Northcote Leader

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

{Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.}

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1912.

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

Price 1d

Mt Bosisto's "Parrot Brand" Eucalyptus Oil SOLD EVERYWHERE

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

PUBLIC LIBRARY 10 APR. 1912 OF VICTORIA

Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,

405 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,

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

BOX FIREWOOD
NEWCASTLE COAL,
ALTONA BROWN COAL,
at Melbourne Prices for Cash.

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

All kinds of Produce at Lowest Rates. Sole Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of RETORTED CHARCOAL.

Plumbers.

Water Meters Fixed.

JOHN SHAW,

(Licensed by the M. & M. B. W.)

LICENSED PLUMBER, GASFITTER,

ELECTRIC & WIRE BELLHANGER,

305 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Estimates Given for Sewer Connections. Post Cards attended to.

Telephone: Northcote 96.

Sand & General Carter

Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.

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

DO'NT LET THE

SEWERAGE

OF YOUR PREMISES WORRY YOU.

Entrust the Work to

T. GRACIE,

SANITARY and GENERAL PLUMBER,

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

and you may rely on getting COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

The Most Efficient and Experienced Workmen Employed.

WATER METERS FIXED.

Sewerage Connections Guaranteed for two years.

CONTRACTOR FOR GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS.

Estimates Given.

Announcements

W. GRIBBLE, Carpenter & Joiner

304 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

ers, and Lawn Mowers and Sharpened.

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.

AKE 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 1160.

Inventors of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1866.

W. G. APPS,

UNDERTAKER,

MOOR STREET, FITZROY,

Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel,

And High and Bobs Streets, St. Kilda.

Also Brunswick 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.

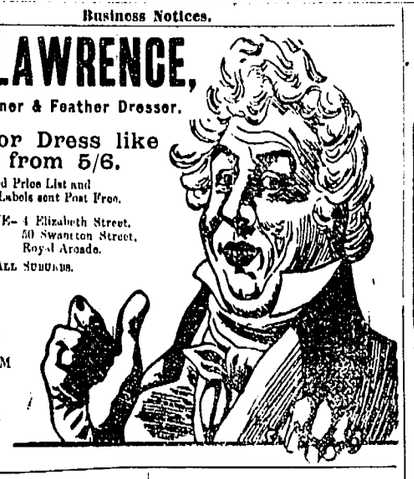
A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.

Illustrated Price List and Address Labels sent Post Free.

MELBOURNE—4 Elizabeth Street, 50 Swanston Street, Royal Arcade.

ALL SUBURBS.

Offices & Works, CUNNINGHAM STREET, NORTHCOTE



Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock! Small Prices! Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME

TAKE IT TO

GEO. H. ARMFIELD,

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS. Phone, Central 8185.

Established 20 years.

W. FIRTH,

GENERAL DRAPER,

344 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD (Below Johnston Street).

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.

Smith & Sons

HAM & BACON CURERS AND Small Goods Manufacturers.

'Phone 3061. 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 & Frankfurts are just the thing for the Tea & Breakfast Table.

FACTORY & OFFICE: "MERRIBANK," NORTHCOTE.

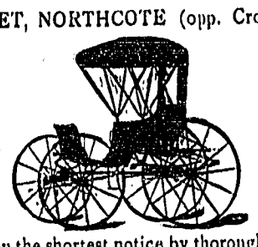
EDWARD FELLOWES,

Universal Carriage Works

AND SHOEING FORGE,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

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



Repairs Effected Promptly and Substitutes provided

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

FOR HIRE (by day or week):

Drags, Wagonettes, Abbot Buggies, Wagons, Jinkers, Lorries, Spring Carts & Drays; also good reliable Horses and Ponies.

Picnics and Parties specially catered for.

Absolutely the Best Gas Cookers Manufactured

"ECONOMIST" & "ECLIPSE"

ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER GAS STOVES:

1 An Open Roaster
2 Free from all contact with Gas
3 A Hot Plate fitted with Patent Air and Gas Burners, arranged for Boiling, Stewing, or Frying
4 No Gas in Oven. 5 Flame on Top of Oven
6 Low Gas Bills. 7 Perfect Cooking

Economical and inexpensive cooking is obtained by the simple method of utilising every particle of heat derived from the gas.

Departing from the old system of gas cooking, which was open to many grave objections, the gas burner is placed ABOVE the joint and not under; over this burner is fixed a radiating metal plate to reflect the heat; the same burner being above the joint and beneath the oven answers both for the purpose of roasting and baking at the same time. By another simple contrivance of surrounding the oven with a cover or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.

Prices from £3 10s 6d.

Write for Catalogues.

Wallis Bros. & Co.

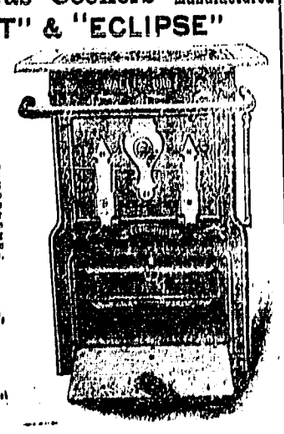
Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,

Cramer Street, Preston.

Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.

Phone, 6995 Central.

Manufacturers of the Famous "Hobs" Stoves, Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, One-Fire Stoves (all kinds) & Ranges.



The Leader PRINTING OFFICE,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Most Up-to-Date Suburban Printery.

Latest & Most Effective Types, Borders & Designs.

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

Lithographic Printing, Engraving, and Process Work.

Commercial Printing a Speciality.

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

Book Work, including

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

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

Dance & Concert Programmes and Tickets.

Invitation, Wedding, Mourning, and Menu Cards. Ladies' and Gents' Visiting Cards.

The Leading Printing Establishment outside the City.

All Orders Executed to Time.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Your patronage will be esteemed by

WHALLEY BROS.,

Proprietors and Publishers of the

Northcote and Preston Leader

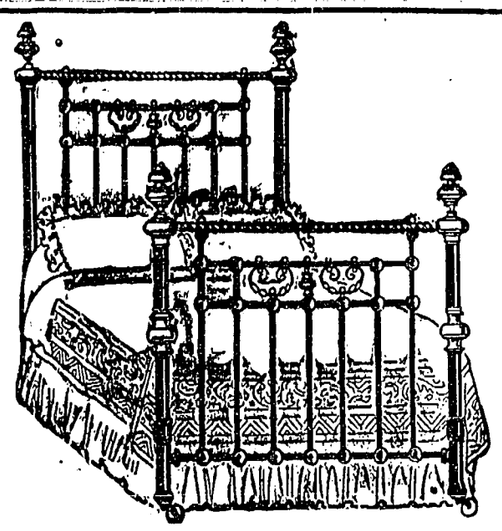
which has far and away the Largest Circulation of any suburban newspaper—and is therefore the

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

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 Speciality.

Horses, Mares, and all Stock insured against all risks of mortality.

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

For further particulars apply to Local Agents,

MITCHELL BROS.,

Estate Agents,

235 High St., Northcote.

Tel. Central 3454.

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.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,

GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,

Cowkeeper and Dairyman

Cattle and Premises under Inspection the Board of Public Health.

Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Strippings and One Cow's Milk a Speciality. Absolutely free from colouring matter or preservatives.

No second dealing or with other traders.

Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings

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.

ADVERTISING V. "BUSTING."

Two men did business side by side;
For getting trade the first relied
On advertising far and wide,
The while the second trusted
To other methods to obtain
The golden prize he sought to gain;
Upon the first the dollars rain—
The other merchant busted.

JOHN PHILLIPS, M.R.V.S.,

VETERINARY SURGEON and EQUINE DENTIST,

92 EARNE ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day.

Telephone 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

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.

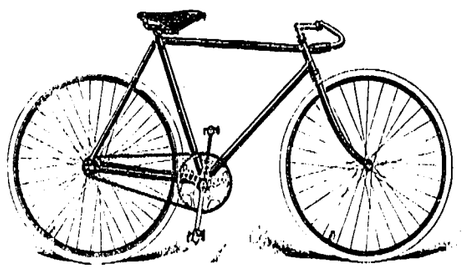
Repairs Promptly Executed.

Vehicles Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.

Horses Carefully Shod, called for and and Returned.

Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

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 (5 lines)

Tailors

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.

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

Arch Wilkinson

TAILOR & OUTFITTER

Is now showing his New Goods for the coming Autumn and Winter Seasons.

A splendid range of Suitings & Overcoatings in all the latest designs and colourings to choose from.

All kinds of up-to-date Mercery kept in stock.

Suits to Order from £2 2s.

Overcoats from 35s.

Ladies' Costumes a Special Study

Announcements

Telephone, Northcote 280.

The Thornbury Grocer

E. W. INGHAM

563 High St.,

UPPER NORTHCOTE.

Families Waited on for Orders. Delivery daily.

GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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.

Northcote Nurserv

MITCHELL STREET.

PLANT NOW:

Hedge Trees
Buffalo Grass Roots for Lawns
Tomato Plants
Trees, Shrubs, &c.

C. J. JACKSON, Proprietor.

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 bought.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

ANNUAL

Stocktaking Sale

AT

A. LEWIS'S,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE NORTH FITZROY.

To-Day and Next Week.

ALL GOODS GREATLY REDUCED.

Below are a few of the lines:

Dressing Combs, 6d, now 4d.
Hair Brushes, 9d, now 5½d.
China Figures, 3d, now 1d.
Plaque with King and Queen, 1/-, now 5½d.
Plaque with King and Queen, 1/9, now 10½d.
Afternoon Tea Sets, 3/9, now 2/6.
Leather Hand Bags, 3/11, now 2/6.

POST CARDS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Come and Inspect Windows.

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 anywhere.

All post cards sent to this address will have prompt attention:—150 HIGH ST., PRESTON (opposite Bell station).

G. McKECHNIE,

HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST, CONFECTIONER, &c.,

81 HIGH ST., SOUTH PRESTON

(Two doors from Prince Alfred Hotel).

HERB. ROADLEY MANAGING SALOON.

FRED. SMITH,

UP-TO-DATE

GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.

Cleanliness. Good Workmanship. Razor Setting a Speciality.

242 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Wanted to Buy.

BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. 4, Bishop, Darebin Rd, Northcote.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Easter Day:
Holy Communion, 8 a.m., 11 a.m., and 7 p.m.
Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Easter Day, 7th April.
6.30 a.m. } Holy Communion.
8 a.m. }
10 a.m., Matins.
11 a.m., Holy Communion.
7 p.m., Evensong. "The Resurrection." Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROOK.
Sabbath Services:
Special Easter Sermons, morning and evening.
All Seats Free.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

Sunday, 14th April.
11 a.m., Rev. J. A. CROCKETT.
3 p.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. W. GOYEN.

Monday, 15th April.
GRAND PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT.
"Life of Joseph" and other Pictures.
Admission 6d.

Sunday, 21st April.
11 a.m., Rev. J. G. STIRLING.
7 p.m., Rev. R. W. ROOK.

Tuesday, 23rd April.
SCHOLARS' TEA MEETING AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.
Admission, Silver Coin.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher, Mr. W. BREDIN. Easter Sermon.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

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

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Rev. A. MADSEN.
Evening, Rev. P. KNIGHT.
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. VAL. TRIGGE.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON—11 a.m., Rev. A. J. COLLOCOTT; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject—"Is Christ's Resurrection a Myth or Miracle?"
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE; 7 p.m., Mr. A. FREEMAN.
All Welcome.

CHAPEL BUILT IN A DAY

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

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

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

OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE.

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

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

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

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.

MR. E. INGHAM, L.R.A.M., PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
PIANO, HARMONY, THEORY, ETC.,
STATION ST., IVANHOE.
Lessons at above or Pupil's Address.
Special Attention to Touch, Phrasing, and Expression.
Pupils Prepared for Exams, if desired.
Open for Engagements as Accompanist.
Terms from £1 1s. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MISS E. M. PREECE, A.L.C.M.,
Visits and Receives Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Theory and Harmony.
Terms on application. 11 Railway Street (off Bastings Street), Northcote.

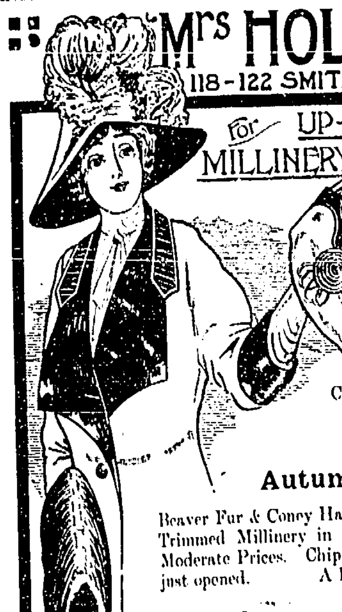
Law Notices.

54 VICT., No. 1060, SEC. 64.
1 EDW. VII. No. 1769, SEC. 4.

NOTICE.—A Rule to administer the Estate of ELIZABETH LOGAN, late of No. 6 Hopetoun Street, Northcote, widow, deceased, intestate, who died on the 22nd November, 1911, has been granted to me, and Creditors, Next of Kin, and all others having claims against the Estate are required to send in particulars of their claims to the Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons, New Zealand Chambers, 483 Collins Street, Melbourne, on or before the 13th May, 1912, or they may be excluded from the distribution of the Estate when the assets are being distributed.
J. W. STRANGER,
Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons.
Melbourne, 20th March, 1912.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT, Teacher of DANCING & CALISTHENICS,
Town Hall, Northcote, Every Saturday Afternoon.
Juvenile Class at 2.30. Adult Class, 4.30.
Latest Society Dances. 6d per lesson.
Classes resume 10th February.
Private address—"The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, Clifton Hill.

Mrs HOLLAND
118-122 SMITH St COLLINGWOOD
for UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY



Corsets to suit all figures from 1/11 to 22/6.

Autumn & Winter.

Beaver Fur & Coney Hats in a variety of shapes Trimmed Millinery in all the Latest Styles at Moderate Prices. Chip Hats in black & colors just opened. A line of Fur Toques, 8/11.

The House for Value.

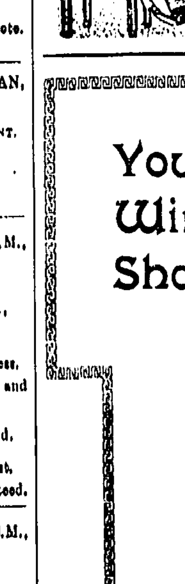
F. G. SMITH,
DRAPERS, CLOTHIERS,
—MILLINERS,—
MEN'S MERCERS, &c.
245 High St., Northcote.
Now showing Latest Autumn and Winter Goods.

SALE! SALE! SALE!

MRS. POWELL, of High St., Northcote, & Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill, is now holding her Half-Yearly Sale. Genuine Bargains in all lines. Having purchased a large quantity of Job Aprons in Nurses' and all styles, we are offering them at very low prices. Special Reductions in Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, and Underclothing. Also the balance of our Untrimmed Millinery to go cheap. Hats renovated in up-to-date styles at shortest notice. All kinds of Art Needlework kept in stock.

DO NOT FAIL TO PAY US A CALL
DURING THIS SALE.

COLLEGE OF ART NEEDLEWORK



Mrs. & Miss Walker
Desire to intimate that CLASSES in connection with the above are now being formed.
Instruction given in
Shadow Work, Ribbon Work,
Embroidery, Braid Work,
Canvas Work, Mount Mellick,
Huckaback.
Also Painting, Drawing, Etching, Stencilling, Wash Work, Chip Wood, and Relief Carving.
All kinds of Fancy Goods kept in stock below Melbourne prices. Great variety of TOYS of every description. All kinds of Artists' Materials in stock.
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Death.

KEELE.—On the 2nd April, Ethel Alcola, the dearly beloved wife of Wm. Alfred Keele, of 19 Kelvin Grove, Northcote, and beloved second eldest daughter of Emma P. Turner and the late J. H. Turner; aged 20 years.
Gone to sleep with Jesus and loved by all.

In Memoriam.

BROWN.—In loving memory of our darling daughter and sister, "Queenie," who passed away on April 7, 1908.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
—Inserted by Father, Mother, Sisters, and Brothers.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

A farewell social was tendered to the Rev. E. B. Bond in the South Preston Methodist Sunday School on Wednesday evening, 27th March. The Rev. E. O. Knee occupied the chair and there was a very large number of members of the church and school present, including a number of representatives from other churches in the district. Valedictory addresses were given by Mr. W. J. Gray, representing South Preston; Mr. A. Freeman, North Preston; and Mr. Bower for the country churches. Mr. W. T. Rowe, on behalf of the circuit, presented Mr. Bond with a purse of sovereigns, and in doing so spoke of the splendid work that Mr. Bond had done during his term of ministry in the district, and expressed the hope that at no far distant date Conference might see their way clear to appoint Mr. Bond superintendent of the Preston circuit, which, he felt sure, was the desire of all. Presentations were also made by Mr. A. Walker, from the senior class of boys, and Mr. C. Schou, secretary of the senior cricket club, presented him with a silver teapot, suitably inscribed, both speaking in highly eulogistic terms of the interest Mr. Bond had taken in the various institutions they were connected with. Mr. Bond, in rising to reply, and who was greeted with enthusiastic applause, thanked all present for the kind manner in which they had supported him during his stay amongst them, they had made his work a pleasure. In his successor, Mr. Williams, they were getting a fine man and he urged them to stand by him. On Tuesday evening, March 26, Mr. H. McDonald made a suitable presentation to Mr. Bond on behalf of the Endeavour Society. A first-class programme was provided under the direction of Miss Walker, the organist of the church, who left no stone unturned to make the social a success. The singers being Mrs. Zwar, the Misses Bryant, Bower, Tarrant and Coles and the choir. Miss Rowe favoured with a recitation. Mr. Bond left Preston on Monday, when, after a brief holiday, he will take his residence in the Elmore circuit.

The Victorian Government egg-laying competition was completed on Sunday last, March 31st. The winning pen is owned by Pope, with 1590, Mr. W. G. Swift's pen taking the honorable position of second with 1546, which is also a splendid record, seeing that it means that each bird laid on 5 days of every week of the year, or a total of 258 each. A few years ago such records were declared to be impossible, but scientific breeding has made them an accomplished fact. Mr. Swift's birds led for 10 months out of the 12, and won the winter test. They lost their lead during the moult, but were rapidly making up the leeway when the competition closed. Some of Mr Swift's birds, with Mr. Pope's, have been selected by the Government for breeding purposes. There are fine pictures of the first and second prize pens in this week's *Australasian*.

The Northcote Municipal Band, under the leadership of Mr. Hellings, gave a very fine band performance on Sunday at the tram terminus, where a large number of residents assembled and thoroughly enjoyed the programme. A collection was taken up by members of the South African Soldiers' Association in aid of the South African Patriotic Memorial Fund, realising £3 0s 1½d. The association wish to tender their thanks to the band and the residents of Northcote.

"Zigomar the Outlaw" will be the chief attraction at the Lyric, Northcote, for Easter Saturday and Monday nights. This series is said to be one of the most thrilling detective stories ever portrayed in silent drama. In addition an excellent and lengthy bill will be presented. There will be a complete change of surrounding pictures each night, and a gentleman's handsome silver watch will be given away on Saturday evening. A synopsis and particulars re these attractions appears in our amusement column.

Localisms.

Preston Shire Council are holding a special meeting re the loan schedule, next Wednesday evening.

Mr. Anstey's Northcote utterance has suggested *Punch's* leading cartoon this last two weeks.

The Northcote library committee have decided to hold its annual ball about the end of May.

Mr. A. Howse was, on Monday evening, appointed meat inspector for Preston shire. There will now be three of Cr. John Howse's sons acting as meat inspectors.

Mr. W. A. Bowman (formerly of Northcote) has been informed by cable message that his son, Dr. A. W. Bowman, who is at present in England, has passed the examination admitting him as a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

Dr. Wilbur Chapman and Mr. Alexander (of the Chapman-Alexander mission) will conduct services at the Northcote Presbyterian Church on the last Sunday of the present and the first Sunday of next month.

At the monthly meeting of the Ponder's Grove Settlers' Association to be held at Ralph's hall, tram terminus, on Wednesday next, 10th April, Mr. T. M. Burke, of the Civil Service Stores, will deliver a lecture on "Co Operation." The public are invited.

Monsieur Bibron's dancing class will commence at Westleigh College on Friday evening, April 26. Intending pupils are requested to leave their names.

The whole of the business at the Preston Court on Tuesday was got through in the short space of 12 minutes.

"Your Winter Shoes."—Robert Hurst, of "the home of footwear," 293 High street, Northcote, has something to say on this subject in to-day's issue.

The Northcote cricketers left on Thursday evening on their trip to Albury and Tallangatta. The party, which consisted of 28 players and supporters, include 10 of the first eleven players. The president (Mr. W. S. Stott) is accompanying the team, and Mr. E. Yeomans is manager.

The arrangements for celebrating the anniversary of the Northcote Presbyterian Sunday School are elsewhere advertised. Rev. W. Goyen is to take two of the special anniversary services.

Mr. H. W. Balharry, whose successful series of open-air concerts at the Croxton Recreation Reserve were brought to a close on Saturday evening last, desires to thank the public generally for the generous support accorded him throughout the season.

Don't be miserable this winter.—T. Trevena can fix you up with a ready to wear overcoat from 25s. Write for catalogue. These garments we specially recommend for solid wear and smart appearance. [Advt].

We notice that Lieutenant G. H. C. Trengrove, of the Northcote State School, and until recently commanding officer of B company, senior cadets, 54th battalion, has been transferred to the junior cadets with the rank of major. This is the first appointment in the Commonwealth under the new regulations.

Thornbury Picture Theatre special attractions for the Easter holidays are elsewhere advertised. To night the star piece is "A Sudden Impulse"; Easter Monday, "Won, yet lost," &c.

J. W. Mankey and Co., drapers, milliners, and clothiers, High street, Northcote, advertise that they are now showing their autumn and winter goods.

SILVER WEDDING.

In last Saturday's papers there was an announcement of the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Swift, of Northcote, and also the intimation that they would be at home at "Olinda," Prospect grove, in the evening. Acting on this hint (short as the notice was) friends and relatives came along in large numbers, and the house resounded with their congratulations and good wishes. The evening was spent in the pleasantest social fashion with music and cards as part of the scheme of entertainment. A *recherche* supper was provided, the table being decorated with silver streamers. Amongst the dishes a wedding cake had place of honour, its ornamentations being the same as those which "set-off" the original wedding cake 25 years ago. Before the company dispersed, Mr. R. J. Whalley proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Swift, mentioning the very high place they both had in the esteem, not only of their friends but the citizens generally. He congratulated them upon reaching such an auspicious day and upon its finding them both in the possession of good health and surrounded by a family grown and growing up of which they might well be proud. Mr. Swift, in responding, said it gave Mrs. Swift and himself the very greatest pleasure to be surrounded by so many friends on this happy occasion and he desired to thank all for their hearty congratulations and good wishes.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

The Woodstock Coursing Club announce that they will hold their first match at Woodstock on Tuesday, April 23. Entries (nominations 10/6) close on Thursday night, 18th April, at the Woodstock Manor Hotel.

The Athletic Carnival to be held at the local recreation reserve on Easter Monday is being looked forward to with great interest, and well it might be, as it promises to be something exceptional in the way of a country sports meeting. No fewer than 106 entries have been received for the five principal events, and those for the post entry events are bound to be numerous, so that a very full day's programme is assured. For those not keenly interested in the sports there will, amongst other pleasures, be that of listening to Di Gillo's band. The day's festivities will conclude with a grand ball in the shire-hall.

SOCIAL NEWS.

It has been decided to have a private assembly at Preston during the winter months. Five dances are to be held in the shire-hall on the 3rd Wednesday of each month, the first taking place on April 17, and there will probably be a ball to wind up the season. It will be called "The Arcadians Assembly, Preston." The following officers were elected, viz.:—President, Mr. V. McPherson; committee, F. E. Wood, A. Dean, and A. Lording; hon. treasurer, Mr. A. Dean; hon. secretary, Mr. J. A. F. Ham.

NORTHCOTE'S NEW LOAN.

THE MONEY OBTAINED.

£19,666 WORTH OF WORKS.

The day for receiving tenders for the £19,666 worth of debentures in connection with Northcote's new loan was Monday last. Arriving at this stage, after the schedule of works had been fixed, occupied a period of four months, such is the complicated and long-drawn-out nature of the procedure. Only one tender was received, viz., that of the Commissioners of the Government Savings Bank, who put in for the whole amount under conditions as arranged by the mayor (Cr. Bastings) and the town clerk (Mr. W. G. Swift) some time back. These conditions are exceptionally favourable. The money will be advanced in three or four progress payments up to twelve months, as required, at 4 per cent. The interest will be paid only on the money actually advanced, and by this arrangement £360 will be saved in interest during the first year. The loan will be repayable in half-yearly instalments. The council will thus escape the necessity for a 1½ per cent. sinking fund as would be otherwise required. Altogether about £80 per annum will be saved, and there will be no flotation expenses or brokerage commission. Below is given the schedule of the works to be undertaken. It will be seen that nearly one-half of the new loan will be expended in drainage works, so that the money will be buried under ground out of sight. It has been a great bugbear to the municipality this drainage. During the past few years it has made a call upon the resources of the town to the tune of nearly £25,000. Only think what improvements in the way of street construction, &c., could have been carried out had this large sum remained available for such purposes! The long-deferred widening of Arthurton road is to be completed at last, £1000 is put down for tar-paving, £2000 is provided for the long-talked stone-crusher and quarry, and £3465 for the sewerage of the municipal buildings and completion of the new town hall. The carrying out of such large undertakings should make things busy in the municipality for some time to come. The following is the complete schedule:—

Heidelberg drainage scheme, Northcote's proportion under order of Minister of Public Works, for payment of works within the Shire of Heidelberg, already partially constructed	£5050
Stormwater sewer, Green street, channelling and inlets, northerly from end of present sewer at Westgarth street	1415
Arthurton road widening, from High street to the railway, channelling, metalling, and formation; also construction of roadway from Arthurton road to Elm street on east side of the railway	756
Derby street construction, extension from Mitchell street to Separation street, construction, metalling, and channelling to be carried out in conjunction with works provided in loan 7, and to include any expenses of extension	450
Main drainage sewer for area between St. George's road and the railway, north of Arthurton road, channelling St. George's road, inlets, culverts, and lifting and re-setting culverts	2360
Victoria road, metalling and channelling, further completion of work between Mitchell street and Separation street	385
Victoria road, metalling and channelling between Separation street and Clifton street	400
Mary street, drainage scheme to conduct drainage and storm water from area now forming swamp to River Yarra, part within the shire of Heidelberg	445
High street north, east side, to lift and re-set channel from Beaver's road northwards	850
Tar-paving footpaths, council's proportion	1000
Purchase of stone-crushing plant and site and erection of buildings and machinery	2000
Municipal buildings, completion and all expenses in connection therewith, alterations, and other necessary work for the sewerage thereof	3465
North and East Ward drainage, by way of Mitchell street, acquiring easements, and construction of stormwater channels	500
Amount for works incomplete (loan 7)	500
	£19,666

HELPING ST. VINCENT'S.

The Preston committee completed their preliminary work in connection with the stall they are to have at the Druids' Bazaar in aid of St. Vincent's, yesterday, when they fixed up their stall at the Exhibition. Through their own energetic efforts and the generosity of numerous sympathisers they succeeded in getting together a splendid lot of goods, and the stall, which is situated in the Japanese Court, will compare favourably with those representing far more populous and important suburbs. The next thing is to dispose of the goods, and the ladies hope to see a large number of their friends from these districts to-day and during next week.

FOOTBALL.

Northcote and Preston Football Club play Brunswick Juniors at Croxton this afternoon.

The Carlton Football Club's practice match, announced to take place this afternoon in the Preston park, has been cancelled.

NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY.

1750 BORROWERS ENROLLED.

16,508 BOOKS EXCHANGED DURING QUARTER.

The monthly meeting of the committee was held on Wednesday night, there being present Messrs Bastings (president), Hayes, Lees, Membrey, Tobin and Whalley (secretary).

The correspondence included a circular from the mayor and councillors of Prahran, directing attention to a book which they had pleasure in presenting to the library, entitled "The Story of Prahran from its First Settlement to a City." The work has been compiled by John Buttler Cooper, Esq., and additional interest is attached to the letterpress by reason of numerous portraits and illustrations.

In the absence of the treasurer, who was unable to be present, the secretary reported that the credit balance at bank was £21 13s 9d. Accounts amounting to £46 were passed for payment, and the secretary was instructed to make application to the council for the quarterly grant of £21, which is now due. This, with the money in hand, will enable the committee to discharge its liabilities.

The librarian's report showed that interest in the library was being well maintained. The borrowers now numbered 1750, and during the past three weeks 4206 books had been exchanged. The books taken out for home reading totalled 16,508, a result both surprising and gratifying to the committee.

The book committee reported that the balance of the money voted had been expended in general literature, which was now in circulation.

The question of holding the annual ball was discussed, and in view of the fact that last year's ball was such a splendid success the committee decided that a ball should be given this year. The exact date was not fixed, but the event will probably take place at the end of next month.

Mr. R. Robin offered to give an illustrated historical lecture, and also to present the library with engravings of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Captain Cook, Captain Cook in the act of declaring New South Wales a British Colony, and the blacks deal with Batman. Mr. Tobin's offer was accepted with thanks. Admission to the lecture will be by invitation.

The library will be closed over the holidays until Wednesday next.

PRESTON MEAT INSPECTOR.

MR. A. HOWSE APPOINTED.

Prior to the meeting the council considered the applications for the position of meat inspector, in committee.

In the council, subsequently,

Cr. Crispe moved the suspension of the standing orders to allow of a ballot being taken as between the two local applicants, Messrs. A. Howse and A. H. Ziebell.

The motion was carried, Cr. Paterson protesting against the procedure.

Crs. Warr and Braithwaite were appointed scrutineers.

Cr. Paterson—What names are to be submitted?

The president—Howse and Ziebell.

Cr. Paterson—I rise to a point of order. We invited applicants for the position of meat inspector to the shire. We have dealt with those applications and we have made a recommendation—

Cr. Crispe rose to a point of order. Suspension of the standing orders had been allowed, and a ballot was to take place.

The president (to Cr. Paterson)—You are too late.

Cr. Paterson—I must enter my protest against the manner in which the business is being conducted.

The result of the ballot was—5 votes for Howse, and 4 for Ziebell.

Cr. Warr moved that Mr. A. Howse be appointed. Seconded by Cr. Stanlake and carried.

Cr. Crispe said it was true that applications were publicly invited and there were two local applications and six from outside. The merits of the candidates were fairly equal and the majority considered that the local men should be given a show. It did not seem quite fair, as Cr. Paterson said, to give the outsiders no chance, but he thought they were doing the correct thing in giving the appointment to a resident of the shire.

Northcote South Ratepayers' Association.

The monthly meeting was held in All Saints' schoolroom on Tuesday evening, Mr. Wright (president) presiding. It was resolved that an official visit be paid to the East Ward Progress Association on April 10. One new member was welcomed by the president. There being no further general business Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., delivered his lecture entitled "Tramway Developments," and after dealing with the subject in a comprehensive manner a hearty vote of thanks was accorded him, on the motion of Cr. Dennis, seconded by the mayor (Cr. Bastings). The mayor took this opportunity of thanking the members of the N.S.R.A. for their kindly assistance in connection with the concert in the Northcote park on behalf of charity. Mr. Pocknall moved a vote of thanks to the visitors, and the mayor responded on their behalf. Attention was called to the concert to be held in All Saints' schoolroom on April 25.

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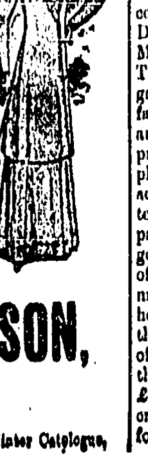

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LABOUR PARTY'S SEDAN.

MR. ANSTEY'S EXPLANATION.

HARD STRUGGLE PREDICTED.

Under the auspices of the Preston branch of the Political Labour Council, Mr. Anstey, M.H.R., on Tuesday night delivered an address on the Federal political situation in the Preston shire hall. The president of the branch (Mr. F. E. Morgan) presided, and there was a large attendance.

"I made a few remarks at Northcote recently," began Mr. Anstey, "that to my surprise have been the subject of hundreds of leading articles, have been talked of on as many platforms, referred to on trains and trams, and written about by myriads of anonymous scribblers. Some thought they were good. Some said they were said with the tongue in the cheek, and others considered them to be a counsel of despair. There can be no counsel of despair in drawing attention to the changing conditions of the political struggle. The men who point to the new instrumentalities of war used by the enemy are those who draw attention to the possibilities of defeat, and they are more likely to achieve victory than those who explain away the disaster of yesterday with the foolish belief that things will be different to-morrow."

Mr. Anstey went on to trace the history of the Labour party. He pointed out that for years the party had had the Liberal platform practically to itself. Its success was considered an impossibility. The great capitalistic corporations were indifferent as to whether the old Liberals or the Conservatives occupied the Treasury benches; but with the triumph of the Labour party the conditions were changed. Monopolies were threatened and privileges invaded, and the capitalists threw money into the fight as they had never thrown it before, while many of the Labour party forgot that overweening confidence in the victories of yesterday would produce carelessness for the struggle of to morrow. There had not been a single item of progressive legislation in the present generation that had not been enacted either by a Labour Government or because the Labour party had built up the forces of progress in and out of Parliament. (Cheers). The Labour Government came into power because the people were disgusted with the fusion, and at the next election the people would only have the Labour party and the fusion to choose their representatives from. It had been predicted that the advent of the Labour Government would mean a workless population, but the Government had been in power for two years, and there never had been more prosperous times. Supporters of the fusion attributed the prosperity to everything but the Labour party, but if a time of depression had come with the advent of the Fisher Government, would not the fusionists have declared that the bad times were due to Labour domination? The increase in the value of imports was not surprising when one considered the increased activity of Australian factories, because the busier the factories were the more raw material did they import. The party had been blamed because there had been strikes lately in Australia, but if all the strikes here in the last two years were combined into one strike, it would not be an industrial disturbance of much consequence compared with the maritime strike, which had occurred long before the advent of a Labour Government. Again, it was not the fault of the Labour party that rent and the cost of living had increased. Monopolies were the cause. The Government could do little against monopolies unless the people gave it the power. The Fisher Government deserved the commendation of the democracy for one act alone—the creation of the most democratic naval and military defence system in the world. (Cheers). The taking over by the Commonwealth of the note issue proved that for many years the banks had evaded the payment of the State tax on millions of pounds worth of notes, because before the Federal issue the banks paid tax on £6,000,000 worth of notes, and after the issue they found that they wanted £10,000,000 worth. It was not the Customs revenue that had enabled the Fisher Government to carry on its schemes, but sound finance and economical administration. He predicted a hard fight at the next election, but believed that, if democrats rallied to the flag of Labour and emulated the efforts of the other side, truth would prevail. He was not appealing to them on his own behalf, though he liked the post of honor so well that he would sooner have it at £2 a week than do a large amount of manual work at a wage of £12. (Cheers). A wage of £12 a week was a good thing, but it could be got rid of as easily as £2. He followed politics as other men followed dog fights or horse races—(laughter)—because his heart was in it.

MILE OF PENNIES FAIR.

A SUCCESSFUL FUNCTION.

For some time past the Baptists of Northcote have felt hampered in their work, owing to inadequate accommodation, particularly on Sunday afternoons, when the infant class is obliged to meet in one small vestry, whilst the men's meeting has been held in the other. The junior class has grown to such an extent that the room has been for some time uncomfortably crowded. This has brought the officers face to face with the question of enlarging the premises, and a short time ago it was agreed to erect two large rooms, measuring each 24 feet by 17 feet. These will provide sufficient accommodation for the infant class, and also give the men's circle a much better room for their meetings. The vestries are to be rebuilt on an improved plan, one of which will be used as a young ladies' class-room. All this necessitated a consideration of ways and means, and a special appeal was made to the congregation for the sum required to carry out the work. The young ladies of the school responded by asking permission to hold a fair on behalf of the funds, and about four months ago began their preparations. The outcome was a "Mile of Pennies Fair," which was held in a large marque in the church grounds last saturday afternoon and evening.

The opening ceremony was performed by the mayoress (Mrs. Harold Bastings), in the presence of a large audience. The Rev. G. J. Mackay (pastor of the church) introduced the mayoress and thanked her for kindly consenting to open the fair. Miss Doris Lewis, a little dot, then presented Mrs. Bastings with a lovely bouquet. The mayoress expressed the pleasure it gave her to be present, and wished the fair great success. The stalls presented an attractive appearance, and comprised plain and fancy work, pot plants, cakes, and general articles. In addition there was a post office and telephone exchange, which was well patronised, also a printing press and a gold mine, the last named proving full of interest to the young folk. The marquee was crowded from the opening hour until closing time and practically the whole of the goods were disposed of. After paying incidental expenses the committee expect to realise at least £50 by their effort, which is very creditable in view of the limited time for preparation.

NORTHCOTE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

AUTUMN SHOW.

The autumn show of the Northcote Horticultural Society was held in the town hall on Tuesday evening. Much better displays of flowers and foliage plants have been made by the society, but the falling away was due to the excessively dry season and to the fact that many were debarred from exhibiting owing to not having the Saturday half-holiday, as on former occasions, to prepare their exhibits. Still, lovers of flowers had much to admire, and as they passed from one specie to another the quality of the blooms were compared and their beauty fully appreciated. The best rose in the show, a Molly Sharman Crawford, was exhibited by Mr. S. Brundrett, of Brunswick. It was rather under sized, but its form and color were faultless. In the dahlia class Mr J. T. Harry won the champion award with a magnificent Snowden bloom. The show of dahlias—cactus, show, and decorative—was very fine, and the competition amongst the amateurs in the rose sections was exceptionally keen, the judge having difficulty in making his awards. One gratifying feature in connection with the society is the ever-increasing number of exhibits by members, showing that the taste for floraculture is becoming more general. Mr Isaac Barrow, of Preston, made an interesting display of garden and orchard products, as an illustration of what can be grown on a small allotment. It consisted of a dozen varieties of fruit, as many kinds of vegetables, grains, herbs, etc.

The mayor (Cr. Bastings) in declaring the show open commended the society for its good work. A great number of local people made horticulture a hobby, which in many instances could be attributed to the influence of the society. He also congratulated members on the very creditable display made in the amateur classes, and wished the society continued success. (Applause).

Several musical items were given during the evening, and the president and secretary were busily engaged in answering enquiries and keeping things moving.

The following is the prize list.

OPEN CLASS.

Three palms.—A. Maggs.
Three ferns.—A. Maggs.
Three foliage plants.—A. Maggs.
Six show dahlias.—N. Harry 1, E. Newell 2.
Six decorative dahlias.—W. Lansdown 1, J. T. Harry 2.
Twelve roses.—S. Brundrett.
Six roses.—S. Brundrett 1, G. A. Hardham 2.
Six bunches of roses.—A. Maggs.
Twelve carnations.—E. Newell.
Six carnations.—E. Newell.

AMATEUR CLASS.

Three foliage plants.—J. Borkheim 1, Mrs. Key 2.
One foliage plant.—J. Borkheim.
Three ferns.—J. Borkheim.
Three palms.—Mrs. Key 1, J. Borkheim 2.
One plant not otherwise specified.—Mrs. Key.
One aspidistra.—Mrs. Key.
Six cut flowers.—W. Lansdown 1, G. Shade 2.
Three cut flowers.—W. Lansdown 1, Mrs. DeLacy 2.
Twelve cactus dahlias.—B. Saunders.
Six cactus dahlias.—J. T. Harry.
Three cactus dahl[illegible] T. Harry 2.
Six show dahlias.—[illegible]
Three show dahlia[illegible] Lansdown 2.
Six decorative dahli[illegible] Lansdown 2.
Twelve roses.—R. G. Elliott 1, C. Powne 2.
Six roses.—G. A. Hardham 1, C. Powne 2.
Three roses.—R. G. Elliott 1, W. Dunn 2.
Three roses, one variety.—G. A. Hardham 1, W. Dunn 2.
Six bunches of roses.—R. G. Elliott 1, C. Powne 2.
Six carnations.—G. Shade 1, E. Newell 2.
Three carnations.—G. Shade.
Six pelargoniums.—W. Warren 1, G. Shade 2.
Three pelargoniums.—W. Warren 1, H. Brown 2.
Epergne.—Mrs. Key 1, Mrs. Stott 2.
Three ladies' dress sprays.—Miss M. Bennett 1, Miss Lancaster 2.
Three buttonhole bouquets.—Miss M. Bennett 1, Miss Lancaster 2.
Bowl of dahlias.—Mrs. G. Stirling 1, Miss G. Brown 2.
Basket of flowers.—Mrs. Key.
Bowl of roses.—R. G. Elliott 1, W. Warren 2.
Three ladies' dress sprays (children).—Miss L. Brown.
Three gent's buttonhole bouquets (children)—Miss L. Brown.
Bunch of flowers.—Miss V. Warren 1, Miss L. Brown 2.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Three dahlias.—Hector DeLacy.
One dahlia.—Hector DeLacy.
Three bottles of preserved fruit.—Miss Lancaster 1, Miss L. Lancaster 2.
Three bottles of jam.—Mrs. Kemler, 1, Mrs. Drayton 2.
Decorated dinner table.—Miss Lancaster 1, Miss L. Lancaster 2.
Best rose in show, "Molly Sharman Crawford," exhibited by S. Brundrett.
Best dahlia in show, "Snowden," exhibited by J. T. Harry.

ROBBERIES AT NORTHCOTE.

On Tuesday night the premises of Messrs Train & Turner, drapers, High street, Thornbury, were broken into and robbed. There was something rather casual about the affair. Having apparently no housebreaking kit of their own the thieves dropped in at a building in course of erection in Ballantyne street and annexed some carpenter's tools. They then went to J. T. Coles' grocer's shop at the corner of Ballantyne and High streets and commenced with a brace and bit and chisel to operate on the back door. Soon, however, their tools came up against an obstacle in the shape of an iron plate and they desisted. Proceeding next door to Messrs Train and Turner's they found none of the precautions taken which past experience of burglars had told Mr. Coles were necessary. With the tools before mentioned they cut two holes in the door, enabling them to turn the lock and remove the two iron bars. So far as Messrs Train and Turner can estimate about £30 worth of goods were stolen, principally silks and fancy goods.

One night at the beginning of the week about 3 cwt. of old type worth £7 was stolen from the "Leader" office premises. The matter has been placed in the hands of the police.

"Minister" "Kink" O'Malley prides himself on a brilliant system of his for keeping the officers of his department up to the mark. He has a time book at the door, and at five minutes past nine red ink is substituted for black, so that late comers must sign on in red, and it is only necessary for the Minister to cast his eye down the column to discover the delinquents by their "red, burning brand of shame." The scheme worked amazingly well. There has not been a red name on the list for weeks. All the employes in the department are now supplied with fountain pens.

A LOST PAWN.

By E. B. Bronson.

It was a grim and desolate Christmas Eve we were contemplating, my mate and I, the afternoon of the first stage of our ascent of the Mau Escarpment. For hours we had been toiling up, even up, following game trails where we could, from the valley of the Guaso Nyiro River, where, in the dense jungles and swamps through which the river steals, furtively as the python it harbors, to union with Lake Natron, we had been camped for a month, shooting.

A lonely land it was we were traversing; for all that vast region of British East Africa lying to the south and west of the Southern Masai and Kericho Romas was forbidden ground to white men, which might not be entered on any pretext except on a special permit issued by the Governor—a permit which I had been fortunate enough to obtain. Trespass therein without a permit was to court heavy fines and imprisonment.

The section had at the time never been crossed by white men except by the Anglo-German Boundary Survey Commission, although a few outlaws of one sort or another, chiefly ivory poachers, were known to be lurking along the slopes of the Kisii Highlands and the valley of the Kuja River, far to the west.

Indeed, it was empty of blacks as of whites, was the lower end of the great Rift Valley, perhaps on account of the deadly fevers there prevalent through the rains, or of the enormous numbers of lion, buffalo, and rhino that literally crowd its jungles; but more probably because the Sotik, the Lumbwa, and the Kisii find far richer pasturage and less hazard for their flocks and herds atop of the Mau Escarpment. For a whole month we had even seen no blacks, except the wapagazi (porters) of our safari.

Thus, when, toward evening, we made camp high up among the euphorbia and mimosa thickets that cover the craggy slopes of the valley of the Ngari Kiti River, along which we had been ascending, we were none too pleasantly surprised to see the thin column of smoke of a campfire rising from a recess of the jungle a few hundred yards below us, near to the stream.

There, at the time, a newly-discovered neighboring camp was far more likely to hold hostile than friendly folk. A scant six months earlier, and only three months before we had left the last outposts of British authority, the entire Sotik and Kisii country had been aflame with war, and the Government had felt none too certain how completely it had accomplished the pacification of the warring blacks. We were already within the southern edge of the zone of recent disturbance. Of what had happened outside our own narrow daily horizon we were totally ignorant. For aught we knew, the wild sword and spear-men of the escarpment might again be raging round the slender garrisons of the Kericho and Kisii Romas, pillaging, burning, killing, through the settlements to the north of the Romas.

Caution was necessary. The neighboring camp must be investigated before our presence was discovered, before we could safely permit the lighting of our night campfires.

Leaving my mate with the porters to guard the outfit, I started a stalk of our neighbors' camp, taking with me my mate's Somali gunbearer and mine.

It was a task of indescribable difficulty, notwithstanding the short distance to be covered; for the jungle was so nearly impenetrable that silent advance was utterly impossible except along winding game trails, tunnels arched low with thorny bush, often for long distances, slinking, along them, like the lion and leopard that prey upon the buck which made them.

Thus, turning hither and yon, guided only by occasional glimpses of landmarks on the farther slope of the valley that we had carefully marked down before starting, it was nearing nightfall when, approaching up wind, our nostrils caught the scent of smoke that told of near approach.

Then caution was redoubled. Hands carefully removed dry twigs. Feet fell softly as a leopard's. Bodies bent below withered branches, curved and twisted in avoidance of noisy clutching by the thorny boughs of the wait-a-bit.

It was nervous work, the more uncanny that, while native camps are rarely ever silent, by night little more than by day, one group of insatiable gluttons after another rising to gorge themselves about the fires, our ears caught no sound of voice or movement. Was the camp deserted? Had its makers marched away? Or had our presence been discovered, and would the next step ahead bring us a storm of sword and spear thrusts out of the close-shrouding bush that must sink well home within our bodies before we might hope to note the presence immediately alongside of us of the ebon stalwarts that drove them.

Alone, perhaps I might have faltered, retired; but with two Mohammedan Somalis at one's back, cultsmen of the splendid creed that leaves no fear of death within the hearts of its exemplars, no white man could shrink from peril and again look himself steadily in the face in his own mirror. So on I crept, until presently only a thin screen of bush lay between me and the tiny glade, a scant twenty yards in diameter, that held the camp.

It seemed a camp of natives, no more, comprising two dome-shaped grass huts of the sort the blacks build for their nightly shelter when on the march.

And there stretched about the huts on the ground in the still fierce glare of the late afternoon sun, contemning shade in true Bantu fashion, lay the sleeping forms of five sturdy elmoran (warriors) and of their women and children, sleeping all, dead to the world. It was a puzzle to me, for at that hour the camp should be afoot.

But gradually the puzzle was unravelled. First, the sour odour of wembe struck my nostrils—the strong drink the blacks produce from metama (Egyptian corn) and honey, fermented by the use of the rind of the sausage-shaped fruit of the vongonia tree. Next, looking more closely, near the centre of the group I noted two of the great jars used in fermenting the drink, flanked by a litter of drinking gourds, which several sets of nerveless black fingers still encircled.

The camp was drunk—men, women and children—blind drunk all, as I had occasionally seen an entire village of Masai or Wakamba drunk, to the littlest baby in arms, grimacing and gabbing like apes or grovelling and grunting like surfeited pigs!

Filled with disgust at the sordid scene, I was about to turn away, when, from its concealment behind the hulking frame of a giant elmoran, there slowly lifted the iron-grey head—could my eyes deceive me?—yes, the iron-grey head of a white man!

Slowly a short, slender, almost emaciated figure rose to its feet, while a pair of pathetically thin hands alternately rubbed bloodshot blue eyes and pressed throbbing temples. Then, roused a bit, it walked unsteadily to the nearest jar, filled a gourd with wembe, drained it greedily to the last drop, seated itself upon an upturned empty jar, and there sat staring into the embers of the dying fire.

Ye gods! What story of degenerate degradation, of crime and outlawry, or of disgust of the world and life of his fellows, had driven this miserable creature to the last possible realisation of self-effacement from his kind, to this living death, as one of a band of savages low of intelligence and bestial of habit as the most hideous types of the Stone Age?

To be sure, the blacks about him were naked as they were born and he was clothed. But how? A tattered flannel shirt covered, measurably, his shoulders; a slender vine knotted round his waist sustained the rent and begrimed wreck of a pair of cord breeches; rude puttees, improvised from the skins of young leopards, encased his calves. That was all. That was all! Hat? Boots? He had none.

"Doubtless some blackguard outlaw," I muttered to myself; "but who knows? Let's see."

I coughed and advanced into the open glade, approaching across the twenty or thirty feet that separated us.

At sound of my voice, he cast an indifferent glance in my direction; but the instant his eyes told him a white man was before him he stiffly rose, drew himself to his full height, heels together, shoulders square, head erect, and motionless, and so stood looking me straight in the eye as I drew near.

"No outlaw this," I said to myself; "but an officer and a gentleman, once, anyway, if ever I saw one in my life—and perhaps a gentleman yet"; for, while the drawn face was deeply seamed with the hard lines with which dissipation marks its victims, deep within the blue depths of the unblinking eyes shone the lights of a high, imperious spirit that neither the low bred nor the wholly perverted ever own.

The moment he spoke, my conjectures were in part confirmed: the voice was low, perfectly modulated. "How do you do?" he quietly greeted. "Have a—seat," with a slight wave of the hand gravely indicating the upturned jar he had just vacated.

We shook hands, and I sat down.

"Sorry, old chap," he resumed, "I'm unable to offer you a whisky and soda; but—but perhaps you'll permit me to offer you wembe?"

I declined.

"Don't blame you," he replied. "Bally stuff was hateful to me at first; not so rotten shocking, though, when you get used to it, and—and it's all you've got."

Silence followed for five minutes or more, when he indifferently queried:

"In from the lake or down from Nairobi?"

"From Nairobi," I answered.

"Shooting, I fancy."

"Yes," I replied.

"Canadian?"

"No; American."

"Ah! American. Great people, yours. Make splendid soldiers, do your Yankees, nearly as good as ours."

"And you," I asked, "are you down here long?"

"I? Here? Yes, some years—God alone knows how many!—lost the bally count, you know. By the way, old chap, whatever is the date?"

"Who twenty-third," I replied.

"Twenty-third of what?" he asked.

"Why, of December," I responded.

"Really! You don't say so! Deuce it is! Another Christmas come! First one I've been certain of for—well, for more than I can tell. Christmas! How it carries one back to days with the dear old mater, does the coming of Christmas, to days——" and the low voice, dropped to a tremulous whisper, fell silent, the tired eyes fixed upon the fire.

Evidently wrapped as he was in memories that completely absorbed him, I rose and looked about the camp, within the huts; only to find, as I had suspected, that the wretch was destitute of any scrap of civilised belongings other than the wreck of raiment he wore upon his person.

It needed more than a gentle shake of the shoulder to rouse him out of trance-like reverie, a lot of persistent urging to persuade him to return with me to my camp for a Christmas dinner.

While the best dinner our larder afforded was being prepared we had two whiskies, which my guest sipped sparingly; whether possessed by dread there might be no more to come or by a supreme effort of self-control to avoid display of his glutton love for it, I could not be sure.

My attempts at conversation were unsuccessful. Only once did he speak other than in monosyllable answer of me: shortly before dinner was announced.

"Good, deuced good, of you to have me at dinner!" he began. "Scarcely fit now, I fear, to sit at table with even the meanest of my kind; but it was not always so, I assure you. You're receiving no bounder, my word for that; and the mess of the—well, the mess would swear it, from the youngest subaltern to the senior major. Did my bit of work, in my time—did it honestly. Had my little lot of bally glory, too; but the infernal drink got me in its grip, held, controlled me, until I realised that it was resign the service and sink myself from the sight of my kind, or run the risk of one day bringing disgrace upon a family name that never wore a blemish. Rather owed it to the good old governor and mater, it seemed to me, as a sort of lost pawn in their game of life. So here somewhere in the African bush where you find me, here I stay, stay to the end!"

Try our best, as we did, my mate and I, to liven our Christmas dinner with something, at least, of the hearty good cheer that, lacking, leaves a Yuletide the saddest day of the year; nevertheless, we failed dismally. In the great happenings of recent years in the world's affairs he manifested no interest. No conversational bait we could contrive attempted him. And even the delicacies of our dinner, rude enough to metropolitans but rare treats for the average man far afield and long deprived of them, failed as completely to tempt him to gastronomic indulgence as our company proved inadequate to distract him.

With a mind decadent, withering of the dry rot of beaotted inactivity, threatened with utter atrophy by the blighting influences of years spent among wild blacks, whose rude vocabulary is limited to the expression of no more than the raw wants of savage appetites and of the crudest means to satisfy them, it seemed that this first meeting with men of his race had served to preoccupy him with a flood of long dormant memories, to the point of actual unconsciousness of his surroundings.

Dinner finished, I led our guest to camp-chairs, set close beside the fire; for the night wind swept swift and chill down the gorge out of the cloud capped summits of the Mau. Seated, he sipped a whisky and lighted a cigar I pressed upon him, and then sat staring wide-eyed into the fire.

Close around us crowded the gaunt, grey tangle of the bush. The voices of night prowling jungle folk—the hoarse hunting call of the lion, the bark of wild dog, the haunting cry of hyena—alone broke the silence of the night; for, oppressed by our sombre surroundings and the melancholy abstraction of our guest, my mate and I could get no joy out of that Christmas Eve.

Presently I noted that our guest had dropped his cigar and sat rigidly erect, arms dangling at sides and face fixed, rigid, as that of a graven image, like one hypnotised. Possessed he certainly was by a mental hyperabsorption of some sort, however rightly characterised, that left him so wholly unconscious of our presence that shortly thereafter he began speaking of scenes and incidents I am sure no torture could have wrung from him in conscious moments. His voice persisted in a low monotone, never rose or fell.

"Rare good topping days," he began, "were those in Kashmir, when we were patrolling the northern pass en between Chitral and Gilgit against raiding Afridi. Wily beggars were they, my word! And took a lot of catching. No chance of resting there. Always something to do that gave a ready man his chance! Best of all, I fancy, was that little punitive expedition that took us up through the main range of the Hindu Kush, then little known, to the north of Chitral and near the top of the range.

"To right of us rose the northern tributary of the mighty Indus, which pours its yellow flood into the Arabian Sea, while on our left ran the main tributary of the Oxus, flowing northwest through Turkestan to the great inland Sea of Aral. Mother of mighty waters is that bally old Hindu Kush.

"Led us a rotten tough chase for weeks did those Afridi hillmen, sniping at us daily from some inaccessible crag, towing us hither and yon, climbing from abysmal gorges to lofty range crests, only to drop into gorges deeper and more rugged still. Shifty as goats are those hill Johnnies; might as well try to bring an eagle to bay as endeavor to corner and strike a band of them.

"Old-'un gave it up finally, abandoned the definite pursuit of the scattered tribesmen, and bent his energies to finding one or more of their villages. Had some energies, too, had our Old-'un; made the best man buck up a bit to follow him. Kept us to the loftier ridges of the range, pushing smal scouting detachments out to the front, the right and left, of the main column as far as reasonable safety against concentrated attack by those hill beauties would permit, until most of the taller peak uplifts were scaled, and all visible nooks and corners could be scanned with binoculars and telescopes.

"Casualties were distressingly frequent. Neither the main column nor its scouting detachments could for a moment abate vigilance; ventured beneath an overhanging cliff, down into our midst crashed great boulders; camped in range of commanding hill crests, down into the camp at dawn was sure to pour a hail of lead.

"Commissary got dangerously low; but still the Old-'un hung on, bound to give them a good hiding before turning back. And win out at last we did; decently enough, too.

"One evening the subaltern in charge of a scouting party reported the discovery of a large walled village. By patience and careful work he had got sufficiently near to enable him, by the use of his telescope, to make a decently thorough reconnaissance of its position, strength and environment; for the hillmen, like the true birds of prey they are, had perched it on the edge of an almost unassailable cliff.

"To the north and east its tall, loop holed walls commanded broad, level approaches, devoid of cover; while from the foot of its south and west walls a virtually perpendicular cliff fell a sheer hundred and fifty feet to the bed of a roaring mountain stream that wound around its base.

"The only gate of the town, the only break in its otherwise solid walls, stood at the south-east angle, opening on a narrow level bench a scant fifty yards square, commanded from both south and east walls, the only cover from it a low mound opposite the gate and fifty yards distant from it.

"To the gate there was but one approach, by a path cut out of the solid rock of the cliff face and leading upward from the stream margin at a very steep angle, a path apparently a scant two feet wide. Obviously, the stream at the base of the cliff was their principal if not their only water supply, and this path the only means of reaching it.

"Still, it looked like a tidy bit of fairly easy picking, did that hillmen's nest, for the Afridi night guard of their towns was notoriously negligent. So the Old-'un planned to detach a small picked force of one hundred and fifty men for advance by night march on the village, an ascent of the path under cover of darkness, concealment of the force behind the mound opposite the gate, and an assault of the place at dawn, when its women should be issuing from the gate to fetch the day's supply of water.

