESTATE, PRESTON.
Within 3 minutes of Preston (Murray) Railway Station.

39 CHOICE VILLA ALLOTMENTS.
Frontages to Cooper, Spring (Government Roads) and White Streets.
Splendid Drainage.
Note the Easy Terms: £5 Deposit.
Balance Quarterly Payments, 5 Years.
Streets to be Lit by Electricity.
Plans Posted on Application.

MEMBREY and DEANE, Auctioneer and Estate Agents, Lombard Buildings, 17 Queen Street (Tel. Central 4682) will sell by auction as above.
ROBT. WILLIS, Local Agent, High Street, Preston.
Surveyors, H. V. and A. Champion.

SATURDAY, 9th DECEMBER.
3 o'clock at property.
"St. Elmo," 58 South Crescent,
NORTHCOTE SOUTH.
Handy to Westgarth Station.

D.F.W.B. VILLA, 6 rooms, bathroom, scullery, vestibule (26 x 18), stable, coach-house, two-storey workshop (36 x 18), gas stove, one-fire stove, erected on land 54 x 121.

The Property is handy to Westgarth station.

Title, Certificate. Terms at Sale.

Orders from
STOTT & BASTINGS, Auctioneer, 203 High Street, Northcote. Tel 1976.

SATURDAY, 16th DECEMBER.
At 3 o'clock.
At Stott & Bastings' Office, Fairfield.

TRUSTEES' SALE of ALLOTMENTS.

NORTHCOTE AND FAIRFIELD.

STOTT & BASTINGS, in conjunction with MEMBREY & DEANE, have received instructions from THE EQUITY TRUSTEES' COY. Ltd., 85 Queen Street, Melbourne, to Sell by Auction as above.

NORTHCOTE LANDS.

Allotments in Westgarth Street (corner Leonard Street), Leonard Street, Mary Street, Gordon Street, Clarendon Street, corner Agg and Turner Streets, Lewis Street, Montefiore Street, corner Clyde and Wilmoth Streets, Northcote Street, and St. George's Grove.

FAIRFIELD LANDS.

Allotments—Corner Station and Duncan Streets, Gordon Street, Rushall Street, Fairfield Road, Fulham Road, Grange Road, Ferry Street.

Titles, Certificate.

Terms: One Fifth Cash. Balance half-yearly up to 3 years at 5 per cent.

Descriptive Plans from the Auctioneers: Stott & Bastings, Northcote and Fairfield, Telephone Central 1976; Membrey & Deane, Queen Street, Melbourne, Telephone Central 4682.

THE PICK OF THE NORTHERN SUBURBS.

The Well-Known

THORNBURY PARK ESTATE,
THORNBURY PARK ESTATE,
NORTHCOTE.

To be Sold by Auction in Subdivision on

SATURDAY, 16th DECEMBER,
at 3 o'clock.

Large Marquee to be erected on the Ground.

EXCEPTIONALLY EASY TERMS.

Absolutely No Restrictions.

Deposit, £5 per Allotment.

Reduction in Deposit to Purchasers of more than one block.

Balance quarterly instalments, covering 10 years, or Discount for Cash.

Title, Certificate.

Solicitor, John W. McComas, Esq., 460 Collins Street, City.

NICOL, MILLER & Co., Auctioneer, and Agents, Head Office 125 Swanston Street, and Tram Terminus, High Street, Northcote. Telephones: Central 7563 and Northcote 140.

Notices

JIKA JIKA ELECTORATE

At a meeting of the Chairmen and Secretaries of the various divisions it was unanimously decided that a Conversazione and Testimonial be tendered to Mr. J. G. Membrey at Northcote Town Hall on Wednesday, 13th December.

Friends and Supporters who desire to subscribe will kindly send their contributions to the respective Committees, or

J. T. DOWNING, General Secretary,
30 Helen St., Northcote.

Epping Shire Council invite applications for the position of engineer at a salary of £72 per annum, or £10 and 5 per cent commission on all works.

When you are about to Don the Christmas Rig,
Make it your business to secure the same from

Arthur Shands

Phone, Northcote 97

HIGH-GRADE TAILOR

88 High St., Northcote South

We have an Up to Date variety of Hats, Collars, Ties, Mercery, and Men's Wear.

Amusements.

CROXTON TO-NIGHT at 8 o'clock

GRAND OPEN-AIR CONCERT AND BIOSCOPE DISPLAY.
Nearly all Speciality Acts.
Glorious First Part—"Haym kers."
New Faces. New Artists. New Songs.
Syd. Smith, Accompanist.
First Appearance of FISKO & PARTELLO
The Great Comedy Jugglers—A Fine Turn.
VICTOR LOVDALL, from J. C. Williamson's Pantomine, The Leading Scotch Comedian
HARRY ' FGETT, Comedian.
TED ANDERSON, Comedian.
LILY HULBERT, Melb.'s Leading Soprano.
Star Engagement—Miss FREDA CUTHBERT in her Great Apache Dance.
Miss FLORRIE BARTELLO, The Dainty Serio.
Farce by the Company.
H. W. BALHARRY, Promoter.

THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURE THEATRE.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING.
GRAND ALL PICTURE NIGHT!
The 101st Night of the Season.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The Management wish to announce that they have made special arrangements with Mr. C. Spencer, of the Olympia, to show

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
or
THE BUSH KING,
3000 ft. long.

Don't Miss the Opportunity of Seeing THIS Great Star Picture.
Absolutely the Greatest Local Production of Australian Bush Life.

Next Saturday, 9th December,
MARGARET CATCHPOLE,
A Thrilling Story of England and Australia 100 Years ago.

The usual Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday Night Entertainments.

Patrons are requested to come early and secure seats at 6d.
Few Reserved Seats at 1s.

NORTHCOTE STATE SCHOOL CONCERT,
TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE,
THURSDAY NEXT 7th DECEMBER.

Parents and Friends:
Come, See and Hear the Bright and Clever Children in
Their Dances, Their Songs, and Their Exercises.

Colleens, Cowboys, Milkmaids, and Quakeresses.
Russian Dance. Fire Clubs.

Adults 1s, Children 6d.
A. M. PATY, Hon. Sec.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

GARDEN FETE AND XMAS FAIR,
GARDEN FETE AND XMAS FAIR,

In aid of the Church Funds,

SATURDAY NEXT, 9th DECEMBER,
Afternoon and Evening,

Commencing at 2.45 p.m., to be held at the residence of Mr. A E. Pizzey, "Benvenuto," Darebin Road.

Stalls of Useful and Seasonable Goods, including Dolls, Toys, Fancy Goods, Cake and Produce, Flowers and Pot Plants, Travelling Goods and X-mas Presents, Confectionery, etc.

Xmas Tree and Amusements for the Children.

Competitions and Entertainment for All.

Tea Gardens. Strawberries and Cream. Musical Programme. Band Music.

Come and Bring Your Friends. You are cordially invited to assist in making the Fete a Social and Financial Success.

Admission Sixpence.

Mrs. A. W. Fox,
Hon. Secretary.

THE Loyal Templeton Lodge I.O.O.F. will hold a EUCHRE PARTY and DANCE in the Bradford Hall, South Preston, Monday next, 4th December Cards 8 till 10. Dancing 8 till 11.30. Good Music. Efficient M.C. Tickets: Double 2s, Gents 1s 6d, Ladies 1s. Refreshments.
O. STEPHENSON, Secretary.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST Church, Thursday, 7th December, at 8 p.m.—A CHRISTMAS CAROL, Charles Dickens' Famous Ghost Story, interpreted by the Popular Elocutionist, VICTOR L. TROTMAN. Splendid Musical Items by the Choir and Friends. Admission 6d.

GRAND CHRISTMAS FAIR, in aid of Preston Presbyterian Church, Church Grounds, David Street, Saturday next, 9th December. Good Programme, Scotch Dancing, &c., afternoon and evening. Competitions for Cakes, Scones, Lollies, etc For full particulars see bills.

Lost and Found.

LOST.—Child's White Beaver Coat in Bell street, Preston, Wednesday, 22nd Nov. Reward. Mrs. E. J. Sullivan, Jessie street.

LOST.—Between Gladstone avenue and Cunningham street, Northcote, Gold Cable Bangle. Return to T. Munro, 71 Gladstone avenue. Reward.

Board & Residence

VACANCIES for one or two young men; two minutes Merri or Westgarth stations. 95 Barry street, Northcote.

WANTED by Married Couple (in business) two rooms and board with superior adult family; permanent. By letter, "Comfort," this office.

Wanted to Sell.

NEW W.B. House, 6 large rooms, wash-house detached, near Preston station. Apply Hext, "The Pines," Spring street, Preston.

HOODED Piano Box Buggy For Sale. A. J. Cornish, corner McCracken's avenue and Hartington street, Northcote.

Wanted.

BOY or Girl, just left school, for Wrapping Soap. Sterling Soap Co., South Preston.

Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate, — Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from 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.

Local Government

Electric Light and Power Act 1896 No. 1113.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

APPLICATION by the Council of the Shire of Preston for an Order under sections 8 and 10 of the *Electric Light and Power Act 1896*, No. 1113, authorising such Council to supply electricity for public and private purposes within the Shire of Preston.

(a) The object of the application is to obtain an Order authorising the applicants to supply electricity for any private or public purpose within the area hereinafter mentioned.

(b) The applicant is the Council of the Shire of Preston, and its address is Shire Hall, Preston.

(c) The proposed area of supply is the Shire of Preston. The exact limits of the proposed area as above described are shown in a map, copies of which, before the application is lodged, will be available for public inspection at the Post Office and the Shire Hall.

(d) The names of the streets in or along which it is proposed that electric lines should be laid down or erected are the whole of the roads or streets within the area above mentioned.

(d 1) The applicant at present contemplates the laying down or erecting of electric lines in the following streets or roads, viz:—

Powell street, from Spring street to High street.
Wild street, full length
Station street, from 7 chains west of High street to High street.
Tyler street, from High street to Plenty road.
Regent street, from Spring street to High street.
Wood street, from High street to Plenty road
Murray road, from Elizabeth street to High street.
Cramer street, from Jessie street to High street.
Gower street, from High street to Plenty road.
David street, from High street to Plenty road.
Bruce street, from Jessie street to High street.
Livingstone street, from Plenty road to South street.
Bell street, from Elizabeth street to South street.
Seymour street, from High street to Plenty road.
Garnet street, from High street to Plenty road.
Raglan street, from High street to Hotham street.
Oakover road, from 8 chains west side of railway to High street
Spring street, from Murray road 19 chains north.
Railway place East, from Oakover road 2 chains north.
High street, from Dundas street to Northernhay street.
Hotham street, from Dundas street to Bell street.
Plenty road, from Dundas street to Gower street.

(e) The time within which such electric lines are to be laid down or erected cannot be specified except as to the lines in the streets or roads specified in (d 1) aforementioned, which the applicant undertakes to erect or lay down within two (2) years from the granting of the now proposed Order.

(f) The applicant proposes to take power by the Order to interfere with or break up, so far as may be necessary for such purposes, and subject to such provisions as may be inserted in such Order, all or any tramways or railways within the proposed area of supply.

(g) Copies of the draft Order and of the Order when made can be obtained at the price of Five shillings per copy at the Shire Hall, Preston, and at the office of Messrs Lincolne and MacDougall, Royal Bank Chambers, Elizabeth street, Melbourne.

(h) Copies of notices of objection and other documents may be served on the applicants at the office of the applicant, Shire Hall, Preston.

Every council, company or person desirous of bringing before the Minister of Public Works, by whom the said Act is administered, any objection respecting the said application must do so within three months from the date of the State *Government Gazette* containing the advertisement, by notice addressed to the Minister, marked on the outside of the cover containing it, "*Electric Light and Power Act 1896*," and a copy of every such notice of objection must also be forwarded to the applicant for the now proposed Order.

Dated at the Shire Hall, Preston this 16th day of November, 1911.

The common seal of the Council of the Shire of Preston was affixed hereto in the presence of—
ALF. ROBERTSON, President.
C. T. CRISPE, Councillor.
[SEAL] CHAS. H. WARR, Councillor.
A. DEAN, Shire Secretary.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

TENDERS are invited, returnable up to Monday, 4th December, at 4 p.m., at the Shire Offices, for Road Metal:—

(1) 250 yards 2-inch Metal High Street; 250 yards 2½ inch Metal Epping Road.

(2) 250 yards 2-inch and 250 yards 2½ inch Metal Plenty Road.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

ART SCHOOL.

MISS MARGARET D. 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.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ERNEST LEES,

AUCTIONEER,

Sworn Valuator, House & Land Agent,

235 HIGH ST NORTHCOTE,

May be consulted daily in regard to the following:—

Sale or Purchase of Houses, Shops, Farms, or Allotments.

Insurance of Buildings, Goods, Furniture, Crops, or Animals.

Life Insurance (A.M.P.)

Loans on Security.

Sales by Auction.

Rent Collecting.

Call, Write, or Ring—

Tel. Northcote 54.

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).

PRESTON.—Double fronted House, one minute Regent Street station, 7 rooms, bath, every convenience, metal ceilings, large verandah, just finished. Land 66 ft. x 120ft. £750 cash or terms.

PRESTON.—Fine Corner Allotment Building Land, 60ft. x 135ft., 30/- per foot. Title Certificate.

NORTHCOTE.—Close to Tram. New double-fronted Weatherboard House, just finished, 4 rooms, good allotment. £375.

Rents Carefully Collected.
Fire Insurance Effected.
Money Advanced to Purchase Houses.
Agent T. & G. Mutual Life, Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., Metropolitan Fire Insurance Co.

Tradesmen's Books accurately kept, single and double entry. Income Tax Returns Completed. Strictly confidential.

W. J. GRAY,
House, Land and Estate Agent.

6 Hutton Street, Northcote. 176 Johnston Street, Collingwood.

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, Manager.

Local Agent: J. TYNAN,
Land and Estate Agent,
331 High Street, Northcote.

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.

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.

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).

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 3451.

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,
"LILLIEVILLE,"
DAREBIN ROAD, NORTHCOTE.
Phone, Northcote 221.

SISTER CORNWELL
(Late Matron Women's Hospital),
VISITING NURSE.
"Corinella," Westgarth Street, Northcote.
Midwifery, Surgical and Medical Cases attended night or day.

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

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

Alterations to Premises.

C. Devers and Co., Oakover road, wrote applying for permission to make alterations to his premises.—Referred to the inspector for report.

Dundas Street.

The Town of Northcote wrote stating that this council's request re Dundas street had been referred for consideration with the estimates.

Municipal Tramways Bill.

The town clerk, Melbourne, wrote forwarding copies of the Bill to incorporate the Municipal Tramways Trust. Referred to the committee of the whole.

Sewerage Exemption Wanted.

R Page, Garnet street, wrote applying to be exempted from sewering his stable He only used his pony once a week, and would have to sell him if the stable had to be sewered.—Reply to be sent that the council has no power to interfere

The Pipe Track.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote giving permission to level crossing over pipe track at end of Station street. They would like definite reply from council regarding agreement as to the use of track.—Referred to the committee of the whole, on the motion of Crs Crispe and Howse

Street Names.

George Robinson, Killara street, wrote expressing the hope that the name Victoria street would not be substituted for Mason street There was another Victoria street, but that was in South Preston, and no confusion should occur, and Victoria was a name that should be preserved and honored as much as possible.—No action taken.

Width of Tires Act.

The City of Malvern wrote forwarding resolution passed by conference of the Eastern Suburbs recommending the councils to go in for the Width of Tires Act in its entirety and prosecute any person infringing same.

Cr. Stanlake said it was time they took some action to protect their roads, and he would move that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Howse seconded.

Cr. Howse described the proposal as a "very stupid sort of thing" Anyone who has loads to carry take good care they have wide enough tires to carry them.

The motion was carried.

Metropolitan Board Wages.

The United Laborers' Union wrote intimating that they are endeavoring to get the Metropolitan Board of Works to pay a rate of wages to its employes on the same basis as employers outside.—Referred to the Commissioner.

Sewerage Exemption Asked.

Francis Lee, 228 High street, applied to be exempted from erecting a manure bin. The manure from his stable was removed daily to a large garden adjoining.

Cr. Stanlake moved and Cr. Warr seconded that the application be granted subject to the approval of the Board.

Cr. Crispe said it was time they took a stand in this matter. If every person who kept a horse was going to be exempted from providing a manure pit they would not be complying with the Health Act. He moved an amendment that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole to consider their position

Cr. Braithwaite seconded, remarking that these matters were much better left in the hands of the Board.

Cr. Allchin asked why this application should be refused when they granted Mr. Mitchell's application only a few meetings ago. After all it remained with the Board to say "Yes" or "No."

Cr. Stanlake—If there is any nuisance the council has a right to call upon him to abate it.

The amendment was carried.

Meat Inspector's Leave.

E. J. Sullivan, meat inspector, applied for three weeks' leave of absence, the extra week being on account of not getting any leave last year. Mr. N. Brown would take his place.—Granted, on the motion of Crs Howse and Crispe

Letter from Mr Trethowan.

The secretary commenced to read a letter from Mr. F. W. Trethowan regarding the building in David street.

Cr. Crispe said this matter had been thoroughly gone into and was now in the hands of the inspector. He moved that the letter be simply received.

Cr. Allchin remarked that this was a letter from a ratepayer and should be read.

The president—Go on then, read it.

Mr. Trethowan, in the course of a lengthy letter, said that though the council's decision had been to leave the matter to the inspector, the nuisance had been going on every day of the week ending November 18. The council was very prompt in bringing a Chinaman in Oakover road to book for infringing the building regulations. They also as promptly stopped Messrs Morgan and Jeffries from creating a nuisance in Dundas street, and yet in this case of the Messrs Zwar practically no action is taken, though 13 reputable persons declare that a nuisance exists and the council holds a report from the Board of Health that the smell is offensive 12 chains from its source. Some councillors desire to see the place in work, but if an appointment were made what guarantee would they have that the conditions would be the same? Last time the flue was found to be choked, but was cleared as soon as Mr. Roche left.

The motion that the letter be received was carried.

The Board of Health wrote stating they would be glad to know what action the council was taking in the matter, Mr. Trethowan having again complained to the Department regarding the offensive odours.—To be informed that the matter is in the hands of the inspector.

Lamp for Gilbert Road.

J. T. Hill applied for a lamp at the corner of Gilbert road and Cooper street. He had just built at a cost of £500 and found the place most inconveniently dark.

Cr Howe moved and Cr. Crispe seconded that the matter be considered with the estimates.

The House Fly.

The Public Health Department wrote forwarding copies of posters they had issued on the subject of the common house fly and asking the council to undertake distribution of same.—Referred to the secretary for distribution.

Sewerage Exemption For Farm.

A Robertson applied on behalf of the owner, Mr. S. Mair, to be exempted from constructing a manure bin at his premises at corner of Hotham and Bell streets, occupied by Geo. Bransgrove, as the land, about 6 acres, is used for cultivation, and the manure is carted on to it daily.

Cr. Howse moved and Cr Crispe seconded that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Warr said it was ridiculous to refer this matter to the committee of the whole. It would simply be penalising a person to compel him to put in a manure bin under the circumstances.

Cr. Braithwaite—We have all got to submit to penalties.

Finance Committee.

Cr. Stanlake (chairman) submitted the report, recommending that accounts amounting to £50 17s be passed for payment.—Adopted.

Public Works Committee.

The report recommended—

1. That accounts amounting to £167 11s 10d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2 Engineer to call for tenders for 1000 cubic yds of metal for the main roads.

Committee of the Whole.

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

1. Re tarpaving extras for ratepayers.—To be left in the hands of the engineer.—Adopted.

2 Re treeguard in front of Freeman's Store.—That the request be not granted.—Adopted.

3 Letter from Preston Citizens' Progress Association re offer to help in building a drill room That as the council consider it a National undertaking to provide necessary accommodation for the drilling of youths under the Compulsory Training Act no action be taken in the matter.—Adopted.

4. Letter from Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works re extension of reticulation pipes in Wallace street That the council will execute the necessary agreement with the Board, provided the persons benefitted will enter into an agreement with the council to make up the difference between the amount paid to the Board and 6 per cent on £110.—Adopted.

5 Re subdivision in Spring street, between May and Cooper streets.—That the council agree to the subdivision as the engineer reports that the same can be efficiently drained.—Adopted.

Ordinary Business.

Cr. Allchin referred to the bad condition of the roadway in Bell street near the Darebin Creek.—Referred to engineer for attention.

Cr. Howse reported that the asphalt on the west side of High street wanted attention badly.

Cr. Howse, as usual, had several "little matters" to bring up for the benefit of the east riding.

GRIPPED BY BODY PAINS.

Indescribable Misery which Bile Beans Cured.

Miss E. Miller, of 10 Alexander Parade, Fitzroy, Melbourne, says:—"For many years I endured awful agonies, caused by biliousness and indigestion. What I went through no one but myself knows. Accumulated bile caused me terrible suffering, and when the attacks were on I would have to stop every now and again, even if I was in the street. Quantities of bile caused me to retch and and strain in an awful manner. These dreadful illnesses made me very weak and miserable, and nothing seemed able to shake them off. Excruciating headaches and dreadful pains across the forehead nearly drove me mad. At other times pains in my stomach and across my chest would double me up so much that I had to walk in a crouching attitude. Sometimes they would grip me so bad that I had to stand and hold on to something for support while the attack lasted The misery I endured was indescribable. Although I persevered with several remedies I did not obtain any relief It was after reading about Bile Beans that I decided to try this medicine. After taking them as instructed for a short time, I realised they were doing me good. My bowels, liver and kidneys were gradually brought into a healthy state, and I began to feel much better in myself. By continuing taking Bile Beans I was soon free from headaches and the other dreadful pains and symptoms Soon I had a healthy appetite, and after a full course of Bile Beans I was restored to perfect health. Now I feel splendid and fit, and can perform my duties with pleasure."

This grand family medicine is sold by all chemists and stores.

A. LEWIS,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE,
NORTH FITZROY.

Has just opened a large assortment of New Goods for the Christmas trade, including Jewel Cases, Trinket Boxes, Writing Cases, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, Silver-Mounted Brushes and Combs, Tie and Collar Boxes, Stud Boxes, Shaving Sets, &c.

Also one of the Best Assortments of Toys and Dolls to be seen in Melbourne,

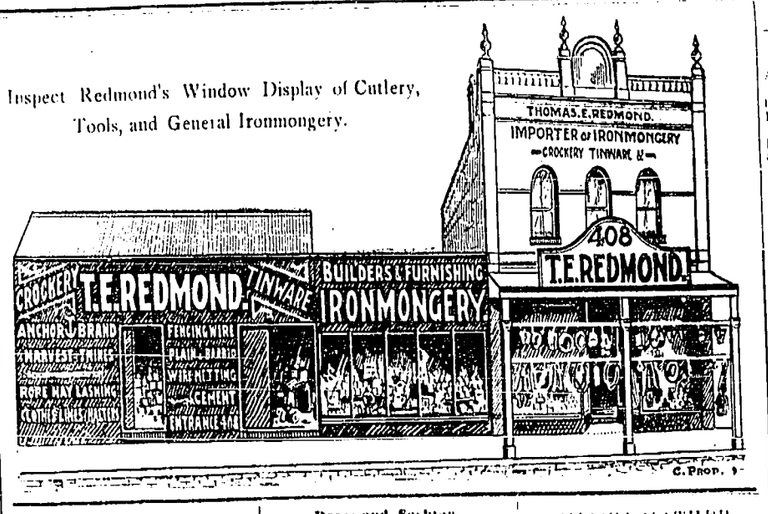
and is

Open Every Evening for Xmas & New Year Cards, hundreds to choose from for home mail.

INSPECT WINDOWS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

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

Inspect Redmond's Window Display of Cutlery, Tools, and General Ironmongery.



RIDING DOWN FROM GLASGOW

A Scotch-strallian Version.

Riding down from Glasgow,
On the morning train,
After days of puddling
In incessant rain;
Met old man McTavish.
Stayed with him a space,
Now I'm leaving Scotland,
At the hottest pace.
There's no haste or hustle
In a railway chiel;
Guard would "blaw the whustle"
When he "deemed it weel";
Guard has hefty whuskers
I would have you know,
Four bags to the acre
They would surely go.
Riding down from Glasgow,
Back to Birmingham,
Filled right up with porridge,
Scones, and cake, and jam;
Loaded down wi' shortbread,
Haggis and oatmeal,
Is it onny wonder
I'm no' feelin' weel?
Wi' ma coat an' bonnet
I hae wandered roon,
Speirin' o' the bobbies,
Seein' o' the toon;
Time is awfu' preeshus
When you bide a wee,
But I fairnt the language,
As you plainly see.
Thustles by the wayside,
Thustles doon the lane,
Thustles till I'm plagued with,
Thustles on the brain;
Tartan in the windows,
Tartan on the stoop,
Sundry little bits of
Tartan in the coop.
Crept to kirk one morning,
Proud as onny man,
Being born a hardened
Scotch-by-ter-i-an;
Meenister's lang sairmon
Did me mee' guid,
Half his convairsation
Wasna understood.
Och! I met a lassie,
Whisht, an' I will tell:
Ever hear o' Mary,
Bonnie Scotch blue-bell?
Eyes are gems of morning,
Black as night her hair,
Lips like bow a-bending,
Cheeks red roses wear.
Hoots! me heeart she's taken,
Wi' her winnin' smile,
And her ither name is—
You might guess—Argyle;
She's a Highlan' lassie,
Is my Scotch blue-bell;
This is confidential,
An' ye maunna tell.
Riding down from Glasgow,
Through a bonnie land,
With the hills of heather
Grey on either hand;
Birthplace of my ain folk.
Oh, my heart is sore—
I am leaving Scotland,
For a distant shore.
Ridin' doon frae Glesca—
Dinna, dinna greet;
Pairtin' maun be painfu'
When the meetin's sweet;
Mon, I love you countree,
Wi' its hills and stanes,
For I hae its speerut
Coursin' thro ma veins.

WILL. W. ROCK.

Midland Express,
1911.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

Fish Bone Penetrated Thumb—Nasty Inflamed Wound Healed by Zam-Buk.

Mr. R Fitzsimons, a fish dealer, of 70 Stanton street, Carlton, Melbourne, says:—"While handling fish I get some nasty wounds at times which take a serious turn. These mostly happen through the bones of the fish penetrating the flesh. In many cases these punctures bring on blood-poisoning, causing intense agony, and would assume dangerous proportions if not properly attended to.

"One day I sustained a very nasty wound down the thumb just under the nail. The suddenness of the stab, for I can call it no less, made me jump. As I drew the bone out it seemed to stick, caused by the glutinous substance on it, which is highly poisonous. At first I did not take much notice, but in a day or two my thumb began to swell and got extremely painful. Poulticing did no good and my thumb nail began to come off.

"Recommended by a friend to try Zam-Buk I did so, and as soon as this excellent balm was applied it had an immediate soothing effect. The excessive inflammation at once began to subside and the pain eased off. I continued using Zam-Buk, and the rapidity of the cure surprised me, for in about ten days my thumb was well."

Zam-Buk heals cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, scratches, and quickly ends piles eczema, bad legs, ringworm, ulcers, running sores, chilblains, chapped hands, cold sores, blood-poisoning, and all skin disease. 1s 6d and 3s 6d, all chemists and stores.

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.

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

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,

COSTUMIERES

(late of Flinders St

ARTISTIC DRESSMAKING.

Coats and Skirts a Specialty.

241 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL

(Near Train Terminus).

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.

Northcote Motor Garage

has just opened at

32 High Street

(next Ice Works).

FIRST CLASS REPAIRING.
Oils and Accessories.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

NORTHCOTE ICE WORKS

34 HIGH STREET.

Pure Crystal Ice delivered daily.

Dairymen catered for with Specially Prepared Cooler and Ample Storage Accommodation.

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 indoors this spring you should consult us if you want first-class workmanship at prices that are reasonable.

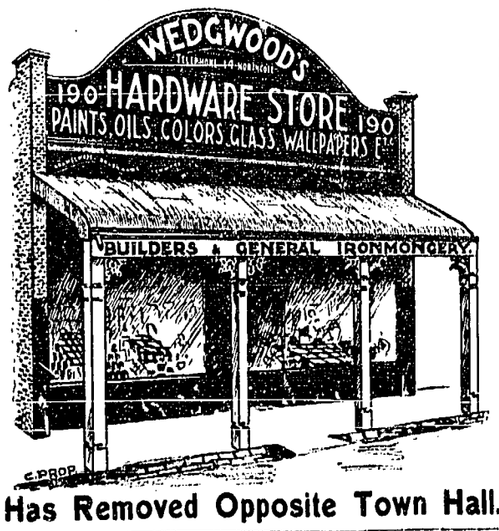
THERE NEVER YET

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 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.

D. B. MASSON,

Decorator and Ironmonger, Importer of Glass and Paperhangings,
Muranese from 10½ a foot. Write for Patterns.
Lowest Current Rates for all Painters' Materials.
236 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Telephone, Northcote 104

DO YOU KNOW THAT



Has Removed Opposite Town Hall.

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 VALUERS),

HOUSE & LAND Agents,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOT

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

IF you are running an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and

ADVERTISE it thoroughly.

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—14th December.
Xmas Tree.

J. TYNAN, Secretary, James St.

I.O.R.,

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217.

MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hal, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.

Next meeting—7th December.

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, 2/3

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,
"Wicklesville," 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—5th December.

And Every Alternate TUESDAY in the Friendly Societies' Hall, Wimble Street, Northcote.

HENRY H. HANSEN,
Secretary.

271 High Street,
Northcote.

T. KERR,

PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER,
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD.

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Specialty.

Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.

REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

Educational

Westleigh College

Established 1886.
(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. Bibron, 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.

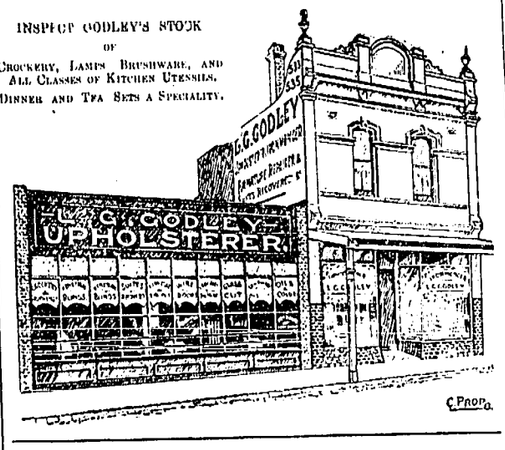
195 LITTLE COLLINS ST.

E. THOMAS, M.A.

Announcements

INSPECT CODLEY'S STOCK OF CROCKERY, LAMPS, BRUSHWARE, AND ALL CLASSES OF KITCHEN UTENSILS.

DINNER AND TEA SETS A SPECIALITY.



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.

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!

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,

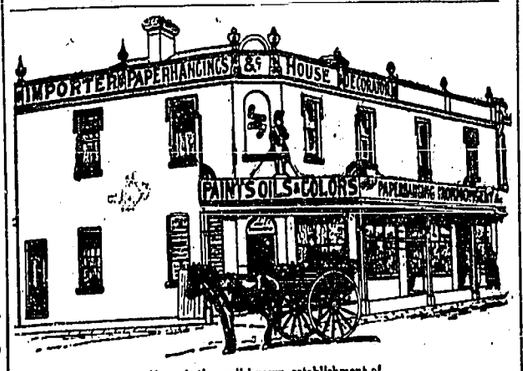
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).

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 Specialty.

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.

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,
B.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., M.A.C.D.,

DENTIST,

Only Address—
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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.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1911.

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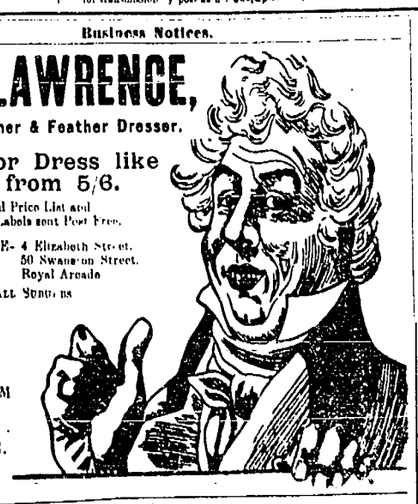

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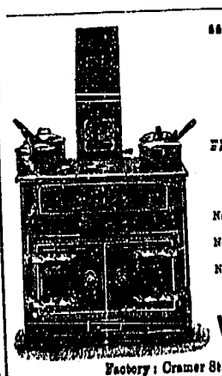

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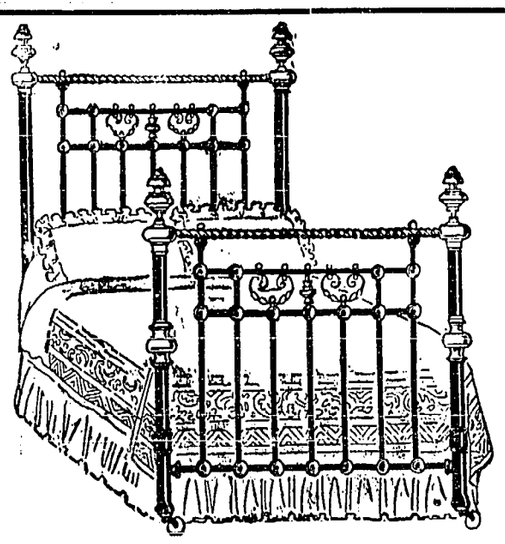

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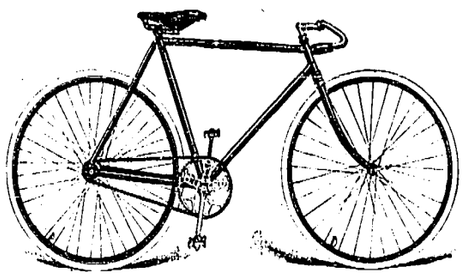

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Whips, Bits, Sponges, and other Stable Requisites in stock.

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Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

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Monday, 8 p.m., Thanksgiving Service.

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7 p.m., Evening Prayer, Rev. A. CAFFIN

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Evening, Mr. F. H. NICHOLLS.
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7 p.m., Mr. D THORPE.

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SOUTH PRESTON.—11, Mr. G. HAWKER; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE.
All Welcome.

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Meetings for next Lord's Day:
Worship at 11 a.m.
Bible Class at 3 p.m.
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DRESSMAKING Business, good connection. Apply corner High and Lawry streets, Northcote.

HOODED Piano-Box Buggy For Sale A. J. Cornish, corner McCracken' avenue and Hartington Street, Northcote.

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Piano: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER
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Pupils prepared for Matriculation and other Examinations.
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Terms, moderate, on application.
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Songs written for musical setting.

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PIANOFORTE, HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT.
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Trimmed Hats, Flowers & Trimmings Reduced Ninon and Crystaline Veils
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Corsets to suit all figures from 1/11 to 18/6

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All latest designs in Neckwear. Hosiery a speciality.

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F. T. EAGLES

Pharmaceutical & Consulting Chemist,

Has pleasure in informing his old friends and the public of Northcote and surrounding districts generally that he has

RESUMED BUSINESS

at his old & well known Pharmacy,

281 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

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 has 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.

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High Grade Eye Glasses, Spectacles, &c., of all descriptions. Moderate charges.

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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 it on the very successful and popular lines it has always been conducted.

Complete and Up-to-Date Stock of Patent Medicines, Toilet Requisites, and Homeopathic and Veterinary Medicines.

Dispensing Department a Speciality. Only the best of Drugs used.

Death.

RICE.—On the 3rd December, at his late residence, 15 Park street, Northcote, after a long and painful illness, Henry V. Rice, aged 55 years. Mrs. Rice and Family desire to thank Drs. Dagenhardt and Mendelssohn, and many friends, for kind attention and sympathy during recent sad bereavement.

In Memoriam.

In loving memory of my dear husband, the Rev. Hector Ferguson, and our devoted papa, who passed into the spiritual world December 13th, 1909.
Sadly missed.
"Till the day dawns and the shadows flee away"

Bereavement Notices.

MR. and Mrs. McPHERSON and Family desire to express their sincere thanks to their many friends for their expressions of sympathy by visits, cards and floral tributes, in their sad bereavement.
12 Ballantyne street, Northcote.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9

Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., is to have his recent victory celebrated and his splendid work for his electorate recognised by being tendered a conversazione and presentation at the Northcote town-hall on Wednesday evening next, 13th inst. A representative gathering is expected from all parts of the electorate, and the occasion should be a very interesting one. Friends and supporters who desire to contribute to the testimonial are requested to send their contributions to the district committees or to Mr. J. T. Downing, general secretary, 30 Helen street, Northcote.

All kinds of Xmas Presents at Prince of Wales' Park Garden Fete this afternoon. [Advt.]

Northcote's New Loan.—The mayor (Cr. Bastings) reported on Monday evening that he had succeeded in making very satisfactory arrangements for the new loan of £19,666. A financial institution would let them have the money at 4 per cent, and they could take it in instalments as they wanted it, which would save them the first year £360 in interest. There would be no commission or flotation expenses. The arrangements were approved, Cr. Plant congratulating the mayor on getting the money on such advantageous terms.

A meeting was held at the town hall on Tuesday evening last regarding the proposed re-union of old scholars of the Northcote State School to do honor to Mr R. Tobin, who for many years was head master. In the absence of the mayor (Cr. Bastings), who was otherwise engaged but stated he would do everything in his power as an old pupil to make the occasion a success, Cr. B. E. Johnson was voted to the chair. Mr C. H. Loyall was elected hon. secretary and a strong committee formed to make the necessary arrangements. It was decided after consulting the old rolls to get in touch with as many of the old scholars as possible, and then call a meeting of the whole to decide as to the form of the re-union. Any old scholar or friend of the old master wishing to join in the movement is requested to communicate with the mayor or the secretary, Mr. Loyall, 81 Bent street, Northcote.

On Wednesday evening at the anniversary concert and social, in connection with the South Morang Methodist Church, which was crowded to the doors, a somewhat interesting incident occurred. The Rev. E. O. Knee, who was in the chair, during the evening had to announce that one of his own dialogues, entitled "The March of the Months," would now be given, and as it was his own child, would step down from the platform in order to see it to greater advantage. Then to the delight of the audience in marched the young women from Moonee Ponds, who represented the months, headed by old Father Christmas, who represented December. When the young folk from Moonee Ponds found to their surprise that the author of the cantata was in the chair, they were somewhat taken back. As a matter of fact, the introduction of the cantata was not a matter of arrangement by the young lady who had charge of the programme, but simply a coincidence. It is to be given next week at Essendon and was trotted out on Wednesday evening as a kind of rehearsal.

With regret we record the death of Mr H. V. Rice, which took place at his residence, Park street, Northcote, on the 3rd December, after an illness extending over 5 months. For two years prior to his health breaking down, Mr. Rice was with the Railway Department, but for 7 years prior to that he will be well remembered as the vigilant yet genial inspector on the Northcote trams, under Mr. Doran's lessseship.

The monthly meeting of the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association was held in All Saints' school room on Tuesday evening, the president (Mr. Wright) in the chair. It was resolved that an official visit be paid to the East Northcote Progress Association meeting to be held in the town-hall on December 6th. On account of the holidays the next meeting will be held on January 9, 1912. Best wishes were tendered to Mr. Beere, who is leaving the district to reside by the sea. It was resolved to place his name on the books as an honorary member. At this stage members retired to the larger hall for harmony, the following contributing towards the evening's enjoyment, viz:—Mr. Moore, solo; Messrs Moore and Clarkson, duet; Mr. Lloyd, comic item; Mr. Boulter, song; Cr. S. Dennis, recitation; Mr. Crossley favoured with a number of records on the gramaphone and Mr. Horace Michell acted as pianist. After refreshments, Mr. Howard moved and Rev. Kellaway seconded that the best thanks be tendered to those who so ably assisted in the musical part of the evening's entertainment. One new member was enrolled and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

POSTAL DELIVERIES IN THE NORTH-EAST.

Mr. F. Anstey, M.P., wrote to the Northcote council on Monday evening forwarding a letter he had received from the Postmaster-General's Dept., stating that they did not feel justified, after due enquiry, in disturbing present arrangements with regard to the delivery of letters in the north-eastern portion of the town. The residents would not receive their correspondence before 10.30 a.m. if delivered from Northcote, whereas delivery from Fairfield is now effected at 9.15 a.m.

Cr. Harry moved that fresh application be made, as considerable delay was caused in delivery of letters under present circumstances.

Cr. Redmond seconded the motion.

Cr. Lees thought the letter made it clear that these residents were getting a better delivery through Fairfield than through Northcote. The department was only acting on common-sense lines.

Cr. Hayes considered that more common-sense would be shown by delivering Northcote letters from Northcote.

The motion was carried.

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Wardrop's Corner,
Smith Street, Collingwood.

Localisms.

The "powers that be"—municipal and police—will have a load of responsibility lifted off them when the new hall is built. With no passage ways left, and hundreds of men, women and children jammed so tightly together that they could scarcely move, what would have happened in case, say, of a cry of "Fire" at the State School concert on Thursday evening. It is too frightful to contemplate.

Cr. Hayes informed the council on Monday evening that tenders for the additions to Prince of Wales Park State School would be called in a few days.

Before proceeding with the business of the Northcote Town Council on Monday evening the mayor made feeling reference to the death of the late Mr. Charles Jackson, referring to the fact that he had served at a former period as a member of the borough council, also mentioning that he was the father-in-law of Cr. Plant. He moved that a letter of condolence be sent to the family. This was seconded by Cr. Tharratt, supported by Cr Smith, and carried.

Northcote Town Council were notified on Monday evening that the Government had placed £10000 on the estimates towards the Northcote-Heidelberg drainage scheme, estimated to cost £17 000. The mayor stated that they had asked for £3000, but they might consider the grant of the smaller sum satisfactory. Later on, perhaps, they might make a further claim.

Shadow Pantomime and Fancy Dress Tennis Match This Afternoon at Garden Fete, Prince of Wales' Park. [Advt].

The Austral Band Carnival takes place at Croxton Park on Thursday evening next. There will be a torchlight parade of bands through High street at 7.30, the bands taking part being the Heidelberg, the Abbotsford, and the Northcote Municipal, followed by a grand popular entertainment, consisting of bioscope pictures, variety items, band selections, &c.

The gross takings of the bazaar in aid of Preston B.C. Church and school were £313 18s 11½d and the expenditure £22 14s 7d, leaving the fine profit of £291 4s 4½d. The produce stall topped the list with net takings of £97 16s 9d, Sacred Heart stall being a close second with £97 0s 1d.

Mr Bishop and staff much regret that some who had purchased tickets for Northcote State School concert were unable to enter the hall. If such persons would return tickets to the secretary (Miss Daly) the money will be returned. The entertainment would be repeated but that the strain has already been sufficient for most of the children. The examinations next week, also would prevent the teachers from helping.

Mrs. Holland, 118, 120 and 122 Smith street, Collingwood, advertises to-day her Christmas sale of millinery. Special lines of untrimmed hats for holiday wear from 1s 6d to 2s 11d.

E. H. Smith intimates that he has commenced business as a land, estate, and insurance agent, at 499 High street, Northcote, opposite the tramsheds.

Messrs Lees, Harry, Johnson, Woolhouse and Smith, have been appointed to represent Northcote at the conference convened by Preston for the 19th inst., to consider the project of linking up Fitzroy, Northcote and Preston by means of an electric tram.

Don't Forget Xmas Fair and Garden Fete at "Benvenuta," Darebin road, Northcote, this afternoon and evening. [Advt.]

Wm. Walker, of 95 High street, South Northcote, advertises that he has an extensive collection of silver plated brushes, mirrors, combs, and a beautiful variety of necklets, pendants, links, rings, crosses, etc., suitable for Xmas gifts.

"The Friend that never fails and the Bank that never breaks," is the Rev. E. O. Knee's subject at Preston Methodist Church to-morrow morning.

At the recent examinations of the Musical Society of Victoria, Miss Alice Sims, a pupil of Mr. E. B. Schwaebsch, was successful in passing both theory and practice tests in the elementary grade.

Cr. Howes writes denying that he seconded Cr. Crisp's motion referring the matter of the removal of the kerbguard in front of Mr. Freeman's, High street, to the police.

Mr John Bowden, bandmaster of Richmond City Contest Band, will judge the Austral Cornet Contest at Croxton Park next Thursday night.

The mayoress (Mrs H. Bastings) is to open to day at 2.45, at "Benvenuta," the residence of Mrs. E. A. Pizzey, the garden fete and Xmas fair in aid of the funds of Prince of Wales Park Methodist Church.

The chief ruler and officers of Star of Northcote Tent I.O.R., invite members and their lady friends to a social re union at the town-hall next Saturday evening.

A Christmas fair, in aid of the Northcote Presbyterian Church, will be opened by the mayoress (Mrs H. Bastings) at the school hall, James street, next Friday evening, particulars of which, together with the attractions, are advertised.

This afternoon a Christmas fair is to be opened at the grounds of the Preston Presbyterian Church, David street. There will be a good programme of Scotch dancing, singing, etc., both afternoon and evening.

F. T. Eagles, pharmaceutical and consulting chemist and dentist, intimates that he has resumed business at his old stand, 281 High street, Northcote. All dispensing will be entirely under his own supervision.

Thornbury park, which was two months ago a beautiful paddock with cattle and horses grazing amongst the gum trees, is to-day being formed into a township and promises to grow rapidly. Roadmakers, teamsters, surveyors, bridge-builders and carpenters are busily engaged. About 15 allotments have been disposed of privately during the week and eight new and attractive villas are in course of erection. We are informed there will be no further private sales until the auction on Saturday, 16th Dec.

Xmas Tree for the Children and Amusements for All.—"Benvenuta," Darebin road, Northcote, this afternoon at 2.45 [Advt.]

Northcote Free Library catalogues are now available at the library. Borrowers will find it a decided advantage to have a copy, and the committee request that those who take books away for home reading should procure a catalogue, the price being one shilling.

All Saints', Preston, Ladies' Guild will hold a garden fete in the church grounds on Saturday next. A Christmas tree will be a special feature of the occasion and it is hoped that Father Christmas himself may find time to be present.—[advt.]

At Thornbury picture theatre to-night there will be screened the 4000 feet film depicting Margaret Catchpole, a thrilling story of England and Australia 100 years ago. Special arrangements have been made with Mr. C. Spencer, of Olympia, for this production.

The vacant block of ground near the corner of Robb's parade and High street, Northcote, is being prepared for an open-air picture theatre.

On Tuesday evening, 19th Dec., a grand social evening will be given by the pupils of Miss M. V. Maguire in aid of prize fund.

DENNIS-MATTHEWS WEDDING.

In our report of the above last issue reference was inadvertently omitted to the groom's parents, who it may be mentioned have resided in Northcote for considerably over 20 years and are now well advanced in age.

Northcote Branch A.W.A.

At the quarterly meeting of the above, the president (Miss Baty) in the chair, one new member was elected. The branch having suffered its first loss by the death of Miss Roberts, who was one of the earliest members, it was decided that a letter of condolence be sent to Mr. and Miss Roberts. After business Mrs. Coyne, a Board member, installed the following officers:—President, Miss Baty; vice-president, Miss R. Barry; secretary, Miss Hellwig; assistant secretary and press correspondent, Miss Freeman; treasurer, Mrs. Puttifoot; librarian, Miss Miller; auditors, Misses A. Jager and R. Merriman; committee, Mrs. Key and Misses Miller, Thomas, Scully and Finn; dispensary delegates, Mrs. M. Rayment and Miss Baty; conference delegates, Miss Baty and Miss Hellwig; sick visitors, Mrs. Puttifoot and Mrs Key. Miss Hellwig was presented with a gold A.W.A. pendant as a token of esteem. Syllabus item for next meeting "Evening by Miss Freeman." All members are asked to bring a toy for the Christmas tree.

THE ELECTRIC CABLE.

AGREEMENT WITH PRESTON RATIFIED.

W. H. Ashman wrote to the Northcote council on Monday evening in reference to statements published that Northcote would save £600 by being allowed to lay their electric feeder in the Preston trench, stating that it had only cost Footscray £886 8s 3d to lay 3 miles of cable, so that as Northcote only required 1500 yards the cost would only be £250.

Regarding the laying of two high-tension cables in one trough he could not recommend this to be done, as both cables would be carrying a pressure of 1000 volts and on separate meters, and and if any alterations or larger cables are required it would mean disturbing the pitch round both cables, which is not to be recommended, and a practice not even followed with feeders and distributors run alongside each other in other systems.

The extra cost of a separate trough-ing laid in one common trench would be a very small item.

Where cables are laid in one trough in the City there is only a pressure of 2 x 230 volts, quite a different matter to 4000 volt concentric cables feeding separate municipalities.

Cr Lees, in moving that the matter be referred to the electric lighting committee, said that it had appeared in the Press that the putting down of the cable would cost £600, while Mr. Ashman was prepared to sign a contract to do it for £250.

Cr. Smith seconded the motion.

The mayor said there appeared to be some inaccuracies in Mr. Ashman's calculations. The distance from Clifton Hill to Martin street must be nearer 3000 than 1500 yards. However, as honorable men they must keep their compact with Preston. The matter of their electrical engineer must be considered. He had never really been appointed by the council.

Cr. Lees said it had been left in his hands as chairman to appoint the engineer, on the understanding that he should receive commission for supervising the undertaking if it came to anything.

The mayor said that to bring the matter to finality he would like the committee to report at next meeting.

Cr. Plant, referring to the understanding with Preston, said it should be honorably carried out.

Cr. Tharratt said he would like to have some particulars as to the means and terms under which the electric supply would be made available to consumers. They should be able to tap the cable and get power as well as light for their factories, and the wires should be underneath and not overhead.

Cr. Redmond wanted to know why the electric light committee did not consider the matter of getting an electric plant of their own or of utilising the surplus power at the tramway engine house.

Cr. Schwaebsch also complained of vagueness in regard to the scheme which the committee had in view. He thought they should get a power house of their own, though it would cost £11,000.

Cr. Lees said information had been given from time to time, but if councillors would not give their attention he could not help it. They could not expect him to be following them up and dinning it into their ears. As for utilising the spare power at the engine house for electric lighting they had gone into that thoroughly, and expert opinion was against it. Regarding the understanding with Preston he had it in mind when moving the resolution to say that the agreement should not be varied so far as the expense to Preston was concerned. At the same time he was not pleased with the attitude of the Preston council; and he felt very much disposed to bring forward a scheme for the generation of their own supply and let others come in if they liked.

The mayor said that after the game of bowls at Preston he made the intimation that the Northcote council did not expect Preston to bear the extra cost of putting down a separate trough for the Northcote cable. He was glad to hear that substantiated by Cr. Lees, chairman of the electric lighting committee.

The motion was carried.

NEW WESTGARTH STATION.

FOOTBRIDGE GRANTED AT CANDY STREET.

The Railway Commissioners wrote stating they would see the mayor and town clerk re alterations at Westgarth station on Nov. 29.

From same regarding certain transfers and exchanges of land in connection with the new station.

The mayor (Cr Bastings) who had met the Commissioners, gave a full explanation of the benefits that would accrue from these adjustments. He moved that the council approve of the proposed alterations in the plans, which was agreed to. The residents will next be asked to give their approval.

The mayor mentioned that they had secured a footbridge over the line at the intersection of Candy and Plant streets, which would obviate all passengers from the north side having to go round by Westgarth street to get back to the station.

Cr. Plant congratulated the mayor on securing this concession, as it would be a great convenience.

For gold and silver Christmas and wedding gifts, visit William Walker, jeweller, &c., 95 High street, Northcote.

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings offer by auction this afternoon d.f.w.b. villa at Northcote South.

McGeorge Bros and Savage will offer this afternoon valuable allotments in Plenty road, Murray road, Winifred street, etc., in frontages to suit purchasers.

Stott and Bastings, in conjunction with Membrey and Deane, will offer at their Fairfield office at 3 o'clock on Saturday next numerous allotments in Northcote and Fairfield. Full particulars are advertised.

Stott and Bastings, on Wednesday next, will conduct a trustees' realising sale of shop and villa properties, business sites and land at Preston. The sale offers an excellent opportunity to investors and others. Details of the properties are given in our auction column.

As will be seen from our auction notices Mr. H. Doidge is relinquishing dairying at Dundoora, which means the disposal of his well selected herd, and also of his horses, including the well known Clydesdale stallion, Lord Lesslie. Also milking machine, motor engine, etc. Full particulars advertised. Adamson, Strettle & Co. are the auctioneers.

EX-COUNCILLOR McINTOSH.

PRESENTED WITH AN ILLUMINATED ADDRESS.

Ex-Councillor McIntosh attended by invitation the meeting of the Northcote town council on Monday evening, when his former colleagues presented him with an illuminated address, in the course of which his past services to the town were referred to in terms of generous appreciation, and the best hopes expressed concerning his future welfare.

The mayor (Cr. Bastings) in making the presentation, said he could endorse all that was embodied in the address. When Cr McIntosh tendered his resignation there were all-round expressions of regret, together with eulogy of his past services, and subsequently the citizens tendered him a complimentary social and presentation, which all went to show how his efforts had been appreciated. It gave him pleasure to present this memento of the esteem of the council, with which he had been connected for 28 years.

Cr. McIntosh said he had to thank the mayor and councillors for this very handsome testimonial, which he appreciated very much indeed, and which all his family would appreciate. Sitting in the council chamber that night put him in mind of old times, and he had been pleased to hear from the mayor of the satisfactory manner in which the new loan had been arranged for.

NORTHCOTE STATE SCHOOL.

CHILDREN'S CONCERT.

The annual entertainment given by the children of the Northcote State school took place at the local town hall on Thursday evening, when the building was not only packed almost to suffocating point, but a hundred or two would-be patrons could not get in at all, and had perforce to return home. No wonder the hope expressed by the mayor that the new hall (to hold 1500) would be ready for next year's concert was heartily cheered. The last two concerts given in connection with the school set a very high standard, but it is satisfactory to know that this was fully maintained by Thursday evening's entertainment which was exceedingly creditable to all concerned—children, teachers, and parents alike.

The head master (Mr E. C. Bishop) introduced as chairman the mayor (Cr. H. Bastings), who said that in looking through his desk the other day he discovered an old programme showing that years ago, when a pupil at the Northcote State School, he occupied the position of chairman at a school entertainment. Thus, in his taking the chair that night, history was repeating itself. But he noticed that on that old programme he was down for a song and a recitation. History would not be repeating itself in that respect. (Laughter).

In such a lengthy programme it is impossible to comment on individual items, except in the briefest fashion. Items that stood out, probably, as worthy of special notice were—"Heads and Heels," a little comic action song remarkably well done by the juniors, the Minuet, daintily danced in character by the 3rd and 4th classes, the Colleens of Killarney action song by the seniors, who with their shamrock ornamented gowns and other characteristic dressing were an exceptionally inviting lot. The action song, "Doll's House Family," by the juniors, was also a very interesting and taking number, the little ones acquitting themselves right well. The "Tall Top Hat" chorus by the 3rd and 4th class boys was done captivally, evoking hearitest laughter. The song "Where are you going to My Pretty Maids" was most excellently given, many of the pretty milkmaids not only displaying fine voices but showing histrionic ability of high order. The Cowboy's song and dance, in which both characters, Miss J. Herschell and Master Duffy, were costumed to perfection, was one of the most appreciated novelties of the programme. Master Duffy also gave another good item in the song "Zuyder Zee" (in character). The "At Home" carried out so well by the juniors was a quaint and interesting item, and "The Quakeresses," in their demure habit, and with amusing song fully earned the mede of applause bestowed upon them. The Russian Dance, by the senior girls, was done most excellently, and there was no item in the programme more attractive. The "Singing Competition was also well carried out. Miss Elsie Hamilton recited in good clear voice, "The Music Stool." There was an exhibition of club swinging and also dumb-bell exercises, both admirable, as was Miss E. Plaice's individual exhibition. A sailor's hornpipe was nicely danced by Miss D. Travill, and two songs, "Nocturne" and "Music on the Waves," were given by the seniors, both going harmoniously and well.

The teachers had things so well organised, in spite of the great crush, that there was not a moment's waiting, and the programme of 19 items was got through a little after half-past nine.

The mayor, at the conclusion, said he could not allow the opportunity to pass without a word of appreciation to teachers and scholars for the excellent programme. It was the first time the concert had been held in the town hall, and he was sure they all hoped it would be the last, that is with its present limited accommodation. They owed their best thanks to the teachers and also the scholars who had all done so excellently.

Mr. Duffy, on behalf of Mr. Bishop, moved a comprehensive vote of thanks, embracing Miss Baty, the hon. secretary, the teachers who had trained the children, and also the parents, who had such an interest in their children that they never hesitated a moment to provide anything they were asked to provide. After witnessing the entertainment he thought they would agree that Northcote had its full share of lyrical, histrionic and calisthenic ability. They were specially pleased to have as chairman His Worship the Mayor. He remembered him as a pupil—modest, unassuming, good. He had made his way and was now chief magistrate of the town, with further honours, no doubt, awaiting him.

The vote of thanks was carried with hearty acclamation.

The mayor, in reply, said it had given him great pleasure to preside on account of his old association with the school. He had had some very close associations with Mr. Duffy in particular. (Laughter). He had to thank the Northcote State School for any success he had achieved in life. They had always been fortunate in having good teachers, and he hoped it would always continue to be the same.

Preston Branch A.N.A. has had a most successful half-year, 42 new members having been enrolled.

JIKA JIKA ELECTORATE.

At a meeting of the Chairmen and Secretaries of the various divisions it was unanimously decided that a Conversazione and Testimonial be tendered to Mr. J. G. Membrey at Northcote Town Hall on Wednesday, 13th December.

Friends and Supporters who desire to subscribe will kindly send their contributions to the respective Committees, or

Subscription lists close on Tuesday, 12th.

J. T. DOWNING, General Secretary,
30 Helen St., Northcote.

NORTHCOTE PRIVATE STREET CONSTRUCTION.

PROTEST AGAINST THE CASH-DOWN POLICY.

Finding themselves in a sort of "slough of despond" with regard to street construction, the Northcote Town Council recently passed a resolution practically abandoning the deferred payment system, deeming it to have been "tried in the balances and found wanting," and substituting therefor straight-out payment for the work on the part of the property-owners.

The East Northcote Progress Association recently passed a resolution protesting against this, and went a step further by calling a special meeting at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, and which every resident of the ward was urged to attend. That there is considerable apathy on the subject was shown by the fact that only about thirty persons responded, despite the promise of free music and refreshments, and when the resolution of protest was put to the meeting only 15 voted in its favour. The delegates present from the Northcote South Ratepayers' Association, Northcote Sth. Progress Association and Pender's Grove Settlers' Association, did not vote, their associations not yet having discussed the subject.

Crs. Plant, Glanfield, Hayes and Harry were amongst those present.

The chairman (Mr. Collier) in opening the meeting, referred to the resolution passed by the council as a "drastic" one, which would press hardly on the young citizens of Northcote, who, what with [illegible], and paying off their houses, sewering expenses, had as much as ever they could manage, without being asked to pay cash for their street construction. In the interests of the whole community he thought they should do their utmost to try and prevent the council carrying their resolution into effect.

Mr. Richmond (Penders' Grove Association) said he thought the deferred payments system had worked pretty satisfactorily, and that it was a bit hard for the cash system to be substituted. The council would do well to compel those subdividing land to make the streets before selling it.

Cr. Plant remarked that at present councils had no power to do that.

Mr. Du Rieu (Northcote South Progress Association) thought the council's new policy would inflict a very great hardship on the newcomers to the district, many of whom had been induced to come by the understanding that the council would assist them in their street construction by giving them the privilege of deferred payments. If councillors themselves lived in unmade streets they would pull up he more sympathetic.

Mr. Caulfield (secretary E.N.P.A.), said this was a burning question, as the great majority could not afford to pay cash for their streets. He would move:—

"That this Association protest against the action of the Northcote Town Council in passing a resolution compelling property owners in private streets to pay cash down for the construction of their streets.

Mr. Jennings, in supporting the motion, said they could not expect settlement if they insisted on the cash down principle, and this was a short-sighted policy, as more houses meant more revenue, and more revenue better streets. They wanted the council to be benevolent.

The Chairman: Don't call it benevolence; call it justice.

Mr. W. Crisford said he also thought the move was an unprogressive one. It was much easier for the council to borrow the money than for the householders to race round for the accommodation.

Mr. J. Angus said it appeared to him, after over 20 years of Northcote experience, that the great trouble was to get the streets made. As to payment he did not think the council would be hard even if the cash system were adopted. He had never heard of them suing anybody for street construction dues. If the ratepayers could find some herb that would infuse more pushing power into councillors and officers he thought the most good would be done. (Laughter.) He would advise them to very careful not to give councillors any excuse for delay, as if they did they would never get their streets made. His experience had been that "Jones" had only to be charged 3d. too much and the street was held up for years. He would say, "Let us pay up what we can spot cash, and get as good terms as possible for the balance."

Cr. Plant said the trouble was that if one man in a street wanted to take advantage of the deferred payments, they had to go through the whole roundabout formula with regard to that street. As for financing, property-owners in the matter out of their revenue, they could not do that even to the extent of 5s. Large as it was, and always increasing, their revenue was never big enough for their expenditure. During the last twelve months—he was sorry to say it—not a street had been made. They had got a new engineer, but what had he done? He was going to take action in that matter on Monday night. It was in view of the want of progress under the old system that the cash system had been brought in. As far as he knew the council were going to enforce it, but he believed they would help anyone in case of hardship. They could take it from him that they believed they were only acting in the interest of the ratepayers. The council still had the power of applying the deferred payments principle if they thought fit.

The Chairman: That's what we want.

Cr. Harry differed from Cr. Plant; he took the view that they would have to enforce cash payment till the resolution was rescinded. He saw no necessity for any change of policy. As Cr. Plant had told them, arrangements had been made with the bank to advance £6000 on the security of streets done under the deferred payments system. Why demand cash when they could not spend that £5000? Only 10 per cent. of the ratepayers paid cash, proving how popular the deferred system had been. If they laid the matter before the council he thought they would be treated reasonably. It was the ratepayers' own apathy that killed everything.

Cr. Hayes said he had lived in a street for seven years with an earthen channel in it two feet deep, and under past conditions he appeared to be able

HIS OTHER SELF.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

Until a few years ago I was a detective attached to a certain section of the Tyneside Police, and the incidents I am about to mention happened something like a decade previous to my retirement.

My first acquaintance with Mark Hewison — not inappropriately was brought about through crime. He was local manager—with an office on the quay and another in Newcastle—for that well-known firm of stevedores, Messrs. Kent and Kearsley. The local office had been burgled one night, a considerable sum of money stolen, and the case was put into my hands.

Ere I succeeded in running the culprit to earth I had, of course, several interviews with Mark Hewison, the manager, and the result of those interviews was that we became very friendly.

A bachelor like myself, he was a nice, gentlemanly fellow, about thirty years of age, with keen business instincts, and a way of dealing with everything and everybody that was almost offensive in its blunt honesty and straightforwardness.

My profession having taught me that honest men were scarce, this naturally increased my regard for him; and as Hewison did me the honor to single me out for special friendship, after that burglary case was done with and the criminal safely caged, we in time became a sort of David and Jonathan.

I had known him, I suppose, about a couple of years when he first mentioned, in a casual way, that he might one day fall in for a nice little legacy.

We were strolling along Whitley Sands. How well I remember that bright but somewhat chilly evening in spring, and, alas! how well I remember that it was the first day of April too!

I was telling him about a case I had in hand just then—a crime that had arisen out of disappointed "expectations"—when he remarked, with that capitivating smile of his:

"I must take your story to heart, Jack, for I am not without expectations myself."

Then he told me of a bachelor uncle who had been in Australia for a great number of years, and who had succeeded in piling up a small fortune, which it was an understood thing that he, Mark Hewison, would one day inherit.