"And it was glad enough we were when midnight came and we were formed for the advance, for the foxy Old-'un had forbidden fires, and all nights are piercingly cold in these altitudes of the Kush.

"Subaltern who had discovered the village—led the column, marching a hundred yards in advance of 'the screen,' carrying a phosphorus-rubbed stick, for the night was overcast, so dark, I'm blessed if one could see his own nose.

"Earned his bally little monthly wages that night, did that beauty of a subaltern, though, for an hour before dawn he brought us straight as a shot to the foot of the path.

"The path was so narrow that we had to advance in single file; but there were no signs of night guard vigilance. Apparently the plan of the Old-'un was working perfectly. But, just as he must have been congratulating himself on the safe lodgment of his men under the cover of the mound well before dawn, the unexpected happened—the path we were climbing came to an abrupt end! Tapered off into empty space, while above rose the sheer, smooth wall of the cliff!

Rather a facer was that situation. Bad enough in daylight, it seemed hopeless in the dark. But presently one of the officers, feeling about in the dark, discovered two depressions, or sockets, cut into the path, near its end and close to its outer margin; and instantly it flashed across his resourceful mind that the depressions were the footrest for a ladder, used by day to connect the lower section of the path with its higher continuation, and raised at night for protection against attack. While shrewd, of course, his deduction was only conjecture. However, it offered the only conceivable chance of farther advance, and the Old-'un was quick to seize it—ordered the lead men of our little column of Sikh stalwarts to mount over one another's shoulders and feel for the upper section of the path; a stunt easy enough on drill at wall scaling, but rather a desperate alternative on such narrow footing. A slip of the climbers meant a fall of a good eighty feet to certain death below. But there was nothing else for it, and if any men of any service could do it, it was our little lot of bearded beauties, trained to a finish by our long hill campaign, grim, grave beggars that never baulked an order.

"So six of them were grouped as closely as possible over the supposed ladder sockets, four others clambered to their shoulders, three to theirs, two to theirs and then it was a young monkey of a subaltern about my size, who scrambled atop of the pyramid, and, finding his shoulders level with the path, contrived to pull himself up on it. Then several men mounted the same way, while others were knotting their belts together; and ultimately, by the aid of the improvised belt rope, our entire force won its way to the upper path.

"But at deadly penalty of time! Dawn was already come!

"Scrambling quickly upward, it was only to find that the mound we had relied on for cover was inadequate to shelter more than a third of the force, leaving the rest on the narrow bench before the gate, and strung along the path beneath it, openly exposed to fire at sight range from the village walls.

"And scarcely had we realised the desperate nature of our position before, discovered from the walls, a heavy fire opened on us, a fire before which our men began falling fast, notwithstanding the few of our force in range of the hillmen manning the walls were warming up their Martinis as fast as they could.

"Something must be done instantly to save the command from annihilation. There was only one alternative—to blow the bally gate. But when the Old-'un called for the gun-cotton, it was found that the man entrusted with the detonators and fuses had lost them! Gun-cotton we had in abundance; but no means of exploding it. Old-'un was wild with rage; thought he was going to massacre that detonator Johnny. Said nothing; but—well, the old chap's arteries must have been reinforced or they'd have let go.

"The Old-'un don't know it all, though, and hours later admitted it; for it was the same monkey of a subaltern who was the first to mount to the upper section of the path who solved the dilemma with a suggestion the Old-'un reluctantly approved.

"Seizing several cakes of gun-cotton and gently pushing the muzzle of his revolver within the hole in one of the cakes designed to hold the detonator, the little rip tied a scant ten feet of string—all he could find—to the trigger of the pistol, ran unsheathed the fifty intervening yards through a rather fancy hail of lead, placed his bally pile of gun-cotton against the bottom of the gate, jammed the butt of his pistol beneath a heavy stone, and, leaping to the outer face of one of the gateposts, to the end of his bit of string, pulled the trigger.

"The gate and a narrow section of the wall were demolished, the breach was stormed, and the town taken; but the little rip who did the gate trick was blown so nearly into the next world that it was some days later before he learned of it."

Ourselves still as the motionless speaker, deeply absorbed in his monologue as in his memories, neither my mate nor I observed the approach of our niapara with an armful of fuel, which he brought and cast upon our fire a few minutes after our guest had ceased speaking. The shower of sparks and roaring blaze that quickly followed broke the spell—our guest struggled to rise, swayed slightly, settled limp in his chair, and feebly rubbed his eyes. Then, looking aimlessly about, and noting the glass of whisky that stood at his elbow, he seized and bolted it.

At my orders, the niapara quietly withdrew the blazing fagots until the fire once more became a bed of weirdly-blinking live coals.

Again, as I had anticipated, the tired eyes sought the embers, shortly became fixed in a stony stare, the frail body resumed its former erect rigidity, and once more our guest was subconsciously living over again bright days of his heroic past.

"Have to thank the bally greed of Manchester cotton spinners and Birmingham iron manufacturers for one of our prettiest affairs," he resumed. "Hungry blighters never rested until the Anglo-Chinese Sikhim Convention of 1890, designed to open trade with Tibet, was signed. Under it a trade station was opened at Yafung, well within the Tibetan border, due north of Sikhim, the Indian garrison town nearest to the then mysterious Lhasa. But the jealous Lamas didn't care a rap for Chinese pledges, and China was powerless to enforce them. Tibetan trade, therefore, remained no more than an unrealised dream until the Indian Council sent in the Younghusband and McDonald expedition to submit a few political arguments—out of the mouths of Martinis and mountain howitzers. Thus Indo-British trade theories were so fully and forcibly expounded, that the Lamas became persuaded of the wisdom of ratifying the original convention and also of opening new trade marts as far west as Gartok, east of the Punjab border.

"And right there was where our little lot got into the Tibetan game; for the Tibetans of the Gartok region, seven hundred miles from Lhasa, began attacking trade convoys—a call for a display of Indo-British force the council was not long answering.

"Must say our marching orders gave us a bit of a chill, for the night we got 'em we were lolling in the ease, warmth, and luxury of the Simla Club.

"The 'Roof of the World,' the colossal mountain uplift of the Himalayas, whose passes are rarely lower than twenty-thousand feet, had to be crossed in the height of winter, the season of maximum difficulty and hardship for marching troops; and our ultimate field of operations was the Tibetan plateau, at altitudes of ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet. Bally council didn't care a rap for that, however; so out we marched at dawn, a half battalion of Ghurka infantry and a mountain battery, its guns packed piecemeal on mules.

"Blow must be decisive; and the more complete the surprise, the more decisive was it likely to be. Therefore we made a wide detour up the valley of the Sutlej. Swathed in furs, on and up, up, up, ever up, we toiled, over ice and through drifts, blinded by driving snow, bitten by piercing wind, paralysed by cold, panting for the oxygen the niggardly mountain air denied us in better than scantiest allowance.

"Ultimately we won through to the plateau—jiggered if I quite know how! and one clear morning gained a position on an elevated bench commanding, across a narrow valley leading up toward the Kailas peaks, the fortified town it had been planned we should strike.

"Planted, like the strongholds of all mountaineers, on a narrow cliff buttress jutting out into the valley, the place could not be stormed without terrible losses; it must be subdued and taken either by long range howitzer fire or by the winning of the wall crest on a night surprise.

"Quickly the guns of our little battery were set up, the range got; and then for six days and nights we hammered the beggars persistently. But all to no purpose; for, with their antiquated firearms, helpless of offence across the five hundred yards of intervening distance between the town and our position, all but a few watchers of the Tibetans lay, as we later learned, safely cuddled in rock-hewn retreats beneath their houses, which, stone and mud of wall, suffered little from the fires that here and there started but soon flickered out.

"Something had to be done. Tucker was getting low. Troops were weakening fast from long-continued exposure. A direct assault must be made, but how? All the Old-'uns puzzled over the situation and gave it up; considered there was nothing for it while our Ghurkas remained able to march.

But right there the junior captain cut into the game—a wild little rip, about my size, who was always drinking too cursed hard and raising merry hell in the garrison, but who, the old colonel used to say, was never off his feed or feet when there was anything warm doing in the field.

"Convinced that there must be a practicable path up the hill, a short cut between stream and town, the little blighter got permission to have a try on his own, descended before daylight of the seventh day into the valley, and crossed it until he came close to the margin of the stream and within seventy-five yards of the walls of the town. And there he buried himself in the snow, in such a position that, with his eyes uncovered, he could command a full view of the cliff and the town walls above it. So burrowed in the snow he stayed throughout the day, the night, and the next day, without detecting any sign to verify his theory; when, numb and starved out, he stiffly clambered up to camp after nightfall.

"Old-'un wanted him to give it up; but the little beauty was over a stub born like, and persuaded the granting of a chance for another try.

"So, early the morning of the ninth day of the siege, rested and fed, again he buried himself; but this time in a new position, from which he would have a view from a new angle.

"And by mid-afternoon the Johnny's stubbornness was rewarded. Roused from a momentary doze, come of his long hours of vigil, he saw a goat winding down the cliff, plainly following the line of a path hidden in the snow. Following upward the route of the goat's descent, presently his eyes recognised the outline of a cunningly-contrived 'chute,' a platform loaded with huge boulders whose support could be released by a cord, leading up to and within the walls, and discharged to sweep the path of any enemies mad enough to attempt scaling it.

"Same bally junior captain led the advance of the assaulting column the next night, found and cut the trigger cord of the chute, and safely prisoned it with a wedge; and in the hour's hard house-to-house fighting that served to convince Western Tibet that it is easier and more profitable to trade with Indo-Britain than to fight her, he did his gory bit, did that little blighter of a captain."

The low monotone, for some time sunk almost to a whisper, had no more than ceased when, weary, past further control even by the subconscious mind, the frail figure of our guest fell limp again, pitched forward, and would have fallen if I had not caught him.

Lifting him gently to lay him on my camp bed, as I passed beneath the lantern swung above my tent door, through a rent in his shirt my eye was attracted by the gleam of metal, and it proved to be no less than the guerdon of the deeds he had been relating, that highest recognition of heroism displayed upon the fields of battle and best-prized treasure of a British soldier—the Victoria Cross!

YOU CANNOT CHEAT THE SOIL.

One of the first things for a farmer to learn is to be honest. He soon finds that he cannot cheat his soil, for if he undertakes it, he will surely be punished for it. And so he is sure to meet with punishment if he tries to cheat his cows out of their rightful feed, care and good health. He is up against nature at every turn, and the man never lived who succeeded in playing any tricks with nature. There are plenty of farmers who have tried it, are still trying it, but everything about them shows that it is a losing game. And so, if the farmer is big enough to understand nature, he is compelled to be honest, for there "honesty is always the best policy." The training he gets, the lessons he learns in his contact with life on the farm, ought to make him squarely honest with men. The essential spirit of all scientific study is honesty, and the farmer is a scientist as far as he goes. Said Dr. Daniel Gilman in one of his addresses:

"With the growth of the scientific spirit grows the love of truth, and with the love of truth, in the abstract, comes the love of accuracy in the concrete."

The loose, careless, shifty farmer, who never makes joints, who never has anything done quite right, is that kind of a man because he has not sufficient love of the truth in the abstract to be accurate in the concrete. Everywhere the farmer, to be successful in the true sense, must love the truth, seek the truth, face the truth and his own errors. In a word, he must be honest because he cannot cheat the soil.

An Idyll.

I carved my name upon a tree,
As boys are wont to do.
My playmate Kitty begged "And mine!"
And so I carved for two.

The years went by, and we were wed
(A marriage made in heaven);
And now, when I take up my knife,
I have to carve for seven.

About the only difference between the antiquarian and the junk dealer is in the prices they pay for useless articles.

EFFORT IN RIPE YEARS.

Successes Thus Are Often Won.

By Arthur L. Salmon.

Sometimes as the years pass by and we seem to have accomplished little or nothing, we are inclined to think that the best of our life is gone, that there remains nothing but the coming of the great shadow, the great silence. This is especially the age of young people; as we grow middle-aged or elderly we feel that we have been left behind in the race, that there is nothing for us to do; our chance has gone and life will have no further opportunity to offer.

It is easy to grow despondent with such ideas, to relinquish effort, to imagine that the world has no further use for us. The world is for the young; the best positions, the brilliant openings, the control and management of large concerns, are for the young. We have had our chance and seem to have missed it. We feel that we are relegated to comparative uselessness, that we are laid on the shelf, that we have become of no account. We are oldfashioned, out of date; our part is with the bygone.

Admitting to the full the great privileges of youth, we must none the less decline to allow youth a monopoly of life. There is much that cannot even be fitly attempted by the young, much that calls for the wider experience, sounder wisdom, more steady prudence of mature years. For enterprise, new undertakings, experiments, ventures, we are always indebted to youth; it provides the initiative, the pioneering. But for the carying on of the world's work, for the careful conservation of what is best, for the maintenance of wise law and precedent, we look to men and women whose first fires may have died down, but in whose breasts glows the steadfast flame of mature purpose and sober foresight.

Youth has done many brilliant things in art and literature; yet many of the greatest books ever written many of the noblest works of art, have been produced by men of middle age or later. We may get ideas and images of loveliness from boys and girls; but boys and girls can seldom be our teachers—they themselves have to learn. Ripe thought is not born at a leap; cleverness, even genius, gain widely by the passing of years. The quick glance of youth cannot always read the meaning of life with its intuitive flash; there are secrets that experience alone can interpret to us. The person of elder years will do well to remember these things sometimes when inclined to be discouraged.

Regret for a lost youth may have its part, because we know we have missed much that we ought to have seized, have left undone much that we ought to have done; but such regret is valueless unless it stimulates us to do the best with what remains, and we may be sure that very much remains. Our faults of commission and omission may be guiding points, beacons showing us perils to be shunned in future, buoys that denote hidden rocks. Having left much undone, let us do much now while time remains. We can better avoid what is wrong, we can better do what is right. The middle and later stages cannot only enrich us with much that is good, they can enable us to enrich and help our fellows. This great lesson of unselfishness is at least one fine thing that years should have taught us; for youth too often is the time when self runs riot.

Of course we have to acknowledge the fact that declining years are truly a disadvantage in the world of business. The man who is already secure, who has his own position, who is to some extent his own master, has nothing to fear; but one who is at the mercy of his employers may naturally feel alarm when he notes that his hair is turning gray. He may find himself put aside to make room for a younger worker and the difficulty of gaining employment may prove almost insurmountable.

This is an economic question—one may say a political question—of grave importance. Judged from the ethical point of view we may feel strongly that an employer who has had the best of a worker during his years of greatest activity has a moral responsibility toward that worker when his youthfulness, keenness and freshness have departed. Unhappily, moral responsibilities do not always count and this very grave matter must be left for the lawmakers. In many cases it will be true that the employer will get better work from his old and experienced hand than he can from the inexperienced energy of youth; but employers do not always think this.

These words, however, are written with a different purpose. They are written to urge hopefulness and renewed effort upon those who think that their youth has long passed. One of the surest virtues that years should have brought is the virtue of courage. Let us face facts bravely, realising what is bad in them, but also realising what is good; refusing to feel ourselves beaten, declining to be laid on one side as useless, purposing still to do and accomplish much. The shadow brought by advancing years is not always a fear of unemployment, a dread of actual want; it is often a consciousness that we have done ill with our lives, that we are more or less failures, that our part is played and has been a poor one.

Such a sense of emptiness and discouragement is the worst enemy that we have to fear. We can give up the position without a struggle, if we choose, or we can fight to a finish, and that finish need not be defeat. How many things there are still left for us to do! Our circle may be small but it includes some whom we can help and encourage and cheer. Our scope may seem narrow, but it includes some duty whose fulfilment will at least bring peace. We can rust out if we like, in rust of spirit as well as of body, or we can resolve to die in harness. Whatever of actual physical labor has to be surrendered, there are other labors remaining. The passing of youth has not despoiled life of all that made it worth living; this very moment, perhaps, of stress and gloom may be the moment that shall crown us with the richest achievement.

It is not easy to see these truths, not easy to live on their strength, but they are the things that we most need to learn, and they are not the things that youth teaches us. They are the slow gift of maturity, of ripe years. Not in vain have the years been spent if they have brought us not only memory but hope, not only courage to endure, but courage to do.

MAN!

(By Carollyn Wells).

He's only a purse to pay her bills—
Pay for her hats and frocks and frills;
An escort to take her to and fro
Wherever she thinks she wants to go.
To call for her when the bridge game's done;
To sympathise with her grief or fun.
A something to tell her troubles to;
To cheer her up when she thinks she's blue.
To take, but never to give advice;
To tell her her horrors of hats look nice.
To post her letters and wind the clock;
And hook up the back of her modish frock.
To strap her suit case and find her gloves;
And listen to tales of her old-time loves,
In fact, to do all she may say or ask;
And he's such a fool that he loves the task!

TALK HEALTH, NOT DISEASE.

A lady was complaining the other day that wherever she went she heard of nothing but the ills of the flesh. To hear everybody talking about disease and death instead of about life and health, she found to be extremely depressing. If she goes to make a call she is entertained with the details of some operation, recent or remote, which the lady of the house has heard of. It may be the case of a total stranger, yet it is related all the same. If in the trains, conversation between the occupants of near-by seats falls upon the ears of the unwilling listener. And even in the home members of the family, with the popular idea that all news is of interest, come with information concerning this one or that who is ill, sparing not one jot of the horror which may be connected with it.

Come to think about it, isn't there room for reform just here, and is it not one which is much needed?

In the case of any invalid both physician and nurse recognise the importance of an optimistic line of thought and encourage the patient to think as little of his bad feelings as possible. If such a course is beneficial to the sick and conducive to recovery, why is it not helpful in keeping well those who are not sick?

Is there any person with a mind so strong that it is not in some measure affected by reading a medical treatise where the different diseases are described in detail? On laying down such a book it is not difficult to imagine one's self afflicted, and a person of naturally abnormal tendencies in that direction might very easily be overcome and yield to a belief that she was ill when otherwise not a thought would have been given the matter.

Whatever our belief in the extent to which mind governs matter, it cannot be denied that it is considerable, and we may get our authority for this from Holy Writ, where we read that as a man thinketh, so is he.

This old world needs more optimists and fewer pessimists. Let us talk health and think health as much as we possibly can. This may not save anybody's life, but it will go far toward making not only our own lives brighter, but the lives of those around us.

There is in every home one place where there should be no discussion of unpleasant topics, and that is the family table. Allowing the mind to dwell upon these is depressing at any time, but they should be strictly tabooed at meal-time. They are not conducive to appetite, to say the least, and are an offence against good taste besides.

How much of good might be accomplished along the line of health if everyone banished from mind unnecessary thoughts of disease, and dwelt only upon the conditions he would like to see prevail!

Half the ills of life are purely imaginary. When the real ones come, let us lose no time in calling a physician; the others we can more successfully banish for ourselves.

PROFESSIONAL STORY-TELLERS

Those in Ireland who labor to keep the old stories and the Gaelic art of story-telling alive in Ireland have to meet many a reproach. Especially they are warned that they are behind the times, out of touch with the spirit of a practical age, and the like. Well, America is supposed to be a practical country, not behind the procession. The Boston municipal authorities have made provision for an official story-teller, whose function it will be to attend in a room of the public library, appropriated for the purpose, and there to tell stories to all the children that care to look in. Instead of turning over books, which is a dull and impersonal way at best, the young things will get the story from living lips, as the Greeks and Romans got theirs, and their philosophy, too. The story-telling room has been fitted up in the right imagination-stirring fashion, "hung," a correspondent writes to an English paper, "with mediaeval weapons and trophies and colored pictures of castles, knights, and wonderful animals." These are the illustrations, as it were, to the living book. The first American Public Scendal is, if possible, not by birth Irish, at any rate of an Irish name, by marriage, Mrs. Mary A. Cronan. Probably some Irish children will thus come, in the bright, new way, to some healthful knowledge of Cuchulain and Maeve and Deirdre, and Finn MacCuil. Here on a large scale in handsome state is the very thing a brave band is aiming at in Ireland, the maintenance of a beautiful art that can be practised with ease and delight by any fireside where there are two—one story-teller and one story-lover.

MEDICINE FOR PIGS.

"While a sick pig is generally hard to cure," says a writer in the "American Swine Herd," "there are many remedies prescribed for pig ailments. I have only one remedy for a sick pig, and it is a very simple one. Rheumatism, paralysis, blind staggers, thumps, scours, etc., I treat all alike, though in varying proportions. My cure-all or panacea is nothing more than fresh new milk and turpentine. For a young pig, say, six weeks, I administer a teaspoonful of turpentine in, say, half a pint of milk. Unless the pig is very sick it will readily drink this. If too far gone to drink, it must be administered with a spoon. An older pig, however, will seldom refuse new milk, even when a tablespoonful of turpentine is given in a quart or more. I always keep a supply of turpentine on hand, and when there is anything wrong with the pigs, at once give a dose of turpentine and new milk. It is the best remedy I know of for all the ills that pigs are heir to. Grade the dose from a teaspoonful for a six weeks' old, to a tablespoonful or more for a mature pig. The milk may be given ad libitum, or as much as the pig will take to drink freely."

Neat.

The lecturer had invited written questions, and on glancing at the first sheet he found it contained the single word, "Fool."

He drew the attention of the audience to it.

"I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name," he said; "but this is the only instance I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write a letter!"

What Did He Think.

"My husband says he always does better work when thinking of me."

"I noticed he made a very good job of beating the carpets."

We are apt to speak of a man as being lucky when he has succeeded where we have failed.

After living in a house for a week a Welsh collier took the key back to the agent.

"What's wrong?" demanded the agent. "Isn't the house good enough for you?"

"That's just it—it's too good."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the wall is a-weeping for the sins o' the roof, which, being jerry-built and teetotal, takes nowt but water. Every chimbley's a non-smoker, an'—well, the 'ouse ain't no place for a hordinary sinner like me!"

The fellow who goes round looking for trouble generally meets somebody who takes him at his word.

OLD FRIENDSHIP STREET.

Love led me to an unknown land and
fain was I to go;
From peak to peak a weary way he
lures me to and fro;
On narrow ledge and dizzy height he
dares my wayworn feet—
I would that I were back again to
walk Old Friendship Street.

It's there one knew the level road, the
even grass-grown way;
My brain grew never wildered there,
my feet might never stray;
But here I quarrel for the path with
every soul I meet—
I would that I were back again to
walk Old Friendship Street.

It's here I find no gracious hand to
close within my own,
But there one never raised a song to
find he sang alone;
And always at a neighbor's hearth
were kindly glass and seat—
I would that I were back again to
walk Old Friendship Street.

I'm sick of awful depths and heights,
I'm sick of storm and strife;
I'll let Love lead for bolder folk and
take my ease in life.
I know whose voice will hail me first,
whose welcoming be sweet—
It's I am going back again to walk
Old Friendship Street.

DON'T MIX THE BREEDS.

When you have a scrub heifer, and wish to keep her, breed her to a pure-bred bull for her first calf, and then repeatedly breed her to the same bull. This will improve her in breeding, so that each succeeding calf will be better than the preceding one. The owner will gain more than if he had bred her to different bulls, if all were equally good and of the same blood. This proves good in all kinds of stock, horses, sheep and pigs.

When the farmer wishes to breed cattle, he should get a good bull and keep him. If you wish to breed Ayrshires, do so; if Jerseys or any other breed, do so; but do not breed to an Ayrshire bull one year, then to a Jersey next. You must stick to the one thing if you expect to breed good grades.

When a cow is once bred to a scrub bull and then bred promiscuously to different bulls, even if they are of the same breed, she will never produce as good calves as she would if she had been bred several times in succession to the same individual bull. If you have good heifers, high grades of pure-breds, and do not want to rear their first calves, do not breed them to a scrub bull. Such a course may se

The Tram-Top Tragedy

By S. N. SEDGWICK.

Author of "Petronilla," "A Daughter of the Druids," "One Day in May," &c.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Nelly Kezzit Is Cured.

Kezzit's search for his wife proved futile. He spent the whole day looking for her without results.

Late in the evening he remembered his promise to Bruce, and went off to his house to see the dog. He found that Bruce was out, but obtained permission to see the animal in his absence.

The great hound lay in the stable, motionless. Kezzit bent over him. He passed a practised hand over the creature's body, speaking at the same time in a low voice. The Hound lifted his tail faintly in a friendly way.

"There's not much chance for you, my boy," said Kezzit. "Your master's right: something gone wrong with your works, like mine, I guess. Well, it ain't much good to you to go on living, is it? We can't all of us pick and choose when we shall depart this life. But I think you can. You'd like to go, wouldn't you, same as me, eh? Well, you shall, old man. You shall. I'll give your master something for you. I wish I could treat myself to it as well, but I've something to do first. My time ain't come yet."

He patted the creature and left the stable.

"You'll tell Mr. Bruce," he said to the servant, "that I think his dog is really bad, and he'd better put him out of his misery. I'll send him a little hypodermic syringe to-night and a letter telling him how to use it. He must be careful with it, that's all."

He went back to his wretched home, and loading his syringe with some special decoction which he took out of a small medicine bottle packed away in a small strong-box, he wrapped the whole thing up with a letter and despatched it.

Then, to take his thoughts off the tragedy of his life, he turned to his little bench, where he busied himself with the things he was making. The hours passed slowly to him, and at last he was about to return to bed when there came a knock at the door which startled him.

He opened it. There was a policeman outside—a big, good-natured, kindly-looking man, who nodded cheerfully as he leant against the door.

"It's all right, old man," he said, "we've found the poor creature, for you never know your luck. Here's you been hunting all the north after her, and she's been sleeping quietly all the time. She's here outside. It's no good us locking her up again, you know, so the divisional inspector told us to bring her round to you. She was found half-an-hour ago lying asleep in Tanner's yard. She's still asleep, and as we don't know she's drunk—not officially, you see—we've no charge against her, 'cept for sleeping on other folks' premises."

Kezzit was out in the road in a moment. The woman was lying on an ambulance; a couple of other men stood by it. One threw back the tarpaulin cover and disclosed the face of Nelly Kezzit, her eyes closed, her breathing stertorous, her cheeks flaming.

"I'm much——" began Kezzit, when the constable pulled him up.

"Don't say a word," said the very cheerful fellow; "it's all right. Things ain't half bad, after all. You'll get her upstairs and into bed in no time, and when she awakes, you'll see she'll be glad to be 'ome again."

"Come on, lads," he added, with a wink to the other men, "we've got wives of our own, 'aven't we? and, bless you, sometimes we wishes 'em to be as quiet as Mrs. Kezzit at this moment. Good luck to you, old man—good luck!"

As he spoke Kezzit had lifted the senseless woman from the bier and staggered with her indoors. "Good-night," he said, panting; "you're good chaps; good-night."

He laid her on the counter of his shop for a moment, while he turned to fasten the door. This done he bore her swiftly upstairs. As he slipped off her muddy garments and bedraggled garments, he caught sight of the bruises on her mouth and breast. He shivered at the sight. Nevertheless, he made her as clean as he could and bathed her face and hands, covering her up with the clothes.

A deep-drawn breath escaped him as he finished and stood looking down upon her. In spite of the flush on the debauched face, there was the softening hand of sleep there, too, and the woman looked younger and more innocent than when awake. He stooped and kissed her, then sat down by her side.

He knew what to expect after this stupor. The craving would not be past. That would not end until the delirium of drink had had its way with her. But until she showed signs of waking he would leave her unchained. So he sat on and on by her side, his head sunk on his chest, far into the night, alone with her and his past history. The bitter hours passed slowly.

Towards three o'clock in the morning he must have dropped to sleep, overcome with the fatigue and anxiety of the past week. He slept fast for an hour or two until he was awakened by the touch of hands at his coat. He started up to find Nelly sitting on the bed, with her hand in his pocket; in her eyes the gleam of a maniac.

"No, no, Nelly," he cried. "Come, lass, lie down again. You must be worn out."

"I am," she said shortly; "I am. And I've got the thirst of hell. Give me some money and I'll go."

"That's nonsense, Nelly," said the man with dogged patience and gentleness. "You're not fit to go out in the state you're in. Have a drink of nice cold water."

The woman slipped to her feet. "Do you take me for a fool, Kezzit?" she cried. "I'll have drink or I'll have money. Give me what you've got, or I'll tear your throat out."

"Nelly, Nelly, you don't mean it, lass. You know I can't give it you, even if I had it to give. Come now, lie down quiet, and let me make you comfortable."

He moved towards her, but she stepped back from him warily, with language begotten of her frenzied brain, pouring from her lips.

Then, as with firm, set lips, he followed her, knowing that he must overcome her by brute force—that his only chance was to force her down on to the bed; but she suddenly sprang at him.

"I've had enough!" she screamed. "Now I'll do for you. There!"

Swift as a panther she whisked a knife from beneath her petticoat. Where she got it from, or how it escaped Kezzit's notice when he took off her dress, he never knew. She struck him with it. It laid his cheek open to the bone, and in the agony of the shock, more mental than physical, he stumbled back. She ran at him again, stabbing, hacking, and he found himself forced to defend himself. He lifted a chair, and held it as a shield.

"Lie down, Nelly," he cried, piteously; "lie down; you don't know what you're doing. For God's sake, lie down!"

But she refused, with foul words. She seized the chair and tried to wrest it away from him, and, failing that, to strike him above it.

"No," she cried; "I've had enough from you. Now I'll end it—I'll end it! You—you've starved me; you've lied to me! I know you have money! Didn't I sell your things for pounds—pounds? And the master—Hilfield—told me he had given you hundreds. You've robbed me—of money—of drink—drink—drink—when I'm dying for it. Now I'll have it or murder you!"

Kezzit gave place as she advanced. He held the chair still, though she wrestled with him for it. In her fury she seemed possessed of a superhuman strength. He was as clay in her hands. He let the chair go, and she flung herself on him. He slipped to the floor. She was on him in a moment. The knife descended into his shoulder—was raised again. With bitter sobs breaking from him, and piteous cries to her to stop, he struck her full upon the face. He had to do it; there was no other way. Her head jerked upward—she screamed—fell sideways, the knife beneath her—cried again, and shivered, and lay still.

Kezzit crawled to her side and raised her. He saw what had happened. From her left breast the blood was welling—she had ended the tragedy. No words can describe the awful condition of the wretched man—the incoherent words and tearing sobs—his kisses . . .

She was not dead, but dying. He laid her on the bed later on; she was strangely sobered. It seemed as if the shock of the wound the alteration in the beat of the heart had lowered the fever that burnt in her blood.

For some time she did not recognise him. When she did—at last—it was with a cry of horror. His face was cut, and plastered with blood; he was white as the dead ashes of a wood fire. His shirt and neck-cloth were soaking.

"I did that," she whispered. "I did that. O my God!"

"Hush!" he said, rising hastily from where he knelt. "I'll wash it away." He crossed to the washstand, and with rapid, trembling hand cleansed his face and put on his coat, buttoning it up to hide—what lay beneath.

"Jack," she said, "I did it. Leastways, it was this hand. You know it wasn't your wife's mind."

"I know—I know," he sobbed. "It's all right, Nelly, darling."

"It is all right this time," she said, with a smile, "for I'm dying, Jack, I'm dying."

(She must have been in an agony of pain from her failing heart, but not one word of it did she breathe.)

Kezzit dared not deny it. He knew without a shadow of doubt that it was so.

"Jack," she whispered, "I'll not die without making a clean breast of it; I sold your patent sheave to Hilf——"

"I know—I know. Hush!"

"The money he gave me I spent, and when it was gone——"

He knew what she meant, but at this moment there was nothing but forgiving, pitying love in his heart. He stooped and kissed her.

"Don't tell me," he said. "You've always been my own true wife—mine—mine——"

"And will be—after," she said.

Her mind went back gradually—as is often the case with the dying—to younger and happier days. She began to talk rapidly, in spite of Kezzit's attempts to quiet her. It seemed as if she slipped out, little by little, from the horrible garb of later years, from the guilt and the misery and mania to her primitive state.

"Jack," she said, "it is you I love! The other fellows—they come after me—silly things; but there's only my Jack for me. . . . How you dare do it?"—she broke into a little laugh of pure girlish coquetry—"I won't be lifted over the next stile. You naughty boy! Sweetheart, listen. You's a lark—a lark singing. Can you see 'im—like a point of fire? . . . He sees the sun where he be, 'though it's set for us. He'll sing as long as he can. For yonder it's still light—still light."

Kezzit's face lay close to hers. She put up her hand to stroke it.

The position of her raised arm quickened the end.

"The prettiest girl in the mill," she said again. "You're the only one I'd ever take 'ha' from, Jack——"

"Sweetheart," the man broke in. "Sweetheart!"

"Yes," she said, "sweetheart to the end, in spite of all that's been wrong."

"Nothing else counted, said Kezzit.

"Sweethearts through the dark," she faltered on, rambling; "the mate on the earth—and the lark in the sunlight."

"Amen," said the man, and fell silent. Neither spoke. Kezzit listened to the labored breathing. Once or twice he wiped the moisture from her forehead, from her mouth.

At last there came a little struggle—she attempted to rise; she put out a groping hand. "Jack, Jack," she whispered, "I'm frightened. Jack, don't go. Jack, forgive."

With his hand in hers, and the other round her neck, she died. He saw it all as the dawn came into the room. Saw it all, and after a few minutes closed the dropping mouth and the eyes—held them down with his fingers. Then he rose and put out the lamp. He shook himself, plunged his face into a basin of cold water. He came back to the bed and looked long and fixedly at the dead body with hard, dry eyes, yet with infinite tenderness. Then he drew down the blind.

"Good-bye, little girl—little Nellie," he whispered. "Now, at last—at last I've work to do. I'll do it. Oh, yes, I'll do it."

He went downstairs, and opening the shutters, drew his jeweller's lathe from its case, brought from various boxes the things he wanted, and fell to work. Calmly, quietly, persistently he went on all that day, without a morsel of food. He had one object only in view. He never felt the pang of hunger; he never felt the agony of bereavement. He never thought of that which lay upstairs. It seemed as if, in drawing down the blind, he had drawn a thick curtain over his brain, shutting out everything but one idea.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Finsbury Park.

Bruce sat in Finsbury Park on a seat that overlooked the pool. On that miniature lake a few bedraggled ducks were being chased by a young gentleman in a boat whose dogged perseverance with the oars went far towards atoning for his lack of oarsmanship.

As a matter of fact Bruce was miserable. In the first place, all attempts at making terms with Mr. Hilfield had failed; in the second, he had to break his ill-news to Gertrude. It was for this reason that he was in the park, to keep an appointment with her. Even the death of his dog (which he had poisoned that morning) seemed to him to add to his burden of depression.

She came at last, and catching sight of him her face shone, but Bruce's was still cloudy.

"My dear boy, she exclaimed, "fancy asking me to meet you here! Why on earth didn't you come up to the house as usual?"

She looked round and, finding no one in sight, put up her face to be kissed. To her surprise Bruce refused. "Wait a minute," he said hoarsely. "I've something to tell you."

"Bruce"—her voice rang out with some indefinable misgiving behind it—"Bruce, what is it?"

He pulled her down upon a seat, and plainly and bluntly told her the truth. It was no good mincing matters. He was a ruined man. He could see no hope for the future. To discard her love, as he felt he must, was to tear away a living portion from his heart.

But he did it. He told his tale—all Hilfield's kindness had meant—his extraordinary ambition for Rose, his bitter disappointment—his vow of punishment.

The girl listened in silence until the tale was done.

"And what—what—did you say you are going to do?" she asked at last.

"I shall emigrate, dear," he said. "As soon as my bankruptcy is declared I shall be off. I won't ruin the mater as well. There's no work for a man of my position—at least, no chance of a fortune—in England. And as I cannot think of keeping you to your promise, and it would not be fair to ask you to wait, I've brought you here to tell you that our engagement is over."

"And you expect me to acquiesce?" she asked quietly.

"I cannot do otherwise," he answered. "Even suppose a fortune awaits me out yonder, it would be ten years before I could return. I shall be an oldish man, then, and you—you'll be thirty-six, you know."

"Well, I suppose it's the right thing. You can't expect girls to waste the best years of their life," Gertrude continued, calmly, "can you?"

"That's just it, dear," he said, with a groan.

"And it's all nonsense to believe in broken hearts and spoilt lives nowadays."

"Yes," he replied, though his own heart belied him. "That's all very well in books, you know."

"So, like two common-sense, hard-headed people, we are to agree to say 'Good-bye.'"

"Don't torture me by prolonging the agony," he said, with a smile—a smile that cost him a great deal. For inwardly he was wrung to hear her speak in so cold-blooded a way. "I'll say 'Good-bye,' Miss Dewar."

With the utmost promptness, the girl threw her arms round his neck. "You sha'n't say 'Good-bye'—you sha'n't!" she exclaimed. "I should be a perfect beast to dream of such a thing. I—I was only seeing how far you would go."

"No," she continued, as he tried to interrupt. "I listened to you; now you shall listen to me. Sit still, Mr. Bruce. Ordinary girls may be able to break off engagements and go about heart-whole. But I call it positively wicked. We didn't fall in love with one another with a view to each other's money. If you'd been a laborer and I a milkmaid, wouldn't it have been just the same? Oh, my dear, I wish we were. I wish we could be happy on a pound a week and a three-roomed cottage. Now, if I were to let you do all that your sweet chivalry suggests, I tell you I should despise myself the rest of my life. I shouldn't die, perhaps, but I wouldn't marry another man. No; I wouldn't!"

"But, my darling——"

"I'll stop your mouth," she said, putting her fingers upon it; "I won't hear any buts. If you break it off, you treat me worse—far worse—than you could imagine. Besides, what sort of a girl should I be, I wonder, to give up a man just when he wants me most? Can you forget all that we have been to one another since—since—that day when you told me you loved me? I'm not going to forget it. I'm going to dream that every day brings us nearer to one another—even if, as you say, it means ten years. Ten years," she added—"if you think you wouldn't be disappointed with a bride of thirty-six."

Bruce began to argue. But she brought him back to the point. "Would you—would you be disappointed with me at thirty-six? Tell me, now—tell me!"

He told her in the most effectual way—by taking her in his arms and kissing her again and again.

"Ah!" she said, with her head on his shoulders, "I think that ends the discussion, doesn't it? For a man who means to say 'Good-bye' that was very good, wasn't it, Bruce?"

She straightened herself and laughed; and he felt suddenly as if the sun were shining through the clouds.

"Now," she said, sitting up and sticking her parasol firmly into the ground with a little dig; "now, sir, having cleared the ground so famously—you are a darling to give in, Bruce—now we can talk."

"My dear," said the happy man, his face working at the relief, "what am I to do? You clear away one obstacle—now clear away the others."

"Suppose you were to go to him—this Hilfield man, I mean—and say——"

"But I've been, dear; I've tried to get at him, to beg for time, but he has refused me."

"Well, write——"

"I did yesterday, and he returned my letter unopened, with a line to say that he would only hold communications with me through his solicitor."

"Then go to his solicitor."

"No; that's no use. I've tried that. The man has his instructions. He refused to give me a week's respite."

"Can you raise any money?"

"I suppose I could get two or three hundred pounds on my insurance policy. But that would be a flea-bite. I am due to pay his money within a week. Like a fool, I signed the agreement, without seeing how much it left me in his power."

"Then I know what must happen, dear," she said firmly. "You must be married to-morrow, and then there will be some money of mine which you can use the next day."

Bruce rose to his feet. "That is out of the question, sweetheart," he said—"entirely out of the question. No; it seems to me that the only thing I can do is to go bankrupt. It will only be a further step in my career. The club will say, 'Ah, we knew he'd come a cropper some day,' and the dear old mater will be crushed, for she thinks it a sin to go without paying your debts."

"But I shall know, dear," Gertrude said. "I shall understand; and I'll take care your mother does. I'm not at all sure," she went on, "that it wouldn't be a good plan really. It would serve the old man right. He fancies that your sense of honor will not let you go bankrupt. He would be sick to feel that he had lost his money and that I had you all the time. And as for Rose, I'm sure the idea hasn't entered her pretty head. She won't mind a bit."

"Yes; Hilfield will feel losing his money, I daresay. It certainly would make him savage if he thought that he was the only loser."

"Well, suppose that you made one more effort to see him," Gertrude went on. "Suppose you told him that he would be the only sufferer in the long run—and you are willing to pay him if he'll only give you time."

"The old scoundrel," said Bruce; "I should like to wring his neck."

"Hush!" said Gertrude. "It's no good being angry with him."

"I know," said Bruce; "but when I think how he has done me it makes my blood boil. I wanted to shake him when he sprang all this on me in the office."

"Don't be silly," she said. "You must treat him fairly after all. He loves Rose. Go to him and explain. If you can't see him at his house you must follow him and catch him in the train or somewhere. Anyhow, catch him, and force him to listen."

A shadow fell on them as she spoke. Bruce looked up to find that Pattifer was passing with a lady, whose likeness proclaimed her to be his mother. He caught Joseph's eye and saluted.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Junction of Forces.

Bruce sprang to his feet. "My darling," he exclaimed, "here's the very man to help us. Mr. Pattifer, wait a moment; let me introduce you to Miss Dewar—the young lady I mentioned to you."

Joseph bowed nervously.

"I hope we shall not be detaining you," said Bruce to Mrs. Pattifer, with a smile, "but your son here can be of the greatest assistance to us at this moment."

"I am sure he'll be glad to be of assistance to anybody," began Mrs. Pattifer, "if such a smoking reed can be of any use to anyone. You know his sad story, Mr. Bruce—or ought I to say, honorable sir? I never have been able to master the interstices of the English aristocracy. I remember when I had to invite the bishop to our house for the first time, I called him 'O Lord and Father.' And when I saw that was wrong I tried 'my goodness gracious,' and that was worse——"

"My friends all call me Mr. Bruce," said Bruce with an easy smile.

"Yes," he continued, preventing her reply, "Joseph and I came our little cropper together."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Bruce," Mrs. Pattifer went on, "but you don't know what has happened since. Miss Rose came to see us the other day, and we talked things over, and 'J.' resolved to go and face Mr. Hilfield again and tell him our family tree and so on. Our blood is as blue as Stephen's ink, I believe, though mine, I own, is red enough when I cut my finger."

"But we heard afterwards that Mr. Hilfield was so angry to hear that Rose had been to our house that he sent her away then and there that afternoon to Eastbourne, and he wrote to 'J.' an angry note refusing to breathe the same air again with him. Did you ever hear such a thing? The same air—why, it's enough to bring on a tornado. That it is. How he will be happy in heaven I can't think——"

"Yes, mother, yes," said Joseph hurriedly. "I don't suppose Mr. Bruce wants to hear all our story. The truth is, sir, that Rose has found a chance of writing to me already from Eastbourne, and I don't feel at all wretched. Especially as I have found a few berth this morning, which I am to enter to-morrow. It's Morrison Brothers, the Government contractors. It's a larger salary—and yet the moment I explained that I came from Hilfield without a character they took me in. It seems they've got their knife into him, being rivals in the wine trade, and Mr. Hilfield, I know, has beaten them once or twice over large contracts.

"Yes," broke in the irrepressible Mrs. Pattifer, "I always knew my son would prove worth his salt to somebody. I remember——"

"Pardon, mother, said "J.," "I'm sure it's Mr. Bruce's turn."

"Well," said Bruce, "I also want to interview Mr. Hilfield once more. And as he won't admit me to his house, nor read my letters, I must catch him somewhere out of doors. I thought you could tell me what time he leaves the office or arrives at the office."

"Yes, I can," said "J.," "nine o'clock every morning, and he catches the 8.30 tram from Woodside Park. Funnily enough, we are going to catch him the same way this morning. We are going to the Angel to wait for the tram there."

"How extraordinary," said Gertrude. "Don't you think we might all go together? There's nothing like an assault with the combined strength of the army. Let's take him in turn, one after the other. You begin first, Mr. Pattifer, and then Bruce, and then I'll have a turn at him. He knows me."

"He doesn't know me," said Mrs. Pattifer, "but I think he will as soon as I start. I think I shall surprise him. I was always famous for surprising people. He'll be entertaining a manger unawares, or something——"

"And if nothing comes of it," said Gertrude with a laugh, "we shall be no worse off than we are now; but we shall have had a little fun."

CHAPTER XX.

The Tram-top Murder.

Mr. Hilfield, still strong in his ineffable piety, had interviewed his solicitor, and had given him instructions to press Bruce as hard as he could.

It may be well to explain that Mr. Hilfield had full legal right on his side, for he was simply acting on a clause in the agreement he had drawn up for Bruce to sign. The clause was as follows:—"And if, for any unforeseen cause this agreement should be terminated, the said Mr. Hilfield shall have the power of deciding the date on which any moneys still owing to him on the part of the said Mr. Bruce, shall be paid."

When Bruce signed, in all guilelessness, Mr. Hilfield explained that this clause only safeguarded him. The usual thing was to fix a date by which the money should be paid—in this case the clause enabled him to extend the time indefinitely to suit Bruce's convenience.

The young fellow took it all as part of Mr. Hilfield's inexplicable generosity, and little thought that it would be used to shorten the time for the payment.

Mr. Hilfield smiled grimly as he pointed this out to his solicitor.

Several other little things he arranged for—the sale of his house, the removal of his whole family to Eastbourne, the ending, in fact, of this unfortunate chapter in his life.

He also had read to himself the chapter in Genesis in which the patriarch turns out his slave and her boy to starve in the desert. It seemed to him that he might imitate Abraham's fortitude in forcing Rose to give up her foolish fancy for Pattifer in a similar way.

For Rose had developed an unexpected vein of obstinacy. It is true she had wept exceedingly when he had scolded her; but when in the righteousness of his heart he had prayed about her, and at her—in front of his servants—at family prayers, to his intense surprise she had risen from her knees and, with scarlet face, had refused to stay in the room.

"Pray for your own wilful ways, you wicked father," she cried, "who would break your own child's heart without a thought; who would marry her by force to a man of your own choice. I'm ashamed of you; I really am." And forthwith she had fled to her room.

The very parrot had remained silent, overwhelmed in the general chaos. "Rebellion and the sin of witchcraft," it seemed indeed.

But he never wavered from his course—not a hair's breadth; not even when Mrs. Hilfield, stout, comfortable body, having gone surreptitiously to Rose's room and heard the whole story, and allowed the child to weep on her maternal bosom, came and pleaded with him for her.

"You know, Ezekiel," she said, "young Pattifer is a really quiet, nice——"

"He's a designing rogue," growled Mr. Hilfield.

"He behaved quite like a hero when the navvy——"

"I don't believe a word of it. It was a got-up job. I believe he's quite capable of it."

"But, Ezekiel, the girl's making herself quite ill over it——"

"She's making me quite ill over it."

"Yes; but—oh, Ezekiel, I know how good and conscientious you are; but I can't help thinking of little Tom—now. We lost him; if we should lose——"

But Hilfield went quickly out of the room. Tom was their first child. He had lived to be fifteen, a timid, nervous lad, always afraid of his father. Hilfield had insisted on his entering business, and when he turned out to be useless at figures, his father's firmness had made his delicate life still more sensitive, and he had been glad to give it up without a struggle before he was sixteen.

"Even my wife has turned against me," Hilfield said, as he locked his study door and sat down at the table, with his face upturned.

"In Thee, O Lord," he said, "have I put my trust. Let me never be confounded."

Strange perversity of faith! Strange fanaticism!

Having settled details, however, with his solicitor, Mr. Hilfield locked up his office and made for the tram.

His customary seat was vacant; he stepped into it with a benignant nod to the conductor, and opened his bag. It was almost a habit with him to read something of his business affairs, and he grew engrossed over the terms of his new settlement, and over the house and estate market at East bourne.

The mid-day tram fills up quickly, and discharges itself several times on its journey. At the Angel a number of people got up, and Mr. Hilfield, from his post of vantage, cast a surgery glance over the newcomers as they came up the steps. His face suddenly hardened. "The lord-forgive-us-relence!" he exclaimed below his breath. For the two men whom he least wanted to see were following their lady companions up the stairs.

For a moment a wild thought of flight entered his head, but his iron obstinacy and rigidity of habit compelled him to set his teeth and stay. Bruce sat on the double seat that backs against the team, slightly to the left and behind Hilfield; Joseph, taking off his hat, sat immediately in front. Gertrude and Mrs. Pattifer, the latter ruffled like a pouter pigeon, opposite him. He was besieged on all sides.

It was not till the tram started that Bruce leant forward.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hilfield," he began, in a friendly way. "It is great luck to find you here."

"I have warned you that I will have no further dealings with you," said Mr. Hilfield, in a low voice. "If you insist upon speaking to me, I shall leave the tram—for the first time for twenty years."

"If you do, Mr. Hilfield," said Bruce gravely, "I shall follow you. I am determined to address you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pattifer, "and when he's done my son here has a word to say, too, Mr. Hilfield, so you may as well make up your mind to give way."

Mr. Hilfield glared at this comparative stranger. "This is a conspiracy," he began. "You are resolved to molest me, are you?"

"Not a bit," said Bruce; "I only want a friendly chat."

"You may talk as long as you like, sir, I shall pay no attention," said Hilfield; and, drawing the "Estate Guide" from his bag, he began to turn its pages.

"What I want to talk about, sir, is of importance," said Bruce, whose temper began to rise a little.

"It cannot make the slightest difference to me," was the reply. "Talk, sir, talk. Tell the whole company, if you like, that you will be an undischarged bankrupt in a week."

He raised his voice, and the deliberate insult roused Bruce still more.

"You old scoundrel!" he said. "You need something more than talk. If you were a younger man——"

"Hush!" said Gertrude, warningly.

"That's right," said Hilfield calmly. "Give vent to your diabolical temper." He hustled himself apparently in his paper, and Bruce made an effort to choke down his spleen.

"It's really amusing, Mr. Hilfield," he said. "I'm here to ask you how you like to lose £2000 straight off when you might keep it all?"

But Hilfield paid no heed.

"Finding you were insensible to my calls at your house," Bruce continued, "and to my letters, I have been obliged to resort to this method of communication."

"Conductor," said Mr. Hilfield, as the peaked cap of the man rose above the steps, "if these men continue to annoy me, I must ask you to stop at the nearest policeman and ask him to come on board. I——"

This was too much. Bruce's face flamed. "You old humbug!" he said. "You haven't the decency of an ape. All you deserve is to be—to be poisoned like a dog." The metaphor flashed into his mind.

"Hang it all! if you won't be civil and listen I'll—I'll——"

"No trouble, sir," said the conductor, gravely. "I've known this respected old gent for this ten years; he wouldn't give trouble to a fly. If you have a private quarrel with 'im 'ave it out private; but not aboard my tram, if you please. Fares!"

Bruce simmered down, putting his hand into his jacket pocket. He pulled out a few coppers with an instrument which at first he stared at uncomprehending.

"Good Lord!" he said to himself at last, "it's the hypodermic syringe. I must have pocketed it when——"

The man took the fare and passed on. Bruce, unthinking, toyed with the instrument as he bent forward again to address Hilfield.

"Don't make a scene," he began, "but give me the common civility that you would give to anybody else. Come now, Mr. Hilfield!" He stopped for an answer; but Hilfield was immovable. "Mr. Hilfield!" He put his hand on his shoulder.

There was a roar and a rattle as another tram swung by, half a foot away from them.

At the touch of the hand Hilfield half turned, half leapt in his seat with a loud exclamation that drew the attention of the other passengers.

"Help! He's ill——"

The words broke from him in a kind of agonised scream, followed by an incoherent exclamation that sounded like "Curse it!"

Bruce started back in horror as Mr. Hilfield, with head twisted over his shoulder, as if turning to catch sight of him, fell sidelong to the flooring of the tram.

To be Continued

IMPROVEMENT IN PIGS.

No animal is more susceptible to improvement by the introduction of superior stock than the pig. Pure-bred stud pigs were very difficult to obtain during many years, and the consequence was that the swine stock of Australia was of a nondescript class. If pigs improve quickly they degenerate with equal celerity. Long snouts, flat sides, loose, unshapely hams, and impossible fore-ends are developed by breeding from mongrel stock in a couple of generations. Such pigs are costly to feed, and worth very little money when ready for market. Only such curers as turn out the roughest for cheap sausage factories will buy such stock, therefore the breeder is always in a bad market. The breeder who aims at supplying pigs for the up-to-date factory has a very different class of customer; indeed, it was the demand of such factories that caused the first improvement in the pigs of Australia. Modern bacon for the best trade can be made, only from well-bred, quick maturing pigs fit for bacon and hams at an early age. The demand for meats from modern-sized animals long since extended to bacon, and the public must have comparatively small hams, sides, and flitches. These, however, must be firm meat, with no soft, thick fat about it, such meat as only pigs of the proper type produce. So far the Berkshire has been the most popular breed in Australia for producing both pork and bacon.

Luther Burbank has invented a thornless blackberry. If he wishes to do some real good he will invent a thornless speech to be used by the husband when he gives his wife a sovereign for her own use.

Dishonest people try to do those they are dunned by.

DAIRYING.

A GUIDE TO MILKING MERIT.

By J. S. McPadzean, Senior Dairy Supervisor, in the Victorian Journal of Agriculture.

In purchasing dairy stock the value of each animal must, under present conditions, be based largely on its appearance. Without the characteristic that is known as dairy type, a well-bred bull or cow will not attract much attention from buyers; and, even if certified to have a good milking pedigree, this must be supported by a somewhat typical dairy appearance, or the animal will not find ready sale.

Almost every dairy farmer has some knowledge of what constitutes dairy type; and he will discern milking quality in stock with more or less certainty, according to his experience and natural aptitude. A preference may be shown for one breed or color more than another; but certain lines of conformation are accepted by all as indicative of dairy quality. This has resulted from the experience of generations of stockmen; and, in the main, these dairy points are so well defined that a good judge of a dairy cow in one breed will make a very close estimate of the value of those of other breeds merely by comparison, and without any actual experience of them.

When dairy farmers vary in their estimates of the several points of excellence that go to make up the perfect type of cow, each being accorded a value varying with individual fancy, or by reason of experience with animals weak or strong in certain features. Few cows are found to closely approximate to perfection in dairy type; but those of that quality possess a certain symmetry of form which at once distinguishes them from the average animal, and appeals to the eye of almost any one interested in cattle. Cows such as these will seldom prove indifferent milkers; and, as they are but infrequently met with, and less often change hands, they call for very little study by the dairy farmer. But it is with medium and inferior milking stock that difficulty is found in arriving at the value from appearance; and, as it is with such that most people have to deal, any point that has special bearing on milking quality must be of more than ordinary interest to buyers.

There are three lines of variation in milk production, viz., the quantity of the dairy yield; its quality; and the length of time the flow is sustained. When a cow is in full milk, her daily yield, and also its quality, may be ascertained with fair accuracy by a few days' trial; but how long she will continue in milk is a matter of no little uncertainty to many. If she is on sale as a stripper or a springer, the buyer has only her appearance to guide him as to what sort of a milker she is; and, to most people, a cow at this stage is more or less a risky purchase.

In arriving at an estimate of the value of any dairy stock one feature that is of particular significance in regard to milk production is frequently overlooked, viz., the "escutcheon." Not many people are acquainted with the intricacies of this feature as indicating excellence in dairy cattle; and there is no doubt that, if it were better understood by dairymen, the knowledge would be of much service.

Where cows are dependent on pasture they will only milk up to their full capacity if they are in the flush when the grass is at its best. In this way, cows that are grazed are not always seen to best advantage, unless on sown pasture. Very few of those under notice get any feed other than the natural grass; some get a little; none are fed so as to bring them up to their full capacity. Those of one herd were at a big disadvantage this past year through being trucked some distance to another farm, the change necessarily interfering with their yield.

The term "escutcheon" is applied to that surface over which the hair on the posterior surface of the udder and haunches grows upwards, and in a contrary direction to the downgrowing hair on the rest of the animal's body. The extent of this surface varies greatly. In some cows, it covers the whole of the inner haunch up close to the rump bones below the base of the tail; in others, it takes in only a portion of the udder; while there are innumerable variations between these extremes. More than eighty years ago the theory was put forward that the possible quantity, as well as the term of continuity of each cow's milk yield, could be predicted from the appearance of her escutcheon; and, wherever this theory has been thoroughly tested, it has proved to be approximately correct.

Escutcheons have been classed into ten main varieties, but some of these are only rarely met with. Each variety is possible of being divided into several sub-varieties or classes, which is done on ratio of size. Interesting particulars of these were given in the September number of the Journal of Agriculture, also illustrations of the various types.

In estimating the value of the various form of the escutcheon, the principal point for consideration is the width and evenness of contour in the lower or shield-shaped portion. As previously mentioned, this should extend well out on the thigh, and, without inclining in towards the udder, it should run in unbroken line up or across the perineum, according to the manner of that variety. Development of this extent, free from adverse tufts, and accompanied by udder ovals of soft texture, marks such an escutcheon as belonging to the A class; and indicates that the cow is a heavy and continuous milker. Each noticeable diminution in the size of this lower escutcheon may be taken as indicating a reduction in the milk flow. The upper portion usually reduces in size correspondingly with that of the lower.

The deteriorating significance of the various adverse tufts must be determined from the extent of escutcheon they displace. A full Flanders with two good ovals would be in the top class of its variety at twenty-two quarts or over for a big cow, down to sixteen quarts—or even less—for a small cow; and the milk flow would be sustained close up to each calving. On a medium cow, an escutcheon slightly narrower, and showing but one, or no oval, would mark an eighteen-quart maximum; and, if a bahian or lachinie tuft of any considerable size were showing, it would point to the cow drying off some six weeks before calving. The smaller the escutcheon is, and the more tufts there are present, the greater will be the reduction in both the yield and the milking term.

If the several forms of escutcheons were of regular shape, and the tufts occurred in any definite order, the placing of the respective values would be a much easier matter; but the variation in both is remarkable—in fact, it is a rare thing to find two that are closely identical.