"Of course," said Mark, "I'm not counting on it, you know, though Uncle Will always tells me in his letters that all he leaves will come my way. But one never knows. The old man may take it into his head to marry yet. They say there's no fool like an old one when it comes to a love affair, and some canny lass may manage to turn his brain before he dies."

And with a good-natured laugh Hewison turned the conversation into another channel.

It must have been over three years later ere the subject was mentioned between us again. Then, alighting from the train at Tynemouth one evening, I saw Mark awaiting me on the platform.

I knew by his manner that something unusual was afoot, and after a few generalities he said, with a smile:

"Well, Jack, it looks as if Kent and Kearsley are going to lose a model servant. I think I once told you that an uncle of mine in Australia had promised to leave me his money? Well, I received this by to-day's mail."

And he handed me an envelope which, when we had entered my diggings together, I saw bore the Melbourne postmark. Inside was a neatly-typed letter on the notepaper of a well-known firm of family lawyers out there, informing him that his uncle was dead, and had left all he possessed—some seven or eight thousand pounds—to his nephew Mark. They would be glad if he would make arrangements to go out and settle up the estate as soon as possible.

Of course I congratulated him, and after having his assurance that he had no thought of deserting Tyneside for good, I asked him when he proposed to sail.

"Well, I can hardly say yet," he answered, thoughtfully. "I don't see that I can go yet awhile."

"Why, surely Kent and Kearsley won't be so churlish as to insist on legal notice and all that sort of thing," I exclaimed, "after you've served them so faithfully all these years. You see, the lawyers particularly urge you to go out at once."

Hewison nodded.

"I don't think my firm would raise any difficulty," he said, slowly, "and as my books are always kept posted up to date, it wouldn't take me long to straighten things up ready for departure; but it isn't that."

As he sat looking dreamily into the fire, I seemed to suddenly realise where the difficulty lay.

"Here," I exclaimed, "is it money? Excuse me, old chap, but if that's the difficulty——"

"Well, it's like this," he remarked, coloring slightly and looking anything but comfortable. "Rather foolishly I lent a cousin practically all I had a fortnight ago; he has started a business down in Sunderland, and, of course, it's too late to get any of it back. Then old Kent, the head of our firm, has just gone off on a long yachting tour—otherwise I could have got forty or fifty pounds from him at a minute's notice. Kearsley I don't care to ask. I think these Melbourne lawyers ought to have sent me a bit through. Anyway, I shall cable them to-morrow, and arrange to go as soon as I hear from them."

"Oh, you will, will you?" I said, looking, as I felt, hurt. "See here, Hewison; you and I have been nearly like brothers for the past four or five years. Yet you couldn't ask a little favor like that? Or perhaps you did not think I had fifty?"

Hewison sprang to his feet and grasped my hand.

"Don't talk in that tone, old man," he said. "I can assure you I never thought of the matter either way. It is simply that I am one of those men who do not think that even a lifelong friendship warrants a chap in asking favors of that kind. Had I got the money from old Kent it would have been a business deal, pure and simple; I should have paid interest on the loan, and——"

"Oh, chuck it!" I exclaimed, a trifle irritably. "You're a bit too straight and square for this world; there's a limit to that sort of thing, you know. But what you've got to do now is this: Get Kent and Kearsley to free you as quickly as possible, and in three days' time you'll take the money you want from me—from me, I say, and nobody else. I have a hundred pounds invested, which I can realise at a few hours' notice, and to this you are welcome for any period of time you like. But if ever you mention interest——" And I laughed, feeling a little better.

Hewison grasped my hand again.

"It's exceptionally good of you, old man," he said, earnestly, "and I'll avail myself of your offer; but I don't want a hundred. Fifty, or even forty, will be ample."

"Rubbish!" I exclaimed. "You'll take the hundred. A fellow with seven or eight thousand pounds 'waiting till called for' doesn't want to be short of a pound or two."

"Aye; but I haven't got it yet," said Hewison, with a whimsical smile. "Suppose it turned out to be a hoax—a sort of phantom fortune?"

"Phantom fortune be blowed!" I responded. "Man alive! you are in the hands of the leading firm of solicitors in Melbourne. I happen to have some acquaintance with the principal partner; met him when I was after Sam Black, for the Jesmond affair, you'll remember, a couple of years ago. There is no doubt about anything they tell you, and that's the principal's own signature you have on that letter there—I knew it at a glance. You simply couldn't be in better hands, Mark."

Hewison nodded.

"It's all right, old man," he said, with another of those whimsical smiles. "I'm just 'having' you."

Then we both laughed. But I remembered that last remark of his some time later.

. . . . . .

Less than a week after the foregoing conversation Mark Hewison set sail for Australia.

I had business down South myself—a man for whom I held a warrant having been arrested at Yarmouth—and so my friend and I left Newcastle together one beautiful summer morning, and travelled some distance in each other's company. Ere we parted he said he would cable me as soon as he reached Melbourne, and write me later all particulars about his legacy, and when to expect him back.

The next few weeks passed away quickly, and I saw from the shipping-lists that the vessel by which he was to sail had reached its destination; but to my surprise I got no message.

It was just about this time that the mysterious Tynemouth Beach murder occurred, and as the case was occupying my attention practically night and day, I had not time to worry so much about my friend's safety as I should otherwise have done. Still, the missing cable gave me some little concern. A methodical, business-like man of Hewison's stamp—even putting any question of friendship aside—was not likely to forget his promise. I tried to think that the cable had gone astray; and though, at the end of a week, I was inclined to wire him, care of the Melbourne lawyers. I eventually decided to await the incoming mail for a letter.

By the time the Australian mail arrived the Beach mystery was solved and the murderer awaiting trial, leaving me for the time being with considerable leisure at my disposal. When, therefore, there was no letter from Hewison, I became absolutely uneasy: certain that some ill had befallen him, and blaming myself severely for my neglect to cable through when my first-looked-for message from him did not arrive.

Ere I could get the cable off, however, I was called into the chief's office, and, on entering, I saw that he had with him a portly old gentleman, who seemed to be laboring under some excitement.

"Ah! good-morning," said the chief, motioning me to a seat. "I'm sorry to say I've got another case for you; embezzlement on a big scale. This gentleman is Mr. Gilbert Kent, of the firm of Kent and Kearsley, of Newcastle, Yarmouth, and London, and briefly the case is this: Until recently they had in their employ as Tyneside manager a man named Hewison, who had been with them over a dozen years; a man whom they had trusted more than they had ever trusted, or ever will again trust, anybody. Well, one day he circulated a rumor that he had come into a legacy, and backed the story up with a forged letter—why, what's the matter?" For, as the reader will have guessed, I was beginning to look rather sickly.

"Nothing, sir," I answered. "Please go on with the statement."

"Well," continued the chief, "the half-yearly audit of the firm's books has just taken place, and it transpires that something like four thousand pounds of Messrs. Kent and Kearsley's money is missing; though the embezzlement was most cleverly worked, and only possible of discovery on an audit. Besides, are you sure you are not ill this morning?"

"I'm all right, sir. You were going to say——"

"That besides this £1000, the rascal has borrowed money right and left. He had lived an exemplary life hitherto, was respected and honored by everyone who knew him, and looked upon as one of the most honest men on Tyneside. Trading on this, he had no difficulty in borrowing either large or small sums of money from all his friends and acquaintances, including Mr. Kent and his partner, to tide him over the expense of claiming his fortune. It looks, in fact, as if he had been playing a deep game all these years—living an honest life, and posing as a sort of saint, in order to get a rich coup at the finish. And he's got it—something like seven or eight thousand pounds, one way and another."

I started to my feet, unable to remain inactive any longer.

"Exactly the amount of his supposed fortune," I mumbled, brushing the hair back with a trembling hand from my damp forehead.

"Ah, you knew him, then?" exclaimed the chief, eyeing me sharply.

"I—I lent him a hundred to tide him over," I answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

Then I told them both the story of our friendship. The chief whistled.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "The fellow's even smarter than I thought him. And I suppose he asked you to treat the loan as a confidential matter, that, at all events, seems to have been his method elsewhere: to prevent one person getting to know that he'd had money from another. Mr. Kent here tells me that the wily rascal asked him for a loan of £50, assuring him that he would rather borrow from him than from his partner; then he went to Mr. Kearsley with the same story. Flattered by his evident regard and preference, each of these gentlemen made the loan a hundred, little guessing that Hewison had already doctored the books to the tune of some four thousand pounds. . . . Well, he's got a long start, wherever he may have gone; but we've got to catch him. Have you any fancy for the job? Would you like to take up the chase?"

"Take it up!" I exclaimed, almost fiercely. "I'll run the scoundrel to earth, if I have to leave the service and devote a lifetime to the task. The low, mean-spirited cad; he ought to be lynched!"

The chief nodded.

"I agree with you," he said. "And now you'd better take a turn outside and get a breath of air, while Mr. Kent and I settle the preliminaries."

As I closed the door behind me, I fancied I heard something like a smothered laugh coming from the neighborhood of the chief's desk. And there was little cause for wonder if he did laugh, since—though I mention it with all due modesty—I was accounted one of the smartest and 'entest 'tecs in Tyneside.

I understood that whimsical smile of Hewison's now; I appreciated the underlying humor in those words, uttered on the night I arranged to lend him the hundred pounds:

"I'm just 'having' you!"

. . . . . .

I got even with him, however, though it was months and months before my quest was over. But as he had once been my friend, and as, deep down in my heart, I still had a sort of weakness for the fellow, perhaps I wasn't sorry that I couldn't force him back to England to get his deserts.

I had followed up clue after clue, continually losing the scent and catching it up again, ere I finally ran him down. Then, one fine day, we met once more, face to face. It was in the smoke-room of a New York hotel.

But he was too sharp for me.

The moment our eyes met I saw him slip something hastily in his mouth; and as I advanced towards him he sank into a chair, and remarked, in a calm, unruffled tone:

"Put your hands in your pockets, old man. In three minutes' time I shall be out of the running."

Then that old whimsical smile began to play about his features again, and ended in a half-laugh.

"I've had a champion time of it," he said. "Been half over the world since we had our last game of billiards together. But I wasn't all bad, old man. I never touched your hundred. You'll find the very notes you gave me amongst my goods and chattels upstairs here. I never intended to use them unless—unless—— Pass me a drink, old man—for—for the sake of—auld—lang—syne. . . . Thanks . . . . unless—unless—I was on—the rocks."

Suddenly he ceased speaking. There was a slight convulsion of his body, the handsome face became distorted, and then——

I knelt down by the dead man's side and wept!

Human nature is a strange and complex study.

ACCIDENTAL INVENTIONS.

The bayonet is said to have derived its name from the fact that it was first made at Bayonne, and its origin illustrates the proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention." A Basque regiment was hard pressed by the enemy on a mountain ridge near Bayonne. One of the soldiers suggested that, as their ammunition was all gone, they should fix their long knives into the barrels of their muskets. The suggestion was acted upon. The first bayonet charge was made, and the victory of the Basques led to the manufacture of the weapon at Bayonne and its adoption by the armies of Europe. Not infrequently an invention has been suggested by some trivial event which would have passed unnoticed had not the man with the eyes and brains seen it. Argand, a poor Swiss, invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder up which a current of air was allowed to pass, thus giving a supply of oxygen to the interior as well as to the exterior of the circular frame. At first Argand used the lamp without any chimney. One day he was busy in his workroom and sitting before the burning lamp. His little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless flask over different articles. Presently he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long, circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. It did more, for it flashed into Argand's mind the idea of the lamp chimney, by which his invention was perfected. One day the children of a Dutch spectacle maker were playing with some of their father's glasses before the door of his shop. Setting two of the largest glasses together they peeped through them, and were surprised to see the weathercock of the opposite church brought close to their eyes. They called their father to see the strange sight. He looked through the glasses, and what he saw suggested to him the possibility of constructing a curious toy. Galileo, hearing of the toy which made things appear close at hand, saw at once what a valuable help it would be in studying the heavens. He set to work and soon made the telescope. An accident helped Senfelder to invent lithography. He was a sort of jack-of-all-trades, a writer of verses and comedies, an actor, a fiddler, a painter, an engraver, and a printer. He worked at etching on copper, but the coppersmith refused to let him have any more plates unless he paid cash for them. He then tried to utilise the old plates by rubbing off the etchings with a soft limestone. At last the copper became useless through many rubbings, and he tried etching on the stone, a plan that did not work very well. One day while he was polishing off a stone which he intended to etch, his mother asked him to write out a list of the linen which the laundress was waiting to carry off. Not finding a slip of paper or a drop of ink, Senfelder wrote the list on the stone with some printing ink prepared from wax, soap and lampblack, intending to copy it at his leisure. A few days later, when he was about to wipe the writing off the stone, he thought he would learn what would be the effect of writing with the prepared ink on the stone, if it should be bitten in with aquafortis. He bit away to about the hundredth part of an inch, charged the lines with the ink, took several impressions of the writing, and discovered that he had invented the art of lithography.

As a rule, sore teats are due to dirty or careless milking, wounds, or chapping from colds and winds. The safest and best application is probably carbolised oil—that is, one part of carbolic acid and 40 parts of oil—but any suitable disinfectant mixed with lard or vaseline, to make an ointment, will do. The common habit of rubbing them with cow manure is not only filthy and disgusting, but dangerous. The udder should be washed with warm water and a little disinfectant before milking, and the oil or ointment applied regularly, directly milking is completed.

Careful management of the dairy cow is always rewarded. This may be disputed. It will be endorsed by those who understand the cow.

The camp fire was burning, and all gathered around to pass the evening telling "fish" yarns.

"On the trip that I'm telling you about," began one man, "we caught——"

"Whale, I suppose," interrupted one of the party.

"Oh, no," answered the man quietly. "That was the bait."

The Greater Conquest

A TALE OF A MAN'S STRUGGLE.

The hour was nine o'clock. The last patient had long since quitted the big house in Hanover-street, and Wilfred Chesney was at peace for the next dozen hours or so. He had just finished his solitary dinner and was sipping his coffee when a knock sounded at the door of the dining-room and his man Peters entered.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said, as he presented a salver on which lay a little note.

Dr. Chesney tore open the envelope. The enclosure ran thus:—

"Wilfred,—I send you this note instead of the more conventional card because in view of what I have to tell you to-night it is imperative that nobody—not even your servants—should know of my visit. I am sure you will see me if only for old time's sake.—

"CLARE."

The great surgeon's heart began to leap wildly. What had happened? Why was this woman whom he had given up five years ago as lost to him for all time now creeping to his house like a thief in the night, unwilling that none but himself should be aware of her visit? What did it all mean?

The servant coughed slightly to attract his master's wandering attention.

"Shall I ask the lady to step into the study, sir?" he asked.

"Yes. And tell her, please,—that I will be with her in a minute."

"Very well, sir."

The famous young surgeon flew to the mirror, arranged his tie, and smoothed his hair. Although celebrated throughout two continents, he was still young enough to desire to look pleasing in the eyes of the woman who once upon a time had been all the world to him. Having made himself presentable, he went with swift steps to the little study at the end of the hall, wondering keenly what was going to happen next.

Was it possible, he asked himself, that her husband was dead and that she had come to Hanover-street to-night to tell him that she was free—that the two of them might take up the strands of an unfinished romance and weave it gloriously to its appointed end? His heart beat furiously, and his hands trembled so violently that he could scarce turn the handle of the door.

When he entered he saw Clare sitting near the lamp with its light shining on her hair like the light of the afternoon sun upon a saint in a stained-glass window. She seemed more lovely than ever as she came to him quickly and took his hand.

One glance at her clothing showed the surgeon that his theory as to the husband's death was wrong, for Clare wore no mourning. Bassett was alive then, he told himself, and Clare was as far away from him as ever.

"You—you are surprised to see me after all this time," she said, gently, "but I have come here on a matter of terrible importance. It is a matter of life and death."

He looked at her keenly as he let go her hand. Surely she had not come there to consult him regarding herself, for, although her face spoke of sorrow and suffering, there was obviously nothing wrong with the girl's physical health.

"Come, let us hope it's not so bad as all that," said Chesney, trying to speak lightly: "now, sit down and tell me all you have to tell."

"It—it is about my husband," she began, nervously; "he—he is coming to see you to-morrow to ask you to perform an operation on him — the operation which has made you so famous, the operation which they say is safer in your hands than in the hands of any man in Europe."

"Yes, yes; go on, go on."

"It is difficult for me to say what is in my mind," faltered the girl a little huskily, "but—but I think you will understand. You have heard, I dare-say, that my married life has been a failure—a miserable failure. Herbert has made my existence a martyrdom with his jealousy and his brutality. Knowing all this, I thought that in all probability you would refuse to perform the operation for him, and so I have come here to-night to beg you to put aside all thoughts of me, and—and to do your best for him."

The face of Chesney hardened and the lines about the mouth stiffened.

"You were right, quite right in your belief," he said, coldly: "I certainly should have refused. Five years ago you and I were engaged to be married. I was hard up in those days, and success seemed a thousand miles away. Your people forced you into this marriage with Bassett, and you were weak enough to obey them. And now—now you come to me and ask me to save this man's life. It would be different if he had treated you well, but what has he done that you should plead for him?"

"He is my husband," she said, brokenly, "and, Wilfred, there is such a thing as duty. As for myself, do not be too hard on me. I was only seventeen at the time, and father was on the brink of disaster. I had to think of dad as well as myself. But believe me, if I did wrong, I have been punished—every day—every hour of my life."

She buried her small face in her hands, and cried with the half inarticulate sobs of a wounded animal. Looking on her thus, Chesney felt a mighty pity strike his heart. He rose and went towards her, and touched her hand.

"There, there, don't cry any more, Clare," he said; "I was a brute to speak as I spoke just now—yes, a brute. I take back all I said. Let your husband come to me and I will do all I can for him."

The girl took his hand and pressed it tightly.

"You are still the same dear old Will," she said, smiling through her tears, "the Will whom I used to love—and whom, God help me, I—I love now."

So she still loved him. In the light of that knowledge all darker things were illumined, and for one moment a thrill of supreme delight filled the man's soul. Then he remembered that a human life stood between him and this woman, and all his joy faded into the dust of the things which might have been.

"I will go now," she said, after a long pause, "and, of course, Herbert must not know of my visit. He is so jealous, so wickedly jealous that he might even think I had come to you to suggest something horrible, that—that you might try and fail and let him die under your hands. That is why I sent in no card to-night, for I was afraid—yes, I was afraid."

"You need have no fear," said Chesney. "Bassett has never set eyes on me—never knew that you and I were once engaged to each other. Now go home, and be as happy as you can, and remember that if my skill can save your husband he shall be restored to you, safe and sound."

"Good-bye, Will," she said, brokenly, "and God bless you. If fate had been kinder to us both things would have been so different, but fate always has the last word. Good-bye."

Their hands lay clasped for a moment, and then she went away. Left alone, Chesney flung himself into his chair, filled his pipe, and communed with himself.

"The blackguard," he muttered, fiercely. "Nothing but that sweet-faced saint's pleadings would have made me consent. Yet, why should she wish him to live? Her life with him is a terrible thing—he would be better out of the way—much better."

Deep down in the soul of every man there is a little corner where dwells dark. Sometimes a man lives out his complete years untroubled by these evil voices, but sometimes they speak in his ears, urging tragic deeds. The sight of Clare's beauty, the sight of her sorrow, had roused in the soul of Wilfred Chesney all the old passion and the ancient longings. Whilst she was beside him her sweet voice had hushed base imaginings in his brain, but now that she was gone it was otherwise.

In his hands lay the power of life and death. While Herbert Bassett lay unconscious under his knife, the merest trembling of the hand that held the knife would mean death to the patient. Just a movement to the left instead of to the right, or to the right instead of to the left, and the human barrier which stood between himself and Clare could be torn down for ever. He could do this thing if he chose, and the world would never know. Clare also would not know, for she believed too greatly in his nobility to believe so foul a thing.

For ten minutes of mortal agony the struggle in this man's heart and brain endured—for ten minutes, which seemed to him like a tract of passion-swept hours. Then he looked along the path of the future—saw himself united to Clare, but divided by a guilty memory, a memory which would sear his soul until the end of all things. In that instant he saw deep down into the baseness of his thoughts, saw the horror and the blackness of them. He sprang up with a cry.

"No, no," he gasped, "not that, not that. Satan tempted me, but I'll resist—yes, I'll resist. I'll strain every nerve to save this man, and with God's help I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll do it!"

. . . . . .

On the following morning Herbert Bassett entered the great surgeon's consulting-room. He was a tall, brutal-looking young man, with a hard mouth and cruel eyes.

"I've been recommended to you," he said, coarsely, in the tone which a man might use to a tradesman, "and I'm told you're the best chap for this kind of operation. Money is, of course, a secondary consideration. Just manage the job successfully, and you can name your own terms."

Had Chesney known nothing of Bassett his repulsive tone would have been sufficient to sicken him, but he mastered his resentment and said coldly:—

"I shall charge you my usual fee. And now, if you will allow me, I will make an examination of you, and we can then arrange details."

The examination proved that Bassett was indeed in a serious condition. An operation would be imperative during the next few days, and before he quitted the house the necessary arrangements had been made. Bassett was to enter the nursing home supposed intended by Chesney on the following day, Wednesday, and on the Thursday morning at noon the operation would be carried out.

Next day, whilst Wilfred Chesney was interviewing a patient, his servant entered and took him aside.

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir," he said, in a low voice, "but Mr. Bassett is here, and insists on seeing you immediately."

"It is impossible for me to see him now. Surely you told him I was engaged?"

"Of course, sir; but, to tell you the truth, he became so violent that I was afraid of the ladies and gentlemen in the waiting-room being disturbed, and so I thought I'd come and tell you at once."

"Yes, yes; you did quite right. Take him to the study, and tell him I'll be with him in five minutes."

The man went out, and Chesney, having apologised to his visitor for the interruption, concluded the interview as speedily as possible. What had happened? he wondered. Why had Bassett called so unexpectedly, and what was the reason of his impatience? Utterly overwhelmed by suspense, Chesney got rid of his patient and entered the study.

The instant he entered he found himself gripped by the shoulders, and Bassett was looking into his eyes with a fiendish stare. Chesney was a strong man, and it was the work of a couple of seconds to wrench himself free.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Have you gone mad?"

"I'm sane enough, you infernal scoundrel," shouted Bassett, thickly—"sane enough, at any rate, to see through your dirty tricks. You've been planning things very nicely, you two; and if it hadn't been for the merest chance I should have been a dead man by this time to-morrow."

"Explain yourself, or leave the house!"

"Explain! Oh, yes, I'll explain," shouted Bassett, his small eyes dilated with fury. "Perhaps you are not aware that I've discovered that my wife was here the other night—here with you—discussing this operation to be made upon me. Perhaps you are not aware also that I have found out what you and she used to be to each other before I married her?"

"If you have found out those things," replied Chesney, trying to speak calmly, "I can only say that you have found out nothing of which your wife or I need be ashamed. We certainly were engaged years ago, and she did come to this house to discuss the operation, but in doing so she was playing the part of a devoted wife, and nothing else."

"I'm, exactly. She was playing the part, as you observe. I don't believe in her devotion. I believe she came here to renew her old friendship with you—to hint that if the operation failed there would be no Herbert Bassett to stand between you and her."

"You cur!"

For one instant Chesney was on the pointing of catching the brute by the throat, forcing him to his knees, and compelling him to take back his vile words. Then he remembered that this man was suffering from a serious complaint—that any violence might end his life on the instant. Controlling himself with a supreme effort, he said:—

"Your words are beneath contempt. Go, before I do you an injury."

"Yes, I'll go; and I thank my lucky stars I've managed to avoid your clutches. Lucky for me that I overheard Clare talking in her dreams. The whole story came out——"

"No," cried Chesney; "the whole story did not come out. Had you heard it all, you would have known that your wife is the best creature living—noble, unselfish, altogether as far above you as the heaven is above the earth."

"I have only your word for that, and I'm not inclined to place too much faith in it. Still, no harm is done, seeing that I don't intend to let you operate. There are other surgeons, I suppose, and somebody else will have to do the job. And now, good-bye, and be hanged to you."

With a look of infinite hate he flung himself from the room, and a moment later the house-door banged.

"The brute," muttered Chesney; "I've done with him. For the sake of that dear saint I'd have done my best to save him, but now it's too late. If he comes out alive in the hands of another surgeon I shall be very much surprised."

Two hours later a letter was placed in Chesney's hand. It had been brought by a boy-messenger, and ran thus:—

"Herbert has come home, and has told me everything. He is furious with you, and insists on going to another man for the operation. I implore you to forgive him and to perform it after all. He does not know I am writing this. Wilfred, dear Wilfred, he has not been good to me, but I cannot forget that he is my husband still. I am too miserable to write more. — Your broken-hearted friend, CLARE."

For one instant Chesney hesitated. Then he took up a telegraph form and wrote these words:—

"To Herbert Bassett, 27x Park Lane. Am willing to perform operation in spite of what has happened, if you will allow me.—CHESNEY."

The message was dispatched. An hour later the reply came. This is what it said:—

"Thank you for nothing. — BASSETT."

Chesney dropped the message into the fire. "That ends it," he said. "I've done my best, and I can do no more."

But he was wrong. One last sacrifice still remained for this man, who already had sacrificed his pride and his self-respect for the sake of the woman he worshipped. For two days later, as he sat at luncheon, a motor dashed up to the door of his house and a letter was handed to him, signed by Talbot Graham, a brother surgeon. Tearing open the envelope, Chesney read the following:—

"Dear Chesney.—Please come at once. I have just operated on a patient named Bassett, and things seem rather queer. I am only a tyro at this special operation, which you have made your speciality, and you are the one man in London who can probably save him if you come immediately. My car will bring you. For Heaven's sake, come. In great haste, yours, TALBOT GRAHAM."

Chesney's heart seemed to stop beating. So the work had been done, and Bassett was on the brink of the ferry; but even now he might be saved if he, Chesney, chose to stretch out a hand and aid in his salvation.

What was he to do? The brute had insulted him, had refused his aid, had thrown vile aspersions on himself and on Clare. The memory of that interview two days since still stung Chesney to the heart, and he set his teeth.

"Let him die!" he told himself. "I is what he deserves. I won't go."

The servant was waiting. "Is there any answer, sir?" he asked.

"Wait," muttered Chesney. "Wait——"

Outside, the engine of the great motor panted ominously. A fantastic listener might have fancied that that stentorous noise symbolised the last agonised breaths of him who lay a mile distant, very close to death. For die he must, unless the man who sat in that chair chose to intervene and save him.

At times of great mental stress the brain recalls irrelevant things. From the depths of his brain there floated up to Chesney's ears some words he had heard long, long ago. Perhaps he had read them; perhaps he had heard them from the lips of the mother whom he had loved as sons rarely love their mothers; but these they were:—

"Greater is he that conqueroth himself than he that taketh a city!"

Yes, that was the real conquest, the greater victory, the triumph over self. Self said to him: "Remain where you are and let this man die," but something nobler than self spoke louder still, and in that supreme moment Wilfred Chesney hearkened to the nobler voice.

He rose and went to the door.

"You need not wait," he said to the servant. "I'll take the answer myself."

Throughout the brief journey through the London streets the brain of Wilfred Chesney worked convulsively, recalling the events of the past days. He recalled how he had twice offered to perform the operation, and twice had been repulsed, coarsely, brutally. Yet here he was at last, ready and willing to make a final effort—and doing it all to save the man who stood between him and the woman he loved. Fate had put him to the great test, and, thank Heaven, he had stood that test like a man.

The motor drew up at Dr. Graham's door. Chesney leaped out and ran up the steps. He pressed the electric bell and waited, wondering what was passing in the room where the patient lay.

Graham came out to greet him. The young surgeon's face was very solemn.

"Too late, Mr. Chesney," he said. "He died three minutes after I sent for you."

. . . . . .

Wilfred Chesney went back to his house, a great peace in his soul. He had done his best—and the best could do no more. Happiness might still be waiting for him and Clare, but better even than the hope of such happiness was the knowledge that he had achieved the greatest of all human victories, and that, weighed in the balance, he had not been found wanting.

Unless a man is accustomed to trust to his own resources, his talents will never be fully developed; he will never gain that quickness of perception, that promptness of decision, that readiness of action, which are essential to the successful conduct of affairs.

It is easy to quarrel; a weak man can do it, if he can find someone to quarrel with; but it takes a strong man to return good for evil, and even under strong provocation to endeavor to live peaceably with all men.

BURIED ALIVE.

Punishments In Olden Time.

In these merciful days it is scarcely credible that only forty-one years ago the punishment ordained by the law for high treason was that the offender should be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and there should be hanged by the neck until he was dead; that then his head should be severed from his body; that his body be divided into four quarters; and that his head and quarters be at the disposal of the Crown.

Such was the punishment of high treason within the memory of the elderly man of to-day. In earlier times the culprit did not escape so easily, for he was taken down from the gallows while still alive, disembowelled, and his entrails burned before his eyes.

And this was by no means the worst fate that might befall a criminal in the so-called "good old days," as one John Roose, a cook of Henry VIII.'s day, found to his cost. Roose was convicted of the heinous crime of putting poison in the broth intended for the family of no less reverend a person than the Bishop of Rochester. For such a crime hanging, drawing, and quartering was too merciful a punishment. "Something lingering, with boiling oil," or at least water, was decided to be the punishment that best fitted the crime; and with this object a special Act of Parliament was passed ordaining boiling alive as the punishment for this felony. John Roose expiated his sins in a cauldron of hot water, and a few years later, in 1542, one Margaret Davy met the same terrible fate at Smithfield.

So gravely was the crime of poisoning regarded in those days of old that, it is recorded, a Scotsman, one Thomas Bellie, and his son were banished for life for administering poison to a couple of noisy hens belonging to a neighbor.

These were indeed days when the man of violent temper or criminal tendencies must operate warily. If by any evil chance he came to blows and drew blood within the precincts of the king's palace he was inevitably condemned to lose his right hand; and a statute of 33 Henry VIII. regulated the whole gruesome ceremony, with all its functionaries, from the surgeon who was to amputate the offending member to the individual who used the searing irons, the yeoman of the scullery who made the irons red-hot at his fire, and the sergeant of the cellar who was provided with a pot of red wine to give the same party, after his hand was so stricken off and the stump seared."

Mutilation was a favorite form of punishment in those good old days, following no doubt the Scriptural penalty "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Thus, the slanderer's tongue was pulled out, so that he could at least utter slander no more; the adulterer's nose was cut off, and he who destroyed the sight of a one-eyed man lost both his own eyes.

By the Coventry Act (22 and 23 Charles II., c. 1) any person who should maliciously put out the eye, slit the nose, or disable any limb of another, with intent to maim or disfigure him, was to pay for the wrong with his life. By another Act the man who fought with weapons in a church had one of his ears cut off; if he had already lost both ears, as many a malefactor had, he was branded in the cheek with the letter "F."

By an Act of Queen Elizabeth's reign the forger was condemned to stand in the pillory, to have his ears cut off by the common hangman, his nostrils slit up and seared, and to be imprisoned for life; and by a statute of 21 James I., an unfortunate bankrupt was nailed by an ear to the pillory for two hours, and then his ear was cut off.

If an enterprising farmer were foolish enough to send any of his live sheep out of the country, he paid a terrible price for his rashness, for his goods were forfeited, he was sent to gaol for twelve months, and on recovering his liberty his left hand was cut off in a public market and nailed up there as a warning against the danger of illicit exports. If he offended a second time he paid for his daring with his life. If he set covetous eyes on a neighbor's sheep and annexed one of them, he was unceremoniously hanged by the neck until he was dead. Indeed, thousands of unfortunates paid with their lives for thefts much more insignificant.

Burning alive was, of course, a common punishment for witchcraft for many a century down to a couple of hundred years ago, and many of the victims who were accused of "selling their souls to the devil" were children under ten years of age.

In 1726, Edward Burnworth, a highwayman, refusing to plead, was loaded with boards and weights. For more than an hour he bore a mass of metal weighing nearly four hundredweight, when human flesh could bear the agony no more, and he prayed to be put to the bar again. He pleaded "not guilty," but was nevertheless found guilty, and ended his days on the scaffold. This cruel punishment survived to George III.'s time.

But one might write reams on these quaint and barbarous old-world punishments, from the forty-shilling fine inflicted in Scotland on the wicked player of football and golf, and the imprisonment for a year for the third offence of using the Book of Common Prayer, to the ordeal of fire, in which Queen Emma, accused of a criminal intrigue with the Bishop of Winchester, walked with bandaged eyes over nine red-hot ploughshares to prove her innocence.

TONIC PROPERTIES OF THE ORANGE.

The rind of the orange was known to the ancient Arab physicians as an excellent stomachic tonic, and it is quite possible that the custom of eating marmalade may have arisen in the desire to get the benefit of the bitter rind in a more palatable way than by infusing it in water. The "Family Doctor" recommends marmalade as being possessed of tonic properties to all who suffer from constipation. A tablespoonful of marmalade eaten with breakfast is a slight laxative not to be confused with medicine, and pleasant to take. An orange may also be eaten in the morning before getting up with advantage.

In Zululand.

Dinah: Mandy, whi' foh you give dat baby a piece of pohk to chaw on? Don' you all know the poor child'll choke on it?

Mandy: Dinah, don' you see the string tied to dat piece er fat pohk. De udder end's tied to de chile's toe. Ef he chokes he'll kick, an' if he kicks he'll jork de pohk out. Ah reckon you all don' learn me nothin' 'bout bringin' up chillun.

If you want your child to love the truth, love it yourself; if you want your child to love justice and purity and simplicity and honesty and courage, love them yourself.

The wiser we are the more readily do we perceive that happiness lies in our grasp, that it has no more enviable gift than the unevenful moments it brings.

Many a little flower is crushed beneath the foot of the wayfarer. Nature, rich and inexhaustible, replaces them with usury. Imitate Nature. That is to say, do not stop to bemoan the first effort wasted, but go on to produce something more. The one who refuses to be beaten must eventually be the victor.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST NIGHT AT ST. HELENA.

When the frigate Northumberland, with Napoleon a prisoner on board, dropped anchor off Jamestown, St. Helena, it was found that the farm which was to be Napoleon's home—and place of captivity—was not ready for his reception. A woman still living in Chicago, Mrs. Henry H. Carroll, whose father-in-law, Sir William Carroll, was then American Consul at the little port, has told the story of that first night of exile, as she has often heard it from Sir William:—

"The Emperor and his suite were taken on shore and housed in a small hotel in the village of Jamestown. Sir William Carroll and two other gentlemen were asked to spend the night with Napoleon. Why this request was made or by whom I never heard. It may have been an act of courtesy on the part of the English Government, or it may have been in the nature of a precaution.

"Napoleon received his guests in his apartments on the second floor. The greeting was dignified but cordial, and in spite of the embarrassing situation they were made to feel welcome. The Emperor talked of his trip, the great distance they had covered, the speed they had made, and little incidents of the voyage. Within a short time he retired to his sleeping apartment adjoining.

"The door had scarcely closed behind him before he began to pace back and forth in his room with a quick, nervous tread. Sir William and his friends were talking in ordinary tones with the Emperor's suite, but above their voices rose the sound of the restless footsteps. Hour after hour went by, and still the monotonous pacing in that inner room was unbroken. The first rays of light which ushered in a grey morning found the English visitors worn out with their strange vigil, but there was no sign of fatigue in the unfaltering footsteps.

"Sir William was a young man then, with steady nerves, but he used to say that long before the sun came up he felt that if something did not happen to stop the maddening monotony of those footsteps he would have to force his way into the Emperor's presence and stop it himself.

"It was after eight o'clock, however, before Napoleon came out to bid his guests good-morning and thank them for their kindness. There was a faint smile on his lips as he glanced at the weary party. In his own eyes was a tired look, but otherwise there was no indication of the strain which he had undergone.

"Sir William said that was the hardest battle Napoleon ever fought, and that he then understood the loyalty and devotion of the soldiers to the man who silently and alone faced the future that was to him more bitter than death."

A GOOD WORD FOR TOBACCO.

In the opinion of Cavallaro, who writes in an Italian paper, tobacco has a strong bactericidal power depending to some extent on its content in nicotine, and partly to the resistance of bacteria present. In all cases tobacco sterilises the saliva, and does no damage to the teeth, which become and remain black if not properly looked after. A small quantity of nicotine stimulates salivary excretion, but a large amount diminishes it. It is wrong to attribute inflammations of the gums and buccal mucous membrane to the influence of tobacco. This last is only the determining factor in

An Apple of Discord

By ESME STUART.

Author of "In the Dark," "A Woman of Forty," "Inscrutable," etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Hotel De La Croix.

Speculo felt anything but happy when he at last found himself in a dingy room in the small, dark, old-fashioned Hotel de la Croix. He had no instructions except to present himself at this place in the afternoon, so he roamed down the Rue Rivoli before going to his hotel. The stout landlady's face was wreathed with smiles, and her tongue reeled off many words, but Speculo was not a French scholar, and was glad when she called Auguste to see after monsieur. Auguste could talk English. He looked at Speculo, and he, too, smiled.

"Monsieur Speculo is expected. Here is his room. A beautiful view of the neighbors' houses, but so quiet. You will dine in our little salle-a-manger in half an hour. We have orders that Monsieur Speculo is to be treated en prince."

"I will have a walk till then," suggested Speculo; but Auguste shook his head.

"Not yet, not till after the dinner of Monsieur Speculo; if it is spoilt by waiting, ah! madame will weep!"

So Speculo fell into a pleasant dream for half an hour. He had a vision of the money Mr. Noel would provide, another vision of Natasia as his wife in a little house with him. Natasia was an angel, a loving angel. In his imagination she was already his sweet, obedient wife; but here was Auguste.

"Monsieur is served." He beckoned him to follow, and descending the stairs Auguste opened a door covered with a curtain, and ushered Speculo into another dingy back room, but the smell of the dinner made up for the dinginess.

Suddenly Speculo realised that he was not alone.

"Monsieur Rosen," murmured Auguste, "I present to you Monsieur Speculo." (He did not say Monsieur Rosen, alias Warren.)

The two men looked at each other. Warren knew Speculo's name from Novikov, though Speculo did not know the name of Rosen, but he concluded rightly that he was in the presence of a friend of the Little Father. He was thankful that it was an Englishman.

The sham Mr. Rosen was extremely jovial, and Speculo's spirits rose as the dinner proceeded.

"I suppose," said Rosen, "that we are both interested in the same transaction. I am always open, you see, with people. My orders were that I shou'd find a man here who would accompany me on a certain errand." He brought a sealed letter out of his pocket. "I am not to open this till ten o'clock. Our friends are mysterious; it is their little game; now I am as open as the day. Don't I look like it?"

"Yes," said Speculo; "you do. I wonder they choose you."

"There they showed their talent; who would suspect me? Do I look like a suspicious man?"

"Have you seen him?" whispered Speculo, bending towards his companion, and the tone of his voice betrayed his fears.

"No; I get all my communications through a certain Novikov."

"Novikov! Do you know him?"

"Oh, I have known him a long time. He lately did me a good turn, but he wanted heavy payment for it."

Speculo had an inspiration. Of course this was Warren under another name.

"Novikov is clever; he can find anyone you want. A needle in a bottle of hay."

"So you know him, too! Yes, he can; that's what he did for me. Ah, ah! but he's grasping, too." Warren was not going to let out that he knew it was Speculo who had found Isola. Each believed the other did not know.

"Come, have some more wine. They will pay for our dinner. I have an idea that Auguste knows more than we do."

The clock struck ten, and Warren jumped up and took the letter from his pocket.

"They are chary of words. Look, Mr. Speculo."

"Go with your companion to 99 Rue Volgate. Drive to Notre Dame. Speak to no one. Knock three times; do not ring. Ask Auguste for a parcel."

"I hope the business may not be a long one. I'm in a hurry to return home."

Before the clock had done striking, Auguste appeared, carrying a square box wrapped in brown paper. He smiled as he placed it carefully on a chair.

"Monsieur Rosen has the address," was all he said, and disappeared. Warren signed to Speculo to carry the parcel, then going out, they hailed a fiacre and told the coachman to set them down close to "Notre Dame." The gay life and the twinkling light of Paris spoke only of amusement, but both men were pondering on the money they would earn so easily.

"There are queer little streets behind Notre Dame," said Warren; "you can hide better there than on this side of the water. Our friends are like moles, they like burrowing; now I like everything above-board."

"You have never visited the Four Square," said Speculo in a low voice; "if you get in and they choose that you should not get out—good heavens!"

"Nothing very difficult in that," answered Warren jovially; "it's the easiest thing possible to secret anyone you like. Ha! ha! ha! the easiest thing possible!"

Speculo shook his head. "You haven't been to the Four Square and seen the Little Father," he repeated; "it gives you a feeling that—that you don't forget! But they have money!"

When the carriage reached "Notre Dame" the two men got down. Speculo still carried the parcel, and Warren led the way. The former thought his companion might take his share, for the box was heavy, but this did not seem to enter Warren's head.

They were just crossing the wide space near the Cathedral before plunging into the old narrow streets, when suddenly an Englishman crossed their path, paused, then retraced his steps.

"Hullo, Speculo, good evening; I wasn't sure it was you at first. So you are here all right." It was Julius Noel, the last man Speculo wished to meet at this moment.

"Yes, sir; I was coming to see you to-morrow morning. My friend, Mr. Rosen."

Julius bowed, noting every line of the friend's face. He saw that Speculo was disconcerted, and he saw, too, that Speculo's friend was not one of his boon companions. A bright idea flashed into his mind.

"All right; come at ten o'clock. Lovely evening, isn't it? I won't detain you, but if you are engaged to-morrow, Speculo, my business is of no consequence whatever. You have my address."

"Who's that, Speculo?" asked Warren, as they moved off. "Why did you speak to him?"

"He spoke to me; he's only a gentleman who employs me at times."

"Humph, very unfortunate we met him. We were to speak to no one."

"It's nobody—a swell."

"What's he doing here?" Warren looked less jovial than usual.

"I don't know. Has Government work. No harm in him."

"Well, it can't be helped. We had better say nothing about it. Look round, Speculo, is he or anyone watching us?"

Speculo was secretly groaning over the weight of his burden and only cast a cursory glance behind him.

"People are too poor and too busy here to care what we do. Is the house near here, governor?"

"Close by. See, there it is. Go and knock three times, Speculo, and I will appear to be studying this poster." Speculo's knocks were immediately answered by an undoubted Muscovite, and the two men went in. Speculo breathed more freely, and set down his load, whilst Warren said in French:

"I need not ask if this is the destination of that parcel?"

"Very well, monsieur. You met no one, and spoke to no one."

"No one," said Warren glibly.

"Good. Will the gentlemen refresh themselves?"

"No, thank you, we are engaged. Bon soir."

Speculo heaved a sigh of relief as soon as they were out of the house, and Warren, calling a cab, suggested going to a place of amusement, little guessing that Julius Noel had followed them and, after mentally taking down the address, had hurried to a telegraph office, but as he turned out of the street he thought he caught a glimpse of a familiar figure.

"Novikov!" he murmured. "Has he seen me? They are all here; it is as I thought. I have not a moment to waste." A telegraph office was close by, and he hurried in. When he came out the street was empty, but a fiacre was standing close by, and Julius jumped into it. Deeply meditating on the best way to counteract this plot by following up his warning telegraph by a visit to a special secret agent, Julius Noel took no notice of the way he was going. He had told the driver to take him to St. James' Hotel, and the direction they were taking was the right one, but not the most direct. Suddenly the cab pulled up in a lonely street near a large Porte cochere. The driver went to his horse's head, then stooped and examined the harness. He told monsieur that a strap had broken, but he would not be three minutes in setting it right.

The door close by slowly and silently opened, and a portier came out.

"Will monsieur wait inside a minute?" he asked politely; and the coachman echoed the idea, "If monsieur would get out it would be easier."

Julius got out and stepped just inside the doorway. Almost immediately the door closed behind him of its own accord, and in an instant he realised that he had been trapped! Fool that he had been. Of course that cab had been placed there on purpose.

Novikov at once came out of the portier's lodge, and that polite official disappeared.

"Good evening, Mr. Noel. We need not pretend. You have been spying on us. There is a room on the ground-floor at the end of the courtyard where you will spend the night."

"How dare you keep me a prisoner, Novikov! You are playing too dangerous a game."

Novikov raised his intensely sad, careworn eyes to Noel's face.

"The word danger does not exist for me, but for you it is serious. If it had not been for me——" He paused. "For Natasia's sake I am advising you as a friend, Mr. Noel; stay quietly here to-night. I will do what I can to get your release to-morrow. It comes of employing fools. Fortunately, I was behind them."

Julius was inwardly furious at his own mistake. How could he have jumped into a cab near that house? But he saw that he could not escape, and his only chance was to keep his temper.

"I have an appointment to-morrow morning. I must keep it. Where I sleep is immaterial to me. Show me the room."

The room where Julius found himself was quite comfortable, but its only window looked into the courtyard round which the house was built. He searched the chamber carefully, but he could discover nothing abnormal in it. That he had failed was intensely humiliating to him; but this was as nothing compared with his anxiety about Isola. His pre-occupation with her troubles had been the cause of his careless error. Where was she? For what bad purpose had her father inveigled her away? If only he knew the truth—and now here he was; he could do nothing to help her, nothing to help himself. He knew Novikov too well to suppose any appeal to his kindness would be effectual. Terrible sorrows had driven nearly all the pity out of him. This plot had certainly to do with murder, whether against some Russians in Paris or against the police he could not tell; but Julius felt glad that he had had time to warn the authorities, and perhaps averted some terrible catastrophe. Still, Isola could have nothing to do with all these desperate men and measures, nothing. How maddening that, loving her as he did, he yet could do nothing for her.

He had left England because duty called him, just when he could perhaps have rescued her. Ah! what had Miss Followes repeated—that in Paris he himself would be in great danger. Zorilla—whoever she was—was right. He realised only too well that he was in danger. But how was he to escape?

And for answer there was only the silence of the courtyard, and the uncertain light of a gas lamp. In any case he would not go to bed. He should not again be found napping. But nothing disturbed the silence of the night, and the next morning the same intense silence reigned. The house must contain very few inhabitants, for no one, as far as he could see, crossed the yard. At last, when Julius was almost worn out with fatigue and hunger, he heard footsteps, and a man appeared with his breakfast. The door was opened and shut for him, but to Julius's outpouring of questions the man only shook his head, answered in Russian, and disappeared.

Blacker thoughts came crowding in. Julius, who had fancied himself so clever, had been out-manoeuvred; the bitter was bit. How slowly the time passed! At eleven o'clock more food was brought to him in exactly the same way, and when Julius seized the man and asked to see Novikov, he had no better success. The old man shook his head and did not seem to understand French or English.

When left alone again, Julius was in two minds about eating his lunch, but he argued that, had Novikov wished to kill him, he could easily have done it in the night; besides, it would certainly be too risky to do away with a man who would be looked for. But how soon would that be done? He had even told the hotel people that he might be out a night or two, so everything was against him.

Suddenly the silence was broken, and Julius, looking out of his window, saw, to his intense surprise, Natasia, accompanied by Speculo and the Russian, crossing the yard. He seized his opportunity, and with all his might dashed his fist through the glass.

"Natasia," he called in a low voice, "I am here. I wish to speak to you and Speculo."

For one moment Natasia seemed rooted to the spot from sheer surprise, then she spoke a few words to the old Russian, who seemed to hesitate, but at last obeyed her, and in another moment Natasia and Speculo hurried into his room; but the former, unseen by her companion, placed her finger on her lips, and Julius understood that he was to ask no questions in his presence.

"So you are here, sir?" exclaimed Speculo, looking much perturbed; "I'm sure the Evil One has mixed himself up in everything since I set foot in Paris. I went to your hotel this morning, and waited a long time, but they said you had not been in at all. The gentleman you saw with me—Rosen—played me false. I believe he's given me the slip; and when I was waiting for him I received a paper signed by the Little Father, saying I was to come to this address this evening; then at that moment Natasia arrived and asked where you were, and I told her I knew nothing, but showed her the message. She said she was coming here now, and so I thought it safer to come with her! As to that man, he and I will have a score to reckon. He is a coward; he must have denounced me."

Julius saw that Speculo had been made a cat's-paw of, but the point was how to escape now. Only Natasia could help him; but would she do so? Evidently Novikov would not be here until this evening and had not expected Natasia.

"I thought, Speculo, you had come to Paris to be of use to me, and I find you at the beck and call of others," said Julius indignantly.

Natasia stood pale and trembling; she had not spoken a word; but now Julius turned to her.

"Will you be so good, Natasia, as to speak to that deaf Russian and tell him to let us out. I have important business, and I have been kept here all night."

Natasia spoke a few words to the old Russian and then turned towards Speculo.

"Will you go into the porter's lodge with the Russian, Speculo, whilst I speak with Mr. Noel. My uncle will not be back till this evening. You need not come here till then, and if I might advise you, you will not come back at all."

"Oh, Natasia, you are an angel," murmured Speculo, following the Russian, and making silent vows to renounce the Little Father and all his works.

"Quick, Natasia, tell me," exclaimed Julius; "why have you come, and have you found Isola?"

"Yes; I have found her. It is such a strange story, but not so strange as finding you here! Oh! we have not any time to waste; you must leave at once. You don't know, but I do. Who brought you here?"

"Your uncle. I was trapped—it is not the time for riddles. I was here on purpose to frustrate a very serious plot—I had promised to warn the authorities. By a curious coincidence the plotters got hold of Speculo. I met him with an Englishman when I was looking for another of your nation, and I was able to discover——"

"Don't tell me—anything. I know that you are in great danger. What shall I do?" She wrung her hands in despair.

"Never mind me, Natasia. Tell me quickly about Isola. Where did he take her?"

"I came on purpose to tell you, but I did not guess where I should find you! She is in great danger, too. They are wanting to marry her to a man called Rosen."

"Impossible! He is here. I know him, and old enough to be her father."

"Ah! It is as Speculo said, then. They have changed names. It is her father you saw."

"Isola's father! Good heavens! But where has he left her, and how can he be playing with such edged tools? He is a scoundrel! Your uncle must not trust him."

Natasia smiled.

"It is not my uncle who is in danger; it is you and Mr. Warren. How could you cross their path? I am distracted. I dare not go against my uncle, but also I dare not let you stay here."

"But Isola—tell me where she is! Let me out, Natasia, and I will rush back to her, after warning the right people."

"You do not understand, Mr. Noel. You have caused the trouble. Why did you come? But they will never let you out to—betray them. Besides, it is useless now. I know if my uncle is here, all is safe. From what Speculo says I think Mr. Warren has left Paris. They told a lie to the Little Father. They did not own to meeting you, but my uncle must have seen them and you. It is not safe to tell him. Uncle does not know I am here; that is your only chance. Speculo told me where he had found Miss Isola. Here is her address; tell no one; hide it. Mr. Warren is most likely on his way back to her; you must fly."

"Is Speculo in danger?"

"Speculo is only wanted this evening. Your presence spoils everything."

"Then I did not come in vain, Natasia," exclaimed Julius Noel. This was indeed good news!

"Do not ask me—I must save you, now, at once. Politzeo will obey me. I will tell him that you are to go. He will think my uncle sent me."

"And you, Natasia?"

"I must stay and explain it to uncle," she said calmly.

"He will be angry with you. I cannot allow this."

"You must think of Miss Isola. She, too, is in great danger; if her father has gone back. Listen, Mr. Noel, you must go to the station and take the first train out of Paris; never mind where, and then cross as soon as you can. Wait—I will fetch Politzeo."

"One instant. What can I do to reward you, Natasia? Without you, I ——"

"Reward—no, no; you have always been so kind to me, and Miss Isola, too, she was kind. I only ask one thing—never tell anyone who saved you."

"And Speculo?"

"He is free, till to-night. It is his own fault; he was greedy of money. I have warned him; I can do no more."

"Am I to take him with me?"

"No; he must not go out with you. I will advise him. Do not waste a minute in leaving Paris." She disappeared and presently returned with the Russian. She spoke earnestly to him, but with authority.

There was no time for more thanks, no time for taking counsel, only as the big gate mysteriously opened and Julius stepped out into freedom he held Natasia's hand for a moment.

"God bless you, Natasia," he murmured; then, nodding to Speculo, who was looking as white as a ghost, he added:

"Courage, Speculo; but another time don't try to serve two masters."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Revenge.

And where was Novikov? When he had seen that Julius was a safe prisoner, unable to complete the harm he had intended doing to the company of the Four Square, he glided swiftly through the less frequented thoroughfares till he reached the Hotel de la Croix. By this time it was nearly midnight. Novikov pulled a secret bell, and Auguste appeared instantly, looking sleepy as he opened the door.

"Are the Englishmen back yet?" asked Novikov.

"They entered five minutes ago. They had words!" Auguste raised his hands deprecatingly. Novikov never made or answered trivial conversation.

"Take me to the elder man's room and let no one disturb us."

Mr. Warren had drowned his anxiety in strong German beer, so that he was more jovial than usual; but as he was smoking his last cigar before retiring to rest, he was not overpleased at Novikov's sudden entrance; still he did not show this feeling.

"Why, it's you! Come in, good Novikov. Strange that we meet here. How did you know my address?"

"You have been to the Cafe Caldini. Did you get a message?"

"Mysterious as usual. Novikov; but let me tell you, your people have used me shamefully! I got a note saying I have fled to the Little Father and that I shall not receive my reward! That's a good joke! I'm a bit of a lawyer, Novikov, and I shall insist on my rights. I did as I was told, and fulfilled my contract. I am ready to stay the week, but I will be paid."

"You lied. You said you had seen no one; it was false. You saw an English spy."

"Speculo spoke to a friend. How am I to know your spies?"

"You should have given warning at once instead of lying. The Little Father never forgives."

Warren poured out a flood of unparliamentary language, whilst Novikov stood motionless as if he did not hear him.

"Anyhow, Novikov, I will tell you frankly, if I am not paid you will not receive your twenty pounds assurance on Natasia."

"That has nothing to do with it. I fulfilled my contract and I have come to claim my money."

Warren laughed.

"Look here, Novikov, I don't know how you get your information so quickly, but I tell you plainly unless the Four Square pay me up, not a penny will you see. Tit for tat. You seem mixed up with them, so it will be to your interest to make them disgorge."

"You and Speculo wrecked the plan by your silence. That man set the telegraph going. He has paid for his share. You and Speculo will not escape."

"Pray relieve me of your presence, Novikov, and remember that unless I am paid not a penny will you see, and, what's more, I shall at once throw over this nonsensical business and return to my own affairs. My daughter is safe. In two days it is her birthday, and then she can sign some important papers and there will be a wedding in our family. When your Little Father pays up, I'll pay you. Good evening, Novikov; I'm sorry to appear rude, but I'm tired, and I prefer your room to your company."

Novikov turned away without another word, and walked out, whilst Warren rubbed his hands and smiled.

"Tit for tat. Old Novikov will find it to his interest to make his friends pay up. As to that Englishman being mixed up in it, I don't believe it. Speculo is consumed with fear, but he can fight it out with his friends. I take the first train home, and wash my hands of them all. After all, Isola's money will suffice."

Warren slept soundly for a few hours, then, unmolested, he rose early and, without any farewell to Speculo, hurried back to England and to Nightingale Villa.

On the same day Julius Noel also hurried back to England, but he could not cross till the night boat. He was consumed with anxiety about Isola. First, however, he had to make a flying visit to Sir Henry Fellowes, to report what he had done and what he had left undone, owing to the danger he had barely escaped.

"Good gracious! Noel, you are fortunate to have found a friend at court! I remember the mystery of poor Spenser. You never knew him; but he disappeared entirely, and not all the machinery of Government or Scotland Yard was ever able to trace him. These fanatics stop at no crime, and yet when one remembers what they have suffered one cannot be surprised. Still, you think that your presence was of use?"

"I am sure of it. They will decamp from Paris and turn up—where?"

"The day of retribution is bound to come."

"God only knows. But I must hurry away now."

"I shall tell my little girl Zorilla's prophecies were not so bad after all! There's something in second sight and all that, though I always tell her I don't believe it!"

It was not till noon that at last Julius found himself at Mr. Farwell's shop. He glanced at the square as he passed by it, as if by some miracle his love might still be standing under the May tree waiting for him. Only two children were playing there, that was all.

"Is Mrs. Ashbury at home?" asked Noel, almost afraid of speaking the name.

"No, sir. Mrs. Ashbury is away, as usual, at this hour, but Mrs. Upjohn is, I believe, at home."

Julius ran upstairs and rang the bell. His heart beat fast. Would Isola open the door to him to-day? That was a forlorn hope, for she was still a prisoner. But nothing should prevent him from saving her.

Mrs. Upjohn uttered a cry of pleasure.

"Mr. Noel, we thought you had forsaken us! Out of sight, out of mind! Not one word from you; only the Russian girl sent one line: 'Do nothing till you hear again. I will tell him.' Isola's mother is nearly distracted. I have had great trouble to persuade her to trust you and Natasia. We are pretending Isola has gone on a visit. Do you bring news?"

"Yes; and Mrs. Ashbury must come at once with me. Where is she?"

"Can you wait till her return?" said Mrs. Upjohn, looking troubled. "Nothing is lost by waiting."

"No; we must act at once. When is Isola's birthday?"

"Our darling is twenty-one to-day. Oh, Mr. Noel, it will kill her mother if anything——"

"Give me Mrs. Ashbury's address. I must find her at once, and take her with me."

"I have promised never to give the address, but for Isola's sake——"

"Yes, you must."

Mrs. Upjohn wrote a number in Bond-street, and handed it to Julius.

"That is Zorrilla's address!" he said.

"Yes; ask Zorrilla about Mrs. Ashbury; she will tell you."

"Strange," thought Noel. Then aloud he said:

"Keep up hope. That villain has only a few hours' start of me."

He called a cab—which reminded him of the fatal French fiacre—and gave the address in Bond-street.

"Can I see Madame Zorrilla?" he asked of a footman.

"Have you an appointment, sir?"

"No; but I must see her."

"Madame sees no one without a previous appointment."

"Say a gentleman must see her on important business."

Noel waited five minutes in a room full of persons longing for their turn to consult the famous Zorrilla. Noel made several mental remarks on the foolishness and the credulity of modern society; then the footman returned and beckoned to him to follow.

"Madame will see you for five minutes."

He was ushered into a dimply-lighted room, hung with dark-red velvet. The electric lights were so arranged that they illumined the face of the visitor, leaving Zorrilla in semidarkness. Julius saw before him a tall figure, dressed in snowy white, and in the half-light the dark, far-seeing eyes of the lady seemed to scintillate.

"What is your business?" she asked in a very low voice.

"I must find Mrs. Ashbury at once, and take her to where her daughter is a prisoner. There is not an hour to waste."

"Give me the address."

"I shall give it to no one but Mrs. Ashbury herself."

There was a little cry of fear, and Zorrilla threw off her white cloak.

"I am Isola's mother. I am ready to go. You are Julius Noel."

"You, Zorilla—Isola's mother!" He drew back a step; then he added, to hide his surprise, "I am Isola's lover."

She seized his hand.

"You have been in great danger, but you are true. Oh, why did I not trust you sooner? One minute, I will meet you. Go to the next stand and get a cab. I will meet you there."

Julius chose a hansom with a good horse, and he did not have to wait long before Mrs. Ashbury joined him. Her face was ashy pale, and she was dressed in black. No one could have guessed that this was the Zorilla who was making society talk of her strange second sight.

"I see you despise me," she said, "but wait till you know all. My husband for years had cruelly persecuted me; he tried to wound me in my tenderest susceptibilities, then he followed us from lodging to lodging, trying to steal my child. He knew I was too poor to get out of his grasp, and then suddenly I discovered my power. I knew if I could earn money I should keep my child and escape him. What else could a poor woman do? With my cousin's help I succeeded."

Julius shook her hand.

"Forgive my momentary—surprise. I do not believe in Zorrilla, but I know that Isola's mother has struggled nobly, and that her child is the sweetest, bravest girl on earth."

"My darling! These last few days I have hardly lived. I worked hard to get away from my terrible anxiety. To-day I feel, I know, she is in great danger. She is of age. He may make her sign anything."

"Worse," exclaimed Julius; "he wishes to marry her to some worthless man. It is best you should know the truth. I know it through Natasia—another of God's saints—who has just saved me from untold misfortune. I have got Isola's address. We shall save her."

The horse seemed to go like the wind as they left the known thoroughfares, till at last they stopped at the entrance to the lane in he neighborhood of Richmond Park.

Julius, remembering Natasia's directions, led the way.

"Courage," he said, "you will soon see her again."

They reached the gate on which was written "Nightingale Lodge"; they hurried to the door and rang the bell.

"I feel that she is not here; she is suffering; she is in great mental distress," murmured Mrs. Ashbury.

The door was opened by Mrs. Collins, who eyed the pair suspiciously.

"Is Miss Warren in the house?" said Julius firmly; "her mother has come to fetch her."

"Miss Warren is with her father, sir, and my borders is that no strangers are allowed here, and I halways do my duty."

"I must see her," exclaimed Mrs. Ashbury. "I must see her. Look! I will pay you for your trouble." She drew a £5 note out of her pocket. "This shall be yours if you let me come in or tell me where she is."

Mrs. Collins eyes grew smaller, but she shook her head, as if declining to be bribed. Mrs. Ashbury exhibited another note. "Here are two bank-notes. Let us in."

Mrs. Collins' hands approached the notes, and her fingers closed over the paper.

"Come and see for yourself, then, that Miss Warren is not here."

Mrs. Ashbury almost ran in, and Julius, following here, closed the door behind him. He would not go until he had been into every room.

Mrs. Collins went straight to the chamber where Isola had spent such miserable hours.

"Look for yourselves. This is where the young lady was; you see, here are her gloves she had no time to take them. Here is a letter she left directed to her mother; but it's only the envelope; I burnt the inside."

"Then, woman, where is she?" exclaimed Julius sternly; "if she is hidden here the police will find her."

Mrs. Ashbury touched his arm and spoke gently to the housekeeper.

"My good woman, tell us where she is. If you will, see, I will give you another five-pound note."

"Her father has taken her to Mr. Rosen's house; she's to be married today from there at two o'clock, and it's not far off that time. I don't advise you to interfere; it's no use. Mr. Rosen lives at Nine Elms avenue, a mile from here. Thank you, madam; you'll kindly keep any information I give you secret."

"My child! my poor child! Mr. Noel, save her!" Mrs. Ashbury sank on a chair trembling violently. Julius knit his brows, he was torn by doubts, and hurried to the front door, then paused. Suppose the information was false and she was still here.

"Mrs. Ashbury, you must stay here," he whispered; "do not leave this house; I will go to the other. I shall act better alone. We may still be in time."

"I must come, too."

"No. Suppose she is here. If the information is right, I have not a minute to spare; if false, you must do what you can here."

He was gone before Mrs. Ashbury could say another word.

"The gentleman doubts me, madam; I hope you don't."

"No; I do not. Directly I set foot here I felt my child was not inside this house."

"It's as much as my place is worth to have told you; can you not add a little, madam, to your small gift"

"If my child is found I will double it. I have no more with me. Now show me every room of this house again to make sure my child is not here."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS LUCK?

A Paris newspaper has been asking various prominent men what they think about luck, and the replies are various and characteristic. Jules Lemaitre says that what we call luck is the belief in some equalising power; an idea born of the innate instinct of justice in man.

Jules Claretie would give a large place to luck in human affairs. "Many an officer," he says, "has found himself a hero because his battery or company happened to get a good position. Many an author has got his work accepted because he unexpectedly found the public receptive to his particular vein. But the best chance is—work."

Paul Deroulede is inclined to be mathematical. One-fourth part of luck and three-fourths of perseverance will bring success. Professor Richet, of the Academy of Medicine, is also inclined towards mathematical formulae. He says that there are three ingredients to success—intelligence, capacity, and luck; but it would seem that the first two might be bracketed as being nearly identical. He points out that in chess talent is valued at one hundred per cent., and chance counts for nothing at all; but in roulette it is chance that counts for everything and capacity for nothing. For success in life we must have sixty per cent. intelligence, ten per cent. industry, and thirty per cent. luck. But he adds that to be born with intelligence is itself a matter of luck, as there can be no worse luck than to be a fool.

Maeterlinck believes strongly in luck—"especially in others." Maeterlinck and Xavier would assign a large place to luck.

Why Our Girls Are Beautiful.

Beauty is not altogether an accident. It may be cultivated. We have been cultivating it, more or less, unconsciously and by a variety of methods, this long time past. Never were our girls so active or so varied in their pastimes as they are to-day. They are good at the oar, they are not easily beaten in the tennis court, they begin to be skilled at the wicket. Athletics make for physical beauty in an almost incalculable degree. There is more beauty now than ever before, and there are reasons for it. And because there is more beauty than ever, there is, perhaps, not quite so much enthusiasm about it. And, again, the beauties of the next generation will probably be much more beautiful than ours. The study of beauty has no doubt had its influence, but healthy exercise is the real increase of good looks. Our daughters should be encouraged to take up some form of healthy outdoor exercise, and the good result will not be long in showing itself.

DAIRYING.

THE DAIRYMAN'S PART IN FACTORY BUTTER MAKING.

An Instructive Catechism.

Q.—Does any responsibility rest upon the dairyman who sends cream to the factory for the quality of the butter made?

A.—Certainly. Good butter cannot be made from poor cream, any more than good bread can be made from poor flour.

Q.—What is meant by poor cream?

A.—Cream that is dirty, has been kept too long, or has gathered or developed ill-smelling or offensive odors of any kind.

Q.—How can good cream be produced?

A.—The one great requisite is cleanliness from start to finish. The cows must be clean, especially the udders and flanks when milked, the milkers must have clean and dry hands (use vaseline or lard if necessary). The milk pails must be clean, as well as all other milk utensils, including the separator, if one is used.

Q.—Why must udders and flanks be especially clean?

A.—Because the loose hairs and dirt are lodging-places for innumerable bacteria.

Q.—What are bacteria, and what harm can they do?

A.—Bacteria are infinitely small plants. They are so small they cannot be seen without the aid of a powerful microscope, but when they find the proper soil and nourishment they grow and multiply with astonishing rapidity, just as weeds grow and multiply in rich garden soil in warm weather. Milk affords a most excellent "soil" for bacterial nourishment, and when warm, as it comes from the cow, they multiply in a geometrical ratio. There are many kinds of bacteria, producing many kinds of fermentation. Some cause milk to sour, some give it a bitter taste, some create various kinds of offensive odors and tastes.

Q.—Is it practicable to prevent bacteria getting into milk?

A.—No. There will be some in the lower ends of the teats, and do the best one can, some from the body of the cow and the dust in the air, and some from the hands and clothing of the milker will fall into the pail.

Q.—What then is to be done?

A.—Keep out as many as possible, reduce the number to the lowest amount.

Q.—How can this be done?

A.—By brushing the udders and flanks carefully, and in extreme cases dampening with a wet cloth or washing.

Q.—What next?

A.—See that the pails and strainers are not only clean to the eye, but that every seam and corner has been cleaned out. Rinse all milk pails after use, first in cold water, then wash, preferably with a brush in hot water, and then scald with boiling water. Do not use soap of any kind, but when necessary some washing soda.

Q.—What next?

A.—As soon as milk is drawn from the cow remove it from the yard, strain through two or more thicknesses of cloth, and separate as quickly as possible. If the night's milk is not to be separated until morning, cool it by setting cans in cold water, stirring occasionally. At 50 deg. bacteria multiply very slowly, if at all.

Q.—What about the separator?

A.—Thoroughly clean and scald it every time it is used.

Q.—But this takes time.

A.—Yes; but it is time well spent, and without attention to these details it is impossible to have cream that will make the best butter.

Q.—How often should cream be taken to the factory?

A.—That depends upon circumstances. If warm fresh cream is not mixed with the cold cream until it also has been cooled, and the whole lot is kept under 60 deg., cream may be kept practically sweet for two or possibly three days. It is not so much a matter of time as it is of other conditions. Every farmer should taste and smell the cream, and if there is anything wrong with it, seek out the cause and remove it.

Q.—Are rusty cans dangerous?

A.—Yes. Rusty and battered pails and cans should be discarded altogether, for they cannot be kept clean and fit for use with milk and cream.

COW TESTING ASSOCIATIONS.

Professor Gilman, the Commissioner of Agriculture in the State of Maine (U.S.A.), looks after the cow testing associations of that State. He finds that as an educative factor in the development of the dairyman they are easily first, and facilitates their formation wherever possible. It is not easy to persuade some farmers to go in for cow testing, but after a little experience of their working even the most pronounced sceptics become satisfied. In giving the results of a year's operations, Professor Gilman, the Maine Commissioner, has also incorporated the opinion expressed by some Maine farmers concerning the benefits of the cow testing association. Here are some of them:—

"I have learned the value of definite knowledge concerning one's business."

"I have learned the value of method in conducting a dairy business."

"I have learned that cows vary in food requirements."

"I have learned that the cost to produce a pound of milk varies widely with different cows."

"I have learned much concerning methods of feeding."

"I have learned the analysis of feed."

"I have learned that protein is sometimes fed in excess."

"I have learned to have a genuine pride in good dairy cows."

"I have learned the importance of breeding."

"I have learned that breeding operations should be carried on with intelligence."

"I have learned that fads have no rightful place in the breeding of dairy animals."

"I have learned something of the fact that food nutrients play in the economy of animal life and milk production."

These are valuable lessons which those different men learned through going to a cow testing school on their own farms, and it is open to every dairyman to follow the example. The dairyman who does not know his cows does not know where he is, and the only way to know them is by regular systematic testing.

THE STRENGTH OF GLASS.

Glass is a substance that we cannot figure the strength of as we can a great many other things with which we are familiar. It varies greatly in itself. The strongest glass, as a rule, breaks into the greatest number of fragments. Comparing the strength of thin glass with thick, the former is relatively the stronger; this is a thing very often lost sight of. Then, again, as to the difference between rough plate and polished plate, we find polished plate the stronger.

This is perhaps to be attributed to the fact that all the very fine surface hair cracks are polished off. These only go into the glass to a certain depth, and when they are all or nearly all polished and ground off, there is less chance for some of them to form the basis of a crack, and thereby the glass is increased in strength. Tests have been made, and some formulae have been arrived at. As was to be expected, they show very irregular results as to the strength of glass.

THE HOUSEHOLD

SELECTED RECIPES

Carrot Soup.—Make a stock with some beef bones flavored with vegetables. Boil carrots in the stock, and when done rub them through a colander, and thicken the carrot with flour, adding the stock gradually till all is amalgamated. Season with salt and cayenne.

Chicken Pie (an American dish).—One young chicken, eight medium-sized potatoes, about one pint of sifted flour, two-thirds of a cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Cut up the chicken and pare the potatoes, and stew both slowly in one quart of water for twenty minutes. Meanwhile, make the crust by dissolving the soda in the sour cream and adding the salt and flour, making the dough stiff enough to roll out. Pour the cooked chicken and potatoes into a good-sized baking-dish, adding to them one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Place the rolled-out crust over these ingredients, leaving a space of about an inch all the way round. Bake the pie slowly for about forty minutes. Five minutes before taking it from the oven add half a cupful each of hot water and thick sweet cream.

Fruit Salad.—All fruit for this purpose must be allowed to marinade for some hours either in sherry, maraschino, or some well-made syrup. Where pineapples or oranges are used they will require little of either, but bananas, almonds, or cocoanut, or apples must be thoroughly soaked in some juice or wine, or lemon juice, which may be used with an extravagant hand.

Eggs Baked with Cheese.—Cut two ounces of cheese into small pieces or slices, put these into a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter and half a glassful of sherry wine; season with salt, pepper, a pinch of red pepper and a grate of nutmeg. Stir over the fire till melted, then pour into a buttered fireproof dish. Break in very carefully five eggs, season to taste, and put a piece of butter on each. Put the dish very carefully into a hot oven and bake till the eggs are set, then serve immediately.

Dutch Apple Cake.—One cupful of flour, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one tablespoonful of butter, a quarter of a cupful of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar. Mix all the dry ingredients together; rub in the butter, add the milk, and lastly the egg, well beaten. Put into a shallow pan. Pare and cut a sufficient number of apples into pieces and lay in rows on the dough, sprinkling a little cinnamon and three tablespoonfuls of sugar on top. Serve hot with lemon sauce or cream and sugar.

A Simple White Soup.—This is very easily made. Take the stock in which a fowl has been boiled, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of cream or milk, pepper, salt, and a blade of mace. Strain the stock through muslin; then put it in an enamelled pan and bring to the boil, first putting in the mace. Mix the flour with the cream or milk, and add the salt and pepper, and when the flour has well boiled and the soup is thickened it is ready.

Beef Loaf.—Take two pounds of steak and put it through the mincing-machine. Mix with it four or five slices of stale bread, crumbled, one teaspoonful of dried sweet basil, one teaspoonful of dried sweet marjoram, salt and pepper to taste, one boiled potato cut fine, one chopped apple, one chopped banana, one egg, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and half a cupful of milk. Mould into a loaf and, after placing it in the pan, pour over it about a quarter of a cupful of milk to keep it from browning too rapidly. Bake for one hour. It is delightful either hot or cold.

Nimrod Pudding.—Four ounces of breadcrumbs, four ounces of mashed potato, four ounces of currants, two ounces of candied peel, four eggs, one pint of milk, six ounces of sugar, one glassful of sherry, two ounces of butter, juice of half a lemon. Beat the butter and four ounces of sugar together, add the eggs, well beaten, one at a time, and the breadcrumbs; mix in the currants and chopped peel, add the milk, and turn into a well-buttered mould; cover with paper, and steam for one hour; put the two ounces of sugar in a saucepan with the water, sherry and lemon, simmer together for a few minutes; strain, turn the pudding on to a dish, pour the sauce over, and serve immediately.

Date Cake.—For a very rich date cake, using many eggs, stone and clean one pound of dates; cut one-fourth of them into strips and reserve for decoration; cut the remainder into small pieces. Finely chop half a pound of almonds without blanching them. Beat the yolks of seven eggs with a cupful of sugar until thick and lemon-colored, using a wire egg-beater; then add in successive order the grated rind of one lemon, almonds, and dates mixed with one cupful of flour, and lastly the stiffly-beaten whites of seven eggs. Bake in a loaf in a very moderate oven.

THE

to get no remedy. They had tried the deferred payments system and he unhesitating declared it to be an absolute failure. Under it they had not been able to make a single street during the past eighteen months. The system was terribly cumbersome, and required a special staff of clerks and surveyors to carry out. It was a policy that stopped settlement instead of encouraging it. The property-owners should put their shoulders to the wheel and try and help the council to make some progress, and the only way he could see was under the present resolution. If there was any case of hardship the council would do their best to meet it.

The resolution was then put and carried, and it was resolved that all present wait as a deputation on the council and present it at the first meeting in the new year.

The remainder of the evening was spent in "harmony," songs being rendered by Messrs. Collier, Patrick, Johnson and others, gramophone selections also being given.

Refreshments were also provided, and toasts of "The Council," "Kindred Associations," and "The Press" were honoured.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT

Monday, Dec. 4.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Plant, Barley, Brown, Lawrence and Bastings, J.'sP.

Not Attending School.

J. C. Cocks, truant officer, proceeded against a number of parents for not sending their children to school the required number of days. Robert Cornell (two cases), 5s. each; Kate Gosling (two cases), 2s. each; [illegible] Snake, (three cases), adjourned for fortnight; Michael Kelly (two cases), 2s. each; Chas. Farmer (one case), 2s.

ALLEGED LARCENY OF A PIGEON.

Geo. Henry Cole proceeded against Herbert Gittings, of Gordon-street, Alphington, on a charge of stealing a pigeon, of the value of £5. Mr. Nolan, for prosecution; Mr. Candy, for the defence.

Plaintiff stated that defendant had been looking at his birds with a view to purchase. On the 19th witness missed one particular bird, and on proceeding to the residence of defendant, found it in his pigeon loft. He let it go, and the bird flew back to its own loft. Some feathers had been pulled out of it, which he found at defendants, and now produced. He could recognise the pigeon amongst a hundred.

Mr. Candy: That's pretty strong.

Constable Ellison, whom Cole went for as soon as he found the pigeon at Gittings, stated that when he interviewed Gitting, he said he got the pigeon from Mrs. Speechley.

The defendant said he went to Cole to try and explain how he came by the pigeon, but he would not give him a hearing. While delivering milk he saw a pigeon at Mrs. Speechley's and asked who it belonged to. They said they did not know. Witness then said if the children caught it he would give them sixpence for it. The Thursday before Cup day they said they had a pigeon in the chicken coop. He found a hen with chicks was pecking the pigeon and pulling feathers out of its back. They got him the pigeon, and he took it home, and put it in his loft.

Mrs. Speechley deposed that she had told Gittings what a nuisance the pigeons were to her, and he had offered 6d. for any that were caught. On the Thursday before Cup Day he was given this pigeon, which was being worried by a hen in a coop.

Dr. Cole: We are all satisfied that there is no evidence to support this charge.

The case was dismissed, with £2 2s. costs.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. SOUTH MELBOURNE

The second elevens of the above played at South Melbourne. For the first time this season Northcote's skipper lost the toss, and South Melbourne batted on a perfect wicket, the ground also being in lovely condition and very fast. Northcote were kept in the field all day, and at call of time South had only lost 3 wickets for 306. Sykes and Birch were the opening batsmen, and had 70 runs on the board before Birch was bowled by Hammet. Fransden and Sykes then got together and completely collared the bowling, adding 200 for the second wicket. Sykes was eventually caught off Lugton for 120, having only given one chance. Barry was bowled by Lugton for 3, but Fransden remained unconquered for a well made 128, although he gave several difficult chances. Although such a big score was made the Northcote bowling was always good and the fielding first-rate. Nine bowlers were tried, F. Lugton securing 2 wickets and Hammet 1.

NORTHCOTE CLUB ELEVEN V. COLLINGWOOD.

This match was concluded last Saturday, at Collingwood, the latter winning by 56 runs. Collingwood had scored 177 and Northcote had three down for 50 at the conclusion of the first day's play. They were eventually dismissed for a total of 121. Schwaebsch (41) played a fine innings, including two splendid hits for 6. Goodear 24, Bedford 19, Scott 13 also showed good form. Collingwood in their second innings made 144. Hayes 3 for 29, Morris 2 for 30, Cox 1 for 18, Proposch 1 for 6 and Bedford all bowled well.

To-day's match is against East Melbourne at Merri Park, starting at 2.30. Team—Goodear, Proposch, Cox, Morris, Phillips, Price, Schwaebsch, Scott, Hayes, Bedford, Eaton and Dunn.

Preston v. Flemington and Kensington.—This match was started last Saturday at Newmarket. Preston batted first and made 110 (Nankervis 31, Fyfe 17, Froebel 16, Howes 15). Flemington and Kensington have lost 7 wickets for 107 (Froebel 1 for 5, Fyfe 1 for 11). The game will be concluded to-day, the home team having 3 wickets to fall and 12 runs to make.

Northcote Baptist continue their match against West Melbourne at Royal Park to-day. Van leaves church at 2.15.

South Preston Methodists meet for practice this afternoon.

Preston Amateurs play Fern Tree Gully to-day. Train leaves Flinders Street at 2.5. Players are requested to meet under the clocks, opposite Lincoln Stuart's at 1.30.

Northcote Presbyterian A v. E. Brunswick. Scores — Northcote, 117 and 40 (Richardson 28, Hastings 24, Lovell 15, Adams 17 and 11); Brunswick, 102 and 0 for 60 (Richardson 8 for 64, W. Thomson 5 for 59, Hastings 1 for 9).

Presbyterian A play Parkville at Thornbury to-day. The B team plays Footscray at Footscray. Players catch 2.20 train from Flinders street.

Preston Presbyterians v. Dorcas street. Preston, 60 and 76 (Carson 24, Boyd 21; Dorcas street, 75 and 68 (Carson 3 for 16, Morphett 2 for 6). Preston play Clarendon street at Preston to-day. Players are requested to be on the ground at 2.30.

Northcote I.O.R. play Essendon Footballers on the former's ground to-day.

Pride of Northcote I.O.R.

The half yearly meeting was held on Tuesday evening, the C.R. (Sis. Brewster) presided, and there was a good attendance of members. It was decided to forward a letter of congratulation to Bro. Membrey on his re-election to Parliament. The officers for the ensuing six months are as follows:—C.R., Sis. Moore; D.R., Sis. Porter; P.C.R. Sis. Brewster; secretary, Sis. Dennis; treasurer, Sis. Ward; W.S., Sis. Giddings; M.S., Sis. Oates; levite, Sis. Bray; guardian, Sis. Barker; press correspondent, Sis. Brewster. It was decided to take up a collection of toys at next meeting (December 19) for the Children's Hospital. Members are requested to bring a small gift to help to brighten the lives of those less fortunate than they. The ladies bowls team play their return match against Brighton at next meeting.

BOWLING.

THORNBURY NIGHT RINK TOURNAMENT.

Owing to the rain at the beginning of the week the final games in connection with the Thornbury night rink tournament could not be played, and were postponed till next week. On Monday evening Ingham's Thornbury rink will play Barston's Northcote rink, and Bailey (Northcote) will play Holdaway (South Melbourne). The winners will play off for the prizes on Tuesday evening. Residents desiring to see the games will be welcome.

Preston v. Moreland, played at Moreland.

PRESTON, 124.

Mutimer, Hanna, Bartley, Broadhurst	30
Stanlake, Hardess, Paterson, Wilkinson	24
Winnett, White, Strahle, Cripps ...	51
DuBourg, McKenzie, Braithwaite, Walker	19

MORELAND, 76.

Bridgeland, Bridgeland, Hickford, Love	14
Paterson, Walker, Waltehow, Bright ..	24
Bridgland, Bridgland, Starnsby, Zio ell	13
Jukes, McAdam, Miller, Howes	25

Preston v. N. Fitzroy, played at Preston.

N. FITZROY, 84.

Naunton, Martin, McDonald, Dally ...	25
Smith, R. Cline, D. Cline, Batson ...	30
Bryning, Fowler, Green, Scherle ...	26

PRESTON, 66.

Robinson, Woods, Warr, Robertson ...	25
Box, Olney, Rose, Howe ...	16
McDonald, Zwar, Rowe, Wilkinson ...	25

Preston A team match with Williamstown is cancelled. The B team will play Box Hill at Preston.

Thornbury A v. Melbourne, played at Windsor.

MELBOURNE, 139.

G. Lewis, Forge, D. Johnston, Denham	36
Penny, Willey, Mathewson, E. Pascoe	28
F. Pascoe, Regan, W. Pascoe, B. Pascoe	36
W. Sims, J. Johnston, Kemp, G. Sims	39

THORNBURY, 70.

Meakin, Masser, Farley, Dickason ..	10
Bopt, Workman, Clausen, Whalley ..	26
Harris, Sharp, Doran, Hayes ..	19
Wright, Hosking, Brown, Ingham ..	15

Thornbury B v. Collingwood, played at Collingwood.

COLLINGWOOD, 97

McDougall, Greig, Roberts, Knoll ...	22
Graham, McKimm, Kelton, France ...	24
Dance, Collie, Job, Bushare ...	20
King, Naylor, Page, Oakes ...	31

THORNBURY, 84.

Gourley, Oldenburg, Burgess, Smith ...	30
McDougall, Lewis, Littlejohns, Denny	17
Sutherland, Rouvray, Donegan, McGregor...	25
Richards, Westgarth, Wittenbach, Whitcoak	12

Thornbury A team play Richmond Union at Thornbury to-day, the B team play Carlton at Carlton, and the three rink team play Dandenong at Thornbury.

Northcote A team play Hawthorn City at Northcote and the B team play Collingwood at Collingwood.

Preston Rifle Club.

The above club held their third shoot of the six months grand aggregate at the Port Melbourne ranges last Saturday. The day was extra fine, and the distance being long (900 yards) and the wind very tricky the shooters had to keep their wits about them to get all their shots on the target. It was nothing for members down shooting to get a few bulls-eyes running and the next shot off the target altogether. The match for the day was won by P. Denham, a new member, who never shot with the club before. He put up a very good shoot with 45 off the rifle and with 8 points handicap got the possible, A. McDowell being runner up with 47. The following are the scores for the day:—

	Score.	Hcp.	Total.
P. Denham	45	8	50
A. McDowell	38	9	47
F. Franke	37	4	41
W. Nicholls	33	8	41
F. Michel	37	2	39
W. Kupsch	30	7	37
W. Jarman	31	2	33
H. Symons	24	8	32
J. Petrie	15	16	31
C. Stephenson	23	7	30
F. Williams	25	4	29

Next shoot December 16, distance 1000 yards, aggregate and silver mounted pipe shoot.

A missionary mission has been conducted at All Saints', Northcote, by the Rev. A. J. H. Priest and missionaries from India and China during the past week. There have been good attendances afternoon and evening each day, and much interest has been manifested in the work of foreign missions. This afternoon and to-morrow at 3, Miss Nicholson, of China, will address young people. Mr. Priest will preach at both services to-morrow and address men at 4 p.m. on "The Call of the Nations to our Men." A thanksgiving service will conclude the mission on Monday evening.

P.A.F.S.

Lady Northcote held their meeting on Thursday, when two new members were elected. Sister Semmens was congratulated on her splendid balance-sheet. Bro. Gray, D.M., assisted by Bro. Barker, installed the following officers:—W.M., Sis. Dickson; P.M., Sis. Hollywood; D.M., Sis. Stackpool; secretary, Sis. Semmens; A.S., Sis. Richards; chaplain, Sis. Edments; S.S., Sis. Lowe; J.S., Sis. Muir; I.G., Sis. Aldridge. Sister Muntz was presented with a handsome P.M's. certificate, which she nicely acknowledged, after which a social evening was spent. Next lodge night Xmas tree.

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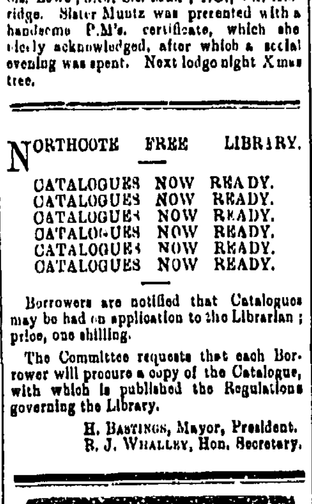
H. Bastings, Mayor, President.
R. J. Whalley, Hon. Secretary.



Board & Residence

WANTED by Married Couple (in business) two rooms and board with superior adult family; permanent. By letter, "Comfort," this office.

To Let.

TO LET.—Good two-stalled Sewered Stable, 99 Gladstone avenue (near St. George's road), Northcote.

NORTHCOTE RIFLE CLUB.

A REMARKABLE SCORE.

(Notes by Target.)

At Port Melbourne last Saturday a large number of members took part in the second last shoot for the championship, also the final stage of the R. E. Wilson trophy. The range was a most difficult one, 900 yards. A target half a mile away is always hard to hit, but under Saturday's weather conditions (a strong southerly wind sweeping across the range) the shooting by several members was extraordinary. The hero of the day, young D. Soanes, compiled a sensational score, starting with a bull a second sighting shot he put his whole 14 bulls through the bulls-eye. He deserves every credit for his magnificent effort. Needless to say he won the day's trophy, the M.R.C.A. handicap match and a silver possible medal. Another praiseworthy effort was by H. Hook with a fine score of 65 off the gun. The six best results were:—

	900 yds.	Hcp.	Total.
H. D. Soanes ...	70	7	70
H. Hook ...	65	3	68
A. H. Brown ...	55	6	61
C. H. Talmage ...	52	7	59
C. Wilson ...	51	6	57
A. Glanfield ...	52	3	55

H. D. Soanes won the Wilson trophy with 135. H. Hook came second with 132. Best scores for championship were:—Soanes 50, H. Hook 47, Brown 39, Talmage 35, Wilson 33, G. Hook 33. H. D. Soanes now leads in the aggregate (265), with H. Hook close behind (263); then follow A. Glanfield, C. Wilson and G. Hook in order named. A most exciting finish is promised, any one of the five named having good chances. Today's event is the final stage of the Fargher trophy at 800 and 900 yards. C. Wilson and G. Kobelke have each got 70 to his credit. A match is also to be fired with Malvern rifle club. Next Monday night enters upon the Xmas goose shoot at the miniature range in Roberts street. It is open to all comers. A miniature competition just concluded has resulted in a win for C. H. Talmage (209), C. Wilson second (207).

Gwalia Lodge U.A.O.D.

The half yearly meeting was held on Monday evening, the A.D. (Bro. S. Langridge) presiding. The date of the annual Xmas entertainment for members' wives and children was fixed for Monday, 18 December. The balance sheet and auditors' report were submitted, showing a most satisfactory half-year's business, both as to membership and funds, the latter having increased by over £100 during the term just closed. Election of officers resulted as follows:—A.D., Bro. L. Jewell; V.A., Bro. H. Auhl; J.P.A., Bro. S. Langridge; secretary, Bro. J. Reidy; treasurer, Bro. C. Adlington; minute secretary, Bro. W. Davies; I.G., Bro. W. Reidy; O.G., Bro. T. Lydster; A.D.B's., Bros. J. Langridge and H. Moss; V.A.B's., Bros. H. Goudge and S. Ward; Grand Lodge representatives, Bros. Reidy, Chapman and Hopkinson; pianist, Bro. Brunler. The installation was carried out by P.D.P. Bro. W. Hopkinson. A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring J.P.A. (Bro. Day), and a committee appointed to arrange for the usual presentation.

Amusements.

CROXTON TO-NIGHT at 8 o'clock.

GRAND OPEN-AIR CONCERT AND BIOSCOPE DISPLAY.

New Faces! New Artists! New Songs! Glorious First Part.

Harry Leggett. Everard Sisters.

Special Engagement of

GREAT SCOTT! GREAT SCOTT!

Australia's Most Versatile Entertainer, presenting Weird and Wonderful Magic. His Funny Family of Ventriloquial Figures, Character Sketches, Banjoistic Effusions, etc., etc. A Very Fine Turn.

Miss Elsie Knowles, Pleasing Balladist.
George Sparks, the Mormon Coon and Wing Dancer.
Tom Knowles, the Favorite Baritone.
Tom Lasto, Comedian and Acrobat.
FARCE by Leggett Company.
H. W. Balharry, Promoter.

THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURE THEATRE.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING.
GRAND ALL PICTURE NIGHT!
The 104th Night of the Season.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The Management wish to announce that they have made special arrangements with Mr. C. Spencer, of the Olympia, to show

MARGARET CATCHPOLE
MARGARET CATCHPOLE

A Thrilling Story of England and Australia 100 years ago.

Some of the Scenes:—The Smuggler' Cave—The Rescue—The Trial—The Sentence. The Best Local Production ever Cinematographed, 4000 feet long.

Patrons are requested to Come Early and secure seats at 6d.
Reserved at 1s.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Next Saturday Night, another Big Star Drama.

Don't Forget, we show on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

GRAND CHRISTMAS FAIR, in aid of Preston Presbyterian Church, Church Grounds, David Street, Saturday (to day) 9th December. Good Programme, Scotch Dancing, &c., afternoon and evening. Competitions for Cakes, Scones, Lollies, etc. For full particulars see bills.

AUSTRAL BAND CARNIVAL,
AUSTRAL BAND CARNIVAL,
CROXTON PARK,
THURSDAY NEXT, at 8 p.m.
See the Massed Bands.
See the Torchlight Procession through High Street at 7.30.
Abbotsford Military Band.
Heidelberg District Band.
Northcote Municipal Band.
See the Great Cornet Contest.
See the Bioscope Laugh Maker.
See the Clock and Guess the Time.
See the Programme.

Miss Winnie Partride, Pleasing Balladist. Mr. Jack Diamond, The Laugh Raiser. Every time he smiles you laugh. Every time he laughs you scream. Every time he screams the Dr. goes home.

6d—Popular People's Price—6d.

Judge of Cornet Contest, I. Bowden, Esq. B.M. Richmond City Band.

R. Humphreys, Sec. H. Hellings, B.M.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL HALL (James Street).

CHRISTMAS FAIR,

Arranged by the Women's Guild, will be opened by the Mayoress (Mrs. H. Bastings) on FRIDAY, 15th December, at 8 p.m.

Cake Competition—Victoria Sandwich, Fruit Cake, and Shortbread.

Special Musical Programme.

Saturday Afternoon at 3.—Interesting Programme by Children.

Saturday Night.—Attractive Programme, including Northcote Bachelors' Quartette Party, Jarley's Waxworks, and Song Tableau.

Admission—Friday and Saturday night, Adults 6d, Children 3d. Saturday afternoon—Adults 3d, Children 1d.

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, I.O.R.

The Chief Ruler and Officers extend a hearty invitation to all Members of the Tent, together with their Lady Friends, to a Social Re Union on Saturday evening next, 16th December, in the Northcote Town Hall, at 8 o'clock. Good Musical Programme. Refreshments. Come along members and enjoy yourselves.

J. C. Newnham, Sec.

TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE, Tuesday, 19th December.

GRAND SOCIAL EVENING
by
PUPILS OF MISS MAGUIRE.
In aid of Prize Fund.

Dancing from 7.45 to 12. Good Music. Tickets 1/-. Miss W. Neylon, Hon. Sec.

Wanted.

GOOD General wanted. Wages 12/6 week. Mrs. O. Little, 45 Gooch St., Upper Northcote.

SMART Boys for the Japanning Trade. W. Zwar & Co., Parkside Tannery, Preston.

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.

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Close to Merri and Northcote Stations, and Trams.

Plans at Office of

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Auction Notices

WEDNESDAY, 20th DECEMBER, One O'clock.

DISPERSAL OF MR. H. DOIDGE'S SELECTED DAIRY HERD, Draught Mares and Geldings, and the Clydesdale Stallion, "Lord Leeston," Milking Machine, Motor Engine, &c., at "Endsleigh Park," Plenty Road, BUNDOORA.

ADAMSON, STRETTLE & CO. are instructed by Mr. H. Doidge (who is giving up the dairy business) to sell by auction, as above:—

45 Cows in full profit, including a number of particularly heavy milkers. 25 exceptionally good Springers, most of them within a month of calving. 10 nice Dairy Heifers. 2 Ayrshire Bulls. The Clydesdale Stallion "Lord Leeston," foaled 1907; imported from New Zealand; sire "Royal Alexander," dam "Clara" (by "Thumper," imp.) Draught Mare "Rose," 7 years, with filly foal at foot by "Lord Leeston." Draught Mare "Louie," 6 years, by "Young Champion," with filly foal at foot by "Lord Leeston." Draught Gelding, 3 years, by "Prince of Albyn." Draught Gelding, 4 years, by "Shepherd Lad," imported from New Zealand. Draught Filly, 3 years, by "Lord Dundonald." Medium Draught Mare. 2 Spring Cart Mares, each with foal at foot by "Lord Leeston." Spring Cart Gelding "Creamy," Steel Grey Pony, 12 hands, 4 years old. LAWRENCE KENNEDY-GILLIES MILKING MACHINE (4 cows). 5 H.P. MOTOR ENGINE (McDonald). Steam Boiler Troughs, etc., complete. Cherry Churn. Butter Worker. De Laval Separator, 45 gallons. Buncle Chaffcutter. Massey-Harris Binder. Earth Scoop. 22 Pigs. Poultry.

This little herd is one of the best in the District; all young cows selected solely for their milking qualities. The horses are reliable and good, and well worth the attention of buyers.

A drag will leave the Auctioneers' Bazaar, Bourke Street, at Eleven o'clock on the morning of Sale.

LUNCHEON PROVIDED.

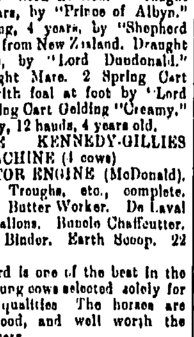
Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate. — Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from 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.

LAND in Wimble Street, Northcote, this week, 40 x 93, a bargain, only £4 10s per foot. Apply John Howse, Raglan St., Preston.

Prepare for the Coming of Santa Claus
by visiting the



NORTHCOTE SUPPLY STORES

kept by Mrs. E. WALKER,

205 High Street, Northcote
(Few doors below Town Hall).

Over a Thousand Pounds' Worth of Absolutely New and Well-Selected Stock to choose from. Such a Magnificent Collection of Toys and Fancy Goods has never been seen before in the Suburb.

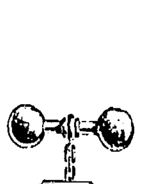
Buying for Cash, selling at a small margin of profit, Mrs. Walker's prices will be found to compare more than favorably with those in the City and Elsewhere.

Would you gladden your Child's heart with a Christmas Gift, or your friend's or your relation's, Mr. Walker's is the Place to procure it.

Splendid value in Dolls from 1/-
Mechanical Toys, Motor Cars, &c., from 1/-
Toy Tea Sets (marvellous value) from 6d
Horses and Carts, 1/-
Wheelbarrows & Prams from 1/- upwards.

EVERYTHING NEWEST AND BEST, IN ENDLESS VARIETY, AND CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE.

Inspection cordially invited.



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XMAS PRESENTS

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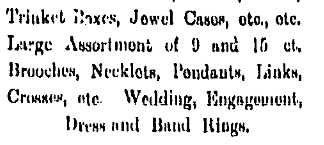

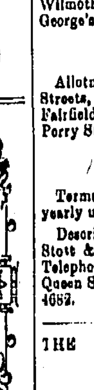

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SUMMER SUITS!

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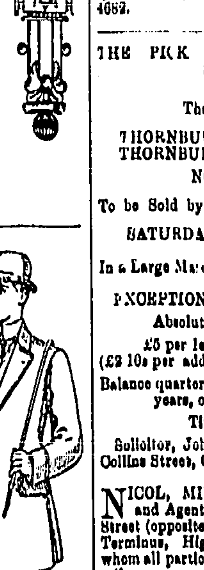

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Auction Notices.

AUCTION.

LAND SALE THIS AFTERNOON
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McGeorge Bros and Savage's Rooms, 323 High Street, Preston.

VALUABLE ALLOTMENTS, BUSINESS and RESIDENTIAL SITES.

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THIS DAY.

At 3 o'clock at "St. Elmo," 58 South Crescent, NORTHCOTE SOUTH. D.F.W.B. VILLA, 6 rooms, bathroom, stable, workshop. Land 54 x 121. Handy to Westgarth Station.

STOTT & BASTINGS, Auctioneer, 203 High Street, Northcote. Tel. 1976.

WEDNESDAY, 13th DECEMBER.

At the Properties, PRESTON.

TRUSTEES' REALISING SALE. SHOP and VILLA PROPERTIES. BUSINESS SITES and LAND.

STOTT and BASTINGS have received instructions from THE TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS AND AGENCY COY. LTD., of 412 Collins Street, Melbourne, to sell by auction, as under.

At 3 o'clock.

LOT 1.

Nos. 379, 381, and 383 High Street, Preston, opposite Shire Hall, Post Office, and near Preston Railway Station. Three 2 storey Brick Shops and Dwellings, of 5 rooms and conveniences, erected on land 50ft. frontage to High street by a depth of 165 ft.

LOT 2.

Adjoining above, Business Sites. Land 300 x 165, will be offered in 6 lots, each 50 x 165. Terms—One-third cash, balance up to 3 years at 5 per cent. interest. The above properties have a fine frontage to High Street, which is improving very quickly.

LOT 3.

Austral Avenue, off Bell Street, near station. Allotment, 80 x 115. Erin Street, off Bell Street, Allotment 40 x 114.

LOT 4

Newman Street, Northcote. Allotment, 20 ft. frontage to north side of Newman Street by a depth of 99ft., 45ft. 7in. west from Leinster Grove.

Lots 3 and 4 will be offered at Lot 1.

At 4 o'clock.

LOT 5.

Wood Street, Preston. D.F. Brick Villa, containing 6 rooms and conveniences, the land having a frontage of 108ft. 10in. to Wood Street, Preston, by a depth of 218 ft. 8in., and with large block of land, 326 x 354, at rear of above. Terms—One-third cash, balance 12 months, at 5 per cent.

These properties occupy good positions, and Preston is rapidly improving. The trustees are desirous of realising in order to wind up estates.

Titles, Certificate.

Orders from Stott & Bastings, Northcote, Preston, and Fairfield. Telephone 1976.

SATURDAY, 16th DECEMBER.

At 3 o'clock.

At Stott & Bastings' Office, Fairfield.

TRUSTEES' SALE of ALLOTMENTS.

NORTHCOTE AND FAIRFIELD.

STOTT & BASTINGS, in conjunction with MEMBREY & DEANE, have received instructions from THE EQUITY TRUSTEES' COY. Ltd., 85 Queen Street, Melbourne, to Sell by Auction as above.

NORTHCOTE LANDS.

Allotments in Westgarth Street (corner Leonard Street), Leonard Street, Mary Street, Gordon Street, Clarendon Street, corner Agg and Turner Streets, Lewis Street, Montefiore Street, corner Clyde and Wilmoth Streets, Northcote Street, and St. George's Grove.

FAIRFIELD LANDS.

Allotments—Corner Station and Duncan Streets, Gordon Street, Rushall Street, Fairfield Road, Fulham Road, Grange Road, Perry Street.

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Terms: One Fifth Cash. Balance half-yearly up to 3 years at 5 per cent.

Descriptive Plans from the Auctioneers: Stott & Bastings, Northcote and Fairfield, Telephone Central 1976; Membrey & Deane, Queen Street, Melbourne, Telephone Central 4682.

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The Well Known

THORNBURY PARK ESTATE,
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NORTHCOTE.

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In a Large Marquee erected on the Ground.

EXCEPTIONALLY EASY TERMS.

Absolutely No Restrictions.

£5 per 1st Allotment Deposit.

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Balance quarterly instalments, covering 12 years, or Discount for Cash.

Title, Certificate.

Solicitor, John W. McComas, Esq., 450 Collins Street, City.

NICOL, MILLER & Co., Auctioneer, and Agents, Head Office 125 Swanston Street (opposite Town Hall, City, and Tram Terminus, High Street, Northcote, from whom all particulars, plans, catalogues, free railway passes, etc., can be obtained.

Phones: Central 7563 and Northcote 149.

Intending purchasers will be shown over the Estate.

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Sworn Valuator, House & Land Agent,
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Swift & Corben,
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Also one of the Best Assortments of Toys and Dolls to be seen in Melbourne, and is Open Every Evening for Xmas & New Year Cards, hundreds to choose from for home mail.

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The Regal
98 Smith Street
Near Peel St.!

Because they can have a Nice Lunch or Afternoon Tea.

High-Class Pastry and Confectionery.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

Monday, 4th December.

Present:—Crs. Bastings (mayor), Johnson, Schwaebsch, Hayes, Harry, Redmond, Henderson, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Dennis, Mason, Lees, Smith, Glanfield, and Plant.

Fire Alarms for the North.

F. T Hickford, the council's representative on the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board, intimated that the matter of providing additional fire alarms in the northern portion of the town would be considered with the estimates in January.—Received.

Water Extensions Declined.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote stating that the reason they did not recommend an extension in Aberdeen street and Hunter street was because the existing houses had already a fair supply.

Cr. Henderson stated that six houses had to get supply from a one-inch pipe in Aberdeen street If that was the Board's idea of a sufficient supply it was like them. He moved that the matter be referred to the commissioner.—Carried.

Regarding Hunter street Cr. Redmond said there was a gentleman waiting to put a house up there; and another thing they should not lose sight of was the fact that if a fire occurred up there it would be impossible to put it out with the supply there was there. He moved that this matter be also referred to the Commissioner for his attention.—Carried.

Cr. Redmond moved a similar motion with regard to Kellett street, saying the residents there had now to carry their water long distances.—Carried.

The Board also wrote stating they could not recommend an extension in Kellett street as there were no houses there.

The House Fly.

The Board of Public Health wrote forwarding poster on the subject of the house fly.—Referred to the town clerk to distribute.

Private Hospital Application.

The Board of Public Health wrote asking to be furnished with a copy of the health officer's report re Mrs Hunter's private hospital premises.—The town clerk had attended to the matter.

Tramways Trust Bill.

The Town Clerk, Melbourne, wrote forwarding copies of Bill to incorporate the Municipal Tramways Trust.

Cr. Hayes moved that the Bill be made an order of the day for next meeting.—Carried.

Trams Considered Obsolete.

The City of Prahran wrote forwarding for consideration the following resolution, which they had adopted in favor of substituting electric omnibuses for ordinary tramways, which were now obsolete.

Cr. Schwaebsch said the new system had been tried in the old world with very fine results. He moved that the Prahran council be asked for further information.

Cr. Redmond seconded.—Carried.

The Mosquito Pest.

The City of Collingwood wrote declining to take action in regard to placing kerosene on the Merri Creek to destroy mosquitoes, being unconvinced of the efficiency of same under the circumstances which exist.

The City of Brunswick intimated that they had voted £10 towards kerosening the creek.

The Vacuum Oil Co. wrote stating that one spraying a year along the river frontages at Perth had done away with the mosquito pest.

Cr. Lees moved that the sanitary inspector get all information from this company.

Width of Tires.

The City of Malvern wrote forwarding resolution carried by eastern suburbs in favor of rigid carrying out of width of tires provisions of the Local Government Act.

Cr. Lees moved that the Malvern Council be informed that this council was taking the necessary steps to enforce the Act.

Fairfield Drainage Scheme.

The Shire of Heidelberg wrote forwarding copy of A. G. Shaw's tender for completion of Fairfield drainage scheme. The amount was £4384 11s.—Received and approved.

Private Hospital.

Mary K. Hooper wrote applying for registration of her premises, "Lilliville," Darebin road, as a private hospital.—Referred to health officer for report.

State of Clarke Street East.

D. Caulfield, secretary East Northcote Progress Association, wrote asking that the large holes and ruts in Clarke street east be filled up with road metal or sewer spoil. Contractors were all complaining that they could not convey their building material along this road.

Cr. Plant said he noticed a start had been made to improve the road. He moved that the matter be referred to works committee.

Cr. Glanfield seconded.—Carried.

Street Construction Policy.

East Northcote Progress Association wrote forwarding resolution protesting against the action of the council in carrying a resolution to compel property owners in private streets to pay cash down for street construction. Councillors interested might attend the public meeting on the subject on Wednesday.—Received.

Bridge Over Darebin Creek.

The Ivanhoe Progress Society wrote forwarding resolution they had passed requesting Heidelberg council to arrange a conference with Northcote to discuss the proposal to erect a bridge over the Darebin Creek at Darebin road to facilitate communication between the two districts.

The mayor said that some time ago they had carried a resolution affirming the desirability of having a bridge over the creek.

Metropolitan Board Wages.

The United Laborers' Union wrote asking council's co-operation in endeavoring to get the Metropolitan Board to pay the same rate of wages as those outside.

Cr. Woolhouse, in moving that the matter be received, said the officers and servants' committee of the Board were now dealing with the matter.

Public Works Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £199 11s 3d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

Finance Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £276 15s 10d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Meat inspector's report.—299 pigs and 120 cattle and calves examined and branded between 12th and 24th inst.—Adopted.

3. Loan 8.—That the borrowing of £19,666 be made an order of the day for next meeting.—Adopted.

Committee of the Whole.

The mayor submitted the report, recommending—

1. Melbourne & Metropolitan Board of Works re crossing overpipe track, Woolton avenue.—That application be made to the Board for authority for the work to be carried out by the Council to the satisfaction of the Board.—Adopted.

2. Surveyor's office alteration.—That the matter of the re-arrangement of the office accommodation be considered when the plans of the town hall are under review.—Adopted.

3. W. S. Stott re alignment of Normanby Avenue, north side, from High Street westerly.—That the consent to the alignment being fixed at the building line as set out on the plan submitted dated and signed by Mr. A. M. Mundell, Licensed Surveyor, be granted and certificate of consent be endorsed thereon.—Adopted.

4. Weights and Measures Union.—That this Council's proportion of the estimated expenditure, amounting to £12 13s 6d, be paid.—Adopted.

5. Cattle Ranger.—(a) That the duties of Dog Inspector be excised from those now carried out by Mr. C. S Bray as Hallkeeper and Dog Inspector (b) That applications be invited for the position of Cattle Ranger and Dog Inspector at a salary of £1 per week and a commission of 10 per cent. on the amount of dog fees collected.

The mayor moved the adoption of the clause.

Cr Plant seconded the motion, remarking that payment of the ranger by means of a percentage of the fines had proved a failure.

Cr. Harry said he did not think the remuneration offered was enough

Cr. Plant—It's as much as the council can afford to pay.

Cr. Glanfield asked did they think to get a ranger, a dog tax collector, and a "Crown Prosecutor" for twenty-five bob a week. (Laughter). He moved an amendment that the salary be 7s a day and 10 per cent. of the dog fees.

Cr. Redmond said he would second the motion if the mover made it 5 per cent. of the dog fees If they wanted a man they could trust they must give him a decent salary.

Cr. Woolhouse had pleasure in supporting the motion. These times a man could not live on less than £2 2s a week even if he lived on frankforts. (Laughter).

Cr. Plant—You paid your last man £10 a year.

Cr. Smith also supported the motion, remarking that the place was so big a man could not do it on two legs. He would have to get four legs under him The salary proposed was nothing but sweating.

Cr. Plant and others repudiated the idea of sweating.

Cr. Tharratt said he liked neither the motion nor the amendment. If the ranger did his work properly there would soon be very few cattle for him to look after, and the dog fees could soon be collected. He would like to see the matter referred back to see if they could not put more work on to him.

Cr. Harry said that seeing the man would not be constantly employed they could not be accused of sweating.

Cr. Johnson—The job only requires casual attention. To pay 7s a day and commission on top of it would be a farce.

Cr. Lees thought it would be advisable to put the clause through at the present time.

Cr. Dennis said they had been accused of being sweaters, and yet they were offering 30s a week extra for what Bray did with his other work. If they were going to keep the rate as it is they would have to act judiciously.

The amendment was put and lost.

Cr. Plant called for a division.

For—Crs Glanfield, Smith, Woolhouse, Redmond, and Schwaebsch; the rest against.

Cr. Hayes said he would give those who indulged in "gallery talk" about sweating a chance to show where the money was coming from to pay more. He would move that the matter be referred to the estimates.

The amendment was carried.

6. Accident Insurance.—That the advisability of insuring against claims for accidents on the public streets be considered with the estimates.—Adopted.

Electric Lighting Committee.

Cr. Lees submitted the report, recommending—

Re Messrs Lincoln & Macdougall's application to be appointed as Engineers to the Council.—That no action be taken therein.

Tramway Committee Report.

The Tramway Surveyor has reported as follows:—"As my methods are adopted, and instructions carried out, I hope within a few months to place a smarter and more up-to-date appearance of your tramway system before the public."

Cr. Harry (chairman) said their engineer was giving instructions with a view of bringing their tramway more up to date, and it was satisfactory to know that the lessees are carrying out his instructions.

Cr. Dennis—The running is at present very unsatisfactory.

Cr. Harry—The engineer is now urging that the trams be run to better time.

Quarry Committee Report.

Messrs Veith & Doherty, re Supply of Metal.—That no action be taken in the matter of their offer, as other schemes for the supply of metal, etc., are under consideration.

Cr. Dennis (chairman) said they expected to have their own crusher going in six months.

Cr. Redmond said there were a lot of streets over in the west ward that could do with the metal offered, and as these were local men he thought they should be supported.

The mayor said the main idea of Messrs Doherty and Veith was to level the land for building purposes.

Ordinary Business.

Cr. Plant said he had a grave complaint to make in regard to the way the work at the entrance to Merri street had been delayed, causing great inconvenience, and being at the same time the laughing stock of the ratepayers.

The mayor said he understood they were waiting for the angles.

Cr. Plant said the work should never have been started till the material was ready.

Cr. Dennis said that not only Cr. Plant but everybody else was sick and tired of seeing this work week after week in its present state. The work should have been completed in a couple of days. An accident might happen there at any moment. The engineer had been on sick-leave and the foreman said he expected the material in a couple of days.

Cr. Plant said he was sure no councillor could be satisfied with the way the work was being done. He moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Smith, in seconding the motion, remarked that the chairman of the works committee might have told them that the angles got broken and the delay was caused through others having to be made.

Cr. Hayes declared that £30 was being thrown away on the job.

The motion was carried.

Cr. Plant also complained that nothing had yet been done in connection with the Clarke street work, though passed a month ago.

Cr. Hayes said the engineer had also been instructed to have the unmade crossings in Normanby avenue and other streets attended to, but nothing had been done.

Cr. Dennis said the works committee were getting a list of all these crossings so that they might be attended to.

Cr. Smith referred to the crossing leading into Brooke's Estate.

Cr. Dennis—Authority has been given to do this work.

The mayor intimated that the surveyor had been unable to attend the meeting though he had been at his office this past few days.

Cr. Plant moved that a special meeting of the council be held on Monday evening to consider the estimates.—Carried.

Cr. Lees moved that the matter of repairing the asphalt in Harper street be referred to the works committee.—Carried.

Cr Dennis said the Merri Creek was in an abominable state, and they would be failing in their duty if they allowed things to go on as they are. He would move that their inspector be instructed to take a sample of the drainage above and below where Bullen's drain enters, as well as from Bullen's drain itself. They had the power to stop this, and, as he said before, if something were not done they would be failing in their duty.

Cr. Lees seconded the motion, which was carried.

Cr. Johnson moved that the Metropolitan Board be asked to extend their main along Hartington street. Cr. Schwaebsch seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Redmond moved that a request be made to have the gas extended to Kellett street.—Carried.

Cr. Smith moved that the Gas Co. be asked to have the gas extended in Bastings street, from Cramer street to Derby street.—Carried.

Cr. Hayes moved that the Metropolitan Board be asked to extend their main 12 chains further east in Raleigh street.—Carried.

Cr. Henderson moved that a request be made, through Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., for a train to leave Croxton station about 25 minutes to 8, which would relieve the preceding always crowded train.

Cr. Mason moved that the matter of the hoarding which had been erected on the esplanade, Merri Creek, between Westgarth and Cunningham streets, be referred to the inspector.—The town clerk said that action had been taken.

Cr. Redmond moved that the matter of fencing in the tramway enginehouse be considered with the estimates.—Carried.

Cr. Tharratt moved that the matter of the construction of Wilson street be referred to the works committee.—Carried.

Cr. Glanfield said his mail was not delivered in Separation street till 20 minutes to 11. He moved that the member for the district be asked to send out two or three or half-a-dozen more men. Carried.

Cr Mason said a month ago instructions were given to repair the paths in Westgarth street, but nothing had been done and they were a positive disgrace.

Cr Dennis said instructions had been given to the engineer to attend to the matter, which had to wait its turn.

The valuation of £109,165 was duly adopted.

Taking Over of Major Street.

Cr. Plant moved—"That Major Street having been constructed to the satisfaction of the Council, application be made to the Public Works Department to proclaim the street a public highway."

Cr Plant said it was understood that the street would be taken over if constructed to the satisfaction of the council, and the work the engineer thought advisable had been carried out.

Cr Smith, in seconding the motion, said he would like to know if this would relieve the ratepayers in the street from all liability for the construction of the crossings.

The mayor—If the council takes over the street it will have to construct the crossings.

Cr Lees said he must oppose the motion. The street was not constructed to the satisfaction of the council because you could not enter it without breaking the law. Why should people in the north ward, say, contribute towards the making of Major st. when those directly interested should pay? He was prepared to support the motion if the crossings were put in.

Cr. Dennis moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole for consideration. The matter had never yet been discussed since the five new councillors were elected. Personally he thought it only a fair thing that the crossings should be put in by the syndicate or somebody else.

Cr Lees seconded the amendment, which was carried.

BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHES

A Splendid Cure by Bile Beans.

Miss A Grant, 7 Simmons Street, South Yarra, Melbourne, says:—"For a long time I was a victim of severe attacks of biliousness and headaches. At certain periods I would feel as if the top of my head was coming off, the pains across the temple being especially severe. All desire for food disappeared, and in consequence I became very weak and my weight decreased. While the attacks of biliousness were on I was practically prostrated, not being able to do anything. I almost despaired of ever getting better, for I had tried many remedies, but they had all failed to do any good. Finally I was induced to take Bile Beans, and I was pleasantly surprised at their action. Bile Beans did not purge or gripe, but gently cleansed the liver and stomach, relieving their clogged state, at the same time having a mild, stimulating effect. After I had been taken Bile Beans a short time my food was digested in its proper manner, the organs generally were toned up and my bodily health improved until the headaches and bilious symptoms disappeared, and I became real well and strong once again. I owe my complete restoration to perfect health entirely to Bile Beans; they are indeed an excellent family medicine."

Bile Beans purify the blood and generally strengthen and tone up the system. Sold by all stores and chemists.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS

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

Northcote Motor Garage

has just opened at

32 High Street

(next Ice Works).

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.

Oils and Accessories.

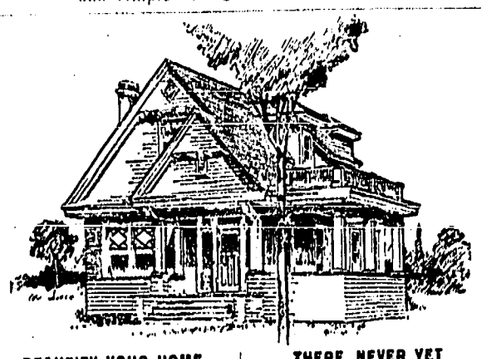
ICE! ICE! ICE!

NORTHCOTE ICE WORKS

34 HIGH STREET.

Pure Crystal Ice delivered daily.

Dairymen catered for with Specially Prepared Cooler and Ample Storage Accommodation.



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 indoors this spring you should 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 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.

D. B. MASSON,

Decorator and Ironmonger, Importer of Glass and Paperhangings,

Muranese from 10d a foot. Write for Patterns.

Lowest Current Rates for all Painters' Materials.

236 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Telephone, Northcote 104.

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—14th December.

Xmas Tree.

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—21st December.

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, "Winnieville," 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—19th December.

And Every Alternate TUESDAY in the Friendly Societies' Hall, Wimble Street, Northcote.

HENRY H. HANSEN, Secretary.

271 High Street, Northcote.

T. KERR,

PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER, 76 and 328 Smith Street, COLLINGWOOD.

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Specialty.

Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.

REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

Tea and Coffee always ready

Educational

Westleigh College

Established 1886.

(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. Bibron, 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.

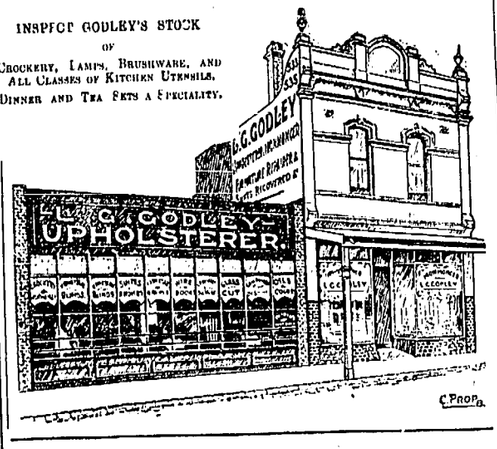
CLASSES DAY AND NIGHT, ALL SUBJECTS.

195 LITTLE COLLINS ST.

F. THOMAS, M.A.

Announcements

INSPECT GODLEY'S STOCK OF CROCKERY, LAMPS, BRUSHWARE, AND ALL CLASSES OF KITCHEN UTENSILS. DINNER AND TEA SETS A SPECIALITY.



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.

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!

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 Specialty.

LINES BY SPOKESMAVE.

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.

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, B.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 57 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., M.A.C.D.,

DENTIST

Only Address— 306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9. Telephone 1832J, City.

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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.

Public Notices.

Tel. Northcote 54.

295 High St., Northcote.

Dear Sir,—

Re **Fire Insurance.**

If you have not already insured your building and contents I advise you to do so now. Delay spells danger. See us at your earliest convenience.

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST LEES,

Agent London Assurance Corp.

Northcote Nursery

MITCHELL STREET.

PLANT NOW:

Hedge Trees
Buffalo Grass Roots for Lawns
Tomato Plants
Trees, Shrubs, &c.

C. J JACKSON, Proprietor.

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).

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

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 splendid 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 prize at Leeston and Christchurch, second prize at Leeston in 1903 and 1904, and first and reserve champion in 1905 and 1906 at Leeston. Grandsire, Alexander's Heir (292, 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 (832) won first prize at the H.S. Show, Inverness, in 1865. G g g g grandsire, Sir Walter Scott (707) 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 (314 N.Z., S.B.); g granddam, Maggie Craig (Wall's, imported from Scotland, 302, N.Z. S.B.) by Large Jock (446); g g g granddam by London Tom (506).

Terms £5 5s, payable half as end of season, balance when mare proves in foal.

Full particulars from H. DOIDGE, Proprietor, "Sudeleigh Park," Bundoora. Private address, High street, Northcote.

Northcote Leader

Ask for Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil

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, DECEMBER 16, 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

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.

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 ... 96

Sand & General Carter
Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.
Manager—T. JOHNS, 46 Henry Street, Northcote.

DON'T 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.
WATER METERS FIXED.
Sewerage Connections Guaranteed for two years.
CONTRACTOR FOR GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS.
Estimates Given.

Announcements

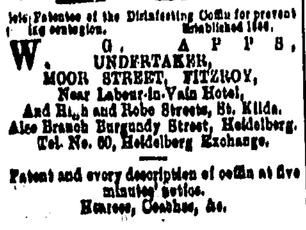
W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
301 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
Saws, Scissors, and Lawn Mowers Set and Sharpened.
Venetian Blinds Re-Taped and Corded.
FURNITURE REPAIRED.

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 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.

Undertakers

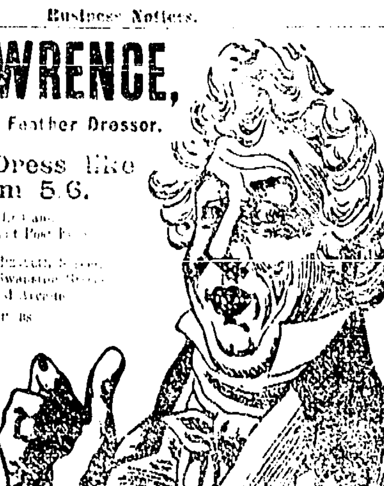
HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets, FITZROY.
H.L. is prepared to conduct Funerals at the lowest possible rates to suit all classes.
Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral Requisites.
Coffins, all sizes, for country orders.
The Trade supplied.
Telephone 11x0.



Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for prevent- ing 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.

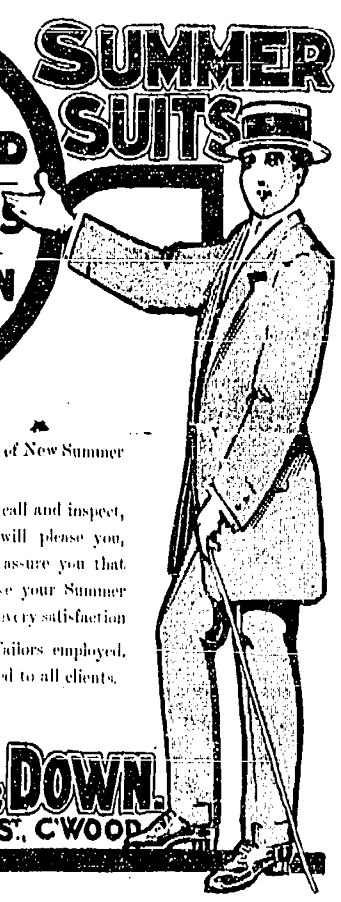
Business Notices.

R. B. LAWRENCE,
Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.
A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.
Illustrated Price List and Advice Free ... Post Free.
MELBOURNE: 4 ... 50 Swanston Street, ... Arcade.
All Suburbs.
Offices & Works,
... STREET,
NORTHCOTE.



GO AND GET SUITED BY THE TAILORS OF FASHION

SUMMER SUITS

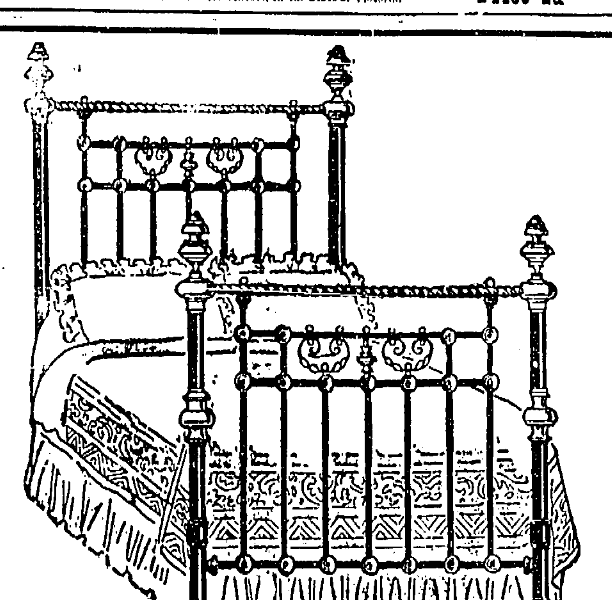


A ... Our immense range of New Summer Suitings just to hand.

We invite you to call and inspect, confident that they will please you, and at the same time assure you that if you allow us to make your Summer Suit we will give you every satisfaction.

Best Cutters and Tailors employed. Perfect Fit Guaranteed to all clients.

O'BRIEN & DOWN.
284 SMITH ST., C'WOOD.



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.

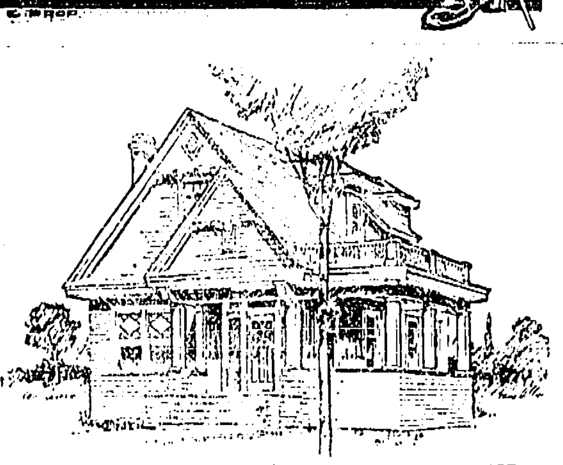
* The decorative pieces are in burnished brass of modern design—heavy enamel of any shade you desire—frame work exceptionally strong iron—not thrown together, but carefully assembled; again demonstrating to you that no matter how low Clauscen's price is, the quality is always of the best possible.

CLAUSCEN & CO. 194-196 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.

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,
128 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).



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 indoors this spring you should 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,
Mouldings from 10d a foot. Write for Patterns.
Lowest Current Rates for all Painters' Materials
236 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. Telephone, Northcote 104

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
SEND YOUR LINEN TO THE
NORTHCOTE LAUNDRY
HIGH STREET (nearly opposite London Bank).
A VICTORIA HIGH-BOARD IRONING MACHINE USED,
which turns out
Shirts and Collars Equal to New
and Saves Half the Wear and Tear.

Shirts, Washed and Ironed ... 4d | Collars, Washed and Ironed ... 1d
" Ironed only ... 3d | " Ironed only ... 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 3601. NORTHCOTE, Vic.

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

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

Our High-Class Goods
Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their
Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality
And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.
Our Fritz & Frankforts are just the thing for the Tea & Breakfast Table.

FACTORY & OFFICE: "...BANK," NORTHCOTE.

RESOLVED

That next year I apply to my shopping all that I learnt this year.