A peculiarity of the escutcheon is that almost invariably the left side is larger than the right; while the tufts and ovals are also more frequently found to the left.

A further peculiarity is that where there is uniformity of breeding in a herd, there will be much more evenness in the variety of escutcheon than among mixed or crossbred stock; though there will be still much variation in the minor characteristics. From this, it is certain that a closer estimate of the maximum yield of an animal should be possible by one who is familiar with the general quality of the strain from which it has descended than by one not acquainted therewith. There are breeds, and strains of breeds, in which heavy milk-production has been given special attention.

None of the other standard points of the typical dairy animal should be overlooked when considering the possible milk-production of a cow or heifer from its escutcheon. To attempt to appraise value from this alone would be anything but wise. A cow may have a good escutcheon, but, if her eye and general appearance suggested a sluggish disposition, she might be an unprofitable cow to buy, as she would probably require special feeding to keep her up to her work. Again, in some milking sheds, a cow of nervous temperament might be subjected to conditions which would result in her not milking to anything like her full capacity, as well as drying off much before her natural time; whereas, under more favorable conditions, she would give complete satisfaction.

The growth of an animal must always be given consideration when estimating her maximum yield. A cow may show nice dairy type in many sections; but if she has not a robust frame and capacity to consume a large quantity of fodder daily, she cannot be expected to milk heavily.

The quantity and quality of food available to the cow has, of course, everything to do with her reaching her possible milk-flow; and, for want of proper feeding, many cows never reach their maximum. With cattle kept under rough conditions, exposed to severe weather changes, and subjected to much fluctuation in the amount and quality of their grazing, the milk flow will be very uneven. In some seasons, they may milk extra heavily and keep the flow up well, on account of favorable conditions prevailing; whereas, in others, they may do badly. Little return can be expected from cows allowed to suffer from excessive cold or heat, or semi-starvation.

In conclusion, it is the opinion of the writer that while the escutcheon is not to be taken by itself as an infallible guide to milking quality, it is worthy of much closer study than is generally accorded it by dairymen. It is not a subject for any one to take up by itself, under the impression that therein lies the key to successful buying; but, taken in conjunction with type, it will be found of great assistance in making a choice among medium quality stock, and especially among springers or heifers.

It is no new theory. It has stood the test of time; and, wherever investigated, it has not failed to prove reliable. As far back as 1878, a State Commission, comprised of dairy cattle breeders, was appointed in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., to take evidence on the subject. Over 200 dairy cows were examined; and their estimated yields, as indicated by their escutcheons, were compared with their milking records. The result was that the Commission reported the system to be all that is claimed for it.

To those buying or breeding dairy cattle a knowledge of the escutcheon and its numerous variations is more or less a necessity. Unquestionably it is a guide to dairy value; and, as such, none can afford to overlook it.

SAYINGS OVER 400 YEARS OLD.

You have all heard these familiar sayings many times. Did you ever consider when and by whom they were originated. They are all over four hundred years old, and came from the pen of Francis Rabelais, a noted French writer:

Like hearts of oak.
A leap into the dark.
And thereby hangs a tale.
He has other fish to fry.
It was performed to a T.
How well he feathered his nest.
Let us fly and save our bacon.
By robbing Peter he paid Paul.
Plain as a nose on a man's face.
He did not care a button for it.
Looking as near like as two peas.
Speak the truth and shame the devil.
He looked a gift horse in the mouth.
We will take the good will for the deed.
What cannot be cured must be endured.
You have hit the nail right on the head.
Nothing is so dear and precious as time.
He thought the moon was made of green cheese.
Save your breath to cool your porridge.
I believe he would make three bites of a cherry.
One-half the world knows not how the other half liveth.

MAKE HOME KING.

Much property is not all in this world. Great business success is not all. To have more than your neighbors is not all. Political power is not all. And still some people work as though these things were about the whole of life. With many, business is king. Alas! it is but too true. People eat in ten minutes most anything, only so it can be put down quickly, to rush to business. No matter how rood or poor the home, they have no time to see or think of and enjoy it. Health of mind and body is gradually ruined in such ways. But it is business, and success, as they consider it, and the accumulation of much money are the great matters in life to them.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

Monday, April 1.

[Before Messrs Tharratt (chairman), Stott, Hayes, and McIntosh, J's P.]

Light and Unstamped Weights.

James Lucas Murray, inspector for the Weights and Measures Union, proceeded against Matthew Waixel, fruiteror, of Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill, for having light and unstamped weights in his possession. Mr. Schelo for prosecution.

The inspector stated that he found the defendant selling fruit and vegetables in Westgarth street, Northcote. The whole of the four weights on the cart were light and unstamped. The 4lb. weight was 4 drachms light, the 2lb. weight 8 drachms, the 1lb. weight 3 drachms, and the ½lb weight ½ drachm light.

Fined 10s with £1 3s 6d costs.

Milk Prosecutions.

Rudolph Gunst, town inspector, proceeded against F. W. Lupson, dairyman, Northcote, for selling milk below the standard.

Mr. Herald, for the prosecution, said the analyst's certificate went to show that water had been added.

Defendant stated that he would only plead guilty to his driver selling the milk. He had been in the trade for 7 years and took every precaution against his milk being below the standard. He had informed the farmers who produced the milk, who said that with the hand feeding they now had to do, it was almost impossible to keep up the standard so far as fatty solids were concerned.

Being a first offence defendant was fined 10s, with £1 2s 3d costs.

Same v. Chas. Norman Forbes. Same charge.

Mr. Vale, for defence, said he would plead guilty. Defendant had always been most particular about keeping his milk up to the standard, and he blamed his driver for the trouble he had got into. He (the driver) had been actually seen watering his employer's milk.

Fined 10s, with £1 1s 3d costs.

Wandering Cattle.

Alfred T. Hatton, town ranger, proceeded against several residents for allowing their animals to wander. John Jones was fined 5s each for 3 horses, with 10s costs; James Fogarty, 5s each for 3 horses, with 10s costs; Munro and Gillies, fined 5s

School Cases.

Inspector Cox proceeded against several parents for not sending their children to school the required number of days. Catherine Manning, George Baker, Wm. Renouf, and Joseph Smith were fined.

Maintenance.

Eliza Pitman proceeded against Godfrey James Pitman, of Kellett street, Northcote, for maintenance. Mr. Lonie, for plaintiff, Mr. Eager for defendant.

After evidence for the prosecution had been given, Mr. Eager asked that the case be dismissed as Pitman was ready to provide a home for his wife, but she would not accept it.

Mrs Pitman gave as a reason for not going back that her husband had at times treated her cruelly. When she came home from the hospital after a severe operation she found no proper food in the house, and when a neighbor, Mrs. Wallis, came over in the morning with some tea and toast he threatened to have her put out by a policeman.

The case was dismissed.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

Tuesday, 2nd April.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs Barrow and Ellison, J's.P.]

On the case of Mrs. A. Connell, who had appealed against the valuation of her property in Spring street (£23) coming on, Mr. Ham asked that the same should be withdrawn as both parties had consented to a reduction from £18 to £15.—Struck out.

Arthur Dunbar and Arthur Smith were called on to show cause why they should not pay the fines (£2 10s each) or be imprisoned. The fines were inflicted on defendants for removing sand off the highway.—The Bench allowed defendants a month in which to pay the fines.

Three non-vaccination cases were adjourned—one for a month and two for a fortnight

As both sides were not prepared to go on, two charges against Francis J. Vincent of selling milk which had been drawn from certain cows suspected by the department to be diseased, were adjourned to April 30.

HUSBAND AND WIFE PRAISE BILE BEANS.

Terrible Stomach and Liver Trouble Completely Cured.

"Both myself and husband have derived the greatest possible benefits from Bile Beans," says Mrs. Burr, residing in Pinkenba, via Brisbane, Q., "and we have kept them as our general family medicine for years. I was afflicted with terrible stomach and liver trouble, and used to experience the most agonising pains in the region of the liver, spasms caused through wind in the stomach, and vomiting. Life to me became nothing but a misery, and I was forced to employ someone to carry on my household duties. I consulted doctors, but the treatments prescribed failed to restore me to health, and I can assure you I was in a pretty bad way when I decided to see if Bile Beans would do me any good. They proved the remedy I had been long seeking, for Bile Beans quickly relieved me of all pain, rid me of the wind, and toned up my system admirably. My husband suffered from a severe attack of windy spasms, and I thought he would have died with the pain, but a short course of Bile Beans restored him to the best of health. The excellence of our general health testifies to the great merits of Bile Beans."

Bile Beans are the standard family medicine, and a proved remedy for headache, constipation, biliousness, liver trouble, constipation, piles, bad breath, flatulence, weakness, debility, anaemia and female ailments. Bile Beans are a grand medicine for both the mother and growing daughter. Of all chemists and stores.

TRAMWAY DEVELOPMENT.

ADDRESS BY MR MEMBREY, M.L.A.

ELECTRIFICATION ADVOCATED.

At the monthly meeting of the South Ward Ratepayers' Association on Tuesday night Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., who was a member of the Traffic Commission appointed by the Government, gave an address on the above subject. He said—

The transportation conditions of the metropolitan area present not only difficult, but exceptional problems. It is only recently that serious and organised efforts have been made to devise means to cope with the demands of our great capital and its wide-spreading suburbs. We are to-day paying heavily after many years for the policy first initiated, and the genesis of the great transportation problems which confront us now and are being grappled with by our municipal authorities and others may be traced back to 1854, over 50 years ago, when the Port Melbourne line was built, to be followed three years later by the construction of the St. Kilda line. The initiation of the policy to serve the metropolitan area by railways instead of the more flexible tramways, accounts for the fact that Greater Melbourne differs from other modern cities, in that railways are used to a greater extent for suburban traffic. Following the two pioneering lines to Port Melbourne and St. Kilda, railways spread until our present suburban system was nearly established by the end of 1882.

The policy projected in the early fifties had developed greatly before the first cable tramway was built in 1885, and marked the beginning of the end of the lumbering pioneer bus. Three years later the cable tramways opened, and in 1891 the existing 43½ miles of tracks were completed, and for 31 years Melbourne was served only by railways and busses. Then Melbourne slumbered for 15 years. Settlement followed along the tramway and railway lines, but there were many places not within a reasonable distance of either which suffered from want of transport facilities. In 1906 a slight awakening took place when the Brighton and Essendon electric tramways were constructed, and then only with the greatest caution.

The Railways Standing Committee took up the question of the construction of suburban electric tramways, and the whole course of these investigations were dominated by pessimism. It rested with two municipalities, Prahran and Malvern, who deserve the greatest credit, to break down the barriers of unprogressiveness and show the potentialities of electric traction. Jointly they built about four miles of electric tramways, and the results in profits and settlement have been an eyeopener to the pessimists and overcautious. Already, with adjoining municipalities, they have extended the service, and the Hawthorn and Kew districts will in the near future be linked up with this system.

For some years the capacity of the railways in the suburban area have been overtaxed, numerous deputations have waited upon the Railway Commissioners and the complaints of overcrowding have been loud and insistent. In many cases the tramways were shockingly overtaxed. The public of the metropolis, who were patient for many years, rebelled at last. The transportation problems of Melbourne were felt by everyone, and they became acute, and the people demanded rectification. They became disgusted with the overcrowding of both trains and trams, and protested strongly against a modern city like Melbourne, justly proud of its progressiveness in other respects, being so far behind other capital cities of the world.

Stirred up by the people, the matter was brought before Parliament, and at last the Government determined to have an enquiry made relative to the question of the revision of fares. A Commission was appointed, but that body found after most careful consideration, although keenly desirous of bringing about a much needed reform, that the Parliament had given rights apparently unassailable to the Tramway Company, and all it could legally do was to recommend that a general reduction of fares be made from threepence to twopence. It strongly urged, however, that the Government should negotiate with the company for the purchase of its rights up to the year 1916 in order that the convenience of the public and the rights of the people to have transportation facilities in regard to distance, speed, and fares equal to other cities should be respected. This was fortified by a statement of one of the directors of the company that while he would not bind the company he would personally take 45/- per share. Since that time the aspect in favor of the company has improved as shown by the monthly returns.

A Royal Commission to inquire into and report upon the Railway and Tramway Systems of Melbourne and suburbs was subsequently appointed. I had the honor to be a member of that body. The questions involved were far reaching, and a mass of evidence was taken, including some of the electrical experts of the world. Regarding tramways, the two Commissions were in agreement in their recommendations as to the necessity of negotiations being entered into with the Tramway Company, and I would like to point out that if the proposals are given effect to whatever sum that may be paid would not have to be paid in cash, as the purchase would be for the assets other than investments. The investments show something like 30/- per share.

As you know, a number of proposals for electric tramways are being brought forward, and it is very essential that a scheme should be prepared dealing with those already constructed and those proposed as laid down by the Metropolitan Traffic Commission. This would involve of course acquiring the unexpired lease of the Melbourne Tramway Company, and there arises the terms upon which this could be done. Acting on the recommendation of the Traffic Commission, the Treasurer (Mr Watt) opened up negotiations with the Tramway Company, but so far the result has not been disclosed and apparently up to the present the efforts have been futile.

There can be no doubt that the cable tramways should be electrified and extensions made to serve the areas that badly need transportation facilities. That electric tramways are a stimulant to progress is demonstrated everywhere a new line is started. The Malvern line, for instance, which is only four miles in length, is a striking example of success. This municipality is one of the most flourishing in the metropolitan area, due largely to the better travelling facilities given. But for an example of the civic progress that follows electric traction, I would quote Adelaide, whose citizens commenced an agitation in 1899 against the obsolete system of horse trams, and succeeded in forcing Parliament in 1906 to authorise the formation of a Municipal Tramways Trust and the installation of electric traction.

Already the success of the Adelaide system has been so great as to win the fullest admiration. The number of houses established since the advent of electric traction has been astonishing.

Electric traction must make itself felt in counteracting the evils of overcrowding in the cities. At Henley Beach, near Adelaide, where before there was vacant land on all sides, the people, and mostly the wage earners, are taking up sites. They previously lived in the metropolis, and now they get a little better house and more land, because land is cheaper, and instead of living in a row of attached or semi-detached houses, they can have their own little home which is quite detached. The effect upon the health and the moral tone of the community is obvious.

The Town Clerk of Sydney, Mr Nesbitt, stated in evidence that the extension of tramways had been one of the contributing causes to the relief of congestion and population in that city by 7000 people. Evidence taken at Brisbane also verifies the fact that the electric tram is the main factor in relieving congestion of population, and in all parts of the world the same verdict is given.

One of the first measures to be introduced in the Parliament that will shortly meet should be one dealing with the future tramway system on the lines laid down by the Traffic Commission.

I am fully aware of the agitation going on for the establishment of a greater Melbourne Council, and in which I heartily concur, for the purpose of taking over a number of public utilities. This was recommended strongly by the Commission, but in order to avoid delay, it was urged that a Trust should be formed and so constituted as to form the nucleus and prepare the way for a Greater Melbourne Council.

Mr Membrey said the time had gone for discussion. The time for action was at hand, and one great electric system should be established, controlled by a Trust consisting of municipal representatives and two members of the Government, in the election of whom every ratepayer should have a voice. The conduit system he rejected because it was too costly, advocating in its stead poles along the sides of the streets with overhead trolly connections. Referring to railless traction, Mr Membrey thought that the condition of their roads was fatal to such a system, and to perfect them would be more costly than constructing a track. Without proper roadways the dust nuisance would become intolerable with a trackless motor service, and for these reasons he did not regard it with favor. Referring to the local tramway, the speaker said that it was not one that reflected much credit on the town, and notwithstanding that they were receiving a rental of between £1500 and £1600 per annum, its life was short and the service quite inadequate. They had to ask themselves what it was going to cost to put it in order and to purchase additional cars and dummies, or whether the council was in a position to electrify and extend the system? Personally he did not think it was, at any rate not at present. Should the tramways be taken over by the Trust no monetary compensation would be given, but the municipality would have the great advantage of it being made a part of the complete metropolitan system. In conclusion, Mr. Membrey urged that a Trust on the lines indicated should be formed without delay in order that a proper scheme of tramway conversion and extension might be undertaken immediately the present company's lease expires—if not before. (Applause).

After two or three members had spoken Mr. Membrey was accorded a hearty vote of thanks on the motion of Crs. Dennis and the mayor (Cr. Bastings).

SOUTH MORANG.

A valedictory social took place at the Unity hall on the 20th March to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield, who are leaving the district. Both have taken an active interest in everything that concerned the advancement and welfare of the district and its people. Both are well known and thoroughly respected, and have acquired during their residence here a very large circle of acquaintances and friends. The district can ill afford to lose such residents. A social gathering was considered the best way in which to bid them farewell, and so numerous were the friends who attended that the large and commodious hall was over-crowded. The committee arranged and carried out a splendid programme, in which musical and comic items relieved the intervals between the dances, and thus afforded that variety so necessary when old and young are gathered together. Before supper Mr. Sheffield was presented with a beautiful silver-mounted pipe, and a very handsome silver tea and coffee service, suitably inscribed, was immediately afterwards presented to the departing guests, Mr and Mrs. Sheffield. On behalf of Mr Sheffield's many friends Cr. Croyln made the presentations. He also seized the opportunity to express regret that such good friends and neighbours were leaving the district, and hoped that prosperity and happiness would follow them to their new sphere of activity. Mr. Sheffield returned thanks, stating that he was sorry to leave so many true and faithful friends. He would always look with pride at the handsome presents, which would awaken happy memories of his old district. Cheers greeted these remarks, and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was heartily sung. All then adjourned to a sumptuous repast, after which the party returned to the hall to complete the programme of the evening. Amongst those present were representatives from Thomastown, Bundoora, Epping, South Yan Yean, Greensborough, etc. The following ladies and gentlemen contributed towards the evening's entertainment:—Mrs. Serakowsky, Misses Dodds, Hennessy, and Elliot, and Messrs Armstrong, Lewas and F. Champlan. Mr. T. Page made an efficient and capable M.C., and Mr. Brock, of Bundoora, occupied the chair. Before departing the gay company joined hands in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and the folks bade farewell and departed for home.

INJURED BY FALLING TREE.

The many friends of Mr. R. Jolly, of South Morang, will be glad to know that he is making a good recovery from his somewhat serious accident, which overtook him whilst engaged in cutting down a tree near the River Plenty. When found by his son, Herbert, on Thursday last, Mr. Jolly was in a sad plight, all bruised and bleeding. Dr. Day was at once telephoned for and attended to the sufferer, who was suffering from shock and injuries to the face and head. Mr. Jolly had a very narrow escape from death.

Kaiser William joins Admiral Von Tirpitz in being angry with Mr. Churchill, whose naval speech, he says, is an attempt to interfere in German affairs. This is simply childish prattle. How can an English Minister interfere in German affairs by a mere discussion of possibilities as between the two countries? He can offer suggestions, and state this or that, and argue, and deduce, but Germany can accept his deductions or leave them alone, just as she pleases. Such a foolish contention as has been credited to the Kaiser would, if respected, put an end to every possibility of the two nations ever coming to an understanding, since no politician can possibly say anything to the point without committing the infamy of interfering with the other country's affairs.

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Wardrop's Corner,

Smith Street, Collingwood.

CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE V. ESSENDON.

MITCHELL'S FINE PERFORMANCE.

FIVE WICKETS FOR NO RUNS.

This match was commenced at Northcote last Saturday in the presence of a large number of local enthusiasts. R. Mitchell won the toss and sent Essendon in to bat on a wicket that played well at one end but was treacherous at the other. Mitchell and Brown opened the bowling for Northcote, Proud and Russell batting. Off Mitchell's first ball Proud was smartly stumped by Vernon. Three wickets were down for 30 when Russell and P. Shea carried the score to 80, Shea being eventually caught by McCarron off Plant for 36. The score was 5 for 102 when Mitchell went on to bowl a second time, and some splendid bowling ensued. Off 15 balls he secured the last five wickets for no runs, and the side was out for 117. At his first try he had 2 for 34, a truly wonderful performance for a man who has been playing the game for the last 30 years. McCarron's fielding was another outstanding feature of the innings. He took four splendid catches.

Northcote made a splendid start and the board showed 1 for 70, but in a failing light 4 wickets were lost cheaply before stumps were drawn. Northcote seem to be again in a winning position, as they have five good wickets in hand to make 30.

The following are the scores:—

ESSENDON, 1st Innings.

J. Proud, st Vernon, b Mitchell ...	0
J. Russell, b Mitchell	39
J. Buzolick, c Billings, b Mitchell	6
J. Shea, c McCarron, b Brown ...	2
P. Shea, c McCarron, b Plant ...	36
P. Steel, b Brown	2
V. Coulter, st Vernon, b Mitchell	10
L. Mahon, b Mitchell	0
N. Chellew, c McCarron, b Mitchell	0
R. Proud, c McCarron, b Mitchell	5
W Liston, not out	0
Sundries	17
Total	117

Bowling—R. Mitchell 7 for 34, N. Brown 2 for 32, D. Plant 1 for 21, R. Bailey 0 for 13

NORTHCOTE, 1st Innings.

G. Spicer, b Mahon	26
N. McCarron, st Shea, b Mahon ..	25
N. Brown, c R. Proud, b Mahon ...	24
G. Cheswass, b Russell	0
D. Plant, b Russell	0
F. Yeomans, not out	2
R. Yeomans, not out	0
Sundries	2
5 wickets for	88

L. Mahon 3 for 42, J. Russell 2 for 28.

SECOND ELEVENS.

This match was commenced last Saturday at Essendon. Essendon's skipper won the toss and sent Northcote in to bat on a very difficult wicket. Several of Northcote's batsmen shaped well under difficulties, but the side were all out at 4 o'clock for a creditable 112. Wilkinson 24, F. Lugton 23, A. Lugton 14, and T. Lugton 14 were the only double figure scorers. Nowing 3 for 18, Maham 3 for 20, Ley 3 for 41 were Essendon's best bowlers. Essendon have lost 7 for 112 and are therefore in a very handy position. Northcote's fielding and catching was bad. Steel 36, Hanna 27 not out were both badly missed early in their innings. Northcote's successful bowlers were Wilkinson 3 for 14, Ahern 3 for 37, Yeomans 1 for 25. The matches will be finished next Saturday.

V.J.C.A. FINAL.

The play-off between South Melbourne Footballers and Footscray was continued on the Richmond City reserve on Saturday. Craven, who was 92 not out at the close of the previous week's play, carried his total to 149, which is the highest individual score this season. The innings closed for 330. At call of time Footscray had lost one wicket for 9. The match will be continued to day.

Preston Presbys. v. Northcote.—Northcote, 73 (Carson 4 for 20, Bartley 2 for 5, S. Holden 2 for 6); Preston 148 (Boyd 39, Bartley 38, Paterson 31).

BOWLING.

The district competitions for the shields presented by Messrs Plant, Hayes and Braithwaite were advanced a stage last Saturday. Thornbury A team won against Preston A by 12 and B's against Preston B's by 16.

THORNBURY A, 100.

Wright, King, Brown, Ingham ...	21
Meakin, Lizard, Hosking, Clauscon	27
Boyd, Cogle, Duran, J. S. Whalley...	33
Harris, R. Whalley, Dickason, Hayes	19

PRESTON A, 88.

Stanlake, Hardess, A. S. Wilkinson, Pike	23
Winnett, Howe, White, Cripe ...	23
White, Braithwaite, Bartley, Broadhurst	17
DuBourg, McKenzie, Paterson, Walker	25

THORNBURY B, 99.

Gourlay, Masson, Smith, Burgess ...	26
Rouvray, Campbell, Sutherland, McGregor	18
Richards, Sharp, Donegan, Whitcoak	25
McDougall, Lewis, Oldenburg, Denny	30

PRESTON B, 83.

Box, Rojo, C. Wilkinson, Robertson	23
McDonald, Zwar, Woods, A. Wilkinson	22
Robinson, Winnett, Howse, Rowe ...	22
McPherson, Olney, Ross, Hanna ...	16

Northcote Branch A.W.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held on the 25th ult., the president (Miss Baty) in the chair. One new member was elected. After business the evening was left in the hands of Miss Scully, the item being "Found on a Penny." After much excitement the prize was won by Miss Baty. Owing to Monday being a holiday the next meeting will be held on Tuesday, 9th April.

Thornbury Literary and Musical Society.

The weekly meeting of the above was held on Monday last, the syllabus item for the evening being "Japan." Mr. Mann opened the discussion with a paper on the progress this country has made during the last fifty years. Mr. Devenport supplemented his remarks with an account of the flourishing state of Japan's productions and commercial life. Much interest centred around Mr. Hosken's paper on Japanese poetry, comprised of dainty fragments with a melancholy but delicate harmony of their own. Mr. Hughes gave a concluding paper on the national customs. A discussion followed when the Rev. G. Carson gave some interesting sidelights on the Japanese characteristics of patriotism, enthusiasm, and self-control. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the acting members on the motion of Mr. Dickason, seconded by Mr. Campbell. On 15th April "Holiday Reminiscences" will be given by the members.

The Right-of-Way Question.

Johnstone and Tait, engineers, wrote to the Preston Council on Monday evening stating that their clients object to 10 foot right-of-ways in Bell street subdivision, as proposed by the council. They do not consider right-of-ways any benefit from a health point of view, but rather the reverse, as adjoining residents throw their rubbish into them, thus creating a nuisance and a menace to health. In all subdivisions in the suburbs the tendency now is to abolish right-of-ways where possible. It costs a lot to pave them and the adjoining owners have to pay. When a district is sewered there is no need for them, especially with allotments 50 feet wide or more. They returned the plan for the certificate of the council.

Cr. Crispo said the council could not insist on 10 feet right-of-ways, as it was not provided for in the Act, but they could protest against these 5 feet drainage easements, and he moved that this be done. His experience was that a 5-feet right-of-way was a place for piling up refuse, and as carts could not get along it could not be readily cleaned. There was also the objection mentioned by Cr. Allchin of the footways being constantly broken by crossings for vehicles owing to there being no back entrance. This particular area may not be sewered for years, as it was outside the red line.

Cr. Braithwaite seconded the motion, which was carried.

PUNCH PARS.

Trust "I, Josiah Thomas," to have a due sense of his own importance as His Majesty's Minister of State. The Northern Territory picnickers have been brigaded in couples on the steamer and in the train, but two berths have been reserved for the exclusive occupation the Minister for External Affairs. It only requires a flunkey in plush and gold braid to complete the ineffable picture of a tinsel Labour joss.

It is not often that the Army or the Police Force supplies the pulpit with good recruits. But at intervals men cast off the blue jumper to put on the black frock. The Rev. John Good, of St. Jude's, Carlton, is one of the few clergymen in this city who have shouldered arms on parade, arrested burglars, and preached sermons. As a youth he joined the Royal Artillery. He left it for the "Foorce," passed matriculation while at Russell street, and entered the Anglican ministry. The knowledge of the world which he gained as a "bobby" on city beats has been of tremendous assistance to him as a parson. And early associations still cling to him. In garb he is a clergyman, but the walk is that of the policeman, and the erect figure that of an artilleryman.

Two hundred miles from the Equator, at Omo, New Ireland, in the Bismarck Archipelago, another ex-Victorian policeman, the Rev. Tom Redden, is conveying the Gospel of Christianity to the frizzled-haired Polynesian. First in the Artillery, then in the Police, and finally in the Pulpit, like the Rev. John Good, of Carlton, the young Methodist missioner has in two years learnt German, so that he may converse with the only other white men on the island, and has acquired a knowledge of the tribes' dialects, and translated the book of St. Mark for their benefit. Constable Tom Redden was a splendid policeman, but he is even a better minister.

Fighting in the ring pays handsomely for the man who can win. In seventeen months Dave Smith appeared within the ropes, and netted £8340 for his muscle and skill. He drew from the sport-loving public more than the Prime Minister of Australia is paid, and three times what the Premier of Victoria received from the Treasury for running the garden State. According to promoter McIntosh, there is still another thousand which Smith could clean up in Australia, but he is off to America, where gold rains upon the winning pug. Smith is one of the best behaved men that ever put on the gloves. He regards fighting as a serious profession, in which brains and pluck can earn a big income.

A silent, bookish German worked in the M'Kay harvester works some years ago. He was an industrious and excellent tradesman. His bench-mates nick-named him "German Bob." After getting right inside the life of the Australian workman, Dr. Robert Schnachner, Professor of Political Economy at Jena University—for that was what "German Bob" was—married a member of the Brough-Boucicault Dramatic Company, and wrote a book about Australians in the Fatherland. Last week he died, and this continent lost the kindliest critic and most candid admirer it had amongst economists in the Old World. Imagine any Australian professor being so thorough and whole-hearted as to study the conditions of another country as a humble workman!

Bereavement Notices.

MR. WM. ALFRED KEELE, Mrs. Turner and Family wish to sincerely thank the many kind friends for expressions of sympathy, letters, cards, &c., especially thanking the Rev. C. W. Wood, of Thornbury, for his kind attention.

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You've got to keep on walking;
One word won't tell folks what you are—
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One inch won't make you very tall,
You've got to keep on growing;
One little "ad." won't do it all—
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For Positively TWO NIGHTS ONLY the Management will present a Prodigious Sensation that beggars description and staggers belief.
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The Dramatic Masterpiece,
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ZIGOMAR THE OUTLAW.
After the Celebrated Romance of Leon Sazie, depicting the struggle between those inveterate enemies, Paulin Broquet, the detective, and Zigomar, chief of the robber gang known as "Z."
FIFTY MINUTES OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

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How the Love of a Girl changes; the Plot she conceives; and the ultimate result in the Theme of the Story.
Dramatically and Photographically it ranks with the Best of the Nordish Productions.
"RIVALS MEET"—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT."

SPLENDID PROGRAMME for EASTER MONDAY, 8th APRIL.
Star Picture:
"WON YET LOST."
An Exciting Picture.
And others.

Don't Forget our Show on Easter Sunday.

Admission 6d. Reserved Seats, 1s.
A. A. MILLER, Manager.

EPPING ATHLETIC CARNIVAL
EPPING ATHLETIC CARNIVAL.
EASTER MONDAY,
EPPING RECREATION RESERVE.
Admission: Adults 6d.
Children 3d.
Horses and Vehicles, 6d per horse.

LEADING RUNNERS COMPETING.
100 Entries for Five Events.

Amusements for Young and Old.
Di Gilio's Band Engaged.
Side Shows, Refreshment Booths, etc.
Come and Enjoy Yourself.
A. M. DAVIDSON, President.
FD. JAS. DEA, Secretary.

PENDER'S GROVE SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

LECTURE ON "CO-OPERATION."

At the Monthly Meeting of the above Association to be held at Ralph's Hall, High Street, Preston, on Wednesday next, 10th April, a Lecture on "Co-Operation" will be delivered by Mr. T. M. Burke, of the Civil Service Stores, who will be supported by prominent members of the Co-Operative Union. Visitors invited.

COURSING.

THE WOODSTOCK COURSING CLUB
Will hold their First Match at
WOODSTOCK
on
TUESDAY, 23rd APRIL.

Nomination Fee, 10/6.
First dog to be in the slips at 9 a.m.
Entries close on Thursday night, 18th of April (night of draw) with the Hon. Sec.,
N. O'MEARA,
Manor House, Woodstock.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

Tenders will be received until 4 p.m. on the 15th April, 1912, for the construction of McCracken Avenue and Hartington Street. 478B.

Plan and Specifications may be inspected at the Municipal Offices, High Street, Northcote.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
29-3-12. Town Clerk.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

BY-LAW No. 21.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Council of the Town of Northcote, held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Northcote, on Monday, the 11th day of March, 1912, the said Council did agree to the following resolution, that is to say:—

"That the By-Law No. 21 now submitted for the adoption of Part VI. of the 13th Schedule of the Local Government Act 1903 (for the control of halls or other buildings and grounds used for public meetings or public amusements) is hereby adopted in and for the Town of Northcote; and that the confirmation of this resolution be made an order of the day for the meeting of the Council to be held on the 22nd day of April, 1912."

A copy of the said By-Law has been deposited at the office of the said Council, Town Hall, Northcote, and is open for the inspection of any person interested during office hours.

Dated this 22nd day of March, 1912.

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

Notices

NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY.

HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Book Readers and Patrons are notified that the Library will be CLOSED on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th April, 1912.

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

Wanted.

RESPECTABLE Elderly Woman can have good home and small remuneration for light duties with elderly couple. B. Cassidy, Gower street, Preston.

Telephone, Northcote 87.

Excelsior Grocery
— and —
Provision Stores,

Corner Mitchell and High Sts.
(opposite Savings Bank),
Central Northcote.

THIS Store is New and Up-to-Date in every respect. By placing your orders here you will ensure complete satisfaction both as regards price and quality.

Prompt deliveries to any part of the district.

SEASONABLE LINES:
Foggitt Jones' Ham Pate
Foggitt Jones' Veal & Tongue Pate
(The above are delicious)
Crosse & Blackwell's Pastes in glass jars
Reid's well-known Cheddar Cheese in tins
Freeman's English Custards
Salmon and Shrimp Paste

BUTTER.—Genuine Western District brands, the keeping quality of which is unequalled.

EGGS, new laid, absolutely reliable.

Hutton's Bacon and Ham Rashers. Having installed a new machine customers can depend upon getting the above beautifully cut to a uniform thickness.

A trial order will be esteemed. A post card will bring our traveller to your door

GEORGE REID,
Proprietor.

Branch Store: 279 Westgarth Street, Northcote Sth. (near Fairfield).

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).

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.

When you are about to Don the New Year 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.

Estate and Insurance Agents

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.

W. Freebairn & Co.
(SWORN VALUERS),

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

Membrey & Deane
(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),
AUCTIONEER, ESTATE FINANCIAL and INSURANCE AGENTS,
SWORN VALUER
(Telephone No. 4689, 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.

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

V. G. 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.

MISS MARGARET B. WEIR'S Painting and Drawing Classes will resume work at Northcote Town Hall on Saturday, 3rd February, afternoon at 2.30, evening at 7. All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 603 Royal Parade, Royal Park.

Telephone, Northcote 4.

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/o HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON,
Close to Bell Station.

WILLIAM BRACE,
NURSERYMAN,

WISHES to inform all who are interested in Gardening that he has a splendid assortment of Blossoming and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses and Carnations, Palms of all varieties, Climbing Plants, Fruit Trees in season, Annuals, & all Nursery Stock.

All communications addressed to William Brace, senr., Christmas St., Northcote, will be thankfully received.

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

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

ERNEST LEES,

AUCTIONEER,

Sworn Valuator, House & Land Agent,

295 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.

Seaside Allotments!

SANDRINGHAM,
BLACK ROCK,
HAMPTON,
MENTONE,
FRANKSTON,
And other Seaside Resorts.

NO DEPOSIT.
Easy Monthly Payments.

E. H. SMITH, Estate Agent, 409 High St, Northcote (opp. Tram Sheds).

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

Monday, April 1.

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

Bell Station Goods Ramp.

The Railway Department wrote stating that the reports of their officers were to the effect that the ramp at Bell goods siding was satisfactory in every respect and there appeared no need to make any alteration.

Cr. Stanlake—Why it is so loosely put together that the first shower will wash it away.

Cr. Paterson was of the same opinion. They had only to look at the new post office at Clifton Hill to find out how the Government was deteriorating in the manner in which it carried out its works

Extension of Premises.

Cr. Devers and Co's application for permission to extend their premises was granted on the motion of Crs. Howse and Howe.

New Subdivision.

Purchas and Canning wrote asking approval of plan of subdivision of land between Spring street and the railway line, north of Crawley street.—Referred to the engineer for report.

Water Extension Wanted.

John McIntosh wrote asking the council to get a connection made from the water mains in Jessie or Elizabeth streets to Leicester street in the Belle Vue Estate.

Cr. Crisp said he thought that if they could help these people to get the water they should do it. There was nothing like a water extension to help the progress of a street. He moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, the engineer in the meantime to ascertain the length of main required and the number of houses to be served.

Cr. Howe seconded.—Carried.

Application for Park.

G. A. Livingstone, secretary Northcote Methodist F.C, wrote applying for use of park.—Reply had been sent that the park was fully engaged.

Licensing Act Equivalent.

The Treasurer forwarded an account for £116, being equivalent under the Licensing Act.

Slaughtering Licenses

The Public Health Department intimated that the licenses for C. Devers and Co, Watson and Paterson, H Hearne, R Staples, J. C Hutton (Oakover rd) had been approved; and the licenses of J. C Hutton (A. and G. Smith's old premises) and G. Alexander had been held over for further consideration

Postal Facilities.

E Bailey wrote asking the council to use their influence in getting a letter pillar at the corner of Dundas and Newcastle streets.

Cr. Paterson moved that application be made to the Postal Department.

Cr. Howse seconded the motion, remarking that a large number of buildings had recently been erected there and a letter-box would be a great convenience.

It was decided—on the suggestion of Cr. Warr—to ask the Pender's Grove Settlers' Association to co-operate in the matter.

Thanks.

The secretary Preston Cricket Club (W. H Fyfe) wrote thanking council for use of park during last season. Though they had not won many matches they had had a most enjoyable time.

Everleigh F.C. thanked the council for use of park.

Fence for High Street Park.

Cyclone Woven Wire Fence Co, wrote submitting tender for fencing the park at High street north.

Referred to committee of the whole, with power to act, on the motion of Crs. Allchin and Stanlake.

Bell Street Bridge.

The Borough of Coburg wrote stating they had found it necessary to effect some repairs to the Bell street bridge, and intimating that this council would have to bear half the cost.—The action of the Coburg council was approved.

Finance Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £140 7s 4d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

Public Works Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £15 14s 9d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

Hall Committee.

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

1. Re piano for the shire hall.—That the president (Cr. Robertson), Cr. Braithwaite and Cr. Howe go thoroughly into the matter and report to the hall committee next committee night.

Cr. Braithwaite remarked that the sub-committee felt they had a very difficult task, and intended proceeding informally at first. In their endeavor to get the piano that would best suit the requirements of the hall, and also satisfy the prominent singers who came there, they would take the opinion of experts.

The clause was adopted.

2. Re alterations to shed at the rear of the shire hall.—That the request of the tennis club be granted.—Adopted

3. Re use of hall for the Girls' Guild.—That the request be granted.—Adopted.

Committee of the Whole.

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

1. Letter from the Metropolitan Board re account for 30s.—That the matter be left in the hands of Commissioner Crisp.—Adopted.

2. Special Improvement Charges Government Stock.—That the secretary be instructed to invest £74 in 3 per cent Government stock out of Special Improvement Charge No. 2.—Adopted.

3. Ridings maintenance metal and tar-paving.—Left in the hands of the members of the different ridings.—Adopted.

Finance.

The treasurer (Mr. Dean) reported that the receipts since previous meeting were £140 17s 5d, and the Dr. balance £2601 13s 7d. Special Improvement Charge No 1 had a £27 Dr. and No 2 a £532 Cr. balance.

Meat Inspector's Report.

Carcasses of meat inspected and branded for the month—Cattle 83, sheep 987, pigs 601.

Engineer's Report.

1. Mr. Hext has some metal of mixed guage which he would recommend the council to take at 4s per yard.—Left in the engineer's hands.

2. Have issued final notices re channelling in Powell street, as the work should be done before the winter months.—Approved

3. Have approved of subdivision. At his request 10 feet right-of-ways had been put in to give better drainage

Cr. Paterson moved and Cr. Howe seconded that the council's seal be attached.—Carried.

1. Would recommend that an additional 500 yards of metal be procured from Clarke Bros. for the main roads at schedule rates.—Approved, on the motion of Crs. Allchin and Howse.

HOUSEWIFES' ACCIDENTS.

Upset Kettle—Arm Badly Scalded—"I always Keep Zam-Buk Handy Now," Says a Grateful Woman.

Accidents will happen, and every housewife should always keep handy a pot of Zam-Buk. Mrs. May Forrest, of Magill Road, St. Peters, Adelaide, says:—"I upset a kettle of water into the fire, the steam blowing all the hot ashes on to my arm, and I was badly burned and scalded. The wound extended from the wrist to the elbow, and the pain was unbearable. After the blisters broke all the skin came away, leaving my arm in a raw state and extremely tender. For a month I suffered awfully.

"Althtogh many remedies were applied to relieve the pain, nothing gave me any ease. Commencing to use Zam-Buk, I was delighted to find I obtained much relief after the first application, for this grand balm cooled and soothed the raw flesh in a splendid manner. All inflammation and burning were drawn away and the wound mended steadily as the Zam-Buk treatment was continued. Finally Zam-Buk completely healed my arm and left no trace of the injury.

"I accidentally knocked my chest, causing a nasty bruise. The spot was discoloured and felt very sore, and I feared an abscess would form, but thanks to Zam-Buk all soreness and tenderness was relieved, and in a short time the bruise was completely better, and I experienced no ill effects from the accident. We always keep a pot of Zam-Buk in the house, for I think it is necessary for general use in the home."

Zam-Buk heals cuts, burns, scalds, scratches, and is unequalled for eczema, piles, ringworm, bad legs, ulcers, festering sores, blood poison, insect bites, blisters and sore feet. Sold by all stores and chemists at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation

Ernest Lees, Agent, High St.

The London Fire Assurance Corp.

For Low Rates & Prompt Settlements, etc.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation

Local Agent, ERNEST LEES, Tel., Northcote 54.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation

Call 295 High St., Northcote.

Phone, Northcote 251.

E. H. SMITH,

LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,

499 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE (opposite Tram Sheds) and Commercial Union Chambers, 113 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. Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

J.T.COLES & CO.

When Quality Counts We are the House that Gets the Order.

CASH GROCERS

We Sell Nothing We Cannot Recommend and have every confidence in placing before you.

NORTHCOTE, PRESTON.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE WIFE'S DAY OFF.

"No one seems to have thought that wives should have a day off—a whole day to herself," said a married man of many years' standing recently. "It dawned upon me after I had been married twelve years that everyone in my household had a day off except my wife. I always had Sundays, the children had Saturdays and Sundays free from school, and the servants had Thursdays. One day it came into my mind that in an otherwise justly managed household my wife did not have a whole day, or a part of a day, which she could call her very own. So I sat down and talked it all over with her, and after a good deal of argument on her part, for she is a much-domesticated woman, we decided that once every week the family should fish for itself while my wife went shopping or visiting, or anything she wanted to do, without bothering her head about the dinner or the children at home. The plan works like a charm. We have lots of fun, too, trying to show her how much better we can run things without her."

A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing which love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone.

One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got.

You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home.

Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is the lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

DON'T TELL.

Don't tell anyone your children's faults, even to their relatives. If you need advice get it privately. Mortifying children creates bitterness in their untrained hearts and estranges them from you.

Don't tell your own age or ask for figures concerning others.

Don't tell your neighbor that you disapprove of his or her ideas. By so doing you will find how soon you will be forgotten by them.

Do not tell that your children cannot be induced to read, for this is largely your own fault. Educate their tastes in reading by your own interest in books. You will find that, as children grow older, their tastes in literature will change for the better. If one child likes a certain kind of reading do not compel another to listen to it, but give all an equal chance.

SOMETHING TO PLAY AT YOUR PARTY.

The cards with which this game is played are fifty-seven in number, about two by three inches in size. They are outlined with black, and in the upper left-hand corner of each one a square holding a number is also outlined. The rest of the card is decorated with a conventional design of seven different flowers, with the name of the flower lettered above or below it. The numbers of each set run from 0 to 100, there being eight in each set. The odd card, with the heart design, counts 300.

An even number of players may join in the game. When the cards are well mixed, four are given to each player, and five are placed on the table, with the flower sides uppermost.

The game is begun by the dealer announcing that he has thought of a number, and that the person who comes closest to guessing it may play first by taking from the table any flower which corresponds with any one in his hand. He should, of course, pick up the card with the highest number. If he happens to have the heart design in his hand, he can take up any card on the table. As each player takes up a card from the table with a card from his hand he places both cards, with the flower sides down, before him until the count is made.

When a player has no card in his hand corresponding to any one on the table, he must place one of the cards in his hand upon the table with the cards which are turned face uppermost. Then the player to his left plays, and so the game proceeds until all have had their turn.

When the four cards have been played each player is given four more, and so on, until the fifty-seven cards have been distributed. Then the numbers on the cards are counted, and the first person to reach 2500 wins the game. Until this number is reached the cards are distributed again and again.

SIMPLICITY ITS KEYNOTE.

While the inhabitants of other countries are now making attempts to return to a simpler mode of life, it is interesting to remember that in Iceland "the simple life" has been in vogue for generations.

There are no manufactories in the country. Each home is a factory and every member of the family a worker.

Shoes are made from goatskins. The long stockings worn over these in wading through the snow are knitted by the women and children, and even broadcloth comes smooth and perfect from the hand loom found in every house.

The sweet simplicity of their national costume does away with the necessity of fashion books. Young girls who are about to be married need take no thought as to the present styles in dress. When they array themselves in the wedding garments of an ancestor, two or even three generations old, they are perfectly up-to-date in the matter of attire.

There is not a drop of alcoholic liquor manufactured on the island, and for the whole population there is but one policeman. There is neither a gaol nor any place of incarceration for criminals; nor is there a court in which a crime could be tried, those who commit serious offences being taken to Denmark to be judged.

ADVERTISE.

Advertise!
Art, in asking him who buys—
There the merchant's secret lies.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Who succeeds is he who tries;
Who is asked is he who buys.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Who is heard is he who cries,
Waiting never won a prize.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Wealth is won by enterprise,
Slow-Go sits and sobs and sighs.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Patronise! Patronise!
Printer's ink if you would rise;
Busy wings make busy hives.
—"Printers' Ink."

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS.

The most important element of success is economy—economy of money and economy of time. By economy of money we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our means without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment.

An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of the business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury.

Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this: Work much and spend little. If this advice be followed, success must come, unless, indeed, some unwise adventure or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, fire, robbery, or failure of others, should arrest the progress onwards; but, in the ordinary course of human affairs, success will ever wait upon economy, which is the indispensable condition by which prosperity can be earned.

Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to that result very little unless there be cultivated with it a lively benevolence towards our fellow-men.

WORK THEY LOVED.

The famous head of a well-known manufacturing firm expressed the belief that success comes of finding the work one loves.

He himself is a case in point, for he gave up a college career to take up work in a little business established by his father. In this he took so keen an interest that to-day he is at the head of a huge army of employes.

Another example is found in a famous sculptor who surrendered a commercial position yielding £1000 a year to study art in Paris. His friends thought the act a mad one, but it has since been amply justified.

A third notable instance is found in the career of a wealthy land-agent who began as a doctor, built up a splendid practice after ten years' work, and then gave it up to devote himself to dealing in property. To the onlookers it seemed like a reckless throwing away of good fortune; but the doctor knew the pursuit for which Nature had fitted him, and in a few years had won a fortune.

WAS IT A COMPLIMENT?

A candid and well-meaning professor, who had witnessed in a private house an amateur dramatic performance in which his hostess had taken the leading part, met the lady as she came from behind the curtain.

"Madam," he said, rushing up to her, "you played excellently. That part suits you to perfection."

"Oh, no, professor," said the lady modestly; "a young and pretty woman is needed for that part."

"But, madam," persisted the professor, "you have positively proved the contrary."

COURAGE V. COWARDICE.

"Courage," observed an old military man, "is a quality very difficult to analyse.

"I have known men who, in ordinary life, were shy, sensitive fellows, display the utmost pluck and coolness on the battlefield; just as, on the other hand, I have seen self-possessed, sturdy blades almost panic-stricken in the same circumstances.

"One thing I have learned by experience, and that is the falsity of the saying that 'bullies are always cowards.' I have known blustering fellows, who delighted in hectoring their comrades, fight like Trojans when their turn came, without any sign of fear.

"It seems to me that courage is very much a question of the imagination. A dull man will plunge fearlessly into danger, because he does not realise his peril. If he had the imagination to do so, he might turn tail, or, at any rate, shrink and hesitate.

"On the other hand, the intelligently brave man is aided by his imagination, for while it enables him to understand his danger, it makes him keenly alive to the shame of cowardice and the glory of heroism."

THE FARMER'S MISTAKE.

A farmer recently received a visit from an acquaintance, a man of burly proportions. The farmer remarked about the depredations caused by birds in a field adjoining his house.

"I notice you have nothing to frighten them off," said the visitor. "Why not adopt the old-fashioned remedy?"

"Yes; I should have something big, like yourself, fixed up."

There was a look of reproach in the physiognomy of the other. The farmer, however, noticing his error, hastened in agitated tones to apologise. "You must excuse me; I didn't mean to insinuate that you were qualified for a job of that kind."

RAVEN ROBBED MAILS.

For months the mail-carriers of a certain rural delivery route in England had been troubled by mysterious thefts from a small mail-box. A day or two ago a circular letter was found in a ploughed field. Another was immediately dropped in the box, and a carrier stationed himself near by to watch. In a few minutes a large black raven flew up to the box, struggled through the aperture for packages, and emerged in a few minutes with the letter in his beak. The course of its flight was followed, its nest detected, and there, in a crotch of a big tree, were found all the contents of the pilfered letters.

At a certain draper's shop they employ a small boy to run errands. The other day, while he was waiting in the shop, a lady came in and asked the assistant for a yard of silk. When it was placed in front of her, she exclaimed:

"Oh, really, I must be mad. I want muslin."

Hearing this, the boy rushed out of the shop, and seeing a policeman run up to him, shouting excitedly:

"Come over quick! There's an old lady in our shop what's gone mad and wants muzzling!"

Friend: I suppose you always like to get a patient who has no bad habits?"

Doctor: Indeed, I don't.

Friend: How's that?

Doctor: Why, I can't order him stop anything.

Hill's General Agency,

320 High St., Northcote (late Mrs. Keith).

REGISTRY OFFICE.—Cooks and Generals wanted immediately. High Wages.

LENDING LIBRARY.—Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

All Leading Papers on hand. Deliveries twice a day.

POST CARDS.—Splendid assortment.

Stamps in any quantity.

We stock HABERDASHERY and Everything to Suit Requirements of our customers.

APARTMENTS TO LET, Furnished or Unfurnished.

Board and Residence arranged.

Announcements.

The Gresham

Fire and Accident Insurance Society Limited,

475 481 Bourke Street, Melbourne.

The name Gresham stands for Stability, Safety and Solidity.

It transacts, amongst others, the following:

FIRE.

Personal Accident and Sickness.

Employers' Liability.

Burglary and Housebreaking.

Larceny. Theft.

Plate Glass.

Fidelity Guarantee.

Drivers' Risk.

Motor Car and Motor Cycle Comprehensive Policies a special feature.

Local Agent:

ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer,

295 High Street, Northcote. Tel., Northcote 54.

Established (1883) over a Quarter of 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.

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).

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch, 200.

Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove). Next meeting—April 18. Open.

Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.

J. FRAWLEY, President.
J. TYNAN, Secretary, High St.

I.O.R.,

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217

MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hal, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.

Next Meeting—11th April. Social Evening.

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. 76, and the ROSE of PRESTON JUNIOR BRANCH, No. 85, PRESTON, meet every alternate TUESDAY at Rechabite Hall, High Street.

Next meeting—April 9.

Debate, "Nationalisation of the Drink Traffic."

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. WARRE, Secretary, "Winnieswille," 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 Rent St., 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 home. Premature Baldness Cured

The New Shop The New Shop

248-250 High St., Northcote
248-250 High St, Northcote
(Opposite J. A. Walker, Chemist).

The New Shop The New Shop

J. W. MANKEY & Co.

DRAPERS, MILLINERS & CLOTHIERS.

New Autumn and Winter Goods now showing. Dress Goods, Furs, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Millinery, Blankets, Flannels, Men's and Boys' Overcoats . . . .

There can only be one Cheapest House----This is the House.

Nurses and Private Hospitals

NURSE ROKEHEIST 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. "Heathfield," Cunningham St., Northcote. Midwifery, Surgical and Medical Cases attended night or day.

NURSE HUNTER, PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Reg.) Midwifery Patients. Every Care and Attention. Moderate. "Merne," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote (near Croxton station).

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Established 1886. (Registered Secondary, Primary, Sub-Primary). BAYVIEW STREET, NORTHCOTE.

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, Miss Bibron, 25/.

Duties resumed 8th February.

KING'S COLLEGE,

CLIFTON HILL (near Northcote Bridge).

Principal: G. COCHRANE, B.A. T.C.D.

Pharmacy, Junior Public and General Improvement Classes held 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.

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.

Notices

L. NIEHOFF,

292 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Pianos, Music, and Phonographs. Cash or Terms.

Pianos Tuned, Regulated and Repaired. Late of Collins, Beale, Brasch and Coy., Melbourne.

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 Room:

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.

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WILLIAMS',

RIGHT AT THE TRAM TERMINUS

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

"Penlea," St. Leonard's Rd. Healesville

Beautifully situated in extensive gardens and grounds, beside the Watts River; on the main road to the celebrated Condon's Gully, Donnelly's Weir, and Myer's Falls, with a deep verandah commanding a panorama of Mts. St. Leonard, Monda, Juliet, and Riddell. Close to the main roads to the Blacks' Spur and Maleson's Lookout. Ten minutes' walk from station & township.

Fresh Milk and Cream, Dairy, Garden, and Orchard, Produce from our own Farm. Every Comfort for Visitors.

Fishing on the Watts River on the ground

TARIFF: 25/- per week; 5/- per day; 8/6 week end.

W. Nichols' cab meets all trains.

Under the Management of Mrs. S. E. BLACKBURN.

House full till after April 9.

CONGO PREPARED NEVER-LEAK ROOFING FELT

in rolls 36 inches wide, containing 216 square feet.

A Light, High-Grade, Permanent, Easily Applied Roofing

at the same price as the commoner grades of roofing.

4-ply Congo Roofing,	21/-	per roll 216 square feet	
1 ply " "	25/-	"	"
2 ply " "	32/-	"	"
3 ply " "	40/-	"	"

CONGO DAMP COURSE—4½in. 6/3 per roll of 72 running feet
9½in. 12/3 " " "
14in. 17/9 " " "
18½in. 23/3 " " "

T. E. REDMOND,

Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant, 410 High Street, Northcote.

CHEAPEST PLACE for Ironmongery, Crockery, Tinware, Churns and Milk Dishes, Window Glass, Wall Paper, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnish, Leather and Grindery, Diamond Dyes—Wholesale and Retail.

Guns, Ammunition, and Fishing Tackle a Specialty.

The Noted Cheap Depot for Everything

J. D. STEVENS,

DAIRYMAN,

107 HELEN STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Milk straight from our own Farm. One Cow's Milk for Invalids and Children. Orders promptly attended to.

The Favor of your Patronage and Recommendation respectfully solicited.

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PLANS, Specifications, &c., prepared. Sketches and Advice absolutely free. Competent and experienced draftsman. "Architect," *Leader* office.

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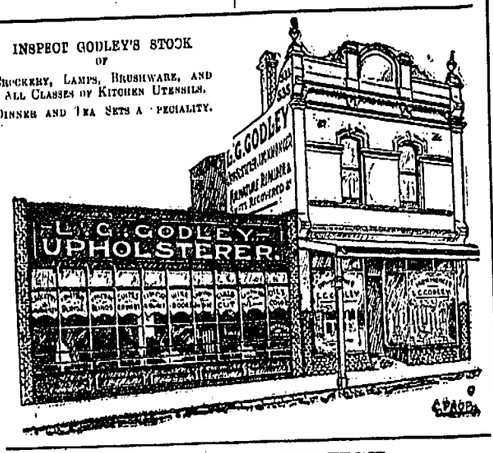
J. S. MOTTRAM & SON, 220 High Street, Northcote, Plans from £1 1s.

INSPECT GODLEY'S STOCK OF CROCKERY, LAMPS, BRUSHWARE, AND ALL CLASSES OF KITCHEN UTENSILS. DINNER AND TEA SETS A SPECIALITY.



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Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,

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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 bille toffered 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.

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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., cor. 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.

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DENTIST.

Only Address— 306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL. Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9 Telephone 1832J, City

Announcements.

MOTOR CAR

FOR HIRE.

25 H.P. Seat 4 Persons. Hooded.

HIRING CHARGES:

Per mile (with passengers),	...	One Shilling
" (empty)	...	Sixpence
Detention, per hour	...	Five Shillings
Day, or Half-Day Trips	...	Arrangement
Shopping, Paying Calls, &c. per hour		10/-
Wedding Parties, per hour,		12/6
Theatres and Balls	...	Arrangement

Write or Phone (Northcote 77). A. W. WOOLLEY, 107 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Northcote Motor Garage

has just opened at

32 High Street (next Ice Works).

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.

Oils and Accessories.

Summer Drapery AND MILLINERY.

—LADIES!—

Before buying your Summer Drapery 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.

PHONE 6974

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.

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 Advertisements 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).

IF you are running an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and . . . Advertise it thoroughly.

Northcote Leader

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

Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1912.

Printed and published by the proprietors, H. J. and J. B. WHALLEY, at their office, 397 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.

Price 1d

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

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

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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: Northcote 96.

Sand & General Carter

Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.

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

DO'NT LET THE

SEWERAGE

OF YOUR PREMISES WORRY YOU.

Entrust the Work to

T. GRACIE,

SANITARY and GENERAL PLUMBER,

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

and you may rely on getting COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

The Most Efficient and Experienced Workmen Employed.

WATER METERS FIXED.

Sewerage Connections Guaranteed for two years.

CONTRACTOR FOR GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS.

Estimates Given.

Announcements

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner

304 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.

TAKE 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.

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HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

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Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets, FITZROY.

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Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral Requisites.

Coffins, all sizes, for country orders.

The Trade supplied.

Telephone 1160.

Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1866.

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UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY,
Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel,
And High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda.
Also Branch Burgundy Street, Heidelberg.
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Patent and every description of coffin at five minutes' notice.
Hearses, Coaches, &c.