RESOLVED

Therefore, that I go to J. T. COLES & Co. for all I want during 1912.

These are the two best resolutions you can make.

Our Christmas and New Year Prices
for Best Quality Goods.

Best Currants, 6½d
Best Sultanas, 7½d
Lemon Peel, 6½d
Seeded Raisins, 6½d pkt.
S.R. Flour, 1½ pkt.
25lb. Flour, 2/1½
Plum Puddings, 10½d and 1/1½
Xmas Cakes, from 1/3
Large tin ... Salmon, 10½d
Raspberry Vinegar, 6d to 1/-
Sardines, 2½d and 3½d tin
Pres. Apricots, 8½d

Pres. Pineapples, 7½d
S. & A. Wafers, 7½d
Junket Tablets, 4½d
Mixed Spice, 1d
7 lb. S.R. Flour, 1/-
Best Dates, 4d
Box Figs, 6½d
Muscatel Raisins, 1/1
Essence Lemon, 4½d
Barcelona Nuts, 8½d
Soft-shell Almonds, 7½d
2lb. good Currants, 9½d

J. T. COLES & CO.
CASH GROCERS
NORTHCOTE, THORNBURY, PRESTON.

EDWARD FELLOWES,
Universal Carriage Works
AND SHOEING FORGE,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

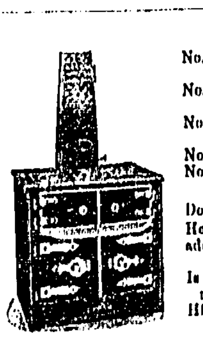
Lorries and Vehicles of every description Built, Bought Sold and Exchanged.

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.

UNIQUE OVEN
BURNS WOOD ONLY.
With Top Fire.
Made Specially for Country.
Built for Squatters and Farmers.
This is the heaviest One-Fire Stove made.
The flues are built on a liberal scale, which ensures a good draught and makes it easy to clean. The fire doors are made to open out full width of fire-box, giving room for large wood.



PRICE (Fall Door).
No. 1, burns 16in. wood, £2 12s 0d
No. 2, burns 24in. wood, £3 12s 0d
No. 3, burns 29in. wood, £4 10s
No. 3½, burns 29in. wood £5
No. 4, burns 41in. wood £6
(with double oven doors).
Double oven doors, 2/6 extra.
Heavy Copper Boilers, 35/-, add 6 inches to length of Stove
Will not burn out.
Is the strongest One-Fire Oven made and a splendid baker.
High pressure coils and boiler, £3 10/- extra.

WALLIS BROS. & Co., Ironfounders
SHOWROOMS: 410 Bourke Street (opposite Kirk's Bazaar).
Factory: Cramer St., Preston. Telephone 1253 City.
Manufacturers of the famous "Bobs" Cooking Stove, Cast Revolving Washing Copper Frames, &c.

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 STROKSHAVE.

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.

Announcements

SUPPORT THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY

THE I.O.A.
(Insurance Office of Australia Limited)
FIRE. ACCIDENT.
Plate Glass,
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Personal Accident and Sickness.
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,
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Estate Agents,
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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 Speciality. Absolutely free from coloring matter or preservatives.
No second dealing or with other traders.
Deliveries twice daily to 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 EASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.
Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Telephone 6204, Central

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

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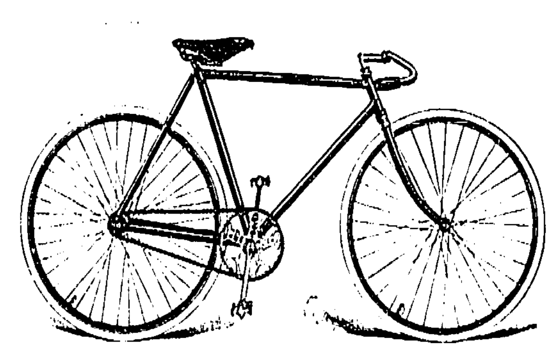
Work of Every Class executed at the LEADER OFFICE

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



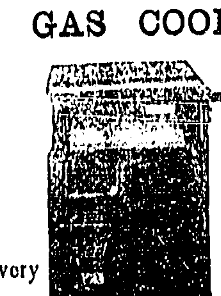
The Moa Special, £14 10s.

W. Merson's Moa Cycle Works,
218 High Street, Northcote.

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. Phones 8163 (6 lines)

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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 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, now 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

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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 Returned.
Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

H. KNIGHT,
FURNITURE REMOVED
(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).

MRS. BRICE
WISHES her old friends and new to know that she has REMOVED to 220 High Street Northcote, with a New Stock of Cheap Boots and Shoes with all her other good lines. Repairs Neatly Executed. Note the Address—Next to Mr. Merson's Cycle Shop.

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.
212 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.

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ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, Northcote.

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

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.)
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
7 p m., Advent Message to Parents.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "God's Huge Share in Human Salvation."
Evening subject, "The Pink Flush in the East" (Peace Sunday).
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.
Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher, Mr. BREDIN.

INDEPENDENT Presbyterian Church
Minister, Rev. Fergus Ferguson. Address, 3 Victoria Parade (corner Smith St.) Collingwood.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. P. N. KNIGHT.
Evening, Rev. A. MADSEN.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Supply.
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., Rev. H. MOORE.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. J. ORTON; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE. Subject, "From Malachi to Matthew: The Story of Four Dark Centuries."
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. B BOND; 7 p.m., Mr. W. THORPE.
All Welcome.

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.

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

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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.

L. BRENNECK (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—
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MRS. A. T. EARL, TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
Terms, moderate, on application.
Correspondence invited.
Pupils visited or received at "Bushwood," Dundas St., Upper Northcote.
Songs written for musical setting.

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).

AT THOMSON'S,
Opposite Savings Bank.
Motors, Dolls, Tea Sets, Cube Blocks, etc.
Ladies' Bags Extra Cheap.
Cricket Material Reduced. Bats from 9d.
Don't Forget to Call.

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Borrowers are notified that Catalogues may be had on application to the Librarian; price, one shilling.

The Committee requests that each Borrower will procure a copy of the Catalogue, with which is published the Regulations governing the Library.

R. BASTINGS, Mayor, President.
R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Secretary.

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

AT THOMSON'S
NEWS AGENCIES,
A Splendid Assortment of Auto. Stationery, Xmas Post Cards, and Folding Cards to select from.
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

CHRISTMAS SALE OF MILLINERY!

Special Lines of Untrimmed Hats for holiday wear, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11. Trimmed Hats, Flowers & Trimmings Reduced. Ninon and Crystaline Veils in all colors.

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood

Corsets to suit all figures from 1/11 to 18/6.

VISIT THE SHOW
OF
SUMMER 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 has a great variety of Ladies' and Children's Hats, 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 AGAIN!

F. T. EAGLES

Pharmaceutical & Consulting Chemist,

Has pleasure in informing his old friends and the public of Northcote and surrounding districts generally that he has

RESUMED BUSINESS

at his old & well-known Pharmacy,

281 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

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 has 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.

Xmas Gift Footwear!

What to give is often a problem difficult to solve. Here's a suggestion. Give a really good pair of Boots or Shoes. There is never any doubt as to their acceptability for the need is an every-day one.

For Xmas Gifts

Hurst's are showing some very fine Shoes—the finest the World produces. Xmas ship have just been opened up, including the new "Health" Shoes, Krippendorff's, Snow's, and other well-known English and Continental makers.

In Australian Goods

—our own manufacture—there are some fine Shoes that do credit to the skill of Australian workmen, and for style and finish will stand comparison with any of the imported lines.

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"The Home of Good Footwear,"

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Melbourne, All Suburbs, Ballarat, & Wonthaggi

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Law

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SOLICITORS

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"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor), No. 475 COLLINS STREET.
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Local Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

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CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
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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.

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Mr. E. F. NORRIS, Managing Clerk, attends daily at "Bellevue," Wallace Street, South Preston.

FREDERICK HUGHES,

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Commissioner of Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits,

LEADENHALL CHAMBERS,
28 MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.

Residence: Station Street, Preston.

Professional

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. FEGENT,
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 it on the very successful and popular lines it has always been conducted.

Complete and Up-to-Date Stock of Patent Medicines, Toilet Requisites, and Homoeopathic and Veterinary Medicines.

Dispensing Department a Speciality. Only the best of Drugs used.

In Memoriam.

IN sad remembrance of the Reverend Hector Ferguson, who passed into a higher life, December 13, 1909; beloved brother of the late Agnes Ferguson, wife of Captain George Cunliffe Falls, R.N., and Zilla Ferguson, wife of the late J. Steele-Morris, Rowter Hall, Birchover, Derbyshire, England; third son of Hector Ferguson, Esq., Islay, Argyleshire, Scotland.—Inserted by his sorrowing brother and sister, Reverend Fergus Ferguson and Miss Ferguson.

IN remembrance of Reverend Hector Ferguson, who passed away December 13, 1909.—Inserted by his nephew, Hector Macpherson, author and editor "Edinburgh Daily News," Edinburgh, Scotland.

IN sad remembrance of Reverend Hector Ferguson, who passed beyond the veil, December 13, 1909. Inserted by his devoted nephew, Reverend David Steele Morris, Rector Birchover Parish, Derbyshire, England.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Yesterday afternoon the Mayoress (Mrs. H. Bastings), opened at the Northcote Presbyterian school-hall, James street, the Christmas Fair, arranged by the ladies' guild. There was a good attendance and business was satisfactory. A musical programme was rendered. The fair will be continued this afternoon when there will be a special programme by the children. There will also be an attractive programme in the evening.

Theatres these times spring up like mushrooms. The wood yard of yesterday is the up to date open-air picture theatre of to-day. This has, at any rate, been the case in Northcote where the "Lyric Theatre" has come suddenly into being in High street, near the corner of Robb's parade. This theatre will be opened with special Christmas attractions on Wednesday next, 20th inst., and thereafter every evening. It is promised that the programmes will be of the best, with complete changes on Mondays and Thursdays.

Christmas stockings and other articles that delight children may be procured at Williams' Continental Tea Gardens, tram terminus, Northcote and Preston.

New Electric Lighting Proposal.—Mr. W. A. Anglise, for the Clifton Brickworks, on Monday evening placed before the Preston council a tender for supplying the municipality with all the necessary current for electric lighting and motive power. It was resolved—on the motion of Cr. Crispo and Paterson—to refer the matter to the committee of the whole with power to act. A similar proposal is, we understand, to be made to the Northcote council. If the municipal replies are favourable Mr. Anglise is prepared to instal a powerful generating plant.

Preston municipal accounts having been audited and found correct by the Government auditor (Mr. R. Shalders) were, on Monday evening, "finally examined, settled and allowed" by the council. The statement shows that the amount of the current rate was £3446 16s 11d, of which £3399 0s 10d was collected. The total arrears carried forward was £165 19s 2d. The total receipts were £5611 5s 2d, the principal item being the rates aforesaid, £402 pan fees, £650 Government endowment, £295 meat supervision fees, and £180 hall fees. The expenditure for the year amounted to £6107 13s 7d, which exceeded the receipts by £466 8s 5d. Contracts accounted for £1093, night service £394, supply of horses £261, day labour £828 lighting £318, salaries £730, meat supervision £208, park sites purchase £418, and interest and sinking fund on loan, £700. The loan account showed a balance unredeemed of £4820 4s 4d. An abstract of the accounts will be found on our fourth page to-day.

George Johnstone, who claimed to be worth £10,000 and came to the court in his motor car, allowed himself to be sued at the Preston court on Monday for 14s 9d for grazing fees, &c., Mr. E. T. Moulden bringing the suit against him. The defendant admitted owing 7s 6d for three weeks grazing and said he had given his wife the money in readiness to pay it, but he objected to paying for catching and returning his horse to and from the paddock. He had been a grazier himself, he said and had never made any such charges. Mr. Moulden replied that this was against common sense, a view evidently shared by the bench, who made the order asked for with 15s 6d costs.

Northcote Municipal Band struck rather a chilly evening for their Carnival at the Croxton Recreation Ground on Thursday evening, but all the same the event went off successfully. There was a large attendance, and the patrons were well entertained with a fine programme by the Northcote Heidelberg Abbotsford massed bands, by Miss Winnie Partridge, vocalist, and Jack Diamond (comic), also by the competitors for cornet solo medals. Bert Barnard won the first prize in both A and B grades, Martin being second in A and Travers in B. The clock was also set going. A good profit is expected for the band funds.

The monthly meeting of the Pender's Grove Settlers' Association was held on Wednesday. There was a good attendance and the president (Mr. Richmond) presided. Seven new members were elected, bringing practically all the settlers into the association. Messrs Richmond and Saxe (conference delegates) reported that clause 79 had been made much more liberal, the maximum having been raised from £250 to £300, also the C.S. Board had been improved to lend up to 60 per cent of the freehold value of the properties, and the interest on land and building loans was to be reduced to 4 per cent. The report was received with satisfaction by the members. Mr. Strawbridge reported that the recent deputation to the north ward councillors re more lights in Dundas street and other improvements, had been promised favorable consideration. A resolution was carried that the council be approached re making Dundas street from High street to the creek, as the blocks were loaded with the cost of making that street. The secretary reported that satisfactory progress was being made with the Xmas festival, which will be held on Thursday next in the Thornbury hall. A most liberal response had been made by the settlers to the call for funds to carry out same. After the business had been disposed of a "Bruce Auction" was held, which resulted in the syllabus committee fund being augmented considerably.

To celebrate the closing of the school year for the infant department at the Northcote State School, an entertainment by the pupils was held on Monday afternoon in the large school hall. The programme was interesting and varied and was much appreciated by a large audience, including the Mayor and Mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. H. Bastings). At the conclusion of the entertainment the mayoress distributed 100 toys, provided by the pupils of the higher school, to the babies of the infant department. Mr Bishop and staff desire to thank Messrs Boon, Stanley, Cornish, Moran and Cato, Reid and Cuskelly (Kensington) for their gift of lollies. Through their generosity 400 bags of lollies were given to the little ones.

At the London College of Music Examinations the following pupils of Miss Queenie Parker were successful in passing the various grades:—Practical, Annie Daley. Senior grade—Lou Adams, Annie Hughes, Ruby Rycroft. Elementary — Elsie Strachan, Myrtle Sadler. Primary, theoretical—Robert Broadhurst, Alice Andrews. Junior honors—Bert Holm, junior pass.

Preston Valuations.

INCREASE FOR YEAR £2201.

The Preston valuer (Mr. J. A. P. Ham) reported to his council on Monday evening having completed the valuation for the year ending 1911-12, the figures being as follows:

	1910-11.	1911-12.	Increase.
East R.	£9891 10 0	£9685 0 0	£273 10 0
Cent R.	11109 0 0	11830 10 0	781 0 0
West R.	18894 0 0	20128 10 0	1236 10 0
	£39392 0 0	£41641 0 0	£2201 0 0

POPULATION.

			Decrease	Increase
East Riding	1228	1220	8	
Cent. Riding	1524	1559		31
West Riding	2120	2146		26
	4872	4925	8	60

The number of new houses erected during the year were 51, or at the rate of about one a week. There are 22 recent subdivisions now being sold from.

The report was received as satisfactory though the reported loss of population in the east riding was somewhat mystifying.

For Men,' Boys and W——n.

Messrs Hattam and Hattam, men's and boys' clothiers, have just brought their establishment into line with the most modern city firms. In shop fronts and window displays "the old order changeth" as in most other things where a civilised community prevails. Instead of the heavy framed windows with bluestone base, plate glass set in elegant copper frames upon a terra-cotta tile foundation has been substituted, which gives the premises a most attractive appearance. Indeed the whole street benefits thereby. The nickel window fixtures are of the most approved style, which the firm's window dresser has used to the best advantage. All that man desires in the way of modern dress is artistically displayed, with the price ticketed on each article, so that he who wants any of these choice goods to complete his Christmas outfit may do so by stopping inside Hattam & Hattam's mercery department, where everything—from a collar stud to a well-fitting suit—is supplied.

Preston Industrial Trades.

PROGRESS IN SEWERING.

At the meeting of the Preston Shire Council on Monday evening the health inspector (Mr G. P. Daye) reported as follows:—

"Acting under instructions from the secretary, have, in the course of my last inspection, noted the progress of sewerage operations in connection with the various noxious trades. The following premises are already sewered —Watson and Paterson's, J. C. Hutton's, W. Braithwaite's, and Alexander's. Tenders are let for Herley's (woolscouring), Sterling Soap, W. Zwar, J. P. Howe and Co., and T. Broadhurst's. Tenders are also called for Adams & Co., but the plans are not yet completed for Hardenach's.

In connection with All Saints' Church, Preston, Mrs A. Robertson, wife of the president, will open a garden fete at 3.30 this afternoon.

J. T. Coles & Co., cash grocers, Northcote and Preston, advertise their Christmas and New Year specialities at tempting prices.

Localisms.

Report of Westleigh College concert and distribution of prizes and other matter unavoidably held over.

The building of Northcote Picture Theatre and shops, at corner of High and Bastings streets, is proceeding apace, and will be an imposing edifice. In the opinion of the contractor, who has had a large experience in this class of work, it will be the finest picture theatre in the metropolis.

The conference to consider the feasibility of linking up Preston, Northcote, and Fitzroy by means of an electric tram will be held at the Preston shire hall on Tuesday evening.

Cr. Hayes has been made a permanent J.P. We are pleased to congratulate him on the honour.

Northcote Cricket Club are again doing well this season, being at the top of the tree through their splendid performance against South Melbourne. Fred. Yeomans was the hero in this match, his innings of 105 not out being highly meritorious. More should be heard of this promising young player in the near future.

The advantageous terms on which the mayor and town clerk had secured the new loan of £20,000 for Northcote was referred to in last issue. Mr. Swift has gone into it and finds that a saving of £5000 will be effected taking the whole term of the loan into consideration.

"I never had the pleasure of seeing you before" said a blind man in the witness box at Preston court on Monday.

Preston valuer's report shows an increase in the value of rateable property in the shire amounting to £2201. There are 51 new houses while 52 have been added to the population.

Cr. F. T. Hickford, Preston council's representative on the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board, is very hopeful that in the next year's estimates the money will be provided for a new fire station at Preston.

The management of the Croxton open air concerts announce the engagement of two stars, Melrose and Menzies, Australia's lead leading patter team. Other special attractions are advertised.

Preston has fallen into line with other municipalities and decided to apply the Width of Tires provisions of the Local Government Act to the shire, same to come into operation on 1st September of next year.

Preston council have again refused to sign the agreement submitted by the Metropolitan Board in regard to the pipe-track. Nothing short of the throwing open of the track as a public highway will now satisfy them.

Dorcas sisters Preston Church of Christ by their recent sale of work realised £86, which was deemed very good, considering there was no charge for admission and no raffling, just plain selling. The sisters have during the year given away numbers of garments to meet cases of need.

In conjunction with the Amalgamated Pictures Limited, Northcote Rifle Club are holding a monster picture night at the Northcote Park on Tuesday next, 19th December. The attractions provided, which include selections by the Northcote Municipal Band, will be found in our amusement columns.

At the Hamilton competition, Miss Alice Wilcox won first prize for piano solo (open) from memory ("Barcarolle,") second prize ("Prelude C sharp Minor") (open), third prize, under 18 years ("Impromptu," Schubert). At the Musical Society, Victoria, Louie Porteous passed theory, preparatory grade. Both are pupils of Miss M. V. Maguire, Northcote.

It will repay you to read Hattam and Hattam's bargain list of summer wear and Christmas presents which appears in our advertising columns to-day. Costumes, millinery, blouses, gloves, etc.

On Sunday evening in the Preston Methodist Church, as a preparation for Christmas Sunday, the Rev. E. O. Knee's subject will be "The Four Dark Centuries," which preceded the Saviour's birth. Christmas carols will be sung during the service.

The successful pupils of Miss E. Preece, A.L.C.M., at this year's London College examination were—Primary, B. Watson, M. Vickers, M. Watson. Elementary—B. Watson, first class pass.

The music pupils of Miss M. V. Maguire are giving a social evening in the town hall on Tuesday evening next.

There are to be footracing sports at Croxton recreation ground on Christmas Day, including Sheffield handicap of £5, and a Novice handicap of £3.

King's College annual distribution of prizes takes place at the Albert Hall on Monday

In connection with the Thornbury Presbyterian Church, a Garden Fair & Christmas Tree is to be held to day in the grounds of Mrs. W. Hutton, "Ardlui," Smith street, Thornbury. For some time past the ladies have been working hard preparing for the fair, and it should prove a great attraction. [Advt].

The annual concert and prize distribution in connection with Alexandra College, Northcote, will take place on Tuesday, 19th Dec., in All Saints' schoolroom. The mayor (Cr. Bastings) is to preside, and an attractive programme will be presented, including the cantata, "Princess Tiny Tot," by the junior school, and also the cantata, "The Rose of Joy."

Mrs Walker, of the Northcote Supply Stores (near town hall) invites the public to inspect her splendid stock of toys and other goods suitable for Christmas and New Year presents.

The star picture at Thornbury Picture Theatre to-night will be "Captain Starlight." This will be the 107th night of the season.

Mrs A. Robertson, wife of the president of Prestonshire, desires to intimate that she will not be "at home" till the third Thursday in March.

President Robertson was called away from the Preston council meeting on Monday evening on account of a serious turn in the illness of his father (Mr Joseph Robertson, of Clarke street, Northcote), who is now over 80 years of age.

Although the many land sales held recently have, in some cases, not been a very great success, yet Preston is on the up grade and new buildings are going up all around. Much new settlement has been attracted of late, with still more to follow. The old ramshackle buildings to be seen along High street and the Plenty road are a very great drawback to the district as they give a poverty stricken appearance. These, it may be hoped, will speedily give place to edifices of a more imposing order, as undoubtedly would soon be the case if the proposed electric tram to the reservoir can be made an accomplished fact.

T. THOMSON,
High Street, Northcote.
Prize Books, Bibles, Story Books.
Boys' Own, etc., etc.
Choice Assortment to select from.

Northcote State School.

EIGHTEEN SCHOLARS OBTAIN THEIR MERIT CERTIFICATES.

At the Northcote State School on Tuesday last Mr. W. Park, M.A., conducted an examination of upper sixth class scholars for merit certificates only. As a result nineteen of the scholars succeeded in winning their merit certificate, a performance highly creditable to the pupils and their teacher, Mr. W. H. Perrin. The success achieved is the more praiseworthy on account of it having been gained without "special merit" coaching, being the outcome of general class instruction. The inspector remarked that there were many evidences of hard work on the part of pupils, and he was both surprised and pleased with the improvement shown. Five "merits" were also obtained at the annual examination, making twenty four for the year. The following are the successful scholars:—Stanley Membrey, Leonard Wilson, Edgar Cooper, Alexander Brown, George Hulett, George Welsh, Alfred Jenkin, Gordon Landy, Henry Gray, Archibald Harmsworth, John Eabry, Jean Wallace, Edward Dwyer, Alma Geer, Clara Lees, Violet Berry, Ruby Bowden, Olive Ma[illegible]er, Irene Gordon.

Presentation to Mr. T. Thomson.

At a social re union of the members and supporters of the Northcote Cricket Club on Thursday night Mr. T. Thomson, late secretary of the club, was presented with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, as a tangible appreciation by members of his untiring energies in promoting the welfare of the club for a period of 13 years. The president (Mr W. S. Stott, J.P.), in making the presentation, referred in eulogistic terms to Mr Thomson's unflagging interest in the club, the immense amount of time and work he had given towards its advancement, and the service he had rendered in securing the club's admission to senior cricket. The mayor (Cr. Bastings), Cr. Hayes, Messrs Major, Goodenough, and D. Plant supplemented the president's appreciation, which was enthusiastically endorsed by those present, the company joining in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. Thomson, in reply, returned his heartfelt thanks to members for their handsome gift and generous appreciation of his work as secretary, and briefly reviewed the vicissitudes of the club, remarking that he took office when the club was "down" 13 years ago and left it when "right on top." (Applause) Mr Thomson concluded with the assurance that it would be his pleasure at all times to render the club his assistance. Several toasts followed, prior to which progressive euchre engaged members, the prize going to Mr Goodenough.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

GARDEN FETE AND XMAS FAIR.

The heavy debt on this church has for years been a great burden and a block to progress. The ladies recently decided to reduce that debt and made their first attempt on Saturday last. The effort took the form of a garden fete and Xmas fair and was held at the residence of Mr. A. E. Pizzey, "Benvenuta," Darebin road. Great credit is due to Mrs. Pizzey, under whose direction the ladies worked.

The garden and grounds of "Benvenuta" were profusely decorated with bunting and Chinese lanterns, and the various stalls were artistically draped and decorated. Not the least attractive spot was the tea garden, one of the lawns being specially reserved for this. The small tables under immense Japanese umbrellas were well patronised.

Mr. Pizzey introduced the mayoress (Mrs. H. Bastings), who in a few well chosen words declared the fair open. Little Freda Pizzey then presented the mayoress with a fern basket prettily tied with ribbons.

The Salvation Army Band, under Mr. Berry, rendered items at intervals both afternoon and evening. Songs were contributed by Messrs Grainger and Davey and an interesting dialogue by Miss Smith and Mr. C. Archbold.

The following were the stalls and stallholders:—Fancy stall—Mesdames Greenwood Trengrove, and Stancliffe. Produce stall—Mesdames Bill and Farley and the Misses Bill. Cake stall—Mesdames Uglow and McKenzie. Flower stall—Mesdames Wade and McClelland and Miss Horner. Sweets stall — Mesdames Dunn and Denny and Misses McDonald (2) and Bulmer. Toy stall—Mesdames Sims, McIvor, and Grainger. Crockery stall—Miss Little and Mrs Chirgwin. Miscellaneous stall—Mr. Pizzey. Tea garden—Miss Pizzey, assisted by girls of the guild. Xmas tree—Miss Huddy. Post cards—Mr. McKenzie. Ice cream—Mr. Gray. Art Gallery—Mr. W. Olver. Shadow pantomime—Mr. Grainger. Fancy dress tennis match—Mr. C. Archbold. Shooting gallery—W. Pizzey and R. Smith. It is expected that as the result of the effort the debt will be reduced by about £50. This is very satisfactory, as the fete was planned and carried out in less than six weeks.

On Tuesday evening last the members of the girls' guild, who have been meeting for some months at "Benvenuta," presented Mrs. Pizzey with a framed enlarged photo of the physical culture class. The presentation was made by Miss Norton, and came as a great surprise to Mrs. Pizzey, who sincerely thanked the girls for their gift.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN XMAS FAIR.

The above eventuated last Saturday and proved the most successful that has been held in connection with the church for some time, the committee hoping to be able to announce a net profit of over £50. The president of the shire (Cr. Robertson) opened the fair with a neat and appropriate speech. The Scotch dancing both afternoon and evening was very much appreciated, as were also the selections on the bag pipes by Mr. Skinner. The stallholders were as follow:—Drapery stall—Mesdames Froebel, Parker and Jung. Refreshments—Mesdames Dale and McKenzie and Misses Maynard, Tarrant and Jung. Jumble stall—Mrs. Handilands, Misses Alexander and Bower. Cake stall—Mrs. Paterson and Miss Yann. Toy stall and Xmas tree—Misses Dods, Inglis and Mummery. Lolly stall—Mrs. Carson and Misses Kelly, Bower, and Yardley. Flower stall—Misses A. Paterson, E. Paterson, and A. Froebel. Ice cream stall — Misses Leith, Parker, and A. Froebel.

Star of Northcote Tent, I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the Rechabite hall on Thursday evening, the C.R. (Bro. H. Angus) presiding over a large attendance of members. Two new members were elected and one proposition received, while two clearances were also accepted. It was decided that a meeting of the superintendents of the three junior tents be held to make arrangements for regular temperance instruction and work in the junior tents. The three junior tents are making good progress, having a membership of over 250. Members are reminded of the social re-union in the town hall to-night. A good musical programme has been arranged, and an enjoyable evening is promised.

Miss E. Sturtevant's Annual Concert.

The second annual concert by the pupils of Miss Edith Sturtevant, teacher of dancing and calisthenics, was held in the Albert Hall, Clifton Hill, on Tuesday evening. The hall was well filled by an appreciative audience, and the entertainment passed off with great success. All the items were well performed, which showed the proficiency to which Miss Sturtevant had gained her pupils. The toe dancing was a splendid performance by Miss Carlyle and Miss Mutch. The character duet by Miss Elsie Carlyle, as an Indian girl, and Miss Edie Brotchie as a cowboy, was the hit of the evening. Master Wallace Crossley was a success in his humorous recitations. With such a lengthy programme, and every item being full of merit, we cannot specialise all the items. The full programme was as follows:—Overture, Mr. C. Sturtevant; clubs, pupils; Irish song and jig, Misses O. Catley, E. Hart, I. Provan, N. O'Connell, V. Barnes, L. Hynes; short rods, pupils; recitation, Master Wallace Crossley; character song and toe dance, "Stammering Coon," Miss Elsie Carlyle; dumb bells, Junior pupils; song and dance, "Sunlight Sue," Miss Edie Brotchie; tambourine dance, Misses D. Lowe, G. Healey, F. McDonald, D Mutch; scarf dance, Misses Bell Phillips, Vera Healey; Kimberley March, Miss E. Carlyle; song and chorus, "Zambesi," Miss E. Brotchie; recitation, Master Wallace Crossley; toe dance, Miss Dorrie Mutch; character duet, Misses E. Carlyle, E. Brotchie; sailor's hornpipe, Misses V. Healey, B Phillips; skipping rope dance, Misses D. Mutch, F. McDonald, G. Healey, D. Lowe, tableau, "British Empire," pupils; Highland [illegible] Miss Clarice Nelson, march, pupils [illegible].

At the conclusion of the programme Cr. Aumont presented the prizes to the successful pupils, and in doing so congratulated Miss Sturtevant on the manner in which she had trained her pupils.

The following are the prize-winners—viz.: Miss E. Carlyle, gold medal, dux of class; Miss D. Lowe, gold medal; Misses V. Healey, G. Healey, F. Loveless, B. Phillips, F. McDonald, C. Brotchie, D. Mutch and I. Provan, silver medal each. Other pupils received a book prize.

The pupils and their parents, with friends, then concluded the evening's enjoyment with two hours' dancing to music supplied by Mr. C. Sturtevant.

MARRIAGE.

A very pretty and picturesque wedding was held on December 9th, at the Methodist Church, Gillies-street, Fairfield, the contracting parties being Mr. Ephraim Felix Charles Waller and Miss Bertha Hannah Pope, daughter of Mr. Henry Pope, of Arthur-street, Northcote, the Rev. Mr. Rouse being the celebrant. The bridesmaids were Miss Eva May Pope, sister of the bride, and Miss Bella Naylor, the train-bearer, being the cousin of the bride, and page, nephew of the bride. The bride's dress was of white Messaline silk applique lace and pearl trimmings, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses and asparagus fern. The first bridesmaid wore cream Messaline silk, trimmed with silk applique, and the second bridesmaid was attired in cream crepe de chene, trimmed with silk applique; mother of bride wore black Merv. silk. The best man was Mr. C. F. Bunnett, and groomsman Mr. C. W. Pope, brother of bride. The bridesmaids carried large bouquets of pink roses with crooks. The bridegroom's gift to bridesmaids were pearl sprays; gift to train-bearer, gold Australian wishbone brooch; to page boy, silver locket. The presents to the bride were numerous and valuable. The breakfast was held in the Albert Hall, Clifton Hill, and there was a large gathering of relatives and friends. The toast of "The Bride and Bridegroom" was proposed by the Rev. Mr. Rouse, and responded to by the bridegroom; "The Bridesmaids" by Mr. A. Pope, responded to by best man; "The Parents of the Bride" by Mr. Herbert Smith, responded to by the father of the bride. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the company joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11.

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

ARREARS OF MAINTENANCE.

Charles Ford was sued for arrears of maintenance of his child.

Mr. Lonie, for plaintiff, stated that defendant gave a lot of trouble with his payments. On a former occasion he was fined £5 for being in arrears.

Plaintiff, a single woman, gave evidence that at the present time defendant was £3 in arrears with his payments.

Order for amount due with £2 4s 6d costs.

SEIZURE OF PIANO AND FURNITURE.

To satisfy an order of the Court for the payment of £23 8s 6d against H. G. Haines, of South Crescent, and in favor of Edward Bartlett, a Ronisch piano, a diningroom suite and other furniture had been seized under a distress warrant.

Mrs. Haines, defendant's wife, claimed the goods seized as her property.

Mr. Brayshay, for defendant, appeared to bar the claim. He stated that Mrs. Haines had been sent a subpoena to come to the court and Constable Gordon had also waited on her that morning to tell her that if she did not come and establish her claim the goods would be sold.

Plaintiff stated that defendant had called on him that morning and told him that if his wife had to go to the Court that morning it could only be with serious consequences to her health.

The Court barred the claim and made an order that the goods be sold on the following day, the £2 2s legal costs to be also stopped out of the proceeds of the sale.

NORTHCOTE RIFLE CLUB.

[NOTES BY TARGET.]

At Port Melbourne last Saturday the final stage of Mr. P. Fargher's trophy was shot. The trophy was finally won by C. Wilson, who has thus added still another to his list of successes this season. J. S. Goldsworthy came second with 3 points less than Wilson. Principal scores were:—C. Wilson, 129; J. S. Goldsworthy, 126; G. Hook, 124; H. Hook, 114; G. Kobelke, 114.

In conjunction with the above, a match was fired against Malvern Rifle Club, Northcote finally winning by 9 points. J. S. Goldsworthy, C. Wilson, and G. Hook were best for the winners.

To-day's shooting is the most important of the season. It is the last match this year, also the final of the grand championship, carrying with it a £3 3s prize presented by ex-Cr. Archbold. Other prizes are also attached to it. A spoon shoot will also be held, 14 shots at 1000 yards. Next Tuesday the club's bioscope night takes place in the Northcote park.

This week at the miniature range the Xmas shoot has been in full swing, and will be concluded to-night.

Property Sales.

At Stott and Bastings Fairfield office today at 2, there will be an important trustees' sale (in conjunction with Membrey and Deane) of allotments in Northcote and Fairfield, particulars of which are advertised.

Six hundred allotments in the newly subdivided Thornbury Estate, west of Thornbury railway station will be brought to the hammer by Messrs. Nicol, Miller and Co. to day. The sale, which will be held in a large marquee erected on the ground, will commence at 3. A large concourse of buyers is expected. Terms, &c., are advertised.

On Wednesday next, 20th September, Adamson Strettle and Co are holding a clearing sale of Mr. H. Doidge's choice dairy herd, horses, milking machine, &c. Full particulars are advertised.

R. H. Taylor, Estate agent, Northcote, advertises that he has buyers waiting for properties specified elsewhere.

McGeorge Bros advertise a sale on Tuesday of superior household furniture and effects at 48 Plenty rd., corner Milton st.

PRESTON LIBRARY.

ACCOUNT SENT TO THE COUNCIL.

There was a further discussion at the meeting of the Preston Council on Monday evening regarding the account amounting to £13 18s. for re-flooring the library, and which had been sent to the council meeting with a request for settlement.

Cr. Warr moved that the account be paid. He reminded the council that the public, through the library committee, had raised between £600 and £700 to erect the building, which stood on municipal land, and was now practically the property of the ratepayers of the Shire of Preston. The trouble had been that the floor had decayed owing to insufficient ventilation.

Cr. Crispo seconded.

Cr. Allchin moved an amendment that the matter be referred to the estimates, which would only delay the matter a few weeks, and then the matter could be fixed up in a proper way, as he intended to move later that a sum be placed on the estimates for library purposes. They should not pay such accounts except it was the policy of the council. When the council gave a sum each year their responsibilities should cease at that.

Cr. Stanlake seconded the amendment, as he did not think it right for the council to discharge debts contracted by the library committee. If such a precedent were established there was no knowing what in the future they might be called upon to pay.

Cr. Paterson said the library belonged to part of the ratepayers, not the whole. It must be handed over [illegible] only four years [illegible] leaved through some fault of the architect.

Cr. Braithwaite said it was not so long since they complimented greatly those who had provided the library. This was an exceptional case, and need not be looked on as a precedent, being more of an accident. He favoured the payment of the account.

Cr. Warr said councillors might just as well agree to vote this amount and put a smaller sum on the estimates. He quoted several municipalities which made themselves liable for the entire upkeep of their libraries.

The motion was carried.

It was subsequently decided, on the motion of Crs. Allchin and Crispo, that the matter of providing an amount of £30 for library purposes be considered with the estimates.

WIDTH OF TIRES ACT.

TO BE APPLIED TO PRESTON.

At the Preston Council on Monday evening a recommendation came up from the Committee of the Whole that the Width of Tires Act be applied to the municipality.

Cr. Warr moved, and Cr. Stanlake seconded, the adoption of the recommendation.

Cr. Allchin said he intended to vote against it, as he considered the Act should be applied universally or not at all. It would put the woodcarters, farmers and others to a lot of expense in widening their tires.

Cr. Crispo said he had always supported the idea. Other municipalities had proved the advantages of it by the reduced wear and tear on their roads. When heavy loads were put on 2½-inch tires the roads were cut to pieces, and as Northcote were applying the provisions, Preston's hands were practically forced as narrow-tired vehicles would be barred.

The motion was carried, Cr. Allchin voting against.

SOME GRIEVANCES.

To the Editor of the "Leader."

Sir,—Our municipal authorities are formulating a scheme of electricity for the town. It behoves the ratepayers to note these enterprises, and to see that our streets are not handed over to some private company for a term of years. I hope the people of Northcote have not forgotten the handing over of our trams to private individuals. Why cannot our councillors display some enterprise, take a bold course, and institute an electric lighting system on their own, or in conjunction with Preston. In the old country there is hardly a municipality of any note who do not own and control their lighting and tram systems.

Re State land tax returns, when forms were sent out early this year in connection with this matter, the people were told that it would not be necessary to go to the same trouble for five years. But in less than twelve months the people of Victoria are being asked to make another return. The present State Government appear to be trying to see how much the people will stand. I suppose estate agents and others will reap another harvest making out returns.

I was very glad to note that the Mayor had succeeded in getting some improvements to Westgarth station. Now, if he would use his persuasive powers and induce the Railway Commissioners to make a path from Wootton Avenue (on the railway reserve at the back of Croxton football ground) to Croxton station, before next winter, a great convenience would be conferred on a large number of people.—Yours, etc.,

R. W. BRYAN.

I.O.R.

At a meeting of the Junior Superintendents of the above Lodge, held in the Rechabite Hall last Saturday (Bro. Lacey in the chair), it was decided to join the combined Junior picnic on A.N.A. Day; that the meeting form itself into a Junior Tents' Superintendents' Association, to meet first Saturday in each month. Bro. Newnham said it had been his desire for a long time to have such an association formed, and predicted good work from such a body.

The Junior section of the Independent Order of Rechabites aims at training the young in the principles of total abstinence. It also inculcates the thrift habit, and the foresight which makes provision for the future. It affords training in business habits and in the conduct of meetings, and provides amusement and recreation as well as teaching; for the States it helps to make good citizens; to the adult tents it offers the best recruiting ground for new members.

Northcote Branch A.W.A.

At the last meeting of the above, the president (Miss Baty) in the chair, one new member was elected. After business the evening was left in the hands of Miss Freeman, musical guessing competition, and after much excitement Miss R. Berry won the prize. Syllabus item for next meeting is Christmas tree in large hall for members and friends. Splendid programme, arranged by the president.

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.

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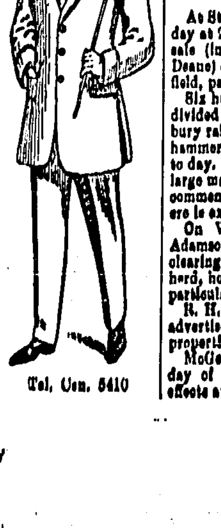

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THE TEMPTATION OF SAMUEL BURGE.

By W. W. Jacobs.

Mr. Higgs, jeweller, sat in the small parlor behind his shop, gazing hungrily at a supper-table which had been laid some time before. It was a quarter to ten by the small brass clock on the mantelpiece, and the jeweller, rubbing his hands over the fire, tried in vain to remember what etiquette had to say about starting a meal before the arrival of an expected guest.

"He must be coming by the last train after all, sir," said the housekeeper, entering the room and glancing at the clock. "I suppose these London gentlemen keep such late hours they don't understand us country folk wanting to get to bed in decent time. You must be wanting your supper, sir."

Mr. Higgs sighed. "I shall be glad of my supper," he said slowly; "but I daresay our friend is hungrier still. Travelling is hungry work."

"Brother Simpson used to forget all about meal-times when he stayed here," [illegible] the housekeeper, [illegible] her hands. "I expect Brother Burge will be a similar sort of man."

"Brother Clark wrote and told me that he only lives for the work," said the jeweller, with another glance at the clock. "The chapel at Clerken[illegible] I'm curious to see him [illegible] I rather fancy that he was a little bit wild in his younger days. There he is," he concluded, as the bell rang.

The housekeeper went to the side-door and, drawing back the bolt, admitted the gentleman whose preaching had done so much for the small but select sect known as the Primitive Apostles. She came back into the room followed by a tall, stout man whose shaven upper lip and short, stubby beard streaked with grey seemed a poor match for the beady eyes which lurked behind a pair of clumsy spectacles.

"Brother Samuel Burge?" inquired the jeweller, rising.

The visitor nodded, and, regarding him with a smile charged with fraternal love, took his hand in a huge grip and shook it fervently.

"I am glad to see you, Brother Higgs," he said, regarding him fondly. "Oh, 'ow my eyes have yearned to be set upon you."

He breathed thickly, and taking a seat sat with his hands upon his knees looking at a fine piece of cold beef which the housekeeper had just placed upon the table.

"Is Brother Clark well?" inquired the jeweller, placing a chair for him at the table and taking up his carving-knife.

"Dear Brother Clark is in excellent 'ealth, I thank you," said the other, taking the proffered chair.

"And success attends his efforts?" said the jeweller.

"Success, brother!" repeated Mr. Burge, eating rapidly and gesticulating with his knife. "Success ain't no name for it."

Brother Higgs murmured his admiration. "You are also a power for good," he said.

Mr. Burge shook his head. "Some of it," he said, modestly, "is an eye-opener to them as don't entirely shut their ears. Only the day before yesterday I 'ad two jemmies and a dark lantern sent me with a letter saying as 'ow the owner had no further use for 'em."

The jeweller's eyes glistened with admiration not quite untinged with envy. "It is enough," he sighed—"it is enough to make a man vain."

"I struggle against it, brother," said Mr. Burge, passing his cup up for some more tea. "I fight against it hard; but once I nearly felt uplifted."

Brother Higgs, passing him some more beef, pressed for details.

"It was two policemen," replied the other. "One I might 'ave stood, but two came to being pretty near too much for me. They sat under me while I gave it to 'em 'ot and strong, and the feeling I had standing up there and telling policemen what they ought to do I shall never forget."

"But why should policemen make you proud?" asked his puzzled listener.

Mr. Burge looked puzzled in his turn. "Why, hasn't Brother Clark told you about me?" he inquired.

Mr. Higgs shook his head. "He sort of—suggested that—that you had been a little bit wild before you came to us," he murmured, apologetically.

"A—little—bit—wild?" repeated Brother Burge, in horrified accents. "Me a little bit wild?"

"No doubt he exaggerated a little," said the jeweller, hurriedly. "Being such a good man himself, no doubt things would seem wild to him that wouldn't to us—to me, I mean."

"A little bit wild!" said his visitor again. "Sam Burge, the converted burglar, a little bit wild! Well, well!"

"Converted what?" shouted the jeweller, half-rising from his chair.

"Burglar," said the other shortly. "Why, I should think I know more about the inside o' gaols than anybody in England. I've pretty near killed three policemen, besides breaking a gent's leg and throwing a footman out of the window; and then Brother Clark goes and says I've been a little bit wild. I wonder what he would 'ave?"

"But you—you've quite reformed now?" said the jeweller, resuming his seat and making a great effort to hide his consternation.

"I 'ope so," said Mr. Burge, with alarming humility; "but it's a uncertain world, and far be it from me to boast. That's why I've come here."

Mr. Higgs, only half-comprehending, sat back gasping.

"If I can stand this," pursued Brother Burge, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the shop—"if I can stand being here with all these 'ere pretty little things to be 'ad for the trouble of picking 'em up, I can stand anything. 'Tempt me,' I says to Brother Clark. 'Put me in the way o' temptation,' I says. 'Let me 'ave a good old up and down with the Powers o' Darkness, and see who wins.'"

Mr. Higgs, gripping the edge of the table with both hands, gazed at this new Michael in speechless consternation.

"I think I see his face now," said Brother Burge, with tender enthusiasm. "All in a glow it was, and he patted me on the shoulder and says, 'I'll send you on a week's mission to Duncombe,' he says, 'and you shall stop with Brother Higgs, who 'as a shop full o' cunning-wrought vanities in silver and gold.'"

"But suppose," said the jeweller, finding his voice by a great effort—"suppose victory is not given to you?"

"We can only do our best," said Brother Burge.

Mr. Higgs sat marvelling over the fatuousness of Brother Clark, and trying to think of ways and means out of the dilemma into which that gentleman's perverted enthusiasm had placed him. He wondered whether it would be possible to induce Brother Burge to sleep elsewhere by offering to bear his hotel expenses, and at last, after some hesitation, broached the subject.

"What!" exclaimed the other, pushing his plate from him and regarding the jeweller with great severity. "Go and sleep at a hotel! After Brother Clark has been and took all this trouble? Why, I wouldn't think of doing such a thing."

"Brother Clark has no right to expose you to such a trial," said Mr. Higgs with great warmth.

"I wonder what he'd say if he 'eard you?" remarked Mr. Burge, sternly. "After his going and making all these arrangements, for you to try and go and upset 'em. To ask me to shun the fight like a coward; to ask me to go and hide in the rear ranks in a hotel with everything locked up, or a coffee pallis with nothing to steal."

"I should sleep far more comfortably if I knew that you were not undergoing this tremendous strain," said the unhappy Mr. Higgs; "and, besides that, if you did give way it would be a serious business for me. That's what I want you to look at. I am afraid that if—if unhappily you did fall, I couldn't prevent you."

"I'm sure you couldn't," said the other, cordially. "That's the beauty of it; that's where the Evil One's whispers get louder and louder and louder. Why, I could choke you between my finger and thumb. If, unfortunately, our fallen nature should be too strong for me, don't interfere, whatever you do—I mightn't be myself."

Mr. Higgs rose and faced him, gasping. "Not even—call for—the police —I suppose?" he jerked out.

"That would be interfering," said Brother Burge, coldly.

The jeweller tried to think. It was past eleven. The housekeeper had gone to spend the night with an ailing sister, and a furtive glance at Brother Burge's small, shifty eyes and fat, unwholesome face was sufficient to deter him from leaving him alone with his property while he went to ask the police to give an eye to his house for the night. Besides, it was more than probable that Mr. Burge would decline to allow such a proceeding. With a growing sense of his peril he sat regarding his guest.

"What time do you go to bed, brother?" inquired that gentleman.

"Any time," said the other, reluctantly. "I suppose you are tired with your journey?"

Mr. Burge assented and, rising from his chair, yawned loudly and stretched himself. In the small room, with his huge arms raised, he looked colossal.

"I suppose," said the jeweller, still seeking to reassure himself—"I suppose dear Brother Clark felt pretty certain of you, else he wouldn't have sent you here?"

"Brother Clark said, 'What is a jeweller's shop?'" replied Mr. Burge. "What is a few gewgaws when you come to consider the opportunity of such a trial and the good it'll do and the draw it'll be—if I do win—and testify to the congregation to that effect? Why, there's sermons for a lifetime in it."

"So there is," said the jeweller, trying to look cheerful. "You've got a good face, Brother Burge. There is honesty written in every feature."

Mr. Burge turned and surveyed himself in the small pier-glass. "Yes," he said, somewhat discontentedly. "I don't look enough like a burglar to suit some of 'em."

"Some people are hard to please," said the other, warmly.

Mr. Burge started and eyed him thoughtfully, and then, as Mr. Higgs, after some hesitation, walked into the shop to turn the gas out, stood in the doorway watching him. A smothered sigh as he glanced round the shop bore witness to the state of his feelings.

The jeweller hesitated again in the parlor, and then, handing Brother Burge his candle, turned out the gas and led the way slowly upstairs to the room which had been prepared for the honored visitor. He shook hands at the door, and bade him an effusive "Good-night," his voice trembling despite himself as he expressed a hope that Mr. Burge would sleep well. He added casually that he himself was a very light sleeper.

To-night sleep of any kind was impossible. He had given up the front room to his guest, and his own window looked out on an overgrown garden. He sat trying to read, with his ears alert for the slightest sound. Brother Burge seemed to be a long time undressing. For half-an-hour after he had retired he could hear him moving restlessly about his room.

Twelve o'clock struck from the tower of the parish church, and was followed almost directly by the tall clock standing in the hall downstairs. Scarcely had the sounds died away than a low moaning from the next room caused the affrighted jeweller to start from his chair and place his ear against the wall. Two or three hollow groans came through the plaster, followed by ejaculations which showed clearly that Brother Burge was at that moment engaged in a terrific combat with his conscience to decide whether he should or should not rifle his host's shop. His hands clenched and his ear pressed close to the wall, the jeweller listened to a monologue which increased in interest with every word.

"I tell you I won't!" said the voice in the next room, with a groan; "I won't. Yes; I know it's a fortune as well as what you do; but it ain't mine."

The listener caught his breath painfully.

"Diamond rings!" continued Brother Burge, in a suffocating voice. "Stop it, I tell you! No; I won't just go and look at 'em."

A series of groans, which the jeweller noticed to his horror got weaker and weaker, testified to the greatness of the temptation. He heard Brother Burge rise, and then a succession of panting snarls seemed to indicate a fierce bodily encounter.

"I don't want to look at 'em," said Brother Burge, in an exhausted voice. "What's the good of—looking at 'em? It's like you; you know diamonds are my weakness. What does it matter if he is asleep? What's my knife got to do with you?"

Brother Higgs reeled back, and a mist passed before his eyes. He came to himself at the sound of a door opening, and, impelled with a vague idea of defending his property, snatched up a candle and looked out on to the landing.

The light fell on Brother Burge, fully dressed and holding his boots in his hand. For a moment they gazed at each other in silence; then the jeweller found his voice.

"I thought you were ill, brother," he faltered.

An ugly scowl lit up the other's features. "Don't you tell me any of your lies," he said, fiercely. "You're watching me; that's what you're doing. Spying on me."

"I thought that you were being tempted," confessed the trembling Mr. Higgs.

An expression of satisfaction which he strove to suppress appeared on Mr. Burge's face.

"So I was," he said sternly. "So I was; but that's my business. I don't want your assistance; I can fight my own battles. You go to bed. I'm going to tell the congregation I won this fight single-handed."

"So you have, brother," said the other, eagerly. "But it's doing me good to see it. It's a lesson to me—a lesson to all of us."

"I thought you was asleep," growled Brother Burge, turning back to his room and speaking over his shoulder. "You get back to bed; the fight ain't half over yet. Get back to bed and keep quiet."

The door closed behind him, and Mr. Higgs, still trembling, regained his room and looked in agony at the clock. It was only half-past twelve, and the sun did not rise until six. He sat and shivered until a second instalment of groans in the next room brought him in desperation to his feet.

Brother Burge was now going round and round his room like an animal in a cage, and sounds as of a soul wrought almost beyond endurance smote upon the listener's quivering ear. Then he heard his guest move stealthily across the floor; the boards creaked, and the handle of the door turned.

Mr. Higgs started, and, with a sudden dash of courage born of anger and desperation, seized a small brass poker from the fireplace, and taking the candle in his other hand went out on to the landing again. Brother Burge was closing his door softly, and his face, when he turned it upon the jeweller, was terrible in its wrath.

"What, agin!" he said, in a low growl.

Mr. Higgs backed slowly as he advanced.

"No noise," said Mr. Burge, in a dreadful whisper. "One scream, and I'll—— What were you going to do with that poker?"

"I—I——" began the jeweller. His voice failed him. "Burglars," he mouthed, "downstairs!"

"What!" said the other, pausing.

Mr. Higgs threw truth to the winds. "I heard them in the shop," he said, recovering; "that's why I took up the poker. Can't you hear them?"

Mr. Burge listened for the fraction of a second. "Nonsense," he said huskily.

"I heard them talking," said the other recklessly. "Let's go down and call the police."

"Call 'em from the winder," said Brother Burge, backing with some haste. "They might 'ave pistols or something, and they're ugly customers when they're disturbed."

He stood with strained face listening.

"Here they come," whispered the jeweller, with a sudden movement of alarm.

Brother Burge turned and, bolting into his room, clapped the door to and locked it. The jeweller stood dumbfounded on the landing; then he heard the window go up and the voice of Brother Burge bellowing lustily for the police.

For a few seconds Mr. Higgs stood listening and wondering what explanation he should give. Still thinking, he ran downstairs and, throwing open the pantry-window, unlocked the door leading into his shop and scattered a few of his cherished possessions about the floor. By the time he had done this people were already beating upon the street-door and exchanging hurried remarks with Mr. Burge at the window above. The jeweller shot back the bolts, and half-a-dozen neighbors, headed by the butcher opposite clad in his nightgown and armed with a cleaver, burst into the passage. A constable came running up just as the pallid face of Brother Burge peered over the balusters, and, going upstairs three at a time, twisted his hand in the ex-burglar's neckcloth and bore him backwards.

"I've got one!" he shouted. "Come up and hold him while I look round."

The butcher was beside him in a moment; Brother Burge, struggling wildly, called loudly upon the name of Brother Higgs.

"That's all right, constable," said the latter. "That's a friend of mine."

"Friend of yours, sir?" said the disappointed officer, still holding him.

The jeweller nodded. "Mr. Samuel Burge, the converted burglar," he said, mechanically.

"Conver——" gasped the astonished constable. "Converted burglar? Here!"

"He is a preacher now," added Mr. Higgs.

"Preacher?" retorted the constable. "Why, it's as plain as a pikestaff. Confederates—his part was to go down and let 'em in."

Mr. Burge raised a piteous outcry. "I hope you may be forgiven for them words," he cried, piously.

"What time did you go up to bed?" pursued the constable.

"About half-past eleven," replied Mr. Higgs.

The other grunted with satisfaction. "And he's fully dressed, with his boots off," he remarked. "Did you hear him go out of his room at all?"

"He did go out," said the jeweller, truthfully; "but——"

"I thought so," said the constable, turning to his prisoner, with affectionate solicitude. "Now you come along o' me. Come quietly, because it'll be the best for you in the end."

"You won't get your skull split open then," added the butcher, toying with his cleaver.

The butcher and another man stood guard over him while the constable searched the premises and made all secure again. Then, with a final appeal to Mr. Higgs, who was keeping in the background, Mr. Burge was piloted to the police-station by the energetic constable and five zealous assistants.

A diffidence, natural in the circumstances, prevented him from narrating the story of his temptation to the magistrates next morning, and Mr. Higgs was equally reticent. He was put back while the police communicated with London, and in the meantime Brother Clark and a band of Apostles flocked down to his support.

On his second appearance before the magistrates he was confronted with his past; and his past, to the great astonishment of the brethren, being free from all blemish, with the solitary exception of fourteen days for stealing milk-cans, he was discharged with a caution. The disillusioned Primitive Apostles also gave him his freedom.

THE MUSHROOMERS.

Tootleboom's Latest Adventure, Though a Very Early One.

"Mushrooms, Monday, elevenpence; mushrooms, Thursday, one-and-three!" read Archie Tootleboom from the greengrocer's bill.

"'Melia, you don't mean to tell me you're payin' away all this money for stuff that's growing wild in the fields! Mushrooms, elevenpence—why, you can pick elevenpen'orth of 'em for nothin' in a half-hour's stroll through the meadows. They're sticking their noses up through every bit o' grass in the kingdom this time of the year."

Mrs. Tootleboom's reply was rather disjointed, for she was checking over a parcel from the washerwoman at the time.

"Are they really?" she sniffed—"three pairs of socks—a pity that you don't pick them yourself—two camisoles and one pair of—instead of wasting your time playing billiards, Archibald—six, seven, eight handkerchiefs, two shirts—if you're so clever at economising, I wonder you don't grow your own tobacco- seven collars, and one of them isn't ours——"

"I will! I'll do it!" Toot declared.

"Do what? Grow your own tob——"

"No, woman; gather my own mushrooms. I'll go forth into the verdant meadows and garner the succulent fruits of the earth. How much nicer to harvest one's own mushrooms, crisp and fresh from the heart of Mother Earth, glistening with the sweet dew of the morning."

"And such a saving, Archibald!—two pairs of sheets, one quilt; why, I never noticed that large hole before, Mrs. Wiggs—two pillow-slips, three vests, with all the buttons off, of course——What! going out, dearie?"

It looked uncommonly like it, for dearie had got his hat on, and was just repairing a snapped bootlace when Mrs. Tootleboom spoke.

"Going club f'rabit," Archie grunted. "Think I'll look up cyclopeejerbritanker on mushrooms."

One would have thought that very little instruction on the subject of British field fungi could be gleaned from the billiard table of the Slowborne Social Club, even though one walked round it, as Archie did, for hours and hours and hours. But then Toot had Marmaduke for a companion all the time, and to his surprise Marmaduke turned out to be quite an expert on the subject of mushrooms. That shouldn't really have astonished our hero so much, for, with the one exception of work, there's really nothing on earth that Mumford isn't an expert on.

"You've got to be early," he explained. "The early bird snatches the mush—— That's the idea. Best wheeze is a game of penny nap till about four in the mornin', then out you go, bright and early, to the fields and pull off your mushrooms as fast as they come through. Wossay? That wouldn't do? Well, then, I'll come along and wake you at four a.m., old sport. I know a splendid place—tons of mushrooms; and, tell you what, Toot! just to give a little sportin' interest to the thing, we'll have a stake of ten shillings a-side for the one that gets the biggest basket; shall us?"

. . . .

The first pebble cast at Toot's window-pane made no impression on the sleeper; the second only made him turn over and pitch his snore in a higher key; but a third stone, being rather larger and weightier than the others, smashed the casement, shattered a part of Amelia's trinket-set on the dressing-table, and most effectually broke Archibald's slumbers.

"Very dark, ain't it?" he grumbled, as he stole out in a quick and easy costume to join Mumford in the road. "Wozzer time, Mum?" pulling out his watch under the street lamp. "Thunder and lightning! you preposterous ass, it's only two o'clock. Is it burglary or mushrooming we're out for?"

"Dear, dear! how that clock of ours gains! But never mind, old sport; earlier the better. Clear all the fields before the professional pickers are out o' bed—see? Here's half a dozen fish-baskets, and I reckon we ought to—— Hallo! who's this coming along?"

It was old Mr. Clutterbuck—not the stern rate-collector of ordinary business hours, going from door to door with a wad of final notices in one hand and a bunch of distress warrants in the other; but Brother Clutterbuck, of the Slowborne Amity Lodge, full of brotherhood and a good menu.

"M—m—mushrooms?" he echoed, blinking uncertainly at Toot and Mum. "Couldn't eat 'em, old f'lers, really! I've had patty de—hic—poorgras and gelatine of tongue and lobster marsellaise—abs'lutely I couldn't touch 'nother bite, dear boys; but if you've got anyhic—refreshment about you——"

"Rather! What's the matter with morning dew?" demanded Mumford, taking him by the arm and urging him forward.

"Splendid, old f'ler! Very gug—gug —good brand, I call it. Hasn't been too much avvortised."

Forth into the open but very dark country went these three, two of them ardent mushroomers, and the other a jovial reciter of rather incoherent after-dinner stories interlarded with excerpts from a gorgeous menu. Now and again it was necessary to strike a match to peruse a finger-post or locate a footpath, and occasionally it was necessary to retrieve Mr. Clutterbuck from a ditch or a clump of bushes; but at length Mumford declared with confidence that they had reached the promised land of many mushrooms.

"All we've got to do is to sit down here and wait for daylight; it can't be more 'n half an hour to sunrise, Toot, and my word! What a harvest we'll make of——"

"G-g-g-r-r-r-w-w!"

A rich, ripe snore interrupted him. Mr. Clutterbuck had already dropped asleep, with a pile of fish baskets for a pillow. Archie soon followed his example.

At 6.30 Archibald woke with a start, rubbed his eyes, counted his money, and began a series of ferocious assaults on his companions.

"Wake up, you common or garden goat!" he hissed in Mumford's ear. "Is this the place you meant? How many mushrooms d'you think we'll find in a mangold-wurzel field, you third-rate idiot?"

"Lor! ain't it wonderful how you can get off the track in the darkness!" Mumford moaned. "That's the place I meant over there—three fields away. Come on, quick. Six-thirty, you say? Just right; the mushrooms 'll be in their primo."

Forward moved the procession, with Mr. Clutterbuck in the rear. Suddenly, on rounding a bend in the hedgerows, Tootleboom clutched Mumford's arm with one hand and his chest-protector with the other. With straining eyes they watched a band of mushroom gatherers quitting the field in question, having just completed the loading-up of a waggon with brimming sacks of mushrooms.

"Never mind! That's not the only field!" protested Mumford, and under his breath he swore he'd get some mushrooms or kill somebody, even if it were only a rate collector.

But for a long time they walked round adjacent meadows in a vain search for edible fungi—at least, two of them. Mr. Clutterbuck subsided under a hedge to continue his interrupted nap.

"Ha! a mushroom!" chortled Mumford, and Archie, mindful of his ten-shilling bet, dashed forward to see if he could get half of it. But there was no need to be flustered, for now they had struck quite a rich vein of fungi, whose white-hooded heads dappled the rich green of the grass as far as the eye could see. The rival gatherers, with bent backs, began filling their fish baskets with frantic haste. Archibald calculated he must be picking mushrooms at the rate of a hundred a minute, when suddenly there came a loud yell from Mumford, followed by a deep grunting roar as if somebody were trying to make a noise like a motor-car, and then——!!

As he flew upward through the air, the question agitating Toot's mind was whether the cow had objected to his taking the mushrooms or whether she had simply been unable to restrain her animal spirits. The holly-bush in which Toot alighted fortunately broke his fall; it also changed the current of his thoughts.

"Ban goom, laad!" said a farmerish person with a straw in his mouth. "'Twas greaat loock for 'ee she wur docked o' they hor-rns she had a yeer agone, or she might ha' gored 'ee!'

"Gored me!" shrieked Archie. "Look at my trousers. Ain't they gored enough for you? P'raps you'd like 'em 'erring-boned and feather-stitched as well. . . Mumford, I'm going home. You can have my mushrooms, if you like to go back into the field and gather 'em up. As for me, I'll make do with eggs and bacon as usual."

A GRADUATED SCALE.

Criticism in the German army adapts itself to the rank of the criticised with an exactness which is illustrated by the following passage from a [illegible] book by I. A. R. Wylie, entitled "My German Year":—

At the manoeuvres a certain regiment fails, let us say, to distinguish itself. The general calls the colonel to him:—

"Lieber Kamerad, a little more smartness is necessary; the men are too slow. I should be grateful if you would see your way to effecting an improvement."

They shake hands. The colonel calls the major to him:—

"Herr Major, his excellency has expressed his dissatisfaction over the conduct of the troops. The wretched crawling and slovenliness particularly attracted his notice. I trust you will assist me in correcting these failings."

The major salutes, and calls the captains to him:—

"Meine Herrn, the colonel is furious with the disgraceful management of the men. It is unheard of. I must request you, both by word and example, to bring the regiment back to its old smartness. This sort of thing cannot go on. It is the duty of the younger officers——"

The captains to the lieutenants:—

"The colonel is beside himself about yesterday; never saw such a wretched performance in his life. The leading and behavior of the men were beneath all criticism. There must be an improvement in these matters. It is the duty of the lieutenants——"

The lieutenants to the under-officers:—

"What's the matter with your men? Miserable performance yesterday! Can't you bring them up to the mark better than that? Upon my word, I'm ashamed of the lot of you, and if there isn't a change for the better in less than no time——"

The under-officers to the men:—

"You idiots, you dolts, you sheep's heads, you——"

But the English language cannot keep pace with the under-officers' vocabulary. It is peculiarly rich.

THE STRENGTH OF RINGS.

Some elaborate calculations, backed by experiments, have been made to determine the "breaking strength" of rings. It appears that a ring of ductile material like malleable iron will be pulled out into the form of a long link before it breaks, and that the ultimate strength of the ring is virtually independent of its diameter.

Fracture finally occurs as the result of almost pure tension, and the resistance to breaking is a little less than twice that of a rod of the same cross-section subjected to a straight pull. As the ring increases in diameter there appears to be a slight approach towards equality, with double the strength of a bar. Thus a three-inch ring, made of three-quarter-inch iron, broke at 19½ tons; a four-inch ring at 19.9 tons, and a six-inch ring at 20 tons, the strength of a bar of the same metal being 10½ tons.

Handed Him the Laurel.

The Prevaricators' Society of Woolloomooloo was proceeding in peace and harmony, till the snake-story man spoke. "Some people," he said, "consider the snake hasn't got any sense; but they're wrong. For instance, once, when I was in India, I saw a mother place her year-old baby outside the hut to sun himself, and, to keep his spirits up, she gave the little chap a big feeding-bottle of milk. Well, as I watched I saw a snake insinuate himself close up to that child. My heart was in my mouth. I feared for the baby. But, bless you, the snake was only after the milk! He just slipped the teat out of the child's mouth and into his own, and then the thoughtful and kindly reptile put the end of his tail into the child's mouth by way of a comforter!"

With a great sob the president of the society arose and handed the laurel which encircled his brow to the snake-story man.

And then they passed silently out into the night.

Faint Heart.

I'm standing at the gate, dear,
The door is open wide,
But one thing I would know, dear,
Before I come inside.
Each time I've come to see you,
The same dull fear I've had;
And now I ask again, dear—
Is your father's gout still bad?

Ah!—and another question,
To make me feel secure;
I know you take good care, but
Suspense I can't endure.
I'm feeling hungry now, dear,
Right gladly would I sup,
But first of all inform me—
Are you sure the dog's chained up?

Sweet Temper.

No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper, as the home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway reviving and cheering us. A sweet temper has a soothing effect over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother you observe kindness and love predominate; smiles, kind words, and looks characterise the children; it is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

Fruit trees are planted by the roadside in parts of Germany, but not, as might be supposed, for the appeasement of appetites of passers-by. The trees are watched closely, and at the end of the season the fruit is sold. The amount stolen is very small. The police warning is succinct, but not too blunt, being merely the words, "A good man injures no tree," posted on a board at intervals along the road.

The other day a young urchin walked into a butcher's shop and asked the butcher for a sheep's head.

"Sorry, my boy," said the man, "but I haven't a sheep's head in the shop. The only head that is here is mine."

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy; "that won't do. I want one with brains in it!"

The butcher's feelings are better imagined than described.

MEDICAL MEMS.

Hardening of the Arteries.

There comes a time in the lives of many persons when, after a period of vague and perhaps very gradual loss of health and strength, the physician makes his examination and utters the word "Arteriosclerosis," as expressing the condition he finds.

The physical state covered by this word is a hardening of the arteries. It may be considered physiologically inseparable from extreme age, but many persons are doomed to hear it far too soon. In the young it may be the result of muscular over-exertion, whether that takes the form of too much hard work or too much hard play; or it may be result from long-continued grief or fretting. An unhappy love-affair met without philosophy or prolonged home-sickness has often cut the prime out of a lifetime, and brought about such a condition of the sufferer's arterial system that youth and premature age met face to face, without any of the merciful gradation that Nature intended.

When this disease comes upon one in middle life it is generally a tragedy born of foolishness, especially when the individual is one whose circumstances and grade of intelligence should furnish the ability to apply common sense to daily life. Such a one is often benefited by a good plain talk, in which hope and warning may be mixed in equal proportions. The hopeful outlook should be vigorously insisted upon. There are good grounds for it, for, if premature arteriosclerosis is attacked early enough and strenuously enough, it can be held in check for years. But the note of warning also must be vigorous.

Each case calls for its own treatment in many details, but a quiet life, a cutting down of meat, and much time spent in the open air will be found indispensable for all cases

Heat Collapse.

Heat collapse is not usually a severe condition, says the "Lancet." The patient suddenly turns giddy and falls; his skin is moist and cool; his breathing hurried but never stentorous; his pulse small and soft; his pupils dilated; his temperature remains at, or falls below, the normal; whilst there is no complete loss of consciousness as a rule. Recovery generally ensues when the patient is taken into the shade, his clothes are loosened, cold water is dashed on his head, and ammonia held to his nostrils.

Woollens for the Baby.

The baby's stomach is always his most vulnerable spot, and, in the opinion of experienced mothers and doctors, until a child is three years old he should never be without some wool over his stomach. Sudden congestion, cold caused by wet linen or muslin next to his skin, even the usual atmospheric change after a thunderstorm may bring about an illness which might easily be avoided by protection through wool.

LITTLE-KNOWN USES OF SALT.

There are few mistresses and not many maids who know of the many homely uses to which salt may be put besides the all-important one of seasoning foods. Those who do know seldom put their knowledge to the test. Salt will solve many problems for the housewife, not only in the kitchen and at cleaning-time, but will also give her better health and a more youthful appearance if used as a toilet requisite.

Every one knows the invigorating properties of the salt bath. If taken daily it gives strength and tone to the system and assists in the upkeep of the body. It will strengthen and relieve tired eyes if dissolved in water and used for bathing them. It keeps the teeth in good condition, because it cleanses and whitens them and hardens the gums. Salt is very beneficial in nasal catarrh if a pinch of it is dissolved in a little water and sniffed up the nose. A pinch of salt placed on the tongue, and followed in ten minutes by a drink of cold water, often cures sick headache. Damp salt will relieve the pain of a burn.

All green salads should be soaked in salt and water to destroy the animalcules or small worms. Those who use old potatoes until late in the season should sprinkle them with salt just before draining them. After draining put two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk over them, shake them up in the milk, and let them dry before serving.

Carpets are brightened and the color preserved if wiped with a clean cloth wrung out of salt water. This will also keep away moths. When ink is spilled on the carpet spread salt thickly on the place. If done at once and left on for some time it will absorb the ink, and when removed no mark will be seen. This is effective only when the ink is freshly spilled. If vinegar is spilled on the tablecloth cover the spot quickly with salt, and let it stand until the salt is dry. Brush off the salt and no trace of the vinegar will remain.

When burning vegetable refuse in the stove or furnace, put a handful of salt in the fire with it to prevent an unpleasant odor. Salt sprinkled around the drains is a simple and inexpensive disinfectant. Housemaids should be instructed to pour salt water after using it down the drain pipes. Salt and camphor in cold water is an excellent disinfectant in bedrooms.

In winter-time a generous handful of salt put in the last rinsing water will keep clothes from freezing when hung on the line. Lastly, salt freely scattered will keep off fleas.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Honesty is not a virtue but a sacred duty.

The original noise is what counts—most folk are only echoes.

Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind but the pleasure-grounds also.

Life is not long, and too much of it must not be passed in idle deliberation as to how it shall be spent.

Never ask what you have no right to know; never tell other people what they have no right to know.

If a man would escape all responsibility he must place himself wholly outside of all the relations of life, for life is responsibility.

A gloomy day is a challenge to cheerfulness. It is easy to be gloomy when the weather is gloomy. It is hard to be sunny when the sun is not visible.

There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.

The path of one's life is like the course of a river unless it is sternly repressed, and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

We should meet each morning as from foreign countries, and, spending the day together, should depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate.—Emerson.

"When I came to this country she saw me off at the boat and wished me 'Bon voyage,' and told me to write her if anything new came up. I wrote to her eight times the next day!"

A woman can straighten up a man's desk in five minutes so effectually that he will not be able to find anything he wants in five hours.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; the greatest medicine is a true friend.

DOMESTIC TIT-BITS.

Combs should not be washed. Clean them by passing a piece of soft rag between the teeth.

A few grains of salt sprinkled on the coffee before adding the water brings out and improves the flavor.

The yolk of an egg well beaten is a good substitute for cream in coffee. An egg will suffice for three cups.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a pan of cold water, gradually heat until it boils, and then let it as gradually cool.

A chemist advises that preserved fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes richer after the oxygen of the air has been restored to it.

When making lemon cheese, or anything requiring the juice of lemons, if the lemons are allowed to stand in hot water for a few minutes they will yield much more juice.

Cabbage water causes a most offensive smell throughout the house if poured down the drain. Allow it to cool and pour it on the ground. It is an excellent fertiliser for fruit trees and rhubarb.

White paper should not be used for wrapping around articles that are to be stored away, for the chloride of lime in the paper will destroy the fabric. Yellowish or blue paper is by far the best for this purpose.

Put half an ounce of powdered pumice stone to soak in half a pint of paraffin oil, and with a piece of soft flannel steeped in the liquid clean the inside of the bath, and then wash out with warm water and dry thoroughly.

When you roll out puff pastry, instead of sprinkling a little flour over each layer of butter, dust a very little baking-powder on. When the butter melts in the oven the powder will effervesce and puff up the paste nicely.

A new wick may be easily put in a lamp if about an inch of one is dipped in starch, [illegible] and then ironed dry. The starch will [illegible] it stiff enough to go into the burner without trouble. Try the plan once and you will appreciate the advantage gained.

Before scraping new potatoes, always soak them for half an hour in salt and water. The effect afterwards is wonderful; not only do the skins come off much more easily, but the hands will hardly be stained at all. A little pumice-stone or half a lemon rubbed on them will remove the stain.

When you are about to sweep a room, take a page of newspaper or other paper, wet in hot water, and squeeze until it ceases to drip. Tear into pieces the size of one's hand and cast all over the carpet; then sweep, and most of the dust in the room, if you use your broom judiciously, will be gathered in the paper.

Chamois skins that have become greasy and dirty may be cleaned thus: Soak the skins in water with which a fair quantity of ammonia has been mixed. After twelve hours of this bath, rinse them and then wash them in an ample supply of water and white soap. When dry they will be almost as good as new.

Unselfish Jack.

The devotion which the men of a certain Derbyshire colliery village show towards the local public-house is fast becoming notorious. Returning from work one day recently, a brawny pitman was met by an anxious-looking woman who burst into tears at the sight of him, and sobbed out:

"Oh, Jack Smith, what does ta think? My husband's sittin' in t' public-house, and he vows he won't come home till he's spent every penny of his wages."

"Which one is he in?" inquired Jack Smith, with apparent sympathy.

"The 'Pig and Whistle.'"

"Then Ah'll go there an' see him," said Jack, turning to retrace his steps.

"Tha will?" cried the woman joyfully. "Then tha're an out-an'-out good sort, Jack Smith. Bring him straight back hom, won't ta?"

"Nay; Ah canna promise that," Jack said, dispassionately. "A charge o' dynamite wouldn't shift thy husband when he gets rooted to a public-house bench. But Ah might as weel go an' help him to drink his wages. He'll be home sooner, at any rate."

An Extraordinary Journey.

The curious effect sometimes produced in telegrams by want of punctuation or the omission of a single small word (says a reader) cannot fail to have struck everyone.

I had a female relative living in the North from whom I had "expectations." She had been ailing for some weeks, when one morning came a telegram asking my wife to go at once, as she—my aunt—was much worse. She accordingly went.

During the evening of the following day I received this disconcerting announcement:—

"Aunt Matilda went to Heaven at 3.30 returning by 11.50 to-morrow morning."

Let This Be a Warning.

A young man who recently got married insisted that it was his duty to make a speech.

And this is how he did it:—

"My dear friends, I—or—it gives me great pleasure to tell—that is, to inform you that I shouldn't like to be a widow—I mean a bachelor—again, and I'm sure my wife wouldn't either. No! No! I should have said that my wife wouldn't be a spin—that is, a spinster if she could. Er—I cannot sit down—I mean I cannot resume my seat without thanking you for the birthday—or—I mean wedding presents which you have showered upon me with such confusion—er—profusion. You have made us very happy with your gifts, which we value far more than your presence—or—I mean —that is—I should have said exactly opposite to what I said when I said that I mean—I—she—or rather we—said——"

Here he gave it up.

Mr. Snappy: I understand that that young man who calls to see you so often wants to become an actor.

Daughter: Yes, dad; he has an ambition to appear before the footlights.

Mr. Snappy: Well, next time he calls give him a hint to disappear before the footlights.

"Do you believe that a fish diet is calculated to strengthen the brain?" asked the innocent youth.

"Can't say that I do," replied the wise person; "but I believe that going fishing invigorates the imagination."

"Is it true that your cashier has eloped with your daughter and a large sum of money?"

"It's quite true; but he is an honest fellow, and means to repay me. He has already returned my daughter."

It is usually a man's idle curiosity that induces him to look for work.

Mrs. New-wed: Dear me, these eggs are small.

Village Grocer: They are indeed, and I'm sure I don't know why.

Mrs. New-wed: Oh, I daresay it's because you take them out of the nest too soon.

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him in the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that Providence has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me."

FATHER OF THE CINEMA.

The Man Who Made the First Moving Picture.

Considerable discussion has been going on for some time past as to who originated the cinema. Many claimants to the distinction have come forward, but after careful investigation it would appear that the honor really belongs to an Englishman, Edward Muybridge, who emigrated from Kingston-on-Thames in the 'forties, and settled in California, where later on he obtained an appointment as photographic surveyor of the Pacific Coast.

The first moving picture which he produced was really the outcome of a wager made between the Governor of California (Leland Stanford) and a friend as to whether a horse ever has four legs off the ground at the same moment while running. Muybridge was asked to settle the point. He placed twenty-four cameras in a line to cover each movement of the horse and rider, the camera-shutters being moved by connecting-pieces of string which the animal broke as he passed. The result was a series of pictures showing each movement of the horse. It settled the argument, for Muybridge was able to show that, except when jumping, the horse never had all his feet off the ground at one time.

This experiment caused Muybridge to think what an interesting thing it would be to present the photos in motion. To do this he copied the method made familiar to many in the zoetrope. This toy was a pasteboard cylinder, with slits in the upper section, and when it revolved rapidly it reproduced drawings apparently in motion.

To reproduce the effect upon a screen, using photographs, was a mechanical feat which was finally conquered, the movements of the horse being shown, but no background.

This was before the introduction of the flexible films for the camera, and before rapid photography had been developed. Muybridge lived to see the wonderful moving picture of to-day, and died in 1904 at his home in England. He left with the officials of the community and his friends the photographs and much of the apparatus used in his experiments.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Veal Fritters.—One cupful of minced veal, one cupful of milk, two eggs, salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of flour, and sufficient bread to absorb the milk lightly. Break the bread in the milk, beat thoroughly with a fork, stir in the well-beaten eggs, seasoning, and the veal and flour. Drop by spoonfuls like pan-cakes, and fry in hot dripping or equal parts of butter and lard.

Banana Fritters.—Peel twelve bananas, cut them into three pieces, sprinkle with a little sugar and lemon juice. For a batter, beat up one egg, add half a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of olive oil, and sift in one cupful of flour. Mix till very smooth. Allow to stand in a cold place for one hour, then add one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Put in a few pieces of banana at a time. Drop into smoking hot fat and fry to a golden color. Drain on white paper, and serve hot with sifted sugar.

Raspberry Jelly.—Two quarts each of raspberries, sour cherries, currants, and one quart of gooseberries. Wash the fruit and stone the cherries. Put the raspberries, currants, and gooseberries in a saucepan, cover with cold water, and boil gently until all are tender. Put through a hot jelly-bag, and to each cupful of juice add one cupful of sugar. Put the sugar in a shallow pan in the oven to warm. Put the juice with the cherries on the fire and boil hard for fully twenty minutes. Add the heated sugar and boil up once more. Then pour into jelly glasses. This quantity will make fourteen glasses of a clear tart jelly with the cherries showing all through.

Plain Vanilla Cream.—To make a nice plain vanilla cream, take one quart of fresh cream, sweeten it with two cupfuls of powdered sugar, and add two teaspoonfuls of extract of vanilla. Stir this mixture rather gently with an egg-beater or with a small cream whisk until the sugar is quite dissolved; then put it into the freezer and freeze.

Rich Currant Cake.—One cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, eight eggs, four cupfuls of flour, one pound and a quarter of currants, two heaping tablespoonsful of candied peel, one wineglassful of brandy, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream. When it is quite light and white, add the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten, and the candied peel, spice, and brandy. Next stir in the whites of the eggs beaten solid, and add very lightly the flour, and then the currants. A little baking-powder may be added. Pour into a cake-tin lined with buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

Cheese Omelet.—Break three eggs into a bowl, beat them briskly, and add while beating a seasoning of salt and pepper, two teaspoonfuls of minced parsley, and three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. When these various ingredients have become thoroughly incorporated pour the mixture into an omelet-pan in which has been melted some butter.

Tomato Toast.—Cut eight ripe peeled tomatoes into slices, put these in a single layer in a buttered baking-tin, season with pepper, salt, and a little lemon juice; sprinkle with breadcrumbs, put a piece of butter on each of the slices, and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Prepare some neatly-shaped pieces of buttered toast, put the baked tomatoes upon these, and serve hot.

One Consolation.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous business man, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer cottage in the country."

"Well?" asked his friend.

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't like going to the same place every summer, because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Yes."

"We got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we shouldn't have to spend so much time in the city."

"I see."

"Well, we have them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time travelling elsewhere; but she knows she has them."

Consoling.

A story is told of a woman living in a lonely part of the Far West, whose husband had one day been away from home much longer than usual. She waited patiently, however, when, to her surprise and alarm, a band of ruffians rode up and dismounted a little distance from the hut. Approaching her, the leader of the party exclaimed apologetically:

"We've come to tell yer, ma'am, that we've lynched your husband. We admit we've hung the wrong man, so you've got the laugh on us there."

As distillers of perfume the Egyptians could not have had any peers. Some of their ointment preserved in an alabaster vase in the museum at Alnwick, believed to be between two thousand and three thousand years old, still retains a powerful aromatic odor.

NOTICE.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Of

A NEW STORY,

WILL APPEAR SHORTLY.

An Apple of Discord

By ESME STUART.

Author of "In the Dark," "A Woman of Forty," "Inscrutable," etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Isola had gone, as her mother was now doing, through terrible hours of hope and fear and sickening dread in this very room. The very sight of Mr. Rosen seemed to take away her strength, but she prayed for courage and help. God alone could protect her from these bad men, for her instinct told her she was in real danger. The morning after Natasia's visit Herr Hans Rosen again appeared. This time he was more aggressive and disagreeable.

"Here's some news for you, my pretty Isola. Come, sit down and let's be comfortable." (Isola was standing and would not sit down.) "Your father has telegraphed to me that his business took less time than he expected, so he will be home to day."

"I am glad; perhaps he will——"

"Now, don't say anything you will be sorry for when you are my wife."

"Your wife!" Isola turned pale. "I never shall be, I tell you, never—never."

"There are more ways than one of making refractory young ladies say 'yes,'" laughed Rosen; "and, really, my dear, you look uncommonly pretty when you are angry."

"I would rather die."

"That would be a pity. You have been spoilt by your mother. Warren always said so, but I told him to trust me with the curing of that little fault; and then, besides, my dear, your father is in my power, because of complicated money transactions which you would not understand, so he is in a tight corner, and my condition is, 'Your pretty Isola'—for he so often talked of you—or ruin. You can easily understand what was his choice, and he moved heaven and earth to find you, for your mother has very cleverly eluded him these last few years. But you see, it's no use, a father is a father—and a lover is exacting."

Isola bit her lip, but she spoke no more, and Rosen, having to go, said he would return in the evening with her father.

During the whole day Isola tried to discover some way of escape, but in vain. She tried to soften Mrs. Collins' heart with promises of money, but that lady did not believe in her promises. No Natasia appeared, no message from her mother, no word from Julius, nothing. Isola felt that the punishment of her wilfulness was greater than she could bear.

Evening came, and with it arrived her father and Rosen. The former did not look quite so jovial as on the former interview, and the two men stayed but five minutes.

"So the little bird is coy, you say, Rosen. Ha, ha, come, Isola, kiss your father, dear, and your lover. No—never mind; when you are married you will learn to behave better. You have the special license, Rosen, and if the young lady will not agree, why, ceremonies are of little consequence. To-morrow morning you will have to obey your father. However, we have much to do now, so we must leave you, my dear. Mrs. Collins, see that my daughter wants for nothing."

The two men went out, but presently Warren returned alone.

"Look here, Isola, you had better make up your mind to marry Rosen quietly. If you don't, he will take you just the same, and then you would have no legal rights over his money, and he is certainly rich. Do you understand? Take your choice."

"Father, have pity on me! How can you do such a wicked thing?"

"Don't be a fool. Rosen is rich, and you will be able to influence him. To-morrow, early, you must sign some papers, and before two o'clock I will take you to Rosen's house. Do you understand?"

"I will sign anything you like; I don't want money, but save me, father, from that man."

"I'm pledged, so it's no use your making such a fuss. You understand how things are, don't you? My advice is, marry him legally, and let me hear no more about it." He hurried out, and the wretched Isola was again left alone.

She could not go to bed. "To-morrow! to-morrow!" The words rang like a knell in her ears.

"Oh, Julius, Julius! Come and save me!" she cried aloud. "What will happen to me? Julius! Mother!"

She threw herself on her knees and cried and cried till she could cry no more.

CHAPTER XIX.

Wheels Within Wheels.

Novikov was not often surprised, but on his return to the house in the desolate street in Paris, when the great door slowly opened, and he found himself face to face with Natasia, he started.

"Natasia! You here! Where is the Englishman?"

"Come this way, uncle; I will tell you," said Natasia, drawing him into the empty room. "Mr. Noel is gone; I let him out. Do not blame Politzco; he obeyed my orders."

"Gone! Released by you, Natasia! Are you mad? Do you know it will mean death to you?"

"Then I am ready to die, uncle. Listen. I do not know your reason, but through your means a bad man's daughter was given back to him. She is called Isola; her father's name is Warren. He has her now, and he will marry her to another bad man called Rosen. It may be too late, but I hurried here to tell you, and the beautiful girl's lover is our Mr. Noel. He alone could save her, and I let him out—I am ready to take the consequences."

Natasia did not flinch; she looked straight at her uncle. The gentle grey eyes showed no fear. Novikov listened in amazement. It had mattered nothing to him what became of Mr. Warren's daughter, so that he earned Natasia's pension, but he had never dreamed this would be the end, or that Natasia and Noel would be mixed up in it. He saw now that these complications were not altogether to the advantage of the cause, and he saw, too, how much Warren had duped him.

"Why did you not tell me before, Natasia? Is this all true?"

"Uncle, I have never lied; I have seen her. She is a prisoner. Speculo gave me her address without knowing I cared."

"Why do you care?" he asked eagerly. "To let your feelings conquer your sense is folly." He seized her wrist. "Listen, child. The cause, that is the only thing to remember, to remember our wrongs, to remember the wrongs of our country, and our people. In comparison with those wrongs these people are nothing to us. Noel is a Government spy; he wrecked our plan; he deserved to——" Novikov paused before the look of pain on Natasia's beautiful face. "As for the girl, what is she to us? But no, wait. Warren shall not work his will. He deceived me. Quick, Natasia, we will return to London; there is no more to do here; but it is only a shift of the scenery. I shall go to Russia immediately. I did Warren's work because he promised me a pension for you, child! You have wrecked your own future."

"That man's money for me! Never, never would I touch a penny of it. Why did you not tell me? Where you go, I will go. Was I not left for dead when they killed my father and my mother?. You have often told me. And did you not drag me from the death-pit, and cared for me all my life——? No; where you go, I go. If I must die, let me die near you."

She flung her arms round his neck, and for the first time since the unmentionable sorrows of his manhood, a tear coursed down Novikov's cheek.

"It is certain death, child—certain death. Stay in England, the home of the free. Speculo wishes to marry you."

Natasia smiled.

"Speculo! You would not consent to that, uncle! No man shall ever call me wife till there is peace and righteous judement in Russia. Come. You may help Mr. Noel to save the girl he loves from that wicked man, and then we will go together. I am not afraid; but I must still love my fellow-creatures. I love Mr. Noel and Miss Isola."

"I will come, child. Meet me at the station; but do not speak to me till we are on the boat."

"Oh, uncle, if only we could be in time to help them!"

This time fate seemed to favor them, for among the third-class passengers on the boat stood Speculo, looking still scared and anxious; but his spirits rose when he saw Natasia with Novikov.

"Speculo, come with me," said Novikov sternly, and Speculo obeyed trembling. Novikov in his present mood was not to be trifled with.

"Sit on these ropes—no one is here—and tell me all you know about Warren, Noel, Rosen, and the girl Isola. If you tell me one lie you are lost. Only on this condition will you be partly forgiven your betrayal of the Little Father's trust. Now speak on. Tell me everything."

"If I do, you promise to save me from the Little Father? I dare not see him," muttered Speculo.

"Go on, and you are safe."

And Speculo, for the first time in his life, told the truth—that is, all he knew of it.

"Good," said Novikov. "Shall we be in time to save the wedding from taking place?"

"I think not. Warren is in a tight corner. I went to Rosen before coming to Paris, and I found out all his plans. I thought there might be a little business in the matter for me."

"You must come with me, Speculo, and I shall know if you have spoken the truth; for six months you must be my companion, and go where I go. We will go first to Rosen's house. If we can stop him, the rest will follow—if there is yet time."

"That's it, if there is yet time."

. . . . . .

In spite of all those who loved her, and were hurrying to her help, Isola felt entirely forsaken on that special morning, as, worn out in mind and body, she rejected the enticing breakfast Mrs. Collins brought her.

"Look here, miss; you should look at things in a sensible way. Mr. Rosen is a pleasant gentleman enough, and very generous. He gave me some money for fear you should want for anything. Cheer up, miss, do, on your wedding-day."

Isola started up.

"You are a bad woman. I believe that man has bribed you. I will never marry him."

"Well, miss, I'm only trying to do my duty by you. If you gets in a tantrum, your papa is just going to take you to Mr. Rosen's house and leave you there. He said so. If I was you, I'd prefer a legal wedding to that."

"You are an odious woman. Go—leave me alone," said Isola, stamping her foot, and Mrs. Collins disappeared.

Then again Isola sank on the floor and hid her face in the sofa cushion. How awful was the choice offered her, whilst in this very city there were those who loved her and could not come to save her. A shameful marriage, or dishonor! To a girl like Isola, the last was not to be thought of. But, surely, if she went to the church she could petition the clergyman to help her! There might be some means of escape. But, on the other hand, would anyone ever hear of her again? She began to see that her father had so managed that he was right. She would have to consent.

"Oh, God save me! They are looking for me, I know. Has Natasia forgotten me? No; she is a true girl. Oh, come, mother, Julius—they will come; but that man who has got me here will be able to deceive them, too. How can I save myself?"

Isola was young and strong, so the next morning she still tried to fight against her fate. She heard her father's footsteps. She would make one last appeal.

His hand held some papers and a pen.

"Many happy returns of the day, my dear Isola! Come, get up and sign these papers."

Isola rose, and, looking at him, she understood the sorrow of her mother's life, and why she had herself been kept a prisoner.

"I won't sign anything," she said in a determined voice.

"What, what, pretty bird! Won't—you do not easily learn my lesson. Now, take the pen and sign here. We must get Mrs. Collins to witness."

A gleam of hope crossed Isola's mind.

"I suppose these papers are important to you. I will sign them on one condition—that you will let me go free, if I sign; otherwise—I won't."

"I don't mind acknowledging that they are important to me. Come, we will compromise. If you sign, I will not let Rosen come here for a week."

"Will you promise?"

"Here is Mrs. Collins to bear witness. If my daughter will sign this we will give her a week in which to calm her excitement. She does not look like a bride to-day, eh? Come, sign them, Isola, to please me."

Isola took the pen and wrote her name several times, which signatures were duly witnessed. She did not in the least care what she signed if she could get a respite.

"Now, Isola, try and eat. You can't starve for a week."

Isola felt now better able to eat. She must husband her strength for the week's battle, and when her father and Mrs. Collins retired she began to eat. The morning passed away very slowly, as she lay on the sofa trying to calm her nerves. Her head ached terribly, and she felt more dead than alive.

At last the clock struck twelve. She counted the strokes for something to do, trying to put away from her the vision of her mother's sorrow in the flat, trying, too, to forget Julius's loving, manly face as she had last seen it in the square. Could she ever be wilful again? Would she ever have the courage even to walk out alone?

Suddenly she started up; she heard steps in the passage. Oh, horror! the door opened, and her father and Mr. Rosen both entered together. Both had on white gloves and a white flower in their buttonholes. She had again been tricked—her father's promises had been lies.

"I won't go, I won't go," she cried; "you deceived me."

"Little goose, did you believe I would wait a week? Come."

Isola saw perfectly clear that her fate was sealed. There was no one to help her, no one to save her. Between these two strong men she was as powerless as a child."

"You are doing an illegal thing, I tell you; it will be no marriage," she murmured; but her head seemed to reel; she trembled so much that her father had almost to carry her along the passage. A large close carriage was at the door, with its window blinds down. Hans Rosen got in first, then Mr. Warren, lifting Isola in, followed. Mrs. Collins, with forced cheerfulness, threw in some handfuls of rice, and Mr. Warren called out:

"Drive on. Listen, Isola, once for all. Will you be married very quietly to my friend, Hans Rosen? We have a special license; it will be at St. Andrew's at two o'clock. If you are going to kick up a shindy we would rather not go there. In that case I will leave you at your new home."

"Come, come, my pretty one; I'm not an ogre," leered Hans Rosen.

"I will go to the church," said Isola, her voice so changed as to be unrecognisable.

"Good. We will first stop at Elmgrove just to put on your veil and to make you look a little like a bride. After the ceremony we will have a whitebait dinner at Greenwich, finish up at a theatre, and drive home in your own brougham. Eh?"

Isola did not answer; she felt too ill to speak or think, and Hans Rosen was too much delighted at the success of all his plans to waste words on her. There would be time to cure his wife of her ill humors later on.

. . . . . .

When Julius reached Rosen's house he heard the clock strike two. It sounded like his own death-knell as the cab dashed up to the front door of the smart suburban house.

A man-servant opened the door.

"Is Mr. Rosen at home?"

"No, sir; Mr. Rosen's gone out to be married." (He looked at the clock.) "It must be going on now, sir."

Julius seized the man's arm.

"What church, fellow, or where?"

"St. Andrew's, sir, ten minutes' drive from here."

"I will forbid the wedding."

"Too late, sir; and the lady went of her own free will."

"That's a lie." But Julius waited for no more. He jumped up into his cab again, and told the driver to race to St. Andrew's Church.

Would he be in time to forbid that marriage? Would he be in time to prevent this iniquitous deed? How could such a thing be possible in a free Christian country? What had they done to his darling that she should go unresistingly to such a service? Julius Noel kept his head out of the window, trying to look for any carriage that held a wedding party, yet knowing all the time that he was too late.

Now he caught sight of the church spire.

"Drive faster! For God's sake drive faster!"

And what was that at the door? A crowd? A crowd always collected at a church door when a wedding was taking place.

There was a carriage waiting; it must be the carriage waiting for the return of the bride.

"Stop! I will get out," called out Julius Noel. He fought his way through the crowd. What was the matter?

"Make way! I must stop this wedding. I forbid it!" he cried.

Suddenly there was a cry from within the closed carriage, and his own name was called, but the crowd was between himself and that cry. Close to him a man was cursing freely as he bent over a prostrate form Julius heard the words.

"Warren, pull yourself together. What is it? Come into the building. I will fetch her. What is it? Where are you hurt?"

Several hands were held out to help the fallen man, but Julius no longer heeded it; he turned and fought his way back to the carriage, only just in time, for a rough, powerful hand was laid on him.

"Keep back! This is my wife."

"No, no. Julius!" cried a pitiful voice.

"Liar! coward! Leave go, or I will give you into custody. See after your friend Warren."

What might have happened next it is impossible to say, if, with a sudden inspiration, Julius Noel had not sprung on the box and, seizing the reins from the coachman, lashed on the horses. The pair dashed away, pressing back the crowd, as the carriage flew on towards Nightingale Villa. The gate was open, and Julius dashed up the drive; then bidding the affrighted coachman get down and ring the bell, he leapt from the box, for their own cab was still waiting at the door.

It was Mrs. Ashbury herself who appeared, having rushed in front of Mrs. Collins. So great was the housekeeper's surprise that she could say nothing but "Good Heavens! I——I halways—where is my master?"

Mrs. Ashbury needed no explanation and forced open the door of the carriage.

"Isola, Isola, my child, my child! Mr. Noel, see, she has fainted, my poor darling! I have some salts; get me some water."

"We must not lose a minute," exclaimed Julius, lifting Isola bodily from the carriage and putting her in the hansom. "We will drive to your house; we are not safe here."

Mrs. Collins ran after them.

"Oh, ma'am, what will master say? I'm lost; I shall claim compensation," and the coachman began swearing, but had to mount his box as his horses were restive.

But no one now listened to either of them, and Mrs. Ashbury had only eyes and ears for her darling. Had they killed her? No; she breathed; she was with her.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she murmured, as, during the drive, she tried to restore her darling to consciousness. "Nothing matters now."

. . . . . .

In quite another part of London, Natasia was anxiously waiting the return of her uncle with news, for he told her to go at once to Mrs. Pears till he should come and fetch her. Mrs. Pears was waving her saucepan in great excitement as Natasia appeared.

"So there you are, Natty! You gave me a turn the other day by never coming back, that you did! But I've had seven turns since then. Pears is that contrary I can't do nothing with him. He's turned, my dear; he's turned, that's what he's done."

"Turned?" inquired Natasia.

"Yes, like the worm, Natty, he's turned! And I never thought he would; but two can play at that game, and so I told him. But where's Speculo?"

"I left him with uncle. We had bad news. I went to find uncle——"

"I was half-afraid, Natty, as you had gone off with that Speculo. Don't you do that, my dear; he's not a good speculation. Listen, Natty; it's all gone, clean gone, by ten o'clock."

"What's gone, Mrs. Pears?"

"The Red Hand.' Mark my words, there'll be mischief somewhere. Have a bit of dinner with us, my dear. I'm sure you're welcome, whatever Pears may say."

But Natasia, thanking her, said she wanted nothing, and ran up to her little room and gazed and gazed over the roofs. Would they be in time? Would the beautiful Isola be saved? Natasia fell on her knees and prayed to all the saints to save her!

Then she returned to the window, rehearsing all she had been through during her short journey to Paris, and then, thinking her uncle would soon be coming back, she dusted the room and heated the samovar.

Suddenly she heard a step, but it was only Mrs. Pears.

"Here, Natty, here's someone come in a mighty hurry as says you're to have this letter at once, and you're to take it yourself to the address. Wouldn't stop. Lor', how the men do fuss!"

Natasia took the letter with trembling fingers.

"It is uncle's handwriting! I must go!" A smile played round her lips, for the address was "Julius Noel, care of Mrs. Ashbury." When her uncle said "at once" he meant it. The message was about Isola. Was she saved, or had her uncle been too late?

It was a lovely warm evening, and Natasia's thoughts flew quicker than the lumbering omnibus. Looking out, she saw a fresh newspaper poster.

"Mysterious death at a church door. An interrupted wedding."

At last, at four o'clock, she reached Mr. Farwell's door, and asked if Mr. Noel were upstairs. She must see him at once. In another moment Noel stood beside her on the upstairs landing.

"Tell me, Mr. Noel. I know nothing. Is she safe?"

"Yes, thank God, she is safe, but she is very ill; we want a nurse. Natasia, come and nurse her. Wait, I will open this letter. There is one enclosed for you from your uncle. Novikov says we are to take care of you till he returns. Come to us, Natasia, we owe you so much. My poor Isola is very ill; her father—there was an accident at the church door—I know not what—Warren is dead, and Rosen has disappeared."

Natasia read and re-read her letter. "Go to those you have saved, child, till I return. Speculo goes with me. Do not disobey me again."

Happily there was work for her, so Natasia could not fret over her uncle's departure; but deep down in her heart she cried out in grief, "He has gone back to Russia, and will not have me with him."

That was how Natasia came to share the home and the long nursing of Isola with her devoted mother and cousin. Strange to say, it was Natasia's voice that best calmed the delirious girl; it was her hand that could soothe her, till at last, long after, one day Noel was met by the news, given by Mrs. Ashbury:

"She is herself again. She will get better. Come and see her for five minutes."

And so a second time Isola was given back to those who loved her.

The mystery of Warren's death was never publicly cleared up. The inquest drew forth very little information, except that Warren, making his way through the crowd, was seen to fall back with a cry. Life was soon extinct, and only a tiny puncture was found near the heart. Mrs. Collins appeared as witness, but as Mr. Rosen could not be found, and Julius Noel gave very little information, the story was soon forgotten, and the verdict was that death was caused by a wound from a small, sharp instrument, given by a person or persons unknown. The few who guessed the truth never revealed their thoughts.

When the October sun was low, and was sending golden rays through the trees of the London Square, Isola, leaning on the arm of Julius, took her first walk in the square. From a strong, bright girl she had become a delicate, fragile creature—beautiful, but looking as if a breath would blow her away into another land.

"I am quite well, Julius, dear," she said, with a smile, "so tell me now. With you close to me I can bear anything. I dare not ask mother, it makes her look sad. Strange that she never goes to her work now. Tell me, Julius, what was the paper I signed?"

She clung close to him.

"You signed away a large fortune, dearest, which your father alone knew about, as the lawyer had not been able to find you; but your father's death restored it to you. Happily, there had been no time to transfer it to——"

"Mr. Rosen. I must not be foolish. I will say the name. I have you to save me."

"Yes, dearest; and if you feel equal to a very quiet wedding, with no one but your mother and our dear Natasia, to whom we owe so much, we will be married to-day week, and then we will all go abroad for the winter. I have taken a villa in the Riviera, and there you will get quite strong. Your mother will have no need to work again; but Mrs. Upjohn is going to stay in London in case Natasia's uncle comes back. She is always expecting him, but I know he will never return, for Russia wants him. Alas! crime begets crime, so the revolutionists will get the upper hand—some day."

"I will do all you tell me," she said, smiling. "But, oh, dear Julius, sometimes those horrible days come back to my mind, and then——"

"You must try and put them away from you, dearest; but some day, when you are quite strong again, you shall hear all the story and how you were saved! Here is Natasia coming to call you in. She is the best nurse I know, and I can never repay her for her devotion to you."

"I can never part from her; her face called me back to life—It was like the face of an angel," answered Isola, smiling.

Natasia came across the garden, holding a white shawl in her hand.

"You will be cool," she said, lifting her sweet eyes to Isola's pale face.

"You do not even trust me, I see," said Julius, laughing. "We want to know, Natasia, if you will come with us to the church to-day week and we will go off to the beautiful Riviera to get strong again."

"But my uncle would not know where to find me. He said I was to wait for him."

"He said you were to stay with us, and that you must obey him. Besides, Mrs. Upjohn will be here, and your little room at Mrs. Pears will be always kept ready for him. I have paid the rent for a year in advance, and that good lady gives her consent to your going with us."

"I could not go without you," said Isola, stooping to kiss Natasia. "I owe you my life, my dear little Natasia."

"It is like being in Paradise to be with you," said Natasia; "and I told my uncle I must always love you."

Mrs. Ashbury and Mrs. Upjohn appeared, their faces full of quiet joy to see Isola with more color in her cheeks and a happy sparkle in her eyes. There was no need to ask if Isola were happy—no need to fear for her future with Julius Noel to take care of her.

"Mother," whispered Isola, "I am so happy; but I ought not to be, because it was through my disobedience that I found a lover!"

"Happily for us all, good is sometimes permitted to come out of evil."

"And mother, you will never have to work again."

Mrs. Ashbury smiled as she whispered to Julius:

"They say Zorilla is dead."

"Come, my darling," said Julius, "you must go and rest. Natasia is looking very severely at me for keeping you; but in a week I shall be your lord and master."

"To be loved, honored—and obeyed," added Isola, fondly, as they sauntered back to the house.

(The End.)

"Has your son arrived at years of discretion?"

"Not yet. He's just got engaged to be married."

"Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife.

"Yes," replied the head of the establishment, "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming for me."

GRAVE AND GAY.

Reporter (at front door): There is a rumor that Mr. Greatman has just died. Is this true?

Butler: Yes; but he has nothing to say for publication.

"Mary," said the sick man to his wife, after the doctor had pronounced it a case of small-box, "if any of my creditors call, tell them that I am at last in a condition to give them something."

Stranger: You're an astronomer, are you?

Tother: Yes.

Stranger: I'm a theatrical manager. I wonder if you have as hard a time finding new stars as I have?

An old lady, lauding up some scenery, said to a well-known painter: "The whole trip along the river was like a series of your superb etchings.

"Yes," replied the artist, "Nature is creeping up."

"What curious mistakes men make sometimes. I've just been reading, for instance, that Columbus imagined that he had discovered the Indies."

"Ah, I made a worse mistake than that! When I married my wife I thought I'd discovered Paradise!"

"Are you going to marry Mr. Simple?"

"No; I think not. Father is not satisfied with his income and mother doesn't like his family. I don't think he's very handsome; and, besides, he hasn't asked me."

Mrs. Tower: Frankly, John Tower, I think you are the meanest man I ever saw.

Mr. Tower: I wouldn't say that, Gertrude. You know you've said hundreds of times that you have been the making of me.

Visitor: I saw your husband in the crowd in town to-day. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him.

Hostess: That's strange. At home he is so close that nobody can touch him!

Father: Well, my son, you have now got your commission and are prepared to join your regiment and fight for the glory of our country. Do you think you have the necessary qualifications?

Young Officer: Well, I should think so. I am the champion long-distance runner of our club.

It was at a reception, and the lady who had been reading up on health culture mistook Lawyer Williams for his brother, the doctor.

"Is it better," she asked, confidentially, "to lie on the right side or the left?"

"Madam," replied the lawyer, "if one is on the right side it isn't often necessary to lie at all."

One day an Irishman met an Englishman and accosted him thus:

"Do you know in what month of the year my wife talks the least?"

"Well, I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice," said the Englishman.

"It is in February," said Paddy.

"Why is that" asked the Englishman.

"Because February has the fewest days," said Paddy.

A young man recently received the following letter:—

"Dear Harry.—What I am about to write to you almost breaks my heart. Mother and father, for some unaccountable reason, simply detest you. Therefore, I think, dear, that you had better not call any more. So, good-bye for ever.—Your broken-hearted little girl, Maud.

"P.S.—When it is fine I walk in the park every afternoon at three."

"Good morning, Sandy!" said the minister. "You're looking well."

"Aye," replied Sandy. "I've just been awa' for a sma' holiday, ye ken, but I had a wee terrible accident."

"An accident? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Yes, I lost a' ma luggage."

"However did that happen?"

Sandy looked sorrowful. "Weel," he said, in a broken voice, "the corn cam' oot!"

Mr. Spinks: Why on earth did you give Billington that cotton umbrella? He'll never bring it back.

Mrs. Spinks: The only one in the rack was silk.

Mr. Spinks: You shou'd have given him that.

Mrs. Spinks: And if he wouldn't return the cotton one, why would he return the silk one? Tell me that, Mr. Spinks.

Mr. Spinks: The cotton one was his.

At a lecture a well-known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts of America the number of men was considerably larger than that of women, and he added, humorously:

"I can therefore recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part."

A young lady seated in one of the last rows of the auditorium got up and, full of indignation, left the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked:

"I did not mean that it should be done in such a hurry!"

An Epigram.

The memoirs of a celebrated English University professor, Oscar Browning, recall a famous epigram, said to be one of the most admirable ever composed. It was perpetuated by a brilliant pupil, J. K. Stephen, upon the professor, who was somewhat inclined to corpulency:—

O, B., oh, be obedient
To nature's stern decrees;
For, though you be but one O. B.,
You may be too obese!

Its Usual Destination.

He was a motorist, and called at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the farmer's pretty daughter offered him a glass of milk instead.

"Won't you have another glass?" she asked, as he drained the tumbler.

"You are very good," he said, "but I am afraid I shall rob you."

"Oh, no. We have so much more than we can use ourselves that we are giving it to the calves all the time."

He Wanted to be Mourned.

The lawyer was drawing up old Furrow's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated the son of the soil. "Got that?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer.

"On condition that she marries again within a year."

The legal light sat back puzz'ed. "But why?" he asked.

The aged farmer smiled. "Because," was his reply, "I want somebody to be sorry I died!"

"Saith Wrang!"

A Scottish groom drove his master up to a railway station as a train approached.

"Here's yer train, sir!" said he.

"That is not my train," replied the master, who had his own ideas about correct speech; "but it's the train I am going by."

It happened, however, to be a special train, which did not stop at that station. As it whizzed by, the groom exclaimed:

"We're baith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the one yo're gaun by; it's the one that's gane by you!"

THE HOUSEHOLD

Stewed Beef with Kidney.

One pound and a half of stewing steak, half a pound of beef kidney, a large Spanish onion, and a good-sized carrot parboiled. Take the steak and cut it into nine square pieces, cut up the kidney into small pieces, removing all fat etc., roll steak and kidney well in two ounces of flour well seasoned with pepper and salt. Cut the onion and the carrot into thin rings, place all into a deep basin, cover with cold water, put a plate on the top of the basin. Pour into a fast boiling pot and cook for four hours. This is a delicious stew and economical.

Yorkshire Pudding

Two cupfuls of milk, two eggs, six heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of baking powder. Sift the flour into a basin with the salt, stir in the milk very gradually, beat up the eggs and add to the batter when quite smooth; allow this to stand for two hours in a cool place, then add the baking powder pour into a well-greased tin, bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. If baked in a gas oven, it should be partly baked in the top part of the oven, then finished by placing it in the lower part of the oven underneath the joint.

Date Pudding.

Shred half a pound of beef suet very finely, mix with half a pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, the rind of two large lemons chopped small, the strained juice of one, and two well-beaten eggs, and half a pound of chopped and stoned dates. Pour the mixture into a buttered mould, boil or steam it quickly for four hours.

Family Currant Cake.

Four pounds of flour, three pounds of sugar, four pounds of currants well washed and dried, one pound of butter, four ounces of citron peel, cut very small, ten eggs, eight teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one quart of milk. Beat the butter to a cream add all but the flour, baking powder and soda; beat well, then add flour, soda and baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven in buttered tins.

Cream Fingers.—Scald half a cupful of cream, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a quarter of a tablespoonful of salt; when luke-warm add one yeast-cake dissolved in a quarter of a cupful and a-half of flour, or enough to knead. Knead, cover, and let it rise until mixture doubles its bulk. Toss from the bowl on to a floured cloth, pat with the rolling-pin, then roll dough to a quarter of an inch in thickness and shape with a lady-finger cutter. If such a cutter is not accessible, with a sharp knife cut strips four and a-half inches long by one inch wide, and round the strips at the corners. Cover again, let it rise and brush over with two tablespoonfuls of milk mixed with one tablespoonful of sugar. Bake in a moderate oven. These are delicious served with hot chocolate or coffee.

Venetian Eggs.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter and cook in it a chopped onion. When browned add about three tomatoes cooked, one teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of cayenne. Stir and cook until boiled throughout. Stir in three tablespoonfuls of cheese, cut fine, and three unbeaten eggs. Stir and cook until eggs are set. Then serve at once on toast.

Cornflour Cheese.—This is a very economical and tasty recipe. First grate the cheese you wish to use, then boil it slowly in sufficient milk to dissolve it. In the meantime for every half-pint of milk used mix smoothly a teaspoonful of cornflour with a little cold milk. Then add to the cheese and milk and cook all together while stirring for ten minutes. Season to taste with cayenne-pepper, mustard, and salt, and serve on hot buttered toast.

Vegetable Omelet.—Mash the remains of any cold vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflowers, greens, or turnips, and mix with some mashed potatoes, chopped onions, pepper and salt, and one or two well-beaten eggs. Melt some butter in a frying-pan, pour the mixture in, and keep stirring it up with a fork till cooked through. Turn over on a dish, put in the oven for a minute, and serve very hot.

Dainty Salad.—A very pretty way to serve a salad is to hollow out as many tomatoes as there are guests, fill each with salad, chicken or potato, add a spoonful of mayonnaise sauce, and serve a salad is to hollow out as many of the scarlet, creamy-yellow, and green is striking and very appetising.

THE GAMP LANGUAGE.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will often indicate that it will change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be in danger.

To shut it quickly signifies that a hat or two will probably be knocked off.

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship.

When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage.

To punch your umbrella into a person, and then open it, means "I dislike you."

To swing your umbrella over your shoulder signifies, "I am making a nuisance of myself."

To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood.

To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be injured by the man who follows you. This is generally a woman's way of carrying her umbrella.

To put an alpaca umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange no robbery."

To lend an umbrella indicates, "I am a fool."

To carry an umbrella in a case signifies it is a shabby one.

To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh, do take it; I would much rather you would than not," signifies lying.

To give a friend half your umbrella means that both of you will get wet.

To carry it from home in the morning means, "It will very likely be a fine day."

Usually the Way.

The noted actor, who had consented to give a reading for the benefit of a certain charity, arrived home late that night with a very worried look on his face.

"Why, my dear," said his wife, "wasn't the reading a success?"

"No. Didn't do it at all," he replied, dropping into a chair moodily.

"Didn't read it at all?"

"No. You see, a chairman of the reception committee first made a speech introducing the chairman of the managing committee. He got up and told about the excellent work of the honorary treasurer, who got up and made a speech about the plans for next year and introduced the president of the association, who told all about the work of the concern and then introduced the chairman of the meeting, who was to introduce me, but by that time the audience was leaving. So I slipped round to the door and came out with them."

There is no effect like that of example.

Many a treasured personal friendship is sacrificed to a platform jest.

DOMESTIC TIT-BITS.

A teaspoonful of powdered alum mixed with ordinary stove-polish will give a fine lustre when polished, and saves half the work.

If sausages are rolled in flour before cooking they will not break. They may be toasted, stewed, grilled, or fried. This will be found a much better way than piercing them.

Game can be kept good in hot weather for some time if sprinkled with finely-powdered charcoal, which must be washed off with clean, cold water before the food is cooked.

Before attempting to drive a nail through wood, push it through a thin cake of soap. You will find that it will then go through the wood quite easily, without splitting it in the least.

A small quantity of sage placed in the pantry will drive away ants; and mice like oil of aniseed, which, if placed in the traps, induces them to enter, and many can be destroyed in this way.

White of egg is most nourishing, and should be given freely to invalids. Beat it slightly and add to tea or coffee; or it may be stirred into any kind of farinaceous food just before serving.

Sea-salt in a bath is most strengthening. Make a bag and put some sea-salt in. Steep it in your bath, taking out the bag before getting in. Keep in a basin, and use daily till all is dissolved.

If any of your cupboards are damp, try placing a little unslaked lime in them. The lime absorbs the damp and keeps the air dry and pure, but it should be removed fairly often, as it loses its power.

To rid a house of cockroaches, throw all potato parings on to the back of the fire daily, and allow to burn in the same way as cinders. A potato ash is thus formed, which banishes the cockroaches, as they will not come where it is present.

For freeing hands from disagreeable odors, such as that of onions, cod-liver oil, etc., mix a little ground dry mustard with warm water and wash the hands well with it. The saucers of scales or vessels used in cooking can be freed from odors by the same method.

To take candle-grease off a shirt in a hurry, place a table-knife in the flame of a candle or over a lamp or gas for a minute; then take a piece of paper—any sort will do—and place over the spot; press the knife on the paper, and the grease will immediately melt. It does not harm the knife at all.

A good way to whiten clothes that have become a bad color is to cut two or three slices of lemon and place them in the copper. This will make the linen much whiter and will remove all the stains from pocket-handkerchiefs, etc. The rind should be left on the lemon and kept in the copper with the clothes.

The care of brooms is a most essential matter, as every careful housekeeper will soon find out. They will last twice the usual time if treated in the following manner. They should first be dipped in soap-suds to toughen the fibre; then rinse well and shake all the water out and hang up to dry. This treatment should be repeated about every week or ten days.

You may reduce the labor of boot-cleaning by using a little glycerine. Brush the boots well, and rub the glycerine into the leather with sponge or a piece of soft rag. When they are nearly dry, brush with a soft cloth. It will give an excellent polish, and they will keep their shine for three or four days, if you give them an occasional brush. They will also keep a good color, and be soft and comfortable. No blacking is required.

ABOUT PLAYING-CARDS.

Quite apart from their use in various games, playing-cards are an interesting study from historic and pictorial points of view.

Take first their numerical arrangement. Fifty-two cards, 365 pips or dots, and thirteen tricks, representing the weeks and days in the year and lunar months.

There are four suits, representing four classes of people as they were divided at the time the pack of cards we now use was devised by the French. The "spades" stood for pikemen or soldiers, the clubs for clover, typifying farmers, the diamonds for building-tiles, representing artisans, and the hearts for choirmen or ecclesiastics.

The "kings" and "queens" at that time were more or less correct likenesses of certain Royal and noble personages. Even in our modern packs it is said that one of the queens is a conventionalised portrait of Elizabeth of York, who was engaged to the Dauphin of France.

The "knaves" were then the king's jesters, and even these cards may be portraits. All the court cards, in fact, retain their sixteenth-century characteristics. Cards are amongst the few things that have not changed with the centuries.

A THRICE-WIDOWED QUEEN.

The beautiful Margaret of Austria was betrothed at the age of three to the Dauphin of France, lived in Paris, and was treated as a little queen, but at fourteen was sent back to Flanders. Her second marriage was to the eldest son of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, a lovely prince who died two years later. Her third marriage to Philibert of Savoy was no less a love match. He too died in the flower of his youth, though Margaret had her finest pearls ground up to make him an elixir to save his life. Three successive devices she adopted. After her first marriage, a high mountain with a hurricane about its summit; after the death of John of Spain, a tree laden with fruit struck in half by lightning; and after Philibert's death, a motto meaning "Plaything of fortune." Henry the Seventh of England begged her to accept him as her fourth husband, but she refused, devoting the remainder of her life to the care and welfare of her nephew, Charles the Fifth.

The Dean's Smile.

A dean and a Highland minister, on a long walk among the glens, stopped at a little inn for refreshment. They sat down in the parlor, and ordered two glasses of whisky. When these were set before them, the pious Highland minister proposed that they should ask a blessing. To this the dean assented; but when his friend had closed his eyes; and began with solemnity to ask a blessing (at abnormal length), the dean quietly drank off both glasses of whisky. When the minister had finished his thanksgiving, his amazement can be imagined when he beheld the two glasses standon the table before him empty. He turned his eyes on the dean, whom he began to upbraid.

"Ah," said the wazzish dean, "you forgot half the Scriptural warning. We are told to 'watch' as well as 'pray.'"

Fifty German noblemen, it is said, are now appearing

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. SOUTH MELBOURNE

ANOTHER SPLENDID VICTORY FOR NORTHCOTE.

This match was resumed at the park in ideal weather and on a splendid wicket last Saturday. The two not out batsmen (Purvis and Kelly) opened to the bowling of Brown and Plant. Both batsmen adopted the same tactics as on the previous Saturday, with the result the scoring was very slow. Vernon had a chance of stumping Purvis off Brown, but failed to take the ball. Bailey relieved Brown, and immediately found his length. Purvis in trying to glance one to leg just touched it and was caught by Vernon. Facey, the next batsman, after making 11 was bowled by Bailey. Pentland, the last man, did not have much chance to score, as Bailey yorked Kelly and the innings closed for 257. Bailey secured the three wickets. At twenty minutes past three Northcote started their innings with Spicer and Yeomans, this being a new combination. Northote's captain decided to try Fred Yeomans as an opening batsman in place of Begg. Fred was not comfortable in the opening overs, especially when opposed to Trott, off whom he was missed before scoring by Scott in the slips, but, gaining confidence, he and Spicer started to score rapidly, and as well did they perform that 50 was on the board before Spicer was foolishly run out in trying for a fourth run. He had played a fine innings and was never troubled by the bowlers. McCarron was next, and he started from the jump, scoring all round the wicket with beautiful strokes. He was especially severe on McCormack. Hopes now began to rise for Northcote, and visions of victory began to loom in front. Both batsmen were scoring fast and running beautifully between the wickets, and they [illegible] the first century on the board. [illegible] McCarron, [illegible] the scoring, [illegible] out as one of Scott's rather wide ones on the off and was caught. He had batted well and lost no opportunity to score. Cheeswas was next, and, like the other batsmen, rose to the occasion, batting in quite his best form; and with Fred Yeomans dead set it began to be apparent the only thing Northcote had to fear was the clock. Watches were out, every run timed, and every fourer cheered. As the goal was being neared excitement became intense. How many now?—30 wanted, 30 minutes to go. Harry Trott tried his bowlers to the utmost, but without success, until with only 3 wanted Cheeswas had the bad fortune to be bowled by Facey. Yeomans welcomed Brown by hitting Purvis to leg for four, winning the match, also scoring his first century in first grade cricket. Stumps were drawn shortly after, and Northcote had won by 6 wickets, scoring 272 runs in 3 hours 10 minutes at the rate of about 90 runs an hour, a magnificent batting effort. Yeomans was the hero of the afternoon, and received quite an ovation on returning to the pavilion, being heartily cheered by friend and foe. The other batsmen also deserve the highest praise from the supporters of the home team for their great and successful effort in adding the fourth successive victory to Northcote. Score—

South Melbourne, first innings ... 257

NORTHCOTE—First Innings.

Spicer, run out ...	41
F. Yeomans, not out ...	105
H. McCarron, c Doss, b Scott	37
G. Cheeswas, b Facey ...	64
N. Brown, c Gray b Kenny	4
S. Billings, not out ...	0
Sundries ...	21
Total for 4 wickets	272

The match between the second elevens of the above was continued last Saturday at South Melbourne under ideal conditions. South closed their innings with 3 down for 303. The Northcote men made a very poor showing against the bowling, only scoring 112 in their first innings, while in their second attempt they again failed badly, scoring 104 for the loss of 8 wickets, thus just saving defeat by an innings. S. Yeomans 35 not out and 30, Studley 21, Lugton 12, Richardson 34, Ahern 11 and 11 batted well, while for South Howson 10 for 60, Kellett 3 for 24, and Bower 2 for 32 divided the wickets.

Northcote play Prahran to-day at the Northcote Park. Prahran defeated Northcote last year in the final match, but the locals are confident of lowering Prahran's colors in this match, and a good game should be witnessed. Great interest is being taken in the doings of the team this year, and a large crowd is expected to watch the play. The second elevens play at Prahran.

Teams—First eleven—Bailey, Begg, Billings, Brown, Cheeswas, McCarron, Mitchell, Plant, Spicer, Vernon, & Yeomans. Second eleven—Andrew, Goodyear, Hammet, Kelse, Hughes, Richardson, Studley, Lugton (2), Wilkinson, Yeomans.

NORTHCOTE CLUB ELEVEN V. EAST MELBOURNE.

A REMARKABLE MATCH.

The Northcote Club eleven played their first match in the Merri Park last Saturday against East Melbourne, when a most remarkable game resulted. Northcote won the toss and decided to make first use of the wicket. The wicket, which at first looked and played alright, soon proved to be a bowler's paradise, and the batsmen were soon in trouble. Northcote's innings closed for 68, Phillips 28 and Bedford 10 alone showing batting form. East Melbourne responded with 31. Northcote went in for their second innings, and at call of time had lost 7 wickets for 20, the wicket by this time being simply unplayable. No fewer than 27 wickets fell during the afternoon, of which 21 was bowled. Phillips 6 for 20 Fryer 6 for 22, Fraser 3 for 25 for East, and Bedford 4 for 17 and Morris 6 for 12 for Northcote carried off the bowling honors. The match will be continued at 2 30 to-day, when the locals expect to have a win.

PRESTON V. FLEMINGTON AND KENSINGTON.

This game was continued last Saturday, the scores then standing—Preston, 119; Flemington, 7 for 107. The latter continued their innings and made 137, thus leading by 18 runs. Preston then batted for an hour and lost 6 wickets for 110, at which score they closed their innings. Westmoreland 20, Mehegan 16, Dickens 17, Froebel 18 not out and Howes 17 not out knocked up the runs quickly. To show the rate of scoring only 109 balls were bowled for 110 runs. The home team had 93 runs to make in an hour and three quarters. The first wicket fell for 10, then 3 for 11, 5 for 26, 8 for 45, 9 for 53, and all out for 85, Preston thus winning by 7 runs and only 8 minutes to time. Blundell bowled well, securing 8 for 43. Westmoreland got three fine catches, and to him we give the credit for the win.

The game to day will be against East Brunswick at Preston.

"Pomp" Froebel has been chosen to play against N.S.W. in Sydney at Christmas, which is an honor for so young a player.

Preston Amateurs to the number of 18 journeyed to Fern Tree Gully to play the local team. Scores—Amateurs, 107 (F. Greenhalgh 32 retired, Hedigan 26 retired, Moore 15, Robinson 10 not out, C. Greenhalgh 18); Gully, 36 (Hedigan 5 for 11, Robinson 3 for 5, Greenhalgh 2 for 17).

Amateurs play North Coburg to-day at Preston.

Northcote I.O.R. v. Ruskins.—This match resulted in a win for the former by 10 runs. Score—I.O.R., 93 and 45; Ruskins, 60 and 28 (Barkway 7 for 13, Webb 2 for 12)

South Preston Methodists play Wesleys at South Preston to-day.

Northcote Presbyterian A v. Parkville, played at Thornbury. Northcote, 140 (Island 54, Horsley 15, Adams 14, Hastings 10, Gough 10); Parkville 9 for 28 (Thomson 5 for 15, Richardson 3 for 12). To be continued to-day.

Presbyterian B v. Footscray. Northcote, 96 (Bull 30 not out, Livingstone 26); Footscray, 41 and 1 for 186 (Richardson 5 for 7, Mackenzie 2 for 7. To be continued to day.

Northcote Congs. v. South Park, Congs., 89 and 96 (Unwin 31, Thompson 17 and 18, Dodge 10); Para, 139 and 4 for 40.

Congs. play Montague at Montague to-day.

[illegible] Presbyterian v. Clarendon St. Preston, 158 (C. Boyd 38, Carson 28, A. Boyd 27); Clarendon [illegible] for 48 (Boyd 4 for 16, Carson 3 for 17). To be concluded to day.

MR. J. G. MEMBREY, M.L.A., HONORED.

ENTERTAINED AND PRESENTED WITH A PURSE OF SOVEREIGNS.

A FLATTERING TRIBUTE.