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Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.

A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.

Illustrated Price List and Address Labels sent Post Free.

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ALL SUBURBS.

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UNNINGHAM STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock!
Small Prices!
Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

IF YOUR WATCH DOES NOT KEEP TIME

TAKE IT TO

GEO. H. ARMFIELD.

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.
Phone, Central 8185.

Established 20 years.

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GENERAL DRAPER,

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COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston Street).

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NORTHCOTE ICE WORKS

34 HIGH STREET.

Pure Crystal Ice delivered daily.

Dairymen catered for with Specially Prepared Cooler and Ample Storage Accommodation.

Smith & Sons

HAM & BACON CURERS AND Small Goods Manufacturers.

'Phone 3001. NORTHCOTE.

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

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

Our High-Class Goods

Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their

Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality

And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.

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

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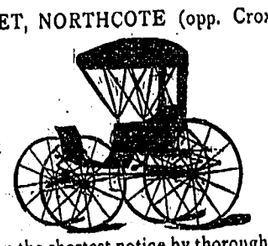
Universal Carriage Works

AND SHOEING FORGE,

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

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



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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.

Absolutely the Best Gas Cookers Manufactured

"ECONOMIST" & "ECLIPSE"

ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER GAS STOVES:
1 An Open Roaster
2 Free from all contact with Gas
3 A Hot Plate fitted with Patent Air and Gas Burners, arranged for Boiling, Stewing, or Frying
4 No Gas in Oven. 5 Flame on Top of Oven
6 Low Gas Bills. 7 Perfect Cooking

Economical and inexpensive cooking is obtained by the simple method of utilising every particle of heat derived from the gas.

Departing from the old system of gas cooking, which was open to many grave objections, the gas burner is placed ABOVE the joint and not under; over this burner is fixed a radiating metal plate to reflect the heat; the same burner being above the joint and beneath the oven answers both for the purpose of roasting and baking at the same time. By another simple contrivance of surrounding the oven with a case or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.

Prices from £3 15s 0d.

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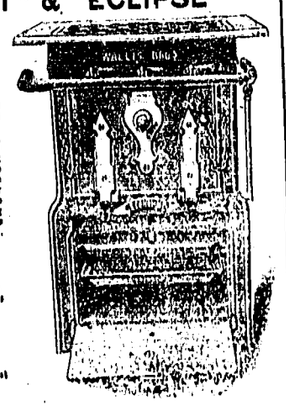
Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cramer Street, Preston.

Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.

Phone, 6733 Central.

Manufacturers of the Famous "Eclipse" Stoves, Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, One-Fire Stoves (all kinds) & Ranges.



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All Orders Executed to Time.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Your patronage will be esteemed by

WHALLEY BROS.,

Proprietors and Publishers of the

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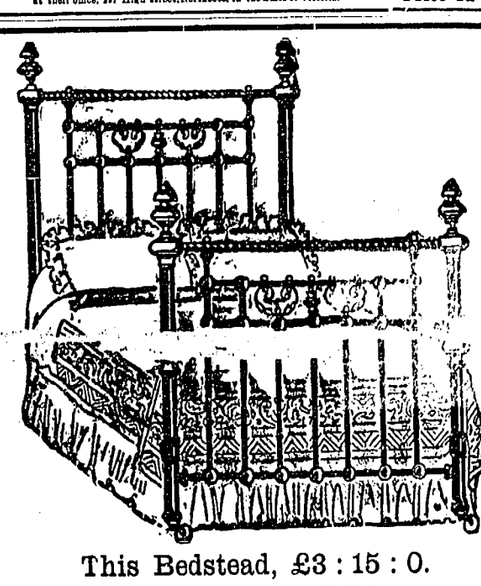
which has far and away the Largest Circulation of any suburban newspaper—and is therefore the

VERY BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM

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

SUPPORT THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY

THE **I.O.A.**

(Insurance Office of Australia Limited)

FIRE. ACCIDENT.

Plate Glass.
Employers' Liability
Burglary.
Personal Accident and Sickness.

LIVE STOCK

Specialty.

Horses, Mares, and all Stock insured against all risks of mortality.

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

For further particulars apply to Local Agents,

MITCHELL BROS.,

Estate Agents,

235 High St., Northcote.

Tel. Central 3454.

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.

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,

GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,
Cowkeeper and Dairyman

Cattle and Premises under inspection the Board of Public Health.

Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Strippings and One Cow's Milk a Specialty. Absolutely free from colouring matter or preservatives.

No second dealing or with other traders.

Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings.

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.

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

JOHN PHILLIPS, M.R.V.S.,

VETERINARY SURGEON and EQUINE DENTIST,

92 EARNE ST., COLLINGWOOD.

Open to call at any hour of night or day.

Telephone 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

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.

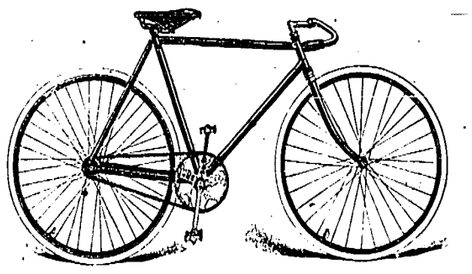
Repairs Promptly Executed.

Vehicles Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.

Horses Carefully Shod, called for and and Returned.

Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

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)

Tailors

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.

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

Arch Wilkinson

TAILOR & OUTFITTER

Is now showing his New Goods for the coming Autumn and Winter Seasons.

A splendid range of Suitings & Overcoatings in all the late & designs and colourings to choose from.

Ladies' Costumes a Special Study

Announcements

Telephone, Northcote 780.

The Thornbury Grocer

E. W. INGHAM

563 High St.,

UPPER NORTHCOTE.

Families Waited on for Orders. Delivery daily.

GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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.

Northcote Nursery

MITCHELL STREET.

PLANT NOW:
Hedge Trees
Buffalo Grass Roots for Lawns
Tomato Plants
Trees, Shrubs, &c.

C. J. JACKSON, Proprietor.

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 bought.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

ANNUAL

Stocktaking Sale

AT

A. LEWIS'S,

350 QUEEN'S PARADE
NORTH FITZROY.

To-Day and Next Week.

ALL GOODS GREATLY REDUCED.

Below are a few of the lines:
Dressing Combs, 6d, now 4d.
Hair Brushes, 9d, now 5½d.
China Figures, 3d, now 1d.
Plaque with King and Queen, 1/-, now 5½d.
Plaque with King and Queen, 1/9, now 10½d.
Afternoon Tea Sets, 3/9, now 2/6.
Leather Hand Bags, 3/11, now 2/6.

POST CARDS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY
Come and Inspect Windows.

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 anywhere.

All post cards sent to this address will have prompt attention:—150 HIGH ST., PRESTON (opposite Bell station).

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 Specialty.

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, 4, Bishop, Darebin Rd. Northcote.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Rev. A. C. Kellaway, M.A., morning and evening.
Wednesday, 8 p.m., Annual Social Reunion of Gleaners and friends; addresses by Mr. E. Lee Neil, President of the Gleaners' Union, and Mrs. H. J. Howden, of West China.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

11 a.m., Holy Communion.
7 p.m., Evensong.
Rev. C. W. Wood.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
S.S. Anniversary.
11 a.m., Rev. J. A. CROCKETT.
3 p.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. W. GOYEN.
All Seats Free.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.
Sunday, 14th April.
11 a.m., Rev. J. A. Crockett.
3 p.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. W. Goyen.

Monday, 15th April.
GRAND PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT.
"...eph" and other Pictures
Admission 6d.

...sday, 23rd April.
SCHOLARS' TEA MEETING AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.
Admission, Silver Coin.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher, Mr. Hall. Subject—Matthew 23, 37.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. I. V. OLDMEADOW.
Evening, Rev. A. MADSEN.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
Morning, Mr. CHERRELL.
Evening, Mr. A. JENKIN (Farewell Service).
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
Evening, Mr. BOUNDY.
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
Preston—11, Rev. E. O. Knee; 7, Mr. Freeman.
South Preston—11, Mr. C. Perrin; 7, Rev E. O. Knee, subject—"The Dead Man and the Living God."
All Welcome.

CHAPEL BUILT IN A DAY

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

Music.

NORTHCOTE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Principal: Mrs. LEONARD BAKER.

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

Opposite Town Hall, Northcote

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

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

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

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.

MR. E. INGHAM, L.R.A.M.,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
Piano, Harmony, Theory, Etc.,
STATION ST., IVANHOE.
Lessons at above or Pupil's Address.
Special Attention to Touch, Phrasing, and Expression.
Pupils Prepared for Exams. if desired.
Open for Engagements as Accompanist.
Terms from £1 1s. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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

Law Notices.

54 Vict. No. 1060, Sec 64.
1 Edw. VII. No. 1769, Sec. 4.

NOTICE.—A Rule to administer the Estate of ELIZABETH LOGAN, late of No. 6 Hopetoun Street, Northcote, widow, deceased, intestate, who died on the 22nd November, 1911, has been granted to me, and Creditors, Next of Kin, and all others having claims against the Estate are required to send in particulars of their claims to the Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons, New Zealand Chambers, 483 Collins Street, Melbourne, on or before the 13th May, 1912, or they may be excluded from the distribution of the Estate when the assets are being distributed.

J. W. STRANGER,
Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons.
Melbourne, 19th March, 1912.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT, Teacher of DANCING & CALISTHENICS, Town Hall, Northcote, Every Saturday Afternoon.
Juvenile Class at 2.30. Adult Class, 4.30.
Latest Society Dances. 6d per lesson.
Classes resume 10th February.
Private address—"The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, Clifton Hill.

Mrs HOLLAND
118-122 SMITH St COLLINGWOOD
for UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY

Corsets to suit all figures from 1/11 to 22/6.

Autumn & Winter.

Beaver Fur & Coney Hats in a variety of shapes Trimmed Millinery in all the Latest Styles at Moderate Prices. Chip Hats in black & colors just opened. A line of Fur Toques, 8/11.

F. G. SMITH,
DRAPERS, CLOTHIERS,
MILLINERS,
MEN'S MERCERS, &c.
245 High St., Northcote.

Now showing Latest Autumn and Winter Goods.

SALE! SALE! SALE!

MRS. POWELL, of High St., Northcote, & Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill, is now holding her Half-Yearly Sale. Genuine Bargains in all lines. Having purchased a large quantity of Job Aprons in Nurses' and all styles, we are offering them at very low prices. Special Reductions in Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, and Underclothing. Also the balance of our Untrimmed Millinery to go cheap. Hats renovated in up-to-date styles at shortest notice. All kinds of Art Needlework kept in stock.

DO NOT FAIL TO PAY US A CALL
DURING THIS SALE.

COLLEGE OF ART NEEDLEWORK

Mrs. & Miss Walker
Desire to intimate that CLASSES in connection with the above are now being formed.

Instruction given in Shadow Work, Ribbon Work, Embroidery, Braid Work, Canvas Work, Mount Mellick, Huckaback.

Also Painting, Drawing, Etching, Stencilling, Wash Work, Chip Wood, and Relief Carving.

All kinds of Fancy Goods kept in stock below Melbourne prices. Great variety of TOYS of every description. All kinds of Artists' Materials in stock.
Bridal Bouquets for hire at 2s 6d.

205 High Street, Northcote

Your Winter Shoes:

Can be selected to advantage from the fine display of smart styles for Winter now being made at Hurst's.—Footwear that the most critical cannot fail to appreciate.

While the leading English and American Manufacturers are well represented, the exhibition of our own Australian made Shoes is particularly worthy of your inspection.

It will be worth while for you to write for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide"—illustrated—post free on application.

Robert Hurst
"The Home of Good Footwear,"
293A HIGH St., NORTHCOTE
Melbourne, All Suburbs, Ballarat, and Wonthaggi. L.R.W.

Law

MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE,
SOLICITORS AND CONVEYANCERS,
Market Buildings, 445 Collins Street Melbourne.
Private address: Mr. A. M. Lonie, "Craiglelea," 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.

HOME AND WILKINSON
SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.,
... Street, Melbourne.
Tel. 853.
W. J. Home, Commissioner for Victoria
A. S. Wilkinson. Private Address—"Fylingdales," King William St. Preston
Local Office: McGeorge's Agency, High St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

FREDERICK HUGHES,
SOLICITOR, &c.,
Commissioner of Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits,
Leadenhall Chambers,
28 Market Street, Melbourne.
Residence: Station Street, Preston.

ROBERTS AND ELLIOTT,
SOLICITORS,
EQUITABLE BUILDING, 314 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
Telephone 2854.
Trust and other Money to Lend.
A. Glen Roberts, M.A.,
H. E. Elliott, L.L.B.,
Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits.
Private Residence: "Dalriada," Darebin Road, Northcote.

Professional

A. W. ANGIOR,
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.

Bereavement Notices.

MR. and MRS. T. F. HARRIS and Family desire to return their sincere thanks to their many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy, floral tributes, &c., in their recent very sad bereavement; also to the doctors, sisters, and nurses of St Vincent's Hospital for the close attention given their son while in the hospital.

The Leader
JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, APRIL 13.

The loan schedule which we published last week makes a brave show and indicates that the Northcote Town Council are contemplating a busy time so far as general works are concerned. Northcote is fast growing into a large and important city, and if those entrusted with its development do not keep up with its progress they will be failing in their duty. One thing that, from one cause or another, has been allowed to lag behind is street construction. At the last meeting it was pleasing to note that a fresh start was to be made by the calling of tenders for the construction of McCracken Avenue and Hartington Street, and to hear the mayor state that it was the commencement of a continuous policy. It is most devoutly to be hoped that this continuous policy will be as good as its name, and that by hook or by crook tenders will be called for at least one street each meeting. Even at this rate of progress it will take a long time to bring the town up-to-date so far as street construction is concerned. It is exasperating to those who built good houses in streets 10 or 12 years ago to see their streets, so far from being improved in any way, in a worse condition than ever, and with no prospect of anything being done—at the present rate os progress—for another ten years. You visit a southern suburb and enjoy the clean, well-paved footways and good roadways there, and come back to your own suburb, with its, in so many cases, dirty paths and muddy roads, disgusted. Northcote's progress has been great, but assuredly it would have been much greater but for the condition of our streets. It is therefore hoped that the continuous policy will be continuous in deed as well as in name.

One of the heavy preliminary expenses in bringing the new building regulations into operation in Northcote is the advertising of same in the Gazette. This rather useless procedure will cost over £80. It was in vain that the town clerk suggested that the matter might be got over by advertising that certified copies could be seen at the Public Works Department or the municipal offices, which would have met all practical purposes.

The circumstances connected with the tragic end of Mr Neil Hansen were recorded in the daily papers of Monday. Remembering his last sad and miserable days in Northcote, it is hard to realise that but a few years ago he was a person comfortably prosperous and of considerable importance in a neighboring municipality. He was a member of the Epping Shire Council for several years and its president for one, carrying out the duties of the position in an energetic and popular manner. Though a foreigner he quickly familiarised himself with British institutions and had a better knowledge of local Government law than most, and was always quick to grasp any business placed before a meeting. He was generally speaking a good citizen and did his utmost to get such schemes as a water supply and a sanitary service instituted in Epping. In an evil hour he decided to leave Epping and come to Northcote, believing he could do great things here. But he miscalculated his reception, and this led to bitterness, and the bitterness to drink, and thus his downfall soon came. Those who remember him in his old days at Epping cannot but deeply regret that his end should have been as it was.

Mr. H. McDonald, of Flinders street, Thornbury, and one of the South Preston ... evening ... entertained by the ... Preston Methodist Endeavour Society, prior to his departure on Wednesday last for Beech Forest, where he is engaged in Home Mission Work in connection with the Methodist Church, under the supervision of the Rev. A. T. Holden, B.A. Mr. W. Bott, on behalf of the above society, presented Mr. McDonald with a Bible and hymn book, and in doing so made reference to the high esteem in which their fellow endeavourer was held. Mr. A. O'Brien also commented on the work which Mr. McDonald had done. Mr. McDonald suitably and feelingly acknowledged the gift, knowing it was given with every good wish for prosperity in his new spere of labour.

The monthly meeting of the Northcote Branch of Political Labour Council was held on Monday evening, April 1, at the Rechabite hall. There was a good attendance. The ballot for selection for the Senate candidates was opened. A vote of sympathy to the president (Mr. G. Baker) and family, in their recent bereavement, was carried. The first move was taken in a new propaganda movement, which has for its object to get in touch with trade unionists in the district. Messrs Baker and Thick were the delegates appointed to Easter Conference. At next meeting, Comrade R. W. Bryan will give a paper on "Socialism," when all friends are cordially invited to be present.

This week Messrs Edgar, Stanley, and Cecil McLean, sons of a former well-known townsman and ex-mayor of Northcote, set out for north-west Queensland, where they have entered into partnership with Mr. Sydney Kidman (the "Cattle King") as horse and cattle raisers and breeders of sheep. They go equipped not only with the necessary plant, but with large experience gained at "Woodside"—the station property in the Western district purchased by Mr. McLean on leaving Northcote. Those who remember the Messrs McLean as college lads here might get somewhat of a surprise at seeing their accomplishments now. In a mechanical way there is nothing they can't do about farm or station from shoeing a horse to taking a motor car to pieces and putting it together again, whilst in the operation of disc ploughs, harvesters, and reapers and binders, as well as in the selection and handling of stock, they have become expert. All three are certificated motorists and they have taken their 20 horse power car, intending to ride from Adelaide to Broken Hill and thence 300 miles to their station. Mr. Cecil McLean, the youngest of the brothers, was one of those who had a miraculous escape from the Sunshine railway accident. All old friends here will wish the partnership well.

The Pender's Grove Settlers' Association held their usual monthly meeting on Wednesday, 10th inst., at Ralph's old shire-hall. Mr. Richmond presided and there was a good attendance, including several ladies. Dissatisfaction was expressed at the Northcote council's refusal to receive a deputation from the settlers re street making on the eastern portion of the estate. After the business had been disposed of, Mr. T. M. Burke, secretary of the Civil Service Stores, gave a most interesting lecture on co-operation. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Burke and his colleagues. The chairman announced that the annual social would be held on Tuesday, 23rd inst.

We sincerely regret having to record the death of Leslie F. Harris, 15½ years, eldest son of Mr. T. F. Harris, an employe at the *Leader* office for 20 odd years. The lad took ill on the last day of December and on January 4 was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital, suffering from a bad attack of pleurisy and pneumonia. About the end of February he had so far recovered as to be able to leave his bed, and it was fixed that on March 29 he should come home, but unfortunately on that day hemorrhage set in. This was apparently checked, but on Saturday, 6th, he had another bad attack, and a couple of hours afterwards died in his father's arms. Throughout his long and severe illness he was so courageous, cheerful, and unselfish as to win the respect and love of all, fellow patients and the Sisters of the hospital included. A fine bright lad and getting on well at the business in which he had been placed his death comes as a severe blow to his parents, who are having the deep sympathy of all who know of their sad bereavement. The funeral, which took place on Monday afternoon, was largely attended, members of Hope of Northcote Tent, I.O.R., of which deceased was a member, marching to the cemetery. The service at the grave was conducted by Father Jenkin, of the Prince of Wales' Park Methodist Church, and the Rechabite service was read by Bro. F. Pemberton, D.R. The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr. Lewis.

Major Dr. A. H. Sturdee, of the Army Medical Service Corps, met with an accident on Wednesday evening, at Moranding Station. While galloping across the field his horse put its foot in a rabbit hole and came down. Major Sturdee had one of his legs broken above the ankle. He was brought to Melbourne, and subsequently removed to Dr. Stirling's private hospital, North Carlton. Dr. Sturdee expects to be in a condition to be removed to his home at Northcote in the course of a few days. Whilst he is incapacitated, a locum tenens will attend to his practice.

Northcote A.N.A.

Owing to the last meeting falling the night before the Easter holidays the attendance was small. Three members were elected. Most of the business, including conference delegate's report, was held over till next meeting. The secretary was instructed to write a letter of sympathy to Member H. Mitchell. The euchre tournament was also postponed till next meeting, when it is hoped there will be a good attendance to play off for a fiddle back stick given by Mr. G. Clausen.

Localisms.

The Mayor and Mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. H. E. Bastings) are away on holiday at Dromana.

Building is going on at Preston at a faster rate than ever, yet houses were never so scarce. There is a constant procession to the agents of people wanting houses.

An additional letter carrier has been appointed at Northcote, and he will commence duties almost immediately.

Mr. J. J. Wray, late of Kilmore, has taken up his position as postmaster at Northcote, vice Mrs. Argyle, retired. Mr. T. Tyrrell, of the head office, succeeds Mr. Wray as postmaster at Kilmore.

Preston council have reconsidered their loan schedule, and in its amended form it will come up for adoption at the meeting on Monday evening. The chief items are £5000 for electric lighting and £2500 for a quarry and stone crusher.

On account of the holidays the meeting of the town council has been adjourned till Monday evening. There was no sitting of the Police Court either, so that a good deal of the matter which usually goes to make a local paper is missing. Substituted matter, such as "Four days in a Motor," and "Northcote C.C. on Tour," will probably prove an agreeable change to a large number of our readers.

Northcote Theatre, as it progresses towards completion, becomes more impressive than ever. It will be one of the best appointed and most up-to-date houses of amusement in the metropolis. The opening ceremony will be about the middle of next month.

The anniversary celebrations in connection with ... Northcote Presbyterian Sunday School will be commenced to-morrow, with special services conducted in the morning by the Rev. J. A. Crocket, and in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. Wm. Goyen, a former popular minister of the church. On Monday evening, 15th, there is to be a grand picture entertainment including "The Life of Joseph." Further arrangements are advertised.

The Lyric, Northcote, has a special attraction for to-night, "Captain Starlight." This series deals with the principal incidents in the life of the notorious bushranger, and takes over one hour to screen. A lengthy and diversified list of subjects will accompany. The free gift for presentation to-night will be a silver watch.

The annual social re-union of gleaners and friends will be held at All Saints' schoolroom on Wednesday next. Mr. Lee Neil, the president of the Gleaners' Union for Victoria, and Mrs. J. H. Howden (nee Miss Emily Doyle) who has spent the past seven years in Western China, will give addresses.

We hear that the appointment of the new meat inspector will be challenged at the next meeting of the Preston council.

To-night at Thornbury Picture Theatre will be screened "The Wreck of the Aurora, or the Coffin Ship." The story is of a ship, old and unseaworthy, being insured and sent to her doom. It is said to be most realistic and sensational.

The combined anniversary conversazione of the Princess Alice and Loyal Macartney L.O.L.V., is to take place at the Northcote town hall on Wednesday evening next. A good programme is promised.

Mr. Clarence F. Brown, 95 Union street, Northcote, advertises that he is prepared to teach the pianoforte quickly and thoroughly.

Gents prepare for the winter, Hattam and Hattam are offering smart and up-to-date Chester coats in dark, grey or brown, at 25s each. Why be without one? [Advt].

A fortunate provision.—Velveteens, which are all the rage this season, owing to the heavy demand and the great industrial up heavals in England, are very scarce and hard to get this winter. Hattam and Hattam, the local drapers, placed this season's order 15 months ago and thus secured themselves. The shipment has just arrived per S.S. Dorset, and are now showing in our windows, 75 boxes, all shades and qualities. [Advt].

Preston Quadrille Assembly (the Arcadians) hold their first dance at the shire-hall on Wednesday evening next. There is already a good membership, and a very enjoyable evening is being looked forward to, as all arrangements have been made to ensure such. Meeting of members at library hall to-night at 8 o'clock.

The Solway Clothing Company (opposite Fitzroy post office) specially advertise to-day their beaver hats and overcoats.

Northcote and Preston Football Club play Preston Juniors at Croxton this afternoon.

HELPING ST. VINCENT'S.

THE PRESTON STALL AT THE EXHIBITION.

The Preston Stall at the Druids' Bazaar at the Exhibition in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital is a great success. Visitors from the more populous and important suburbs are surprised to see Preston represented by a stall at all, but more surprised when they see how handsomely the stall is furnished and by what a large band of enthusiastic workers it is managed. Thus equipped the stall has been fully holding its own amongst its large neighbours. The president (Mrs. A Robertson) and the members of the committee, generally, are delighted with the splendid support given so far, and at the close feel certain of having a fine cheque to hand in as the result of their efforts.

A HIGH-HANDED COUNCIL.

To the Editor of the Leader.

Sir,—Through the medium of your columns I would like to draw attention to the autocratic methods adopted by the Northcote council. I, as hon. secretary of the Pender's Grove Settler's Association, was instructed to write to the council asking them to fix a date for a deputation of settlers to wait on them to remedy a few of the grievances which we at present labor under. Seeing that we have been in existence for the past three or four years and practically nothing done during that time except for two or three lamps, and winter will soon be upon us with its accompanying discomforts (unlighted streets, mud and slush), we thought to awaken the council to a sense of their duties, but the council in their wisdom sent me a reply stating that the request had been ruled out of order. Surely this is a high-handed manner in which to transact business. I may state that the annual value of the properties on the estate is about £1800.—Yours, &c.,

Chas. Mison,
Hon. Secretary,
Pender's Grove Settlers' Association.

MARRIAGE.

A pretty wedding took place in the Methodist Church, Spensley street, Clifton Hill, on Saturday, March 30, between Mr. Martin Anthonsen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthonsen, of Bent street, Northcote, and Miss Lillian Maude Williams, daughter of the late Mr. George Williams, of Hawthorn. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. A. Madsen. The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr. A. F. Boundy, wore a soft white silk dress with court train trimmed with silk applique, her tulle veil was worn over a wreath of orange blossom, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and asparagus fern. The bridesmaids were the Misses Lily Findlater, Stella Anthonsen (sister of the bridegroom), and Ruby Bennett (cousin of the bride). They carried crooks of pink roses and wore the bridegroom's gifts of gold wishbone brooches. Mr. W. Williams (brother of the bride) acted as best man, and Messrs E. Anthonsen and L. Marshall as groomsmen. After the ceremony the guests to the number of over 100 adjourned to the Northcote town hall, where a most enjoyable evening was spent. The wedding presents were numerous.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

The whole district is jubilant over the beneficial and most timely rains that have fallen. Ploughing and sowing can now be proceeded with space and under the best conditions, and as there is still good growth in the ground fair winter grass should be assured.

The shire council invite tenders for the supply of 150 yards of spalls on the Donnybrook road; also construction of new road leading to Thomastown settlement.

St. Peter's C.M. Society are holding a grand ball in the Epping shire hall on Friday, April 26. Particulars as to prices of tickets, &c., are advertised.

Owing to the wet weather the Athletic Club's Sports to have taken place on Easter Monday have been postponed to Saturday next, 20th April. The programme will start at 2 o'clock and the admission will be 6d. There will be a dance at the shire hall in the evening, and in connection with same a waltzing competition open to all comers.

Entries for the Woodstock Coursing Club's first meeting close with the secretary at the Woodstock Manor Hotel on Thursday next, 18th April. The meeting takes place on the 23rd.

THOMASTOWN METHODIST CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

On Easter Sunday two very suitable sermons were preached by Rev. A. G. Stapleton. Owing to the rough weather the morning service was poorly attended, but there was a good congregation in the evening. In spite of the rain which fell almost all day Easter Monday the annual tea and public meeting was held, and though the attendance was small in comparison with other years it was a good meeting. The tables were presided over by the following ladies, viz., Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Brandt, Mrs. and Miss Kristling, Misses Dwyer, Mrs. McMahon and Miss Clinnick, Mrs. Grutzner and Miss Bussell, Mrs. R. Bower and Miss Ida Bower. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. Alfred Freeman, of Preston, who made a capital chairman. He also sang a solo during the evening. Mr. Robert Bower's secretarial report was a good one. Mr. Gibbs gave two solos in capital style, whilst the Misses Freeman were heard to advantage in their duet. Miss Bower rendered very sweetly two solos, and was deservedly encored for her rendering of "There is a green hill far away." Miss Freeman acted as accompanist. During the evening the Rev. E. O. Knee addressed the congregation on their duties and responsibilities. It was a most enjoyable meeting and gave general satisfaction.

On Easter Tuesday the Sunday School picnic was held in the church and grounds, as it was too wet to go into the paddocks, but the children enjoyed themselves thoroughly. A good children's meeting was held in the church in the evening, presided over by Mr. A. Walker, of Preston, who gave a very fine address to the young men, and also a good donation. Mrs. Clinnick had trained the children to sing and recite, which they did in a most creditable manner to the delight of all. Songs were sung by Miss Bunce and Messrs Clinnick and Bunce and an address was given by the minister of the church, the Rev. E. O. Knee. Mr. R. Bower voiced the thanks of the parents and teachers to all who had helped in the anniversary. The surplus provisions were offered for sale at the close of the meeting by Mr. John Thomas and were satisfactorily disposed of. The National Anthem having been sung the meeting was then closed.

BASEBALL.

The Northcote Baseball Club will hold its annual meeting on Tuesday evening next, April 16 at Plant's Peacock Hotel, Northcote, at 7.30 p.m. Office-bearers for the coming season will be elected. All intending players and supporters are specially requested to attend as some important business is to be discussed at the meeting. Intending new members will be specially welcomed and should get into communication with the hon. sec., T. C. G. Phillips, at once.

CRICKET.

Northcote Presbyterian A v. Preston, played at Preston. Scores—Northcote, 73 (Adams 19, Gough 19, Thomson 15 not out, Teasdale 13); Preston, 148 (Shand 3 for 1, Teasdale 4 for 65, Cox 2 for 21, Richardson 1 for 48). Preston won by 75.

The annual outing of the Northcote Presbyterian cricket club will take place on Eight Hours Day, April 22. A drag drive has been arranged to journey to Greensborough, where a cricket match between the A and B teams will be played. Members and friends wishing to participate in the outing will get full particulars from the secretary of the club.

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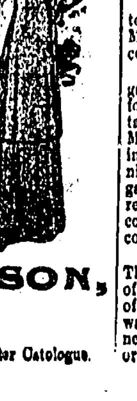

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N.C.C. ON TOUR.

VISIT TO THE BORDER TOWNS.

(By One of Them)

On Thursday afternoon, April 4th, the Northcote team, accompanied by several of the second XI., and their worthy President (Mr W. S. Stott), Mr G. F. Major, Cr Hayes, and other supporters, took train for Albury. The arrivals at Spencer-street may be described as mixed, and caused the secretary no little concern and worry. However no one missed the train, and notwithstanding the large crowd travelling the party were fairly comfortable. The trip was thoroughly enjoyable, especially the carriage presided over by Skipper Mitchell. By a coincidence, it was the veteran's birthday, and right well did he rise to the occassion (and several other things).

Albury was reached in due time, and cabs were waiting to convey us to the Albury hotel, our headquarters, where we were received by representatives of the Albury and Border Association.

On Friday morning the first match of the tour was commenced, and resulted in our first defeat by 33 runs. Albury batted first, and totalled 158, of which Hammond got 41 by very good cricket, the bowling honors being secured by Mitchell, Plant, Brown and F. Lugton, who bowled 5 overs for 1 run and 2 wickets. Northcote responded with 125, Brown 43, Billings 35, and Son Yeomans 22, being mainly responsible. The other members of the team, and sundries, accounted for the balance, "a very poor performance." The chief factor in Northcote's fall was Powell, the Wodonga bowler, who captured 7 wickets for 63, including the hat trick, and when the names of N. Brown, R. Bailey, and F. Yeomans appear as victims, the merit of the performance must be recognised. Billings and Mitchell were run out; but for this Northcote would possibly have won. Albury in their 2nd innings got 60 for 9 wickets, Spicer and D. Plant getting the wickets between them.

On Friday evening we were entertained at dinner by the Albury Association, and after substantial justice had been done to the good things provided by Hostess Lathmore, Mr Goode, of Wodonga, who was chairman, proposed the health of the Northcote team, coupled with the name of Mr Mitchell, who suitably responded. Mr Stott proposed the Albury and District Association, and embraced the opportunity of putting the Board of Control's position before the local cricket enthusiasts. Cr Hayes proposed the health of the chairman, who duly replied to the compliment, and the company then filled in the evening with music, song and story, Mr E. Schwaebsch officiating as accompanist.

Saturday morning was utilised in visiting points of interest in and around Albury. One party meandered some miles along the banks of the Murray, where several pretty bends and reaches of river scenery were viewed and duly recorded by two knights of the camera who were members of our party and had apparently an unlimited supply of plates. In fact one of our camera friends (not "fiends") would take a snap on the slightest provocation, and interesting developments are expected when the results are laid bare to the critical eye of the N.C.C. members.

Several members of the team indulged in a swim, one of them swimming from N.S.W. to Victoria in record time.

On the return to Albury we viewed from the heights of Hospital Hill the town and surrounding country. We also visited the local gardens, where the green well-kept lawns and shrubberies and lovely roses of all kinds, palms, &c., contrasted strongly with the parched appearance of the surrounding country. Adjacent to the gardens is a well-kept four-rink bowling green, looking most inviting to at least two members of our party. "Just half a dozen ends," sighed one, but it was not to be.

Lunch being disposed of, we continued our journey to Tallangatta, where we arrived after a most enjoyable run of some 25 miles through hill and valley. We were cordially welcomed at the station by Mr Arthur O'Leary, Cr McGrath, and other local citizens and cricket enthusiasts. We were driven to the hotel, where tea was served and substantially appreciated. Saturday evening was spent in introductions to the townspeople, and a number of our party visited a local picture show.

On Sunday morning walking parties were formed, and from accounts received on return were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Tallangatta is picturesquely situated in amongst the hills, and one wonders on looking around how we managed to get there by train, and it seemed impossible to get away without climbing at least one big hill. Notwithstanding this fact, I was informed that the local surveyor has great difficulty in draining the town.

On Sunday afternoon a drive of some 22 miles was arranged by several local residents, and although a misty rain was falling it was thoroughly enjoyed. The route taken was along the Mitta Valley to Yabba Station, crossing the Mitta Mitta river to Noornorgon Station, returning on the other side of the river back to Tallangatta. The drive was greatly enjoyed by all the party. Sunday evening was spent quietly. Monday morning broke gloomily, and fears were entertained that the rain would prevent play. However, the rain cleared and a move was made to the cricket ground. N.C.C. won the toss and elected to bat, and did much better than at Albury. N. Brown got 94, and although favored by a little luck gave a splendid exhibition of hitting, several "sixers" being included, on one occasion the ball going into the Mitta river, which runs alongside the ground. G. Spicer got 68, a correct innings. Arch Lugton (48) also played a fine innings, some splendid hits going to his credit. Bob Mitchell got 34, Geo. Cheswass 30, and D. Plant 20 not out. All batting well, and the total reaching 343. Tallangatta responded with 100, Arthur O'Leary playing a splendid innings for 36, the bowling being done by N. Brown, D. Plant, G. Spicer, S. Billings, and G. Cheswass. Dick Vernon, who kept wickets, was in tiptop form, getting 4 wickets.

Lunch and afternoon tea were provided on the ground by a committee of ladies in a most inviting way, and the team expressed their sincere thanks to the following ladies who worked so hard to promote their enjoyment, viz., the Misses Pearse (2), West, Law, Thomas, Ryde, Rury, Turner, Oscar, Warner, and Mesdames O'Leary and B. T. Pearse.

In the evening our party were entertained by the local committee at dinner, when a splendid repast was done full justice to.

After the loyal toasts had been disposed of, Mr Thompson proposed the N.C.C., and thanked the team for visiting the district and showing some of their cricketing powers to the local players. He also congratulated the team on their success in the field, and wished them every success in the future, and hoped they would repeat the visit on some future occasion.

Mr Stott responded on similar lines to his Albury remarks. Mr Mitchell and Mr S. Yeomans also acknowledged the compliment.

Mr Stott then proposed the Tallangatta Association, and thanked them for their kindness and extreme hospitality. This was responded to by Cr McGrath and Mr O'Leary. The following toasts were also honored—The municipalities of Northcote and Tallangatta, proposed by Mr A. O'Leary and responded to by Cr Hayes for Northcote, and by Cr McGrath for the local council.

The health of the chairman (Mr Thompson) was proposed by Mr Major, of Northcote, who took the opportunity of thanking the committee of which he was the head for their friendly kindness, not only to the team, but to one or two who were getting into "the sere, and yellow." Mr Thompson responded, repeating his invitation for another visit.

As the hall was not provided with a piano, an adjournment was made to our hotel, where a programme of songs and recitations were rendered by several members of the team, also by Mrs E. Schwaebsch, who accompanied her husband on the tour.

Tuesday morning saw us at the station ready for our return home, which was completed safely, and so ended one of the most enjoyable trips undertaken by the N.C.C.

The success was due in no small measure to the untiring efforts of "Son" Yeomans, our energetic and courteous secretary, in making such perfect arrangements for the comfort of the party, which numbered 28. Mr Stott, in his usual unassuming way, greatly assisted Mr Yeomans in promoting everyone's enjoyment and pleasure. This brief record of the trip should not be closed without a line for Mr A. O'Leary, who formerly played for Northcote, and to whose efforts we were mainly indebted for one of the most enjoyable trips yet undertaken by the N.C.C. amongst the hills of Tallangatta. Cr McGrath, Mr Drying, Dr Patterson, Mr Read, Mr Thompson, and other gentlemen, were also kindness itself in promoting our enjoyment.

BOWLS.

The representatives of the local clubs figured very well at the Easter tourney of the North Fitzroy bowling club. In the pairs Clausen and Meakin won ... three games, but succumbed in the ... round to Cussen (M.C.C.) In the rink tourney both the Preston teams, skipped by Broadhurst and Bartley respectively, won their first two games, but they then had the misfortune to be drawn against each other and Bartley went out. In the fourth round Broadhurst met Sheedy the Mentone champion and was beaten. Plant's rink (Northcote) also won their first three games, beating the Collingwood champion Dunn handsomely in the third round by 29 to 6. In the fourth round they went down to Wallace (N. Fitzroy).

The second round of the district competition commences to-day, when Northcote meet Preston, the A's at Northcote and the B's at Preston.

The matches for the trophies presented by the vice-presidents (Messrs Brown, Girling, and Taylor) were brought to a conclusion at the Northcote green this week, when Cr. Plant met and defeated Mr. Bainbridge and won the first prize, the second going to his opponent.

At the Northcote green on Monday, 22nd (W.P.) a pairs trophy will be competed for, the same being presented by Mr. Girling. A good muster is requested as this will probably be the last trophy match for the year. A series of billiard tournaments and matches are being arranged for the winter months, first being a tournament for the month of May.

Thornbury having the bye to-day will engage in rink competition A versus B in preparation for the more serious encounter with Northcote next Saturday.

FOOTBALL.

The amalgamated clubs, Northcote and Preston, played their first practice match against Brunswick Juniors last Saturday at Croxton. With both teams to select from and one or two new players a good team will take the field on the opening Saturday. As the number of players is reduced to 16 in order to stop crowding the locals played that number, whilst the visitors had 18 on the field. The Juniors had the benefit of the wind the opening quarter, but the locals were the first to score, Ryan and Berry scoring goals, which was followed by a behind by the visitors. As the game progressed it was seen that the seniors were too strong for the juniors, who ran out winners by 85 points to 40. Those who were prominent for the locals were Johnson, Billett, Beck, Ryan, Duncan Cole, Bassett, and Thomas. Goal kickers—Beck (3), Billett (3) Ryan (2), Duncan, White, Berry, Arbuthnott (2).

The Everleigh football club held its annual meeting in the Rechabite-hall, Preston, on Wednesday evening last. A most enthusiastic gathering assembled. The prospects for the coming season are of the brightest, several prominent players having joined the club. The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. J. T. Young; vice-presidents:—Messrs J. T. Olver, W. H. Punch, W. Westmoreland, H. Newell, E. Brittain, W. Fyfe, J. Williams, Cr. Crispe, Cr. Paterson; committee—W. Punch, A. Bassell, J. Webb, J. Wheeler, T. Toll; secretary and treasurer, F. W. B. Perry; assistant secretary, J. Webb; auditors, Messrs Albert Deacon and Alfred Deacon.

Preston District will play a practice match with Northcote at Croxton to-day. This will be a good opportunity for new players to show their mettle as the committee have several vacancies to fill, and every encouragement will be given to rising juniors. Intending players of the Preston District are requested to bring any uniform they may have to avoid disappointment.

Northcote I.O.R. will play Port Railway United at rear of Port Melbourne cricket ground to-day.

Northcote Recreation Club.

The above held their fortnightly meeting at the club rooms on April 1st, Mr. P. J. Slattery in the chair. The club are holding a 10 mile maiden road race at Preston on Saturday next and a theatre party at the King's theatre on April 30, also a handicap billiard tournament for a gold medal donated by Mr. Slattery and a sweepstake of 1s with money added by the club. Members are reminded that entries close on Monday next for bicycle race and billiard tournament.

CYCLING.

The following are the handicaps for the Preston District five mile road race to take place to-day:—F. J. P. Aldridge, O. Anderson, L. Riley, scratch; A. Roberts, G. Wheeler, S. Bouchier, ½ min; Downes, Sullivan, W. Brown, 1¼ min.; Mathiesen, Knight, Griffiths, Beato, Kelly, R. Munro, 1¾ min; Wellington, Kemsdell, Jacobs, Kerr, 2½ min; J. G. Russell, W. Theke, Broadbent, 3¼ min.; Warren, Phillips, 3½ min.

Fidelity Tent, I.O.R.

The above held their fortnightly meeting in the Rechabite hall on Tuesday evening. There was a good attendance, Bro. Froebel in the chair. After the ordinary business was transacted a debate took place between Northcote and Preston tents. Mr. James Officer acted as judge and gave every satisfaction. The syllabus item for next meeting is "Cards and Draughts." There will be a church parade at South Preston Methodist Church on Sunday 21st.

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TRAM-TOP TRAGEDY

By S. N. SEDGWICK.

Author of "Petronilla," "A Daughter o the Druids," "One Day in May," &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

Committed for Trial.

The conductor hastened to Mr. Hiffield's side. The tram stopped. Everybody stood up. Mrs. Pattifer was in a hysterical fit. Gertrude, with ashen face, slipped a hand into Bruce's.

The senseless form was carried down with difficulty and taken into a chemist's shop.

The chemist, with a quiet sigh, put down the book he was reading and dismounted from the stool on which he sat. He was a thin-faced, meditative-looking man.

He placed a hand upon Mr. Hiffield's heart, opened his mouth, and examined his throat. "This is no case for me," he said. "You had better send for a doctor--and I think a policeman."

The moments hung on leaden poise till the messengers had returned.

The doctor dropped on his knee at once, nodding his head as he saw the collar open. A cursory examination was sufficient. "The man is dead," he said. "How did it happen? Where was he?"

"Dead!"

There came a gasp of horror from Gertrude, and Bruce's healthy color faded on his cheek. Mrs. Pattifer wrung her hands, and Joseph gulped.

"Sims to be summat fishy abart this," said the conductor; one of the few onlookers who appeared unmoved and stolid. "I was coming upstairs, constable, wen this 'ere gent told me this man was a worriting 'im. They wuz a bit angry, seemin'ly; but I pacifies 'em—I knows 'ow to keep order on my tram—and goes forrard to collect fares, when I 'ears a kind of scream, and lo! and beole! the old man had twisted round in his seat an' fallen down."

"A fit," mused the doctor. "I daresay he was in a temper, eh?" He looked appealingly at Bruce.

"Well, I don't think so," said Bruce. "He seemed to me provokingly calm. The truth was, he was making me angry by his coolness."

The chemist interposed quietly. "What are you doing with that hypodermic syringe in your hand, sir?" he asked, pointing at Bruce.

Bruce looked down. He had retained hold of his instrument unconsciously through all the scene.

The doctor threw a quick look at the syringe, another at the dead man. The same thought flashed from mind to mind. Gertrude, with a sudden movement, springing to Bruce's side, snatched the needle from him and thrust it within her dress.

"Steady, steady, young lady," cried the doctor. "Constable, I think you had better take possession of that."

Policeman CXXIX stepped to the shop door and held out a hand.

"Gertrude," cried Bruce, "what are you doing? Don't you see how suspicious——"

"Oh, my darling," she cried, "it's horrible! I can't think--I can't think——"

"Oh, nonsense," said Bruce. "Surely you don't imagine"—he glared round at the constable at his side. "You silly fool. Do you mean to infer that I—— Good God! What next?"

"I must ask you to come with me," said the constable.

Bruce shut his lips tightly and breathed heavily through his nose. With an effort he pulled himself together.

"Come," he said, "this is absurd. You can have my card. Here it is. Now, Gertrude, someone must go and break the news to his wife."

"Someone may, said the conductor, "but it won't be you if I can 'elp it. I say, constable, shall I 'old 'im for you while you put the darbies on?"

"You 'old your tongue," said the policeman. "He'll come quiet. I dessay the gentleman 'll explain everything to the inspector."

"Explain? There's nothing to explain. I poisoned a dog this morning, and I suppose I put the syringe into my pocket. That's the only explanation I can offer."

"It won't do," said the constable. "Now, are you coming quiet, or am I to fetch you?"

Bruce turned with a laugh. "I'm not going to make a scene. Gertrude, you go on home; I'll see you later. And Mr. Pattifer, you had better communicate with poor Mrs. Hiffield——"

"Not—not—to prison," gasped Gertrude. "They can't mean——"

"Of course not, dear. Of course not. It's a confounded nuisance, but I'll get it over as soon as possible. Pattifer, get a cab and see Miss Dewar home."

With some difficulty the rest of the company was dispersed. The constable took their addresses, then, a stretcher having been procured, the dead man was laid upon it decently, and the procession set off. Bruce walked by the side of the bier, trying to appear nonchalant. The conductor mounted to the tram, which set off at a good pace after so long a delay. A little crowd of people followed the police.

"I'm the one wot did it," one boy whispered to another. "Stabbed 'im!"

. . . . . .

The law is supposed to be an ancient and slow-moving instrument that creaks ponderously as it gets into motion, but there are occasions when it moves with incredible and merciless swiftness. A murderer, for instance, commits his crime one day, and may die himself within a month. That, at least, was the terrible thought which possessed Bruce as he sat in prison.

The police considered that there was a prima facie case against him, and he was therefore brought up before the local police court the next day.

Preliminary evidence being given, the police asked for a remand. A week flashed by. The case was resumed. Bruce found himself committed by the magistrate to trial.

Trial! It seemed impossible to realise it sometimes. A few days ago he was at liberty. Had any man told him that the shadow of the gallows hung over him, he would have laughed at him—now it loomed horribly near. It was a terrible and agonising experience; it seemed to be the ruin of all his new-formed hopes. Had it not been for Gertrude's courage he felt he could not have stood up to his misfortune.

But since that fateful day when Hiffield died Gertrude never turned a feather. She was brisk and determined and cheerful. It was she who arranged for his counsel. She sent in a warm, hopeful letter to him every day; she went over to Woodside Park and took into her own hands the work of completing the unfinished houses. She interviewed Mrs. Hiffield on her return to London, and was the first to make her feel comfortable, as the stricken woman afterwards declared.

"She came to me," Mrs. Hiffield was wont to say, "and she sat down by me in such a confiding way, and she took my hand in hers. Poor Rose was upstairs in her room, worn out with crying and of no use to anyone; but this young lady, she was a power of comfort, though I can't remember a word she said to me. I only know I felt better for her coming."

That was Gertrude's way. Buoyant and self-contained, by sheer force of will she pushed her way through those days of anguish. No one knew, from anything she let fall in word or look, what her secret pain was. But Mrs. Hiffield guessed it; and on their second interview, when Hiffield's lawyers had given their prejudiced view of the case, as Gertrude shook hands in farewell, the old lady put her arms round her.

"My dearie," she said; "my dearie, don't you fret now. I know you can't hide it from me. Do you think I can't feel your anxiety every time you touch me? But, my dear, my dear, as God is my witness, I am sure your young man is as innocent as you are. I am certain of it. There, there now, don't cry, my dear."

For the first time Gertrude, unable to resist the motherly sympathy of the old lady, wept upon her breast. The two women wept together, and the little scene served to tighten the bond between them.

But Gertrude's hardest ordeal had been with Mrs. Bruce. After that first interview, in which Mrs. Bruce had unbent and shown the heart beneath her pride, she had slipped back into her old "hauteur" of temperament and bearing, and Gertrude had more than once met with considerable difficulty in living up to her ideals as month after month had passed, and the mother had heard more and more of her son's relations with Hiffield, she had warned him frequently that he was not keeping his "employe," as she designated the money-lender, sufficiently at arm's length.

The shock, therefore, of Bruce's accusation and arrest were more than can be described. Gertrude, as white as death itself, went home first of all, for a strange and characteristic reason. She slipped upstairs to her bedroom, with a pot of rouge bought deliberately on the way home, and reddened her cheeks; and then with, as she hoped, no trace of the terror in her face, not even the pallor of her cheek, she went to tell Mrs. Bruce.

She never remembered what she said, or how she said it. All she remembered was that a living being changed to a deadly, icy, marble statue, that spoke mechanically from cold lips, and demanded the story from the beginning to the end.

When it was told the statue arose, and moved to the little writing-table in the window. "I knew something awful would happen to my son," it said pitifully, "if he lowered himself t—to these canaille. But I will write to my s—s—sol——"

The voice dwindled off, and Gertrude caught the falling figure in her young arms.

Then, with the alarming ringing of the bell and the rush of servants, and the arrival of a doctor, it seemed to Gertrude that the dark spell that had lasted through the interview broke away, and left her with a clarity of thought and a definite purpose, and a nerve of steel for the work that was to follow.

As for Mrs. Bruce, the stroke that had fallen on her wrecked at once the upright and gallant bearing, and brought her to her bed, a wrinkled, feeble old woman.

During the hearing before the magistrate, Gertrude was in court as close to Bruce as she could get.

The conductor's evidence was given with considerable emphasis. There was little doubt in his mind about Bruce's guilt.

"The diseased man," as he insisted upon calling Mr. Hiffield, "travelled regular on my tram. Always 'ad 'is same old seat. The last of the single ones. Ho, yus! we conductors gets to know fices—on'y a blind man wouldn't wen gents travel by the same tram every bloomin' dye.

"I was just collecting fares when the diseased called to me. The condemned man—ho, mustn't I? I shall call 'im wot I like—well, Mr. Bruce, then, was setting just be'ind him, and the corpse said to me, 'If this 'ere gent keeps on at me I'll trouble you to call a policeman,' 'e says, or words to that effect. What was they doing? They was 'avin' a few words I should think—and the old gent was fed up with 'em. Well, I goes forrard, and just as I gets ready for the balancing trick"—(Asked to explain, the conductor said that the tram was travelling on a single line at the time, and when coming to the double-line section the sudden swerve of the vehicle demands a corresponding balancing of the body; the trade calls it the balancing trick.)—"I hears a shriek. The ole gent was half standing up. 'Help!' 'e cries; 'he's killed me!'"

"Was that all?"

"Well, I didn't 'ear him say nothing else—leastways, nothing that I could understand."

"Did you hear anything?"

"Yes, my lud, I wuz surprised; that's why I ain't sure whether I 'eard plain. I thought 'e said 'Curse it!' only the diseased was such a pious sort, 'e wouldn't use bed lengwidge. 'E never 'ad before on my tram."

Gertrude, Joseph, and Mrs. Pattifer's evidence, skilfully extracted, served to bring out the fact that there was a ground for quarrelling between the two men.

Then came the most damning piece of evidence.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Weak Defence.

The doctor who performed the post-mortem said that Mr. Hiffield had undoubtedly died from the effects of a hypodermic injection of some rare poison. There was a ragged puncture in the right arm of the dead man. It was a large wound for a syringe to make, but the instrument carried by Bruce was a home-made affair, and very crude. It possessed one feature—a peculiarly sharp needle. Yes; the wound was such as that very syringe would make. Its ragged appearance would be accounted for by the momentary lurching of the tram as it passed the points on to the double line.

As for the poison, he could not name it. But its effect had been the sudden paralysis of the heart. He had washed out the syringe and attempted to analyse any traces of the poison in the solution thus obtained, but without result. In his opinion the crime was committed with the syringe produced in court.

Bruce's solicitor stated that the syringe had been sent to the prisoner by a vet. to poison a dog, and it had been used for that purpose in the morning. He gave Kezzit's name and address. He said that Bruce was certain that there was no poison left in the tube, for Kezzit had given him particular instructions to be careful. He was certain that in any case it had not touched Hiffield.

He explained the fact of its being found in his hand on the ground that the prisoner had a habit of playing with his pipe-case in his side pocket, especially when engaged in conversation. He supposed that, putting his hand in his pocket, whilst talking to Mr. Hiffield, he had fingered the syringe case automatically, and had withdrawn the instrument whilst talking.

"Is the man Kezzit present?" asked the magistrate.

Bruce's cheek grew paler as the lawyer replied: "No, your Worship; it appears that the man has gone away, leaving no address."

"When?"

"On the night before the murder, leaving no trace behind him!"

This looked, of course, as if he were in complicity with Bruce, and had gone into hiding to escape arrest.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hiffield's solicitor had stated that Bruce was heavily in debt to their dead client, who had ordered them to bring Bruce within an inch of the Bankruptcy Court, but he had some private motive which they did not know for wishing to bring considerable pressure upon Bruce.

This motive Bruce refused to explain, knowing that this would immediately drag poor Rose into the matter. All he could say was that Mr. Hiffield had wished him to take a particular line of conduct in some private business, and, on his refusing, had sworn to bring him to his knees by selling him up.

Such a thin story was received with open contempt, and the magistrate contented himself with saying that it was no business of his to comment on the case, and he must commit Bruce to trial. Bail, of course, was refused.

Mrs. Pattifer was highly indignant, and left the court with the firm intention of telling the magistrate what she thought of him. It was astonishing what spirit the little woman had plucked up, and with what valiant intentions she bustled out of the court.

Joseph had great difficulty in holding her back.

"Let me go, 'J.,'" she cried. "I call him an assassinator. I only wonder that he didn't hang us every one."

It was in vain that Joseph pointed out that no one had been hanged, and it was most unlikely that Bruce would suffer.

"All the same it's disgraceful," Mrs. Pattifer replied, addressing her vis-a-vis in the 'bus as they had entered. "I never did believe in slandering and backbiting. Taking away a man's character as if it was his old trousers. I'm sure, even then, you can often make a mistake, for I gave away a pair of my boy's last spring to a man at the door for an umbrella plant, though why it's called by such a silly name no one can tell me, and then when I came to water it I found the man had planted it without any roots on purpose."

The opposite passenger granted a response, but Mrs. Pattifer sailed on. "Personalities, my dear husband used to say, should be evaded. He used to impress it upon me because, being the vicar's wife, I had to hear a great deal of news about the parish, which he never let me repeat to him.

"I remember once when our schoolmistress refused the churchwarden because she said she didn't like his looks, because his name was Blabbs, and most reasonable, I always thought, my husband said it was a wicked inuendo."

"Hush, mother, you'll only make matters worse. Do keep quiet about it." Joseph spoke with growing irritation, but Mrs. Pattifer looked severely on her son.

"I know you've a lot to put up with, 'J.,' and it's not their fault that you aren't at this moment being drawn or quartered, or having the rack, the nasty, blood-thirsty, idle, loafing creatures. When you see a man who has nothing else to do but sit in a box and go to sleep, be sure that he will come to a bad end. There was a night watchman outside our house, you will remember, who fell in his own fire through sleeping, and spoilt his own supper in consequence. And we all know about the ten Virgins who——"

Fortunately at this moment "J." pulled Mrs. Pattifer out of the 'bus.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Black Cap.

Bruce's counsel did not hide from him the seriousness of the situation. "It's a fatal thing, in the first place," he said, "that Kezzit has disappeared so suddenly. If we could have had his evidence about his injection it would have been something. It's even worse that you should have destroyed his letter. As it is, it looks, of course, as if he and you had been in conspiracy together.

"It seems to me that the only course is to try and prove that Hiffield died of some other and a more natural cause. I'm going to have the finest medical evidence I can procure. If he didn't die naturally, then someone murdered him, and there's the difficulty, for, as it wasn't you, well—who was it?"

But during the trial at the Central Criminal Court no doctor could be found to say that Hiffield had died of anything but acute paralysis of the heart, brought on undoubtedly by some poison.

The new evidence given showed that Kezzit owed the dead man a large sum of money, and was known to be bitterly hostile to him. It was also stated that the dead man was that very day going o his solicitors to urge them to issue a County Court summons against Bruce, while Rose insisted upon disclosing the reason of Hiffield's conduct towards him.

Bruce's dog was brought into the case, and was shown by the prosecution to have died of the same poison as Hiffield.

The judge summed up gravely. He reminded the jury that it was no light matter on which they had to decide, and if they saw the least shadow of a chance for the prisoner, they should give him the benefit of it. At the same time, he had never heard a case with more cumulative circumstantial evidence.

The only other hypothesis, so far with regard to the motive. Bruce He would not have saved himself from bankruptcy if Hiffield died. If, therefore, he had done the deed, it must have been in a moment of passion. The jury had heard what had previously passed between the two men.

On the other hand, the preparation of the syringe pointed to premeditation. Kezzit's disappearance was on the same footing. Had he given Bruce a double dose—one for the dog and the other for the man?

The only other hypothesis, so far as he could see, was that an accident had taken place. He could quite believe in the prisoner's habit of playing with something in his pocket. He might have drawn out the syringe in such a moment of abstraction. Then, as the tram swerved on to the double line Bruce may have lurched and unconsciously laid hold of Hiffield's arm or caught at it and driven the needle in. He left it to the jury to decide.

The twelve men filed out of the box. The half-hour that followed seemed endless. Bruce sat upright in the dock, seeing nothing, hearing nothing.