Not content with re-electing him by a substantial majority for a further term of three years Mr. Membrey's many friends in Jika Jika on Wednesday evening entertained him at a social gathering at the Northcote town hall and presented him with a purse of 60 sovereigns, with a promise of more to follow. It was as hearty and flattering a testimony of appreciation and good will as any public man could wish, and must have been peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Membrey after his four and a half years' strenuous service for the constituency. Cr. Tharratt, who, as chairman of the general committee, presided, recounted some of the many excellent results which have followed Mr. Membrey's energetic advocacy of the just claims of the district, such as greatly improved school buildings, new railway stations, duplication of the lines with greatly improved service, grants to parks, &c. In the body of the hall was a representative gathering of Mr. Membrey's constituents, both men and women, that filled the building. Elegant decorations, both of the platform and the hall generally, showed the great interest the ladies had taken in the matter, and if further testimony of their interest was wanted one had only to step into the annexe, which had been transformed into quite a gorgeous banquet chamber, in which the well-provided and artistically arrayed refreshment tables looked very tempting indeed. All this provided most ample proof of local appreciation, while appreciation from another quarter was to be found in the large gathering of Parliamentarians—several of them leaders in the House—present to do honor to the guest. The political celebrities present included the Hon. W. H. Edgar, honorary Minister (who represented the Government, the Premier being detained by his duties in the House at the last moment), Sir Alexander Peacock, the Hon. Donald McKinnon and the Hon. George Swinburne. All these gentlemen spoke, the addresses of Sir Alexander Peacock and Mr. Swinburne being particularly fine. All paid flattering tributes to Mr. Membrey, not only as a local member, but as a critic of measures before the House. The mayor (Cr.Astings) also joined heartily in the chorus of praise of Mr. Membrey. Mr. Robert Stanley, ex member for Lowan and now living in Northcote, also spoke and had the audience in roars of laughter with his quaint reminiscences. While "Bob" Stanley spoke those present had a good opportunity of rampling the celebrated "Peacock Laugh." During the intervals humorous items were given by Mr. S. Lamert. Mr. Membrey made a feeling reply, telling those who had assembled to do him honor, how very proud and gratified he felt at such hearty and substantial appreciation from his constituents. He specially acknowledged the services of his general chairman (Cr. Tharratt) and his general secretary (Mr. J. T. Dowling) and also the ladies who throughout had rendered such splendid assistance. After justice had been done to the good things on the refreshment tables, the toast of Mr. Membrey's health was proposed by Mr. Isaac Barrow, of Preston, and Cr. Tharratt's health was also drunk. About 11 the gathering, which had been full of "go" from the start, broke up.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Mr. Isaac Barrow, J.P.]

LIGHT WEIGHTS.

J. L. Murray, inspector for the Weights and Measures Union, proceeded against L. M. Deacon, fruiterer and greengrocer, 85 Plenty road, Preston, for having a light weight in her possession. Mr. Scheele for prosecution.

The inspector gave evidence that on calling at defendant's shop he found, amongst other weights, a two-pound 4 ozs. 6 drachms short.

Dr. Cole remarked that the case was a bad one and the fine would be £5 with £1 3s 6d costs.

Defendant, who came in after the fine was imposed, stated that "this was just an old weight lying about." She was not aware that there were any light weights on the premises.

The Bench said they were not disposed to disturb the fine.

MILK PROSECUTION.

G. P. Days, shire inspector, proceeded against Alexander John Hamilton, dairyman, of Bell street, for selling milk that was below the standard. Mr. Hall for the prosecution, Mr. Doris for the defence.

The inspector gave evidence that on 1st November he purchased a sample of milk from S. Minford, defendant's driver, and sent it along for analysis.

Hilary Dowling, Deputy Government Analyst, stated his analysis showed the milk to be deficient to the extent of 10 per cent. in fatty solids.

Geo. Hamilton, father of defendant, stated that he had been producing and supplying milk for over 30 years and had a clean record. He supplied the milk which his son sold in sealed cans.

Defendant swore that he sent the milk out for delivery exactly as he received it.

S. Minford, the driver, gave corroborative evidence.

Fined £5, with £2 13s 6d costs.

RIDING ON FOOTPATH.

S. Brazill and Wm. Faulks were prosecuted by the Inspector (Geo. P. Days) for riding their bicycles on the High street footpath. They were each fined 10s with 2s 6d costs.

The P.M. remarked that he would have to make the fine £1 if 10s proved ineffective.

Preston Lodge, U.A.O.D.

The above held their half-yearly meeting on Monday, December 11, and there was a good attendance. The auditors reported that everything was in a very prosperous position and complimented the secretary on the manner in which the books were kept. The balance sheet showed that a profit of over £23 had been made for the last twelve months. The election of officers resulted as follows:—A.D., Bro. Sheppard; V.A., Bro. Ferry; secretary, Bro. Ferry; treasurer, Bro. C. Bott; A.D.B., Bro. McIlroy and Farley; V.A.B., Bros. Sutherland and Bride; I.G., Bro. Newell; O.G., Bro. G. Callander; G.I., representative, Bro. J. Callander. The D.P., Bro. Tanner, installed the officers. Next meeting Wednesday, December 11.

LIVER TROUBLE AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.

Skin Became Sallow and Blood Poor.

Life Made Bright by Bile Beans.

"Even from my childhood I was a great sufferer from liver trouble," says Mrs. C. Caleraft, of 131 Carrington Road, Waverley, Sydney. "From time to time I was subject to bilious attacks of a very severe nature, which would prostrate me for days together. Fearful bouts of retching severely strained my system and made me very weak, and I was troubled much with a drowsy feeling and always felt languid. I lost all appetite and had no desire to eat, and was altogether miserable, especially with this lack of energy. My skin became very sallow and my blood in a very poor condition, and I became completely run-down. Many times had I read of grand cures by Bile Beans, and eventually decided to try this medicine. A short time after commencing with Bile Beans, and eventually decided to try this medicine. A short time after commencing with Bile Beans I experienced a wonderful change for the better in my health. I was freed from bilious attacks and my appetite improved day by day. By continuing with Bile Beans my blood was purified, my liver put in order, and health and energy restored to me. Bile Beans completely cured me in a splendid manner, and now I feel brighter and better than I ever did."

"All "liverish" people should try a course of Bile Beans—the great family medicine. A few doses bring about a wonderful change, and if persevered with robust health is the result. Commence with Bile Beans to-day. Sold by all stores and chemists.

BOWLS.

THORNBURY NIGHT RINK TOURNAMENT.

After a splendid run of fine nights in the earlier stages of the above, ill luck, from a weather point of view, has attended the semi finals. When the four teams left in met on Monday evening last rain was falling, and even though this continued the whole evening it was decided to play, which was unfortunate, seeing that it made against a true game. The results were that Burston's Northcote rink beat Ingham's Thornbury rink by a single point at the last end, and Holloway (South Melbourne) was "up" on Bailey (Northcote). The latter was a remarkably unlucky game for the Northcote rink, as while they scored in 10 out of 15 ends they were eventually "down" 4.

The final will be played on Monday evening.

Northcote A v. Hawthorn, played at Northcote.

HAWTHORN, 97.

Warren, Young, Hotchin, Harrison ...	30
Burke, Clark, Dempster, Morrison ..	23
Pender, Bray, Mulcahy, Munro ...	20
Coghlin, Taylor, Rosenow, McDonald...	24

NORTHCOTE, 87.

Saunders, Tribe, Taylor, Plant ...	21
Bowden, Schloferdecker, Prelaven, Bennell	20
Rendle, Brown, Gibling, Harrington ...	25
Allen, Bailey, Burston, Mitchell ...	21

Northcote B team were "down" to Collingwood, 114—81, Clarke being the only skipper "up," beating his opponent by 27 to 25.

Northcote A have a bye to-day, while the B team play Richmond Union at Northcote. Entries for rink tournament close on Monday at 8 p.m.

Preston B v. Box Hill.

PRESTON, 108.

Winnett, A. White, Stubble, Cripps ..	35
J. White, Hanna, Bartley, Broadhurst	26
Stanlake, Hardess, Wilkinson, Pike ...	23
Du Bourg, McKenzie, Paterson, Walker	19

BOX HILL, 80.

Garnett, Phillips, Munro, Kermode ...	15
Ingamell, Plisterd, Kelford, McGregor	17
Thompson, Carson, Baker, Peters ...	25
Jamieson, Hall, Furneaux, Willis ...	23

Preston A play Moreland at Preston to-day. The B team play Essendon at Essendon.

Thornbury A v. Richmond Union, played Thornbury.

RICHMOND, 107.

Smith, Watson, Laughman, Kelly ...	24
Syle, Collopy, G. Bleach, W. Bleach ...	19
Tutton, Richards, Robins, Hansen ...	35
Selleck, Brown, McGillicudy, Collins...	29

THORNBURY, 85.

Boyd, Cogle, Clausen, J. S. Whalley	20
Wright, Hosking, Brown, Ingham ...	33
Meakin, Farley, Dickason, Dr. Murphy	16
Harris, Doran, King, Hayes ...	16

Thornbury B played Carlton at Carlton.

CARLTON, 118.

Ferguson, Clements, Kinnard, Leithbridge	30
Patterson, Bell, Barraclough, Donaldson	32
Wickens, Curtis, Laufranchi, Chambers	28
Rickards, Glenross, Smith, Nathan ...	28

THORNBURN, 56.

McDougall, Lewis, Littlejohns, Denny	21
Richards, Westgarth, Wittenbach, Whitcoak	15
Gourley, Oldenburg, Burgess, Smith ...	15
Sutherland, Rouvray, Donagan, McGregor...	15

Thornbury 3-rink played Dandenong at Thornbury.

DANDENONG, 100.

Smith, Anderson, Donald, Bowman ...	36
McFarlane, Renfrey, Young, Swords ...	31
Purvis, Robbins, Talbot, Pearson ...	33

THORNBURY, 49.

Sweetland, Greer, Harnsworth, Masson	18
Williams, Rev. Rook, Campbell, Hattam	14
Sharp, Muir, Mulready, Hammet ...	17

Thornbury A play Nth. Fitzroy at North Fitzroy to-day, the B team play M.C.C. at Thornbury, and the 2 rink team play Box Hill at Box Hill.

Auction Notices

WEDNESDAY, 20th DECEMBER, One O'clock.

DISPERSAL OF MR. H. DOIDGE'S SELECTED DAIRY HERD, Draught Mares and Geldings, and the Clydesdale Stallion, "Lord Leeston." Milking Machine, Motor Engine, &c., at "Endsleigh Park," Plenty Road, BUNDOORA.

ADAMSON, STRETTLE & CO. are instructed by Mr. H. Doidge (who is giving up the dairy business) to sell by auction, as above:—

45 Cows in full profit, including a number of particularly heavy milkers. 25 exceptionally good Springers, most of them within a month of calving. 10 nice Dairy Heifers. 2 Ayrshire Bulls. The Clydesdale Stallion "Lord Leeston," foaled 1907; imported from New Zealand; sire "Royal Alexander," dam "Clara" (by "Thumper," imp.) Draught Mare "Rose," 7 years, with filly foal at foot by "Lord Leeston." Draught Mare "Louie," 6 years, by "Young Champion," with filly foal at foot by "Lord Leeston." Draught Gelding, 3 years, by "Prince of Albyn." Draught Gelding, 4 years, by "Shepherd Lad," imported from New Zealand. Draught Filly, 3 years, by "Lord Dundonald." Medium Draught Mare, 2 Spring Cart Mares, each with foal at foot by "Lord Leeston." Spring Cart Gelding "Creamy." Steel Grey Pony, 12 hands, 4 years old.

LAWRENCE KENNEDY-GILLIES MILKING MACHINE (4 cows).

5 H.P. MOTOR ENGINE (McDonald). Steam Boiler Troughs, etc., complete. Cherry Churn. Butter Worker. De Laval Separator, 45 gallons. Bonels Chaffcutter. Massey-Harris Binder. Earth Scoop. 22 Pigs. Poultry.

This little herd is one of the best in the District; all young cows selected solely for their milking qualities. The horses are reliable and good, and well worth the attention of buyers.

A drag will leave the Auctioneers' Bazaar, Bourke Street, at Eleven o'clock on the morning of Sale.

LUNCHEON PROVIDED.

Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate.—Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from £ 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.

FORAGE.

TENDERS will be received until Eleven o'clock a.m. on Thursday, 4th January next, for the supply of Forage at the various Police and other Stations in Victoria from the 1st March, 1912, to the 28th February, 1913.

Full details as published in the "Victoria Government Gazette" of 13th December, 1911, copies of which, with tender forms, conditions, &c., may be obtained at the stations or from the Secretary, Tender Board, Treasury, Melbourne.

W. A. WATT, Treasurer.

Melbourne, 30th November, 1911.

Northcote Motor Garage

has just opened at

32 High Street

(next Ice Works).

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.

Oils and Accessories.

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 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.

THIS DAY.
THIS DAY.
At 3 o'clock.
At Stott & Bastings' Office, Fairfield.

TRUSTEES' SALE of ALLOTMENTS.

NORTHCOTE AND FAIRFIELD.

STOTT & BASTINGS, in conjunction with MEMBREY & DEANE, have received instructions from THE EQUITY TRUSTEES' COY. Ltd., 85 Queen Street, Melbourne, to Sell by Auction as above.

NORTHCOTE LANDS.

Allotments in Westgarth Street (corner Leonard Street), Leonard Street, Mary Street, Gordon Street, Clarendon Street, corner Agg and Turner Streets, Lewis Street, Monteiore Street, corner Clyde and Wilmoth Streets, Northcote Street, and St. George's Grove.

FAIRFIELD LANDS.

Allotments—Corner Station and Duncan Streets, Gordon Street, Rushall Street, Fairfield Road, Fulham Road, Grange Road, Perry Street.

Titles, Certificate.

Terms: One-Fifth Cash. Balance half-yearly up to 3 years at 5 per cent.

Descriptive Plans from the Auctioneers: Stott & Bastings, Northcote and Fairfield, Telephone Central 1976; Membrey & Deane, Queen Street, Melbourne, Telephone Central 4682.

THE PICK OF THE NORTHERN SUBURBS.

The Well-Known

THORNBURY PARK ESTATE, THORNBURY PARK ESTATE, NORTHCOTE.

To be Sold by Auction in Subdivision THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON at 3 o'clock.

In a Large Marque erected on the Ground.

EXCEPTIONALLY EASY TERMS.

Absolutely No Restrictions.

£5 per 1st Allotment Deposit.

(£2 10s per additional Allotments Deposit.

Balance quarterly instalments, covering 12 years, or Discount for Cash.

Title, Certificate.

Solicitor, John W. McComas, Esq., 460 Collins Street, City.

NICOL, MILLER & Co., Auctioneers, and Agents, Head Office 125 Swanston Street (opposite Town Hall, City, and Tram Terminus, High Street, Northcote, from whom all particulars, plans, catalogues, free railway passes, etc., can be obtained.

Phones: Central 7563 and Northcote 149.

Intending purchasers will be shown over the Estate.

TUESDAY, 19th DECEMBER.
At 11 o'clock on the premises, 48 Plenty Road, corner Milton Street,
PRESTON
(Near Tram Terminus).

SALE by Auction of Superior Household FURNITURE and Effects, comprising—Walnut Piano by Sallbuy, very fine Saddle bag Suite (7 pieces), H.H. Suite (9 pieces). Silk Ext. Dining Table, pretty Overmantel (6 mirrors), Walnut Duchesse Pair, large Cedar Chest, 2 pair Cedar Chests, Black and Nickel Bedstead, Arabian Bedstead, Kauri Wardrobe, Violin in Case, Pictures, Curtains, Lines, Mats, Kitchen Utensils, etc.; also 20 pair Poultry. Terms, Cash.

McGEORGE BROS. and SAVAGE, Auctioneer, Preston, will sell as above under instructions from the owner who is leaving the State.

NORTHCOTE CENTRAL ESTATE AGENCY.

R. H. Taylor,

HOUSE, LAND and ESTATE AGENT, HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Town Hall).

Buyers waiting for following properties:

Brick Villa, near tram and train, about £550.

W.B. Cottage, 4 rooms, fair allotment, Northcote South, about £350.

Land near High Street. Several blocks wanted.

HOUSES and LAND FOR SALE. (Special Chances).

Near Croxton Station. W.B. Cottage, 4 rooms, sewered, nice allotment, £330.

Adjoining Northcote Station. W.B. Villa, 5 rooms, sewered, £325.

D.F.W.B. House, 6 rooms, 5 minutes from tram and train, £290.

Land (60ft. from tram line), 95ft. 6in x 120, builder's chance, 35/ ft.

Note Address: Opposite Town Hall.

Wanted.

BOYS wanted learn trade. Joshua Pitt, Leather Manufacturer, Croxton, Northcote.

GIRLS for light housework, 9 till 4; good wages. 24 Mitchell St., Northcote.

SMART Boys, over 16, for the Japanning trade. W. Zwar & Co., Parkville Tannery, Preston.

Amusements.

CROXTON TO-NIGHT at 8 o'clock.

BEST OPEN-AIR PROGRAMME ever placed before the Public of Northcote.

Special Engagement of the Two Stars, MELROSE & MENZIES, Direct from the Opera House, Melbourne's Leading Patter Team; also THE ROTH BROS., Your Favorite Comedians and Dancers.

Welcome back to MISS ELSIE MCCUINE, the Pleasing Balladist.

MISS ADELE MONTAGUE, the Chic Serio and Champion Dancer.

ALF COLLINS, direct from America, Coon Singer, Dancer and Comedian.

MISS MYRTLE MAY, the Petite Serio.

HARRY LEGGETT. Farce by the Company.

H. W. BALHARRY, Promoter.

THORNBURY OPEN-AIR PICTURE THEATRE.

THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING. GRAND ALL-PICTURE NIGHT! The 107th Night of the Season.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

The Management wish to announce that they have made special arrangements with Mr. C. Spencer, of the Olympia, to show The Great Star Picture, CAPTAIN STARLIGHT CAPTAIN STARLIGHT Principal Characters by Miss Lily Dampier and Mr. Alfred Rolfe.

Patrons are requested to Come Early and secure seats at 6d. Reserved at 1s.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Next Saturday Night, RUFUS DAWES.

Don't Forget, we show on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NIGHT CONCERT.

NORTHCOTE Presbyterian School Hall (near Station.)

CHRISTMAS FAIR, arranged by the Women's Guild. This Afternoon at 3, Interesting Programme by Children. Adults 3d, Children 1d. To-night at 8, Attractive Programme, including Northcote Bachelors' Quartet Party, Farley's Waxworks, etc. Adults 6d, Children 3d.

MONSTER PICTURE NIGHT (Under the auspices of the Northcote Rifle Club).

NORTHCOTE PARK, TUESDAY NEXT (in conjunction with The Amalgamated Pictures Ltd).

Northcote Municipal Band.

EXTRAORDINARY PROGRAMME! Includes following "Stars":—Tested by the Flag, At Sunset Ranch, The Trapper's Five Dollar Bill, Bobby the Coward, She Got the Money, etc., etc., and, above all, the Masterpiece—

THE KLONDYKE STEAL.

Absolutely the Best Entertainment ever held in the Park.

Band marches from Town Hall at 7 30.

Come and Enjoy this Christmas Treat.

Adults 6d. Children 3d. C. WILSON, G. KOMISKI } Hon. Secs

TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE, Tuesday Next, 19th Dec.

GRAND SOCIAL EVENING by PUPILS OF MISS MAGUIRE. In aid of Prize Fund.

Dancing from 7.45 to 12. Good Music. Tickets 1/. Miss W. NEYLON, Hon. Sec.

The Lyric Theatre

High Street, Northcote.

Two minutes from Railway Station.

Trams Stop at Door.

Grand Opening Night: Wednesday Next, 20th Dec.

The Finest and Most Comfortable Open-Air Picture Theatre in Suburban Melbourne.

Lyric	A	Theatre
Lyric	Programme	Theatre
Lyric	Unsurpassed.	Theatre
Lyric	A	Theatre
Lyric	Programme	Theatre
Lyric	Unparalleled.	Theatre
Lyric	A	Theatre
Lyric	Programme	Theatre
Lyric	to Please All.	Theatre
Lyric	High St., Northcote.	Theatre
Lyric	Every Evening	Theatre
Lyric	Every Evening	Theatre
Lyric	8 o'clock	Theatre
Lyric	8 o'clock	Theatre
Lyric	Popular Prices	Theatre
Lyric	Popular Prices	Theatre
Lyric	Complete Change of	Theatre
Lyric	Programme	Theatre
Lyric	Mondays and Thursdays	Theatre
Lyric	Complete Change of	Theatre
Lyric	Programme	Theatre
Lyric	Mondays and Thursdays	Theatre
Lyric	Prices: Adults 6d	Theatre
Lyric	Prices: Adults 6d	Theatre
Lyric	Prices: Children 3d	Theatre
Lyric	Prices: Children 3d	Theatre

SPECIAL XMAS PROGRAMME
SPECIAL XMAS PROGRAMME
SPECIAL XMAS PROGRAMME
SPECIAL XMAS PROGRAMME

CROXTON RECREATION GROUND.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 25th DEC., at 3 p.m.

GRAND FOOT-RUNNING SPORTS
GRAND FOOT-RUNNING SPORTS (Unregistered).

Sheffield Open Handicap, 120 yds. Nomination 2s. No acceptance. £4, 15s, 5s.

Novice Handicap, 100 yds. For runners that have never won a final. £2, 15s, 5s. Nomination 1s 6d. No acceptance.

220 yds. Open Handicap. £3, 15s, 5s. Nomination 2s. No acceptance.

Boys' Race, 100 yds. First, Gold Medal; 2nd, Silver Medal. Nomination 6d.

Ladies' Invitation Scratch Race, 75 yds. First prize, trophy.

Cash must accompany nomination. Last three performances must be given.

Entries close 20th December with H. W. BALHARRY, Croxton Park Hotel.

BOXING DAY, TUESDAY, 26th.

A GRAND BAZAAR and ART UNION
A GRAND BAZAAR and ART UNION
will be opened in the SHIRE HALL, EPPING, in aid of the Presbytery Building Fund, at 2.30, and continued nightly for a week. Interesting Competitions.

UP TO DATE ATTRACTIONS.

Prior to opening of Bazaar a diversified SPORTS PROGRAMME will be decided, first event at noon:—

Open Handicap of £2. Nomination 2s.
High Jump, 10s. Entry 1s.
Musical Chairs (Bicycle), 10s. Entry 1s.
Tug-of-War, Epping v. Woodstock.
Boys' Tug-of-War.

Nominations for Open Handicap close with T. McLaughlin, Sports Secretary, on Wednesday, 20th Dec. All other events post entry.

An Enjoyable Day's Amusement.

ED. JAS. DEA, Secretary.

§ Dr. Cole, P.M., threatens to make the fine for riding bicycles on footpaths £1 if 10s proves ineffective.

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(next Tharratt's).

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PRESTON.—Fine Corner Allotment Building Land, 60ft. x 135ft., 30/ per foot. Title Certificate.

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6 Hutton Street, NORTHCOTE. 176 Johnston Street, COLLINGWOOD.

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Hattam & Hattam

SPOT CASH DRAPERS

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Linenal Costumes in White, Tussore, Putty and Creme shades, good washing, stylish make; Xmas price 6/11.

White Muslin Costumes, Embroidered Panel Fronts, Blouse profusely trimmed with Val Insertion and Embroidery, also best quality muslin; Xmas price, 12/6.

One piece Costumes, in Navy, Pale Blue, Tussore and Putty, neatly piped & trimmed with buttons; Xmas price 12/6.

White Muslin Blouse, Embroidered Front, neatly tucked; Great Xmas Bargain, 1/11.

Ladies' Ready to Wear Hats in White Pique or Spotted Muslin, bound edge and trimmed in various colors; special Xmas price, 2/11.

Girls' College Hats, suitable for the holidays, a special line just opened up; Xmas price, 1/6.

Children's Pandam Hats, bound and banded with Navy Ribbon, nice for the seaside; Xmas price, 9½d each. Secure one early.

Children's Coast Guards, with Brown or Navy binding and bands, name on band, also button on crown; Special Xmas price, 1/11.

Children's Pandam Hats, various sizes; Special Xmas price, 7½d. A suitable holiday hat for the little ones.

Xmas Millinery.—See our special line of Holiday Hats for Ladies and Children, all at Holiday Prices.

Silk Blouses in White, Black or Navy, in various styles, extra good silk and guaranteed to wash and wear; Xmas price, all at 4/11.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

We are offering Special Values in Perfumes and Soaps, Fancy Handkerchiefs in Boxes, Dainty Neckwear and Belts, also a fine range of Gloves.

Ladies' Hand Bags and Purses and Smart Hosiery.

Embroidery Flouncing, very much worn, a Great Xmas Bargain, 12 in hee wide, 25 pieces, assorted designs, all at 1/6½ yd.

Gents' Mercery & Ties.

Our Mercery and Clothing Window has been most elaborately fitted and arranged with hundreds of su

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PUBLIC LIBRARY 27 DEC 1911

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The annual distri... nection with the abo... Fitzroy town hall on ... There was a very large a... being well filled. A ve... gramme was given by ... assistance of the instru... Miss Evelyn Ashley. M... couple of songs, includ... which ...

Chicken Meal, ... d Sand, also ... well, ... noots of Celebrated ... by th... RETORTED CHARCOAL.

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HUNDREDS OF PAIRS SOLD EVERY WEEK.

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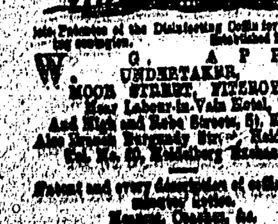

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A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.

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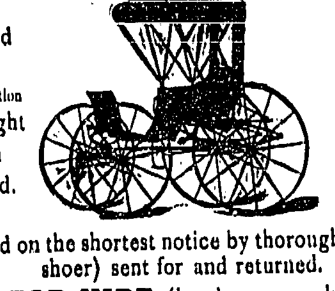

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Made Specially for Country. Built for Squatters and Farmers.

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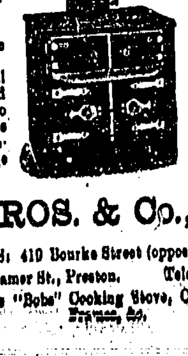
The flues are built on a liberal scale, which ensures a good draught and makes it easy to clean. The fire doors are made to open out full width of fire-box, giving room for large wood.



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No. 3, burns 29in. wood, £4 10s

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No. 4, burns 41in. wood £8 (with double oven doors).

Double oven doors, 2/6 extra.

Heavy Copper Boilers, 35/-, add 6 inches to length of Stove

Will not burn out.

Is the strongest One-Fire Oven made and a splendid baker.

High pressure coils and boiler, £3 10/- extra.

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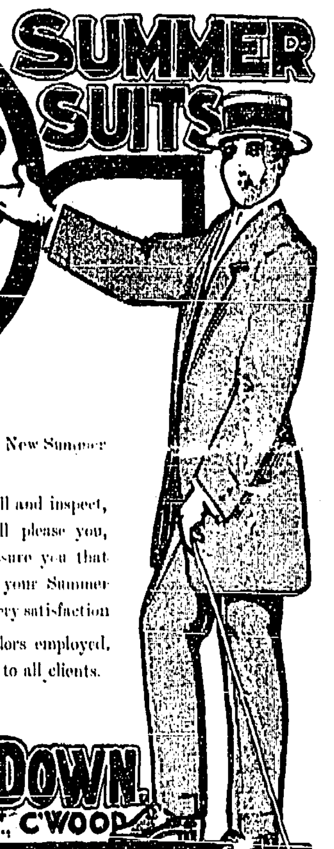

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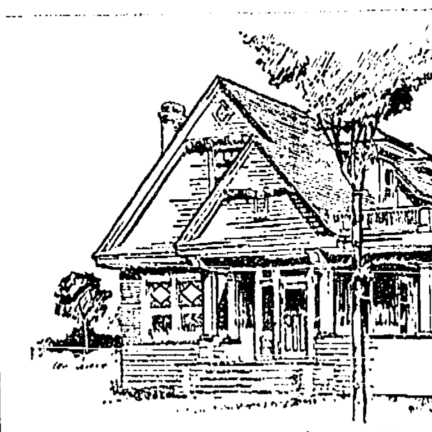

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has been a house too dull or gloomy for us to "brighten up" with paint or paperhangings. It's a peculiar fact that eight of the last ten houses we have "done up" were sold in a week. We simply knew the way to go about the ceilings, cornices, walls 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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RESOLVED

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These are the two best resolutions you can make.

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Best Currants, 6½d
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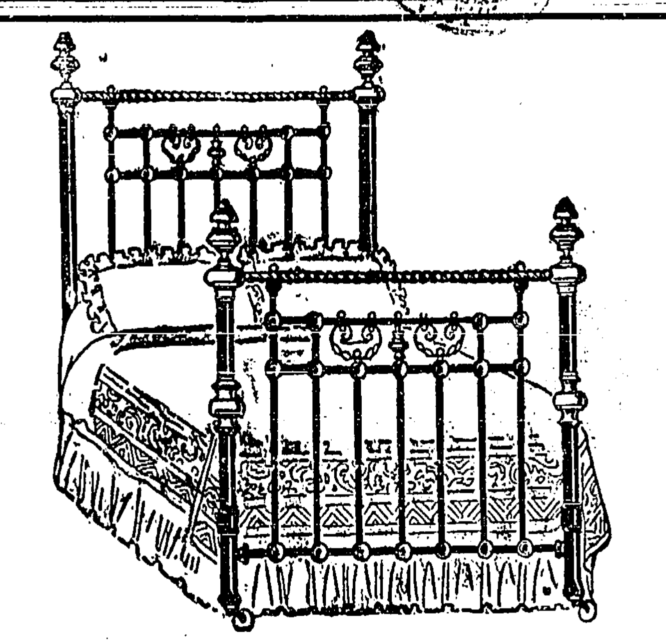
I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare 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 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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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.

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Speciality.

Horses, Mares, and all Stock insured against all risks of mortality.

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For further particulars apply to Local Agents,

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MISS DOWLMAN'S

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(Opp. Dennis Street).

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

CONFECTIONERY AND SUMMER DRINKS.

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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.

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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,

92 EASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day.

Telephone 6204, Central

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

Printing!

Work of Every Class executed at the LEADER OFFICE

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 ..

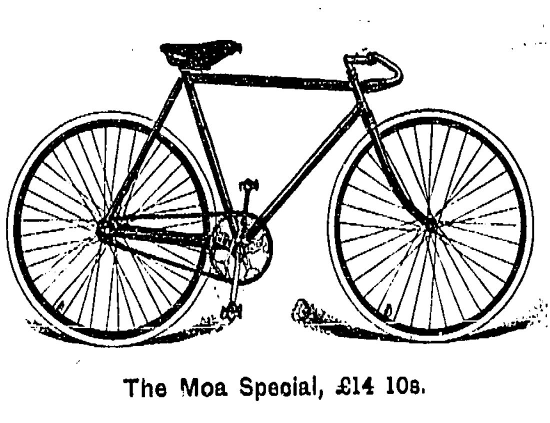
WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED

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.

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.*

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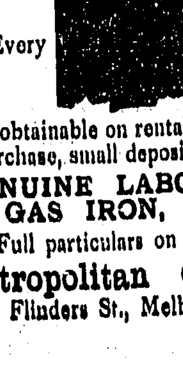
AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY

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, Phones 8163 (6 lines)

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 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 ... viceable Suit at bed-rock prices ... article made on the premises ... workmen and under personal ... Country orders attend... utmost despatch.

Don't forget the a... "Our Tai...

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, now 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 REMOVED

(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).

MRS. BRICE

WISHES her old friends and new to know that she has REMOVED to 220 High Street Northcote, with a New Stock of Cheap Boots and Shoes with all her other good lines. Repairs Neatly Executed. Note the Address—Next to Mr. Merson's Cycle Shop.

G. McKEOHNIE,

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:
Morning and evening, Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A.
Christmas Day:
Holy Communion, 7 30 a.m.
Morning Service, 10.30 a.m.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY (Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
3 p.m., Distribution of S.S. Prizes.
4.15 p.m., Holy Baptism.
7 p.m., Advent Message to Parents (2).
Xmas Day:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Xmas Message.
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "The Visit of the Wise Men."
Evening subject, "A Study of the Incarnation."
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the [illegible] Grove Hall on Sunday evening at [illegible]

[illegible]T Presbyterian Church [illegible] Fergus Ferguson. Ad[illegible]rade (corner Smith St.)

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. J. G. McMBREY.
Evening, Rev. P. KNIGHT.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. P. KNIGHT.
Evening, Mr. A JENKIN.
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. F. BOUNDY.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES

Christmas Sunday.
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. B. BOND; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject—"Glad Tidings of Great Joy."
STH. PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. C. PERRIN; 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.

Local Government

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE

WIDTH OF TIRES.

Notice is hereby given that by an Order of the Governor-in-Council the provisions of the "Local Government Act 1903" prescribing the width of Tires for vehicles used for cartage will have full force and effect within the Town of Northcote on and after the 1st day of July, 1912.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices, Northcote,
21st December, 1911.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE

DOG INSPECTOR AND CATTLE RANGER.

Applications will be received until the 15th day of January, 1912, from persons qualified for the position of Dog Inspector and Cattle Ranger, salary at the rate of £1 per week and a percentage on the amount of Dog Registration Fees collected. Particulars of duties may be obtained on application at this office. Personal canvass of Councillors will be deemed a disqualification. Applications are to be addressed to "The Mayor, Town of Northcote," and be endorsed "Inspector."

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices, Northcote,
21st December, 1911.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

WIDTH OF TIRES ACT.

The Ratepayers of Epping Shire are hereby informed that the Preston Shire Council have notified us that they will apply the Width of Tires Act to their Municipality on 1st September, 1912.

JAS. RYAN,
Shire Secretary.

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

REMOVAL OF NIGHTSOIL.

All Unpaid Pan Fee Charges for the Quarter ending March 31st, 1912, must be paid at the Shire Office on or before the 15th January or the service will be discontinued.

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

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

Established (1854) 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, Manager.

Local Agent: J. TYNAN,
Land and Estate Agent,
321 High Street, Northcote.

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

CHRISTMAS SALE OF MILLINERY!

Special Lines of Untrimmed Hats for holiday wear, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11. Trimmed Hats, Flowers & Trimmings Reduced. Ninon and Crystaline Veils in all colors.

MRS. HOLLAND

118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood

Corsets to suit all figures from 1/11 to 18/6.

IMPORTANT.

Useful Presents for All!

Don't Fail to Inspect

F. G. SMITH'S

Display of Christmas Drapery, Millinery and Men's Mercery.

245 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

MRS. POWELL, *of High street, Northcote, desires to intimate that she has 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 AGAIN!

F. T. EAGLES

Pharmaceutical & Consulting Chemist,

Has pleasure in informing his old friends and the public of Northcote and surrounding districts generally that he has

RESUMED BUSINESS

at his old & well-known Pharmacy,

281 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE

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 has 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 Ill-Fitting Plates Re Modelled. All Extractions Painless.

Xmas Gift Footwear!

What to give is often a problem difficult to solve. Here's a suggestion. Give a really good pair of Boots or Shoes. There is never any doubt as to their acceptability for the need is an every-day one

For Xmas Gifts

Hurst's are showing some very fine Shoes—the finest the World produces. Xmas shipments have just been opened up, including the new "Health" Shoes, Krippendorff's, Snow's, and other well-known English and Continental makers

In Australian Goods

—our own manufacture—there are some fine Shoes that do credit to the skill of Australian workmen, and for style and finish will stand comparison with any of the imported lines.

Robert Hurst

"The Home of Good Footwear,"

293A High St., Northcote

Melbourne, All Suburbs, Ballarat, & Wonthaggi

L.M.W.

Law

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE,

SOLICITORS

AND

CONVEYANCERS,

MARKET BUILDINGS, 445 COLLINS STREET MELBOURNE.

Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE, "Craigielea," James St., Northcote.

MADDEN, DRAKE & CANDY

SOLICITORS,
PROCTORS,
CONVEYANCERS,
"THE OLDERFLEET" (First Floor),
No. 475 COLLINS STREET.
Tel. 126.

Mr. R. Candy's 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—"Fyllingdales," 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.

Professional

A. W. ANGIER,

EYE-SIGHT SPECIALIST,

Official Optician to Victorian Rifle Assn.

Thorough Scientific Sight-Testing.

Rimless and Rimmed Eye-Glasses and Spectacles, &c., of all descriptions.

117 COLLINS ST. EAST (a few doors above Russell Street), Melbourne.

Phone 8151. Personal Attention.

W. J. DAVIS

Desires to intimate that he has purchased and taken over the business of

W. G. FEGENT,

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 it 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 Speciality. Only the best of Drugs used.

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.

L. BRENNECKE (Royal Cons., Cologne & Berlin),

VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY and COUNTERPOINT.

KEMP STREET, NORTHCOTE.

MISS QUEKNIR PARKER, A.L.C.M.,
Receives and Visits Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for London College, Conservatorium, &c., Exams.
"Normax," 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—
183 High St. (opp. Town Hall), Northcote

MRS. A. T. EARL, TEACHER of the VIOLIN.
Terms, moderate, on application.
Correspondence invited.
Pupils visited or received at "Bushwood," Dundas St., 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.

Architects

PLANS, Specifications, &c., prepared. Sketches and Advice absolutely free Competent and experienced draftsman "Architect," *Leader* office.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers and Others.

Our Readers and Patrons are hereby notified that there will be **no publication** of the "Leader" on Saturday next, 30th December, 1911.

Our printing establishment will be Closed on the 25th and 26th December and on the 1st and 2nd January.

WHALLEY BROS.

"Leader" Office,
22nd December, 1911.

Marriage.

VINCENT—BARNARD (Diamond Wedding).—On the 10th December, 1851, at the Parish Church of S. Michael, Gloucester, England, by the Rev. Charles Hardwick, Thomas, youngest son of Simon Vincent, to Eliza M., daughter of the late William Barnard.
Present address: "Lockhampton," Shaftesbury Parade, Northcote, Victoria.

The Leader

NATION TO ALL

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

The Season's Greeting

We wish our Readers and Friends A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

By invitation of the Mayor and Mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. H. Bastings), the wives of councillors and officers were present at Monday evening's meeting of the Northcote Town Council. After business was disposed of, an adjournment was made to the mayor's room, where refreshments were served, a Christmas cake cut, the season's greetings exchanged, and several toasts honoured. The Mayor, in replying to the toast of his health, said this year promised to be a memorable one, as they had several important undertakings to carry out with the £20,000 they had arranged to borrow. The ladies would probably be glad to hear that one of those undertakings was the erection of a new hall, which would enable them to enjoy any social events better than in the past. Other toasts honored were "The Ladies," proposed by Cr. Hayes, and to which the Mayoress responded, "The Officers," "The Press," and "The new J.P., Cr. Hayes." A very pleasant social hour was spent, and the hospitality of the Mayor and Mayoress was much appreciated.

Ex Cr. Williams was invited to the Northcote council meeting on Monday evening in order that he might be presented with an address, setting forth the council's appreciation of his services to the town during the three years he was a member of the council. The Mayor (Cr. Bastings), in making the presentation, referred to the fact that during his comparatively short term, ex Cr. Williams had held the position of chairman of the finance committee, chairman of the tramway committee and was a member of the library committee, and in all of these positions he had done good work. Mr. Williams was a young man yet and ere long they would probably have the pleasure of welcoming him back to the council. In acknowledging the address, ex Cr. Williams observed that a celebrated Englishman had protested that the painter of his portrait had not shown a certain wart on his face. He was afraid that those who had been responsible for drawing up his address had also left the "wart" out. (Laughter). Similar addresses were also provided for ex Crs. Robb and Bainbridge, who were unable to be present. The mayor referred appreciatively to the work these two gentlemen had done while in the council.

When the teaching staff at the Northcote State School resumes work in the new year there will be four of the old teachers missing. Owing to promotion and transfer several changes have taken place. Miss Spring, after seven years' service, goes to Ascot Vale, and the staff presented her with a silver flower stand. Miss Tyler and Miss Hodder, who have been associated with the school for the last dozen years, have received promotion, and were presented with a silver-backed mirror and silver jewel casket respectively. Miss Hodder, it may be remarked, had charge of the physical culture instruction, and was therefore responsible for the many delightful exhibitions given by the scholars. Miss Smith, a sixth class teacher, has also gained promotion, and although only 18 months at the school she won the good will of the staff who gave her a very pretty cream n°. The head teacher (Mr. Bishop) expressed regret that his forces were subject to such wholesale change, and spoke in terms of praise of the proficiency and earnestness of the teachers they were losing. The presentations were made by the district inspector (Mr. W. Park, M.A.), who commended Mr. Bishop and his staff on the very high standard the school had attained and for the excellent discipline that prevailed in all the classes.

The annual meeting of the Northcote branch of the Political Labour Council was held on Wednesday evening, when there was a fair attendance of members. A resolution was passed protesting against the Northcote council giving the right to a company to light the town with electricity, and urging the council to start the enterprise under their own control. A report was received from delegates on Board Memorial Committee, stating that £375 had been raised by the art union for Mrs. Board and family. After routine business the following officers were appointed:—President, Mr. G. Baker; vice-presidents, Messrs Findlay and Bryan; secretary, Mr. R. Alway; treasurer, Mr. H. Perkins; auditors, Messrs Demaston and Baker. The appointment of committee was held over till next meeting, which is to be held about January 19.

Regarding the erection of the new station at Westgarth and duplication of the Heidelberg line, Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., has, in response to a personal enquiry, received the following from Mr. E. B. Jones, the Acting Secretary for Railways:—"I have pleasure in informing you that it is anticipated that tenders will be called for the erection of the new station buildings at Westgarth within two months, and that it is hoped that a commencement will be made with the duplication works a week or so after the new year."

On Thursday at the Prince of Wales' Park School the committee of the school entertained the scholars on their breaking up for the Xmas holidays. The children went through some very pretty evolutions in club drill and dumbbell exercises. They also gracefully executed some very pretty dances, including the Russian dance and Morris dance, the last named being very pretty and effective. There were a number of the parents present, who greatly enjoyed the items provided by the children, which reflected great credit on their instructresses, Misses Fleming and Deane. Just as these items were finishing Father Christmas arrived in his conveyance loaded with toys, accompanied by his jester, whose antics greatly amused the children. After Father Christmas had distributed his toys and sweets to the children the school broke up for the holidays. Amongst those present were the mayoress (Mrs. Bastings) Cr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Hardess (head teacher), Mr. Ludlow (chairman of committee), Mr. Hosken (secretary), Mr. DeLancy, Rev. Mackay, and Mr. Short (members of the committee), who all worked their hardest to give each scholar some share in the good will that prevails at this season of the year, and by the happy faces of the children they evidently achieved their desired object.

The Northcote Rifle Club's picture concert in the park on Tuesday night was a disappointing affair—more particularly from the club's standpoint. The weather, so important an element in the success of an open-air entertainment, was cold and threatening, and caused the thousands who were expected to remain away; the Northcote Municipal Brass Band was engaged to play several selections, and to rouse the people by playing march tunes en route to the park from the town-hall, but unforeseen circumstances prevented their appearance; and the last draw back to the evening's pleasure was the unreliability of the operating machine. The next time the club runs a picture show we wish it better luck.

A fancy fair, organized by three juvenile citizens, Masters A. Williams, J. Cooper and B. Tuton, was held at "Ellesmore," Merri street, on Saturday last, the object being to raise some funds for the purpose of providing Xmas toys for some of the children of the Homes. The function proved a great success. The youngsters, made happy by spending their pennies, and devouring ice cream, had the additional pleasure of being able to forward 10s to the Homes of Hope, Collingwood.

The combined Northcote and Preston branches of the People's Liberal Party enjoyed a very happy day at South Morang, the occasion being the first annual drag picnic. After a splendid lunch, Mr. F. Maldon Robb, M.A., L.L.D., by way of dessert, congratulated Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., on his magnificent victory and delivered an eloquent address on current politics, to a very enthusiastic gathering. Mr. Membrey met with quite an ovation on rising to move a vote of thanks to the speaker. He said he took the occasion to express his deep gratitude to all the members of the Liberal organisations in his electorate for their great work and the splendid result they had achieved at the last State election. After the sports and various games all sat down to do justice to an excellent tea. Before starting homewards the occupants of all the drags joined in singing the National Anthem, which concluded a very happy day. Cr. Dennis proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies, which was responded to by Mrs. Isaac in a happy speech.

In the annual examination held under the auspices of the Church of England Sunday School Association for the Diocese of Melbourne Holy Trinity, Thornbury, gained 70 passes, thus securing third place for the J. O. Love prize, which means a gain of £2 to the Sunday School funds. The annual distribution of prizes will take place at the Sunday School at 3 p.m. to-morrow and a Xmas Tree and lantern entertainment (free) this afternoon and evening.

Gwalia Lodge U.A.O.D. held their annual Xmas entertainment in the lodge room on Monday evening. There was a crowded attendance and, like its predecessors, the event was in every respect most successful and enjoyable. A programme of musical items, fancy dancing, &c., was rendered, after which all present were regaled with light refreshments. Father Christmas then made his appearance and every child present received at his hands a toy from the well-laden Xmas tree, and also a bag of sweets. The committee who carried out the affair are to be congratulated on the completeness of their arrangements.

NORTH WARD SEWERAGE EASEMENT AGAIN.

DEADLOCK CONTINUES.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote to the Northcote council on Monday evening stating they had re-considered the matter of easement in the north ward and again decided that they could not proceed with the work of sewerage in that locality until the council decides to grant the necessary easements free of cost.

Cr. Woolhouse said he had again waited on the two committees but could not shift them from this attitude. They said they were prepared to wait as long as the Northcote council. He did not know that anything could be done except they offered them the land for £25 instead of £50.

Getting a hint from Cr. Woolhouse that there was some chance of this compromise being accepted,

Cr. Plant moved that the settlement of the matter be left in Cr. Woolhouse's hands.

Cr. Dennis said this would give Cr. Woolhouse power to part with the easement for nothing. He thought the council should take the responsibility.

Cr. Woolhouse said it would pay the council to let the Board have the easement. They were only making a rod for their own backs by holding out. The Board sniffed when any application came from Northcote now.

Cr. Hayes said he had spoken to Commissioner Bloss about the matter, but the language he used was only fit for a larrikin. He (Cr. Hayes) was subjected to insult. They should stand out for a fair thing for the easement or make the Board a present of it.

Cr. Lees said he would rather pay portion of the £25 out of his own pocket than come here haggling night after night. They would have to beg the Board to put the sewer through in the end, so he would move that they be given the easement for nothing.

Cr. Henderson seconded.

Cr. Tharratt advised that matters be allowed to stand as they are, while Cr. Redmond urged that the council should "stick out" for compensation.

Cr. Woolhouse—The chairman of the Board told me he believed they had power to go through and the council could sue them for damages. If they did so the council would have a very poor case.

Cr. Plant—That's the very thing we want the Board to do and I will withdraw my case.

The mayor said that in the first place the council had paid money for the land for drainage purposes, and it would be damaged by a sewer going through it, so as a business proposition they should receive compensation.

Cr. Plant having withdrawn his motion,

The mayor moved that the whole of the correspondence be thrown open to the Press, which was carried.

THORNBURY PARK ESTATE.

HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL SALE.

The attendance at the subdivisional sale of villa sites at the Thornbury Park Estate last Saturday afternoon was a record one, several hundred people being in attendance. The sides of the spacious marquee, in which the sale was held, had to be taken down so as to provide accommodation for the numerous buyers and others.

The first lot sold, having a frontage of 60 feet to Fyffe street by a depth of 125 feet, realised 23s a foot, and then about one hundred lots were sold at prices ranging from 15s to 28s 6d. After the sale some lots were disposed of privately, and many others have been sold during the week. The sale was conducted by Messrs Nicol, Miller and Co., Mr. A. Miller acting as auctioneer.

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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 *Leader* will not be published next Saturday, 30th inst.

Instead of showing signs of "going off" in the egg laying competition Mr. W. G Swift's pen of white leghorns are improving on recent records, their tally for last week being 36. They have now a clear lead of 40 from the next best pen, and look like winning the competition.

By their art union the Labor folk have raised the sum of £375 for the widow and family of the late Mr. Harry Beard.

We chronicle to day the unusual event of a diamond wedding celebration—that of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vincent, of Shaftesbury parade, Northcote. They were married at the Parish church of St. Michael, Gloucester, England, on 10th December, 1851. At this festive season we feel sure we may take the liberty, on behalf of all our readers, to convey heartiest congratulations and the wish that the esteemed and venerable couple may still enjoy "many happy days."

Alexandra College was established in April, 1890, twenty one years ago, and the present principal, Mr. R. E. Farr, has been in command for twenty years.

Northcote Cricket Club have received further recognition from the selectors of the Association. Norman Brown is again chosen to represent Victoria against New South Wales and Dave Plant is emergency. Fred Yeomans is one of the colts team to play in Sydney on Boxing Day.

A notification of interest to Preston householders will be found in our advertising columns.

Citizens are notified that the Northcote Free Library will be closed during the holidays on the following dates:—December 23rd, 24 h, 25th, 26 h, 27.h, 30th, 31st, and January 1st and 2nd.

Residents of Preston are delighted at the suggestion of Cr. Barr, to run the new trams from the Northcote terminus along the Plenty road, down Tyler street to High street, Preston. This will open up entirely new territory and provide travelling facilities for a rapidly growing part of Preston. Cr. Crispe is to be complimented upon the good work he has done in this matter.

Christmas requisites galore are displayed at Hattam and Hattams, where seasonable drapery of every descriptions to be obtained at bedrock value.

A number of young men connected with the Preston Methodist Church are going to sing a number of Christmas carols on Sunday evening in High street, opposite the Methodist church, after the evening service.

The many friends of Mrs. McArthur Smith, of the Highlands, South Yan Yean, will regret to hear of the somewhat sudden death of her father, Mr. Lee Brown, of Armadale, while on a visit to his daughter. Mr. Lee Brown is an old colonist and was for years a highly esteemed resident of the St. Arnaud district.

In connection with their display of Christmas drapery, millinery, &c., F. G. Smith has stocked a fine collection of articles suitable for presents.

Applications are invited by the Northcote Town Council for the position of dog inspector and cattle ranger, particulars of which are advertised.

Owners of drays, waggons, etc., are notified that on and after the 1st day of July, 1912, the Width of Tires Act will come into operation within the Town of Northcote.

Mr. R. Archbold, ex mayor of Northcote, who left for London in August last, returned last Sunday by the Adelaide express. He is in the best of health, has had a most enjoyable and successful trip, and has received a hearty welcome home.

Every child attending the Croxton open air concert to-night will be presented with a toy by Father Christmas, in addition to which there will be an exceptionally fine programme of pictures and vaudeville pleasure. These entertainments are very largely patronised when weather conditions are favorable.

Bangles, rings, brooches, sleeve-links, and a large variety of silverware, suitable for Xmas gifts, may be procured at Walker's, High street south, far below city rates.

The Lyric Theatre Proprietary announce nightly picture entertainments. A special Christmas entertainment has been arranged, including the Biblical story, "David and Goliath," and sacred solos by Melbourne artists.

The masculine gender (men and boys) will find an inexhaustible range of fashionable and artistic goods at Hattam and Hattam's, men's mercers, Northcote.

The star picture at the Thornbury theatre to night is "The life of Rufus Dawes," one of the conspicuous characters in Marcus Clarke's thrilling story "For the Term of His Natural Life."

A grand sacred picture service, comprising the impressive Passion Play and other elevating pictures, will be given at the Thornbury open air theatre on Christmas night, a synopsis of which appears in another column. The management also announce that these entertainments will be held on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights.

What to get for your children and your friends for Christmas a visit to Walker's fancy supply store will convince you. Next Stott and Bastings.

MISS M. V. MAGUIRE'S PUPILS CONCERT.

The fourth annual entertainment given by the pupils of Miss M. V. Maguire was held in the Northcote town-hall on Tuesday night last. There was a very large attendance and the two dozen items of music, song and story, with here and there a fancy dance, kept the audience interested and well entertained for a couple of hours. Without exception, Miss Maguire's pupils acquitted themselves in a manner that gained for them all round commendation and afforded conclusive proof of the thorough way they were being taught. They were admirably assisted by singers, reciters, violinists and fancy dancers, an innovation which was greatly appreciated by the large audience present. The Misses W. Neylon and M. V. Maguire shared the accompaniments. The mayor (Cr. Bastings) presented the medals won during the year. Following is the programme:—Trio, Bewitching Gavot, Messrs H. Neylon, A. Kelly, L. Porteous; solo, valse, "Druids," Miss L. Nugent; violin solo, "La Serenata," Master W. McBeath; dance, Sailors' Hornpipe, Miss V. Lindsay (Champion of Victoria); solo, "Barcarole," Miss A. Wilcox (gold medalist), recitation, Miss E. Roberts; "Sous Les Billeuls," Miss E. Hayes; trio, "Perfumes de Rosea," Misses F. Griffiths, F. Hatton, F. Gloster; solo, "Alla Turca," Miss M. Maloney; song and dance, "Since Miss Gibbs came to town," Miss M. Newbold; solo, "Chopin," Miss V. O Neill; solo, selected, Miss L. Moore; jugling, E. & F. Norris; solo, "Sunshine and Shade," Miss I. Norris; song, Mr. Moore; solo, Miss M. Moore; duet, Misses M. and W. Neylon; solo, Miss J. Huxtable; trio, "Hungarian Dance," Messrs E. and A. Norriss and W. Warden; solo, "Prelude in C sharp Minor," Miss A. Wilcox; solo, "Rachmoninoff," Master T. Bach; Irish Jig, Miss V. Lindsay; solo, Miss W. Neylon.

NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY.

NEWSPAPER ATTACK RESENTED BY THE MAYOR.

At the meeting of the Northcote town council on Monday evening the mayor (Cr. Bastings) stated that in the *Age* of the 15th inst. a paragraph had appeared reflecting on the library and its management. He had no objection to fair criticism, but when the paragraph was full of inaccuracies he felt bound to reply to it. As mayor of the town and president of the library committee he wrote a letter to the editor and took it in himself. He could not see the editor but saw the chief of staff, who gave him to understand that the letter would be published, but instead there appeared a paragraph with only one or two points that suited their own ends. Had they published the letter they could have gone on criticising to their heart's desire. The Press in taking up a matter like this should be sure of their facts first.

Cr Harry moved that the action of the mayor be endorsed, which was agreed to.

NORTHCOTE ESTIMATES.

SALARIES SLIGHTLY INCREASED.

RATE STANDS AT 2s 3d.

At the meeting of the Northcote town council on Monday evening the estimates of receipts and expenditure for the coming year were adopted. Receipts are anticipated (including recoup for drainage works in Heidelbergshire of £3569) amounting to £21 209 15s 5d, the principal items being £12 280 from a rate of 2s 3d in the pound and £1500 for tram rent. On the expenditure side the chief items are—Interest and sinking fund on loans, £,960 16s; tram running account, £676; lighting, £1213; carriage, £1449; day labor, £1971; metal, £1250; salaries, £1327; new works in the wards, £600; and contingencies, £477.

The salary of the rate collector (Mr. J. A. Thomson) has been increased from £3 to £3 10s a week; of the assistant town clerk from £1 10s to £2 a week; assistant rate collector will receive a "rise" of 5s a week; while the meat inspector's salary is brought up to £200 a year.

Cr. Tharratt said he did not see why these officers should get a rise simply because they asked for it. Only ordinary ability was required, and the hours were short.

The mayor said the matter had been talked over downstairs and those present were unanimously of opinion that these rises were only a fair thing, especially in the case of the rate collector.

NORTHCOTE P.L.C. AND ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Northcote Branch P.L.C. forwarded to the Northcote council on Monday evening a resolution they had passed protesting against them handing over their electric lighting to any outside company and urging them to undertake such enterprise themselves.

Cr. Lees said an impression had got abroad that it was intended to hand over their streets to some outside power, but all they were proposing to do at present was to buy current. In time they might have a generating plant of their own.

Cr. Lees moved that a reply be sent that it was not their intention to hand over their streets to any outside company.

Cr. Dennis advised that no reply be sent, as they really did not know what they would do yet.

The motion was lost.

NORTHCOTE AND ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

W. A. Angliss, for the Clifton Brickworks, wrote to the Northcote council on Monday evening intimating that it was their intention to install an electric plant and offering to supply current for the service of the town. They would like to know date tender was required by also approximate quantities likely to be required.

A resolution was carried that a representative of the Clifton Brick Co. be requested to attend a meeting of the committee, to be held early in the year.

CROXTON RECREATION RESERVE.

REGISTRATION APPLIED FOR.

J. J. Randall, on Monday evening applied to the Northcote Town Council for the registration of the Croxton Recreation Reserve. He might state that the ground has been thoroughly sewered and sanitary conveniences placed thereon to meet the public requirements; and also that good conduct had always been maintained.

Cr. Woolhouse moved that the application be granted, subject to the reports of the police and other officers being favourable.

The mayor asked Cr. Woolhouse to defer his motion till the reports of the officers be obtained.

PUPILS ENTERTAINED.

The annual pupils' party of Miss Queenie Parker, A.L.C.M., was held in the Rechabite hall on December 16th, and proved an undoubted success. The younger pupils arrived about 2.30, and various games and races were entered into with great spirit. Tea was on tables at 5 o'clock, presided over by the hostess and and several kind friends, to which 40 sat down, and having done justice to the good things provided, played games until 7.30, when they dispersed to make room for the elder pupils, who arrived with other friends at 8 o'clock, when a lengthy programme was gone through, including piano solos, trios, duets, dancing, singing and phonograph selections. The feature of the evening was the fancy dancing by Miss Myrtle Vickers, who gave harem and clog dances in suitable costume, assisted by her little pupil, Ina Jones, who gave tamborine dance in a pretty style. After supper Mr. Rycroft, on behalf of the pupils, presented Miss Parker with a sterling silver set, consisting of comb, hair brush, clothes brush, hand mirror, and pair of perfume bottles. Mr. Parker responded, after which dancing and games were continued until 11 30, when the company, which numbered one hundred, joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne, bringing a pleasant afternoon and evening to a close with three cheers for Miss Parker.

Northcote and Fairfield Land.

Messrs Stott and Bastings, in conjunction with Membrey and Deane, report a successful sale of allotments in Northcote and Fairfield on Saturday. A corner block, Westgarth and Leonard streets, 131 x 130, reached 28/6 a ft.; Leonard street, 66 x 104 18/- ft.; Mary street, 60 x 104, 12/- ft.; a large block in Clarendon street, 280 ft. x 115 ft., went at 15s a foot; Gordon street, 100 ft. x 132 ft., 13s a ft.; St. George's grove, 39 ft. x 90 ft., 12s a ft.; corner of Station and Duncan streets, 82 ft. 6 in. x 197 ft., 39s a ft., was taken. Gordon street, Fairfield, 66 ft. x 120 ft., 20s a ft.; Rushall street, Fairfield, 132 ft. x 120 ft., 16s a ft.; Fulham road, 66 ft. x 138 ft., 9s a ft.; corner Grange and Evans street, 87 ft. x 120 ft., 8s a foot. Total sales, £997 11s 9d. Mr. H. Bastings was the auctioneer.

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

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PROPOSED ELECTRIC TRAM TO PRESTON.

CONFERENCE

A conference to consider the question of linking up Fitzroy, [illegible] by means of a tram[illegible] hall, Preston, on [illegible] were present Cr[illegible] Allchin (repres[illegible] Smith, Harry, [illegible] Wheeler, Barr, Boo[illegible] (Fitzroy).

Cr. Robertson, presid[illegible] presided and welcomed the [illegible] believed that the running of [illegible] to Preston would be the means of [illegible] a great deal of fresh settlement [illegible] would also benefit the western portion [illegible] Northcote considerably, as well as benefiting Fitzroy from a business point of view.

Cr. Crispe (Preston), who initiated the movement, said that if they wanted any encouragement in the enterprise they could get it from the experience of the new Malvern tramway, and also from the Northcote tramway.

Cr. Barr (Fitzroy) thought that his council would be prepared to assist the movement. The greatest drawback of the northern suburbs had always been want of proper means of communication. From the immigration Melbourne was going to receive a large accession of population. A manufacturer had told him that within the past five weeks he had put on 30 new hands all from across the seas. If they were going to secure their fair share of this population they must be on equal terms with other suburbs so far as travelling facilities are concerned.

Cr. Johnson said the southern suburbs were using every means to attract population, and it behoved these suburbs to do their utmost to counteract it. He would move—

"That this conference considers that the time is ripe for the linking up of Preston Northcote, and Fitzroy by means of a tramway."

Cr. Howe seconded the motion.

Cr. Barr remarked that it [illegible] depend on the feeling towards the scheme in the Northcote and Preston councils.

Cr. Harry said the fact that this line would be a serious rival to their own tramway would naturally have to be considered by Northcote.

Cr. Barr observed that there was no suburb within four miles of the G.P.O that had so much vacant land as Northcote.

Cr. Lees said this was more due to the unmade streets than to the want of travelling facilities.

Cr. Allchin said he thought they should keep as far away from the railway as possible. He favored a line along Plenty road perhaps as far as Bundoora, and another towards the western boundary of the municipality.

Cr Barr said he thought the point of entry to Preston from Fitzroy and Northcote should be at Dundas street, with lines then circulating up High street and Plenty road and crossing at Tyler street. The new line and the existing tram line could then be used at will.

This scheme so far as route was concerned was generally approved.

The resolution was agreed to unanimously.

On the question of finance,

Cr. Crispe said he did not think the matter of £100,000 should frighten them, seeing that the Northcote tram of 2¼ miles could pay a rent of £1560 and give a good profit to the lessees besides.

Cr. Wheeler said he thought Fitzroy would bear a reasonable portion of the expense.

Cr. Lees agreed with Cr. Harry that Northcote's vested interests would have to be considered. For the most part the municipality was already pretty well catered for by trams and trains.

Cr. Crispe—You must look at it on broad lines.

Cr. Barr—Too trams resulted in an enormous loss to Fitzroy. At the same time we are not prepared to play the dog in the manger.

After further discussion,

Cr. Crispe moved that a sub committee of two be appointed from each municipality to gather all necessary data on which to base a scheme, and submit to a future meeting of the conference.

The motion was agreed to, and Crs. Barr, Wheeler

Grandfather Tick-Tick.

By ALICE MANNERS,
Author of "The Christmas Stocking," &c.

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Benjy stood in the passage of the little cottage outside the parlor listening. The old man with a hooky nose was there again talking to mother. She said he was a Jew, but Benjy thought he must be the husband of a witch, he was so like a picture in his nursery rhyme book; besides, witches were horrid people, and mother always cried after the man went, and said:

"I won't do it, Benjy. I won't."

The boy was all ears.

"You'll let me have it this time, Mrs. Drayton," he heard the Jew say. "I'll spring a bit and make it £10. It's Christmas-time, and the money will be useful. What's an old clock worth to you?"

"What's the clock worth to me?" Benjy was surprised at the fierceness of his mother's voice. "It's my pride, that's what it is. The thing has been in my family for generations, and the name of my ancestors is registered inside the door. As I've often told you, if I sold the clock I'd have no sense of decency left. I hold by my family, Mr. Isaacs, it's a good long line, and though we're poor enough now, it wasn't always so, by no means. My dead husband knew what I thought of the Grandfather clock which I brought him. 'Stick to that, Liz,' he says, 'stick to it, and let Benjy love and guard it.'"

"Stuff and nonsense! I'm offering good hard cash. I can't understand you, Mrs. Drayton."

"No, you can't," replied the woman scornfully, "and it seems I'm not able to make you."

The Jew bent and passed his hands over the carving, feeling his way lovingly up the clock as though revelling in its satiny surface. He turned his head and fixed her with his prominent black eyes, like a hawk fascinating its prey.

"I'm going to tell you something," he said, "that in my profession we don't mention as a rule when buying. I want that clock, and when you need £20 down in cash, just send me word and it's yours."

Mrs. Drayton gasped. Isaacs had begun by offering her £3 when he first spied the clock in his travels, looking for ancient furniture. Now he had sprung from £10 to £20, and it staggered her. So far she had resisted, but £20! Visions of many comforts floated before her eyes. For the moment she was tempted.

Benjy peeped and saw her waver. He trembled, for he loved old Grandfather Tick-Tick.

Then she drew herself up.

"No," she almost thundered, startling Benjy and the Jew man. "Leave this house. I won't be tempted to dishonor my family by selling what them that has gone before prized and left to me. It will take a good deal of hardship to make me do that."

"You never can tell," and Isaacs rubbed his hands together in an oily manner. "There's no harm in my making the offer, so don't be offended, ma'am. It's a final one, but stands good."

Benjy watched him depart and then ran to his mother. There were tears in her eyes.