Gertrude's eyes never left him for a moment, but lines crept round her eyes and forehead that never afterwards disappeared.

Mrs. Pattifer sat still for a few moments wondering at the sudden silence that crept over the crowded court. Then she began to pray to herself, beginning in a whisper and gradually losing herself in a loud tone.

A sentence ran in her head—an odd phrase from the Commination Service: "Cursed is he that curseth his father and mother. Amen." "Curseth is he----" She said it at last with such unction that Joseph dragged her to her feet, intending to take her out of the court. "Mother, you don't know what you're saying. You forget where you are. Come out."

She rose with a silly smile. "My dear boy," she said, "I do know quite well, and, as the only clergyman's wife present, I think it's my duty to say a few words on this dreadful occasion. I will, too! I'll just let people know what I think of them—or something."

She struggled from Joseph's arm, and would have begun had not the jury at that moment re-entered and the judge taken his seat again.

There was no hesitation in the foreman's answer—"Guilty." There was no reply from Bruce in answer to the judge's question. He could not speak. For the first time during the trial Gertrude uttered a low cry, and hid her hands.

The judge unrolled the little piece of black cloth preparatory to placing it on his head.

A fortnight! A fortnight's life!—and then death! That was all Bruce gathered as he stumbled blindly from the dock.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Surprising Conduct of Mrs. Pattifer.

Mrs. Pattifer sat dazed over her fire, Joseph immediately opposite to her. Rose and Mrs. Hiffield occupied two other chairs. They could not go home: they felt they dared not. But Mrs. Pattifer's tongue was silent; they could not get a word from her.

"What's to be done now, Joseph?" said Rose at last. "I feel as if I had grown white-haired all at once."

Her cheeks were flushed with weeping, and she seemed worn out with sorrow. In her black dress she looked frailer and lighter than ever.

Joseph shook his head. "I don't see that anything can be done, except to get up a petition to the Home Secretary."

"It will kill Gertrude," said Rose, with a fresh outburst of sobs.

"She's a brave woman," said Mrs. Hiffield. "There she's gone back to Mrs. Bruce to-night rather than leave the old lady alone. I never saw anyone like her."

"Curse it! Curse it!" said Mrs. Pattifer suddenly. "Curse it!--curse it! ---Kezzit!"

The others looked up alarmed; it sounded as if the good creature were going off her head. Joseph sprang to her side. She waved him off.

"No, leave me alone!" she shrieked, "leave me alone! Curse it! Curse it! Kezzit! I've found it! I've found it!"

"My dear mother, do—do—please—sit down," Joseph cried, running after her, for the little lady was capering round the room.

"Why," she said at last, "don't you see? Don't you see? Poor Mr. Hiffield's last word was 'Kezzit,' not 'curse it.' The conductor and the others said they couldn't make out what he said. But it sounded something like 'Curse it!' It must have been 'Kezzit.' I've been turning it over in my mind. I felt certain that there was something in it. I've always said that a man's last word was always worth hearing, though my husband used to say a man never had the last word. But I couldn't make any sense out of it. I never understood that till to-day. It was Kezzit, poor man, who killed your husband. I'm sure of it."

The rest of the party looked at one another in astonishment. It did seem a possible interpretation of the last strangled exclamation the dead man had made. But there were yet many difficulties.

"That's why he ran away," said Mrs. Pattifer, triumphantly. "I don't suppose he thought the blame would fall on Mr. Bruce. Men never do think before they do anything. What you've all got to do next is to find him."

"But, Mrs. Pattifer," said Rose, earnestly, "even supposing my father did say those words, where was Kezzit at the time? He wasn't on the tram, was he?"

"No," Mrs. Pattifer said, "of course he wasn't. I don't know where he was at all. But he was a clever man, and he had invented all sorts of things, so we heard at the trial. Perhaps he had invented an invisible way of killing—I should think him quite capable of it. I remember a poor man in my husband's parish who invented something for going on and never stopping—like a Waterbury watch. It's quite true that when my husband went to see it, it hadn't begun; but the poor man said he wasn't going to start it until he had got the Queen to look at it; which he never did, poor, dear fellow, for something went wrong in his head, and he found the invention had got on his brain, like water, and he ended his days in a lunatic asylum, marking invisible shirts with invisible ink. Well, if he could do it, don't you think Mr. Kezzit might be just as clever? I'm not mistaken, I know I'm not."

"Well, mother," said Joseph, "I think that, at any rate, he must be found. And though the police could not, I mean to try myself. I know where he came from, and I'll go round to his old haunts, and see if they know anything of him there. The solicitor said he would set about the petition for—for—a reprieve to-morrow. I'll start out to-morrow, too, and look for Kezzit."

So it was decided. It seemed almost a hopeless task to undertake; no one could see that any good could come of it.

"But at least," said Joseph, "it will be doing something, and that's better than waiting here at home."

"Better!" said Mrs. Pattifer. "I should think so. "Doesn't it say, 'Let Satan find some mischief still, than have no work to do'? Yes, you go, my dear boy, and I'll advertise in all the agony columns for Kezzit to return. They always say, 'Will hear of something to his advantage.' I should think, under the circumstances, that it would not be telling a story to say so this time."

But Mrs. Pattifer's efforts in the agony columns were productive of no good. Nor did Joseph achieve any success. Kezzit had certainly not gone to his old home. Joseph tried the other bird-fanciers' shops in his neighborhood, but they, though ready to talk about the case, could tell him nothing new. Meanwhile, the petition was got up, and a certain number of names sent in; but Bruce's solicitor, under the circumstances, knew there was very little hope.

So a week flew by.

Gertrude, nursing Bruce's mother, did not dare to stop and think. She wrote to Bruce daily. She visited Rose and Mrs. Hiffield. She did a hundred things to cram her day rather than have one spare moment in which to think of the horror that was coming so rapidly towards her. When the night came, bringing the awful hours of loneliness in her own room, she tried to sleep, and fought against the one spectre that strove to find a place within her mind. She set her teeth and tried to think of anything but that. She read Shakespeare's plays aloud to herself, forcing herself to the task, and by such measures drove the horror from her.

It was not until the last week of Bruce's life had begun that any further progress was made. On the Tuesday morning of that week Joseph had gone hopelessly to town, meaning to try once more the birdsellers' shops near Poplar, on the mere chance that he had once heard Kezzit speak of them. Mrs. Pattifer, having seen all her boarders off and made their beds, was overlooking the arrangements for her scanty lunch, when there came a triple knock at the door.

"Run up, Mary, as quick as ever you can, for that's a parcel. I know it is; and if you aren't quick he'll go off with it and say, 'Gone away; left no address.'"

The writing was in a small neat hand, unknown to her. The post-mark bore the imprint "Washington."

Mrs. Pattifer lifted the parcel to her nose. "You see," she said, "it may be dynamite, for all I know, or a few herrings—and I'm not sure whether it would be safe for 'J.' to have it. A parcel from someone at Washington. Mary, where's Washington?"

Mary put her hands behind her, as if at school again. "Please, ma'am, I don't know."

"That makes it all the more mysterious," said Mrs. Pattifer. "I don't know either. I remember once my dear husband had an anonymous parcel at Easter, and when it was opened it was some tracts on the prophecy of Daniel, or someone, and it was rather a surprise for all of us. for I'm sure we none of us were looking for them. I used to clean his boots with them afterwards, because he said you ought not to look at a gift horse, and so he wouldn't read them.

"So I'm going to open this, Mary, I insist upon it. Poor Joseph has suffered quite enough lately without enduring any more disappointments."

She placed her cheap, black-rimmed spectacles on her nose and read. At the first sentence she sprang to her feet, turned to the last page, and uttered a little cry.

"Tell 'J.' I'm going to a monastery," she said hurriedly. "Do you understand? Into a monastery. Bring me my hat and jacket. Fly—fly. I've no time to waste. I'll be back soon."

The little servant rushed out into the passage for the articles in question, whilst Mrs. Pattifer continued talking through the door. "I shall go away at once and catch the train for Farringdon-street. Have I got enough money, I wonder? Look under the clock in my bedroom and bring me down the purse there. A monastery, remember. Oh, I'd better have a night-dress, perhaps; at any rate a bag. Bring the little one from under my bed. And put in it my smelling-salts. I haven't used them for years, but they are genteel, at any rate. There, now, I shall just catch the 11.20 at Finsbury Park if I'm quick. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

She was off like a shot. And Mary was left gaping at the suddenness of her disappearance. She turned to the table. Ah! Mrs. Pattifer had taken the parcel with her, stuffing it, box and papers and all, into the bag as she hurried away.

"A nice state Mr. Joseph'll be in, when he hears," said Mary, holding up hands of horror. "I wouldn't have thought it of the missus. A turning out quite at her time of life."

(To be continued.)

THE LEGEND OF PENGERSWICK.

Cornwall is noteworthy as the land of superstition and romance, and many of the legends found in the folk-lore of this western county are as thrilling as anything to be found in the realms of fiction. Take, for example, the story of the enchanter, Milliton of Pengerswick.

On the shores of Mount's Bay tales are told even now of a wondrous silver table buried beneath the sand, in search of which the children dig to this day, as their fathers dug in years gone by. This silver table was owned by the enchanter Milliton—a name which once struck terror throughout the length and breadth of Cornwall. It is said that one summer evening, when the waters of Mount's Bay stretched peaceful beneath a sunset sky, Pengerswick held a great banquet, inviting his friends on board a barge which was moored off Pengerswick Cove.

On board this barge the table was of solid silver, the plates and goblets were of pure gold; during the feast strains of music floated across the water, and above it came the sound of merry laughter. Then, of a sudden, fell tragedy. One moment and the barge lay motionless upon the waveless summer sea—another moment and she was gone. No storm, no swell had touched the craft; there was no other vessel in sight; swiftly, silently, she sank, and of all that gallant company not one was seen again.

Thus, according to one account, died Milliton—he who rebuilt the castle of Pengerswick in three nights from a crumbling ruin (says a writer in the "Globe"). By the aid of evil spirits, whom he summoned with magic spells, the walls and towers rose rapidly, and to this enchanted castle Milliton brought home his wife—an Eastern princess, so runs the tale, of marvellous beauty and great attainments. So sweetly did she play and sing that in Mount's Bay the very fishes heard her and swam inshore, drawn irresistibly by the wondrous melody. Many a spirit hovered about the castle of Pengerswick during these days—elves and goblins chained by Milliton's spells and forced to work his will—while to the castle itself no human being penetrated except only the master and mistress, with a few carefully-chosen servants, bound by terrible oaths, these latter, to speak no word of what they saw.

ORIGINAL OF DUMAS'S "DAME AUX CAMELIAS."

Few modern plays or romances are more touching than Alexandre Dumas's "Dame aux Camelias," and the tale loses nothing by the fact that it was drawn from life. The real Marguerite Gautier was Alphonsine Plessis, whose tomb, in a Parisian cemetery, is still (like that of Abelard and Heloise at Pere-la-Chaise) the object of sentimental pilgrimages.

Born on January 15, 1824, in a little Norman village, Alphonsine came to Paris at fourteen, first as a washerwoman's help, and afterwards as a milliner. At sixteen her remarkable beauty had already secured for her numerous and wealthy admirers. She has thus lived a life of pleasure long enough to realise the hollowness, when she met an old Russian diplomatist, who had recently lost his consumptive daughter. He was struck by her remarkable resemblance to the child he had cherished, and offered to adopt her. Her likeness to his dead daughter was probably heightened by the fact that she was herself consumptive.

Alphonsine died at twenty-three years of age, in an apartment looking on to the well-known church dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. Dickens was in Paris at the time, and was present when the jewels which had been lavished on her in her lifetime were sold by auction with her other effects. The coffin was covered with camelias, her favorite flower, the only one of which her neurasthenic temperament permitted her to support the odor.

The tale of her tragic end is generally considered Dumas' masterpiece, and has insured a romantic immortality to the pathetically-chequered career of a courtesan whose charity and kind-heartedness covered a multitude of sins.

GETTING UP EMBROIDERED NET CURTAINS.

Clear white and cream or ecru curtains must be washed separately to get the best results. Shake out the dust thoroughly, and put in warm, strong suds, made of any good laundry soap, and soft water, laying in first those that are the least soiled. If they are old and tender, pat and squeeze carefully with the hands, ly. Tears should be carefully darned before wetting the articles. Holes may be neatly mended by appliqueing under them bits of blonde lace, using very fine white thread. Now run the curtains through the wringer into clean water, changing this and repeating the wringing several times, until clear; put all in a pillow-case, or muslin bag, and scald in clean, hot suds. If you wish them white, blue in two waters, and use a little blue also in the thin, clear starch. If they are to be cream or ecru, get some yellow ochre, which dissolves readily in warm water, and add a little of it to the starch, to give the desired tinge. After starching, run them several times through the wringer to get them as dry as possible. Tack a couple of sheets securely and smoothly to the floor of an unused room, and pin your curtains down carefully to the sheets, putting a pin through each scallop, and seeing that they are absolutely without crease or wrinkle.

He: The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world—don't forget that!

She: Then you come in and rule the world a while—I'm tired!

Newspaper Man: I hear the storm blew your tent down?

Circus Proprietor: Worse than that! The rain gave the sword-swallower a sore throat and washed all the designs off the tattooed man!

FAMOUS HORSE BREAKER.

Some of His Methods.

Australia has seen some wonderfully fine horse-breakers during the last half-century, writes "Coonatta," in a S.A. journal, and from time to time the name of first one professor, and then another, has been before the circus and "wild west" show-loving public. None has left so long enduring a name as the illustrious Rarey, who was known throughout Europe as being endowed with a remarkable influence over the most vicious and previously untameable brutes. With reference to some at least of his methods, he seemingly did not court publicity. He retained certain secrets, but gave much information away, and invented certain varieties of breaking-in tackling which are still associated with his name. One such contrivance consisted of a surcingle buckled around the chest, having two short straps, each with a D ring sewn in (these latter buckled around the front pasterns) and a long rope, about three-eighths of an inch in size. In the surcingle two rings were sewn in, one on the underline, and the other a few inches up on the off side. One end of the rope was threaded from behind through the surcingle ring on the right of the horse, then through the ring on the right forefoot, up through the ring at the underside of the body, and down to the ring at the left forefoot, where it was securely tied. The long free end of the rope was carried back behind, where it was held by the driver. If the horse reared, plunged, or tried to get away, a steady pull on the rope doubled the forefeet up under the chest, and the horse went down on its knees with considerable force. The knees had to be padded to avoid bruises and scars. If the horse made a violent plunge it was liable to come down on its head, and possibly break its neck, hence this tackling had to be used carefully to bring the horse to earth before it had made much headway in its antics. Some of the best advertisements that Rarey ever received were from London "Punch," where imaginary episodes in the horse-taming career of quaint domesticated mortals were comically portrayed. The taming of the almost universally accepted impossible, as represented by the zebra, was even supposed to be within the range of Rarey tactics. This branch of the taming business has been considerably advanced since Rarey's time, for not only have zebras been broken into saddle and harness, but experiments have been made in crossing them with geonets. As the zebra and the donkey have a closer similarity in conformation than the horse and the donkey, hopes are entertained that the resulting progeny may in turn prove capable of breeding, and ultimately result in the evolution of an animal of remarkable constitution and great endurance.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON.

Behold, my daughter, the doubters have come unto me, saying:

"Where hast thou gathered thy knowledge of men? For lo, a woman may have ten husbands yet understand not one of them.

"And how shalt thou, having but one husband, assume to know all men?"

Go to! I say unto thee, a woman that knoweth one man well knoweth the combination which admitteth her to all men's hearts, even as an hotel pass-key.

Yea, and a woman that understandeth her own sex likewise shall know the opposite sex; for they are as night and day, exactly antithetical.

Behold, a woman gooth in round-about ways, reasoneth in curves and argueth in circles.

But a man moveth in a straight line, and nothing shall turn him from his course.

A woman is like unto a dog, which cheerfully followeth him she loveth, unto the ends of the earth, and gratefully receiveth a pat on the head and a kind word.

But a man, even as a cat, wandereth where he listeth, returneth only at meal-times, and desireth to be let alone.

For a woman loveth a people, but a man loveth places. And he clingeth always to that woman who maketh him most comfortable.

Lo! a woman regardeth marriage as the beginning of life, but a man regardeth it as the end of "liberty and of the pursuit of happiness."

A woman taketh love slowly, even as she sippeth her wine, but a man hath emptied the bottle and forgotten it ere she hath begun to feel the intoxicating influence of love.

A woman's heart holdeth only one tenant at a time, but the heart of a man is like unto a street cars, in which there is always room for more.

A woman remembereth tenderly every man whom she hath kissed, but a man remembereth most tenderly those women whom he hath failed to kiss.

A woman never hath a reason for that which she doeth, but a man can find a hundred reasons for anything he wisheth to do.

When love dieth a woman closeth the door of her heart and locketh it in, but a man closeth the door of his heart and locketh it out.

For a woman feedeth on memory and is satisfied, but unto a man the memory of yesterday's kiss is no more satisfying than the memory of yesterday's dinner.

A woman changeth her mind more often than she changeth her fashions, but a man never changeth in anything except his heart.

Herein, my daughter, have I given thee the combination by which thou mayest understand man.

GIRLS OF LONG AGO.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, and give us a maiden dressed proper and right. We are so weary of switches and rats, Great Langtry clusters and peach-basket hats. Wads of jute hair in a horrible pile, stacked on their heads to the height of a mile. Something is wrong with the maidens, we fear; give us the girls as they used to appear. Give us the girlies we once knew of yore, whose curls didn't come from a hairdressing store. Maidens who dressed with a sensible view, and just as Dame Nature intended them to. Give us a girl with a figure her own and fashioned divinely by Nature alone. Feminine style's getting fiercer each year—oh, give us the girls as they used to appear.

NERVES OF GENIUS.

Many of the men whose names we revere to-day in science, art, literature and poetry suffered from emotional disturbances, resulting in nerve storms, or outbursts of mental violence, which can only be described as super-acute mania.

The poet Cowper had strong suicidal tendencies; yet he wrote "John Gilpin" when suffering from intense melancholia. Shelley had an insane ancestry, and at Eton he was called "Mad Shelley." Charles Lamb had to be placed in an asylum, and his sister Mary stabbed her mother to the heart while insane. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy are almost a parallel to Charles and Mary Lamb.

At the age of thirty Coleridge was broken down, and he died a wreck at sixty-two. Southey came of an insane stock. The mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, died demented at forty-two.

Pope was deformed and rickety, and Keats was neuropathic to his finger-tips. Byron's mother was unbalanced, and so was his maternal grandfather.

LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS.

She Holds It Up to a Man.

I'm angry at a man! It's not such an unusual situation in which a woman may find herself; but they don't always get so thoroughly and deeply into it as I am just now. And there's no immediate prospect of me getting out, because I can't tell the man what I think of him.

He came to the city from a small place about six months before his wife came. She stayed with "her people" to save expenses while he was getting started. He seems to have started in a number of unnecessary ways. Then she came.

His good look had not escaped admiring eyes. And he had put on the little "classy" airs of the city man. She had made over her wedding clothes, and she really looked a bit dowdy. But she's ever so pretty, and was quite a belle when he married her.

He had gotten the "tea habit," and drops into one of the cafes about 5, where several men he knows often come to join their wives or other ladies at tea. He really isn't in love with any of them. He's a very agreeable man, whose business success has come to him largely because he is attractive. And these women he meets are very "smart dressers." It's come to be one of his pleasures to be seen in company with ladies who dress well. He can dissect a costume with the practical eye of a man [illegible]

And the pretty little wife in her made over trousseau doesnt look quite smart enough. He cannot puff up his chest and look proud as he escorts her to a tea table or hands her into a seat at the theatre. So he doesn't escort and hand her.

It's not the easiest thing in the world for a girl who has been "one of the society leaders" in her small town home to sit down patiently and pine alone in a large city. She doesn't like it, and you can't blame her. The silly man is just enamored of superficials, just in love with the appearance of things. He makes excuses not to dine at home by saying he has business that will detain him. The wife suspects that his business will end in some kind of mild diversion. And, as she needs some diversion herself, she is not very happy over his taking it and leaving her to go without.

If the man was really in love with some other woman it seems to me I shouldn't feel so rageful toward him. At least, one could think that a great passion had upset his consideration for his wife. But that he should just be fascinated like a foolish moth by the tinkling music of the cafes and the good clothes of the women he meets there is too irritatingly exasperating!

A very wise matron once told me that men have a natural disposition to "take their wives for granted," if the wives do not keep them eager to take them for other reasons. I have an idea that she would tell this pretty, dowdy little wife to spend the money she has been saving from what her father gave her as a wedding gift for a home on some new, smart looking frocks and several becoming hats.

Angry as it makes me to see the calm way in which this man by his actions seems to undervalue his wife, ready to shake him as I feel when I see him leave her alone and away from her friends, while he goes to dine with other men and their wives, I really do believe that his fault is more of placing a false value on the glittering superficials than in really under-rating his life partner.

But I think if I were she I'd get a few superficials—if he likes them. Probably if she were stylishly dressed he would prance like a peacock when he took her about and people looked at her. It rather gets on the pet corns of that idealism we women insist upon cultivating, at the expense of our ability to see things as they are, when we have to realise that appearances, superficials and the rest of the trivialities have to be reckoned with. It's like deliberately unlacing the shoes and hunting for the clay feet of our man idols when we take measures to satisfy this love for externals. But—and here's a place where we can look at ourselves a moment—we are rather more apt to be attracted or impressed with a well-groomed, well-dressed male than with a slouch or a dowdy, so I reckon we ought not to get busy picking faults till we have done some "first aid" work to our own optics.

All the same, I'm still mad at that silly man!

Ah, take from me the yesterdays,
Although their memory is sweet,
And take to-morrow if you will—
Its joys, at best, are incomplete;
And take to-day, with all it brings.
For now, of little worth it seems;
If you but give me in return
That misty "Someday" of my dreams.

The Cause of the Trouble.

'Twas only yesterday he sang
And danced for very joy of living.
To-day we find him sick and ill,
About his funeral and will
Elabor

TO THE UTTERMOST FARTHING,

Or

JOHN ROSS'S SECRET.

I.

There was nothing very remarkable in the early life of John Ross; the history of his childhood and young manhood days was the history, over again, of hundreds of others, placed in similar circumstances and environment.

Born of poor, though highly respectable parents, he was sent like all the other children of his native town, to the little national school, where his abilities in no way marked him out as being anything out of the common.

In one particular branch, however, he excelled—the world of figures. Anything to do with figures, especially when they related to money, he showed a wonderful grip of; in fact, his ability in this particular direction amounted almost to genius.

When his schooldays were over, he passed out into the business world, and his first position was as clerk in the counting-house of a limited company. His abilities in this position proved the stepping-stone to a similar post with greater possibilities in the city, and [illegible] be removed with [illegible] at least of Mary Margery Brown, his betrothed.

The success came; and when his position was practically assured, he took to his heart the girl of his choice and made the bridal home in a pretty little semi-detached villa in a select suburb of the city. Still success came his way, and it seemed as though the happy pair were on the high road to good fortune and affluent circumstances.

At thirty he was made junior partner in the firm. And before five more years had passed, on the death of the senior, he became sole manager of a huge business organisation whose ramifications, under his skilful management, began to extend and to shoot out their tendrils into most of the civilised countries of the globe.

Then came the crisis.

The whole commercial world was shaken to its foundations by a series of economic revolutions; panic sets in, and at last, after weathering the first onslaught of the storm, the firm of John Ross and Co. was landed in ruin, and had to close its doors.

With the blow, the pretty little villa home was swept away; and John Ross, with the faithful Margery (who stood by him through thick and thin), disappeared, and their little circle of friends and acquaintances saw them no more.

II.

He was a queer-looking individual, a curious compound of age and youth. His eyes still retained the fire and lustre of early manhood; his features showed few signs of advancing years; but his abundant hair was snow-white—making a most peculiar setting for the comparatively youthful countenance.

His form was slightly bent, though the stoop had been acquired rather by contraction of the shoulders through his particular work than by physical infirmity; and, although he carried a stick, it was more from habit than necessity, for his leg-muscles still retained their elasticity; and he could walk miles without fatigue.

In a word, the snow-white hair and other tokens, in his case, were not signs of age, but rather the handiwork of affliction and increasing mental toil.

On the evening in question, he slowly made his way from the city, along the crowded Strand (crowded in the neighborhood of the theatres), taking note of everything worth the noting. He was still a student—a student of human nature, and never missed an incident, however trivial it may have seemed to others.

Passing down Whitehall, he crossed Westminster Bridge, and walked on into the Kennington-road, from which he turned into a side street, and was lost among the alleys that, like a cobweb, net this part of the vast metropolis. He soon reached his destination—a common lodging-house—and entered. His appearance was taken no special note of by either occupants; one only ventured a remark:

"Hollo, Skinflint! Back agin, like a bad penny. Take my tip, and try the Salvation shelter in Blackfriars. You'd save 'arf yer coppers."

The newcomer stood and pondered the idea it was apparently new to him. Then, returning no remark, he went straight upstairs to his bed.

"Skinflint," the other had called him; and the sobriquet exactly fitted him, for skinflint he was to the point of miserliness.

No one ever saw him waste, none ever saw him give; he kept himself, and spent on himself only so much as was absolutely necessary. Yet his appearance and manner of talk showed that at one period of his life he had moved in a circle far remote from the degraded sphere to which he had now sunk; his clothes, though poor, were neat; and his face never showed the grimy hall-mark of the professional tramp.

Where he had to do [illegible] what were his means of it [illegible] none of the other lodging-house inmates knew, and he never enlightened them. He went out early every morning, and returned late every evening—that was the extent of their knowledge.

Next morning he was up and walking eastwards, long before the streams of suburban humanity had begun to ow city-wards. As he left the immediate neighborhood of his lodging, his suspicions of being followed disappeared, and he stepped out like a man with a purpose—through the Strand, along Fleet-street, through the city, and on towards the eastern suburbs.

As he entered one of the main arteries, with the bustle of traffic all about him, he suddenly stopped before a shop over whose door was a name with a Hebrew twang about it. Without hesitation, he entered, bade the proprietor a genial "Good-morning," and then passed upstairs to a room which he entered without announcing his arrival.

He had been expected. At once a woman and a little girl sprang from their seats and ran towards him.

The man was John Ross; the woman and little girl were his wife Margery and child Jeannie.

First he saluted his wife with a hearty kiss; then he took up his darling in his arms, and she clung about his neck and covered his face with caresses.

"There, there, Jeannie! That'll do!" broke in her mother; "dad is hungry, no doubt, and the breakfast is all ready. Come on, dear."

And she took her husband's arm, and led him to the table. A few words of thanks from John Ross, and the meal proceeded—a meal characterised by little conversation; but a brooding silence that was almost sacred hung over the table, that spoke eloquently of the strong ties that bound the three to each other.

After breakfast Jeannie ran downstairs and out into the little back yard. Then Margery turned, and, resting her arms on her husband's shoulders, looked eagerly into his careworn face.

"How much longer, dear John? How much longer is this mystery and anxiety and worry to go on? Can't you take me into your confidence, dear? Can't you let me bear my share of the burden? Oh, I'd work my flesh to the bone to ease your anxiety and to lighten the load. Come, dear John, let me share it all with you."

And her hands closed around his neck in the intensity of her feelings and affection.

"I know you'd work your heart out, my own," kissing her upturned face. "You are the best and noblest and bravest little woman in all the world. You've stood by me all these long, trying years, and kept my head above the waters. But, believe me, dear, the clouds will soon part, and the sun will shine once more. Trust me, dearest, even though I can't explain. Trust me that what I do and the life I live is all for the best; and be sure the day will soon break when all the mystery and darkness will roll away. In that day I know that what I have done will re[illegible] on to the last name he went: "Mr. ——, so much."

The bags were emptied, the amount counted, and—the total was £5 short.

"Oh!" began the creditor, a hale, hearty man of the gentleman-farmer type, "never mind that five pounds! Lor' bless us, man! Hang the £5! You've done grand—splendid; and I for one don't mean to bleed you to death."

A hum of approval met this little outburst of sentiment, which the strange figure instantly checked. Raising his hand, he shouted, "Stay here!" and the next moment he was gone, locking the door behind him. And each kept his seat; not one thought of leaving.

Outside, John Ross hailed a cab, and was driven as fast as beast could travel to the shop where abode his wife and child. Quickly dismounting, he rushed in through the private door; and when he reappeared his watch was gone, his silk hat was gone, and his clothing was gone, not the city attire in which he had come, but the old, shabby suit. All the things he had sold for £5.

Then back again the city and into the room where all the folks were waiting his coming with wonder-laden eyes. Going straight to the table, he put down the £5.

"There, sir! There's your money; and now"—flashing his black eyes over the audience—"every claim has been met—to the uttermost farthing."

Then, before any could stop him or divine his intention, he shot out of the room and away eastward to his wife and child. This time he had no need to enter by the private door; his clothes were the old suit that they knew so well, and all need for further disguise was gone. Straight upstairs he went, and into their room.

His wife had not expected him, as a rule he came by arrangement, and after letting them know.

"John! dear John! What does this mean? What——"

"It means, dearest," he said, as he folded her to his breast, "that the mystery is all over. It means that my life-work hitherto is accomplished, and that from to-day we start afresh, you and I together, dear, to build up another home and, if Heaven please, another little fortune. We started with nothing, and," as he looked fondly into her eyes, "we are not so young as we were once, but, working together, love, all things are possible."

Margery stared at him with wide-open wondering eyes. She didn't understand one bit what he meant.

"I know you can't follow me, dearest," seating himself in her chair, and drawing her to his knee. "Listen, Margery!" he began; "you know I failed for all that money——"

"Yes, dear," she whispered.

"It's all been paid to-day—every farthing——"

"Thank Heaven!" she again fervently whispered.

"And—and—we are out of debt." And even his voice dropped to a whisper as he spoke the wonderful truth.

"I got together the money—never mind now how the task has been done—that'll do for another time. But I stuck at it till it was accomplished; and now, thank Heaven, we are free to begin again—you and I together, Margery. And by God's help we'll yet climb to the top."

Margery Ross was silent—struck dumb by the marvellous news she had just heard. A good deal of what before had been mystery was now made plain; but even she failed to understand and appreciate, then, the full extent of his sacrifice—the fact that while he had found the money for the comfort of his wife and child, and denied them of nothing, he had denied himself everything—even to the point of sleeping and living away from them (to cut down expenses and to more easily carry out his secret purpose) in the common lodging-house and a Salvation shelter, that he might save every available copper for the paying off of his great debt.

Suddenly she rose and threw her arms about him.

"John! My own John! Yes, we'll start together, dear, and climb up together—and win for the sake of the child."

Just then there was a big commotion in the shop below.

Briefly, it meant that John Ross had been followed from the room where he had met the shareholders—followed right to the East End shop.

But there were men and women among the shareholders who were possessed of hearts of flesh; men and women who would have scorned to barter their sense of honor and justice for filthy lucre; and they followed swiftly after him.

John Ross, Margery, and Jeannie were put into a cab and rapidly driven back, in a whirl of wonder and amazement; and once more he entered the room, leading his wife and child by the hand. Not many words were spoken, for British folk, when moved, believe far more in deeds than in spoken phrase.

And when, some half-hour later, he left the company for the last time, he carried with him the shareholders' grateful subscription—a sum sufficient to enable him to end his days in peace and contentment, with his wife and child, in a country home—a substantial recognition and appreciation of the spirit animating the man, who, in spite of mountainous difficulties, had triumphed, meeting his huge obligations even to the "uttermost far thing."

Ideal Partners.

"I'm the best partner a man can have at cards," said the chimney-sweep. "I always follow soot."

"I go one better than that," replied the bugler; "I always trumpet."

SALT CONTENT OF BUTTER.

Mr. A. E. Perkins, of the Ohio Agricultural Experimental Station, gives following simple and convenient method for determining the salt content of butter:—

Weigh out either 5 or 10 grams of the butter to be tested, which has previously been warmed to a salvy consistency and very thoroughly mixed, into any receptacle, such as a beaker or cup. Warm gently until just melted, then add 20 to 30 cc. of commercial acetone and about 1 cc. of standard water solution of potassium chromate. A solution of nitrate of silver containing 29.06 grams per litre, is then added slowly from a burette, the mixture containing the butter being thoroughly shaken or stirred meantime. After the first appearance of a brick-red coloration, the silver nitrate solution is added, drop at a time, until a brick-red color develops which is permanent for several minutes after, thoroughly stirring or shaking.

If 10 grams of butter has been taken, each cc. of silver nitrate solution used represents one-tenth per cent. of salt in the butter; thus, if the burette reading showed 22cc. silver nitrate solution had been used, the butter under examination contained 2.2 per cent. salt. If only a 5 gram sample is taken each cc. of [illegible] solution used [illegible] per cent. of [illegible] in the butter. The residue from the Irish, Ames, Cherry, Patrick, or Wisconsin moisture test can be used by adding a little water to replace that driven off by drying, and the chemicals as directed above. (The titration can be made in the same cup used for the moisture determination.)

If the commercial acetone is not available, a mixture of equal parts of alcohol and ether may be substituted with equally good results. (Denatured alcohol such as is sold for fuel purposes, and the cheaper grades of ether are entirely satisfactory.)

This method yields results which are entirely satisfactory and comparable with those obtained by other and more complicated methods. The entire procedure, if carried out on the residue from the moisture determination as would ordinarily be done, especially by the butter-maker, can with a little practice be carried out in from one to two minutes.

The cost of the re-agents, all of which are procurable at any good drug store, should not exceed 1½d. for each determination.

THE SEA OF SAHARA.

A daringly ingenious French scientist, Professor Etchegoyen, has conceived the idea of turning the great desert of Sahara into an inland sea. In spite of incredulous criticism he declares that the scheme offers magnificent possibilities to France. He says that about a quarter of the whole desert is below sea level, and a canal about fifty miles long connecting the Sahara with the north coast of Africa would create an ocean half as large as the Mediterranean. There would be no great engineering difficulty to overcome and the results of the enterprise would be remarkable. All the arid regions surrounding the desert and those parts of the sea would become as fertile as Europe, since the present sterility is caused entirely by lack of water. Millions of human beings who are existing on the verge of starvation could support themselves in comfort, and a new colony, which would possess immense political and economic importance, would be added to the territory of France. A fleet of steamships could navigate the Sea of Sahara, the depth of which would vary from 10 to 60 fathoms, and build up a flourishing trade between Algeria and French West Africa. The most remarkable result of all would be the alteration of the climate of the whole of Northern Africa. Its temperature would be lowered, the professor declares, so that it would be no hotter than Natal, and it would become an ideal home for European settlers. Critics of the scheme assert, however, that if the weather conditions in Northern Africa were changed the climate of Europe would be affected. A temperate Africa would create an arctic Europe, and Britain, Belgium and Denmark would be buried under snow, so that their inhabitants would be compelled to lead the lives of Eskimos. Another argument employed by those who object to the disturbance of the desert is that the displacement of a large quantity of water would affect the equilibrium of the earth. The hero of one of Jules Verne's romances caused terrible trouble by altering the axis of the globe. The engineer who made the Sea of Sahara might be equally unfortunate.

IS YOUR HUSBAND TIDY?

Many an amiable controversy takes place between husbands and wives on the subject of tidiness.

Wives frequently declare that all the husband's "things" (a very comprehensive word) are in disorder while their partners assert, with rueful smiles, that since Mary "tidied up" they have not been able to find anything.

It is interesting to listen to the statements of both sides on the general question at the head of these lines.

Is there really any difference between husbands and wives in the matter of tidiness? Is it merely a difference of ideas concerning orderliness?

A careful consideration of the matter leads one to the conclusion that husbands, speaking generally, are not quite so tidy in the home, and the reason for this conclusion may be briefly stated in the following manner:

Husbands are obliged to be orderly while in their workroom, using the word to mean the place in which they perform their daily tasks; to be efficient they must be very careful and tidy.

When they reach home, they relax and allow things to be less methodically kept or done.

Wives are always in their workroom so to say, and the house is kept in an orderly condition. It is not merely training that effects this result; they know that husbands, with some inconsistency, are apt to grumble if it be otherwise, and they are anxious, as loving wives should be, to make their partners comfortable.

Naturally, there are exceptions to this as well as to every other rule, exceptions on both sides, but there is good foundation for the above general statement.

Same Old Story.

It became the solemn duty of justice to pass sentence on an aged man for stealing.

"It is a shame that a man of your age should be giving his mind up to stealing. Do you know any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on you according to the law?"

"Now, judge," was the reply of the aged sinner, "this is getting to be a trifle monotonous. I would like to know how a fellow can manage to please you judges. When I was only seventeen years old I got three years, and the judge said I ought to be ashamed of myself stealing at my age. When I was forty I got five years, and the judge said it was a shame that a man in his very best years should steal. And now when I am seventy years of age, here you come and tell the same old story. Now, I would like to know what year of a man's life is the right one, according to your notion?"

ADA REEVE'S QUEER MARRIAGE PROPOSAL.

Beyond all manner of doubt (said the famous actress to an interviewer), the strangest incident that has ever occurred to me "on the road" took place during a recent tour in South Africa. One evening, just after my arrival at the theatre, I received the following note by messenger from a certain colored gentleman, who, from the photograph he enclosed, I gathered must be a sort of miniature Lobengula or pocket Cetewayo.

This is how the letter ran. I have spelt it correctly, because his skill in that line was past all human understanding—in fact, it out-euphonised the most euphonic spelling imaginable:—

"Dear shining, twinkling, glittering Star,—Your voice must be even finer than that of the English lark, which the Heaven parson here has often described to me. But his tones are like the roaring of a lion. Lovely white lady, though I shall never meet you, I fear, yet I would like you to know that the heart of a great man—I am indeed a great man—is yours. In my own country here I can have as many black wives as I like, and cattle, and glittering beads. But since I have seen you no longer do I care for any of my black wives. Will you give me permission, Queen of beautiful white women, to set together [illegible] Africa of every human being except yourself? Then, lady of the Shining, Starry Eyes, you and I could become King and Queen of this great mysterious land."

The messenger explained that the writer of this note would carry out any verbal message I sent him without delay, though he would prefer to see me in person. I would add that he seemed quite surprised when I told my dresser to say that, so far as I was personally concerned, I was of a particularly peace-loving nature, and that I felt no wish to occupy so exalted a position as that of Queen of South Africa.

And in this way did I avert the terrible slaughter threatened by an unknown and seemingly warlike correspondent, who evidently had quite unique confidence in his powers of dealing out destruction.

THE RULES OF HEALTH.

The following ten rules, says a French medical authority, must be observed by all who want good health:—

1. Rise early, retire early, and fill your day with work.
2. Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensible.
3. Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.
4. Cleanliness prevents rust; the best-cared-for machines last the longest.
5. Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.
6. To be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes of temperature.
7. A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.
8. The mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusements, but abuse of them leads to dissipation, and dissipation to vice.
9. Cheerfulness makes love of life, and love of life is half of health. On the contrary, sadness and discouragement hasten old age.
10. Do you gain your living by your intellect? Then do not allow your arms and legs to grow stiff. Do you earn your bread by your pick-axe? Do not forget to cultivate your mind and to enlarge your thought.

LINES TO MY LAWYER.

O, retail dealer in those mighty muddles,
Which people call the Laws of this our State,
When Justice worries me and sorely fuddles,
How kindly you advise me! (six and eight!)

Full often, too, you even deign to write me,
The hour for soothing conference to fix;
In few short words you heartily invite me
To seek your cosy chambers—(three and six!)

You listen to the troubles which distress me,
With kindliest patience while I count them o'er;
With words of comfort then you gently bless me,
In sympathetic love!—(thirteen and four!)

How sweet must be existence in that Law
Which you, my Lawyer, revel and grow fat in!
While clients poor and hungry stand in awe,
And listen to your neatly-pattered Latin!

And ere I close this eulogistic ditty,
A motto for your office door I'll find;
It's truthful, though you may not think it witty—
"Who enters here will leave his purse behind!"

All to the Point.

Kathleen Mavourneen, the horn of the hunter,
The amateur hunter, is heard on the hill.
You'd better be doing a get-away stunt, or
Your person with buckshot he's likely to fill;
For amateur hunters have somehow a habit
Of shooting too soon, and, dentr Kathleen, they may
Mistake you, alas! for a quail or a rabbit
And leave you a mass of inanimate clay.

Kathleen Mavourneen, oh, pray, take this warning
And don't take a chance while the hunter is loose.
He keeps up his reckless performance from morning
Till night; so to venture abroad is no use.
Don't try it, fair maid, or you're bound to be swatted;
He'll think you're a turkey, a snipe, or a swan;
And unless you desire to be foully potshotted,
Oh, Kathleen, stay home till the hunters are gone.

Quite a Difference.

"What, Massa Bones," asked silly Sambo, "am de difference between an ol' maid an' a married woman?"

"What am de difference between an ol' maid an' a married woman?" repeated Massa Bones in the approved negroid fashion.

There was a pause. Then:

"I done give it up," said Massa Bones.

"Why," exclaimed Sambo, "de ol' maid am lookin' for a husbin' ebery day, an' de married woman am lookin' for him ebery night!"

Waiting.

Two Irishmen chanced to go into a shipbuilding yard, and one of them stood staring at an anchor lying on the ground.

One said, "Come on, Pat, yo 'av stood there long enough."

"Yis," said Pat, "and divil a foot do I shift 'til I've seen the man that uses this pick."

CONDITION OF PLANT FOOD.

It is not merely the amount of this or that plant food present in the soil which must be taken into account, but also their mode of combination. The fertilising substances may be present in the soil and soluble in the acid used for analysis, but yet beyond the reach of the plant, in a locked-up or dormant condition. The plant can only obtain substances which have been previously dissolved in the water contained by soils in the field, hence plant food in the soil is only available for the plant in so far as it can pass into solution. The apparent paradox of a soil being poor or impoverished while yet containing enough plant food to furnish a hundred crops or more, is thus explained by the comparative insolubility of these reserves, which can only become available to the plant by passing into solution. To use an illustration, the plant food in the soil may be represented by the capital a man may have locked up in a particular business, the available plant food will correspond to the cash in hand, which may often run dangerously short, however great the capital involved. Similarly a good many of the operations of cultivation have for their end the bringing of the capital of the soil into a circulating form as rapidly as possible, and the realisation of a profit [illegible]

HEALTH AS A BEAUTIFIER.

The best kind of beauty is that which is based on health, for beauty is, after all, more than skin deep; though the complexion may make or mar a face, beauty is rather constitutional, and the well-rounded woman, with bright eyes, clear skin, glossy hair, erect carriage, well-kept hands, and taste in dress, a pleasant manner, and a cheerful expression, is good to look upon and a delight in every way, whatever her type of complexion or features.

How fortunate it is that all of these good things are not entirely gifts of the gods, but readily susceptible to cultivation.

Take the complexion, for instance. While all may not have the peaches and the cream of tradition and romance, a clear, fine-grained skin, with a healthy glow, is possible to everyone, and there are numerous shades of cream and olive, and even slightly sallow skins are really beautiful and invariably in harmony with the tints of eyes and hair. Almost any complexion in its truly normal condition is good.

STRANGE PLACE FOR A TREE.

A remarkable story respecting a tree growing on a chimney in Stewarton, Ayrshire, is told in a book written by Pastor Kerr, of Chicago:—

"By the side of a little stream there is a mill, and on the mill there is a tall chimney, and on the chimney at the very top there is a little tree about as high as a man and as slender as a broomstick. It has been growing there for I don't know how long. It was there when my mother was a girl, and after she had been away for nearly fifty years she returned to visit her native town, and it was still there and seemed no bigger and no taller, and was just as healthy and just as hearty as it ever had been. There it has grown, high in the air, fifty feet or more from the ground, and has stood against wind and weather, summer and winter, during all these many years. How does it live? Why does it not die? You can see the reason if you look carefully, for you will find that it has a little root running from the chimney-top right down the side of the wall, which at last buries itself in the rich soil beside the little stream. That root feeds the tree, and in this way it has lived for nearly a hundred years."

THE "BEST MAN."

The "best man" who plays so important a part in well-regulated marriages that nowadays have any pretence at all to the fashionable, once on a time in Sweden occupied a position that was useful as well as ornamental. In the old days the Swedish groom found it desirable, in fact, to have several "best men" to defend him from the assaults of rivals and prevent them from carrying away his bride. The Scandinavian warrior of ancient times was far too lofty in his ideas to condescend to plead for a maiden's hand. So he patiently waited until some other man who was more gallant had obtained the fair one's consent. Then, when all the details had been nicely arranged, the proud warrior, with a body of well-trained retainers, dashed down on the wedding-party and, if strong enough, carried away the bride. The "best men" (and it was very essential that they should be the best men in those days), therefore, became necessary fixtures to the marriage ceremony, and they were so well esteemed and their popularity became so permanent that when the reason for their existence was removed they were still retained. Hence, the custom is preserved in the "best man" of to-day.

THE CHOICE OF A PARTNER.

The choice of a real helpmeet means so much; it means happiness or misery, comfort or discomfort, and to a great extent, success or failure throughout life. When keeping company with a man a girl should not allow herself to be carried away too much by the enthusiasm of the moment or the delightful novelty of the position, but she should ask herself, quietly and soberly, "Is he the man I can respect as well as love? Has he true sympathy, and is he generous and chivalrous? What does he think of me when I am not at my best, and will he put up with my occasional sharp temper and other faults?" If a girl can truthfully answer "Yes" to all these questions, then she may begin to think about trusting herself entirely into his keeping.

A girl must remember that it is not beauty or prettiness that will keep a man's affections, but sympathy, love, and companionship. Beauty does not last, but character does. It is the deep love and friendship that remain after the first glamor of the courting days has passed that are the foundation of lasting married happiness.

Purposely Misunderstood.

She glided into the office and approached the publisher's desk.

"I have a poem," she began.

"Well?" queried the publisher, with a look intended to annihilate.

"I have written a poem," she calmly repeated, "on 'My Father's Barn,' and——"

"Oh," interrupted the publisher, "you don't know how greatly I am relieved. A poem written on your father's barn? I was afraid it was written on paper and that you wanted me to publish it. If I ever happen to drive by your father's barn I'll stop and read it."

A Bit Too Much.

I was telling a friend of mine about an accident my wife had. She and I were walking along the street one windy day and the hat of a man ahead of us flew off and struck my wife in the eye, costing me two pounds for doctor's bills.

"That's nothing," said my friend. "My wife was walking along the street the other day and happened to look into a millinery window. A hat struck her eye and it cost me ten pounds."

WHY THEY NO LONGER LOVE.

Some Helpful Hints for Girls in Love.

By Our Heart Specialist.

The early stage of an engagement is perhaps the sweetest and happiest period of a girl's life, and in many cases it is the same for the man. With girls, however, the pleasure in her lover's society grows as the days pass on. The whole air seems laden with the music of love, and the longer she hears it the more it charms her.

Not so the man. Men cannot stand monotony. It is the novelty of discovering the ways, ideas and moods of the girl he is through the engagement permitted to know intimately that attracts him.

As a rule, after he is thoroughly accustomed to what once seemed unfamiliar and attractive, the charm for him has gone. Girls should learn that if they desire to fascinate always, they must never be "quite the same." Then there would be fewer broken hearts in the world.

For instance, there is a lovers' quarrel—the first. They part in anger. She is miserable, and so is he, for he doesn't know if she will forgive him. And it would break his heart to lose her—so he thinks.

Then, as is often the case, the woman is the more generous of the two. She sees where she has been wrong; but he, in his humptious conceit, cannot see that he has acted ungenerously or unkindly.

A note of apology for her share of the "tiff" arrives. Then, oh, then, he will revile himself. "How sweet of Mary—how generous of her! Of course, he was the brute!"

He asks forgiveness, and for the time all is well. But this must not occur often. He must not learn to know what she will do. It would be like always eating plain cake. One likes to find a piece of lemon-peel or a little spice now and then; it stimulates the appetite, especially of a man.

I am not quite sure that a woman, however, does not prefer to know well the man she is dealing with. It saves her trouble. "Frank is so reliable. I always know what he will do and when he will come." I have heard more than one girl say concerning her lover. But a man prefers that his sweetheart should prove something of a "surprise pocket"!

Let us, in imagination, go through that first lovers' quarrel. As I have previously intimated, a girl when left to herself generally comes to the conclusion that the fault is chiefly hers, and so she makes the first advance towards reconciliation.

That is as it should be, because when she first owns herself wrong—possibly a thing the man has never done in his life!—she endears herself to him, and flatters his vanity; but she must not act like this more than once or twice. He must not be able to say to himself, "It doesn't matter, she's sure to come round."

She must be dignified, and even if she is not entirely blameless in the matter, she must remain passive, and for once let the first overtures of friendship emanate from him. This advice to behave in what may appear like chopping and changing is perfectly sound. There is nothing so calculated to cause a man to grow tired of his sweetheart as monotony, in dress, or manner, or treatment.

With regard to dress. Of course it is very thoughtful of a girl to always wear "blue" because "it's Harry's favorite color," but I am sure it is not wise. Wear blue occasionally to please and oblige him, but let him know that you value the opinion of others as well as himself, or he may begin to feel too sure of you; and what we know we can always possess we do not always value.

Again, should a girl's lover have been unreasonable or have neglected her to such an extent that she fears he must be growing tired, she must on no account be constantly reproaching him, nor must she bribe him by being extra attentive.

You cannot force a man's affection by bullying him; and a love that requires constant coaxing is not worth retaining. Directly it appears that he prefers other company to hers, let her seem to be quite content and happy without "his majesty."

I knew a case—the man told me of it himself—where a man who had been engaged to a girl for some time, was himself beginning to wonder if his love were as strong as ever. One night they went to a dance together. A very old gentleman friend of the lady's was there, and he was so pleased to meet her again that he devoted nearly the whole evening to her society.

Had you asked the lover afterwards if he had been jealous he would have replied "No," but all doubts as to the state of his feelings towards her were at rest. Not only so, but the following day he pleaded very hard that the marriage might be fixed for an early date.

Some may think that if it requires so many arts and devices to keep a man's love it argues very ill for the days of marriage. The case is entirely different. When she becomes "My wife" she belongs to him, and "his property" is generally superior to anything another man may possess, except in the case of a specially ill-assorted pair.

Moreover, the woman who cannot hold a man's affection when it becomes her province to attend to all his home comforts either does not desire or does not deserve to do so.

THE MIGHTY AMAZON.

The mouth of the Amazon is over one hundred miles wide. Long before a ship reaches the estuary it is steaming on the waters of the river, which force their way far out into the ocean. It is said that three hundred miles out at sea one can draw a bucketful of fresh water out of the ocean from the deck of a ship. Long after entering the actual river, and having its banks to north and south, one is out of sight of land, such is the breadth of the vast channel. The river flows nearly the entire width of the South American continent. Take a map of South America and look out a place called Iquitos. It lies four-fifths of the way across the continent from east to west. Yet from Iquitos there is a fortnightly service of ocean-going steamers to Europe, which descend some three thousand miles of the river before they reach the ocean.

Difficult Task.

With an exercise-book on his knees, a sharp-looking schoolboy sat in the corner of the compartment scribbling for dear life. Occasionally he glanced through the window, evidently for inspiration, and sometimes there was an anxious frown on his face.

Impressed by the youngster's activity, an old gentleman in the opposite corner had his curiosity aroused.

"Can't you manage it?" he asked, in a sympathetic tone.

"Manage what, sir?" the youngster replied.

"Your home lessons."

"Home lessons!" exclaimed the lad, with a sunny smile. "This is ten times worse than home lessons. I'm picking our cricket team for Saturday, and I've got sixteen men for eleven places."

She: Robert, just look at little Elsa (aged three weeks); the darling grows more beautiful every day. She will make a good match some time or other.

He: For goodness sake, don't talk about such things before the child!

What is the similarity between a cooper and a musical composer?—They both use staves.

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR.

Is it Necessary to Tell Them all Your Affairs.

By Frances Mary Curzon.

It seems to be the expected thing that one should confide all one's family history to the people next door. How many women have grown to hate those parallel back gardens, because Mrs. Left or Mrs. Right, or both at different times—there are two lots of next-door, you know—would be waiting to pass a few remarks.

One wants to be neighborly, of course—that's the accepted view, and that's where the trap is. It so seldom stops at being neighborly. Mrs. Left and Mrs. Right consider they have a right to your friendship merely because you happen to have taken a house in the middle of them.

They let out a confidence or two. And they, sooner or later, though goodness knows you had no wish to be the recipient of their tears and troubles, expect your confidences, your views on husbands (generally and individually), your ideas on the care of babies, in return. And then, too late, you know the dreadful extent of what you have done by being "just neighborly."

Why do you lay yourself open to it? I am talking to all wives who have been in the predicament (and two out of a three years' lease still to run); and, as I have said, they are without number. Is it not chiefly the fear that if you do not reply to their advances, if you do not make their acquaintance, you will be considered "stuck-up" and "standoffish"?

Put that fear out of your mind. For your neighbors to consider you as stuck-up and stand-offish, and to so label you, if they want to, is a much lesser evil than the other.

For otherwise Mrs. Left and Right, Mr. Ditto and Ditto, and the little Lefts and Rights (if any) are more than likely to become a positive burden to you, and, in a lesser degree, to your husband.

I am not saying a word against being friendly with either, or both, of your next-door neighbors, if they are the sort of people you would be friends with in the ordinary way. That is an altogether different thing.

And do not think that I am advocating that terrible snobbishness which so often exists.

But is there any same reason why you should feel you ought to be friendly with your close neighbors (though, in fact, you know from the start you don't care about them) simply because circumstances have put your door next to theirs? That's where the foolishness comes in.

If they are your sort, have some of your ideas, or can understand your ideas, be friendly with them by all means. They rank, then, on the same pleasant footing with your other friends.

But if you're only friendly for the reason (and for no other reason) that they are neighbors, the business will get more and more distasteful to you.

Often Mrs. Next Door simply makes overtures to you for that suburban longing to know as much as possible about yourself, your husband, and your household. Once you're caught in that "friendly" snare you can never leave it, and probably you will, quite naturally, get to hate the sight of them, of their readily smiling faces—a meaningless smile, put on without conscious effort.

Mostly "next-doors" are as touchy as can be; and once you have set that weak, shallow standard of interested friendship, you must never forget to ask whether Mr. Left's corn is troubling him this weather, if Grandmother Right is just as well as she was yesterday, and how that lout of a Left's son is getting on in his first job in the city. If you do forget it, they will never forgive you.

And possibly your unfortunate husband will—how, he doesn't quite know—have fixed himself to the same carriage of the same train every morning, in the company of either Mr. Left or Mr. Right (or both); and if he dares to miss it one morning there will be idiotic or sneering inquiries as to the exact why and wherefore of his omission.

Next door will be painstaking critics of you and yours, and everything that you do or don't do (the grammar's warped, but I write feelingly) in any event probably. Let them be critics, and don't care twopence, but don't if you can help it, let them be critics under a thin solicitous mask of friendship.

Let friendship come naturally or not at all.

Prodigious Parsnips.

In a railway carriage one day the conversation turned upon gardening.

"I guess," said an American, "none of you ever saw such parsnips as I grew out in the States last year. Why, I had to hire a steam derrick to get them out of the ground!"

"Talking about parsnips," said an Englishman meekly, "reminds me of some I once grew in Lincolnshire, to try the effect of a patent fertiliser my brother had invented. The result was astonishing. Those parsnips for size easily beat all records, and just how far the roots penetrated into the earth we can only guess. To our disappointment, however, the plants suddenly died."

"I guess that was a pity," said the American, sarcastically.

"What was the matter with 'em? Outgrow their strength, I suppose?"

"Well," replied the Englishman, "we found out afterwards that it was because the ends of the roots had been eaten off by rabbits in Australia!"

A Tale of Letters.

Which letters are the hardest workers? The bees (B's).

Which are the most extensive letters? The Seas (S's).

Which letters are the most fond of comfort? The Eases (E's).

Which letters have the most to pay for themselves? The I's.

Which are the noblest letters? The Days (D's).

Which are the longest letters? The Ells (L's).

Which are the poorest letters? The Owes (O's).

Which letters are the greatest bores? The Teases (T's).

Which are the most sensible letters? The Wises (Y's).

The Right Kind.

First Girl: I like a man with a past; he is always so interesting.

Second Girl: That's true; but I don't think he's so interesting as a man with a future.

Third Girl: I like a man with a present, and the more expensive the present is the more interest I take in him.

"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another, during a talk.

"No; I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first speaker. "You are not a husband; you're a habit."

Friend: What on earth are you doing to that picture?

Great Artist: I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. De Shoddie will be here this afternoon, and when she sees her pet dog smell at that rabbit she'll buy it.

He who slanders wields a sword which he holds at the point; his own hands receive the wounds.

Figures on the prohibition vote come under the head of dry statistics.

FOUR DAYS IN A MOTOR.

THROUGH FOREST AND MOUNTAIN.

A HAZARDOUS RIDE.

[R.J.W.]

There are problems more easily solved than that of deciding where to spend a holiday. You think of where you have been and where you have not been—whether it would be wise to hie away to scenes of former delights, or to explore fresh fields—whether an ocean trip would be too risky, or a camping-out excursion too arduous—whether you would get more pleasure and benefit from a jaunt into the seclusion of the hills, or from a brief flutter in society at some fashionable watering place? And whilst you are turning these and scores of other considerations over—with visions of a trip to Maori land, noted the world over for its scenic beauty—two governing facts confront you. One is, the duration of your vacation; the other, the condition of your treasury. These rise before you like ugly monsters, and you wish you had four weeks instead of four days and gold in proportion. For the present that is not the case, and you straightway begin to modify your plans, and with commendable philosophy mutter to yourself—"Victoria is good enough" And why should it not be good enough? Did not the late Sir Thomas Bent characteristically describe Victoria as "the

GOLDEN-HAIRED GIRL

of the Commonwealth," and have not globe-trotters written from time to time of her surpassing scenic treasures. Remembering this, and remembering also that the show places of New South Wales and Tasmania do not exceed in grandeur and loveliness our own beauty spots—(many of them lamentably inaccessible)—there was no occasion to regret that circumstances had decreed that we should remain within the confines of "the golden-haired girl"—that is, in our own State.

With four days at our disposal a party of four—all men, wisely or otherwise—set out on a motor trip in a bran new, superbly upholstered, sweet-running Brazier car. To one member of the party at least motoring was a new sensation. Spinning along good roads in an almost noiseless car at

THIRTY MILES AN HOUR

in a balmy atmosphere is a delightfully exhilarating and fascinating experience, and if you never did so before you quite unconsciously wish that you possessed just a fraction of the colossal wealth of Rockfeller, in order that you might occasionally indulge in the luxury of motoring.

When the car drew up alongside the kerbing, with its owner at the steering wheel, the engine seemed agitated and impatient of any delay. Our destination had to be decided. After a hurried glance at a road map we elected to make

WOODS POINT OUR OBJECTIVE,

selecting as we proceeded what we believed to be the most attractive route. The weather was ideal for such an outing—bright sunshine, softened by a balmy breeze from the south, suburbs after suburbs was passed through, including the

Progressive Town of Northcote

and the south-east portion of Preston, where demolished brick yards and lonely chimney stacks suggest bygone activities and recall the wild and prosperous days of the boom. The car fairly hummed as it sped along Bell street, over the Darebin Creek, and on to the Heidelberg Heights, from which eminence a delightful panoramic view is obtained. Nestled in the valley is the

VILLAGE OF HEIDELBERG.

one of the oldest settlements of the State, with the waters of the Yarra shimmering in the sunlight, the fields fragrant with new mown hay and the dairy farms rich with flocks and herds. In the distance is Doncaster, the home of the orchardist, and the eastern and outer suburbs with evidences of comfort and prosperity everywhere; and away beyond are the Plenty Ranges and Mount Dandenong in their mantle of dark green foliage. As we turn on to the Templestowe road we follow for miles

THE YARRA VALLEY

and are impressed with its luxuriant pastures and the almost limitless capacity of the land if intense culture were introduced. As we ascend into the hills along a constantly winding, but very perfect, roadway, the soil becomes poorer, and is put to quite a different use. Expansive well-kept orchards are passed in rapid succession, each giving evidence of a fruitful harvest, and provided almost invariably with a large dam of water to ensure the trees yielding a plenteous and luscious crop. As we quit Templestowe the country becomes so undulating and the road so replete with turns, ascents, and descents that a ride on

THE FIGURE 8

at St. Kilda is suggested—minus of course the rural beauty and the revivifying atmosphere. Under these happy conditions we glided into the charmingly situated and picturesque village of

WARRANDYTE,

with the river Yarra literally at its front door, and directed in its course by a wall of rock 20 feet high. Warrandyte has a rugged beauty of its own. It is the artists' paradise, the tourists' delight, and attracts as many visitors at week ends as the limited conveyances will accommodate. Although only 18 miles distant from the metropolis the facilities for reaching Warrandyte are such as to choke off all but enthusiasts.

On we speed, over hill and dale. Along the bush-covered range, then past alternating orchards and cultivation blocks, through Ringwood, and on to

LILYDALE,

passing en route rich and expansive pasture lands, with browsing herds ready to yield up their contribution to the city's milk supply. Lilydale is prettily situated in a basin among the encircling hills. It was here that the

WORLD-FAMOUS SINGER

(Madame Melba) spent much of her girlhood, and so joyous were those days and so full of happy recollection that the Queen of Song, after concerting all lands with her exquisite art, has built her Australian home in the neighborhood, which is the greatest compliment that could be paid to the district and its people.

The intervening country between Lilydale and Healesville is mostly flat, but the view ahead entices you on It consists of a chain of hills clothed in sombre looking foliage, but brightened with the rays of the sun. Behind these is the main range standing forth in bold relief, forest-clad to its summit; and beyond this again are three commanding mountains—Juliet, St Leonards, Monda—which seem to dominate the landscape and impart to it a singular beauty.

HEALESVILLE

is noted for its fern gullies—some of them veritable fairy dells—and for its many beauty spots, and has long been one of the most popular resorts for picnickers and city dwellers. The hundreds of cheerful visitors afforded full proof of this as we motored through the streets. A trip over the

BLACKS' SPUR

is always a delight, and a revelation to those who are doing it for the first time. It was new to three of the party, and they were amazed and delighted with its grandeur and loveliness. The winding road over ascends, and when the summit is reached a climb of 13 miles has been accomplished. But when aboard a motor car—(provided it plays no pranks)—you have not to get out and walk, as is usually the case when dependent on horse-flesh. You are quite comfortable and free to admire to your heart's desire the

Ravishing Scenes of Beauty

which Nature has provided. You pass through magnificent forest scenery, where the stately gums tower supreme—on guard, as it were, over all vegetation of meaner growth. Valleys of tree-fern, of hazel, and blackwood come and go, and the earth is moist with oozing waters, gurgling their way into the hollows, thence into the streams below. The undergrowth is so dense as to be well-nigh impenetrable, and beneath the shade flourishes the fragile maiden hair fern and kindred forms of vegetation. When we reached

"THE HERMITAGE,"

just over the crown of the "Spur," a brief halt was made to view this delightful mountain home. It is superbly and romantically situated amid forest, valley, and hill, and yet possesses all the comforts and conveniences of the best suburban home. The legend at the entrance—"No admittance except on business" indicates the privacy of "The Hermitage," and the conservatism of its management, which is no doubt appreciated by those who make their temporary home there.

Continuing on there was not much to interest as we passed through

NARBETHONG.

The road is not nearly so winding and only slightly undulating, so we were able to accelerate the pace of the car to thirty miles an hour, and the change of speed was appreciated after two hours climbing. Then we commenced to descend—down, down, down, until

MARYSVILLE

is reached, and what a run it was. The valleys in the shade of the hills had gone to rest, the twittering birds had become silent, and the radiant glints on the tree tops on the range proclaimed that the evening sun was fast sinking in a purple and gold setting.

Keppell's hotel, Marysville, where we were accommodated for the night, is a popular hostely, and has been so for the past 60 years. Away back in 1854 the present proprietress, with her late husband, established the house, and it has been a resort for governors, judges, barristers, and holiday seekers ever since. In 1862 the Governor of China stayed there, and on his return to his native land wrote expressing his satisfaction with the attention shown him. The house, which shows evidences of old age, still commands its full complement of visitors, and those who wish to indulge in a plunge bath have the spring waters that race down the hill—caught in an enclosed cement tank—to gambol in. There are many beauty spots in and about Marysville and several noted fishing streams. Of the former

STEVENSON'S FALLS

secreted away in the recesses of the hills, is the principal. They are easily accessible along a track in the valley, which is redundant with foliage, tree-fern and forest. The noise of the falling waters, as they leap down the rock faced mountain side, fortell your close proximity to the falls, and make you eager to see them. You are not disappointed. The realisation in this instance exceeds your expectation. The final lodge of rock, over which the waters leap, is one hundred feet in width, and in the rock-studded basin below there is a foaming mass of agitated water, from which is projected for some distance the spray and spendrift, resembling myriads of diamonds The track from Marysville is so narrow that two vehicles travelling in opposite directions would be unable to pass. Fortunately for us other visitors made the trip on foot.

We were "all aboard" the car immediately after lunch

Heading For Woods Point,

one of the oldest mining towns in the State, thinking to be there before the daylight had spent itself. But as events proved we did not reach our destination, owing to the extraordinary country, the peculiar construction of, and, at times, the utter want of roads. Directly you leave Marysville you begin to ascend

Mount Arnold,

and you will gather some idea of its altitude by the time taken to negotiate it. We started at 2 p.m. and were still on its tablelands when darkness brought us to a standstill, and but for an hour and a half spent in sight-seeing we had never stopped travelling. In climbing what is known as Rubble Hill, and which, by the way, is far the steepest part of the road, our 12-h.

Brazier Was Fully Taxed,

and straining, as it were, its very vitals, reached the crown at a speed ranging between five and six miles an hour. As we wheeled round to the opposite side of the mountain we had a

Splendid Panoramic View

of the hills beyond, of the Cathedral Rock, and the peaceful and verdant valley of the Taggerty, studded with the homes of its residents. Life there in fresh air. As he retired he propped his window well open, and when he awakened in the morning the

Head of a White Horse

hung dreamily over his bed.

Our first act next morning was to examine the petrol tank. We found it so low that to have continued the journey would have been sheer folly, so we elected to

Steer For Warburton,

the nearest town where we were likely to get fuel, but forty-odd miles away. As we gaily left the Mountain Home we were innocent of the difficulties and dangers ahead. We were in a part of the country where motorists fear to go The experiences of the previous day were as nothing compared with this

Perilous Ride

down the mountain. The track was narrow and rough and winding, with several deep ruts. On the one side was the excavation wall—on the other the unprotected embankment, dipping steeply into the valley below The chauffeur was intent on his work, neither glancing to the right or to the left—the majority of the occupants had their eyes fixed on the road ahead—the

Scenery Ceased to Attract

and a kind of fearsome silence prevailed. The strain lasted for three hours—it seemed like three weeks—which was the time occupied in making the descent. Perhaps the

Most Thrilling Experience of All

was when the forecarriage of the car was hurled over the embankment, through the undergear striking an outcropping boulder in the centre of the track. It occurred in an instant, and but for an immense gum log secreted in the bracken the car, with its passengers, would have been precipitated into the valley below. Nothing else could have averted catastrophe. As it was we were partly dazed with the shock, and breathed a sigh of gratitude to our protector—the log.

The sudden wrench twisted the steering wheel right round, but no other damage was done. This was

The Only Mishap

we had on the trip, and when we reached McVeigh's, at the foot of the mountain, the strain and responsibility of the last few hours was over. After lunching we had a lovely run to Warburton, still 20 miles away, following the River Yarra the whole of the way. Our petrol tank was replenished and the rest was "plain sailing." One of the party on the way home informed the writer that he would not make the trip again for

"ALL THE GOLD IN CHINA."

[The driver and owner of the car was Mr. O. Gilpin, formerly of this town, and the astounding part of it is that he accomplished this feat only a few days after his certificate as a driver was issued.]

East Ward Progress Association

The fortnightly meeting was held on Wednesday, 10th inst. A communication was received from the Railway Commissioners stating that they could not at present see their way clear to erect a station between Westgarth and Fairfield Park. After other business being transacted, a social was tendered to Cr. Glanfield, coupled with official visit from the South Ward Ratepayers' Association. Games of bowls, quoits, etc., were engaged in. A prize of a new hat was donated by a member of the E.W.P.A., the president of which association won the game of bowls. The south ward were victorious in all events and thus carried back the ashes which were lost on a previous occasion, the hat going to Mr. Wright. Several toasts were honored and songs and recitations were given by Messrs Cooper, Baxter, Holt, Jenkins, Collier, Patrick, Wright and Pound, after which refreshments were partaken of. Four new members were elected. At the next meeting, April 24th, there will be a lecture by Mr. Mottram on "Healthy Homes and how to Construct them," to which ladies are cordially invited.

SOUTH PRESTON METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

The anniversary of the above has again come and gone and its celebration was most successful. The Revs. A. McCallum and J. W. Grove conducted the services in the afternoon and evening, and Mr. Thorpe, at a moment's notice, took the afternoon service, through the Rev. Mr. Grove failing to arrive on account of the breakdown of his motor. An attractive feature, as usual, was the singing of the children, who had been well trained by Mr. F. Thorpe. Miss F. Sinden presided at the organ and Miss E. Pike at the piano.

The tea meeting went off in an exceptionally pleasant and successful manner. The tables were collected for by 20 young ladies and presided over by same, two over each table, and were assisted by 10 young men. Both the cricket clubs also had tables. These were packed with the scholars, who appeared to be enjoying the good things provided for them.

The after meeting was well-attended and passed off successfully. Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., delivered a capital address. The Gipps Street Kindergarten Class did not arrive till 9 o'clock, but the gap was filled with a good impromptu programme of songs and recitations. Once commenced the young visitors from Gipps street gave some very interesting items.

Lady Northcote, P.A.F.S.

The above held their meeting on Thursday night, when there was a large attendance and an official visit from No. 52. Two new members were initiated and one proposed. After business a pleasant social evening was spent. Next lodge night social.

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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. BASTINGS, Mayor, President,
R. J. WMALLEY, Hon. Secretary.

PUNCH PARS.

There must be something about the atmosphere of the Federal Treasury which inculcates thrift and creates a yearning for mansion homes. Sir George Turner, when directing the finances of the Commonwealth, bought a beautiful, spacious house out in Hawthorn, and now Treasurer Fisher has followed suit in St. Kilda. Possibly Mr J. C. Watson would have done the same had he not been tempted to put his little all into a South African dredging proposition which panned out a duffer.

When Handel was playing the organ and refused to recognise the assistance of the small boy who pumped the air into it, the manikin went on strike until the great composer had to confess that it took two of them to produce the piece which he was playing. Present-day Federal politicians are imitating the small boy in deciding who shall be hung in the Gallery of Distinguished Australians, who are to go down to unborn generations as the nation-builders of this continent. Senator Turley, ex-wharf lumper, Mr. Charles M'Donald, ex-jeweller, both anti-Federalists, will be enshrined in oils for perpetual admiration, while the nobodies, like Dr. Lang, Sir Henry Parkes, and James Service, will be crowded out of sight.

Amusements.

THE LYRIC, NORTHCOTE.
THE LYRIC, NORTHCOTE.
High St., near Separation St.
The Cream of Cinematography
Every Evening

TO-NIGHT TO-NIGHT
The Management will submit for the delectation of their clientele the greatest of all Bushranging Dramas,
CAPTAIN STARLIGHT.
A Feast of Sensation and Thrill of over one hour's duration.
SEE—The Race for the Gold Cup—Sticking up the Mail Coach—Sir Ferdinand in a tight corner—The Burning Stables—The Gallant Rescue—Starlight's Last Stand—The Day of Reckoning, etc., etc.
Surrounded by
Gems of Drama, Sparkling Comedies, Cowboy Stories and Rib-Tickling Farces.
A Gent's Silver Watch will be Given Away.

No Advance in Prices.
Adults 6d. Children 3d.
Doors open 7. Commence 8 sharp.
E. C. HICKLING, Manager.

THORNBURY PICTURES.
THORNBURY PICTURES.
Northcote Tram Terminus.
Programme for the 162nd Night of the Season.
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING.
Rely upon our recommendation. We never say a Film is GREAT if it is not.
Pioneers of the Long Drama.
For One Night Only!
Thornbury Pictures Exclusive Photo Play:
THE WRECK OF THE AURORA,
or
THE COFFIN SHIP!
The story of a ship, old and unseaworthy, being insured and sent to her doom. The total destruction by dynamite of the lighthouse, the casting away of the vessel, and the heroic rescue of the crew by the brave fishermen, who were just in the nick of time.
A real Lighthouse blown to pieces.
A real Ship wrecked before your eyes.
Realistic! Sensational! Full of Human Pathos!
Direct from West's Pictures.
Our Pictures are the Latest, direct from the Makers.
Admission 6d. Reserved Seats, 1s.
We show on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

THE Combined ANNIVERSARY CONVERSAZIONE of the Princess Alice and Loyal Macartney, L.O.L.V., will be held in the Northcote Town Hall on Wednesday, 17th April, at 8 p.m. Admission 6d. Splendid programme arranged.

EPPING ATHLETIC SPORTS
EPPING ATHLETIC SPORTS
POSTPONED
from Easter Monday until
SATURDAY, APRIL 20th,
to Start at 2 o'clock. Admission 6d.

DANCE to be held in the evening in the Shire Hall.
Waltzing Competitions open to all comers.
Admission to Dance 1s.
ED. JAS. DEA, Secretary.

ST. PETER'S C.M. SOCIETY.
A GRAND BALL
to be held in
EPPING SHIRE HALL
on
FRIDAY, APRIL 26th.
Double Ticket, 3/6; Extra Lady, 1/-.
Good Music.
F. McDONNELL, Sec.

Public Notices.

NOTICE.

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Ethel Matilda Norris, from this date.
(Signed) ALBERT JAMES NORRIS.

Wanted to Sell

MANURE.—By Load or Contract, or Delivered in Northcote. B. E. Johnson, Baker, Northcote.

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

Stott & Bastings

Oldest-Established Auctioneer and Agents in Northcote.

Office: 203 High Street (corner Westbourne Grove).

Branches:
521 High Street (corner Normanby Avenue).
Station Street, Fairfield.
High Street, Preston.
Heidelberg Rd., Alphington.

SWORN VALUERS.

Expert Valuations Made.

Estates Managed.
Rents Collected.
Auction Sales Conducted
Loans Negotiated.
Buildings Arranged and Financed.

SPECIAL AGENTS for
LEADING LOCAL INSURANCE COMPANIES.

10 per cent. allowed to all Insurers.

HOUSES & LAND FOR SALE
HOUSES & LAND FOR SALE

Obtain our House Lists and Land Plans before buying.

Telephone, Central 1976.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

Tenders will be received until 4 p.m. on the 15th April, 1912, for the construction of McCracken Avenue and Hartington Street. 478B.

Plan and Specifications may be inspected at the Municipal Offices, High Street, Northcote.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order,
W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.
29-3-12.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

TENDERS for the undermentioned works will be received at the Shire Hall, Epping, to noon on Monday, 15th April, 1912:—

Supplying 150 yards of Spalls, Donnybrook Road.
Construction New Road leading to Thomastown Settlement.
Specifications at Shire Hall, Epping.

By order,
JAMES RYAN,
Shire Secretary.

VISIT

Hattam & Hattam
SPOT CASH DRAPERS
268 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE.

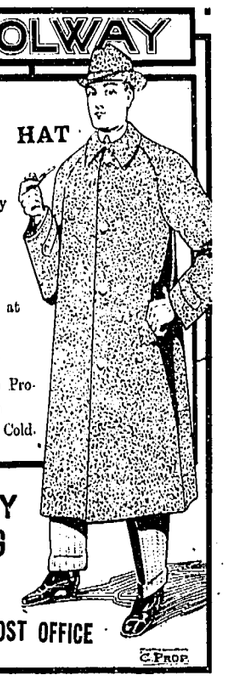
FOR

Good Value in Winter Drapery

Men's Chester Coats in dark, grey and brown, the very latest material and cut, all sizes; special line at 25/-
Men's Black Oilskin Overcoats, all sizes at 12/6
Fur Alpine and Lounge Hats, the latest production, which have a beaver appearance; our price 10/6
Men's Fleecy Lined Underpants and Shirts, extra heavy and thick; our leading line all at 1/11
Just opened up 75 boxes of Rick Silken Pile Velveteen, specially manufactured for us, all shades at 1/-, 1/6, 1/11 and 2/6 yd. Velveteens are very scarce this season and we are very fortunate in having these
Colonial Flannel, 28in. wide; special price 8½d yd.; 5000 yds. to be offered
Pure White Saxony & fine Natural Flannel; our price 10½d yd.

VISIT HATTAM & HATTAM
FOR YOUR WINTER DRAPERY

THE SOLWAY



OUR
BEAVER HAT
Is the BEST Money can Buy
Price,
9/6
OVERCOATS at
35/-
worth 50/-
Give you Perfect Protection from Wind, Rain, and Cold.

SOLWAY CLOTHING COY.
Opposite
FITZROY POST OFFICE

Board & Residence

MARRIED Couple want board and residence; husband, week end only. Full particulars, T. G. Eades' Agency, Ivanhoe.

WANTED furnished bed rooms, double and single, and sitting room. Full particulars H. R. Eades' Agency, Ivanhoe.

ELECTORAL REVISION COURT.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Electoral Revision Court will be held at the Court House at Preston on Tuesday, the 14th day of May, 1912, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of revising the Annual General List of Electors for the Legislative Assembly for the Preston Division of the Electoral District of Jika Jika.

Dated this 4th day of April, 1912.
CHAS. I. GREY,
Clerk of the said Revision Court.

Telephone, Northcote 87.

Excelsior Grocery
and
Provision Stores,
Corner Mitchell and High Sts
(opposite Savings Bank),
Central Northcote.

THIS Store is New and Up-to-Date in every respect. By placing your orders here you will ensure complete satisfaction both as regards price and quality.

Prompt deliveries to any part of the district.

SEASONABLE LINES:
Foggitt Jones' Ham Pate
Foggitt Jones' Veal & Tongue Pate
(The above are delicious)
Crosse & Blackwell's Pastes in glass jars
Reid's well-known Cheddar Cheese in tins
Freeman's English Custards
Salmon and Shrimp Paste

BUTTER.—Genuine Western District brands, the keeping quality of which is unequalled.

EGGS, new laid, absolutely reliable.

Hutton's Bacon and Ham Rashers. Having installed a new machine customers can depend upon getting the above beautifully cut to a uniform thickness.

A trial order will be esteemed. A post card will bring our traveller to your door.

GEORGE REID,
Proprietor.
Branch Store: 279 Westgarth Street, Northcote 8th. (near Fairfield).

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).

Houses and Land For Sale.

THOMASTOWN.—Two acres lovely rich black garden soil, well stocked with Gooseberries, all kinds Herbs. Few Fruit trees. D.F.W.B. House, five rooms, sheds, stabling. Well provided with water, handy to station. Sold as a going concern, price £350. Apply Robertson, Agent, corner High and Bell Streets, Preston.

Music

CLARENCE F. BROWN will teach PIANOFORTE Quickly and Thoroughly.
Terms on Application.
"Halycona," 95 UNION ST., NORTHCOTE
Phone 6445.

Lost and Found.

LOST.—Hand-bag, with contents, in Preston Park on 31st March. Reward. "Montagu," McCracken's-avenue, Northcote.

LOST.—Boy's Spectacles, in case. Reward. Dyte, Chemist.

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

Arthur Shands

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

Phone, Northcote 97
HIGH-GRADE TAILOR
88 High St., Northcote South

Estate and Insurance Agents

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.

W. Freebairn & Co.
(SWORN VALUERS),
HOUSE & LAND Agents,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
Houses for Sale—small deposits; balance rent.
Rents Collected. Insurances Effected.
Loans Negotiated.
Commissions executed.
Valuations made. Auction Sales arranged.
Agents for the Manchester Fire Assurance

Membrey & Deane
(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),
AUCTIONEER, ESTATE FINANCIAL and INSURANCE AGENTS,
SWORN VALUER
(Telephone No. 4632, 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.

NORTHCOTE & PRESTON AUCTION and ESTATE AGENCY.

Gordon Garrett & Co.,
533-535 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

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

MISS MARGARET D. WEIR'S Painting and Drawing Classes will resume work at Northcote Town Hall on Saturday, 3rd February, afternoon at 2.30, evening at 7. All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade, Royal Park.

Telephone, Northcote 4.
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/a HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON.
Close to Bell Station.

WILLIAM BRACE,
NURSERYMAN,
WISHES to inform all who are interested in Gardening that he has a splendid assortment of Blossoming and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses and Carnations, Palms of all varieties, Climbing Plants, Fruit Trees in season, Annuals, & all Nursery Stock.
All communications addressed to William Brace, senr., Christmas St., Northcote, will be thankfully received.

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

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

ERNEST LEES,
AUCTIONEER,
Sworn Valuator, House & Land Agent,
307 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.

Seaside Allotments!
SANDRINGHAM,
BLACK ROCK,
HAMPTON,
MENTONE,
FRANKSTON,
And other Seaside Resorts.
NO DEPOSIT.
Easy Monthly Payments.
E. H. SMITH, Estate Agent, 409 High St. Northcote (opp. Tram Sheds).

Preston A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the Bradford hall on Monday, April 1. In the absence of the president the vice president (Mr S. Wiunet') occupied the chair. Four new members were elected, and three prop ositions were rece'ved. Mr. Ross (trustee) reported that matters had been arranged with the late secretary. It was decided to ask the Board of Directors to urge on the Federal Government the necessity of establishing a rifle range in the northern suburbs in order that the cadets might get local practice instead of having to travel to Williamstown. Mr. J. Owen reported that the anniversary smoke night promised to be a big success. It was decided to place £25 in the Savings Bank to the credit of the branch's incidental fund. A good muster of members and friends is looked for at next Monday's meeting, when the syllabus item will be a lecture on "The land we live in—its explorers and pioneers," by the Rev. E. O. Knoe. Everybody is cordially invited, especially the ladies.

A REMARKABLE BLIND MAN.

Perhaps the most extraordinary case of a blind man being able to do seemingly impossible things is that of John Metcalfe, the road-maker of the last century.

An attack of small-pox when he was only four years old deprived him of his sight; but, for all that, when he was at school he was noted for being the best runner, wrestler, climber and boxer there, and could, with his dog, catch more hares than any other boy in Knaresborough, where his home was situated.

Close to the down runs a deep and dangerous stream. If anything were dropped into the water there was one person only who could dive and swim well enough to attempt its recovery, namely, "Blind John Metcalf." He was a good performer on all kinds of instruments, and gained the reputation of being one of the best judges of horseflesh in Yorkshire, a reputation which, as anybody who has anything to do with the horsey fraternity of that county will know, is by no means an easy one to acquire.

In 1745 Metcalf enlisted, and was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and also at Falkirk, and after his honorable discharge from the army set up as a fish dealer. In this capacity he used to travel weekly from Manchester to the sea coast and back with three fish-laden horses, without any other guide than himself. Finding his returns from this trade were not so good as he expected, he then took to the woollen trade, and for several years travelled between York and Scotland without a guide, and trusting entirely to his own judgment, which he made by the sense of touch, in buying his wools.

Travelling to and fro over the bad roads from Yorkshire to Scotland suggested to him that great improvements might be made in them, and he soon obtained a contract for road-making. This he carried out so well that he was soon in great request as a road maker, and in a few years had built up a business employing over 50 men.

No fewer than 300 miles of turnpike road were constructed by him, besides a number of bridges, but the best work that he ever did was to make a road over the marsh land between Blackmoor and Standish—a feat which all engineers of England had declared to be an impossibility.

This remarkable blind man lived till he was ninety-six years old. His name is still a household word in Yorkshire, and when he died he was worth over half a million, most of which was the product of road-making.

THE NERVES AND SLEEP.

The best nerve-food in the world is sleep. Good, sound, refreshing sleep will do more to replenish the nerve-centres and build up a fagged brain than all the preparations of phosphorus that can be devised. Nervous people ought to cultivate the practice of sleeping after dinner. A short nap after the noon meal will strengthen the nerves, and make it much more liable that the rest of the day will be spent in some sort of comfort. One of the principal difficulties that beset a nervous person is that he becomes too tired in the latter part of the day to digest food or to go to sleep. Thus it is that his supper generally disagrees with him. Sour stomach, belching of gas, and all the horrors of indigestion await him in the latter part of the day. Often a short nap in the middle of the day will prevent this. Nervous people ought to go to bed early. If there is a habit of waking up in the latter part of the night, after which sleep is impossible, the best way is to get up. But go to bed early. If you wake up about two or three o'clock in the night, get up and dress, and go about some light employment that will keep the mind occupied. The next night you will probably sleep later, until the habit of waking up in the latter part of the night and lying awake is overcome.

FRENCH OFFICIAL WISDOM.

A curious instance of official tact and wisdom comes from France. It is recalled by the allotment of the Prix Martainville, a sum of forty pounds which is bestowed annually as a dowry to a girl chosen from among those of Saint-Germain-en-Laye as the most deserving. The M. Martainville, in accordance with the terms of whose will the prize is given, died in 1825, yet no dowry was allotted until half a century later. M. Martainville's benevolence, in fact, exceeded his means so greatly that when his will was proved it was found that there was nothing like enough money to provide even one such annual dowry, instead of the two or more which he had intended. But the Mayor and Corporation of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, in whose trust the bequest was left, made no effort to divert the little fortune to other uses. They invested it until such time as it should produce at least forty pounds clear annual interest, which was not until 1876. On 23rd January in that year the dowry was first allotted.

Engaged.

"Did you advertise for a boy, sir?"

"Yes. Have you come in answer to the advertisement?"

"Yes, sir. But I'd like to know, first, what you mean by saying you want a boy who is not afraid of work?"

"It's plain enough, isn't it?"

"P'raps it is, sir; but I should think you'd rather have a boy that was a little afraid of work. Just enough afraid of it to catch hold of it, and wrestle with it, and down it, and jump on it, and get the best of it, and show it that it won't get the chance to prove too much for him. That's the kind of a boy I should think you'd like, instead of the kind that isn't afraid of work. Why, I knew a boy once who wasn't the least mite afraid of it, and he'd rub up against it, and walk right into the cage where they kept it, and let it eat off his hand, and at the same time meddle with it enough to soil his finger-tips."

"That's enough, young fellow; the job is yours."

At the dinner of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association Sir Squire Bancroft told a story of a young lady who tendered the fare of a shilling at the end of a journey.

"Half a moment, miss," said the driver. "Are you married?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You makes a bob go farther than any gal I know!"

It is strange how willing people are to die when they are young; how lightly they sit to the saddle of the great courser Life before the need that others have of them chains them to their places!

THE CHARM OF CHILDREN.

In those homes which are blessed with a children's hour, what wrinkles are smoothed away by the touch of soft, chubby fingers! What turbulent moods are calmed by the pretty prattle of flute-like voices! The fastest-locked strongholds are thrown wide open at the challenge of the "blue-eyed banditti." There are few things in literature more pathetic than the love of cold, hard Mr. Dombey for little Paul. And this is a matter of actual and everyday experience, for the entrance to some hearts is so narrow that at first there is only room enough to admit a little child. The power of the little ones consists in their very innocence; they bear in their hands that lily, the magic might of which gates of brass cannot resist. The integrity won and tested may be morally better, but there is a rare attractiveness in the simplicity that has not even the knowledge of good and evil. We reverence the round-eyed wonder at this strange, sinful world, of those who have so lately come into it that they have still about them the clouds of glory which tell of another sphere. Who does not feel the better for having come near such wondrous, unconscious purity? Who would not shrink from offending, in any wise, one of these little ones?

ARE EARLY MARRIAGES WISE?

Although a great deal has been said and written on the man's side of this question, very little has been taken into consideration as far as the woman is concerned.

From her side there can be but one decision in the matter—early marriages are not wise where girls are concerned. It is a curious fact that the girl of eighteen or nineteen of to-day is far younger than our grandmothers at the same age—younger both physically and morally.

She does not come to a full stature mentally till she is past the age of blushing girlhood. And to marry too early is to stunt her altogether.

Then, look at the hardship of taking a girl fresh from the schoolroom and thrusting her into new duties and responsibilities for which she is not prepared. When her lesson-time is done, the best and happiest days of her life ought to begin. She has no cares, no hard duties—or she should have none. Life is full of delicious possibilities, and chiefly sunshine.

This is a golden time of life, by far the best time she can have, and it is nothing else but cruel to cut it short.

IN THE END.

When he was seventeen he thought
The girl that he would make his wife
Must be most fair—all else was naught—
For without beauty what is life?

At twenty-two his fancy turned
To brains and comeliness combined;
He wished a woman wise and learned—
For what is life when stripped of mind?

But when he reached ripe thirty-two,
In state of wrecked financial health,
He thought an heiress he would woo—
For life is useless without wealth.

At forty-two his attitude
Was stolid and his heart was stone;
Yet now at last he understood
Man was not meant to live alone.

He chose not beauty, brains or wealth,
For life had taught him where to look
For happiness and hardy health—
He wisely wooed a buxom cook.

FOUND WANTING.

A girl should marry when she is capable of understanding and fulfilling the duties of a true wife and thorough housewife. Let her do so before, and she brings misery on herself, her husband, and lots of other people beside.

No one can be miserable and not let the outside world be influenced by it. Great sorrows and griefs may come to all; big business worries and annoying trifles arrive from outside affairs, but real misery born of discomfort and disagreeableness which affect man's whole life and work come from the home.

And a bad home-maker is usually at the root of it all.

A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

A Birmingham lady is authority for the story of a remarkable coincidence. A year ago she was crossing the Menai Straits when she lost her watch, but was compensated by picking up a valuable gold bracelet, which somebody else had lost. Some time later at Cheltenham a lady saw the bracelet and remarked that it was exactly like one she had lost, and produced a watch which she had found at the same time. An exchange was made, and thus two ladies became possessed again of their own property.

Her Revenge.

An old farmer, when he went to market, used to leave his well-filled basket with the host of the principal hotel, and return to dine later in the day. Hearing that an old widow supplied good dinners at a greatly reduced rate, he transferred his custom there, leaving his basket, as usual, earlier in the day.

The widow was not long in noticing that he ate a great deal more than his two shillings' worth, so she decided to teach him a lesson. Next time he came she was profuse in her apologies, and said that every seat in the dining-room was occupied, but would he mind having his dinner alone in a private room? Of course he didn't mind, and when dinner-time arrived he sat down to a smoking leg of mutton, and did such justice to it that when he rose it was merely a skeleton. He tendered two shillings as usual, but the widow said she could not accept anything, as he had been so much inconvenienced.

Highly elated, the farmer prepared for home, and lifted his market-basket down from a hook, when he suddenly shouted:

"Hey, missus, where's my leg o' mutton?"

"Your leg o' mutton?" she echoed "Why, ye old fool, ye had it for your dinner!"

"I have been thinking and thinking and thinking," said the dutiful daughter. "You see I want to give mamma an entirely new birthday present, and I can't hit upon anything sufficiently original."

"Look here, Miss Gracie," suggested young Johnston, "suppose you give her a son-in-law."

And she did.

It is better to break the engagement than let the engagement break you.

Hill's General Agency,

320 High St., Northcote
(late Mrs. Keith).

REGISTRY OFFICE.—Cooks and Generals wanted immediately. High Wages.

LENDING LIBRARY. — Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

All Leading Papers on hand. Deliveries twice a day.

POST CARDS.—Splendid assortment. Stamps in any quantity.

We stock HABERDASHERY and Everything to Suit Requirements of our customers.

APARTMENTS TO LET, Furnished or Unfurnished.

Board and Residence arranged.

TERRIFIC SHOOTING PAINS.

Heart Affected.—Had no Desire to Live.—A Housewife Cured by Bile Beans.

Mrs. Eliza Smith, of 32 Wentworth St., Tempe, Sydney, says:—"For three years I was a martyr to indigestion and violent headaches. Terrific pains in the chest and back caused me so much suffering that I had very little desire to live. My heart was also affected and flatulence added to my suffering. Awful shooting pains across the temples nearly sent me distracted, and at times it was all I could do to contain myself. During these long years I took a great number of remedies, but not one of them gave me any relief.

"At last I was persuaded to take Bile Beans, with excellent results. After a few doses the headaches became less severe, and gradually ceased altogether. My appetite, which had been very poor, returned, and I was able to enjoy my food. I determined to continue with Bile Beans until all my troubles were ended, and after a full course the indigestion and pains were banished, flatulence no longer troubled me, and I was able to get about and enjoy life. Bile Beans cured me in a wonderful manner. This splendid medicine is mild in action and does not gripe, or cause unpleasant pain. I always keep a box of Bile Beans in the house."

Bile Beans are sold by all stores and chemists.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS

Everybody
knows how liable the skin is to suffer from disfiguring blotches and eruptions; and how liable it is, also, to get cut and hurt in all conditions of life—at home, at work and at play. There isn't a woman in the home, or a man in the street, but
Needs
ZAM-BUK BALM to-day or to-morrow. It may be to check a sudden onslaught of skin disease, heralded by an itching rash or inflamed swelling; perhaps to soothe and heal a nasty cut or burn, to remove an unsightly pimple or sore, to strengthen a sprained joint, or to "rub out" a pain. For all these things there's nothing like
Zam-Buk
"RUB IT IN."

The London Fire Assurance Corporation
Ernest Lees, Agent, High St.

The London Fire Assurance Corp.
For Low Rates & Prompt Settlements, etc.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation
Local Agent, ERNEST LEES, Tel., Northcote 51.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation
Call 295 High St., Northcote.

Phone, Northcote 251.

E. H. SMITH,
LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
499 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.
Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

J.T. COLES & CO.
When Quality Counts We are the House that Gets the Order.
CASH GROCERS
We Sell Nothing We Cannot Recommend and have every confidence in placing before you.
NORTHCOTE, PRESTON.

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.

Announcements.

The Gresham
Fire and Accident Insurance Society Limited,
475-481 Bourke Street, Melbourne.

The name Gresham stands for Stability, Safety and Solidity.

It transacts, amongst others, the following:
FIRE.
Personal Accident and Sickness.
Employers' Liability.
Burglary and Housebreaking.
Larceny. Theft.
Plate Glass.
Fidelity Guarantee.
Drivers' Risk.
Motor Car and Motor Cycle Comprehensive Policies a special feature.

Local Agent:
ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer,
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Tel., Northcote 54.

Established (1883) over a Quarter of Century.

Commonwealth Insurance Co. Ltd.
(formerly Melbourne Lloyd's Underwriters).
Head Office: 56 Queen Street, Melbourne
FIRE. MARINE.
Lowest Current Rates.
JOHN URQUHART, Manager

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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).

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch, 200.

Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove)
Next meeting—April 18
Open.
Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.
J. FRAWLEY, President.
J. TYNAN, Secretary, High St.

I.O.R.,

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217
MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hal, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.
Next Meeting—25th April.
Social Evening.
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.
Next meeting—April 23.
Cards and Draughts.
Sick Benefits:—For 12 months, £1 per week; following 6 months, 10/ per week; afterwards during sickness, 5/- per weeks.
Funeral Benefits:—£20 at death of a member; £15 at death of a member's wife (if insured)
Contributions:—Benefit members, 1/- per week upwards; Honorary members, 1/- per quarter; Proposition Fees, 2/6.
Loans Advanced on Real Estate.
CHAS H. WARR, Secretary,
"Winniesville," Railway Place, Preston.

G.U.O. Free Gardeners.

NORTHCOTE LODGE, No. 27, meets on alternate TUESDAYS at the Peacock Hotel. Funds, strong.
Contributions from 1/2 per week.
Absolutely no quarterly or other levies.
Usual Friendly Societies' Benefits.
Entrance Fees, from 2/6 to 5/-.
Hon. Member's fees, 5/- per annum (6d per week extra for doctor and medicine.)
Single members entitled to obtain medical benefits for widowed mothers and family under 16 years.
Harmony, various competitions, and other amusements every lodge night.
E. G. ALDRIDGE, Secretary,
1 Bent St., Northcote.

MISS R. 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

The New Shop 248-250 High St., Northcote The New Shop
The New Shop 248-250 High St., Northcote The New Shop
(Opposite J. A. Walker, Chemist).

J. W. MANKEY & Co.
DRAPERS, MILLINERS & CLOTHIERS.
New Autumn and Winter Goods now showing. Dress Goods, Furs, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Millinery, Blankets, Flannels, Men's and Boys' Overcoats . . . .
There can only be one Cheapest House----This is the House.

Nurses and Private Hospitals

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 56.

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

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

NURSE HUNTER,
PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Reg.)
Midwifery Patients.
Every Care and Attention. Moderate.
"Morno," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote
(near Croxton station).

Educational

Westleigh College
Established 1886.
(Registered Secondary, Primary, Sub-Primary).
BAYVIEW STREET, NORTHCOTE,
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, Monsieur Bibron, 25/. Class commences April 26.

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 College.
Juniors, between the ages of 5 and 8, under experienced lady teacher, £1 1s per quarter.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1¼ 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.

Notices

L. NIEHOFF,
292 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Pianos, Music, and Phonographs.
Cash or Terms.
Pianos Tuned, Regulated and Repaired.
Late of Collins, Beale, Branch and Coy., Melbourne.

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

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

"Penlea," St. Leonard's Rd. Healesville
Beautifully situated in extensive gardens and grounds, beside the Watts River; on the main road to the celebrated Condon's Gully, Donnelly's Weir, and Myer's Falls, with a deep verandah commanding a panorama of Mts. St. Leonard, Monda, Juliet, and Riddell. Close to the main roads to the Blacks' Spur and Malcolm's Lookout. Ten minutes' walk from station & township.
Fresh Milk and Cream, Dairy, Garden, and Orchard. Produce from our own Farm. Every Comfort for Visitors.
Fishing on the Watts River on the ground
TARIFF: 25/- per week; 5/- per day; 8/6 week end.
W. Nichols' cab meets all trains.
Under the Management of Mrs. S. E. BLACKBURN.

CONGO PREPARED NEVER-LEAK ROOFING FELT
In rolls 36 inches wide, containing 216 square feet.
A Light, High-Grade, Permanent, Easily Applied Roofing
at the same price as the commoner grades of roofing.

½-ply Congo Roofing,	21/-	per roll 216 square feet		
1 ply	,,	,,	25/	,, ,,
2 ply	,,	,,	32/-	,, ,,
3-ply	,,	,,	40/-	,, ,,
CONGO DAMP COURSE—4½in.	6/3 per roll of 72 running feet			
9½in.	12/3	,,	,,	,,
14in.	17/9	,,	,,	,,
18½in.	23/3	,,	,,	,,

T. E. REDMOND,
Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,
410 High Street, Northcote.
CHEAPEST PLACE for Ironmongery, Crockery, Tinware, Churns and Milk Dishes, Window Glass, Wall Paper, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnish, Leather and Grindery, Diamond Dyes—Wholesale and Retail.
Guns, Ammunition, and Fishing Tackle a Speciality.
The Noted Cheap Depot for Everything

J. D. STEVENS,
DAIRYMAN,
107 HELEN STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Milk straight from our own Farm.
One Cow's Milk for Invalids and Children.
Orders promptly attended to.
The Favor of your Patronage and Recommendation respectfully solicited.

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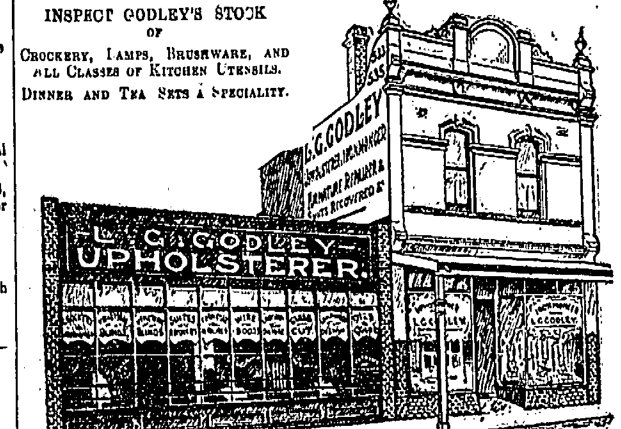
PLANS, Specifications, &c., prepared. Sketches and Advice absolutely free. Competent and experienced draftsman, "Architect," *Leader* office.

ARCHITECTS.
J. S. MOTTRAM & SON,
220 High Street, Northcote,
Plans from £1 1s.

INSPECT GODLEY'S STOCK
OF
CROCKERY, LAMPS, BRUSHWARE, AND ALL CLASSES OF KITCHEN UTENSILS.
DINNER AND TEA SETS A SPECIALITY.



A. E. WOOLHOUSE,
Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).
Cutlery of every description—Razors, Scissors, Pocket Knives (from 1 to 75 blades), Carvers in cases, Carving Knives and Forks up to 5 feet long. Cutlery ground & set daily. Optical Goods, Brushware, &c. Umbrellas of every description in stock, silver or gold mounted; or made to order. Repairs and Re-Covers a Speciality.

LINES BY SPOKESHAVE.

I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a bille toffered 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 O. 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

Announcements.

MOTOR CAR
FOR HIRE.
25 H.P. Seat 4 Persons. Hooded.
HIRING CHARGES:

Per mile (with passengers),	One Shilling
,, (empty) ...	Sixpence
Detention, per hour ...	Five Shillings
Day, or Half-Day Trips ...	Arrangement
Shopping, Paying Calls, &c. per hour	10/-
Wedding Parties, per hour,	12/6
Theatres and Balls ...	Arrangement

Write or Phone (Northcote 77).
A. W. WOOLLEY, 107 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Northcote Motor Garage
has just opened at
32 High Street
(next Ice Works).
FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.
Oils and Accessories.

Summer Drapery
AND
MILLINERY.
—LADIES!—
Before buying your Summer Drapery 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.

PHONE 6974
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.

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).

IF you are running an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and
ADVERTISE it thoroughly

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

There was much weeping and wailing recently over a certain evening party in high life below stairs that was brought to a summary conclusion. A well-known doctor in one of the eastern suburbs of Melbourne took his wife and family to the seaside for a month's holiday. He arranged with a brother medico to take his patients during his absence, and the servants were left in charge of the house. After the family had left the housemaid, who was fond of excitement and company, proposed to the other domestics that they should give an evening party and invite their friends. This was accordingly done. Invitations were printed and issued for a party a fortnight in advance, which would give them plenty of time to get the house in order again before the family arrived home. All would have gone well, only, unfortunately, the doctor found it necessary to run up to town that day, and arrived at his house about an hour after the fun had begun. He was amazed to find the house en fete. Dancers and musicians were in full swing, while his larder had been ransacked to furnish forth the necessary refreshments. He came in like a spectre at a feast, and summarily dismissed his retinue and threw out the guests.

There has been terrific trouble in two households in a country town, all over an egg, a mere hen egg, and not the largest of its kind by any means (relates "Punch"). The Dunstans own hens, three of them, the diligent of brown suburban hens, diligent as is, in chasing com... dilatory in the production of eggs. The other day, say three weeks ago, one of these hens took it into her head to lay an egg, and after making the street uninhabitable in her hunt for a nest, she laid a small, half-price sample, and then became declamatory about it, and filled the town with cries of exultation. The whole Dunstan family hearing this rushed out in a state of great mental derangement, and chased their new egg. They discovered that the misguided hen had crowded through the dividing fence and deposited her egg on the adjoining property, belonging to a prosaic man named Eddy. The Dunstans, all together, and with the excitement the occasion warranted, clamored at the fence, and asked Eddy to kindly hand over their egg.

Eddy took up the egg, examined it, and then declared that it was his egg. Dunstan pointed out that Eddy had no hens, and, consequently, that the egg could not honestly be his. Eddy replied that the egg was found on his property, and was legally his by statute law of the time of George IV.; anyhow, he said, he refused to recognise that the egg had any mother, and until the old conundrum, "Which came first, the hen or the egg?" was satisfactorily settled he would retain possession. The Dunstans got angry at this, and called the Eddys names for a week, and threw rubbish into their yard. The Eddys replied in kind, and Mr. Dunstan and Mr. Eddy fought ten rounds in the right-of-way every time they met. Coming home from church Mrs. Eddy tore Mrs. Dunstan's dress, and Billy Dunstan poked his finger in Tommy Eddy's eye and pushed him in the gutter. Then the two elder sons of the families fought with such earnestness that both are still a-bed, tending their hurts. Dunstan let the goats into Eddy's garden, and Eddy let the cows into Dunstan's, and the trouble grew to such an extent that at length Eddy agreed to submit the matter to arbitration. Three neighbors constituted a jury, and after hearing evidence declared that the egg was Dunstan's. Said the foreman of the jury to Eddy: "If a child of Dunstan's were born on your property would you claim it as yours?" This served to convince Eddy he was wrong, and he said he admitted the justice of Dunstan's claim, and bowed to the ruling of the court; but meanwhile he had eaten the egg.

The things a man who is possessed of a thirst will do to satisfy it with anything but water have never been half told; but one or two of them leak out once in a way. Mike and Bill were the owners of very dry throats at midnight recently. They had discovered the fact earlier in the night, but had been able to do little towards damping them. It was now, however, after closing hours, so they had recourse to strategy. They, therefore, knocked at the door of a convenient gin palace for some time without response, until at length the landlady came and told them to go, as she would not serve another drop of liquid that night. Mick, who possessed the Irish brogue in abundance, with cheek to match, sighed, and said: "Give us a light, well." "That's only a gag to get me to open the door," said the wily bar-tender. "You don't need to open the door," said Mick; "shove it underneath." The good-hearted dame at length consented to do so, and lighting a piece of paper, pushed it underneath. "Further, further," said Mike, until at last her fingers were beneath the door, when Bill walloped his stick down on them, the two disappearing in double-quick time down a neighboring street. In a few minutes the woman's shouts of "Police!" brought a crowd, and with them sauntered Bill, who enquired what it was all about. A policeman explained that a man had assaulted the dame, and Bill volunteered the information that he had seen a man running down a certain street. By this time Mike had come back, too, and added the information that he had seen two men running away. Their sympathy had the desired effect, Bill and Mike being invited into the now crowded bar, and had several rounds with them at the landlady's expense. They both agreed that the sequel had been worth all the trouble, especially as it wasn't their fingers that were hurt.

THEY NEVER FELL TREES.

Most of the Spaniards living across the Atlantic dislike to fell trees or cut live timber of any sort, and this fact, perhaps, accounts for the giant trees of California. The Spaniards, two centuries ago, pushed their way through Mexico to California, and, save the clearing of paths through the dense forests, not a branch did their axes chop down.

Nor do the Spaniards, transplanted to the New World ever destroy timber. They continue to build their houses of stone and mortar, at great expense of money and physical exertion, when timber in abundance surrounds them, out of which they could construct log houses, as did other pioneers, at a minimum of cost and labor.

The Spaniard does not even fell trees for firewood, but picks up dead limbs as they fall to the ground, or pulls them from the trees with his lariat.

"I like to hear a baby cry," said a crusty old bachelor.

"Why?"

"Because then the little nuisance is taken out of the room."

ADVERTISE.

Advertise!
Art, in asking him who buys—
There the merchant's secret lies.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Who succeeds is he who tries;
Who is asked is he who buys.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Who is heard is he who cries,
Waiting never won a prize.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Wealth is won by enterprise,
Slow-Go sits and sobs and sighs.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Patronise! Patronise!
Printer's Ink if you would rise;
Busy wings make busy hives.
—"Printers' Ink."

Northcote Leader

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

{Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.}

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1912

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

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

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

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Produce Merchants.

J. A. BOSTOCK,
405 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE,
WISHES to thank his patrons for their past favors, and also to inform them he sells the best
BOX FIREWOOD
NEWCASTLE COAL,
ALTONA BROWN COAL,
at Melbourne Prices for Cash.
Cut Green Bone, Victorian Chicken Meal, Pigeon Peas, Canary Seed and Sand, also Shell Grit for Fowls
All kinds of Produce at Lowest Rates.
Sole Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of REFORTED CHARCOAL.

Plumbers.

Water Meters Fixed.
JOHN SHAW,
(Licensed by the M. & M. B. W.)
LICENSED PLUMBER,
GASFITTER,
ELECTRIC & WIRE BELLHANGER
305 HIGH STREET,
NORTHCOTE.
Estimates Given for Sewer Connections.
Post Cards attended to.
Telephone: Northcote 96.

Sand & General Carter
Carrum, Frankston, and Preston Pit Sands supplied.
anager—T. JOHNS, 46 Henry Street, Northcote.

DO'NT LET THE
SEWERAGE
OF YOUR PREMISES
WORRY YOU.
Entrust the Work to
T. GRACIE,
SANITARY and
GENERAL PLUMBER,
Cnr. Arthurton Rd. & St. George's Rd.
NORTHCOTE,
and you may rely on getting
COMPLETE SATISFACTION.
The Most Efficient and Experienced Workmen Employed.
WATER METERS FIXED.
Sewerage Connections Guaranteed for two years.
CONTRACTOR FOR GENERAL HOUSE REPAIRS.
Estimates Given.

Announcements

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
304 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.
AKE 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.
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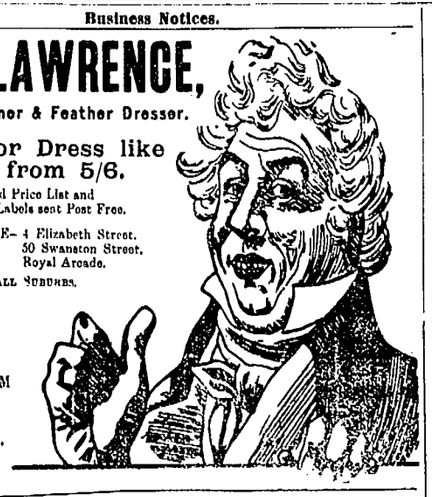

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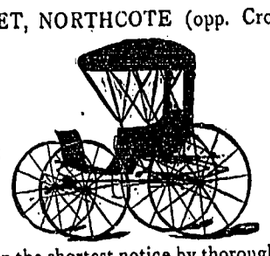

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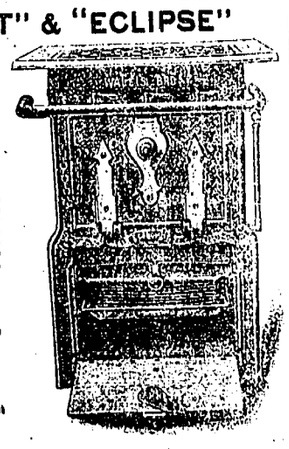

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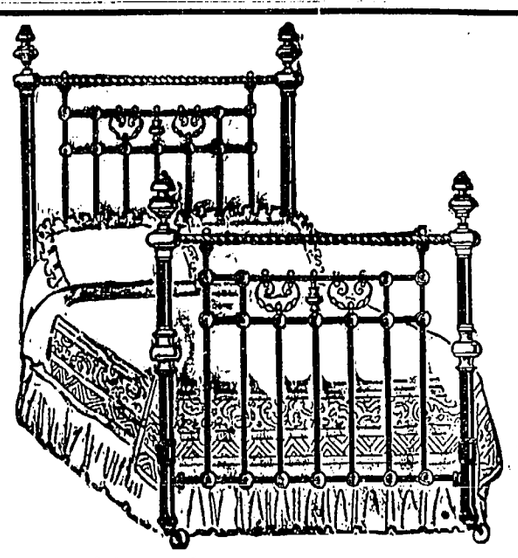

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Cooked Meats and Small Goods of every description and the BEST THAT ARE MANUFACTURED.
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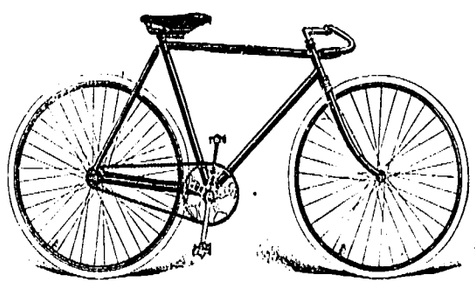

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Combining Cleanliness, Comfort, and Convenience.

A Gas Stove for Cooking purposes is unrivalled, and is recommended for its Reliability and Saving of Time and Labour.
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Gas Stoves are obtainable on rental at 1/6 per month; or on Hire Purchase, small deposit, and 2/6 monthly.
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A splendid range of Suitings & Overcoatings in all the latest designs and colourings to choose from.
All kinds of up-to-date Mercery kept in stock.
Suits to Order from £2 2s
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Tea and Coff always ready.

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PLANT NOW.
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ALL GOODS GREATLY RED
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Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Sunday, 21st Apr l.
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
7 p.m., "Transubstantiation," or the "Real Presence."
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. (JAMES ST.)

S.S. Anniversary (continued).
11 a.m., Rev. J. G. STIRLING.
7 p.m., Rev. R. W. ROCK.
All Seats Free.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

Sunday, 21st April.
11 a.m., Rev. J. G. STIRLING.
7 p.m., Rev. R. W. ROCK.

Tuesday, 23rd April.
SCHOLARS' TEA MEETING AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.
Admission, Silver Coin.

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Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. BREDIN. Subject—"Was the Resurrection a Revelation?"

Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

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7 p.m., Mr W. WILLIAMS. Subject, "Is life a Success?"
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2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. D. THORPE.

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Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. W. J. WILLIAMS; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject "Wasters and Spenders, Sweaters and Shirkers."
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. HOCKING; 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. WILLIAMS.
All Welcome.

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

EVANGELISTIC MISSION (Ten Days)
Beginning on Sunday, 21st April.
BAPTIST CHURCH,
High Street, Northcote.
Missioner, Rev. JOHN ENRIGHT.
United Service on Sunday nights at 8.30.

Also in the
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
James Street,
on Sunday nights at 8.30, conducted by Rev. HUGH KELLY.

New Hymn Book.

PRESTON FIDELITY TENT, No. 75, will hold an I.O.R. CHURCH PARADE at the Church of Christ, Preston, on Sunday Evening next, 21st of April. Members earnestly requested to be present.
C. H. WARR, Secretary.

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All pupils entered for Exams. during 1910 (30) passed, 5 with honors.
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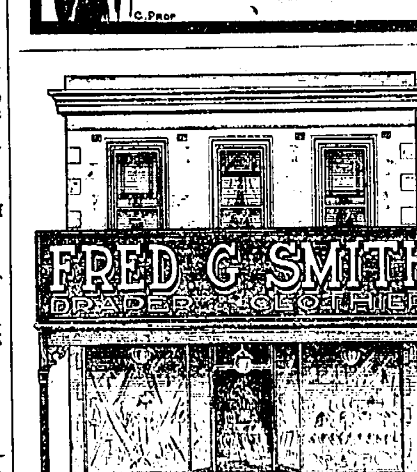

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Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20.