"He tempts me sore, Benjy," she said. "I wonder if I'm doing right? There's you and your sister Kate. If I sell the clock I'm robbing you, for it has always gone to a Benjamin. It only came to me through your Uncle Ben dying and leaving no kith or kin, save me. Then if I took the money, Kate might be given the millinery star she wants, and should have, with her talent. She could build up a business for herself if I gave her the chance. She's grown up, and you are but a bit of a boy, and I don't know. If she was told, whether she wouldn't say I was a fool not to give her the opportunity of providing for my old age, and educating you so that you could pull the family up in the world again."

Benjy opened the door of the clock and looked at the names of his ancestors graven therein.

"I think," he said quietly, "Kate and I will pull the family up ourselves, and we'll keep Grandfather Tick-Tick."

"It would break my heart to lose it, and I don't believe we'd ever have any luck if we parted with it."

"Don't tell Kate. We'll keep it a secret about the Witch man. She might want you to sell it, but I don't believe she would. When does she come home?"

"On Christmas Eve."

But they were doomed to disappointment. On Christmas Eve a letter, instead of Kate, arrived to say her employer could not spare her, and she could not get away till Christmas morning, when she would be home early. Mrs. Drayton's face fell, she had so longed to have Kate. Then the letter went on to say how much she was appreciated. She could trim hats better than the head milliner herself, and the chance of a lifetime had been offered her. If she could bring £20 into the business she would be taken into partnership and given a share in the profits. Customers were always returning for hats trimmed by her, and the head of the firm was willing to give her this opportunity of stepping into a ready-made business. Of course, she knew it was impossible to raise this sum, as they owned nothing of value, so the chance must slip, but it was a thousand pities.

Mrs. Drayton read the letter out aloud to Benjy. Both their eyes travelled towards the clock, which boomed out the hour as though to assert its presence.

Mrs. Drayton said nothing, but Benjy noticed during the day that her eyes were sad, and that she read and re-read the letter constantly.

The next day she seemed cross and nervous. Benjy saw her write a letter, tear it up, and write another.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "is it to the Witch man?"

She bade him hold his tongue and not be inquisitive. No opportunity was afforded of seeing the address. Presently he saw her go to the door. Mrs. Jenkins, a neighbor, was passing.

"Are you going to the village?" Mrs. Drayton called. "If so, would you do me the favor of posting this letter?"

"With pleasure, Mrs. Drayton. It will be in good time for the post, seeing as I'm going straight there now."

Benjy saw his mother go indoors, throw her apron over her face, and make a rush for her bedroom, where she locked herself in.

Then he made up his mind. Swiftly he ran and overtook Mrs. Jenkins.

"Please," he said, panting at her elbow, "please, I want mother's letter."

"You're just in time, Benjy," she replied, "in another moment I'd have slipped it in the box. If she wants to add something she's saved her stamp."

She handed him the letter.

He seized it and ran away. Breathlessly he glanced at the address. It was for the Witch man! He stood still and trembled.

So Grandfather Tick-Tick would go—his dear clock that father, who was dead, had bade him love and keep. Should he destroy the letter. No, that would be useless. Mother would only be angry and she could write another. Then it struck him that she had not written to Kate. It was Christmas Eve, and Kate would be here to-morrow, but mother had cut the ground from under her. She had written, he felt certain, to sell the clock to the Witch man, and Kate did not know. What could be done? He pondered. Then it all flashed before him what he would do. Grandfather should not be sold without Kate's knowledge. She might not wish the old clock to go. She had known it all her life, and loved it, too. There was just the chance that Kate would not allow mother to part with it.

But how to communicate with his sister? There lay the difficulty.

Benjy's brain was fertile and before long he had his plans laid. He would tell mother he was going out all day, and as he often went off with Bobbie Jenkins, she would think nothing of it. Then he would pop into the next train for London. He had no money, but when they came for tickets at the London station he would explain he was going to his sister and she would pay. It all seemed quite simple.

His mother was too preoccupied to take much notice when he told her not to expect him for some time. As far as getting free from his home and boarding the train, he was perfectly successful. It was not until the train started that his courage began to ooze out of his boots, leaving him forlorn and frightened. The carriage was empty for several stations, and then someone entered. With a gasp Benjy recognised the Witch man and, worse still, he was accompanied by a Witch woman. With a feeling of relief, Benjy found that Mr. Isaacs did not recognise him. The letter burned in Benjy's pocket. He grasped it as though to prevent it flying to its proper owner. Then the couple began to talk.

"You seem to have done well, Rebecca, over the old clothes you've bought along this line."

"And you, husband dear," replied Rebecca, "did a good day's work when you got that old cabinet out of Mrs. Butler's cottage for a couple of pounds. Lord Southerby will give you £50 for it next week."

"But I can't get the clock from that Drayton woman," he grumbled. "She won't part and, if she but knew it, I'd give her £50 and then see a profit. Twenty is what I've offered so far, and left her to stew on."

"She'll come to it yet, Eben," said Mrs. Isaacs, "you'll pounce on it in time."

"You see, Rebecca," Isaac went on, in an undertone which Benjy found hard to follow, but his wits and ears were sharpened, "you see there's a reason why I'm keen about that clock. It's one of those early ones, and ten to one it has a secret drawer. I'd be inclined to bet it has, for as I passed my hand over it I felt what I was looking for—a little crack that no one but an expert who knows some of the secret dodges would twig. Now, my theory is that if the drawer secret had been given away to the heir who came in for the clock generations ago, it would have been handed down."

"Doesn't Mrs. Drayton know if there is one?"

"No, for I fished about and said if it had a secret drawer I might offer a bit more, just to find out, you see, but she assured me there wasn't one. Now, if there is a drawer, and no one knows of it, there may be treasure. See, my angel?"

"Lor! Eben, you're a genius," said Rebecca, admiringly.

Benjy's heart was thumping so he feared it must attract attention. This adventure threw out all his plans. Quickly he re-made them. He wasn't going to bother about Kate now; besides, he was shrewd enough to know that if the clock had to go his mother might as well have £50 as £20, but it should never go for the Witch man to find the secret drawer. Benjy would discover that first himself. He had something to go upon. He must search for a crack!

At the following station he alighted, and waited for the next train home. No one asked to see his ticket as he made no attempt to leave the station. On his arrival he waited till everyone had passed through the barrier. Then he went up to the porter.

"Let me through, Mr. Payne, please," he pleaded. "I got on the train for a lark and went for a spin to Petersly. No one collared me. Let me through, do?"

The porter looked at him and grinned.

"You are a limb, you are," he said. "I ought to have you locked up. Get along now, or I'll tell the stationmaster."

Benjy took the opportunity of "getting along," and sped home.

His mother's red eyes told a tale. She tried to look cheerful, and bade him hang up his stocking for Santa Claus.

Benjy almost forgot his clock in thinking of his Christmas stocking.

"Hang yours up, mother," he said. "You must get something."

Mrs. Drayton smiled a weak smile and shook her head.

That night Benjy lay in his little bed and waited till Father Christmas had paid his annual visit. He rustled about in a way that suggested Mother Christmas was taking his place.

The boy heard the door shut, and he knew his mother had retired for the night.

He crept to the end of the bed and felt the lovely fat crackly stocking, but did not attempt to inspect it. Lighting a candle, he stole forth when he deemed his mother would be safely asleep, and stood under the shadow of old Grandfather Tick-Tick.

He felt it all over, but nothing could he discover. He could—if he had not been a boy—have cried with disappointment. Every inch that he could reach he had been over. Then he got on a stool and tried again.

Joy! Was this the coveted crack? He inserted his nail, but there appeared to be no secret to disclose; it must be only an ordinary crack. He pulled and pulled, but nothing happened. He leaned forward and tried again. The stool slid from under him. To save himself, with his nails still firmly fastened in the crack, he leaned heavily on the panel. Everything seemed to slide away—the stool, then the panel.

Benjy never knew why his mother did not hear the crash, but weeping had made her slumber heavy. If she had entered then, she would have seen a little figure in a night-shirt, diving into a hollow portion of the clock, a hollow she had never seen, or heard of.

Benjy drew out a lot of papers, dirty old things, and throw them on the floor. Then he plunged in once more. A clinking sound made him utter an exclamation of joy. Gold guineas were trickling through his fingers! He picked up his cap, which hung near, and solemnly let them dribble into it. More, more, and still more. The cap became wondrous heavy. Should he call mother? No, a splendid idea coursed through his mind. If only she did not wake he would fill her stocking! His toys were wrapped in paper, mother's gold must be wrapped up, too. He gathered up the dirty paper—the best he could find—it would have to do. He must not risk waking mother, and gold does clink so.

The first bit of paper he handled was just the right size; he need not tear it. A parcel of the guineas was wrapped up and put on the table. His elbow caught the candle; it tottered and fell. The room was nearly in darkness save for a flicker from the grate. Benjy reached for another piece of paper, screwed it up, and thrust it in the fire. Aggravating! It would not light. He kicked the dying embers, and only succeeded in extinguishing them. After groping furtively round, he at last found the matches and re-lit the candle. His paper split lay ready to hand, and smoothing it out he rolled up more guineas, and continued doing so till all the bits of paper were used up. Then he stole to his mother's bed. Softly he crept to look at her. A big tear lay upon her cheek.

"Darling," he whispered, "don't worry. Santa Claus has bought the clock, and he is going to give it back to you."

Gently he filled her stocking, laid it on the quilt, and slipped away back to bed. He gave his own stocking a loving pat.

"Mine is just as nice as mother's," he murmured, and went to sleep.

. . . . . .

"To think," said Kate, as she sat with his mother and Benjy eating plum pudding on Christmas Day, "that you didn't know the paper in mother's stocking was worth much, much more than the gold. A great, great, great miser grandfather is a relation any family might be proud of."

"We've a relation not far off we might be proud of, Kate," and Mrs. Drayton beamed affectionately upon her boy.

Kate just got up and hugged Benjy.

"You were quite right to stop the letter and start off for me," she said; "but, oh, mother, I wonder if you will ever believe I would never have let you sell the clock."

"Dear child, I know you would not, that was why I did not tell you."

Benjy released himself from Kate's embrace, and blew a kiss across the table.

"Kate and I will keep you, Grandfather, dear," he said, "for ever, for we love you so much."

OUR BUSH XMAS.

By Grace E. Gray, in the "Observer Annual."

It was dad's idea. He said that holidays at summer watering resorts had become altogether too civilised and fashionable and artificial a thing for pure pleasure. The free, wild life of the bush was the proper change for a parcel of kiddies brought up within the narrow restrictions of the city. The vast solitude and solemn grandeur of the forest would have a most elevating effect upon our minds.

It was probably this idea of mental elevation that made dad select the very topmost crest of a precipitous isolated range of hills, some twenty miles from the town for our bushland retreat. At least we decided that must be his idea in choosing such a remote spot. Mother said the Lord only knew what it was. Dad certainly didn't seem to know himself. He took the house on the description of the agent who had the letting of it. The agent's eulogy on the bungalow and the scenery and the drive up the mountains was as fine a bit of pastoral poetry as the purest inspirations of Keats or Dryden. It contained more lies than any financial budget ever brought down by a paternal Government to hoodwink a credulous public. Dad had a burst of oratory, too, but that was when, a happy family party, we set out to drive up the range to our bush cottage. "A lovely, winding glade," the agent called it. The grade up which we propelled our reluctant horse was as gentle as the side of a house. The mud was that of an Irish bog. We were baptised anew at every stage of our celestial journey. At the sharpest pull in the road the tailboard collapsed. All our crockery, blankets, and baggage fell out into the mud. We fell out on the swag, and mother fell out on us. When dad had collected the pots and pans and mother and us from the dirt of that "lovely winding glade," he wiped his brow and said things about the agent. It shocked our elderly prad so, he shied violently and nearly sent us all flying into the gully-bed.

We didn't criticise our new residence at first; we were too thankful to have got there. Presently we began to look around. There were some painful discrepancies in our agent's report. The fine verandah he bragged about was so rotten that we were afraid to sneeze on it when we went out to admire the view. That wouldn't have mattered, perhaps, only one day dad started to wallop Bill for stealing his cartridges. Bill took to the verandah and vaulted the railing, with dad after him. The flooring gave way, and dad fell through. As the house was built up in front he fell a considerable way. Verandahs were a tabooed subject in our family after that.

Concerning the view—well, we had to hug the reflection that long-distance gazing strengthens the eyesight. There was nothing else in it to cause one to yearn soulfully after anything except tucker, or make it seem worth while "pigging" in a bush whare on a God-forsaken mountain-side. In the foreground was damp, sodden bush—it rained every day there; in the middle distance, scrub; on the horizon, a confused blur that might be the city, or clouds, or more bush, or merely a pimple on the end of one's nose.

It wasn't a specially old house either. The dampness of the bush—it was always damp there—seemed to strike a chronic chill through its weatherboards. It had a tired, "moulting" look about it, that gave one the creeps. The "lofty furnished rooms" were mere loft than furniture. The "permanent water supply" might have proved a "source of never-failing delight"—if there had been any. As it was, our godliness had to flourish "on its own" that Christmas. The second virtue was right out of count. The windows were holey things, their righteousness being a filthy rag! Where a glass had been left in by mistake, it was mostly cracked. In fact, the only thing that the agent didn't lie about was the "sweet seclusion" of the place. We were an amiable family, as a rule, yet a week of that sweet seclusion made us scratchier than Kilkenny cats. We would have made a gorilla welcome if he had called, clad in the conventional breeches of men.

Dad had talked a lot to us about the beautiful songsters of the bush. Our one neighbor, Evans, pointed out a little bird to us. Evans was a bachelor-farmer with a wall-eye, who blinked the other and tried to look a sad dog when Maria, our girl, was around. The small bird was roosting on the limb of a tree, near our dwelling. It was whistling hard at the time. Dad was so delighted that he scattered bread all round the tree to encourage it to go on. It went on. The song struck us as pretty at first, yet somehow when it went on and on, day after day—the same blessed bird sitting on the same branch singing the same silly notes—we liked it less. Our gladsome smiles faded. The pure joy that swelled within us when that innocent biped started its hymn of praise got curdled when we found it wouldn't stop. By degrees we felt it less joyous, then tiresome, irritating. Compared with the imbecile persistency of that bird, the squawk of an angry Poll or even the dirge of Poe's raven would have been a tuneful diversion. It made dad "edgy" at last. When mother wanted to know why he didn't go outside and enjoy his beautiful songsters dad glared at her and said he'd like to wring the wretched bird's neck.

On another occasion dad hauled us all out of doors to hear a bell-bird sing. "It's exactly like some far-off silvery cathedral chime," said dad. "Hark!" and he held up his hand for silence, while a look of appreciative rapture stole over his face. Just then Jerry had a fit. He went into one awful contortion after another, pointing away down the bush track to where Evans' old brindle cow was browsing in the gully, her cow-bell making a "tinkle-tinkle" each time she lowered her head. We reckoned dad would have apoplexy that time.

Mosquitoes and ants were some of the delights that got left out of our agent's lie-collection. I should like to escort to the bush the man who wrote about "the drowsy hum of incense-breathing morn." It would be agreeable to impress upon his pachydermatous hide the significance of that drowsy hum on an insect-breathing night! Oh! those sweltering nights in the bush, when man and beast went under and the insect took the law of the jungle into its own keeping. How the mosquitoes tortured! We slew them by their hundreds, and they came at us in thousands. In troubled dreams I still see my enraged progenitor, arrayed in awful wrath and night-shirt, and, armed with a large flat slipper, stalking them around the furniture and flapping them dead at last against the bedroom walls. The agent wanted to put that mosquito gore in the bill afterwards; he said we drenched the house with it.

I haven't mentioned the weather, because, during our bush holiday, we had only one sort; that was rain. It rained till we thought the roads were rivers of mud. It rained till our minds were a cold-water compress and our spirits a sodden pulp; and then it went on raining. There is nothing that will soak the merriment out of a Merry Christmas sooner than rain, and the most water-tight, rubber-proof Christmas ecstasy ever conceived couldn't escape the depressing influence of rain in the bush.

Christmas came at last. Mother and the girls made a sickly pretence at being festive. They filled the house with ear-wiggy green stuff, then yelled every time an ear-wig showed its nose out. So like women! They loaded the place with flowers that are only beautiful in their natural surroundings. They wear a tired look directly you put them in a jar on the mantelpiece. As we were beginning dinner a scorpion-looking insect dropped from the greenery on to the floor. There was a stampede at table, and in the confusion someone trod on it. That ended our Merry Christmas! The penetrative odor evolved was a bit too strong—a smell within a smell, cut-smelling the divinest effluvia a roast turkey or Christmas pudding ever perpetrated.

The climax came when dad got lost in the bush. He got off the track and though he charged every way and bellowed like a mad bull he couldn't find it again. He stumbled around quite a while, getting more and more depressed as he figured out the different brands of "ache" he would have to endure before he died of starvation. At last Fate led him to make a slight detour in his circle—Fate has to work hard for men like dad. He burst out of the bush with beads of moisture on his brow, to find he'd been walking round and round in a ring 200 yards from his own back door. Mother was there fanning herself in blissful unconcern. She asked him what he'd been making such a noise for. Mother's pastry turned to charcoal in the oven that day. She found dad's opinion of the bush—ornamented with an alliterative adjective—more fascinating than the yellow optic of a boa-constrictor.

The situation, so far as our family is concerned, was summarised very luckily by mother that night, in the panting intervals of mosquito massacre.

"Dad," said mother, indicating with a tragic gesture the corpses that lined their apartment, "I reckon we'll stay home next Christmas."

If you want to become intelligent you must take your own little pitcher to the well of knowledge and dip it in yourself.

Never turn your back upon a friend however far he may fall, for then you lose all chance of doing him good.

"He used to be a straight enough young fellow. What made him so crooked?"
"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe!"

Nola's Christmas Present.

By MAY WYNNE.

Authoress of "The Goal," "A King's Masquerade," etc.

"It is not good to give that which is least to le bon Dieu," said Nola to herself as she shook her head, looking with great earnestness at the gold earrings which lay in the palm of her little brown hand. "One should give one's best, Pere Mousset says so, and it is therefore true. One gives one's best as He also gave His on the first Christmas. But, helas, I love my pretty earrings, and—and——" She heaved a great sigh and thought of Etienne far away, fighting the enemies of France.

Poor Etienne! How many times a day did she not pray that he might return home to her in safety? And so—when she asked so much—should she not give her pretty trinkets in gratitude to le bon Dieu on this great feast of Christmas-tide? And on Saturday it would be Christmas Day. Nola wrapped her shawl resolutely around her, thrust her feet into her sabots, and went clattering down the frost-covered path and out on to a wintry road.

Yes, yes. She would give her best to le bon Dieu as a Christmas offering—and she would pray again for that return gift she so ardently desired—the life of her lover.

There were very few people about in the little Breton village, for it was cold, and you may be sure that if work did not drive them out folk sat as close to the stove or fire as they could, hoping it might be warmer on the morrow. A few flakes of snow fell drearily from the sky, and a bitter wind whisked the shawl-ends across Nola's quivering lips.

Ah! ah! the cruel cold! but she must take her gift of Noel to le bon Dieu. Up yonder on the hill stood the little grey church of the Redemption. Grey was the prevailing color on that sad-toned Breton shore, where gloomy hearts hear the wail of the unburied dead in the voice of the wind which sweeps over desolate Landes.

Yet Nola smiled as she thought of Etienne—who would surely come back to her one day.

Candles burned before the shrine inside the church. Nola knelt to pray in the shadows, after having humbly laid her Xmas offering in its place. Her prayers were very long that day, for she had to thank the good God for Christmas as well as pray for her lover.

And so still did she kneel that she remained unseen by the man who came creeping across the empty body of the church.

Who was it? Pere Mousset? No, no! Pere Mousset did not move like that. Who then?

Nola cowered back instinctively as she recognised the features of Job Kernak. She was afraid of Job, who was said to be a miser, as well as a hard and cruel man.

But what was Job doing? With aroused curiosity Nola watched him creep stealthily towards the wall, on which was painted a fresco depicting the blessed St. Margaret and the dragon.

Job had reached up a skinny hand and pressed hard against the eye of the dragon, and lo! to Nola's amazement, something seemed to revolve slowly round, leaving a little door open in the wall.

Nola held her breath, gasping. She had heard it said in the village that Job had a secret hiding-place where he hoarded his money—but no one had guessed of this!

So Nola remained very, very still, watching Job disappear, then quickly return, close the door—this time by pressing the dragon's tail—and then leave the church.

"It is wonderful," said Nola to herself; "but perhaps it will be better that I should not look till I have seen Pere Mousset." She rose from her knees as she spoke.

It was already getting dark, and her mother would be returning from her work. The men of Consterac were away fighting the Germans in company with Etienne Leroc, the lover of little Nola.

II.

What great events may happen in a few moments of time! Nola had left the village apparently lifeless and deserted. Now, even in the distance, she could see that all was bustle and confusion. What had occurred? Little Jean Preval told her as he came flying up the path, his black eyes shining in excitement, his breath coming in quick pants.

"Olue," he screeched to Nola, "the Germans have arrived down yonder. They are searching the village for Etienne Leroc, who carries papers to Paris from Nantes. Oho! They will kill him if they find him." And he ran on up the hill, since he had been sent with a message to Pere Mousset. Nola stood still. She was very cold, and the world had suddenly become quite dark. Was she going to faint, to die? No, no! She must be strong! Jean had not said that Etienne was already a prisoner.

But where was he? Her heart gave a sickening throb. Was he not all too likely to be at her mother's cottage, waiting to see her—Nola—for the last time?

How the sabots clicked on the hard, frosty ground as their wearer raced downhill.

She must find Etienne—before the German soldiers had done so.

The hut of Mere Aldoac lay a little apart from the rest of the village, half way down a small ravine. The Germans—who seemed certain of their capture—appeared in no hurry to make it. They were still hanging around the cabaret, drinking and laughing. Nola passed unnoticed, though she trembled as she heard their loud voices and saw them standing there.

Ah! what would she do if they killed him before her eyes? She had heard tales of these enemies of France and was afraid.

The hut door was ajar. Even as she ran up the garden path Nola could hear her mother's shrill tones of lament. Instinctively the girl glanced behind to be sure that no soldiers were following. Then she pushed open the door, and the next moment was in Etienne's arms.

What a minute it was—a supreme one in life to which Nola would always look back with a shudder. Closely as she clung to him her weak arms seemed so helpless in holding him back from the death which appeared inevitable.

Mere Aldoac continued to lament shrilly, but Nola did not speak, though she raised mute lips to her lover's and thrilled in fresh agony as he held his dark head to meet them.

How worn the handsome, boyish face had become in those past terrible months; there were scars on cheek and forehead, his uniform was torn, dilapidated, filthy.

"They will kill him!" wailed the elder woman. "Merciful saints! What a Christmas! What tragedies! They will kill him."

But inspiration had come to little Nola. Her cheeks flushed her blue eyes shone in desperate courage.

"No, no," she gasped; "they shall not kill you, my Etienne. I have found a hiding-place. Come, come. They shall never discover it. It was le bon Dieu who permitted me to know of it only to-day when I carried my offering to the church."

Her mother thought her crazed as she saw her clutch Etienne's arm, dragging him towards the door.

"If you permit him to go out he will certainly be killed," she averred. "The village is full of the Germans, beasts" and she spat on the ground.

But Nola continued to urge Etienne forward. "I have found a hiding-place," she cried. "It is most certain you will be killed if you remain here."

Etienne himself shrugged his shoulders. "It seems to me," said he, "that in any case I die, since one man cannot fight a regiment, but I must destroy my papers."

"One man cannot fight a regiment," replied Nola simply; "but the good God can save one man from a regiment. It is an answer to my prayer. Come quickly."

And Etienne no longer hesitated.

It was a long way round, skirting the village and scrambling up high precipitous banks in their detour, but at last the little grey church loomed in sight.

"They will not respect sanctuary when it is a prisoner of war whom they go to arrest," observed Etienne, but Nola laid her hand on his arm.

"It is a hiding-place which the good God permitted me to hear of only this afternoon," she repeated.

If Etienne might have been inclined to smile at too much simplicity in his little sweetheart, he did so no more when he learnt the secret over which it appeared the blessed St. Margaret presided so smilingly.

Within the strange aperture lay a tiny room, big enough for a man to enter and even walk round. In a corner lay several small, dingy bags, doubtless the hoarded treasure of Job Kernak. But Etienne had not come to steal what was not his own. One long kiss, one whispered prayer, and Etienne drew back into the darkness, whilst Nola, having closed the door and knelt a few moments in thankful prayer before the altar, fled away home to her mother's hut, which had already been ransacked by angry soldiers, who were losing patience at having so long a hunt after their quarry.

"But he cannot escape us. Ya vohl!" they swore, and redoubled their efforts, reducing the poor folk of the village to a perfect panic of terror.

One day passed—two. On the morrow the Germans would be leaving. They had their orders. A breath of relief went up from Consterac. They would have their festival of Christmas undisturbed by these—well, there were some who called their enemies hard names. As for poor Nola, she was in despair. Only once had she succeeded in taking Etienne food. He would certainly starve. In face of such a possibility much had to be risked. Nola filled her basket with the best she could obtain and stole forth at nightfall to carry her succor to a fainting lover.

It was a dangerous task for a young girl, but what task is too hard for love? Little cared Nola for torn hands, scratched face, or weary limbs, as she sat by Etienne's side, watching him devour the food she had brought with the voracity of one who is starving. And how sweet his thanks were! Nola laughed softly to herself as she hid her pretty face against his shabby blue coat with its torn, discolored facings, and told him that such service needed no thanks.

Then she went on to tell him—with his hand in hers—of the anger and rage of his enemies and how they said he must be in league with the devil thus to escape them, as not so much as a mouse could have got through their cordon unseen.

And whilst they laughed together they did not see a figure come creeping, creeping across the church, towards the spot where they sat—or how it paused, listening to their voices and then sidling back, yet more stealthily, by the way it came.

"The good God have you in His keeping, my Etienne," whispered Nola in farewell. "We shall yet spend Christmas happily at Consterac."

. . . . . .

The Herr Colonel of the party of Uhlans who had made the lives of those poor Breton peasants miserable for three days, was smiling. Yes, smiling, with an inward chuckle and curse.

He did not admire the cupidity of Job Kernak, though he had been willing to bargain with him, and Job had agreed to sell a certain secret—and a certain fellow-countryman—for a price which would more than double the wealth which lay hidden in the keeping of St. Margaret and her dragon.

So the Herr Colonel chuckled and cursed, and his men grinned, as they obeyed their officer's order to march from Consterac by way of the hill on which stood the little grey church of the Redemption.

The peasants came to their doors to see them start, and they were not blessings which they whispered beneath their breath.

But, when they had gone, rosy-cheeked Yvonne ran down to the hut in the ravine to see little Nola Aldoac.

"They have gone!" she cried. "But the big man with the fair moustache, who tried to kiss me, told me they should find what they wanted on their way, since they had heard all about the fox's hole. What did that mean, Nola?"

But poor Nola had sunk fainting on to the ground.

Job Kernak was waiting outside the village. He had not dared to join the Germans before, since the peasants of Brittany have sharp eyes and long memories.

However, he grinned slyly now as he walked by the Herr Colonel's side. He found no difficulty in playing the part of Judas—he only thought of the dear beautiful gold which would soon be slipping through his fingers.

It was early, very early, when they arrived at their destination, the white rime clinging to the shapeless mounds in the churchyard outside, whilst a bird, perched on a tombstone, poured out its jubilate to Him who would one day call forth to new life the silent sleepers beneath.

"This way, messieurs," mumbled Job, trembling with excitement.

And he led the way within.

There were shadows in the church, but a sunbeam fell athwart the sweet, pure face of the painted saint.

The Germans followed their guide, clattering and noisy. Their hides were too thick to feel the sacred sweetness of that place of sanctuary.

But Job had reached his goal, and was pressing the eye of that painted dragon with nervous, trembling fingers.

Never had it been so stiff.

"Come, let me help you," said the Herr Colonel, whilst one or two of the men began to titter.

The Colonel was frowning as he pressed his great thumb in vain; then from frowning he came to cursing, growling thunder of oaths breaking forth in a very torrent of abuse as it dawned on him that this Breton fool who stood there mouthing and a-gape was either a half-witted idiot or a rogue who had tried to hoodwink him with his lies. Here was no hidden door, but a wall—no more.

Furiously he turned on the now trembling and despairing Job, pouring forth such a torrent of threats that the peasant's knees shook, and he had scarcely the strength to scuttle off, too frightened to remain or offer any further explanation of the enigma.

The Herr Colonel and his men pursued him. They were not minded to be fooled for nothing, and it might have gone ill with Job Kernak that day had not Pere Mousset met his pursuers at the church door.

In his snowy robes, on his way to offer up Matins, the old Cure presented an impressive appearance. Even the Herr Colonel shrank back ashamed as he listened to the grave words of rebuke. Then Pere Mousset, calm, sedate, triumphant, swept up the aisle towards the altar, preceded by his little acolytes. And the Herr Colonel and his men went down the hill, forgetful for the moment of revenge on Job Kernak.

In their hearts they knew the priest was right, and that they had dared to desecrate the house of God Himself with such language and actions as theirs.

"Also," granted the Herr Colonel, and did not swear this time as he gave the order to march.

At the steps of the altar in the little Church of the Redemption on that day of Christmas Eve stood three figures.

Pere Mousset was gazing very tenderly down on this young son and daughter of his beloved flock.

"See, then, my children," he said softly, "is not this in return God's gift to you for the gift brought him in love and service? Had not the little Nola here brought her earrings as a love-offering to the cradle of le bon Jesu, she would not have seen Job Kernak—the wicked one—place his gold in the secret hiding-place of which none knew but himself."

Nola crossed herself with a deep breath of fervent gratitude.

"Yes, yes, my father. And afterwards, was it not the good God who helped Etienne to discover the bolt within the door, so that the Germans should not find him?"

And she looked with big eyes a-brim with joyful thanksgiving from Etienne's glowing face towards the great crucifix above the altar.

"Yes, daughter; it is so indeed," replied the old Cure gravely. "Believe it always, both of you, my children. Such happenings, such escapes, are the gifts of God, neither chance nor that 'luck' of which some speak. Let us thank Him for what He gives, and in return offer that gift He came down on the first Christmas morning to claim—the gift of our hearts, in gratitude for His love."

The sun shone in golden glory through the eastern window, falling athwart the bowed head of the crucified Christ, on to the kneeling group of worshippers at the altar steps.

And thus Christmas dawned at Consterac.

RUBAIYAT OF CHRISTMAS GIVING.

Alas, that Christmas should become a bore!
Dear love, I wot it was not thus of yore
With those old pagans when they set apart
The day to feast their god's return once more;

Their god, the sun, whose logic absolute
Can hoary winter's biting winds confute,
That mighty god, whose life-awakening rays
Can cause the earth to blossom and bear fruit.

That wondrous orb, that all-victorious lord,
Whose kindly beams the universe adored—
Those wise old pagans saw whence came all life
And they before the sun libations poured.

Christmas to-day becomes a tinsel show;
Not one in twenty cares and fewer know
Why now they celebrate with gifts and feast;
What matters it if they but have the dough?

Ah, love, could we with Santa Claus conspire
To grasp this empty show of gifts entire,
Would we not send to every beggar child
The doll which is its very heart's desire?

The doll of her delight—she may be cold
And hungry, but no mother can behold
Her child more lovingly than that wee mite
Her doll, nor arms more lovingly enfold!

WOMAN'S PERVERSITY.

Some women always do the reverse to that which is desired of them, and Dean Swift was evidently familiar with perverse women, and wrote thus:

"Lose no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavor to convict her,
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong,
And reprove her, when she's right,
She will then grow wise for spite."

Touched His Heart.

Burglar (sternly): Where's your husband?

Woman (trembling): Under the bed.

Burglar: Then I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have such a husband, without being robbed, too.

"I refused him because I want a husband who has known sorrow and acquired wisdom."

"But, my dear, if you had accepted him he would soon have met your requirements."

FROM LUCILE'S DIARY.

Aunt's Christmas Apple.

About ten days ago I wrote to Aunt Rachel, who had taken apartments in town, saying we greatly wished she could be with us at Christmas-time. "It would be lovely," I wrote, "if you could arrange to pass the holidays with us. It seems too bad for relatives to be separated at this joyous season." I knew this would please Aunt Rachel, for she thinks a great deal of what she calls "family unity."

I had forgotten all about my letter to her last Saturday morning when a taxi-cab stopped at our door and out stepped Aunt Rachel.

"Well, I never was more astonished!" exclaimed mother as the two embraced. "You are the last person I expected to see. Did business call you back suddenly or did you run out just to say 'Merry Christmas'?"

"I came in response to what I interpreted as an urgent invitation from Lucile," replied Aunt Rachel; "but I fear there is some misunderstanding."

"No, indeed; we are perfectly delighted to see you and it was sweet of you to come," I reassured her.

"But you weren't expecting me, were you?" she asked, looking straight at mother.

Mother answered "No." She has painfully little tact. "However, it's lovely to have you here, Rachel," she added hastily and heartily. "Fannie will give you some coffee, while Lucile and I run up to see about your room."

"I can go to a hotel just as well as not," said Aunt Rachel, stiffly.

"Indeed, you can't!" answered mother.

When mother and I were alone together she gave me one of her reproachful looks. "Why didn't you tell me you had invited her, Lucile?" she asked.

"I never supposed she would come," I explained. "It was extremely negligent of her not to telegraph."

"The guest-room is all torn up waiting for the paperhangers," lamented mother, "and I don't see where we can put her unless you——"

"That's right, mother, dear," I said. "Depend on me to help you plan. I have it already—let Cousin Fannie go in with grandmother and Aunt Rachel can have her room. I'll put one of my prettiest rugs on the floor and the room will look bright and cosy. I'll be glad to do that for Aunt Rachel. Hadn't we better call Cousin Fannie upstairs to move her things?"

"I suppose so," replied mother, who seemed rather dazed by the little excitement of Aunt Rachel's coming.

"Poor darling mother is really getting quite forgetful," I said to Aunt Rachel, as I took Cousin Fannie's place beside her at the breakfast table. "Her surprise at seeing you was quite a joke, wasn't it?"

"Lucile," she answered with all the severity that a rich great-aunt feels privileged to use, "I don't believe your mother is a bit more forgetful than you are."

She was so cold and critical in her manner that I excused myself as soon as possible and went downstairs to buy a few last things for Christmas, and although she had been so disagreeable I bought a handsome embroidered centrepiece for her, as I know she appreciates any handwork she thinks we do for her.

Christmas morning Cousin Fannie and I each found on our breakfast plates a large apple.

"What a beautiful apple, Aunt Rachel!" said Cousin Fannie, reading the little card pinned on its rosy cheek.

"No matter how little I give, I give the best of its kind," remarked Aunt Rachel, impressively. "I hope you girls will enjoy your apples."

"I shall, I know, dear Aunt Rachel," answered Cousin Fannie. Her meekness at times is very tiresome.

"Then you may have mine, too, Cousin Fannie," I said, pushing my plate toward her, perhaps a little disdainfully. "I'm sure that when Aunt Rachel knows I never eat uncooked apples she won't mind my passing mine on to you."

"Not in the least," replied Aunt Rachel.

Cousin Fannie lifted her apple just then and it fell apart, letting a gold piece drop upon the table.

"Oh!" we both exclaimed, and Cousin Fannie immediately started to return my apple.

"None of that," laughed Aunt Rachel. "We can't have any Indian giving. Lucile gave you her apple and you must keep it, contents and all."

Cousin Fannie looked uncomfortable and I could scarcely take any breakfast, for I felt that Aunt Rachel was most unkind.

. . . . . .

"Aunt Rachel has spoiled my Christmas," I said to father later in his study.

"It was hard luck," he replied. "You must cultivate a taste for apples, Lucile."

"Don't make a joke of it, daddy," I said, beginning to cry. "A sovereign would have been

The Cliff Cottage Mystery

By GEO. R. SIMS.

Author of "Rogues and Vagabonds," "In London's Hearts," etc.

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John Farnleigh, the curate of the parish church of St. Agnes-on-Sea, came swinging along on the dark November night through the Yorkshire lane that led to the cliffs. He had a stout stick in one hand and a lantern in the other.

He paused for a moment at the lodge gates of the Grange, an old Elizabethan mansion, and looked at the lighted windows.

It was a quarter to seven, and Joyce Avory, if she was going to the little church on the cliff, would be watching for his lantern in the lane.

Joyce was the only daughter of Squire Avory, of the Grange, and her father being a widower and not given to attending the little church, his daughter was glad to have the curate's company out and home in the winter evenings.

The Rev. John Farnleigh thought that Joyce was the loveliest lass in all Yorkshire. If she was not quite that, she was certainly as pretty a specimen of fair, blue-eyed, healthy Yorkshire womanhood as any man could desire to look upon.

The curate waited for a few minutes, flashed the light of his lantern up the dark avenue of leafless trees, and then with a little sigh went on his way to the meeting-house which had been built for the convenience of the inhabitants of the village some three miles from St. Agnes.

The short road from St. Agnes was nearly all by the cliff, and as on dark nights it was not safe the curate always took his lantern with him.

John Farnleigh was muscular, manly, good-looking, and thirty-two; he was desperately in love with Joyce Avory, whose father was a typical sporting squire of the Yorkshire breed—impulsive, amiable, hearty, strong in his friendships but fierce in his anger. Rumor had it that he had allowed his fondness for sport to run away with a good deal more money than he could afford, and that he was already in the hands of the money-lenders.

His own lack of means had prevented the curate taking the Squire into his confidence with regard to his feelings towards Joyce.

He knew she liked him, but, poor as he was, and with very little hope of preferment, he had put the idea of Joyce Avory as his wife from him as a beautiful dream never likely to be realised.

When the service at the little church was over the curate set off by the cliffs on his way home.

He had to go slowly in spite of his lantern, for the sea had been at work and carried away portions of the cliff here and there. About half a mile from the village there was a lonely little building known as Cliff Cottage. It was inhabited by Stephen Scarsdale, a miser, and reputed to be a man of great wealth, whose one passion in life was making money and keeping it.

He was not only a miser but a usurer, and more than one of the farmers in the neighborhood was known to have borrowed money of him on substantial security.

Martin Brice, the old servant who lived with the miser, had one redeeming quality in the eyes of the pious villagers. He was a regular attendant at the little church on the Sunday night. But he always called at the village inn for a gossip afterwards.

Walking along the cliff one night at the beginning of October, the curate had found the old miser in heated altercation with a rough-looking man, who was threatening him. The curate hastened to old Scarsdale's assistance, and threw the man to the ground, but before he could pick up his lantern again to throw the light on to the stranger the fellow had taken himself off.

"You have saved my life, Mr. Farnleigh," said Steve Scarsdale when he reached his cottage. "I believe that fellow would have killed me. I am grateful to you, sir. Good-night."

This incident was in the curate's mind as on the Sunday night after church he came near the cottage.

When he was quite close to it, someone opened the door and came hurriedly out. The curate knew the figure at once, and stopped in astonishment.

It was Squire Avory. The Squire strode off hurriedly across the broken ground in the direction of the lane that led to the Grange.

What could have taken him at that hour of the night to the miser's cottage? thought the curate.

But it was no business of his to pry into the affairs of his neighbors. So while he walked home he had made up his mind that the incident should not be mentioned by him to anyone.

* * *

At nine o'clock the next morning the curate was on his way to St. Agnes' Schools when he met the doctor's gig. The doctor pulled up and beckoned to him.

"Farnleigh," he exclaimed, "have you heard the news?"

"I haven't heard anything," replied the curate, "except that old Barnes has had the prize fowls stolen. What is it?"

"Well, at present it's a mystery. Scarsdale, the miser, has disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Yes. Martin Brice didn't get back till nine o'clock last night. When he did he found that his master was nowhere about. He searched the place high and low and then came and reported the matter to the police station."

The curate listened, and a fearful thought flashed across his mind.

"Do they think—that anything has happened to him?"

"No. That was the first idea of the police. They thought the old man had been robbed and murdered by tramps, but there are no signs of a struggle, and everything is perfectly in order."

"Nothing missing?"

"Brice says there was nothing for the old man to be robbed of. He banked his money here. Brice took it to the bank regularly, and he swears that all the stories of hidden treasure and valuables on the premises are untrue. But it's very suspicious, for all that. Good-bye. I must get on."

The doctor drove on, and John Farnleigh wondered what he ought to do.

He went to the Grange and asked to see the Squire.

He found Joyce in the hall. "Oh, Mr. Farnleigh," she said, "I was sorry I couldn't come to church last night. Are you going to see papa about anything particular?"

"Yes. I have to see him on a matter of business."

"He is at liberty. Come this way."

Joyce opened the door. "Papa," she said, "Mr. Farnleigh has come to see you. Don't keep him long, I want to talk to him about the schools."

The curate waited till Joyce was out of hearing.

"Mr. Avory," he said, "Have you heard the news about old Scarsdale?"

"Scarsdale!" exclaimed the Squire. "No. What's happened to him?"

"He has disappeared."

"Disappeared—but — how can he have done that? I don't understand."

"Mr. Avory, I shall have to say what I know. Late last night I saw you leave Scarsdale's cottage."

"You saw me?" stammered the Squire. "I—I didn't see you."

"No—you walked hurriedly away before I could come up to you. When Brice returned to the cottage his master was not there. You must have been the last person who saw him in the cottage."

"Good Heavens, Farnleigh!" exclaimed the Squire. "This is extraordinary business. I did see the old rascal last night, and I shall have to say so, though for certain reasons it will be unpleasant."

"Unpleasant?"

"Yes. The old fellow was a wealthier man than most people realise. He was a money-lender, and he lent me, when I was hard pressed, two thousand pounds. I had a letter from him on Saturday night refusing to renew, and as it was inconvenient to pay I went over to call on him at a time I thought I was least likely to be seen. He wanted security that I refused to give him. We had a row, and I lost my temper, but he was all right when I left him sitting in his chair by the fire."

"Well, Squire, of course you will go to the police and give information."

"Certainly—come with me."

A quarter of an hour later the Squire, in the presence of the Rev. John Farnleigh, had told the local superintendent his story.

* * *

A month had gone by and the disappearance of the miser remained as great a mystery as ever. No relatives had come forward, and Martin Brice, who had been the old man's companion and servant for years, declared that he did not know of any.

Brice remained on at Cliff Cottage. He gave it as his opinion that the old man had gone away for some reason of his own and would return.

His view was not shared by anyone else. The general idea was that the old man had been murdered. The body might have been thrown over the cliff and carried away by the sea. The clergyman's story of the strange man from whom he had saved Scarsdale strengthened the idea.

But against that theory was the fact that Martin Brice had returned a little more than half an hour after the Squire had been seen leaving Cliff Cottage. The miser was there when the Squire left. He was not there when Brice returned.

Half an hour was not a very long time to allow for the attack, the crime, the removal of the body, and the getting clear away of the criminal.

And so gradually the idea that took possession of the people round about was that the Squire had not told the whole story of his last interview with Stephen Scarsdale. In spite of Brice's declaration, property, or at any rate, papers, had disappeared, it was certain. The promissory note which the Squire had signed was not presented. Brice explained that his master carried his papers and I.O.U.'s about him in a pocket-book, and concluded that he had them with him wherever he was.

Some suspicion had fallen on Brice himself, but he remained on at Cliff Cottage and drew his own money from the Savings Bank to live upon. Moreover, it was he, himself, who had given the alarm and gone to the police late on the Sunday night.

Whichever way people argued, they always came back to the Squire as the one person who held the key to the mystery.

John Farnleigh heard the gossip, and the Squire knew what was being said, and told Joyce. Joyce took it deeply to heart, and found her one relief in the knowledge that John Farnleigh was her father's champion.

She was a good deal with the curate, and now he knew that she loved him. But he was too chivalrous to ask her father for her hand at a time when it might look as though he were taking advantage of the service he was rendering the Squire in standing up for him against the popular belief.

The Squire himself felt the whispered calumny keenly. He had changed in the few weeks from a proud and self-willed man to a broken and a troubled one.

He had sold property at a great sacrifice, and lodged the two thousand pounds with the missing man's bankers. He had parted with his horses and dismissed some of his servants. It was known that he was in difficulties, and he had himself told Joyce that he should have to sell the old place, and he and she would have to live abroad. John Farnleigh saw the girl he loved passing out of his life for ever.

* * *

Late on the night of the 20th of December a few fisher folk who were abroad in the straggling village by the cliff saw the lantern of the parson, and knew that he had been summoned to the bedside of an old dame who lay at the point of death.

The village was silent as the grave when, towards midnight, John Farnleigh made his way back along the path by the cliff that led to St. Agnes.

It was a moonless night, and the parson had to throw the light of his lantern well in front of him to make sure of his road. As he came near Cliff Cottage he was astonished to see a light in an upper window. Thrown on the blind now was the shadow of a man, and the curate was convinced that the dark square shadow the man appeared to be gazing at was a box.

What did it mean? Was the shadow only that of Martin Brice, or were Brice and the miser in league, and had Stephen Scarsdale, for some weird purpose of his own, remained hidden in some part of the premises all the time?

As someone was evidently up at Cliff Cottage the curate thought he might as well ascertain the meaning of what he had seen. He picked up some loose earth and grit from the ground and flung it against the window pane.

There was a sudden movement of the figure, a sharp cry of alarm, and the light was extinguished.

Then the curate went to the door, and struck it with his stick, calling Brice loudly by name.

There was no reply, but someone had come down into the kitchen, which was the front room on the ground floor, for the curate could hear someone moving about.

John Farnleigh did not hesitate. Flinging himself with all his force against the old weather-beaten door he felt it yield. Then he thrust his stick into the aperture, and, using all his strength, forced out the bolt socket.

The door swung back, and, rushing in, his lantern above his head, the curate saw Martin Brice, pale and trembling, by the open door of a cupboard. On the floor beside him was a box, and in his hands he held a square of paving-stone, which he was about to drop in its place.

The curate strode forward and thrust the trembling man aside. "What does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Is your master there?" He pointed to the black aperture in the floor of the cupboard.

"Yes, sir," stammered the terrified man. "But I didn't kill him. I swear I didn't. I'm innocent. Indeed I am."

The curate stepped forward and threw the light of the lantern into the hole. He could see nothing but darkness.

Then, for the first time, he noticed that there were rough steps cut out of the side of the hard, chalky ground below.

"What is this place? What do these steps lead to? A cellar?"

"No, sir; a cave. We found it out by accident after we'd been here a year or two. We found it out through keeping logs of wood for the fire there. One day I was chopping a log and hit the stone floor, and it sounded hollow. Then we had the stone up and saw the steps, and we went down and found there was a passage that led to a cave. It had been a smugglers' cave, perhaps, a hundred years ago, by the look of it, but the cliff had fallen in by the sea and covered the outlet up, so it had been forgotten, I suppose. Then Mr. Scarsdale made it a hiding-place for his money and boxes of valuables. He said nobody would ever be able to rob him there."

"That's not true. His money is in the bank."

"No, sir. Only a little, which he sent there to make people believe he banked everything."

"But he is lying there, you say, and you didn't kill him?"

"No, sir. On the Sunday night when I got home he wasn't about, and I noticed that the cupboard door was open and the stone had been lifted. I got a light and went down after him, and found he'd had a fit or something. He lay just inside the cave, quite dead. He'd gone down, I expect, to put a paper in the box or get one out—one of his money papers."

"Then, why did you say he had disappeared?" asked the curate sternly.

"Because I thought if it was known he was dead I should have to leave Cliff Cottage and somebody else would have all the money and things."

"And you've been helping yourself in the meantime—is that it?"

Martin Brice was silent for a moment. Then he said: "I haven't taken anything away. There can't be any charge against me."

"That's not for me to decide," said the curate. "You will help me to put that stone in its place and make the door fast, and then you will walk with me as far as the police station at St. Agnes and tell your story there."

At two o'clock in the morning the superintendent of police, a couple of his men and the doctor, took possession of Cliff Cottage, and their first task was to go down into the "Smugglers' Cave" and search for the missing Stephen Scarsdale.

They found him lying dead where he had apparently fallen between a large tin box and a seaman's chest. The atmosphere of the cave had prevented rapid decay, and when the doctor had made his examination he declared that everything pointed to a death from heart failure, perhaps due to the excitement or extra exertion. And the doctor's first opinion was confirmed at the inquest.

Martin Brice's story was true, but he was kept in custody on a charge of robbing his dead master. There was evidence that he had moved some of the property to his own room upstairs, and there was no doubt that when the excitement of the mysterious disappearance had died down he would have taken everything worth having away and left the neighborhood.

When the boxes and the cave were examined a number of papers and securities were found. One of the papers bore Martin Brice's signature, in addition to that of an old woman who came in occasionally when there was some sewing and repairing to be done. This document was a will, and it left the whole of the miser's property, which when realised would be worth many thousands of pounds, to a man who had once done him a good turn.

Stephen Scarsdale had left everything of which he might die possessed to "the only man who ever did me a real service without trying to charge me for it—to the man who saved me from being murdered by a rascal who was trying to extort money from me."

By the will of Stephen Scarsdale his property passed to the Rev. John Farnleigh, curate of the parish church of St. Agnes-on-Sea.

The silence of Martin Brice was explained. He know, having witnessed the will, that his master could have left him nothing, and it was to get the property, instead of letting the heir come in, that he had concealed the fact of the old miser's death.

* * *

It was a very different Christmas Day at the Grange from that to which Joyce Avory had looked forward with gloomy anticipation.

The man she loved had brought happiness once more to her home.

John Farnleigh had been the first to tell the Squire the good news of the unravelling of the mystery, and the Squire had grasped his hand and thanked him in a broken voice that told how great had been the burden that was suddenly lifted from his heart.

On Christmas Day there was a real old-fashioned Christmas dinner and merry-making at The Grange, and the honored guest at the Squire's table was the Rev. John Farnleigh.

He was the honored guest not only because his pluck had rehabilitated the Squire in the eyes of his neighbors, but because he was the Squire's future son-in-law.

When Squire Avory had asked what he could do to show his gratitude, the curate had replied with a gentle smile, "Give me Joyce," and Joyce, standing by her lover's side, had added archly, "As a Christmas present from both of us, papa."

Squire Avory had gladly taken his daughter's hint, and when his future son-in-law had suggested that the two thousand pounds lying at the bank had better be put out on mortgage again, if the Squire would take it, Joyce's father replied:

"No, my dear fellow; you and Joyce will make this your home, and I think the three of us will be able to carry the old place on without a loan from the estate of the late Stephen Scarsdale."

And everybody in St. Agnes and the village on the cliff talked of the Squire and Joyce and the curate, and wished them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and nobody was sorry for Martin Brice. If he had frugal fare in the prison cell, it was only what he and his master had been accustomed to at Cliff Cottage, that had a smugglers' cave attached to it, of which the oldest inhabitant had never heard until the miser and his will were found in it.

A Christmas Repentance

The prospects of a Merry Christmas at the Tollamoore homestead in Canterbury were far from bright. The owner, Mr. Theophilus Bunying, and two young hearts were well nigh breaking. Life had become grey and dreary to Bunying's only and motherless daughter, Rose, and her lover, Jack Roland, was in the depths of black despair. For the old man had emphatically, even violently, shattered their dream, put an end to their love-making and peremptorily ordered Jack off the station. Jack was packing mournfully; Rose was weeping bitterly, and, as he rode from the house Mr. Bunying was cursing with great vehemence.

For Jack Roland had dared to ask for the hand of Rose in marriage, and he was only the station storekeeper.

"The impudent young jacknapes," muttered Mr. Bunying in a fierce soliloquy, as he rode along, pressing his very much surprised steed into a pace considerably beyond its usual comfortable rate of progress.

"To think that is the return I get for my kindness and consideration! I picked him up in Christchurch, liked the looks of him, and offered him a job on the station. He jumps at the chance, because his funds are running low, and came here six months ago. I have treated him as if he were my son, asked him to have his meals with Rose and myself, and to sleep in the house. And all this time he has been making love to my daughter, has made her love him, and wants to marry her. Confound his cheek! I don't believe a word about swell folks in the old country and big expectations. I would not listen to the pack of lies he started to tell me. He is not good enough for my girl, and may I be kicked from the North Cape to Stewart Island if he is going to get her." And so on and so forth, the old gentleman's wrath increased with the fuel he fed it on.

A tirade of a similar nature escaped him before the two young people on the homestead verandah, when they had come to him, hand in hand, to ask his blessing. He had fumed and had even sworn in the presence of his daughter, a thing of which he had never previously been guilty, had denounced Jack as an upstart and adventurer, ordered Rose to her room, called for his favorite hack and ridden madly away, without the slightest notion of where he intended to go.

And it was pretty much as Mr. Bunying had said, with the exception that Jack was neither an upstart nor an adventurer, but an honest, upright and educated young gentleman. He had come to New Zealand with a few hundred pounds to try his fortune, but had found no opening up to the time he met Mr. Bunying in Canterbury's capital. He eagerly seized the opportunity Mr. Bunying's offer afforded him, took up his duties on Tollamoore station, and promptly fell over head and ears in love with the bright, pretty and vivacious Rose.

For a time he dared not speak, dared not raise his eyes so high, for although he knew that socially he was her equal, he had raised her to the position of an unapproachable goddess.

Of course she was far from being anything of the kind. She was simply a warm-hearted, good-looking girl, the very personification of healthy, vigorous, high-spirited young womanhood.

Thrown continually into one another's company, and so frequently alone together, the natural result followed. Jack told his love, she confessed to a reciprocative attachment, and for a few days, while Mr. Bunying was still unaware of how matters stood, they were supremely, ecstatically happy.

After much consideration they decided to break the news to Mr. Bunying on Christmas morning, feeling that the genial influence of the day would mollify and soften the somewhat irascible Mr. Bunying.

Jack had some misgivings because of his financial inferiority to one of the wealthiest run-holders in the Dominion, the owner of thousands of freehold acres and the lessee of thousands more. But Rose laughed his fears away, confident that she would be able to win her dad's consent, to cajole and wheedle as she had done on innumerable occasions of less importance to herself.

So the two conspirators decided, as we have said, to break the news on Christmas morning. They broke the news and Mr. Theophilus broke into a towering passion. They asked his consent and blessing. As soon as he recovered from the first rude shock he refused both in language which was painfully and quite needlessly emphatic.

And thus it was that the prospects of a merry Christmas on Tollamoore station were by no means bright.

. . .

When Mr. Bunying had ridden his nag to almost a standstill he had become not quite calm, but a little less vitriolic, and began to thing of what he would do next, and his eye catching sight of the main road that formed one of the boundaries of his property, he decided to go to the mailbox which was fastened to the post alongside the main gate. In this box the driver of the coach deposited all letters and papers for the station as he passed it once a fortnight. The station was so far away from any centre of civilisation, however small, that its people had to be content with a fortnightly mail service.

The coach had passed the previous night, but no one had been sent to clear the box.

Mr. Bunying dismounted, went to his private and primitive post office, and took therefrom a number of letters, newspapers, and Christmas cards.

Among the letters were two addressed in the same formal, legal handwriting, one for him and one for Jack.

He glanced at the letter for Jack a second time, and gasped. Then he tore open the envelope of his own, and gasped again. Then he remounted and rode home, pondering deeply and in sore perplexity. At last, just as he neared the homstead, he saw a way out of his difficulty, and he actually beamed. Yes, beamed.

. . .

The Mr. Theophilus Bunying who sat on the verandah waiting for Rose—he had sent a maid-servant to summon the poor girl to his presence—was quite a different individual to the one who had raved, roared and anathematised there a few hours before. He was smiling broadly, albeit somewhat sheepishly, and he was endeavoring to impart to his rugged features an expression of kindly benevolence.

Rose came with tear-stained cheeks and swollen eyelids, her gaze fixed on the floor of the verandah. She approached him tremulously and said:

"You sent for me, father?"

"Yes, Rosie, darling; now look at me. That's right; now smile, because I am going to make you happy. I am going to give you and Jack a nice Christmas present—that is, one each."

A wild gleam of hope thrilled the girl's bosom.

"Tell me, daddy. Oh, tell me!"

"Well, I am going to give you to Jack, and Jack to you. There!!"

"Oh, you dear, darling old daddy. Is it true? Is it true?"

"Quite true, dearie. You see, it's this way: I was very angry this morning because I had hoped for better things for my daughter. Then when I got away and calmed down a bit, I remembered my long and happy life with your mother, and I decided that love was best of all. Then a sort of Christmassy feeling came over me; I repented of my hasty words of this morning, and I hurried home to make my little girl and her young man happy. Where is Jack?"

"In his room, I think, packing up to catch to-morrow's return coach."

"Run and tell him the news yourself."

She fled on the wings of joy, and a minute or two later Jack strode on to the verandah.

"How can I thank you, Mr. Bunying?"

"There, there," said the generous Mr. Bunying, "you will thank me best by forgetting what happened this morning. Allow an old man the privilege of repenting, especially on Christmas Day."

. . .

Later in the evening the happy lovers strolled in the garden talking of Mr. Bunying's nobility of soul and wondrous magnanimity. They also talked of other things, but frequently they were otherwise engaged.

In the smoking-room Mr. Bunying sat smiling to himself. He hauled his letter from London out of his pocket and read it again.

The letter was from a London firm of solicitors and stated that by the same mail they were sending a communication to Sir John Roland, acquainting him of his unexpected accession to a baronetcy and a considerable estate. They had ascertained that Sir John was at the Tollamoore station, but if he had left there they asked Mr. Bunying to forward the letter to his new address.

As Mr. Bunying read the letter he chuckled consumedly.

. . .

A fortnight later the old gentleman again went himself to the mail box for letters, testily and rather hastily refusing offers from Jack and others to go in his place.

He came back with a letter from London for Jack.

When Jack read the amazing news he communicated it to Rose and her father, and there was much gladsome rejoicing. Mr. Bunying was naturally the most astounded of the three.

But when Jack was alone in his room he examined the date of the postmark on the envelope.

First he emitted a low whistle, then he thought deeply, recalling minutely the events of that memorable Christmas Day.

A light dawned on him and he understood. Then he, too, chuckled, and next laughed loud and long.

But he did not tell Rose. It is the only secret he has kept from his wife up to the present day.—"Observer."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It's easier for a woman to coax a man than to drive a nail.

You may have noticed that easy money is difficult to retain.

Don't shorten your nights in attempting to lengthen your days.

Query: Is it permissible to get intoxicated on love in a dry town?

Clothes do not make the man—especially breach of promise suits.

Anyway, the knocker doesn't drop his hammer the minute the whistle blows.

After a girl has been married a year she is willing to occupy the hammock alone.

It doesn't take a woman long to come to the point unless she is trying to sharpen a pencil.

Many a woman never knows what she wants until she discovers what her husband does not want.

A widower says it is better to have loved and been bossed than never to have been married at all.

It is the little things of life that are most annoying. Even the small mosquitor bores one dreadfully.

Judge a man by his companions rather than by his relations. His companions are usually of his own selection, but his relations are thrust upon him.

Resourceful.

"Every man can find work if he uses his brains," asserted a man who had travelled a good deal. "That is, if he has the ability to adapt himself, like the piano-tuner I once met out West in America. 'Why,' I said to him, for we were in a wild, unsettled country, 'surely piano-tuning can't be very lucrative here. I shouldn't imagine that pianos were very plentiful in this region.' 'No, sir, they're not,' said the piano-tuner; 'but I make a pretty fair income by tightening up barbed-wire fences!'"

When Christine Nilsson made her concert tour in the United States in 1884 Signor Brignoli sang with her. He caused much merriment when he came forward in a Missouri town to apologise for Nilsson's indisposition. "Madame Nilsson ees a leetle horse," he said.

Noticing a ripple of laughter among the audience, he repeated the statement that Nilsson "was a leetle horse, a leetle horse, a leetle colt."

Whereupon a facetious occupant of the gallery brought down the house by remarking:

"Well, then, why don't you trot her out?"

The Christmas Shoes.

By MARY BURLEY.

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"Will you put those dainty little shoes on the hearth-stone to-morrow evening, Cousin Edmee?"

"No, indeed! I am too old now to do that sort of thing; but someone else will do it for me," said Miss Edmee, laughing.

"And what would you like to find in them?"

"You are very inquisitive, Lewis."

"Would it be a husband, for instance?"

"Not any more than you wish to find a wife in yours, I suppose."

Disconcerted by this sharp answer, the naval officer rose quickly and took up a position on the hearthrug from whence he could enjoy the pleasure of contemplating his cousin, Edmee de Kerhoat, over whom the full range of the lamp fell.

"Well, you have not yet answered me, Cousin Lewis."

He started. The sound of her sweet voice dispelled his reverie.

"How alike all women are!" he exclaimed in a half laughing, half-angry tone; "they can't see a poor old bachelor without brandishing before his eyes the torch of Hymen."

"It was you who began. You have no right to complain. Why did you ask me if I wished to find a husband in my slipper?"

"Just because I so often hear you overwhelm with scorn that portion of humanity to which I belong, that I wished to know if you had changed your mind."

"I? Not a bit! There is not a being in the whole world who could persuade me to abandon my uncle my home, my garden, and—my liberty!"

"Not even I?"

"You less than all others."

"Because?"

"Because people do not marry their cousins. You have known me since I was put into short petticoats, have seen me grow up, know my faults, my fancies, and my tastes by heart."

Mr. de Keralio laughed.

"You must own that it is really very unfortunate that we are cousins."

"Why?"

"Because it derives me of the best of wives."

"My poor Lewis! I have not been accustomed to look upon you as—as a lady's man."

"Why do you not call me at once a surly, cross, annoying— "

"Oh, no, never annoying."

"And what next?"

"You are far too inquisitive. Will you cross-question the future Madame de Keralio like this?"

"There will never be one."

"Bah! What an idea! You would make such a good husband!"

"Possibly; but if you only knew the sort of woman I require to make me such a good husband."

"Tell me the necessary qualifications."

"Well, I wish my wife to be beautiful, rich, brilliant, a musician, know Latin, Greek, mathematics, able to paint, govern a household, and mend socks. She must have a knowledge of the customs of society, the science of dress, a taste for art, order, economy, and——"

"Oh, do take breath, cousin. I am satisfied with what you have just enumerated."

"You are very kind."

"Let me see, Lewis. Put on one side a few small things, such as Latin and Greek, for instance."

"Very willingly, you may add wealth. I have enough to keep a wife with moderate tastes, neither do I want a dazzling beauty, though I should like my wife to be agreeable to look at."

"This is a difficult point to decide about. What must she be like?"

"Like the person who at the present moment is making a white woollen jacket for a poor child, under a pink lamp-shade."

"Again I tell you that I intend to remain an old maid."

"And I an old bachelor. Besides, I am already one. A naval officer at three and thirty is always considered quite old."

"Nonsense! Look at my uncle, who is seventy. He is as hale and hearty as a young man. He will soon be waking up. You would be very kind, Lewis, if you would play at piquet with him this evening, then I shall not be wanted for whist, and it will enable me to finish this little jacket. It is for poor Mrs. Pennec, you know."

"The weaver's wife? Is she expecting a baby?"

"The sixth; and the eldest is only seven years old. They are in a lamentable situation."

"What is the matter?"

"Well, they have got on very well till now, and by depriving themselves of many things, and working very hard, even managed to save a little money, but they have spent it all in building a tiny house. Unfortunately, however, they did not have quite enough money to pay the builder, so they borrowed some. Capital and interest have accumulated, and now the lender, a hard-hearted man, is going to seize their furniture, in fact, all they possess."

"Do they owe him much?"

"About fifteen hundred francs! Little 'Noel' ought to let me find this sum of money in my Christmas slipper, for I am quite out of cash, quite, and uncle is so severe about money matters."

The Admiral suddenly sat bolt upright in his armchair.