THE announcement that the Government proposed handing over a portion of their Thornbury land for the purpose of allowing a private company to establish brick works, came as a surprise, not to say shock, to the residents of Northcote. They were well aware that the late Sir Thomas Bent purchased the land to strengthen his hands in forcing down the price of bricks to a fair thing, but they also knew that this having been accomplished the Government had resolved to use the land for closer settlement, or why did they go to the trouble and expense of having the land surveyed and subdivided into building blocks, and consult the local council as to such matters as the reservation of a State School site, etc. On the very natural assumption that this was to be the future use of the land, settlement has rapidly proceeded round the estate. At enhanced values people have bought land and erected good houses, who would never have dreamt of doing so had they not had before them such good evidence that the Government had cast aside all intention of using this land as a brickfield. Northcote has already a good portion of its territory absorbed in brickfields, but they were established early in its history and thus collided with no vested interests. The carrying into effect of the Thornbury proposal would be very different. It would depreciate the value of property over a wide radius, including the Government's own land. The contour and position of the Thornbury land makes it eminently suitable for residential sites and its all round value is probably not a penny less than £2 per foot. Then why should such valuable land be made an eyesore of for ever and all surrounding property be depreciated when there is any quantity of good brick land available elsewhere, and which could be worked without any such clashing of interests. If the Eastern suburbs would not have this company, why should it be imposed on Northcote? Neither the representative of the district nor the residents generally have been treated fairly in the matter. But for the vigilance of the Press they would seemingly never have known anything of the transaction till it was completed. In connection with certain trades the law demands that even an extension cannot take place, much less a new industry brought into existence, without proper notice being given to enable those affected making protest if considered necessary. But no such fair principle was displayed in connection with this transaction, which was practically sprung on the community at a moment's notice. At the very earliest opportunity the Mayor and Town Councillors voiced the protest of the people, and with the aid of Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., carried it before the Minister. From him, however, they got but little satisfaction. The next step arranged is a monster indignation meeting, which the mayor has called for the town hall for Wednesday evening. At this meeting it may be hoped there will be a large gathering of the townspeople and more particularly of those ratepayers whose property will be affected. It is only an emphatic protest from the people concerned that will be effective in preventing the Government carrying out their ill-advised project.

Localisms.

Northcote Free Library will be closed on Monday next.

The mayor has called a public meeting for Wednesday evening next at the town hall to protest against the proposal to establish brick works at Thornbury. It is hoped there will be a large attendance, as a serious injustice would be done to the municipality and especially to those who have built homes in the neighborhood if the project is allowed to go on.

There is a solid growth in Preston now, a new house a week being about the rate of progress.

The committee of N.C.C. extend an invitation to all members and lady friends to witness the last day's play of the present cricket season, on Monday (Eight Hours Day). Afternoon tea is to be supplied to those present.

"Transubstantiation" or the "Real Presence," is the Rev. C. W. Wood's subject to-morrow evening at Holy Trinity, Thornbury.

For real genuine bargains visit Hattam's this morning and any day next week.—[adv.]

To-night the Lyric, Northcote, will present as a star item Buffalo Bill's Love Story. The usual free gift will be given away. On Monday the chief attraction will be a lengthy art drama, The Countess of Challant.

The Rev. Charles Dugan, M.A., of Zeehan, Tasmania, was on Tuesday last married to Miss Fenton, of Ivanhoe, in the Ivanhoe Methodist Church, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. J. W. Rowe. Quite a number of his old parishioners from South Preston were among the guests and were delighted to see their former minister and friend in such good health. Mr. and Mrs. Dugan left for Tasmania on Wednesday last for their honeymoon.

Ernest Lees, estate agent, High street, Northcote, specially advertises to day his rent collecting department.

Fidelity tent, I.O.R., are holding a church parade at the Church of Christ, South Preston, on Sunday evening, 21st inst., at which all members are requested to be present.

It is notified that an electoral revision court (Legislative Assembly Electors) will be held at the Court house, Northcote, on Monday, 13th May.

Geo. Wardrop, "the good value tailor," publishes to-day the secrets of his success.

At the Northcote Town Council on Monday night, the town clerk (Mr. W. G. Swift) was, on the proposition of the mayor, granted his annual leave. Mr. Swift will be absent for two weeks, dating from the 22nd instant. Mr. J. A. Thomson was appointed acting town clerk.

Northcote A.W.A. At Home takes place at the town-hall on Tuesday, April 30.

"Is life a success?" is the subject of a special address by Mr. W. Williams at the High street Methodist Church to morrow evening.

F. G. Smith, draper, Northcote, advertises to-day newest styles in millinery, blouses and fancy drapery, also flannels, blankets and winter dress goods.

Commencing this morning and continuing for 14 days, Hattam and Hattam, Northcote's up-to-date drapers, will be offering extraordinary values as per list published in circular.—[advt.]

Messrs J. T. Harris and J. Wright intimate that they have taken over the business of the late T. Thomson, news agent, stationer, etc., High street and Charles street, Northcote.

The photo play to be produced at Thornbury Picture Theatre this evening is "Convicts 10 and 13," particulars of which are advertised.

Preston stall at Druids' Bazaar for St Vincent's Hospital has been doing good business all the week, and when the closing night (this evening) comes they should have a good round sum in hand. There are the profits of the charity ball at Preston yet to add.

The management of the Lyric theatre desire to intimate their intention of remodelling their picture house on American lines, so that their patrons may have comfort during the winter months.

"Nurse Hooper, of the Lilliville, private hospital, Darebin road, intimates that certificated and trained nurses are available for outdoor practice, and that her telephone number is Northcote 221.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

Mr. John S. Morgan, on Monday tendered his resignation as a member of the Epping Shire Council, after 30 years faithful and able occupancy of the position. The ratepayers will be very sorry to hear of this step which their old representative has felt bound to take. His former colleagues certainly learned of it with great regret. In moving that the resignation be accepted with regret, Cr. McCoy said it was a great misfortune that one who had always taken such a deep interest in the welfare of the district should be leaving them, but he trusted his absence would only be temporary. Cr. Browne, in seconding the motion, expressed his regret that they were losing such an able colleague. They would miss him very much indeed as he had always been looked upon as one of their soundest councillors. The president (Cr. McCormack) said no man had worked harder for the district and he had always given fair play to all parts of the shire. Like the others, he hoped that Mr. Morgan would only be out of the council for a short time. Whether in the council or not he would always be welcome at the council meetings, as his advice was always valuable. Crs. Dea and Goss heartily endorsed the remarks of their colleagues. Mr. Morgan, in reply, said that when a man accepted the position of councillor it was his duty to act fairly by all parts of the shire. He had tried to do that and it was pleasing to know that his efforts had given satisfaction. Possibly he would sit again, but it was hard to say.

The resignation of Mr. Morgan will necessitate an extraordinary election. This will take place on Thursday, 9th May. Nominations must be made with the returning officer (Cr. Dea) on or before Thursday next, 25th inst.

The Athletic Club's sports, postponed from Easter Monday, will be held to-day, and given fine weather should provide a real good day's sport. The programme will start at 2 p.m. There will be a dance at the shire-hall in the evening.

St. Peter's C.M. Society are holding a grand ball in the shire-hall on Friday evening next, 26th inst.

Mr. R. Bower has purchased the property of Mr. Batchelor, Thomastown, consisting of 2 story house and four acres of land. Mr. Batchelor intends to reside in Bell street, Preston.

Preston District Cycling Club.

The above held their general meeting at the club rooms on Monday last. Seven new members were elected. A letter was received from the Coburg club challenging them to race for the road championship and was duly accepted. The club held a five mile road race last Saturday, which resulted as follows:—E. G. White 1, G. J. Russell 2, H. Knight 3; fastest time, P. Aldridge (scratch).

SUCCESS!

OUR noted success in Tailoring is due to the earnest attention we give to every detail of our business:—

Buying.—We make a studious, painstaking selection from all the best manufacturers of English and Colonial mills, to get the very choicest for our clients in quality of material, pattern, and make of cloth.

Cutting.—Our cutters are careful to see that every detail is attended to so that our customers will have the best fit and the very latest in style.

Making.—Every garment turned out by us must be personally examined by the foreman of our workroom and nothing but what is correct is allowed to pass.

A very plain proof of the above statements lies in the fact that we have been able to build up one of the largest order tailoring businesses in or around Melbourne.

GEORGE WARDROP,
THE GOOD VALUE TAILOR,
SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD.

BRICKWORKS AT THORNBURY.

TOWN COUNCIL PROTEST.

The mayor (Cr. Bastings) mentioned at the meeting of the Northcote town council on Monday night that it was intended to establish brickworks on a portion of the Thornbury park land. This was one of the finest residential areas in the town and comfortable houses were being rapidly erected in the locality. The land was adjacent to the Thornbury railway station, and only two minutes from the High street tramway, and if brickworks were erected there it would greatly prejudice the value of property, and at the same time render it an undesirable residential locality. In the interest of the town it was certainly not advisable that such an industry should be started, and he moved that the council strongly oppose the erection of brickworks at Thornbury, and that Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., be asked to arrange a deputation to the Premier.

The motion was seconded by Cr. Henderson and unanimously agreed to.

DEPUTATION TO THE MINISTER.

A deputation from the Northcote council to ask that the matter be proceeded no further with till the residents had had a chance to protest, waited upon the Minister of Lands (Mr. McKenzie) on Wednesday.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., who introduced the deputation, also acted as spokesman. He complained that, as member for the district, no intimation had been given him of what the Government proposed to do, although it was known from the views which he had publicly expressed that he was opposed to the project. He pointed out that since the land had been purchased by Sir Thomas Bent the locality had come to be a residential area, and that property would be ruined as an effect of the blasting operations, the cutting-up of roads through the traffic, &c. He considered that the property should be used as a residential area. It would bring, if sold, a handsome profit on the price originally paid for it. While he was glad that an effort was to be made to reduce the price of bricks, he did not think it fair that Northcote should be made to suffer so much in order to bring that about. Mr. Membrey pointed out that when the brick field at Thornbury was first talked about the west ward (in which it was situated) only had a population of 1700; now it had 3380, and a great many good houses had been erected in the neighborhood on the strength of the land having been cut up into building allotments.

The Mayor (Cr. Bastings) said he would like to give the Minister to understand that they were very strongly opposed to the proposal and he would respectfully ask that the matter be delayed till the citizens could be heard. Houses were being erected in the town at the rate of 300 a year, but this would give the district a great set back. When he brought the matter before the council they were unanimously against it and he was sure the people were also.

Cr. Woolhouse, as representative of the ward, said he could say the people there were complaining bitterly. It meant a serious thing to them after putting all their savings into the erection of homes in the neighborhood. The smoke would be a nuisance and the roads would be cut up by the traffic and property generally depreciated.

Cr. Henderson said if the proposal were carried out it would thoroughly spoil an up-to-date residential area. They had only to look round the old brick companies to see how property was affected. In fairness to the residents he hoped the Government would stay its hands.

Cr. Mason said the detrimental effect on Northcote would far outweigh any good that would be done to the residents by reducing the price of bricks. The southern residents joined with the north in their protest against having another brickworks.

Mr. A. A. Miller said that, speaking individually, he would never have erected the fine brick villa which was now his home if he had thought brickworks were going to be established in the vicinity. Then he was interested in the Thornbury Park Estate, adjoining. Two hundred blocks of this had been sold, but the rest would be seriously prejudiced if the idea was carried out.

Mr. M'Kenzie, in reply, said he would take their representations to the Cabinet, but he did not hold out very much hope of any alteration being made, as negotiations were in an advanced stage.

Mr. McKenzie afterwards submitted the matter to a special meeting of the Cabinet, which was held later in the day, but, owing to the amount of other business which was presented for consideration, the matter was left over until the next meeting.

An indignation meeting of ratepayers is convened by the mayor of Northcote, at the town-hall on Wednesday evening next, when it is to be hoped there will be a large number present to enter their protest.

PRESTON MEAT INSPECTOR.

MANNER OF APPOINTMENT CRITICISED.

Cr. Paterson endeavored at Monday evening's meeting of the Preston council to get the resolutions carried at the previous meeting, appointing Mr. A. Howse meat inspector, rescinded, with a view of appointing Mr. Albert Coyne. Though the latter, he explained, had come out on top in an exhaustive ballot in committee, only the name of the two local candidates, Messrs Howse and Ziebell, were submitted to ballot in the council. Though applications were publicly invited, all the outside candidates were ignored, even the one who had been selected by ballot. This was very wrong and very cruel, and while he was in favor of appointing a local man he objected to such procedure on principle.

Cr. Allchin seconded the motion pro forma. It was quite true, he said, that Mr. Coyne had been successful in the exhaustive ballot and it was not altogether fair that his name should be left out in the final ballot, still they had two eligible local candidates and the desire was to appoint one of them, but the council being about evenly divided each side was giving votes to the outsiders in the interests of their own man and thus both got left out, and it was decided that the mistake made in the committee be remedied in the council. It was necessary to invite applications generally, as how were they to know that any local men were going to put up.

Cr. Paterson—That's easy. (Laughter).

Cr. Allchin—All things being equal we always give the local man a show.

The motion was lost, only the mover voting in its favor.

SERIOUS CHARGE.

Plain clothes Constable Frawley, late on Thursday night, arrested Albert Schobel for a serious offence against a girl under 14 years of age. He was residing with the girl's parents.

ALLEGED NUISANCE IN DUNDAS STREET.

The Board of Health forwarded to the Preston council on Monday evening a complaint from J. Smith, Fairfield, regarding Messrs Morgan and Jeffries' establishment in Dundas street, Preston. The writer said the premises were licensed as a piggery, but were now used as a boiling down establishment, and the smell arising from same was a nuisance, the stench being so bad at times that the residents were unable to take their meals or sleep. The work was going on night and day and even Sundays.

D. Voss, Dundas street, wrote making similar complaint. The premises, he admitted, were kept clean, but the fumes arising were most vile, filling their houses and injuring their health. He would like to know if Messrs Morgan and Jeffries had been granted a license for boiling down.

Cr. Braithwaite moved that they be ordered to discontinue and failing that that proceedings be taken. They had been warned before and were now flouting the council, and it was just as well for the council to assert itself.

The secretary mentioned that the inspector had been there several times, but could never catch them at work, and so knew nothing officially.

There being no seconder,

Cr. Allchin moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, the inspector to pay periodical visits and supply the committee with information.

Cr. Warr, who seconded the motion, advised that they take no rash step Mr. Jeffrey had told them that they were only making margarine. If so they could not do much in the matter.

Cr. Braithwaite—The residents are complaining, and we can't be doing wrong in asking these people to discontinue a nuisance. He saw no necessity to refer the matter to the committee of the whole. It was incumbent on the council to act at once.

Cr. Stanlake did not think they should rush into extreme measures on the strength of a letter; but if their inspector reported there was a nuisance they should stop it.

The motion was carried.

PRESTON COUNCIL & ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

At the meeting of the Preston council on Monday evening Cr. Crispe asked if any reply had come from Northcote regarding the laying of Preston's electric feeder through their territory. He moved that a letter be sent requesting a reply as soon as possible.

Cr. Braithwaite, who seconded the motion, said that in common courtesy they should have had a reply before this.

Cr. Allchin said he understood that a recommendation would be brought before the council that night that a conference be held to fix the matter up. This showed that the matter was still alive.

Cr. Crispe—Still alive! Under these circumstances I will withdraw the motion.

PRESTON PARK.

SUNDAY PLAY TO BE STOPPED.

Cr. Stanlake, at Monday evening's meeting of the Preston council, called attention to the growing practice of using the local park on Sundays for playing football and for cycling. It was very objectionable, and he moved that the police be informed and asked to put a stop to it.

Cr. Paterson seconded the motion, which was carried.

PRESTON'S FRONT DOOR.

SUGGESTED IMPOVEMENT.

At the meeting of the Preston council on Monday evening Cr. Howe drew attention to the rather poor appearance of the entrance to Preston. He did not expect they would be able to go in for rockeries on the imposing scale seen at Northcote, but something in that direction might be done. He would suggest that the engineer prepare designs of a scheme such as he thought would meet the case.

Cr. Crispe said he would like to support the idea, but he feared they would require this piece of land for the receiving house for the electric cable. At present the place was an eyesore without the slightest doubt. Perhaps when the cable-house was erected there might be some ornamentation round it to improve the appearance.

Cr. Braithwaite remarked that he thought they already had a "rockery" on the roads, and if they erected a rockery it would only be looked upon as a beacon to warn people of the rockery to come (Laughter).

Cr. Howe—Oh! there's a good time coming (Laughter).

No action was taken.

Lost and Found.

UMBRELLA taken by mistake in the Northcote tram on Tuesday evening about 6 o'clock can be returned at "Highfield," Merri street, Northcote.

IMPROVING THE TOWN.

SOUTH WARD.

At the meeting of the town council on Monday evening, Cr. Dennis, on behalf of the members of the ward, submitted the undermentioned works, which were considered to be the most urgent, and they were authorised to be proceeded with, viz.:—

Asphalting South crescent, Mason street to Simpson street.

Asphalting Mason street, south crescent to Clarke street, east side.

Asphalting Yeomans street, east side.

Asphalting Merri Parade, Bridge street to Barry street.

Asphalting Westgarth street, McLachlan street to Rucker street.

Ashphalting Clarke street, south side, from present asphalt to main drain.

Erect wooden lamp post, etc., corner Gotch and Mary streets.

WEST WARD.

Cr. Henderson, with the concurrence of his colleagues, submitted the following works, and it was decided to have them executed, viz:—

Top-dressing asphalt footpath in Elm street, south side, east of railway.

Asphalting path 6 ft. wide in Railway parade, between Beaver's road Beaconsfield parade.

Raising crossing in St. George's road, opposite Morley street.

Erecting lamp, corner Blythe and Ethel streets, south side.

Erecting lamp, Beaconsfield parade, corner Johnson street, north side.

LOAN WORKS.

It was also decided to call tenders for the following works:—Construction of stormwater sewer, Green street; widening and constructing Arthurton road, from High street to railway; and the construction of Victoria road from Mitchell street to Clifton street. The estimated cost of these works is about £3000, and the money has been provided for by loan.

PRESTON LOAN SCHEDULE.

FINALLY ADOPTED.

The committee having further revised the loan schedule on Monday evening submitted it to the council as follows:—

1 Quarry, purchase of land and crushing plant	£2500
2 Electric light plant and installation	5000
3 Park sites (purchase of)	1300
4 Additions to shire hall	700
5 Main drains	1500
6 Road making—	
Bell street (metalling) East and Central ridings	300
Murray road, from Gilbert road to James street	450
Dundas street (metalling)	100
Jessie street (channelling)	60
7 Sewering Municipal Buildings	150
8 Fencing and improving High street park	100
9 Contingencies, plans, etc.	840
	£13,000

Cr. Warr moved and Cr. Howse seconded the adoption of the schedule.

Cr. Braithwaite said he agreed generally with the schedule, but must take exception to one small item, namely, to the channelling in Jessie street. Certainly this street had been dedicated, but under a certain clause of the Local Government Act the council could insist on such a street being made at the property-owners' expense. There were miles of similar streets to be made and the question arose why these particular streets which had been proclaimed years ago—he did not know why—should be done out of loan money, while the property owners in other streets had to pay for their construction. The Act was so clear that it was hardly necessary, but the council should take steps to get the best legal opinion, and in the meantime withdraw this item from the schedule. He moved that Jessie street be omitted from the schedule.

Cr. Allchin seconded to motion, which was lost, only the mover and seconder voting for it.

Cr. Stanlake entered his protest against £700 being expended on additions to the shire hall, which would not be necessary for many years to come, and would only be a regular white elephant.

The schedule was adopted.

SOCIAL NEWS.

The recently formed Tosil society held their opening dance in the Northcote town hall on Tuesday, 16th inst., and proved most enjoyable in every way. The mayor of Northcote, Cr. H. Bastings, who was accompanied by Mrs. Bastings, performed the opening ceremony, and in doing so said it was a good thing to provide the opportunity of spending these enjoyable evenings during the winter months, and they would be the means of bringing the residents into closer touch with one another. Dancing was indulged in till 12 p.m., excellent music being supplied by Brown and Martin's band. The second dance will be held on Thursday, 25th April.

The Arcadians, Preston, held their first private quadrille assembly at the shire hall on Wednesday evening and the event passed off most enjoyably, even though quite a number of the members were, from one cause and another, kept away. When there is a full muster things should go very swimmingly indeed. The committee are to be congratulated on having made such excellent arrangements. The floor was about the fastest on record, the music (Jones and Rosenthal's band) has never been excelled in the hall, and the refreshment tables as arranged by the ladies left nothing to be desired. The dances are to be held on the third Wednesday in each month, and there are already pleasant anticipations of the next. Mr V. McPherson is the president, and Mr J. A. P. Ham, the hon sec.

LADIES—

We Cut Costumes Correctly

WE make a very special point of that, for we hold that no tailor should undertake to cut Costumes, for ladies unless he can cut them in the correct style of the day. The cut and style of our costumes are excellent. We have a wide range of the newest cloths for selection, and our prices are most moderate.

We will gladly forward samples and prices on application.

THOS. TREVENA & SON,
The Reliable Ladies' and Gents' Tailors,
266 Smith Street, Collingwood.
Phone, 5410. Write for Our Winter Catalogue.

CHURCH NEWS.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN S.S. ANNIVERSARY.

Anniversary services in connection with the above commenced last Sunday with three special services in the school hall. Rev. J. A. Crockett preached in the morning and Rev. Wm. Goyen in the afternoon and evening. There were splendid congregations at all services, many being unable to gain admission in the evening. Admirable addresses, thoroughly suiting the occasion, were given by both rev. gentlemen, while the singing of the anniversary hymns by the children, under the leadership of Mr. Harvey, was a particularly attractive feature. At the picture entertainment on Tuesday evening there was a large attendance and the event passed off well. The special services will be continued to-morrow, when the preachers will be the Rev. J. G. Stirling and Rev. R. W. Rock. On Tuesday evening the scholars' tea and distribution of prizes will be held.

The Rev. W. J. Williams has arrived in South Preston, as successor to the Rev. E. B. Bond, and will commence his ministry on Sunday next, by conducting services at Preston Methodist Church in the morning, South Morang at 3 p.m., and at South Preston at night. Mr. Williams comes with a good reputation as a pastor and preacher and should have good congregations at his first services.

Mr. C. H. Foulkes, the young Home Missionary, who has been engaged to assist the Rev. E. O. Knee at South Yan Yean, will also begin his work to-morrow by conducting services at Hazelglen at 11, Glen Vale State school at 3, and South Yan Yean at 7.30. Mr. Foulkes was present at the farewell social tendered to Messrs W. & G. Jeffrey on Thursday last in the Methodist school hall, and received a warm welcome. The removal of these two young men to Phillip Island will be a great loss to the district, seeing that they have been so closely identified with the social and religious life of the district for so many years.

The annual meeting of All Saints' Gleaners' Union was held on Wednesday evening, when 100 gleaners and friends assembled in the parish hall. The report showed a considerable increase in membership, in the work accomplished and in monies subscribed. The union contributed more than £80 last year to the work of foreign missions and hopes this year to send forth one of its members to the mission field. Mrs. Hordern, who has spent six years in Western China, gave a most interesting word picture of life in that land, and Mr. Lee Neil, the president of the Union for Victoria, gave an inspiriting address on the value and importance of Holy Scripture for the practical life of Gleaners.

A series of simultaneous missions will be held in Melbourne and suburbs commencing to-morrow and lasting till May 1. All Protestant denominations are uniting in the work. The Evangelical Union of North Fitzroy, Clifton Hill, and Northcote South is making a large tent, which has been erected in Mayor's Park, Clifton Hill, their centre. Mr. Jas. McKendrick, a Scottish evangelist, is the missioner. Mr. McKendrick is spoken of as a most successful evangelist. He is a man of sound sense and vigorous speech and avoids all objectionable methods in carrying on his work. The marquee on Mayor's Park is roomy and well lighted, and a special choir has been organised to lead the singing. Mr. McKendrick will address the elder scholars of the combined Sunday Schools to-morrow afternoon at 3, and will begin his evangelistic campaign at 8.30. The week evening addresses will be held at 8 p.m.

The arrangements for the conduct of the local evangelistic mission in connection with the visit of Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander have been made. The mission will commence on Sunday night at half past eight in the Baptist church for the people up north and in the Presbyterian church for the people down south. The Rev. Hugh Kelly, of Richmond, will conduct the service in the Presbyterian church, and the Rev. John Enright, of Albert Park, will conduct the services in the Baptist church. Mr. Enright is the missioner for Northcote and he will preach every night during the week in the Baptist church. The new Alexander hymn book will be used. A mission similar to the one in Northcote will be held in almost every suburb of Melbourne. A collection will be taken at the Sunday night services and a thank-offering at the Wednesday night services.

BOWLING.

DISTRICT TROPHY.

The second round for the district competitions was commenced on Saturday last when Northcote met and were defeated in both grades by Preston. The totals were in the A grade—Preston 98, Northcote 92. Broadhurst was down 11 to Harrington after an interesting game, which at one stage stood 15 all round. Walker was up 18 to Bennell, whom he beat at all points. Whilst Plant was down 7 to his opponent, he played a good game against a fair proportion of luck. Mitchell beat Pike by 4, who saved his rink, and very probably the game for his side in the last end, as on crossing over there were six against him. He, however, trailed kitty and lay 2, making a difference of 8 to his side.

Preston B's were up in three rinks out of 4, winning by 26. Hanna's rink defeated Marsden's—23 to 12. The score of Warr's rink was 23 to Bailey's 21, and Robertson's 27 to Lonie's 14, while Clarke's Northcote rink did their best to even matters up by scoring 28 to 18 against Arch Wilkinson.

Preston A, five rinks, play the Kangaroos at Preston to-day. Preston players are requested to be on the green at 2 30, so that an early start may be made. This is the Kangaroos last game of the season and they are coming out in strong force.

The match Preston B's v. North Fitzroy, is cancelled.

Thornbury A team play Northcote A's at Thornbury this afternoon in the second round of the district competition. Thornbury B's play Northcote B's on the green of the latter.

A pairs tournament on similar lines to the last will be held at Thornbury green on Monday (Eight Hours Day). Play will commence at 2 p.m.

On Monday Northcote have a scratch pairs tournament for trophies presented by Mr Girling.

Northcote A.N.A.

The usual meeting was held on Thursday evening, President Frawley in the chair. One new member was elected and three proposed. The conference delegates brought up their report, which was received. Outside the art union no very important questions seem to have been dealt with. At the conclusion of the business the members played a euchre tournament for a fiddle-back walking stick given by Mr. G. Clausson. This was won by Mr. Tribe after a tie with Mr. McKeon. The item on the syllabus for next meeting is a lecture by Senator Needham, but some doubt is expressed as to whether he will be back in Melbourne by then.

Northcote Branch A.W.A.

At the last meeting of the above the ex-president (Mrs. Rayment) presided. One new member was elected and one proposal received. Next meeting, Tuesday, April 23, syllabus item "Ten minutes as president," for prize donated by Miss Finn.

A Vacancy at the Works

By E. Newton Bungey.

The members of the clerical staff of the Davyton Manufacturing Company were eagerly discussing the question of the vacancy at the works caused by the resignation of the manager.

"Wish to goodness they'd send old Philton there," said one clerk.

"Yes, and that he'd fall into one of the vats by error,' muttered another.

Mr. Philton, the general manager of the company, was cordially disliked by the men under him. He was still in the early forties, but had obtained the present position by bringing about the dismissal of the men above him. He was clever, without doubt, but he was quite unscrupulous.

Dick Wyndham, one of the senior clerks, was very silent after he heard of the resignation of the works manager. What a godsend the appointment, with its three hundred and fifty a year, would be to him.

He had only been married six months, and he found it difficult to make ends meet, for out of his salary of three pounds a week he had to make a small allowance to his mother, who was a widow.

"Dick, you're a technical man," remarked a clerk; "they ought to offer the job to you."

Dick Wyndham smiled bitterly.

"Can you see Philton letting them?" he asked.

"I'd forgotten Philton," rejoined the other clerk. "Wonder why he's got his knife into you so much. It isn't as though you were always making mistakes or sauciny him. Why, I reckon you know more about the business than he does."

"I don't know why he's so down on me," said Dick slowly, "but he always is, and with him about I am as likely to get the works managership as I am to get the moon."

At that moment Mr. Philton entered the room. He was just in time to catch Dick Wyndham's last words, although they conveyed no sense to him.

"Talking and idling as usual, Wyndham," he said scowling.

"I was not idling, sir. I spoke a few words while I was getting some books out."

"That will do. I've got both ears and eyes, and I don't like shirkers."

Dick Wyndham badly wanted to reply, but he knew that unless he was very careful he would say what he thought, and if he said what he thought he would soon be looking for another situation. For the sake of his wife and mother he must put up with Mr. Philton's harsh, domineering ways and thinly-veiled insults.

When he reached home that evening he told his wife of the vacancy at the works, and the bare possibility that he might be chosen to fill it. The thought set Kitty Wyndham's eyes dancing with delight.

"Oh, Dick!" she exclaimed. "How glorious it would be. There would be no need for us to worry about the rent and other things then."

"No," he answered; "but I'm afraid it's only a sporting chance."

"But it's something to hope for, Dick. When will you hear?"

"To-morrow, probably. Mr. Davyton was with Mr. Philton this afternoon."

"Perhaps they have already decided to offer it to you, Dick."

"I am afraid I'm in Mr. Philton's bad books too much to allow him to recommend me."

Nevertheless, on the following morning when Dick arrived at the office, his nerves were all on the tingle, and every time the door of the manager's office opened he wondered whether he was to be called in.

As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Philton was more fault-finding than ever that morning, and the sole subject for his unjust complaints was Dick Wyndham.

"I say, old chap, he is down on you," a neighboring clerk whispered. "He often comes in and sees other chaps talking, but he doesn't jump on them."

Dick nodded, he was tired of speaking on the subject. Oh! if only some strange freak of fortune would result in the vacancy at the works being offered to him. Then he could say good-bye to the pinching and scraping at home, the constant dread of incoming bills, whether the money for the rent would be ready. There were so many things he wanted to get for his wife and mother, things they needed but did without cheerfully; he could get them easily if he were works managed. And he would be out of Mr. Philton's sphere, no longer subject to his tyrannical, unfair treatment. He was qualified to take the post; he understood the process which his employers used to transform rubber into a patent material much more durable and less expensive than pure rubber. He was a well-educated man, and his build was such as to command instant respect from the men at the works.

His dream was broken by an irresistible desire to look up from the desk which he had been staring at, though not seeing. He obeyed the impulse, and as he raised his head his gaze met Mr. Philton's. The manager was standing in an open doorway on the other side of the room, staring at Dick with an inscrutable expression on his face. He smiled in a foxy manner when he saw that he was observed.

A low murmur ran round the other clerks as the manager disappeared, and Dick Wyndham walked slowly towards the doorway, looking neither to the right nor to the left, wondering whether the summons portended good or evil.

"Dick's done it this time," commented a clerk as the door closed behind Wyndham, and heads nodded in acquiescence.

Mr. Philton took up his accustomed position, standing in front of the fireplace with his hands behind his back, and eyed Wyndham coldly as he entered the room.

"I stood watching you for ten minutes just now, Wyndham," he said, "and during that time you sat staring at your desk, doing absolutely nothing. Have you any explanation?"

"I was thinking over something, sir," replied Dick, his heart suddenly growing very heavy, his hopes flying before fear. "But at the outside I did not cease work for more than three minutes."

"It was ten. I timed you by the clock on the wall behind you."

"Which stopped at eleven o'clock this morning," said Dick quietly.

Mr. Philton's face grew crimson. He had no idea of the exact time he had been watching Dick, it might have been two minutes or four. But he knew that if he said it were ten, no clerk would dare to contradict him, except the man who was accused. The fact that the clock had stopped, and he was proved a liar, irritated him beyond measure.

"You insolent fellow!" he exclaimed. "Fortunately I consulted the clock in this room."

He realised that Dick knew this was was a lie, and his anger outstepped his reason.

"Every time I go into that room you are either idling, talking or larking about," he fumed.

"That, sir, is not true. You are constantly accusing me of talking, but in nine cases out of ten, as I have proved to you, the conversation has been in connection with the office work."

"Bah! A paltry excuse. I'm sick of you and your idle ways; I want a man who is worth his salt."

Dick did not speak. A sudden dread clutched at his heart. Surely this did not prelude discharge—he prayed to God that it did not.

"This is Saturday," went on Mr. Philton, "you can take a week's notice from to-day."

"A week's notice!" repeated Wyndham in despairing tones. "A week's notice!"

Mr. Philton nodded, resumed his seat, and opened a book as a delicate hint that the interview was at an end. But Wyndham did not move; he felt unable to; the blow had shocked him so much that he did not feel capable of movement.

"Must you—must you discharge me?" he pleaded. "I haven't been married long, sir. You knew my wife, Miss Mowbray. It's awfully hard to get work nowadays. Won't you let me stay on, sir?"

In his dread at the prospect of being out of work, Dick Wyndham did not scruple to humble himself before Mr. Philton. If he had had only himself to worry about he would have taken his dismissal calmly, but he had womenfolk to keep; he could not afford to be proud if by humbling himself he could retain his situation. He knew the manager was revelling in the situation, but he did not worry; at all costs he must lose no chance of keeping his position.

"Won't you give me another chance?" he asked.

"I have given my decision," replied Mr. Philton coldly. "I regret that I cannot allow any matters outside the welfare of the firm to interfere."

Dick took a step forward, throwing out his hand with an anxious gesture. "I am busy, Wyndham. There is nothing more to be said," the manager observed.

The pride that Dick had kept under rose in revolt, and anger that he could not control came with it.

"Why aren't you just?" he exclaimed. "You say you cannot allow matters outside the welfare of the firm to interfere, but it's exactly what you have done. You have dismissed me merely out of spite, and you know it. I do my work properly; I am thoroughly conversant with it; but for some reason or other you dislike me, and for the past year you have done nothing but find fault with me, though I have done nothing to warrant it. It's mean; it's dishonest; it's——"

Mr. Philton jumped to his feet, his face scarlet, and thumped his fist on the table.

"Stop!" he shouted. "You are insolent and insubordinate. I will alter my decision. Instead of having a week's notice you will go at once, and I warn you not to apply for a reference."

Dick's fists clenched, despair rendered him desperate, but by a strong effort he controlled himself, and then walked slowly from the room as the manager said in almost exultant tones:

"I will telephone to the cashier. You can go and draw your pay, and leave at once."

Dick walked through the general office like a somnambulist, staring straight ahead with almost unseeing eyes, what time the other clerks regarded him with morbid interest. He entered the lobby, took his hat and stick, and then went down to the cashier, who shovelled over his money with a nervous expression of regret which Dick scarcely heard. A minute later he was out in the street, a member of the vast army of unemployed.

What would Kitty say? She was so proud of her little home, so happy in it, and now there would be nothing to maintain it with, and he had got to tell her. He knew she would be very brave and patient, but he hated the thought of having to break the news to her. He thought of not telling her, of going out each morning to look for work just as though he was still in the employ of the Davyton Manufacturing Company; but he rejected the idea because he knew Kitty would prefer to share adversity from the start, and, besides, he was beginning to feel in need of her sympathy.

Kitty ran to meet him as he unlocked the street door. In the gloom of the little passage she could not see his face properly.

"Dick," she cried, "have you got it? Tell me quickly, dear, please. I don't mind a bit if you haven't, really I don't."

He did not answer, but walked slowly forward, until in the light streaming through the sitting-room doorway Kitty saw his face, and noticed how grey and lined it had grown. In a moment she forgot about the vacancy at the works, and she put her arms around his neck.

"Dick," she said, watching him intently. "Tell me what has happened."

He told her in a few halting sentences, stumbling over his words, scarcely daring to meet her glance. For a few moments she did not speak, then she strained him closer to her and kissed him.

"We must stand up to it, Dick," she said slowly. "It's rather a—a knock-down blow, but we won't go down before it, will we?" She paused and sighed, then she added: "When you told me how Mr. Philton treated you, I—I wondered whether this might come some day. Is it any use appealing to Mr. Davyton?"

"I am afraid not. You see, he gave Mr. Philton full control, and no one would dare to go against Philton. He will be ready, you may be sure, with a long list of indictments against me, and he will say I was insolent. No; it's no use going to Mr. Davyton."

Most of the afternoon they sat talking over the sorry trick Fate had played them, trying to devise some means of fighting it. Somewhat bitterly Dick referred to the faint hope they had entertained that perhaps the vacancy at the works might be offered to him.

"Never mind, Dick," Kitty said softly. "You'll soon find something else, and perhaps it will carry a better salary."

"I've no reference to give," he rejoined, "but it's through no fault of my own. I wonder why Philton was so down on me. I cannot imagine."

Kitty's face flushed, and she walked to the window and stood gazing out for a minute or two.

"Dick," she said presently, "I've got to go out for a little while when we've had tea. You won't mind, will you?"

"Of course not," he answered. "Shopping, I suppose?"

"Yes, Dick."

When the meal was over Kitty set out. She purchased a small necessity in order to verify her reply, and then boarded a motor-omnibus which carried her to an adjoining suburb. Eventually she rang at the door of a large house and asked to see Mr. Davyton, saying her business was very important. A minute or two later she stood in the presence of the owner of the Davyton Manufacturing Company. She had felt nervous as she entered the room, but the sight of Mr. Davyton's countenance raised her spirits, for she saw in a moment that he was a sympathetic type of man, a man who could be depended on.

"I have called to see you with reference to my husband, Mr. Wyndham, sir," she said. "As you know, I presume, he was discharged from your employ this morning."

"Yes, Mrs. Wyndham, I saw Mr. Philton just after your husband's—er—departure. He told me what had happened. I am very sorry, for I had a high opinion of your husband, but Mr. Philton is in charge, and I am afraid I must accept his ruling."

"But do you know how unfairly he has treated my husband?" Kitty asked eagerly. "For nearly a year past he has treated him in a most unjust manner, as the rest of the clerks could testify, only they would be afraid to. Mr. Philton went out of his way to find fault with my husband; he has behaved in a most unjust, tyrannical manner."

Mr. Davyton frowned.

"That is rather a serious accusation, Mrs. Wyndham," he said. "Can you—er—support it in any way?"

A wave of color suffused Kitty's face and neck.

"I can give you a reason," she answered in low tones. "Before I was engaged to my husband, Mr. Philton asked me to marry him, and——"

"To marry you?" broke in Mr. Davyton. "Why, he is twice your age."

"I know, but the fact remains. I refused him, and became engaged to Mr. Wyndham, but right up to our wedding Mr. Philton continued to—to worry me, and when he saw that it was useless he was most unpleasant, and told me that I should be sorry for it. And now he has carried out his threat."

"Good gracious!" Mr. Davyton exclaimed. "Does your husband know of this?"

"No, I did not tell him. I was afraid of creating bad blood. He cannot understand why Mr. Philton behaved so cruelly."

"You say the other clerks noticed my manager's behavior towards your husband?"

"Yes."

Mr. Davyton was silent for a little while, and once or twice he glanced at Kitty's pretty, pale face as though seeking inspiration from it. She met his gaze frankly each time.

"Let me think this over, Mrs. Wyndham," he said at length. "Do not tell anyone of your visit here. Does your husband know you have come?"

"No; he would not have permitted it if I had told him."

"Then keep it from him, and I will probably write you in a few days."

"May I hope, Mr. Davyton?" Kitty pleaded.

"I cannot say anything, Mrs. Wyndham, until I have gone into the matter. But, believe me, I had a high opinion of your husband, as I said, and I was intensely surprised to hear Mr. Philton's report."

"Oh, there is one thing I nearly forgot."

Then Kitty told Mr. Davyton of the episode of the clock, causing him to frown heavily.

She went away feeling hopeful, for she was sure that she had engaged Mr. Davyton's sympathy, and she felt that she could rely on him.

But the next few days were more dismal than any that Dick and his wife had experienced in their lives. They both tried to be very brave and to cheer each other up, but it was a difficult task to keep cheerful in the shadow of impending disaster.

Then came the long-looked-for letter. It was short, but to the point, and read as follows:—

"Dear Mrs. Wyndham,—I have gone into your husband's case, but do not see my way to reinstating him in the position he occupied. If I can be of use to him I will, and trust he will soon secure another appointment.—Yours truly,

"EDGAR DAVYTON."

Kitty's eyes filled with tears. She had built so much on Mr. Davyton's help that the blow was almost too heavy to bear. Fortunately her husband was not in the room when she opened the letter, and she burnt it without his being aware of its arrival.

Presently Dick entered the room, carrying two newspapers with him, for, like most of the unemployed, he studied the advertisements in the papers every morning.

"There are several I can reply to, to-day," he said, looking more hopeful than he had done all the week.

After breakfast he answered four advertisements and posted them at once. During the day he called on two firms, but was unsuccessful in obtaining a situation, and returned home very depressed. But on the following morning he ran out into the kitchen waving a letter over his head.

"A reply, Kitty," he cried. "It's from Stanfield and Stanfield, the people who are Davyton's biggest rivals. They ask me to call at eleven to-day and see their Mr. Aloysius."

Kitty's face lit up, and neither of them made much of a breakfast, they were too excited over the prospective interview.

At length, with heart beating swiftly, Dick entered the offices of Stanfield and Stanfield, and asked to see Mr. Aloysius. He was conducted into a private office, where he found Mr. Aloysius smoking a cigar and reading a sporting paper.

"Morning—take a chair," he said in a free and easy manner.

He then commenced to ask Dick a number of questions, and learnt the whole story of his discharge.

"So you were with Davyton's," he said musingly. "Very good people, and we can't touch them over many lines, though if we knew how they treated their rubber we might."

He glanced up suddenly as he finished speaking, and shot a shrewd glance at Dick.

"Look here, Mr. Wyndham," he said, "I take it you're a business man and keen on getting on?"

"That is so, sir."

Mr. Aloysius puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for a few moments.

"There's a job going with five hundred a year hanging to it," he said slowly, "and I think you're just the man for it."

Dick could hardly believe his ears. Five hundred a year and he the man for it. The brilliant prospect dumbfounded him; he could find no words.

"You see, Mr. Wyndham," continued Mr. Aloysius, "the Davyton crowd get the pull over us by their secret process, and if you know this process, as I imagine you do, the job is yours."

Dick sat staring at his companion. His heart ceased beating with painful rapidity, and he found himself considering what underlay the words he had just heard.

"You would want me to impart my knowledge of Davyton's process, I presume?" he said.

He had given his promise to Mr. Davyton, Dick reflected; he had practically taken oath that he would not reveal the secret process. But a position worth five hundred a year put a different complexion on the matter, providing he obtained a proper agreement with Stanfield and Stanfield first. Why should he consider Davyton's, they had not considered him?

On the other hand, he was in honor bound not to reveal the secret; but what did honor matter if, by casting it aside, he could secure a splendid position? There was his mother and Kitty to think of, and—Kitty, what would she say if she ever found out how he had obtained the appointment?

He had always kept straight hitherto; what would he think of himself if he went under now? He would always have the recollection on his conscience; he would not have the right to look people straight in the face again; it would always be between him and Kitty.

He glanced up to see Mr. Aloysius regarding him with a crafty, calculating expression in his eyes, and that determined him.

"Do you mean that you will not give me the appointment unless I communicate the secret of the process?" he said.

"Those are our terms, Mr. Wyndham."

"I am afraid I must refuse," said Dick slowly, uttering the words almost grudgingly.

"Think again; it might be six hundred."

"Stop, man, stop!" Dick shouted. "I refuse, I tell you. I'm going now."

He turned away hurriedly and nearly ran into Mr. Davyton, who entered from an adjoining room. He stared in amazement at his late employer.

"Let us have a talk first, Wyndham," said Mr. Davyton. Then he turned to Mr. Aloysius and said:

"Ally, old man, you'll be giving Oscar Asche points soon. You are a great actor."

Dick stood in the centre of the room the picture of blank astonishment.

"Sit down, Wyndham," said Mr. Davyton. "Let us tell you right away that this has all been arranged. I expected you to see the advertisement, and if you had not done so Mr. Aloysius would have written to you. Mr. Aloysius and I are business rivals only, for we are very old friends, and he has helped me very materially. Now I think I must tell you a domestic secret, which will help explain what has happened."

Mr. Davyton then told Dick of Kitty's visit, and the reason why Mr. Philton had treated him so badly.

"I managed to chat with one or two of the older employes," he continued, "and they confirmed what your wife told me. Thereupon I decided to give you an appointment, but before doing so I felt I must test you, for the appointment carries considerable responsibility."

Dick's heart began to beat madly, and he heard himself saying in a far-away voice:

"But supposing I had accepted and given away your secret, sir?"

"You do not possess it to give," replied Mr. Davyton, with a smile, "or, at least, what you possess is not a marketable commodity. I have recently invented a more elaborate process which is both cheaper and far superior to our old process. To no one but the manager of my works do I intend to communicate my invention, so you will see how necessary it is for me to be sure of my man."

"You mean——" Dick began in husky tones, and then was unable to say any more.

"That I want you to be my manager at the works," said Mr. Davyton. "The salary will be five hundred a year. Will you fill the vacancy?"

Dick was absolutely unable to speak. His throat was full, and his eyes were smarting as though the tears were near the surface, but yet he wanted to shout with joy. All he could do was to hold out his hand, which Mr. Davyton grasped.

But suddenly a fresh thought struck Dick, and he became grave.

"There's Mr. Philton," he said. "I'm afraid it would be awkward."

"I intended to give Mr. Philton the post of works manager," rejoined Mr. Davyton slowly, "and to put you in his place at the office at four hundred a year, Mr. Philton's salary. Before doing so," went on Mr. Davyton, "my friend Mr. Aloysius wrote asking Mr. Philton to call. When he came, Mr. Aloysius offered him the appointment he offered you, and, I regret to say, it was accepted. Mr. Philton will not trouble you again, as I have retired him on a small pension."

Dick Wyndham had a taxi-cab all the way home, so eager was he to tell Kitty.

PRODUCING A COMMERCIAL EGG.

Professor Oscar Riddle, of the Department of Experimental Therapeutics of the University of Chicago, has been dosing fowls with a view to finding whether they can be induced to produce a commercial egg able to resist the effects of age. He selected a number of good egg-laying hens, which he divided into lots of five, and administered to them regular doses of urotropin, or sodium benzoate, or sodium salicylate. The hens were otherwise normally fed, and remained under treatment for eight to ten days. During that time they received two-fifths of a gramme of the chemical twice a day, or four-fifths of a gramme every 24 hours. The results were most gratifying, though they were most successful in the case of the hens dosed with urotropin. The chemical so far affected the birds' vital processes that the eggs they laid proved to be far more resistant to the ravages of time and the decomposing effects of temperature than the eggs laid by the "control" hens in the same period. It could not be said, observes Professor Riddle, however, that these dosed eggs would ever be mistaken for really fresh eggs. The urotropin had evidently eaten into their souls. There was something noticeably unusual about the texture and constitution of the white of the egg. Nevertheless, he thinks there are possibilities in the method, and the life of the "cooking" egg may be notably prolonged.

No Choice.

A great aviator was talking at a tea-party to the pretty girl of his heart.

"Tell me," said the girl, as she took her ninetieth sandwich, "tell me, does flying require any particular application?"

"Well, no, none in particular," came the answer. "Arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as another."

USEFUL MEDICINES FOR THE FARM.

In districts where there is no veterinary surgeon within easy reach of the farmer, it behoves this prudent man to make as good a provision as possible against loss from accident and disease amongst his stock. The first step to this end is to acquire at least a veterinary knowledge of the treatment of the most common diseases of animals, and of the medicines used in connection therewith. This subject has been well taken up by the "Mark Lane Express Annual." Readers will find much valuable information in the following article from that authority. The information has been slightly modified to meet the requirements of Australian farmers.

Keeping Medicines in Stock.

There are several forms in which a stock of medicines may be kept, and it is not easy to decide which is best under all conditions. One plan is to get a number of mixtures of drugs made up by the chemist, according to some recognised formulae, and keep them ready for immediate use, of course tightly corked and sealed, and properly labelled. Examples are drinks for colic in horses, fever mixture for the same class of stock, cleansing drinks for cows, scour mixture for calves, lambs and young pigs, and dressing for minor wounds and injuries.

Another plan is to stock the preparations sent out in compact form by well-known firms of animal medicine vendors, whose medicine-chests, with specific remedies for the common disorders of the several varieties of the animals on the farm frequently prove an immense boon to those living in isolated places and remote from professional assistance. The objections to this plan are, however, that the composition of the remedies is the secret of the proprietors, and many men very properly want to know what they are giving to their stock.

A third plan is to ask the veterinary surgeon usually employed to supply a small stock of mixtures for the different common disorders of animals. These should be accompanied by plain directions for use, and when the emergent case has become chronic, or has proved of a character obviously requiring professional skill, it is then easy to say to the veterinary surgeon on his arrival, "I have given one or more of your drinks," when he will be in a better position to decide what further measures to take than if something of unknown composition had been administered.

The fourth plan is to keep a stock of the more common and useful drugs in separate bottles or receptacles, with a glass measure or two, and weights and scales for compounding them as occasion may arise. The difficulty here is that the making-up of prescriptions or the compounding of drugs is not exactly part of the farmer's training; while the drugs, unless carefully stored and renewed from time to time, are apt to deteriorate, and those of a more volatile character may lose their power altogether.

It should be made a rule that all fluid drugs of volatile character, such as the various tinctures, spirit of camphor, sal volatile, sulphuric ether, sweet spirits of nitre, etc., should be kept in stoppered bottles in a closed cupboard, and that powdered drugs should be stored in tins or wooden boxes with closely-fitting lids. When liquids are kept in ordinary bottles, corks are liable to become eaten away, and the contents evaporate.

Attention, too, should always be paid to the condition of labels, and to the dryness of the store. When labels drop off, doubts may arise in process of time as to the nature of the contents, and without the trained memory, eye, and nose of the chemist the stockowner must either throw the stuff away or take the risk of making mistakes, which, needless to say, should never be accepted.

A word here as to the care of poisons. On some farms one often sees enough poison lying about unprotected to destroy all the human and half of the animal population of the parish—arsenic, wheat dressings, sheep dip, etc., being commonly left about in loose packets with partly or wholly obliterated labels.

All poison drugs should be plainly labelled with their names and the word "poison" written large, and be kept under lock and key.

Some Standard Mixtures.

With regard to the form in which the stock of useful medicines shall be kept, it is best left to the individual to decide according to his circumstances. We subjoin several useful formulae, for the benefit of those who prefer mixtures for specific purposes.

Perhaps the mixture more frequently needed in emergencies, which may occur more especially at night, is one for colic or gripes.

A useful prescription for a colic draught is:—Oil of turpentine, 3 ozs.; tincture of opium, 1 oz.; linseed oil, 1 pint. Give the draught as it is, followed by some gruel, and, if necessary, repeat it in two hours, but not more than two doses should be given. Walk the horse about, rub the belly with wisps, and generally take measures to prevent the animal getting down and rolling. The special advantage of this mixture is, that if tightly corked and sealed, it will keep good for years. Chlorodyne is now largely employed in the treatment of colic, and so is chloral hydrate. Preparations of ammonia and sulphuric ether are useful in the flatulent (windy) variety of colic.

A fever drink, useful in chills and colds in both horses and cattle, and for horses after a hard day's driving, is:—Extract of belladonna, drachm; nitrate of potash, ½ oz.; chlorate of potash, ½ oz.; sweet spirit of nitre, 1 oz.; spirit of camphor, ¼ oz.; solution of acetate of ammonia, 2 ozs.; water, 8 ozs.

As a cleansing drink for cows give:—Carbonate of ammonia, ½ oz.; powdered aniseed, 1 oz.; Epsom salts, 12 ozs. Give in one quart of gruel.

Condition powder, for horses when blotchy in their skins, or changing their coats:—Sublimed sulphur, 4 ozs.; nitrate of potash, 3 ozs.; powdered gentian, ginger, aniseed and fenugreek, of each 2 ozs.; powdered capsicum, 1 oz. Dose, one tablespoonful occasionally in damped food.

Calves' cordial.—Prepared chalk, 2 ozs.; tincture of catechu, 1oz.; tincture of opium, 1oz.; essence of peppermint, ½ oz.; water to 12 ozs. Dose, one to four tablespoonfuls, preceded by a full dose of castor oil. Lambs and young pigs suffering from scour may receive a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to age.

Dressing for cuts.—A useful dressing for cuts and wounds is one part of pure carbolic acid to thirty parts of olive oil, while a slightly weaker mixture makes an excellent lubricant and antiseptic for use in all cases of assisted or difficult parturition.

Another lotion, excellent for hardening shoulders and backs is:—Powdered alum, 1 oz.; sulphuric acid, 1 drachm; water, 1 quart.

No stable medicine-chest is complete without a bottle of embrocation, but it is a safe thing to say that the abuse of such preparations has wrought more harm than they have done in their legitimate employment. The mistake made is in applying embrocations with considerable friction to recent sprains or injuries, instead of first reducing the inflammation which always follows an injury. Hot water fomentations, or cooling solutions, should be employed first, then an embrocation when the inflammation has abated, or the chronic stage is reached. Some skill is required in compounding the mixture of turpentine, acetic acid, ammonia, etc., of which most embrocations consist, so as to make an elegant and stable mixture, and it is better to buy the widely-advertised preparation in common use, and sold by chemists, than to attempt its domestic manufacture.

With an example of the simple blister for the horse, we may complete our list of useful stock mixtures:—Powdered cantharides, 2 drachms; camphor, 5 grains; oil of lavender, 10 drops; lard, 1oz.

For splints, spavins, ringbones, and solid enlargements generally, whose absorption is desired, a preferable mixture is one part of biniodide of mercury to seven parts of lard.

In using the blister, the part should be first clipped closely, and the ointment vigorously rubbed in with the palm of the hand against the direction of the hair for four or five minutes. The head must be tied short, and precautions taken to prevent gnawing or rubbing the blistered surface until the irritation has passed off.

In 24 hours the skin should be thickly smeared with clarified lard, and the dressing repeated from time to time, until desquamation (the scaling off of the scurf skin) is complete.

WHERE A GIRL MAKES A MISTAKE.

There are girls who, instead of making themselves useful, and calmly resting in their maiden dignity, think only of getting married, and use questionable means to achieve their purpose.

Forgetting the proverb, "The more haste the less speed," this sort of girl not infrequently assumes a "fast" style of talk, manner and dress, in order to make herself attractive to the opposite sex. In doing so, she makes a great mistake. Fish may nibble at her bait, but they will not allow themselves to be caught. A loud girl may attract attention, and have half-an-hour of popularity, but she is a type of the shortsightedness of some of her sex. Men of the baser sort may amuse themselves with her, but no man worth having would think of marrying her.

There is a liberty that makes us free, and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who tak liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more free but more enslaved than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the means taken to gain it. Whatever men may be themselves, they like gentleness, modesty and purity in act and thought and women.

HOME HINTS.

Velvet coat collars will be all the better for rubbing with a flannel wrung out of ammonia and hot water.

Brooms, when new, should be scalded in boiling suds, and they will last much longer. Always hang them up, or stand on the handle, never on the bristles.

Sunshine is one of the best health-sun, and let in sickness and sorrow.

When making underclothes by machine it sometimes happens that they get oil-stoned. The stains should be taken out with ammonia before the garments are sent to the laundry.

When a wallpaper is faded or shabby, put over it a coat of distemper in a pretty pale shade. This will have the appearance of a good plain paper, with the advantage of being washable.

To clean enamelled baths, make a paste of powdered whiting and water, and with this rub the inside of the bath. Then wash thoroughly with clean water, and dry at once.

To keep tinware bright, wash it thoroughly with hot water and soda. Dry it with clean cloths, and scour it with sand and whiting in equal parts mixed into a paste with water.

Permanganate of potash, dissolved in boiling water in the proportion of one ounce to a quart of water, makes an excellent stain for floor boards, and also a good and very cheap disinfectant.

To bleach faded muslin, mix a tablespoonful of chloride of lime to every quart of water required. Stir the article about in this water till all color has disappeared, and then rinse it very thoroughly in clear water.

When, after much service, a broom becomes shorter on one side than the other, and the ends of the straw as sharp as needles, dip it in hot water, and trim it down quite evenly with the shears. The result will be a broom as serviceable as when new.

Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open the window, let the light stream in, and gloom vanishes and care and sadness flee.

THE WORLD'S MOHAIR.

Although something like 70,000 bags of mohair are exported from Turkey, 80 per cent. of which is consumed in Bradford, the bulk of the product is kept back for manufacturing. Nearly all "Turkey" carpets and rugs are manufactured in the East by hand looms. As with the merino in Australia, the animal, pasture, and climate combined makes Turkish mohair unequalled in any other part of the world for quality; yet no special pains are taken to preserve the excellent qualities of the stock. On the other hand, with much attention paid to it in both South Africa and the United States, the animals have, as a rule, deteriorated. An enormous amount of hand-weaving is done also in Asia Minor, and thereby it is difficult to obtain a correct estimate of the annual production of mohair in the world. The mohair trade to-day is, however, very dead, except for good qualities.

Located at Last.

A certain man who is too economical to keep any extra collar-studs on hand and who spends a good share of his morning moments hunting for these wayward essentials of male attire, startled his wife one evening by a more than usual flow of emphatic language.

"What's the matter now?" she exclaimed. "Matter enough," he returned with a series of paralytic gasps. "I've swallowed my stud."

"Thank goodness!" snapped his wife, "for once in your life you know where it is."

The first step towards providing lighthouses for aerial craft has recently been taken in Germany, where, on the top of a high building in Spandau, a cluster of extremely powerful electric lights has been installed, which shoot their radiance straight up into the sky, thus making a point which the navigators of the airships of the German Army can see for guidance in their nocturnal voyages.

Tell a girl she has a musical laugh and she will think you the funniest fellow in the world.

Many a man spends all his life looking for opportunities that exist only in his imagination.

A little boy, whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whisky, surprised his mother by asking:

"Did papa ever sprain his throat when he was a little boy?"

CHILDREN AT MEALS.