"Ay, indeed! Miss de Kerhoat! My uncle is severe! Is he? I have charge of your interest, Miss, until your majority; and I shall have to give account of it. If I were to listen to you, the whole of your income would go to starving people who touch your heart with their croaking. Yes, I am severe! and I shall continue to be so; it is not the opinion of a little girl that will make me swerve from my duty. . . . ."

* * *

The handsome dining-room in the Kerhoat's mansion looked very cheerful in the bright light of the midday sun. A large fire was glowing in the vast fireplace. The old gilding of the picture frames, the enamel of the china vases, the varnish of the Japanware caught up the rays and flashed them back gaily, while upon the table covered with a spotlessly white cloth the most inviting of luncheons was spread. Three covers were laid; two places only were occupied, by the Admiral and his niece.

The latter, looking fresh and beautiful in her morning gown of coarse white woollen stuff, trimmed with blue velvet, was trying to calm the old sailor's irritation, but he grew more and more excited and presently pulled the bell-rope. The butler, an ex-sailor, came in grave and stiff; his rubicund face surrounded with snowy white whiskers.

"Has Mr. de Keralio come home?"

"Not yet, Admiral."

"What time is it by the clock?"

"Ten minutes past twelve, Admiral."

"Very well, tell them to send up lunch."

"Will you not give Lewis a quarter of an hour's grace, uncle?"

"A quarter of an hour! When he has already made us wait ten minutes? Not at all! Not at all! I do not like young men to get unpunctual in their habits! and the chops will be as tough as leather!"

The servant handed round the hors d'oeuvre; the Admiral's bad humor went on increasing.

"The boy is really insupportable," he said at last, brandishing his fork in the air; "he is decidly going wrong."

"Oh, uncle!"

"There is no 'Oh, uncle!' Young men are all alike."

"Not Lewis, he has always been exceptionally good and reasonable."

The door was opened suddenly, and the young man himself, flushed and out of breath, entered the room.

"I am so very sorry to have kept you waiting, uncle," he began, "but I have only just been set free, and have been running like a madman to make up for lost time."

"Very well, take a glass of white wine; it is some old Brasac, and very presentable, too; it will give you an appetite. What news have you picked up on your rounds?"

"My near departure, my dear uncle, so near that this evening. I bid you good-bye"

Edmee turned rather pale; her hands trembled.

"Nonsense," said the Admiral. "I thought you were going to stay with us at least a fortnight."

"I did not mention it to you sooner, because the scheme was not quite decided, and I did not wish to trouble you about it until I was quite sure."

"Trouble me? Ah! now, no nonsense. You are not going to throw up your commission, at any rate?" asked the Admiral, anxiously.

"Never! my dear uncle, whom do you take me for?"

"Then, what do you mean by all this?"

"That I am going to New Caledonia."

"To New Caledonia! That is an absurd idea."

"What does it mean, uncle?" asked Edmee, who found it difficult to conceal her trouble.

"It means, my dear child, that during four whole months he will have nothing but sea and sky to contemplate and watch over a ship-load of scoundrels that the government is sending to Noumea in order to rid the mother country of them. Once arrived at his destination, he will stay there a few weeks to rest himself, and then come back the way he went with a few savings in his pocket."

"But what for, uncle?"

"Because while these young men are on board ship, they have no occasion for spending money; they only go on shore at Cape Verde, and at Saint Helena, where there is neither a Casino nor a theatre, and by the time they get sail for home again they have saved up a nice little sum which sets them afloat once more."

"But," said the girl timidly, "Lewis does not want to be set afloat. He has not run aground that I am aware of?"

Lewis bowed. "My cousin is capable of anything," he said, "even to confessing people in spite of themselves. No, I have not run aground, Miss Edmee, but still, I shall not be sorry to have a little more cash. In short, I have sent a telegram to Paris to say that I start this evening by the eight o'clock train."

"You will not even spend Christmas Eve with us," said Edmee very quietly.

The young man poured himself out a glass of water, which he swallowed at a draught, then answered in a voice he tried hard to steady, "No, cousin Edmee, this separation will cost me much; I prefer to get it over."

II.

It was about half-past seven on Christmas morning. Old Naic, a faithful servant who had been present at the birth of Miss Edmee's mother, and who had never left the latter, opened the bedroom door very softly, and entering, crossed over to the fireplace and deposited two small satin shoes on the hearthstone.

"Is it you, Naic?" asked the beautiful sleeper in a drowsy voice.

"Yes, my pretty one, do not wake up yet, my love! I only came in to see if your fire were still burning; it is so cold this morning. Go to sleep again, my beauty; you were so late in returning from midnight mass."

"So early, you mean. Two o'clock had struck. I am not sleepy, Naic; make a nice fire, it will keep me company."

The old woman had scarcely left the room before Miss Edmee jumped out of bed and ran to the fireplace.

Two tiny slippers placed side by side met her gaze. In one there was a small velvet box, in the other an envelope with a seal of red wax bearing the arms of the Keralios. With a trembling hand, Edmee tore it open. She found a sheet of stamped paper and a letter in it. One was simply a receipt, and the other a short note.

The receipt ran thus:

"I acknowledge having received from Mr. Pennec, weaver, the sum of fifteen hundred francs in cash for the reimbursement of the capital and interest of money lent him.

"YIEVES KILIEU."

The note said:

"You are right, Cousin, I am not the husband you should have. I know your worth; you are not ignorant of my faults. You are young, charming, rich. What have I to offer you? Only an honorable name, a past without a blemish, a heart that has never loved anybody but yourself. You have no right to exact more from a husband. I am going away, not wishing to pluck the last leaves of frail happiness from my winter rose, whose perfume will comfort me during my exile.

"LEWIS DE KERALIO."

"P.S.—You wished to find Pennec's cottage in your Christmas shoes. Here it is. Keep the secret from our kind uncle, I beg."

Edmee's eyes filled with tears; she let the letter fall from her hand. Then, hiding her face in the pillow, began to cry silently.

A world of new thoughts awoke in her breast. Until then she had only thought lightly of this grave, undemonstrative man's love. She went to pick up the letter; the thin sheet of paper had flown away into the fireplace, where it was resting upon one of the shoes—the one in which the small box lay waiting to be examined. Edmee opened it to find a magnificent locket, star shaped and covered with small diamonds and pearls. She admired it for a moment.

"It is too beautiful," she said to herself. "My uncle is too extravagant. It is true he can do it, he is so rich. Ah, if he would only leave his wealth to Lewis, instead of giving it to me, it would settle so many things. Lewis is so proud, he would never marry a woman for her fortune, and how kind he is! What a Christmas present he has given me! How happy those poor Pennecs will be! I will write him a long letter, a long and very affectionate one. But what am I to answer about the marriage? If the naughty boy had only remained a few days longer we would have been able to talk it over, and now he has gone off to the other end of the world.

III.

Eleven months had passed away. It is now November, and we find the Admiral in his big arm-chair in the chimney corner, while Edmee, sitting near the table, is making her long ivory crochet hook go nimbly, as the pink light from the lamp-shade falls over her. Miss de Kerhoat is rather changed; she looks more serious, and when she raises her eyes to look at the large bouquet of chrysanthemums by her side, you can see in their azure depths a softer expression than of yore.

"I cannot understand what has happened to Lewis," said the old sailor, as he poked the fire nervously. "He ought to have been here a quarter of an hour ago. I fancy that I heard a carriage in the avenue just now."

"No, uncle, it was a cart passing upon the high road."

"But the train arrives at a quarter to eight, and it only takes half an hour to get here from the station. It is nearly half-past eight now."

"Lewis has a lot of luggage, and he is probably waiting to see it delivered."

"With this fine weather he might have come on foot by the short cut, and left his rattle-traps at the station till to-morrow."

"You know, uncle, how methodical he is; it is very likely he wishes to see that nothing is missing."

"You always excuse him."

The scene had a mute, invisible auditor, Lewis de Keralio himself. Having reached the house unobserved, he had been standing there a few minutes. He wanted to find the dear ones he was going to see again amidst the surroundings where, in thought, he had so often pictured them. From behind the heavy portiere he could observe all that was going on. His heart swelled within him with a great joy.

How beautiful Edmee was. How he loved her! A lump rose in his throat, his head felt dizzy. He crossed the drawing-room with long strides and stood before her.

"Lewis!" she exclaimed, and they flung themselves into each other's arms.

"So there you are at last, you Noumean!" said the kind old Admiral, beaming with joy. "There you are. Kiss your old uncle. By Jove! you arrive like a thief!"

"I took the short cut; I hadn't patience enough to wait for my luggage, I was so anxious to see you both again. I reached Brest the day before yesterday—just ran into see grandmamma de Keralio. She wanted to keep me, but I promised to run to her next week. Will you have me till then?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on with your work, Edmee. I like so much to watch you. It's another jacket, I do believe. Is Pennec——"

"That's it. The one they were expecting when you went away is called Lewis."

"Am I to be god-father?"

"Yes, if you will accept me for gossip."

"Very willingly. And when is the christening to take place?"

"When you will have had time to order the 'dragees.'"

"I will write to Paris for them this very evening."

"And the bouquet?"

"I will send to Nice for that. But what flowers would you like to have?"

Edmee leant back in her chair for an instant, and looked straight at her cousin, who was leaning with his elbows on the table opposite. The two pairs of eyes said very eloquent things in their mute language.

"Let them send white roses," she said, "and, if you like, a few sprigs of orange blossom."

"Ah, Edmee!" exclaimed the young man, and the Admiral, wiping tears of joy from his eyes with his immense handkerchief, suddenly remembered an important message and hurried from the room.

"You were right last winter, Lewis," said Edmee softly, as the door closed. "I found a husband in my shoes."

She held out her hand to him. He took it in both his, and kissed it tenderly and respectfully.

SEVEN "DON'TS" FOR THE EYES.

Don't read in a reclining attitude or in bed.

Don't use the eyes when they are tired or weak from illness.

Don't work longer than two hours without closing the eyes and resting them for five minutes.

Don't look too steadily from a railway-carriage window at objects that are constantly flying past you.

Don't sit facing a strong light. If possible, let the light fall on work or book from over the left shoulder.

Don't fail to consult an oculist if you find that your eyesight is growing dim or hesitate to wear glasses if you need them.

Don't have colored shades on the lamps. Use white or ground glass. If you must have a colored shade, let it be green.

Didn't Matter Much.

Among the visitors to a fine art exhibition were two old ladies from the country. They were engaged in examining with great

SCHOOL SPEECH DAYS.

WESTLEIGH COLLEGE.

The annual distribution of prizes in connection with the above took place at the Fitzroy town hall on Thursday, 14th inst. There was a very large attendance, the hall being well filled. A very interesting programme was given by the pupils with the assistance of the instructress in singing, Miss Evelyn Ashley. Miss Ashley sang a couple of songs, including "Land of Hope and Glory," which her beautiful soprano voice did well. Elgar's song was given [illegible] by the pupils. Pianoforte numbers were taken partly by Mi ses R. Hendry [illegible]yllis Ashley (duet), Misses C. Morgan and G. Olive (duet), Miss Ella Olive (solo) and Miss Sheila Whitford (solo), and all showed efficiency, the result evidently of excellent tuition. Miss Lily Gamble recited very nicely indeed, and a collective patriotic recitation, "Our Empire," was very well done by the Misses K. Johnson, M. Stanborough, K. Hendry, and O. Whitehell. The chorus, 'Good-Night," by the junior girls was a very pretty and interesting item and the boys' class gave the chorus "Jolly Tars," very creditably. In the chorus, "Sing O-Hay-O," the soloists were the Misses E. Olive, E. Pilkington, F. Osborne, and V. Dally, who all looked very attractive in their Japanese costumes. There were also several exhibitions of physical culture under Mr. England, and these met with a special mede of appreciation, being really well carried out and the work appealing to those present as being really valuable to the physical up-building of those taking part.

The Rev. R. A. Britten read the principals' annual report, which was the 25th in the school's history. The report mentioned that the roll attendance was 110, and the number through the year 126, which was in advance of all former years. The work had also been satisfactory, and prizes were only won after keen competition. Miss [illegible] had the highest aggregate [illegible] Eng-lux last year could not compete again, and the honor went to Miss Myra Ferguson, with Miss Ella Olive a close second. The physical culture class was still doing good work, interest being unabated, and the singing class is still under the able tuition of Miss Evelyn Ashley. They continued to hear very gratifying reports concerning the old girls. Miss Amy Slade has just finished her arts course, and Miss Evelyn Sootney, after finishing her musical studies with Madame Marchesi and Tosti, has accepted an engagement to appear in Grand Opera in America. Duties would be resumed on February 8.

During the evening the pupils presented the Misses Westgarth with a beautiful silver rose bowl and silver cream jug as an evidence of their esteem and goodwill.

The prizes were presented by Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., who prefaced his pleasing task with many flattering allusions to the very able manner in which the Misses Westgarth had conducted the school during the past quarter of a century. The following is the prize list:—

Dux of school, Myra Ferguson.

J.P. Class.—Nellie Irving, highest class marks; Ella Olive, 1 English, 2 physiology; Meta Inglis, 1 arithmetic, 1 Scripture; Eleanor, Pilkington, 1 French; Marjorie McQuie, 1 physiology.

V.—Dux, Frances Johns and Jessie Inglis equal; Madge Dobbin, 1 English, 1 literature, 1 Scripture, 2 history; Verlie Dally, 1 history, 1 French; Hazel Creaser, 1 arithmetic; Jessie Harbour, 2 French; Bertha Duncan, 1 physiology.

IV.—Dux, Clarice Salmon; Sheila Whitford, 1 English, 1 geography, 2 history, 2 nature study; Nancie Brown, 1 arithmetic 1 nature study, 1 Algebra, 2 geography; Dorothy Freeman, 1 French, 2 arithmetic; Gladys Olive, English.

IIIA.—Dux, Doris Wright; Marjorie Irving, 1 arithmetic; Clarice Morgan, 1 history.

IIIB.—Dux, Carlie Brennecke; Mollie Strover, 1 geography; Dulcie Christian, 1 history, 1 general knowledge; Lily Beedome 1 arithmetic; Gwen Salmon, 1 writing; Elsie Ward, 1 geography.

II.—Dux, Lois Creak; Esther Moorman, 1 Scripture; 1 general knowledge; May Grayson, 1 spelling and poetry; Margery Whitford, 1 French.

Kindergarten.—Dux, Gertie Johnson; Ilma Bastings, arithmetic; Isa Keleon, Scripture and nature study; Kitty Dutton, English; Lindsay Walker, grammar and geography; George Griffith, 2 grammar, 2 geography; Francis Wilson, drawing, nature study and French.

Midwinter class prizes.—J.P., Myra Ferguson; V., Violet Fletcher; IV., Sheila Whitford; III., Gladys Foreman; II., Joan Whalley and Elsie Ward; I., Margery Whitford and Bessie Bevan; kindergarten, Lindsay Walker.

Certificates 75 per cent.—Joan Whalley, Dorothy Irving, Dorothy Littlejohns, Ethel McCraw.

BOYS' SCHOOL.

Dux, Ernest Robertson.

III.—Alfred Twentyman, conduct; Frank Lonie, Scripture, general knowledge, 2 English; George Dally, geography, 2 history; Leslie Twentyman, history, French, nature study.

IIB.—Dux, Ray Morgan; Mervyn Britten, English, arimetic, singing; Roy McGregor, general knowledge, nature study.

II.—Dux, Norrie Harrington; Frank Wardrop, French, 2 grammar; Kenneth Browne, 2 general knowledge, drawing; Edwin Wilson, 2 geography; Lionel Wilson, writing; Ralph Bryant, singing.

I.—Dux, Arthur Heggie; George Pye, 1 geography.

Midwinter prizes.—Leslie Twentyman and Norrie Harrington.

Certificates 75 per cent.—Alfred Twentyman, Richard Harrington.

Music.—Senior, Ella Olive; junior, Sheila Whitford; Dorothy Bryant, improvement.

Drawing.—Ella Olive, Olive Whitehell.

Painting.—Katie Hendry.

Elocution—Emma Johnson, Lily Gamble.

Needlework.—Senior, Flossie Osborne; junior, Mollie Strover and Esther Moorman.

Conduct.—Senior, Verlie Dally; junior, Joan Whalley, Mollie Warden, Florrie Robertson.

Physiology diagrams.—Senior, Ella Olive; junior, Jessie Harbour.

Essay.—Myra Ferguson.

Physical culture.—Deportment, Nellie Irving; exercises, Meta Inglis, Jessie Inglis, Esme Strover; junior, Gladys Olive, Dorothy Freeman.

Singing.—Senior, Ella Olive, Emma Johnson; junior, Dulcie Christian.

Boarders' prize.—Madge Stanborough.

Dancing.—Katie Hendry.

KING'S COLLEGE.

The annual speech night and presentation of prizes in connection with King's College, Clifton Hill, was held at the Albert Hall on Monday evening. Mr. J. W. Billson, M.L.A., presided and the hall was crowded; the gathering including a large number from Northcote and Preston, and also an unusually large number of the "old boys." Under the direction of Mr. Pallett an excellent musical programme was given, the opening number being a well played pianoforte solo by Miss Gluyas, of Northcote. Several choruses were rendered by the boys with great success. The contributions of the Beethoven Quartet Party also went well; while with the tenor songs of Mr. Hook the audience were delighted. Mr. Billson delivered a short address and promised a gold medal for the dux of the school next year.

The principal, Mr. G. Cochrane, B.A., in the course of his report, said:—"True education aims at training and developing the mental faculties, and building up the character; its function is to draw out, from within, and not to hammer in information from without. Hence it follows that the pernicious custom of cramming cannot be too highly condemned. In the pursuit of a multiplicity of subjects, the teacher is apt to neglect the essentials which form the basis of higher education. Let us, then, train our boys and our girls to be thorough in all they do. Let them learn the great lessons of self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control."

Mr. Cochrane concluded by intimating that the school would resume on Tuesday, 6th February.

The following is the prize-list:—

E. Williams, dux mathematics and English group. 1st mapping, 2nd spelling and writing, 2nd reading and Scripture; badge monitor's marks.

H. Stokes, dux in language, 1st English group and reading, 1st Scripture, 2nd mathematics; badge.

J. Banks (Upper 5th), 1st writing, reading and English, languages and mathematics, 2nd spelling.

J. McLean (Upper 5th), prizes in Scripture, English group, spelling, arithmetic, and reading.

Lindsay Lizars (Lower 5th), 1st reading, writing, and spelling, 1st French and history, 2nd geography and arithmetic.

R. Carah (Lower 5th), 1st English and arithmetic, 2nd reading, languages, 2nd monthly marks, spelling, writing.

Norman McClelland (Lower 5th), 1st Latin and geography, prize in history, English, and arithmetic.

—. Powell (Lower 5th,)—1st arithmetic, prize English, spelling, reading.

George Staples (Lower 5th), arithmetic, spelling, geography, history, and English.

Frank McClelland (Lower 5th)—Latin, reading, history, writing, and geography.

Harley Barnes (Lower 5th), mapping, arithmetic, and writing.

Emil Goette (Upper 4th), 1st spelling, history, geography, and reading; 2nd arithmetic and French.

Charles Blacker (Upper 4th), 1st English, French, writing, and arithmetic, 2nd history, reading, spelling, and geography; badge.

Harry McAlpin (dux Lower 4th), 1st Scripture, 1st reading.

H. Allobin, reading and arithmetic, 1st poetry and writing; badge.

H. Greenland (Lower 4th) 1st reading and geography, 2nd spelling and history.

Ernest McAlpin (Lower 3rd), reading, writing, and arithmetic.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE, NORTHCOTE

The twenty first annual entertainment and distribution of prizes was held on Tuesday evening in All Saints' school hall, which was crowded with parents, friends and children. An interesting programme was gone through as follows:—Pianoforte solo, "Marche Guerriere," Master Frank Laver; cantata, "Princess Tiny Tot," junior school; violin solo, "Immer Wieder," Master Arthur Laver; recitation, "Dorking," Miss Ethel Crossley; action songs, "The clock" and "The bee song," infants; violin solo, "Tarantelle," Miss Elsa Lewis; recitation, "Father and the ants," Master Wallis Crossley; cantata, "The rose of joy," queen of the sunbeams, her magician, jester and page, sunbeams, mortals, and dragon.

In his report the principal stated that the number of pupils on the roll had been well maintained during the year and the attendance on the whole was good, though interfered with during the latter part of the year. Four pupils, however, did not miss a single attendance. The work done has been good as shown by the midwinter and Christmas examinations, which indicate satisfactory improvement all round. The pupils who obtained the best results were those who worked steadily throughout the year. In conclusion the principal wished the pupils and all present a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The mayor (Cr. Bastings) who presented the prizes, congratulated Mr. Farr on the continued success of the college and also on the progress made by scholars, to whom the mayor made some appreciative and encouraging references.

PRIZE LIST.

Class VI.—Daphne Peatt, dux, 1 at Christmas and midwinter. 1 home lessons; Henry Wittenbach, 2 at Christmas and midwinter, 2 home lessons; Charles Peatt, 3 at Christmas and midwinter.

IV.—Hazel Greenwood, 1 at Christmas and midwinter; Ernest Johnson, 2 at Christmas and midwinter; Arthur Bedford, 3 at Christmas and midwinter; Ilma Comins, 1 writing and arithmetic; Addie Bedford, general improvement; Beatrice Stalker, general improvement.

III (upper).—Dorothy Clack, 1 at Christmas and midwinter; Grace Belcher, 2 at midwinter, 1 home lessons; Lionel Jackson, 2 at Christmas, 3 at midwinter; Jack Heath, 3 at Christmas, 1 spelling; William Stalker, Claude Peatt, Ernest Dennis, Ethel Schieferdecker, and Allie Wittig, general improvement.

III (lower).—Doris Court, 1 at Christmas, 2 at midwinter; Frank Laver, 2 at Christmas, 2 at midwinter; Jack Charter, 2 at Christmas, 1 at midwinter; Robin Doherty, 3 at Christmas; Arthur Laver, Basil Reed, and Hector Dennis, general improvement.

II.—Angela Seabrook, 1 at Christmas and midwinter; Gordon Brown, 2 at Christmas and midwinter.

I.—Arthur Peatt, spelling and writing; Ray Clack, reading and arithmetic; Fred Wood, writing and reading; Vernie Waters, reading; Marie Heath, writing; Elsie Bainbridge, kindergarten work; Marjorie Bedford, kindergarten; Gladys Sheldon, reading; Dolly Bailey, writing.

Kindergarten class.—Inez McCrohan, Gladys Adlington, Edith Wright, Melville Copeland, Cyril Jackson, Alwyn Jenkins, Frank Bloom, Leonard Atkinson.

Special prizes for attendance.—Daphne Peatt, Grace Belcher, William Stalker, Frank Laver, not having missed once during the year; Jack Charter, Basil Reed, missed only half a day.

Special prize for best exercise, gift of Miss Rene, Jack Charter.

Northcote Rifle Notes.

[By Target].

At Port Melbourne last Saturday the final of the club championship took place in exceptionally rough weather. The wind was most erratic, many competitors finding it difficult to get on the target at 1000 yds. at all. Two members, A. Glanfield and J. S. Goldsworthy failed to record a single hit for their 14 shots. C. Wilson opened up the day's shooting and put up a respectable score, which won him the day's trophy—a silver spoon. Next came H. Hook, who with 1 point more than Wilson's for his ten shots annexed the £3 3s prize. Wilson gained 2nd prize of £1, and H. Soanes, third, a trophy. These three have shot well for their places. H. Hook having shot well right through the year, although not having many wins. Wilson has had a most successful season, having carried off a large number of trophies. D. Soanes also has shown good form, having put up the record of 14 shots possible at 90 yds. G. Hook won the inter-club's aggregate prize, with J. S. Goldsworthy a point less.

At the miniature range last week the Xmas goose competition was carried out successfully. It attracted 67 entries, and some good shooting was done. G. Grecian, of Collingwood, put up a fine score, the first possible 7 shots obtained at the miniature range. He is, without doubt, the champion of Victoria at this branch of rifle shooting. He took first prize, a goose. C. Wilson (Northcote) and F. Featherston (Fitzroy) tied for second.

Other prize-winners—W. Keyte (Fitzroy), F. Kelly (Collingwood), F. R. Robson (Fitzroy), H. W. Bently (Fitzroy) J. Muce (Collingwood), J. Kupsch (Preston), J. S. Goldsworthy (Northcote), E. Witcomb (Northcote), H. D. Soanes (Northcote). Scratch prizes were won by W. Davidson (Collingwood), Capt. Piper (Fitzroy) and A. Glanfield (Northcote).

FAIRFIELD STATE SCHOOL.

EXCEPTIONAL RESULTS.

During the past few years the high standard of work done at the Fairfield State School, together with the phenomenal examination results, has won for it a foremost place in the schools of the metropolis. This year has been no exception. In the upper sixth class, where Mr. Jno. Clappison is the teacher, thirty out of the thirty-one scholars eligible gained merit certificates, which must be regarded as a most excellent performance—one which the school, the teacher, and the scholars have reason to feel proud of One half of the successful scholars reside in Northcote.

The names of the merit winners this year are as follows:—Ernest Poppins, Arthur De Frenz, John Anderson, Phillip Faegher, Leonard Winter, Frand Landvoight, Leonard Rows, Eric Bergman, George Clappison, Charles Harris, William Begg, Leslie Joyce, Ernest Horman, Albert Barnett, Harry Amos, Vernon Birtles, Albert Aland, Ernest Bolls, Arthur Ryans, Laurel Lavender, Mabel Trevens, Ida Land, Martha Doherty, Jessie McIntyre, Mabel Wilson, Annie Higgins, Ida Carter, Emily Somerville, Vera Snow, Frieda Kemter.

During the last five years 109 scholars have presented themselves at the merit certificate examinations, and of these 102 have been successful—truly a marvellous record.

For this year the scholarship results are not yet available, but for the previous four years the school has 21 Government scholarships to its credit, 26 we gained a position on the meritorious list in the Government scholarship examinations, and 12 who were successful in winning college scholarships.

LOCAL TRAIN SERVICE.

SUMMER TIME-TABLE.

PRESTON & NORTHCOTE TO PRINCES BRIDGE

WEEK DAYS (Saturdays excepted)

Preston Reservoir.	Regent	Preston	Bell	Thornbury	Croxton	Northcote	Merri	Arrives at Princes Br.
5 21	5 24	5 27	5 33	5 35	5 38	5 35	5 38	5 55
5 50	5 54	5 57	5 58	6 0	6 3	6 4	6 7	6 24
6 21	6 24	6 27	6 30	6 34	6 44	6 45	6 48	7 5
6 52	6 55	6 57	7	7 2	7 5	7 6	7 9	7 27
		7 7	7 12	7 14	7 17	7 18	7 21	7 33
7 14	7 17	7 20	7 22	7 24	7 27	7 28	7 31	7 48
7 43	7 46	7 49	7 51	7 53	7 56	7 57	8 0	8 10
8 7	8 5	8 8	8 10	8 12	8 15	8 16	8 19	8 35
			8 19	8 21	8 24	8 25	8 28	8 45
18 10	8 22	8 25	8 27	8 29	8 32	8 33	8 36	8 53
8 55	8 53	8 56	8 58	9 0	9 3	9 4	9 7	9 24
9 24	9 27	9 30	9 32	9 34	9 37	9 38	9 41	9 57
10 7	10 10	10 13	10 15	10 17	10 20	10 21	10 24	10 41
10 37	10 40	10 43	10 45	10 47	10 50	10 51	10 54	11 11
11 10	11 13	11 16	11 18	11 20	11 23	11 24	11 27	11 4
12 20	12 32	12 35	12 37	12 39	12 42	12 43	12 46	1 3
1 30	1 33	1 36	1 38	1 40	1 43	1 44	1 47	2 4
2 10	2 13	2 16	2 18	2 20	2 23	2 24	2 27	2 44
3 10	3 13	3 16	3 18	3 20	3 23	3 24	3 27	3 44
4 14	4 17	4 20	4 22	4 24	4 27	4 28	4 31	4 48
4 35	4 41	4 44	4 46	4 48	4 51	4 52	4 55	5 12
5 10	5 10	5 20	5 21	5 23	5 26	5 27	5 30	5 51
5 37								
6 1	6 11	6 14	6 17	6 19	6 22	6 23	6 26	6 42
6 22	6 25	6 28	6 30	6 32	6 35	6 36	6 39	6 57
6 42	6 45	6 48	6 50	6 52	6 55	6 56	6 59	7 16
6 53	6 56	6 59	7 1	7 3	7 6	7 7	7 10	7 27
7 1	7 6	7 9	7 11	7 13	7 16	7 17	7 20	7 37
7 25	7 31	7 34	7 36	7 38	7 41	7 42	7 45	8 2
7 54	7 57	8 0	8 2	8 4	8 7	8 8	8 11	8 27
8 20	8 24	8 27	8 29	8 31	8 34	8 35	8 38	8 54
8 50	8 53	8 56	8 58	9 0	9 3	9 4	9 7	9 24
9 20	9 23	9 26	9 28	9 30	9 33	9 34	9 37	9 54
10 8	10 11	10 14	10 16	10 18	10 21	10 22	10 25	10 42
10 55	11 1	11 4	11 6	11 8	11 11	11 12	11 15	11 32
11 20	11 23	11 26	11 28	11 30	11 33	11 34	11 37	11 54
11 30	11 33	11 36	11 38	11 40	11 43	11 44	11 47	12 4
11 55	11 58	12 1	12 3	12 5	12 8	12 9	12 12	12 29

†Express from Clifton Hill.
*Does not stop.

SATURDAYS.

Same as Week Days till 10.7 a.m., then as follows:—

10 39	10 42	10 45	10 47	10 49	10 52	10 53	10 56	11 13
11 30	11 33	11 36	11 38	11 40	11 43	11 44	11 47	12 4
12 12	12 16	12 29	12 31	12 33	12 36	12 37	12 40	12 58
			1 0	1 2	1 4	1 6	1 9	1 26
1 8	1 11	1 14	1 16	1 18	1 21	1 22	1 25	1 42
1 38	1 41	1 44	1 46	1 48	1 51	1 52	1 55	2 12
1 53	1 56	1 59	2 1	2 3	2 6	2 7	2 10	2 27
2 16	2 19	2 22	2 24	2 26	2 29	2 30	2 33	2 50
2 31	2 34	2 37	2 39	2 41	2 44	2 45	2 48	3 5
2 52	2 55	2 58	3 0	3 2	3 5	3 6	3 9	3 29
3 18	3 35	3 38	3 40	3 42	3 45	3 46	3 49	4 6
4 24	4 27	4 30	4 32	4 34	4 37	4 38	4 41	4 58
4 42	4 45	4 48	4 50	4 52	4 55	4 56	4 59	5 18
5 19	5 22	5 25	5 27	5 29	5 32	5 33	5 36	5 53
5 57	6 0	6 3	6 5	6 7	6 10	6 11	6 14	6 31
6 33	6 36	6 39	6 41	6 43	6 46	6 47	6 50	7 7
6 59	7 2	7 5	7 7	7 9	7 12	7 13	7 16	7 35
7 37	7 40	7 43	7 45	7 47	7 50	7 51	7 54	8 11
8 50	8 53	8 56	8 58	9 0	9 3	9 4	9 7	9 24
10 8	10 11	10 14	10 16	10 18	10 21	10 22	10 25	10 42
10 55	11 1	11 4	11 6	11 8	11 11	11 12	11 15	11 32
11 20	11 23	11 26	11 28	11 30	11 33	11 34	11 37	11 54
11 30	11 33	11 36	11 38	11 40	11 43	11 44	11 47	12 4
11 55	11 58	12 1	12 3	12 5	12 8	12 9	12 12	12 29

SUNDAYS.

10 1	10 4	10 7	10 9	10 11	10 14	10 15	10 18	10 35
11	11 4	11 7	11 9	11 11	11 14	11 15	11 18	11 35
11 46	11 49	11 52	11 54	11 56	11 59	12 0	12 3	12 20
12 43	12 46	12 49	12 51	12 53	12 56	12 57	1 0	1 17
1 40	1 43	1 46	1 48	1 50	1 53	1 54	1 57	2 14
1 51	1 54	1 57	1 59	2 1	2 4	2 5	2 8	2 25
2 41	2 44	2 47	2 49	2 51	2 54	2 55	2 58	3 15
3 31	3 34	3 37	3 39	3 41	3 44	3 45	3 48	4 5
4 21	4 24	4 27	4 29	4 31	4 34	4 35	4 38	4 55
5 11	5 14	5 17	5 19	5 21	5 24	5 25	5 28	5 45
6 1	6 4	6 7	6 9	6 11	6 14	6 15	6 18	6 35
6 51	6 54	6 57	6 59	7 1	7 4	7 5	7 8	7 25
7 41	7 44	7 47	7 49	7 51	7 54	7 55	7 58	8 15
8 31	8 34	8 37	8 39	8 41	8 44	8 45	8 48	9 5
9 21	9 24	9 27	9 29	9 31	9 34	9 35	9 38	9 55
10 6	10 9	10 12	10 14	10 16	10 19	10 20	10 23	10 40

PRINCES BRIDGE TO NORTHCOTE & PRESTON

WEEK DAYS (Sats. excepted).

5 0	7 37	10 10	5 30	5 57	8 45	
6 8	7 45*	11 27	4 42	6 10	9 45	
6 37	8 10	12 27	5 10	6 20	10 45	
6 37*	8 27	1 25	5 20	6 40	11 10	
6 52	9 0	2 27	5 30	7 14	11 25	
7 26	9 25	3 10	5 42	7 45	11 50	

*To Bell only

SATURDAYS.

5 0	7 37	10 12	12 55	4 35	8 45	11 50
6 8	7 45*	11 35	1 15	5 10	9 45	
6 37	8 10	12 20*	1 30	5 30	10 36	
6 37*	8 27	12 22	2 5	6 10	10 47	
6 52	9 0	12 32	2 30	6 52	11 10	
7 26	9 25	12 47	3 27	7 45	11 25	

*To Bell only

SUNDAYS.

9 12	2 25	3 30	5 0	7 0	8 0	9 50
12 50	3 0	4 10	6 0	7 32	9 0	

FAIRFIELD TO PRINCES BRIDGE

WEEK DAYS (Saturdays excepted)

5 26	8 9	9 29	2 11	5 7	7 13	10 37	
6 28	8 22	10 26	2 39	5 38	7 38	10 55	
6 56	8 37	11 29	3 6	6 3	7 59	11 29	
7 22	8 54	12 11	3 47	6 30	8 28	12 5	
7 54	9 16	1 33	4 39	7 0	9 19		

SATURDAYS.

5 26	8 9	9 29	1 31	3 33	6 39	9 19	
6 26	8 32	10 26	2 3	4 9	7 8	10 4	
6 56	8 37	11 18	2 19	4 39	7 28	10 51	
7 22	8 54	12 16	2 34	5 38	7 59	11 30	
7 54	9 16	1 3	3 3	6 5	8 28	11 51	

SUNDAYS

10 11	2 43	4 1	5 56	8 6	9 46	
12 45	2 48	4 31	6 31	8 53	10 21	
1 1	3 31	5 16	7 49	9 2		

PRINCES BRIDGE TO FAIRFIELD

WEEK DAYS (Saturdays excepted)

5 40	7 14	9 33	1 12	4 45	6 25	10 15
6 0	7 30	10 27	1 40	5 15	7 5	10 35
6 32	8 0	11 8	2 55	5 56	7 35	11 5
6 47	8 32	12 12	3 22	5 52	8 30	11 30
7 0	8 45	12 35	4 12	6 4	9 30	

SATURDAYS

5 40	7 14	9 33	1 0	3 10	6 0	9 25
6 0	7 30	10 27	1 10	3 48	6 18	9 44
6 32	8 0	11 27	1 40	4 48	7 5	10 30
6 47	8 32	12 15	2 10	5 15	7 33	10 55
7 0	8 45	12 40	2 40	5 40	8 30	11 30

SUNDAYS

10 11	1 31	3 10	4 55	6 53	8 0	
11 0	2 0	3 40	5 10	7 25	9 25	
12 40	2 30	4 25	6 10	7 42	10 0	

MELBOURNE TO WHITTLESEA, via ROYAL PARK.

	Daily a.m.	Sats. exc. a.m.	Sats. only. p.m.	Daily p.m.	Suns only. a.m	
Flinders St.					11 1	
Spencer St.	7 21	10 27	1 34	4 42	11 5	
Merri	7 46	10 56	‡	5 8	11 28	
Northcote	7 49	10 59	‡	5 11	11 31	
Croxton	7 52	11 2	*	5 14	11 33	
Thornbury	7 55	11 5	*	5 17	11 36	
Bell	7 59	11 9	2 10	5 21	11 39	
Preston	8 2	11 12	*	5 24	11 42	
Regent	8 5	11 15	*	5 27	11 44	
Reservoir	8 18	11 28	2 17	5 33	11 48	
Thomastown	8 26	11 37	2 24	5 41	11 55	
Epping	8 35	11 50	2 32	5 48	12 3	
Whittlesea	9 22	12 30	3 7	6 29	12 38	

WHITTLESEA TO MELBOURNE, via ROYAL PARK.

	Daily a.m.	Daily p.m.	Daily p.m.	Suns. only. p.m.
Whittlesea	7 0	12 50	8 0	7 25
Epping	7 37	1 35	8 43	8 2
Thomastown	7 45	1 44	8 51	8 10
Reservoir	7 53	2 0	9 2	8 19
Regent	*	2 3	9 5	*
Preston	*	2 6	9 8	*
Bell	*	2 8	9 10	*
Thornbury	*	2 10	9 12	*
Croxton	8 1	2 13	9 15	*
Northcote	8 2	2 14	9 16	*
Merri	8 5	2 17	9 19	8 31
Spencer St.	8 28	2 47	9 46	9 7
Flinders St.				9 11

* Does not stop. ‡ Stops if required.

Epping Shire News.

Mr. Ryan, who last year got in 94 per cent of the shire rates, was highly complimented by Government auditor (John A. Robertson) on his achievement, who considered it "excellent work for one man in a shire like Epping." The council on Monday carried a vote of thanks to Mr. Ryan with acclamation.

The shire stone ornaher has been ordered from England and is expected to arrive in March next, by which time the spalls will be ready for the machine to operate on.

Cr Morgan, at the council meeting on Monday, gave notice of motion that a pan service be established in the township of Epping.

The Epping shire council were on Monday notified by Preston that they intended to apply the Width of Tires Act to their municipality on 1st September next. It was decided to notify Epping ratepayers through an advertisement in the *Preston Leader*.

That always popular event the monster picnic at the Yan Yean reserve takes place as usual on New Year's Day. Prizes are offered for fancy dancing and there will be footracing and jumping contests and competitions in throwing the cricket ball. A brass band has been engaged, and there will be a merry go-round, Punch and Judy, and other amusements.

Tenders.

TENDERS are invited for the Sewering of St. Joseph's School, Arthurton Rd., Northcote. Specifications can be inspected at the Presbytery, Westbourne Grove.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE v PRAHRAN.

Northcote C.C. played Prahran, last year's premiers, at the park last Saturday afternoon, with the following result:—

NORTHCOTE—First Innings.

G. Spicer, b Bell	2
F. Yeomans, c Kyle, b Blackie ...	6
H. McCarron, b Kyle	21
G. Chesswas, c Carkeek, b Kyle ...	23
N. Brown, run out	27
C. Begg, c Rush, b Blackie ...	58
S. Billings, run out	37
R. Bailey, b Kyle	22
R. Mitchell, b Kyle...	0
R. Vernon, c Kyle, b Blackie ...	0
D. Plant, not out	4
Sundries	3
Total	203

PRAHRAN—First Innings.

S. Stephens, not out	6
D. Bell, b Bailey	4
D. Blackie, b Brown	0
J. Kyle, not out	4
Two wickets	14

NORTHCOTE V. PRAHRAN.

The second elevens of the above commenced last Saturday at Prahran. Northcote's captain won the toss and decided to bat on a good wicket. A. Lugton and S. Yeomans opened and put on 74 before Yeomans was caught for a well-made 50. Lugton fell shortly after for 22. Wilkinson rattled up 28 quickly, as did Hughes 31 and Hammet 20 not out, but the other batsmen falling badly the innings closed for 188. Junior, Prahran's promising young bowler, secured 7 for 75 and Martin 2 for 22. The home team started badly, F. Lugton securing the first wicket for 3, but Martin 83 not out and Upton 53 not out, helped by rather lenient fielding, carried the score to 144, when time was called.

The matches will not be concluded till 6th January owing to the New South Wales and test matches being played to-day and next Saturday.

Northcote play a match on Wednesday, 27th inst., at Northcote Park against a team from Waranga Cricket Association, commencing at 11 o'clock.

NORTHCOTE CLUB ELEVES V. EAST BRUNSWICK.

This match was concluded last Saturday. The wicket was again treacherous, being a worry to the batsmen and a joy to the bowlers. Low scores and fine bowling averages were the features of the match. The locals won outright by 54 runs, thus gaining 3 points. Scores—Northcote, 68 and 50 (Phillips 28 and 23 not out, Bedford 10, being the only double figure scorers in the match); East Brunswick, 31 and 33 (Morris 13 for 10, Bedford 6 for 38). No fewer than 28 batsmen were clean bowled.

There will be no play until the 6 in January, when Northcote will play Carlton at the Merri Park.

PRESTON V. EAST MELBOURNE.

This match was started last Saturday at the Preston oval. Preston batted first, but the team did not do too good, being disposed of for 75 runs (Mohegan 14, Howes 13 not out, Wyer 11, Westmo

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

Monday, December 18.

Present:—Crs. Bastings (Mayor) Johnson, Schwabach, Smith, Plant, Glanfield, Lees, Dennis, Mason, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Henderson, Hayes, Harry and Redmond.

PRIVATE HOSPITALS

The Board of Public Health wrote confirming council's approval of Nurse Hunter's premises, Gladstone avenue, as a private hospital, on condition that no persons suffering from contagious disease are accommodated.—Received.

Isabella Cole wrote applying for registration of premises in Walker street as a private hospital.—Referred to officers for report.

DRAIN AT MERRI PARK.

The Fitzroy F.C. wrote expressing surprise at being notified that they must cease filling the drain at Merri Park.—Referred to parks committee, on the motion of Cr. Johnson.

SERVICES ACKNOWLEDGED.

Ada M. Baty, hon. sec State School entertainment, wrote expressing appreciation of assistance rendered by Mr. Bray, the hall keeper, in connection with recent State School entertainment; also thanking council for free use of hall.—Received.

CHEAP METAL.

[illegible] and Wales wrote offering to deliver [illegible] per yard.—Referred to works committee.

[illegible] TRADES.

H. Bishop, [illegible] Henderson, John Jones, E. J. Dickenson, [illegible] Dickenson, and Smith and Sons, wrote [illegible] for renewals of their noxious trades licenses.—Referred to inspector for report.

ELECTRIC POWER WANTED.

F. Healy wrote desiring to know how he could get electric power at his motor garage, 32 High street.

Cr. Johnson moved that the writer be informed that the council was now negotiating for an electric light supply.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

The Colonial Mutual Fire Insurance Co., the Guardian Insurance Co., Swift and Corben (on behalf of the Union Insurance Co.), wrote quoting terms on which they take a "general public risk against claims for accidents in public streets.—Referred to finance committee.

CLARKE STREET EAST.

G. Vines wrote expressing dissatisfaction at the attempt being made to carry the water away from his premises in Clarke street east. He would also like some ashes put on the pathway.—Referred to the works committee on the motion of Crs. Dennis and Lees.

THORNBURY PARK ESTATE.

Nicol, Miller and Co. wrote submitting for approval plan of subdivision of Thornbury Park Estate.—Referred to surveyor.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £602 11s 1d be passed for payment.—Adopted.
2. Metropolitan Gas Co., re Tar Supply.—That an order be given to the Gas Co. for the supply of 12,000 gallons of tar for the ensuing year.—Adopted.
3. Street construction.—That plans be prepared for the construction of Wilson street.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Lees (chairman) submitted the report, showing that the receipts for the month had been £182 4s 7d, and that the Dr. balance was £8708 15s 11d; also recommending that accounts amounting to £842 7s 11d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

1. Hallkeeper, etc.—That the duties of dog inspector be excised from the joint office of hallkeeper and dog inspector, such alteration to take effect on the 31st inst.—Adopted.
2. Dog inspector and cattle ranger.—That applications be invited for the position of dog inspector and cattle ranger at a salary at the rate of £1 per week and 10 per cent. on the amount of dog fees collected up to £200, and 15 per cent. on all sums collected over such sum.

Cr. Woolhouse said this officer should be paid not less than 7s a day, and he would move an amendment that he be paid £79 a year and commission which would bring his wages up to 42s a week. To offer 27s 9d a week was nothing but sweating.

Cr. Plant—More gallery business. At this work the officer would only be employed half his time.

Cr. Woolhouse—I take exception to "gallery talk."

The mayor—You have already spoken.

The clause was adopted.

Cr. Woolhouse said he would call for a division to see who was in the gallery for 27s 9d a week.

Cr. Hayes—Fourteen sweaters. (Laughter)

3. Fitzroy City Council.—That the proposal for the joint electric lighting of boundary lamps by which a saving of £3 6s 4d per annum will be made be agreed to.—Adopted.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Hayes moved that another application be made to the Metropolitan Fire Board for an improved fire station in Northcote.

Cr. Harry moved that the matter of preparing plans for the construction of Wales, Reid and Hayes streets, be referred to the works committee.

Cr. Lees moved that application be made to the Metropolitan Board to lay the water in Gotch street to Simpson street.

Cr. Redmond moved that the water be applied for for Reid and Fenwick streets.

Cr. Redmond referred to the great advantages to Northcote of a bridge over the Darebin Creek at Darebin road to connect up with Heidelbergshire. He moved that a conference be called with Heidelberg to discuss the matter.

The mayor said arrangements were now being made on the Heidelberg side for the calling of a conference.

It was decided that the next council meeting take place on January 15, and that the offices be closed from Christmas to New Year.

Cr. Dennis said that the quarry committee would meet the Closer Settlement Board on the ground, and be in a position to make a recommendation re quarry site there at next meeting.

Cr. Hayes' name was added to the quarry committee out of compliment to his being the first in the council to advocate a stone crusher and quarry.

Cr. Harry moved that Nurse Hunter's application for registration of her premises as a private hospital be granted.

Cr. Dennis moved that the inspector's report re Merri Creek and samples therefrom be referred to the committee of the whole.

Cr. Lees gave notice of motion as to the striking of a rate of 2s 3d in the pound.

Mr. F. W. [illegible]semble, Government auditor, reported the books and accounts correct, and the annual statement for year ending September 30 was finally settled and allowed.

Cr. Tharratt intimated that he would give notice of motion to alter some of the items in the loan schedule.

XMAS Biliousness

Eating richer food and eating more freely than usual is the cause of many people being out of sorts to-day. Headache, coated tongue, "wind," bad breath, vomiting, dizziness, jaundice, and pains near the left shoulder blade and across the stomach, always yield to a few doses of Bile Beans after the midday meal and upon retiring. Bile Beans dispel these wretched symptoms; they restore the vivacity and brightness of renewed health. They differ from all ordinary pills and medicines in that they are composed of valuable extracts from roots and herbs, and can always be relied upon to cure.

1/1½ per box, 2/9 large size.

BILE BEANS

EPPING SHIRE COUNCIL.

Monday, Dec. 18.

Present:—Crs McCormack (president), McCoy, Morgan, Dea, and Goss.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Health Department, forwarding copies of poster issued on the subject of the house-fly and asking that same be distributed. It was decided to procure 500 copies and have them distributed.

From same, forwarding copy of the department's model bye-law with regard to a double pan service.—Received and deferred for further consideration.

From shire secretary Preston, intimating that the Width of Tires Act would be applied to his shire on 1st Sept. 1912.

Cr. Morgan moved that an advertisement be published in the *Preston Leader* notifying the ratepayers of the shire to the above effect.

Cr McCoy seconded.—Carried.

From H. Allen, asking on behalf of the employes of Collingwood Council if they could have the use of the park on A.N.A. day and on what terms?

Cr. Dea moved and Cr. McCoy seconded that the request be granted on the understanding that a deposit be lodged to make good any damages.

From A. Winter, calling attention to the bad state of the open crossing on the road leading to his property, Thomastown. He was willing to pay half cost of putting in a culvert and also would give the rough filling required.

The foreman (Mr. Payne) being consulted on this matter said the place where this crossing was desired was inside Mr Winter's fence, and on a former occasion their late engineer, (Mr. Lockwood) had said they could not touch it.

Cr. Morgan moved that a reply be sent that the council could not interfere with the matter if these were the circumstances.

Cr. McCoy undertook to enquire further.

From F. J. Andrews, requesting council to appoint someone to audit the accounts in connection with the local Coronation Day celebrations, and suggesting Mr. A. Wuchatsch, as he had before acted in that capacity.—Mr. Wuchatsch was appointed.

From Cr. Browne, intimating that he was unable to attend the meeting owing to illness.

The hope was expressed that Cr. Browne would speedily recover and be able to be present at next meeting.

FINANCE.

The treasurer (Mr. G. McLelland) reported having received since last meeting rates amounting to £48 12s 2d. The Dr. balance was £280 7s 7d.

The accounts for the month, amounting to £62 15s 3d, were passed for payment on the motion of Crs. Morgan and McCoy.

APPOINTMENT OF ENGINEER.

There were four applicants for the position—Chas. Jacobs, N.S.W.; S. Jones, C.E., Waranga; F. D. Smith, C.E., Brunswick; Frank W. Lock, Avoca.

It was decided—on the motion of Crs. Morgan and Dea—to appoint Mr. Lock to the position.

Mr. Lock, in making his application, stated that it was his intention, within the next four months, to take up his residence in Eppingshire, or Springfield, or Romsey, which are all close together.

Mr. Lock offered to attend to all matters at a salary of £72 per annum.

It was decided to arrange for an interview with Mr. Lock to fix up, amongst other matters, the calling of tenders for spalls, on which the stone crusher will operate when it comes to hand in March.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Cr. Goss moved that the hall be granted to St. Peter's Church Committee for one week commencing on Boxing Day on the usual conditions. Cr. McCoy seconded.—Carried.

Regarding the closed road at Jolley's, the president moved that Messrs Callaghan be informed that Mrs. Jolley claims that the said road is on her property and not on Callaghan's.

PAN SERVICE.

Cr. Morgan gave notice of motion—That a pan service be instituted in the township of Epping.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting to finally consider, settle and allow the annual statement of accounts was then held.

The statement showed that the rate had amounted to £964 15s, of which £906 0s 9d had been collected. The total arrears carried forward were £353 13s 2d. The net total receipts for the year amounted to £1619 2s 5d, and the Dr. balance carried forward was £185 2s 5d. The expenditure was £1804 4s 10d, the chief items being—Liquidation of last year's overdraft, £489; contracts, £439 8s 7d; day labour, £406 11s 1d; and salaries, £219 15s. The expenditure for the Woodstock riding was £679 15s 5d, and for the Epping riding £1095 16s 2d.

Cr. McCormack remarked upon the arrears of rates, saying he thought a considerable portion of it might be got in.

The Government auditor (Mr. John A. Robertson) in his report stated that he found the books well and faithfully kept and that 94 per cent. of the rates had been got in, which was excellent work for one man in a shire like this.

The balance sheet having been duly adopted,

Cr. Morgan remarked that the auditor's report was an unusually favourable one, and it was most pleasing to know that the work was being kept up to such a high standard. It was very creditable indeed to the secretary and his fellow officers to get such a favourable report, and he moved that the best thanks of the council be recorded.

Cr. McCoy seconded the motion, which was supported by Crs. Dea, Goss and the president, and carried with acclamation.

Mr. Ryan, in reply, said that while he felt he had only done his duty, it was exceedingly pleasing to him to know that his work was so appreciated, and it would be an incentive to him to try and do even better in the future. His only regret was that Mr. Lockwood was not present to share in the vote of thanks.

The president moved that a letter be sent to Mr. Lockwood referring to the favourable nature of the report, and conveying thanks for his share in bringing same about.

Cr. McCoy seconded.—Carried.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Before the councillors departed, the president wished all "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," which was duly reciprocated.

KEEP HANDY

In the home, workshop or factory a pot of Zam-Buk, the ideal first-aid dressing for cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, and skin injuries. Its active vegetable constituents being so pure and wholesome,

Zam-Buk

is a perfect healing Balm for every day household use. Zam-Buk soothes pain, prevents festering and blood-poison, and heals perfectly by growing new skin. Zam-Buk, therefore, should be kept handy

FOR XMAS MISHAPS

NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY.

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Borrowers are notified that Catalogues may be had on application to the Librarian; price, one shilling.

The Committee requests that each borrower will procure a copy of the Catalogue, with which is published the Regulations governing the Library.

H. HASTINGS, Mayor, President.
R. J. WHALLEY, Hon. Secretary.

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

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—28th December.
Open.
J. TYNAN, Secretary, James St.

I.O.R.,

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217.

MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hal, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.

Next meeting—4th January.
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 Fee, 2/6.

Loans Advanced on Real Estate.

CHAS. H. WARR, Secretary,
"Wionlesville," 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.

E. G. 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.

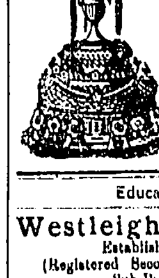
Next Meeting—2nd January.

And Every Alternate TUESDAY in the Friendly Societies' Hall, Wimble Street, Northcote.

HENRY H. HANSEN, Secretary.
271 High Street, Northcote.

T. KERR,

PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER,
76 and 328 Smith Street,
COLLINGWOOD.



Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Speciality.

Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.

REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

Educational

Westleigh College

Established 1886.
(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. Bibron, 25/.

KING'S COLLEGE,

CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).

Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.O.D.

Pharmacy, Junior Public and General Improvement Classes held [illegible] College.

Juniors, between the ages of 6 and 8, under experienced lady teacher, £1 1s per quarter.

30-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Fourth term begins on Tuesday, 10th October.
Evening Classes at the College.
School re-opens Tuesday, 6th Feb.

Austral Coaching College.

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

Special Equipment for Medical and Dental Students.

GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENTS.

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

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

Estate and Insurance Agents

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

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
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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.

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

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.

Phone, Northcote 251.

E. H. SMITH,

LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
400 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opposite Tram Sheds)
and
Commercial Union Chambers, 413 Collins St.

Houses and Land Sold and Let.
Rents Collected.
Auction Sales Arranged.
All Classes of Insurances Effected.
Loans Negotiated.
Valuations Made.
Estates Managed for Absentees, Executors, and others.

Established 1821.

TOTAL ASSETS OVER 6½ MILLIONS.

Guardian Assurance Co.

Ltd.

Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.

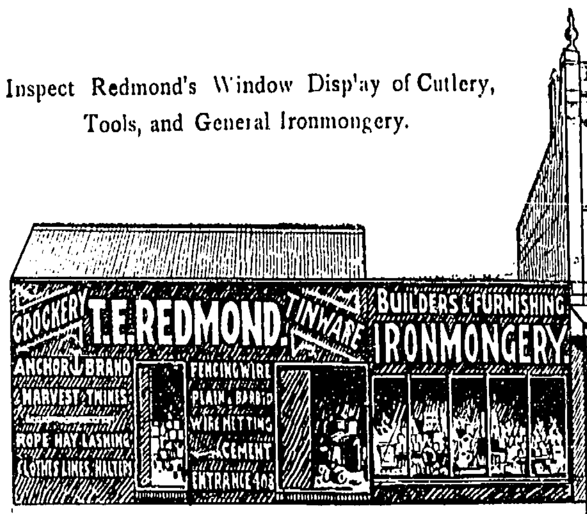
FIRE. ACCIDENT

Local Agent:

R. H. TAYLOR,
HOUSE, LAND & ESTATE AGENT.
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opposite Town Hall).

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

Inspect Redmond's Window Display of Cutlery, Tools, and General Ironmongery.



EATON'S

THE

SMART HAT SHOP

NOW OPENED AT
301 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(opposite National Bank).

Gentlemen Please Note.

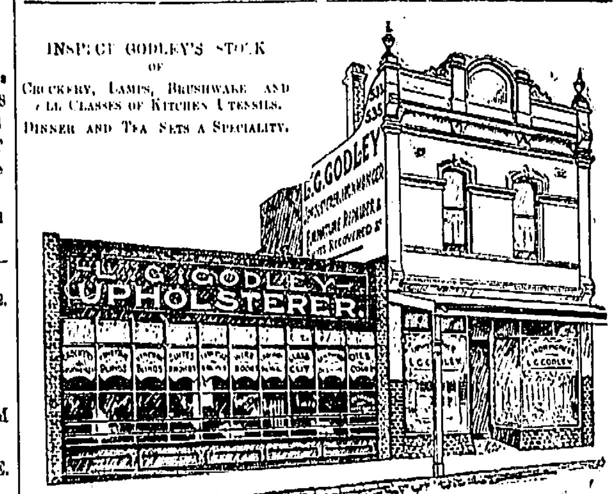
The smart and natty appearance of our Hats is just what is wanted to put a finishing touch on your suit. Wear one and feel well-dressed.

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.

INSPECT GODLEY'S STOCK OF CROCKERY, LAMPS, BRUSHWARE AND ALL CLASSES OF KITCHEN UTENSILS. DINNER AND TEA SETS A SPECIALITY.



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!

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.

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 221.

SISTER CORNWELL (Late Matron Women's Hospital),
VISITING NURSE.
"Corinella," Westgarth Street, Northcote.
Midwifery, Surgical and Medical Cases attended night or day.

Why should Ladies call at

The Regal

86 Smith Street
Near Peel St.!

Because they can have a Nice Lunch or Afternoon Tea.

High-Class Pastry and Confectionery.

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, 808 Royal Parade Royal Park.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

Annual Statement of Accounts for Year ended 30-12-'11.

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Arrears of Rates	£353 13 2	Contractors' Deposits	£1 17 6
Wire Netting	8 0 0	Pound Trust Account	[illegible]
Cash in hand	12 0	National Bank...	1[illegible]
		Municipal Fund	167 [illegible]
	£362 5 2		£362 5 2

STATEMENT OF RATES.

A General Rate of One Shilling in the Pound to the 30th September, 1911.

RIDING	VALUATION	AMOUNT OF RATE	AMOUNT COLLECTED	AMOUNT UNCOLLECTED	TOTAL ARREARS
EPPING	£10,665 0 0	£533 5 0	£505 16 9	£27 8 3	£155 1 10
WOODSTOCK	8,630 0 0	431 10 0	400 4 0	31 6 0	198 11 4
	£19,295 0 0	£964 15 0	£906 0 9	£58 14 3	£353 13 2

BUILDING ACCOUNT.

RECEIPTS		EXPENDITURE.	
To Repayment	£13 17 6	By Balance	£113 12 6
,, Balance	100 5 0	,, Bank Charges	10 0
	£114 2 6		[illegible]

STATEMENT of RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE

For the Year ended 30th September, 1911.

RECEIPTS.		TOTALS.	WOODSTOCK RIDING.	EPPING RIDING.	TRUST ACCOUNT.
To Balance		5 0			£14 4 4
,, Current Rates		906 0 9	£400 4 0	£505 16 9	
,, Arrears of Rates		260 8 5	72 18 0	187 10 5	
,, Interest on Rates		48 6 2	10 1 11	38 4 3	
,, Government Endowment		225 0 0	112 10 0	112 10 0	
,, Government Grants—Main Road		50 0 0	25 0 0	25 0 0	
,, ,, ,, Unused Roads		3 18 0	1 19 0	1 19 0	
,, Licensees—Equivalent Publicans'		48 0 0			
,, ,, Slaughtering		1 0 0	24 10 0	24 10 0	
,, Dog Registration Fees		25 5 0	12 12 6	12 12 6	
,, Hire of Shire Hall...		9 10 0	4 15 0	4 15 0	
,, Miscellaneous		1 18 0	19 0	19 0	
,, Waterstand, Thomastown		12 0	6 0	6 0	
,, Wire Netting		1 7 0	13 6	13 6	
,, Deposits		19 16 6			19 16 6
,, Payment into Bank in error by Treasurer ...		17 15 7			17 15 7
,, Bank Balance	£175 5 8				
,, Outstanding Cheques	9 16 9	185 2 5	13 6 6	180 19 9	
		£1804 4 10	£679 15 5	£1095 16 2	£51 16 5

EXPENDITURE.	TOTALS.	WOODSTOCK RIDING	EPPING RIDING	TRUST ACCOUNT
By Balance	£489 0 0	£92 2 10	£410 16 6	
,, Contracts	439 8 7	212 13 5	226 15 2	
,, Day Labour	406 11 1	161 13 1	244 18 0	
,, Salaries—Secretary, Rate Collector, Interim Valuer ...	95 0 0			
,, Shire Surveyor	60 0 0			
,, Health Officer	10 0 0			
,, Treasurer	10 0 0			
,, Standing Counsel	5 5 0			
,, Poundkeeper	5 0 0			
,, Sanitary and Thistle Inspector, etc. ...	16 0 0			
,, Hallkeeper	13 0 0			
,, Caretaker, Epping Park	2 10 0			
,, Caretaker, Standpipe, Thomastown ...	2 0 0			
,, Dog Registrar	1 0 0	109 17 6	109 17 6	
,, Audit Fees	8 0 5	4 0 2	4 0 3	
,, Printing, Advertising, Stationery, etc. ...	30 13 0	15 16 4	15 6 8	
,, Bank Interest	22 9 6	11 4 9	11 4 9	
,, Public Charities	17 17 0	8 18 6	8 18 6	
,, Commission on Dog Fees	3 6 0	1 13 0	1 13 0	
,, President's Allowance	25 0 0			
,, Public Library, Woodstock	30 0 0			
,, Coronation Celebrations	10 0 0			
,, Miscellaneous	45 14 2	55 7 1	55 7 1	
,, Interest, Building Account	3 17 6	1 18 9	1 18 9	
,, Repayment, Building Account	10 0 0	5 0 0	5 0 0	
,, Deposits	24 5 0			24 5 7
,, Refund, Treasurer	17 15 7			17 15 0
,, Cash in Hand	12 0			
Balance				9 15 10
	£1804 4 10	£679 15 5	£1095 16 2	£51 16 5

Examined and allowed—
JOHN A. ROBERTSON, F.S.A.A., Eng.
Government Municipal Auditor.

25/11/11.

JAMES RYAN, Shire Secretary.

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—
168 ELIZABETH ST.,
Between Bourke and Little Collins Street
MELBOURNE.

LESLIE C. WEBSTER
B.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., M.A.C.D.,
DENTIST,
Only Address—
306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.
Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9.
Telephone 1832J, City.

Land For Sale.

HILLSIDE Extension Estate.—Just opened up. Lovely Building Sites. 40 feet blocks from [illegible] 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 5/- monthly. 6/- blocks all sold. Get before too late Robertson, agent, Preston.

Public Notices.

Tel. Northcote 54.

295 High St,
Northcote.

Dear Sir,—

Re Fire Insurance.

If you have not already insured your building and contents I advise you to do so now Delay spells danger. See us at your earliest convenience.

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST LEES,
Agent London Assurance Corp.

Northcote Nursery

MITCHELL STREET.

PLANT NOW:
Hedge Trees
Buffalo Grass Roots for Lawns
Tomato Plants
Trees, Shrubs, &c.

C. J JACKSON, Proprietor.

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).

Notices

A. LEWIS,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE,
NORTH FITZROY.

Has just opened a large assortment of New Goods for the Christmas trade, including Jewel Cases, Trinket Boxes, Writing Cases, Handkerchief and Glove Boxes, Silver-Mounted Brushes and Combs, Tie and Collar Boxes, Stud Boxes, Shaving Sets, &c.

Also one of the Best Assortments of Toys and Dolls to be seen in Melbourne,

and is

Open Every Evening for Xmas & New Year Cards, hundreds to choose from for home mail.

INSPECT WINDOWS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

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.