The table is the place to teach children self-control, thoughtfulness for others, the petty sacrifices that Emerson says make up good manners. The little three-year-old who is required to wait patiently her turn, on pain of being lifted down, is learning a valuable lesson, and the comfort of the whole family is enhanced incidentally while it is taught.

To make this still more effective, each child—particularly the boys—should have some part in the serving to do, or similar tasks. In many households this is left entirely to the girls. Why should the boys, who need it so much more, be exempt from this discipline?

Children may and should be trained both in the repression of fault-finding about their food and the expression of appreciation. Nothing is more trying to a mother, hot and wearied with the preparation of a meal, than to have her one failure singled out as the object of comment. It is often done thoughtlessly, with no idea of how it will sting; but it should not be done by a husband, and it should not be permitted in a child. The rule should be: Pleasant comments or none. And yet this negative teaching is not quite enough. It adds so to the pleasure of life to know that our efforts are appreciated. The father who takes thought to say, "My dear, this is a very nicely-cooked roast," is adding to his wife's happiness, and is educating his children as well. A fault-finding husband will not be likely to go forth from that home.

The educating influence of table appointments upon the taste and refinement of a family must not be overlooked. A teacher once said, "I can keep my bad boy within bounds so long as he has on a white collar and a necktie, but when he drops the collar he drops his decency with it." We are all better behaved in good clothes. Children will be more careful at a well-dressed table. A coffee spot is so much more noticeable on a clean cloth than on a crumpled, soiled one; disorder so much more apparent if there were first immaculate order.

There is nothing more distressing than to sit at a table where children are forbidden to talk. The Spartan mothers who insist on this rule are repressing spontaneity and depriving their children of one of their best educational openings. In many cases they are shutting off from very closely occupied fathers the opportunity of conversation with their children—almost the only opportunity they have.

Children should not take the lead in the conversation, nor monopolise it, at the table or elsewhere; nor should they break in upon the talk of their elders by questions or other interruptions. They should simply have their share in the ordinary life of the family, telling in their way of their little concerns—never overlooked, never excluded from the current of talk, but never permitted to be so much in evidence that their friends and parents are forced to keep in the background.

EARACHE.

Earache is one of the most distressing afflictions of childhood. Every mother knows the pitiful cry of the child who is suffering from this pain.

Heat is the best means to use for its relief. Sometimes a hot water bag, or a warm iron wrapped in flannel will soothe it. If this fails, the ear may be gently filled with warm water. The head is turned sideways, with the aching ear uppermost, and the water poured in, as hot as can be borne, from a spoon. A few drops of glycerine warmed in a teaspoon may be used instead. After a few minutes the head is turned in the opposite direction and the liquid runs out.

A few drops of chloroform poured on cotton wool and put in a wineglass, which is then held closely over the ear to permit the fumes to enter it, sometimes gives relief. Chloroform is not a household remedy, nor is it always attainable.

THE GAY LIFE.

He hurries every morning to catch a certain car;
He goes to work where hundreds of other toilers are;
His course is never varied; he has no time to stray;
The route that is the shortest he takes day after day;
He works upon a schedule that changes not at all
In winter or in summer, in springtime or in fall.

He starts in every morning, just as he did before,
To do a certain duty and never any more;
He has his thirty minutes at noon to rest and eat,
And when the day is ended he hurries to the street
To start his journey homeward, night after night the same
Jammed in with other people who do not know his name.

He does not know his neighbors, to them he is unknown;
Beyond his little orbit his face is never shown;
He hurries every morning to catch a certain car;
At night he clings where other sad-faced, strap-hangers are,
And wonders how the people exist out on the farms,
Deprived of social pleasures and all the city's charms.

WANT OF TACT.

People without tact do a great deal of mischief. They seem actually merciless at times. They never know what is best to say or do. They tread upon people's toes, and open so often the chest where family skeletons are kept that they earn the reputation of being spiteful. They ask over and over again questions which are obviously unpleasant to answer, and make remarks that are seen at once by all save themselves to be offensive.

Too Fast.

The express was tearing away at the wild and awe-inspiring rate of six miles an hour, when all of a sudden it stopped altogether. Most of the passengers did not notice the difference; but one of them happened to be somewhat anxious to reach his destination before old age claimed him for its own. He put his head through the window, to find that the cause of the stop was a cow on the line. After a while they continued the journey for half-an-hour or so, and then—another stop.

"What's wrong now?" asked the impatient passenger of the guard.

"A cow on the line."

"But I thought you drove it off?"

"So we did," said the guard; "but we caught up with it again."

The people who never stop to think probably wouldn't think if they should stop.

Ordinary mortals might possibly manage to get along without physicians, but it would be a bitter pill for the druggist.

Mother: Professor, what do you think of little Arthur as a violinist?

Professor: I like the way he puts the fiddle back into the case.

It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those that follow.

No house is dark in which a little child smiles.

EARLY RISING.

The man or woman whose business engagements take up the best part of the time between nine in the morning and nine in the evening must be either an early riser or go late to bed if they are to enjoy any hours of freedom under the bright sky. Undoubtedly the early morning has a beauty of its own, filling one with the joy of life; but it is equally true that early cycling, walking, swimming, or other exercise may make one so tired that one's later duties seem burdensome. On this account much may be urged for a preference in favor of late evening exercise.

Often when we are taking our holidays we grudge the time that has to be spent in sleeping and eating, and feel that we should be in the open nearly all the twenty-four hours. But this is neither good reasoning nor likely to make our holiday yield its maximum of benefit.

I grant without hesitation that each part of the day has its own special allurement. The morning is invigorating, the hours nearing noon are full of the life of joyous humanity about us. The afternoon seems to tells us that we need do nothing save bask in the warm sun. The cool evening invites us to roam, and in the moonlight we feel able to sit and look at the silvery sea, or the whispering woods for time without end. But we need bodily rest and brain rest. For both sleep is the best medium. Holiday walking, cycling, rolling, boating and swimming are forms of work. Therefore I say—by all means rise with the sun if you will, but do not grudge your usual hours of sleep. Take them by going to bed earlier.

THE WEARING OF CORSETS.

As women grow older they have to pay more and more attention to their dress—not less and less, as seems to be the case with many who apparently give up all hope of good looks and a figure after they have passed the forties. If a woman wants to keep herself young-looking and attractive, she must have not only good clothes, but good corsets. Young girls whose figures are naturally slender, pliant and erect, can wear comparatively inexpensive lightly-boned corsets; but most middle-aged women have a tendency toward embonpoint. The muscles of the abdomen grow weaker instead of stronger as one grows older, one falls into careless ways of standing, the hips and abdomen become unnecessarily prominent, the waistline awkwardly thick. Middle-aged women should get the very best corsets that they can possibly afford. The skirt should be long, to force the flesh away from the waist and hips. The material and bones should be strong, so that the figure will have the support it needs. All older women should take a few simple exercises daily that will keep the muscles of the waist flexible. Otherwise their figures will grow stiff

NOTICE.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Of

A NEW STORY

Entitled

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By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

Authoress of "A Bid for a Bride," "Mrs. Maxwell's Silence," etc.

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By S. N. SEDGWICK,

Author of "Petronilla," "A Daughter of the Druids," "One Day in May," &c.

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CHAPTER XXV.

A Harbor of Refuge.

Washington, the pretty Sussex village, lies in the shadow of the famous Chanctonbury Ring, a cluster of little thatched cottages round an ancient church, lost on the broad bosom of the downs.

But at least one class of the community know it very well. The tramps, the loafers, the idle know it and avoid it, though many a weary, footsore, broken-down man trudges into it to ask his way to one house.

For Washington holds the Hostel of the Order of St. Peter the Sailor, a strange-looking medley of buildings in the midst of a twenty-acre field. It is the centre of the Mission of St Peter, an Order of Brothers, under the English Church, whose work is to labor among the dockyards and harbors of the world. Men of all ranks, both clerical and lay, are members, and their vow of poverty is no mere form, for, very often, Father Superior Tomkins has to borrow the only wearable boots from the last new brother before he goes away on the Saturday to preach in some fashionable West End Church.

He is an extraordinary personality. Born a monk, a vivid preacher, frequently losing himself altogether in his message, half-blind, half-starved, yet with a remarkably handsome face and a figure that seems instinct with vitality.

Beginning in an independent way as a mission preacher at Portsmouth, he worked his way as a common sailor round the world from port to port, always making as his goal the lowest harborside public-house, where he would speak to the men he found within.

Later on, when his work gradually became known, other workers joined him, and after he had tested them with a severe probation, he made them take the three vows and set them on their way.

The little property which some of them brought he invested in his Hostel at Washington, choosing that place because several main roads from the sea met outside the village, and he knew that many a sea-faring man out of a job would come that way towards London.

The Hostel consisted of one cottage, surrounded by several corrugated iron buildings, a chapel, a refectory, a carpenter's shop, and dormitories. When he was not pleading for his beloved seamen's mission in London, he lived here, welcoming any man really hard-up, especially a sailor or seaman, or docker who was willing to stay for a time with them and earn his share of their scanty meals. All who slept under the roof had to take their share in the daily work. The twenty-acre field was their garden, and there they grew all sorts of vegetables for the market, and at the farther end kept a few pigs.

Small wonder that the genuine tramp avoided the place, for it was well known that on more than one occasion when a loafer had got in, with a plausible tale, and had malingered, Father Tomkins, with a healthy British rage, had run him off the premises the next morning with one hand on his neck and the other at the slack of his small clothes showing vigorously that he knew where best to apply his foot, a foot as hard and painful as a boot, though it was bare.

The brothers wore the coarse, brown habits of monks at home, and went bare-headed and bare-footed except when preaching at other churches.

Late on the evening of Tuesday after it was dark, there came a tinkle at the hotel bell, and the monk acting as porter opened the door to find a little woman, rather draggled and tired, standing there.

Mrs. Pattifer had walked from the nearest station (which was seven miles away), and was worn out; but she still labored under some excitement. The brother at the door spoke courteously but firmly.

"I am very sorry, madam," he said, "this is a Brotherhood, and no woman has ever entered these doors if you want help——"

"My son had a letter from you this morning," replied Mrs. Pattifer, equally firm, "and as he wasn't at home I opened the parcel. I'm here in answer to it, and I've brought the parcel with me. Now, young man, or holy father, for I'm sure I don't know who you are, standing there with the light behind you, and that thing on, which looks more like a sack than anything else I've ever seen, are you Mr. Tomkins, Father Superior or not?"

"Father Tomkins is at his devotions at this moment," said the brother, somewhat alarmed by Mrs. Pattifer's persistence, "and really, madam, I fear that if you desire to see him you must wait till to-morrow."

"I haven't come all this way just to wait a whole night," said Mrs. Pattifer. "I'm not accustomed to waiting. Besides, what I've come for is a matter of life and death. My son wants to see this man Kezzit."

At the mention of his name the brother started.

"The poor fellow is dying," he said; "otherwise we couldn't not have sent off the parcel. But he would not be contented till he had seen it done up and had received our assurance that it had been posted."

"Well, please ask his reverence, or whatever he's called, to speak to me at once."

The young brother hesitated again. "It's most irregular," he said, "but perhaps you will kindly stand here in the lodge till I return."

Father Tomkins came at last. He was not annoyed, but considerably amused. It was true that Mrs. Pattifer was the first woman ever admitted to the establishment, but he was not unprepared for such an event.

He took Mrs. Pattifer at once to his study, and made her sit down. "Now, tell me," he said, "what your business is as soon as you can." Mrs. Pattifer poured out the whole terrible story, more coherently than she expected. The father asked her one or two questions.

"So you started off as soon as you got my letter?" he said at last.

"Yes, your fatherliness," she replied. "You see time is precious. If those wicked executioners take it into their heads to chop poor Bruce's head off before Saturday it will be too late."

The father smiled. "I don't think they are likely to do that," he said.

"Oh, you never can tell," Mrs. Pattifer replied. "I remember reading in my younger days of the awful things that went on in the Tower of London and the Star Chamber, and when I saw those dreadful creatures in their woolly wigs in court the other day I said to myself, 'Depend upon it, they have kept the Star Chamber going all these years and they torture prisoners there, and that's why they wear those woolly things.'"

"Why?"

"So that they may not hear the shrieks, your fatherhood."

"I think you'd better call me plain Mr. Tomkins," said the monk.

"Well, I'm sure that's very humble-minded of you," said Mrs. Pattifer, "for there's no hiding it, you are plain. Not that it's your fault, you know. We can live above our looks. A cat may look like a king, but, after all, handsome is, you know."

"Well, now, let me tell you my story," said Father Tompkins, "for, as you say, time is precious. This wretched man Kezzit came here a week or more ago with a sad story. He was nearly dead from starvation, but he would not eat at first. He seemed bent on destroying himself. He appears to have wandered from his home down here, and to have been directed by someone in the village to our hostel.

"He did not leave home on account of Mr. Hilfield's death. I may as well tell you at once that he has said no word to me about him, and I never suspected him guilty of murder. It seems that his wife died a few days ago, and after burying her he wandered away down here. He appears almost broken-hearted. I should say that he is not altogether responsible. But as he is certainly dying, I must speak to him to-night, and get him to tell the whole story.

"Feeling how ill he was, he begged me to write to your son and enclose the little box and papers that you found. He said that Mr. Joseph and this man Bruce were the only men who had ever showed him kindness, and this little gift was all he could do by way of return. He would not be satisfied till I had written my letter and posted it.

"Now come and see him, but remember the man's ill."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Night Journey.

Father Tomkins led the way to a small white-washed room. A brother sitting by the bed stood up as the Superior entered.

"Leave us, brother," said the Father. "Now, my dear fellow," he continued, turning towards the bed, "I have brought a lady to see you."

Mrs. Pattifer came near. She had never seen Kezzit before, so that she was ignorant of the change in his appearance—the whitening of his hair, the horrible shrinkage of his face, the unnatural gleam in his eyes.

Kezzit looked at her. "You are Mr. Pattifer's mother," he said, with an effort; "I can see the likeness."

"Yes; and I've got a story to tell you," she replied.

"One moment," said Father Tomkins; "I must say something first. My poor man, I haven't asked you for more of your story than you chose to tell me. But now, it seems, the time has come for you to speak out. All I know of you is this—that your wife has recently died, and that, after burying her, you came down here. I did not know it until now. But it is this good lady's firm belief that you can save a man from the gallows."

"I am no murderer," said Kezzit, with a return of his old ferocity. "As God is my witness, I have shed no innocent blood. But go on—let me hear the story."

Mrs. Pattifer told it.

When the tale was over he spoke again.

At the word "Bruce" Kezzit started.

"You must get me my clothes, Father," he said, "and give me some brandy. It's quite true. I did kill the scoundrel Hilfield. I was executioner. It was laid upon me, when I saw my wife lying dead, that I had this work to do before I died. But I'll go to London and tell the whole truth."

"That is impossible," said Father Tomkins sternly. "You may die at any moment; you are not fit to travel. Make your confession now, my son."

"I won't," said Kezzit; "and I shall not die till I have set it right, I know that. You get me my clothes and some brandy, and come with me if you like. I'll tell the story in London to the judge, and to no one before that. Mr. Bruce in prison, and condemned! I never dreamt of it. I never thought any more about it when once it was done. I had poor Nelly to see to. I couldn't think of anything else. But now—now—I can't die till the story's been told plain."

In vain Father Tomkins tried to persuade him to make his confession then and there. Kezzit was obstinate about it. And, as it was plain that the man's strength could not be relied on, and it was imperative that he should speak, hasty preparations were made that night. At all costs, it was necessary to humor him.

There were no trains available at the little country station.

"Trains are no good to me, if there are any," said Kezzit. "I'm sorry to put you to expense, Father; but you must get a cart or something, and drive me where I tell you."

Within an hour a carriage had been procured, and the dying man was being driven towards Horsham.

He spoke no word, but he watched in the moonlight every inch of the road. A mile outside Horsham he spoke.

"Stop the carriage," he said suddenly.

"What is it?" said Father Tomkins, leaning forwards.

"I've to get out here for a few minutes," said Kezzit. "I've something to do. I'll whisper into your ear, Father, provided you will swear to me not to reveal what I say."

Father Tomkins did as he was asked, and Kezzit whispered.

"Here?" cried the Father, startled out of himself.

"Yes, here," said Kezzit. "Remember your promise. Now help me out, and I'll show you."

The Father helped him into the road, and through the gate into a little coppice, bidding Mrs. Pattifer remain where she was till they returned. They were absent about half-an-hour, and when they returned Kezzit held something in his hand wrapped in a handkerchief. There were tears on his face and the sweat of exhaustion on his forehead.

"More brandy," he said. "Now drive as straight as you can go to London."

CHAPTER XXVII.

At the Judge's House.

Mr. Justice Roper—whose name, Mrs. Pattifer explained, was enough to make any dog hang him—lived a simple life in a flat near Baker-street. Thither Father Tomkins drove, arriving at the door just as the day was breaking. The last few miles had seen Kezzit getting fainter, and more than once the Father had tried to persuade him to stop and make his confession at once rather than leave it till too late.

"No," was the dying man's answer, "I shall live till I have told the story Bruce."

And it was astonishing how, after to the judge who has condemned Mr. each refusal, the energy flickered up again within him.

Father Tomkins looked old and grey after his all-night drive; and Mrs. Pattifer, weary enough, it is true, but with triumph and a large smut on her face, used her aristocratic smelling salts with great effect, as she stood waiting in the lobby.

As it happened, Mr. Justice Roper was already up, early as it was, for it was characteristic of the man to content himself with only a few hours' sleep during the sessions that he might get through the enormous amount of work which fell on his shoulders.

He appeared in an old, worn dressing-gown.

Kezzit lay half-conscious on a sofa, the father standing at his side.

"Ah, Father Tomkins," said the judge, "I've heard of you, of course, but this is a very early call. I see it's a matter of some importance. So don't hesitate; let me know as soon as possible what your story is."

"Thank you," said Father Tomkins, and without any preamble plunged into his story.

"So you see, sir," he concluded, "under the circumstances, the man being so near to death, I thought it best to humor him rather than run the risk of losing his confession altogether."

Kezzit roused up a little. "Confession!" he said, with some defiant note in his tones. "You've called it that a good many times, Father, but I tell you I have no confession to make. What have I to confess? I've the truth to tell; I've Mr. Bruce to clear. But I'll face the judge without any guilty conscience."

"Now, my good man," the judge began, "tell your story, and I'll shorthand it for you. And—hide nothing."

It was a long tale that Kezzit insisted on telling. But as he went on his voice grew stronger and more vehement, as once more the memory of his wrongs and the misery of his life quickened within him. He told of Hilfield's bad treatment, of the way in which he had profited by the patents, and yet kept him down under the burden of his debts. He told of his wife's downfall and the sickening tragedy of her drunkenness, of the culminating act—her death.

"When I saw her lying dead," he continued, "and my brain had cleared a bit, I knew what I had to do. The time had come for me to punish that monster who had poisoned all our life. I've often thought how it could be done. I knew his ways and where I should be sure to find him. I had made up my mind long before that if anything happened to Nelly he should pay the penalty; whilst she was alive I was bound to run no risks, so I contented myself with finishing the little instrument I required. It was well-nigh perfect, and I charged it the same day.

"I went and sold as many of my cages and birds as I could, but I 'ad a good many pets, and I couldn't bear to let them go to some dealer who might not understand them; so I got my barrow out in readiness. There was Nelly to be seen to as well. I knew I couldn't bury her in London, because there'd be bound to be an inquiry if I tried to get any undertaker to arrange a funeral. I'd no certificate. What's more, I thought she'd be more peaceful lying somewheres in the country; so I washed her and streaked 'er, and when night came I took her downstairs to the back yard and put 'er on the barrow.

"Oh, my God! she looked that sweet and snod, and as young as the day I married 'er, as I laid 'er there, and covered 'er over with a bit of framework, and then loaded up my cages and birds on the top, so as no one should suspect what I'd got on the barrow.

"Then I had to send Mr. Bruce his hypodermic, as I'd promised 'im. When I'd done that I went and sat by the side of the barrow till daylight.

"I'd experimented with snake poison and vegetable poisons, too, for some time, and I'd found a poison that would kill almost instantaneously. Don't you think Hilfield didn't know anything about it. For I took a rat to 'im one day, and showed 'im 'ow quickly it could die. I drove a needle into the little creature before 'is eyes, though he never guessed it. That was his lookout, not mine. I meant 'im to take it as a warning, but he wouldn't. Mr. Pattifer can tell you that's true, for 'e found the rat by a fluke that same morning, and since then I've given 'im others. The poison evaporates out of the corpse very quickly, and leaves no traces, only the constriction of the heart. So anyone could handle these dead things with impunity.

"Next morning, knowing that Hilfield would travel by the same tram he always used, and would sit in the same seat, I took a tram from the other end of the line, which started at the same time. I was sure they would pass somewhere; and as the line was a single one I calculated that one of us would stop for the other to pass.

"These trams pass so close, you know, that you can touch folks as you go by, if you like. So I knew I could get at the scoundrel easily. As we came nearer up the line towards where I knew I must pass 'im, I'd got everything ready in my hand. But my blood was a-boiling, and my head was so dazed with fury that I began to fear I shouldn't see 'im; everything seemed in a regular mist.

"But I pulled myself together, and at last—at last—I saw 'im coming, as we stood still on a loop.

"He came by, never seeing me. As he passed I leaned a bit over and drove my needle well into his arm.

"I saw 'im half-turn and catch sight of me, and I thought I heard him call out. But I knew he was pretty nigh dead; and I made no further fuss. Our tram went on. And when we got back, and I slipped off at the Nag's Head, my head was as clear and I was as peaceful as if it were me that was dead and not 'im.

"I never gave 'im another thought. I never dreamt for a moment that anyone else, especially one as was a friend to me, would be suspected. I pushed my barrow out of the yard, and set off anywhere into the country, looking for a place where I could bury my Nelly.

"I don't know how many days I wandered. But I found a little wood at last outside Horsham, and there I put her safely under ground.

"I let loose all the birds, too, thinking they'd like to be as free as she was, and as I wanted to be. As they flew off twittering, I thought, 'Fore long, I'll be like 'em, flying somewhere with my Nelly, free!

"So I went on and sold the barrow and empty cages, and then I made up my mind to walk on till I died. And I'd 'ave done it, only I had a faint in Washington, and some good folk took me to your place, Father."

Kezzit's voice dwindled away into a sudden faintness as he concluded. Father Tomkins touched his lips with the stimulant.

"What was the instrument, Kezzit?" the judge asked, "with which you murdered Hilfield?"

Kezzit opened his eyes. "I didn't murder 'im," he said; "I killed him. And I'd do it again. I did it with this. We dug it up last night from Nelly's side. I buried it close to her."

He dragged out from his breast a small bundle of skewers. The judge took them in his hand, astonished.

"One of o'm's hollow," said Kezzit, "and has a little pump, like a squirt. Be careful, sir, for it's very sharp. I carried 'em over my arm, hanging down outside the tram. I thought no one would suspect a bundle of skewers, and they didn't. But I kept my thumb ready on the one which held the poison."

"Are you prepared to sign this story?" asked the judge, holding up his notes.

"Yes, I am," said Kezzit; "but you'll have to be quick. For I've lasted as long as I said I would, and I'm going now—thank God!"

There was no time to prepare a proper draft. The judge placed his stylograph in the man's fingers, and had to guide his hand over the straggling signature he made.

Kezzit finished and fell back exhausted on the couch.

For a moment or two he looked round at each face.

"I don't know," he said, by-and-bye, in a low tone—"I don't know all together as I was right about killing 'im. It seemed justice. But, maybe, if Nelly had— ."

Father Tomkins knelt down eagerly by his side. "My son," he began. But the sweat gathered thick on Kezzit's face. His hands played convulsively, his breath grew suddenly stertorous, his eyes fixed.

The Father, speaking loudly and clearly, began the Lord's Prayer.

". . . . Forgive us our trespasses . . . ."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The End.

Joseph was in a pretty state of distress. His mother's mysterious disappearance and her enigmatical message made him think that the anxiety of those days must have turned her mind. Two days had gone by, and he could discover no traces of her.

He had done his best to set on foot all possible means of discovering her whereabouts; and on the evening of Thursday, disconsolate and depressed, he went over to tell Rose that nothing more could be done.

He arrived to find that Gertrude also was with them, a telegram in her hand.

"I can't understand it," she was saying. "Here is a wire from my darling saying that the dreadful interview we were to have with him to-morrow is impossible—and unnecessary. I've sent to his counsel to ask what it means, but he replies that he 'cannot explain and will communicate with me in the morning.'"

The other people present looked into each other's faces with astonishment.

Mrs. Hilfield rose with a cry and drew the girl on to her motherly breast. "Never mind," she said weeping, "never mind, dear; don't think about it. I know what you feel."

"Not to see him again," said Gertrude, dry-eyed; "not to hear his voice even once more! To have such a curt message! I think these last few days I have been dreaming! I shall wake suddenly and laugh to find it's a dream."

"Yes, yes, dearie; of course you will, please God."

There came a rapid ring at the bell—it pealed loudly through the house and rang again immediately.

Rose uttered a shriek. Gertrude grew whiter.

Joseph stood up and faced the door, holding his breath.

They all heard the servant cross the hall rapidly and open the door. There was a dead silence for a moment. Then—"It's mother," cried Joseph, suddenly; "it's mother!"

He ran to the door as it opened, and Mrs. Pattifer entered with a rush.

She threw herself at Joseph, completely upsetting her hat, rushed from one to another with a shower of kisses and talking like a waterfall all the time.

"Oh, my dears," she said; "I've had such a hunt for you. I went home first and Joseph wasn't there, like a Taffy was a Welshman, or something—then I went round to my dear Miss Dewar's, and you weren't there—and I began to think—that while my back was turned—you'd all been arrested—or something. So I had a cab—we—I—couldn't wait—and I came down here—and here you all are—just as it should be—and I've come home—like little Bo-peep—wagging a tail behind me—such a tale—such good news—such——"

The little woman had to stop for breath. No one spoke. All looked eagerly at her.

"Oh, I'm a fool, I'm a fool," said Mrs. Pattifer, suddenly bursting out crying. "I keep forgetting what you are all waiting to hear. But I can't get my tale out. It won't come quick enough. I've been to the monkery, or something, whatever it was—and I saw such a nice, good, holy Father. He wasn't half as high-church as I expected him to be—no hobbings or scrapings or anything—but such a nice plain smell about him—no incense at all—and he had got poor Kezzit all the time—like the prodigal son, or something. And they brought out the fatted calf as if it was Christmas—I mean they brought the poor man to London, and he confessed that he killed your poor husband, Mrs. Hilfield; though I'm sorry I can't bring him to life again—but the rest of us will try to make you happy—and I only hope that the shorn lamb will get a gentle wind without any temper or something—though it's better to be hung for a sheep—oh, what am I saying? At any rate, the judge promises me, now that poor Kezzit's dead, that he won't hang dear Bruce, or any of us. And——"

Gertrude stopped her by falling suddenly to the floor in a faint, for the first and last time in her existence.

The door was suddenly flung open, and a man, followed by an old lady leaning upon a stick, ran in to her side. The others started back from him. It was Bruce!

"Free, yes, free, my darling! Look up, I am free! Innocent! Look up, sweetheart—wife!"

Gertrude looked up and saw the face she loved. For a moment her mind wandered. "I'm dreaming," she said, "dreaming. Oh, God! let me go on dreaming."

Bruce kissed her. "Dearest," he said, "the dream has gone, gone for over. Wake and take your happiness."

And then Mrs. Bruce spoke. She was weak and bowed, and she bent heavily upon her stick, but she looked round at the little company with soft, tear-laden eyes. "I know none of you," she said, "except by name, but my dear Gertrude here; and if you have heard of me, it can only have been of one who was so proud and—and—stuck-up" (she smiled to herself at the unusual word) "that she would not have known you if she could."

But Mrs. Pattifer would hear no more.

"Please you, my lady," she said, "if that's the proper way of addressing you, we know you quite well. Why, we seem to have been quite intricate with one another lately. I'm sure, to think of you being Mr. Bruce's mother has quite upset us often, for he's been so natural and nice to us all; it seemed so hard that his mother should be—but there, I've gone and blundered into something that seems quite different from what I began to say. Never mind. Sit down, sit down, and let's be happy together."

She ran at Mrs. Bruce and hovered round her, whilst Gertrude helped her to a seat, and would have begun to talk again, had not Mrs. Bruce held up a forbidding hand in something like a memory of her old manner.

"I have something to say," she said, "and I cannot rest until I have said it. I have always looked down upon the people who could not boast of as clear a descent as my own. I have refused to acknowledge myself in any way towards them. And I should have continued to hold the same bad opinions, but for this chapter in my life."

"Don't you make such a mistake, ma'am," said Mrs. Pattifer. "If the aristocracy didn't uphold their blue blood——"

"Do keep quiet, mother," said Joseph, laughing.

"No, I will say it, 'J.,'" Mrs. Pattifer continued in an aside. "Can't you see she wants encouraging? If they didn't ma'am, I should like to know who would? And where should we be then?"

Mrs. Bruce smiled. "Thank you," she replied; "but I am converted now. I owe you all such a debt, and you especially, dear Mrs. Pattifer, that I have learnt, perhaps in the only way I could that we cannot live without dependence on the rest of mankind. And therefore there is a duty which is everyone's to acknowledge that debt, and to pay it as best we may.

"I am an old and feeble woman, and I cannot do much now, for I have wasted my time and lost my opportunities. But I would say, 'God—God bless you all.'"

. . . . . .

They all wept together for a time in their new-found happiness. Then they turned to Mrs. Hilfield, for she was the only one now who needed comforting. Nothing could bring back her dead husband and it seemed cried that all the others should find happiness where she had none.

But she rose, like a true woman, to the occasion.

"I've often thought," she said, "what I should do if my poor husband left me—if he died before me. I'm not one to make a moan. I won't. I believe that I shall see him one day. Remember, he was my husband—and I believe in him still. Meantime, I've got my little Rose to see to; and I'm going to have some day another son, like my Tom. My dear husband's found my first boy again by this time. And he won't be 'oncly. And I shall get happier by-and-bye, with the new son—Joseph."

It need scarcely be said that when all the formalities were over, and Bruce was publicly declared innocent, he found himself free from debt, for Mrs. Hilfield insisted upon presenting him with the property which had been such a trouble to him. She said she must cut everything connected with her husband's death out of her life. Meanwhile, there should be no further delay than was necessary and decent before Rose and Joseph were married.

When, later on, the two pairs of lovers were married very quietly, then Mrs. Pattifer came forward with her last effort.

She told them what the little package contained which Kezzit had sent to her house.

"Not to see him again," said Gertrude, dry-eyed; "not to hear his voice even once more! To have such a curt message! I think these last few days I have been dreaming! I shall wake suddenly and laugh to find it's a dream."

"Yes, yes, dearie; of course you will, please God."

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WHAT EVERY DOMESTIC SERVANT KNOWS.

Wit and Wisdom for Mistress and Maid.

Domestic service is the one profession which none of its members take seriously. That is why a servant admires all uniforms but her own.

The rank of master demands an income; that of servant commands one. In both cases, the lower the rank the more keeping up it requires. A duke may clean his own coronet if he likes, just as a butler may joke where a footman must stand on his dignity.

One servant is often a necessity; two, generally a luxury; three, always a declaration of dependence. As the majority of servants are kept for the benefit of the neighbors, two will often be engaged to do the work of one, and present the appearance of four. But this plan has its drawbacks; for, though a gentleman may easily make himself look like a groom, he will never succeed in making his gardener do so.

Rules for the registered.—To mistresses: In the case of a good servant "findings" is not necessarily "keepings"; in the case of a bad one, remember that, if she does not get a character from you, the place will get one from her. To servants: "No followers allowed; high wages are better than low salaries."

In most places the men make the work and the women the worry. A bachelor househo'd means more to do, but less to put up with. Mistress generally thinks you could do your work better, and she blames you accordingly. Master always knows that he could, so he makes allowances. The mistress who knows how and when to praise a servant will have no excuse for forgetting. She who does not will have little opportunity of learning. Never give your mistress an excuse when she requires an explanation, and never offer her an explanation when she wants a grievance.

A mistress may be born; a servant must always be made. Till made she must be borne with. Where the mistress nags the servant lags.

Beware of the mistress who is a slave to society. The slave makes the worst master, and the woman who loves to sacrifice herself will never spare others.

The capable employer teaches; the incapable preaches. Bad foremen always find fault with their fools!

A servant will seldom forget her place while her employers remember her sex. A boor will be insolent to his superiors; a snob, offensive to his equals; but it requires a cad to be rude to his servants.

Remember that a man will be satisfied if a thing is done at his own time, but a woman will always insist on having it done in her own way. Do not try to dress like your mistress, even if your figure is the better of the two. If you fall you may lose your temper; if you succeed you will lose your place.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, unless a machine could do it better. Method is a good servant, but a bad master. A tidy man is a freak of nature; he can be more intolerable than an untidy woman.

Few rooms sweep clean!

A good cook is a philanthropist who sacrifices her own appetite to tempt that of others. Dine at a restaurant if you want to find fault with the cook. Otherwise you may be forced to dine there for a week.

The better your servants' table is the less likely they will be to garnish it with a family skeleton. But if you habitually talk before your servants as though they were deaf, you will one day discover that they are not dumb either. And servants who put two and two together always make five of it. No man can serve two masters; few women can master two servants.

If the angels had not wings, heaven would have been all on one floor.

Coal fires and stone steps mean black and white slavery. Where there's a spill there's a tray. Carry in haste, and cement at leisure!

"Minister" and "servant" do not mean quite the same thing. A Prime Minister always claims to be the servant of his country, but he will never take a month's warning.

"Nerves" in the dining-room mean temper in the kitchen, which culminates in trouble for the cat.

There is no "place" like home. That is why a girl goes "out" to service until she marries. Then—she goes into it.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

Though there are some golden eagles to be seen in Scotland, they are very scarce. In Scotland the eagle nests in April, when often the snow is still thick on the hills. On a ledge protected by some overhanging crag the golden eagle lays its one, two, or more rarely three eggs, having repaired the huge nest, five or six feet in diameter, with sticks and heather, for the birds return every year to the same eyrie. After about three weeks the eggs are hatched, and then begins a period of unceasing slaughter. Willoughby mentions a nest with only one eaglet in it, and by it lay three grouse, a hare, and a lamb. When the young birds can fly the old eagles teach them to hunt by swooping down upon a covey of ptarmigan poults, which give the awkward young eagles a good opportunity of catching one when separated from the old birds.

The eagle is dreaded by the fauna of any country; even the red deer fear it, and the grouse crouch in terror as it flies low across the moorland wheeling about in search of prey. The golden eagle has more than once carried off a human being.

A mother at work harvesting had brought her baby with her and laid it to sleep near a hedge while she was busy in a field. Hearing a cry, she gazed up and saw a golden eagle with the child in its talons, carrying it to its eyrie not far distant. Distracted with grief, and thinking only of saving her baby's life, she scaled the precipice at the top of which the nest was built. No man had ever dared to make the ascent before, and the crag was thought unscalable by the most expert climbers. Yet the woman, with the courage of despair, scarcely knowing where she placed her feet, reached the eagle's eyrie in safety. She found the child unhurt and chuckling, and with her precious burden started on her perilous return, while the birds, robbed of their prey, flew round her with angry cries, menacing, but not venturing to attack her. The woman made the descent without harm to herself or her child.

In the "History of Kerry" Smith tells of a poor man, out of work and with no means of subsistence, feeding himself and his wife and children by spoiling an eagle's nest of the food the parent birds provided for the young eaglets. By clipping the wings of the eaglets he kept them much longer than usual in the nest, and thus tided over the period of famine. Had the old eagles returned when he was robbing the nest it would have gone hard with him.

There is a pretty story of an eagle and a wren. One day all the birds met together to decide which of them should be king, and it was arranged that he who could fly the highest should be the acknowledged monarch. The eagle was confident of success, but, unknown to him, the wren hid in his feathers, and, when the eagle had flown up and up until he could soar no higher, out flew the wren from his feathers and flew higher still, and that is why the song the boys sing on St. Stephen's Day begins, "The wren, the wren, the king of all the birds!"

A preacher is in error who imagines that he can make his sermon immortal by making it everlasting.

IMPURITIES IN MILK.

In estimating the importance and the origin of the various impurities which are present in milk, whether they are of the dead matter class or of the bacterial group, the responsibility of the cow itself should by no means be overlooked.

The popular belief, which is of long standing, and is not yet proved incorrect, that the food actually taken by the cow was to some extent the source of many of the faults to which the milk was liable, has been shown to be of much less importance than was originally suposed. It is more than doubtful whether rank feed, unless given in absurdly large quantities, does really give a flavor to the milk. The bitter flavor also which is occasionally present in milk has for long being attributed to the eating of bitter flavored foods—dead leaves in Autumn, ivy leaves at any time, and other stray foods picked up have been alleged as the cause. The fact that bacterial origin is proved the great one in not a few cases, shows that these are not the only causes, and it is more than probable that the foods named have little or no effect when eaten upon the flavor of the milk. It has been conclusively proved that so far as bacteriological content is concerned, the milk drawn from a healthy cow is quite sterile, and the definiteness of this proof has cleared the way for the more accurate investigations in other directions.

It has once for all laid low the long-held belief that the "germ life in milk is derived from the food," in the sense which that dictum was assumed to have. With a newer interpretation it is, however, but too true. The bacteria in the food taken by the cow pass in one or two directions. They either pass through the body of the animal with the undigested portion of the food, and are voided as faecal matter, or a smaller number, if any, which are absorbed by the tissues, are without doubt destroyed by the bodily fluids with which they come in contact, and which are in part definitely of a germicidal character. Their absence from the milk when drawn is proved beyond question.

The entrance of such impurities as these into the milk must be looked for after the milk is drawn, and not before. When it is realised that the cow-dung is often left lying for a considerable time in the shed, where quite frequently the milking takes place, and that the milk is there exposed in an open pail, both during and (sometimes) after the milking, the true means by which the impurities and bacteria which were present originally in the food reach the milk is clear enough. It is through the air that these substances reach the milk, and the ill-ventilated character of a great number of cowhouses makes the evil much more inevitable than it need be with reasonable hygienic precautions.

The nature of the cow's coat makes the matter still worse, for its character is the most favorable possible for the long and thorough retention of dust and dirt that settles on it. The sight of cows wading in stagnant pools, which are not infrequently covered with slime, and which teem with bacteria, is one which, though it has again and again formed a charming subject for painters, cannot be looked on by the hygienic dairy farmer anxious for the cleanliness of his milk with any other feelings than those of anxiety and disgust. The mud and slime thus gathered on the coat of the cow dries, the impurities become a caked mass, attach themselves sooner or later as dust, or an impalpable powder, and are then trasmitted by the cow and the atmosphere in all and sundry directions.

Science has without doubt devised and invented many methods to reduce to the lowest minimum the liability of milk impurity and infection; yet if the cow itself is to be negligently allowed to walk into the slimy, germ-packed ponds, to besmear the lower half of its body with the filth there contained, then when this has by drying come into the most admirable condition for universal transmission, the cow is driven home to the yard, where during the process of milking the powdered filth is detached and fills the air of the milking room. To what end is all the scientific improvement to serve if the most elementary precautions of cleanliness are thus heedlessly neglected?

The same argument holds also with regard to the neglected dung on the floors. One half of fresh dung is soluble in milk, and will therefore not appear as a sediment, however long the milk is allowed to stand, nor will any amount of filtation remove it. Yet the presence of dung is manifest in many sheds on every utensil that is found there, milk-cans and cows udders not excepted.

Dust should be avoided during milking, and for some time immediately before. Dung should be allowed to stand about on no account. The necessity for the daily grooming of a horse's coat is not more urgent than for the coat of a cow. It is now common in England for the milker to wear a long white smock when milking; possibly this is more in the interests of his own clothes than for the purity of the milk, though the advantage is none the less real on that account.

INFLUENCE OF NOISE IN CHILDREN.

Very few mothers realise how extremely sensitive young children are to noises of all kinds, and how much of their "naughtiness" is due to nervous irritation set up by all the household noises of the day. To a certain extent every woman who has the care of children realises this fact. When the baby goes to bed all the house is hushed in order that it may sleep. But once the child wakens no consideration is shown to its tender nerves, and the evil consequences to the child's health are often serious. Anyone who has an irritable, peevish child, who grumbles and cries without any apparent cause, should consider whether it is much disturbed, waking or sleeping, by sudden noises. Are the doors banged? Is there a barking dog in the neighborhood? Is there much whistling for cabs, tooting of motor horns, or shouting and whistling noises in the street? If so, and if the child can be kept out of earshot of the noise, a very great improvement in health and temper may follow in many or most cases.

Three Ages of Man.

Report by a young English schoolgirl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and Age":—

"In youth we look forward to the wic

CRICKET.

The first eleven having carried off the 1st Grade Pennant with an unbeaten record to date, a great deal of interest is now centred on the doings of the second team, who are making such a fine bid for premiership honors.

Northcote play Fitzroy to-day and Monday at Fitzroy, and Carlton play East Melbourne. Should the locals win and Carlton lose or have a drawn game both Pennants will come to Northcote, a truly fine achievement for the club.

The last match of the season is to be played to-day and Monday against Fitzroy at Northcote. The committee of N.C.C. extend a hearty invitation to all members and their lady friends to witness the last day's play on Monday (8-Hours Day). Play commences at 1.30 p.m. Special arrangements have been made for afternoon tea to be supplied to all members and ladies present at the match.

NORTHCOTE v. ESSENDON.
2ND ELEVEN.

The match was continued last Saturday on a good wicket. When the game ceased before the holidays the locals were in an unenviable position, the scores being—Northcote, 1st innings, 112; Essendon, 7 for 112.

The remaining Essendon batsmen were dismissed for 19 runs. Northcote's only chance was to force the scoring and then dismiss their opponents; this to be accomplished in 3½ hours. The team rose to the occasion and in about 75 minutes lost 8 wickets for 122, when the innings was declared closed. L. Richardson played a fine forceful innings for 50, made without a chance. He eventually lost his wicket in trying for runs recklessly. T. Lugton 18, A. Lugton 11, E. Studley 10, S. Yeomans 10, all batted well and forced the scoring. Essendon required 104 to win in 1 hour 35 mins., and when at 5 o'clock there were no wickets for 30 the locals seemed to have a very poor chance, but some fine bowling, backed up beautifully by the field, put a different complexion on the game, and the batsmen simply made a procession from the pavilion and back again, and the side were all out 5 minutes before time for 90, the locals thus winning an intensely exciting match by 13 runs and scored 3 points. A. Wilkinson, until lately the team's wicketkeeper, bowled finely and was largely instrumental in securing a victory. He secured 3 for 14 off 12 overs. T. Andrew, 3 for 22; W. Ahern, 2 for 17; A. Yeomans, 1 for 10, all batted well.

Northcote are now level on points with Carlton for first place on the premiership list, but are lower in per centage, having played one more match.

Northcote v. Fitzroy at Northcote.

1st Eleven team — Bailey, Begg, Billings, Brown, Cheswass, McCarron, Mitchell, Plant, Spicer, Vernon, Yeomans.

2nd Eleven at Fitzroy.

Ahern, Andrew, James, Lugton (3), Richardson, Studley, Schwaebsch, Wilkinson, Yeomans.

The Northcote Presbyterian "A" team play the "B" team of the same club at Greenborough on 8-Hours Day (Monday, April 22). In connection with the above a drag-drive has been arranged. Drags are leaving Northcote Town Hall at 9 o'clock. Meals have been catered for. Players and friends are requested to be at the Town Hall at 9 o'clock sharp, as an early start is desired.

FOOTBALL.

NORTHCOTE V. PRESTON DISTRICT.

There was a fairly good attendance at the above match at the Croxton Park last Saturday. The senior side had quite a large number to choose from. The ground was in excellent order after the recent rain. Included in the home team was Charlie Hammond, Ted Thomas (both local residents), and Joe Johnson, who captained the team, and is bringing the men along nicely in the system that told so well for Brunswick. Johnson was the main factor in this, and with that same kind of play the locals will be hard to beat. On a few occasions last Saturday there was some smart clean passing. A few juniors showed out well on Saturday, particularly Marriott. This player has plenty of dash, and with some coaching will make a first-class player. Thomas (brother to Ted) and Smith (Lonie's brother) also played well. The District at times played some good ball, but seemed to tire in the last quarter. Aitken was the most conspicuous, and had most work to do on the back lines, and from first to last played a good game. The seniors batting better 75 points to 3. Those who played best for the green and gold were Hammond, Johnson, Arbthnott, Thomas Bros., Cole, Beck, Duncan, Smith, Marriott, Scott, Goalkickers — Ryan (2), Scott, Marriott, Cole, Smith, Duncan (2), Billett.

Northcote play the Primrose at Croxton Park this afternoon. Included in their team are senior players from some of the League teams, whose grounds are engaged by the cricketers, consequently a good game is expected, and on Monday (8-Hours Day) the last of the practise matches will be played against the Champion Junior team, the Fitzroy Juniors, at Croxton.

Northcote and Preston players must be at the pavilion at 2.30 sharp to-day and Monday.

Some players are trying for clearances, but the committee are determined not to grant them, as they are taking every advantage of the amalgamation.

Quite a large number are training, and there are more to come yet, as some of them are still playing cricket.

All members or intending members of the Ferguson Memorial F.C. are requested to be on the ground, Gooch-st., to-day at 2.45, for a match against the Northcote Imperial.

The Preston District are going to be very much alive this season — a good secretary, a good committee, and promises of fair support.

The biggest muster the District's ever had was up to train on Tuesday night.

Jack Fry has been secured as head trainer, and if he cannot get the boys fit no one can.

The Districts play practice matches to-day against Everleigh near the reservoir, and on Monday in the Preston Park.

Thornbury Literary and Musical Society.

On Monday last the "Holiday Reminiscences" given by the members of the above constituted a most enjoyable and entertaining evening. Each member recounted a passage of interest in some holiday trip, descriptive narrative being plentifully interspersed with humorous incidents. Not only were glimpses afforded of the popular holiday resorts, but members were taken in imagination such lengthy journeys as through the Mallee to Mildura. Camping stories, specially favored by the younger members and fraught with the hilarious spirit of the camper-out, served also to illustrate many phases of country life and hospitality. The syllabus item for the 22nd is Magazine Night.

Wanted.

SMART Girl for Fecking Room. E. H. Johnson, Northcote.

TEACHER of American Organ for boy, knowledge of music. 43 Shaftesbury parade, Northcote.

WOMAN to do housework, one day a week. Mrs. Frawley, Northcote Laundry, 812 High Street.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

PUBLIC MEETING.

PROPOSED BRICKWORKS AT THORNBURY.

I hereby convene a Public Meeting of the Ratepayers of the Town of Northcote to be held in the Old Library Room, Municipal Buildings, Northcote, on WEDNESDAY, the 24th inst., at 8 p.m., for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to oppose the proposal of the Government to Lease a portion of the Thornbury Estate for the purpose of a Brickworks. A full attendance is requested, as prompt action must be taken so as to prevent an agreement being carried out which would be a decided disadvantage to the locality.

H. E. BASTINGS, MAYOR.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

Monday, April 15.

Present:—Crs Bastings (mayor), Johnson, Harry, Hayes, Redmond, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Henderson, Dennis, Mason, Lees, Plant, and Glanfield.

Water Extension in Gotch Street.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote intimating that they were proceeding with the extension of water reticulation in Gotch street, from Gower street to Simpson street.—Received.

Unable to Comply.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote, in reply to the council's request, that the water supply committee could not recommend the extension of the mains in Alexandra and Speight streets.—Received.

Hutton Street Reticulation.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote stating it would proceed with the extension of water mains in Hutton street directly the usual conditions were complied with.—Cr. Plant moved that authority be given to have same completed.—Carried.

Gas Inquiry Board.

H. A. Pitt, secretary of the Gas Inquiry Board, forwarded information for the council's representatives to consider before giving evidence.—Referred to committee of whole.

A Welcome Cheque.

The Under-Treasurer wrote forwarding cheque for £154, amount due under Licensing Act for 1912.—Received.

Tramway Conference.

The town clerk, Brunswick, wrote asking that three delegates be appointed to attend conference re extension of tramways in the municipalities of Brunswick, Coburg, Essendon, Fitzroy, Northcote and Preston.

Crs. Lees, Harry and Johnson were appointed.

Pillar-Box Wanted.

Shire of Preston wrote asking co-operation of council in having a letter-box placed at the corner of Dundas and Newcastle streets, which would be a great convenience to residents in the vicinity.—It was decided to support the request.

Extension of Gas Mains.

Metropolitan Gas Company wrote in reply to council's request for the extension of mains in several streets in the town, stating that the works would be inquired into; also stating that they will give further consideration to the matter of extending main in Mitchell street.—Received.

Patronage Asked.

Arthur Hotton, secretary of the Northcote and Preston Football Club, wrote asking for the council's patronage.—Cr. Tharratt moved that patronage be granted. Cr. Glanfield seconded.—Carried.

Cattle Nuisance.

R. G. Ashley, Station street, wrote complaining of the way in which cattle are allowed to wander about that part of the town, causing great havoc to gardens and a danger to children

The town clerk stated that he had brought the letter under the notice of the ranger.

More Light Wanted.

W. J. Broadhurst wrote asking if a lamp could not be fixed in Gotch street near Simpson or Bower streets.—Referred to public works committee.

Stabling Objected to.

The secretary Thornbury Presbyterian Church wrote stating that the stables adjoining the church were erected subsequent to the church.

The town clerk reported that the inspector had the matter in hand.

Referred to public works committee, the inspector to report.

Edwards Crescent.

Several property owners of the locality wrote approving of the new alignment of Edwards crescent.

The mayor moved that the solicitor be instructed to prepare necessary transfers, &c.—Carried.

Public Works Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £254 7s 7d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Re Carters.—That the Council call for tenders for the supply of drays, horses and drivers for cartage for the period ending 30/9/13.

In reply to Cr. Plant, Cr. Dennis said that the recommendation was the outcome of an application from the carters and employees for increased wages and for payment on holidays. The present rate was 12s per day for man, horse and dray, and from enquiries made it compared favorably with the rates prevailing in other municipalities. By calling for tenders they would get at the true value and the council would also be relieved of the responsibility of finding drays, horses, &c., as that work would fall to the contractor.

Cr. Plant opposed the recommendation on the ground that when it was in existence some years ago it was found so unsatisfactory that the present system was adopted. They had contractors tendering as low as 9s 6d and 10s a day for man, horse and dray, which was altogether too low. The council should fix a fair rate for the work, and if the men doing the work now were not satisfied they should get someone else to do it. Another reason for departing from the contract system was to give any ratepayer who possessed a horse and cart a chance of doing a portion of the town work.

Cr. Johnson said the labor market was so different to what it was a few years ago that they need have no fear of receiving sweating prices. Some of the drays on the road were not worth the money they were being paid, whilst there were others that were. Some of the horses simply crawled along.

Cr. Plant—Then why don't you get rid of them?

Cr. Tharratt said the poor man with one horse and a dray would not get a look in if the recommendation was carried. Another objection to the contract system was that the men were not always paid the wages they were entitled to. It was for these and other reasons the present policy was introduced, and it had caused little or no complaint.

Cr. Lees thought that when a man was found not to be doing his duty his services should be dispensed with, but those who gave satisfaction should not be penalised on his account. To give effect to the recommendation would mean that the men would have to look to the contractor for a job.

Cr. Johnson—The council is not a charitable institution.

Cr. Lees—No; but the public works committee seems to be a charitable body when it keeps a man on whose horse crawls. (Laughter).

Cr. Hayes was of opinion that better results would be obtained when standard drays were employed and one man held responsible.

Cr. Dennis having replied the recommendation was adopted.

Cr. Plant called for a division. For—Crs. Dennis, Glanfield, Woolhouse, Mason, Johnson, Harry, Hayes, Henderson, Redmond, and the mayor. Against—Crs. Plant, Lees, and Tharratt.

3. Re Extension of Metalling, Raleigh St.—That Mr. Taubman be informed that the Council will carry out the work of constructing the crossing if he will defray the cost of the metal required.—Adopted.

4. Re Metalling in Rossmoyne St.—That the Town Surveyor be instructed to proceed with the work easterly to St. David Street with machine-broken metal, funds to be provided by the special vote and from the ward apportionment.—Adopted.

5. Re houses Pender's Grove.—The Sanitary Inspector reports as follows:—That the houses were removed from Thomastown and are all of a similar class, about four rooms and principally new. There are about 30 in all, and each stands on about 2 acres of land.—Adopted.

Finance Committee.

Cr. Lees (chairman) presented the report, recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £422 7s 5d, including £254 7s 7d for public works, be paid.—Adopted.

2. Meat Inspector's Report:—88 pigs, 215 calves and cattle branded between March 4th and 29th.—Adopted.

3. Batman Gardens.—That a further portion of the original design be proceeded with in order to claim the amount granted by Government for improvements therein; also that a larger water service be laid on as the present one is insufficient.—Adopted.

4. J. S. Taylor re valuation.—That assessment No. 1076 for the sum of 14s 7d be written off, as the property was rated separately in error.—Adopted.

Committee of the Whole.

The mayor submitted the report, recommending—

1. Thornbury Park Propy. Limited re endorsement on plan of subdivision.—That they be informed that the Council cannot see its way to alter the resolution passed in connection therewith.—Adopted.

2. Streets and Lanes construction. That the Town Surveyor be directed to prepare specifications, plans, &c., for the construction of the following works, viz.—Lane or passage between Knowles Street and Edwards Crescent, part of St. David Street from Dennis Street to Darebin Street, part of St. David Street from Martin Street to Clarendon Street, part of Jenkins Street from St. David Street easterly, lane or passage between Andrew Street and Waterloo Road.—Adopted.

Lighting Committee.

Cr. Lees (chairman) presented the report, recommending—

"That in view of the length of time that has elapsed since the Conference with Preston Council on the subject and of the negotiations which have been proceeding in the meantime, the Lighting Committees of the respective Councils be authorised to meet and reopen the question and report thereon.

Cr. Lees said the committee were of the opinion that it would be advisable to start over again. If this were done it would dispose of any little misunderstandings that may have arisen in connection with previous negotiations.

Cr. Hayes seconded.—Carried.

Ordinary Business.

Cr. Plant moved that the surveyor prepare an estimate for channelling in Clarke street, from Major Street to Waterloo road.—Carried.

Cr. Tharratt moved that the metalling of Harold street be proceeded with.—Carried.

Cr. Hayes said that some of the catch pits in High street were becoming offensive and moved that the inspector report thereon.—Carried.

Cr. Harry wished to know why Batman park was not open to the public, and moved that the matter be referred to the parks and gardens committee.

Cr. Plant wished to know when the £1000 provided by loan for asphalting would be available, so as to obviate the necessity of using the wards apportionment to defray the cost of such work.—The mayor replied that there was nothing to prevent asphalting work being done out of loan money according to the apportionment already agreed to.

Cr. Henderson reported that St. George's road, opposite Beaver's road, was in a disgraceful condition and moved that it be referred to public works committee.—Carried.

Cr. Henderson also moved that the top-dressing of Helen street be referred to the public works committee.—Carried.

Cr. Hayes said that the laying of tar macadam in High street had proved very successful and suggested that the same system be followed wherever necessary on the main road. Cr. Tharratt seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Redmond asked for information regarding the easement in Reid street. The mayor replied that the matter was being attended to.

Cr. Tharratt moved that the surveyor prepare an estimate for removing the stables and effecting the proper alignment of the street in Beaconsfield parade.—Carried.

Cr. Mason moved that the removal of the pitcher crossing in High street below Union street, be referred to the works committee.—Carried.

Cr. Redmond moved that the surveyor report on the condition of Raleigh street, with a view to its improvement.—Carried.

Cr. Lees said that several rights-of way in the railway paddock required attention, and moved that same be referred to the works committee.—Carried.

Cr. Dennis moved that tenders be called for 1000 yards of 2½ in. hand-broken metal. Cr. Harry seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Glanfield said that a few loads of ashes were badly required in Waterloo road and Andrew street.—Referred to works committee.

Cr. Hayes said that in view of certain statements made by Mr. Membrey when addressing the members of the South Northcote Ratepayers' Association on tramway extension and control, he desired to move that the question be referred to the committee of the whole for consideration. Cr. Plant seconded, and the mayor supported the resolution, which was agreed to.

Cr. Lees said that certain works had been going on in Mitchell and Bastings streets. He had made inquiries and no one was able to say how they originated. He moved that a report on the matter be furnished.

Cr. Glanfield seconded.

Cr. Plant knew nothing of the work till it was done. Had he known that metal was being carted from the flat to the hill he would have opposed it.

Cr. Dennis, as chairman, said it would no doubt transpire that instructions had been given by the late surveyor.

The motion was carried.

The matter of spreading ashes on the footpath in Victoria road was referred, on the motion of Cr. Redmond, to public works committee.

The repairing of the asphalt footpath in Normanby avenue, between High street and the railway, was, on the motion of Cr. Henderson, referred to works committee.

Cr. Henderson moved that the channelling of St. George's road, between Kemp street and Normanby avenue, be referred to works committee.—Carried.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

1. Metropolitan Board of Works Charges for Supply of Water.—Deferred.

2. Application of Miss E. Cornwell and Miss F. J. Moxham for registration of premises, 29 Cunningham street, as a private hospital.—Granted.

L.O.L.V. CONVERSAZIONE.

At the Northcote town hall on Wednesday night the combined lodges of the L.O.L.V., viz., Princess Alice No. 13 and Loyal Macartney No. 134, held a very successful conversazione, the mayor of Northcote (Cr. Bastings) presiding. The hall, which was crowded with members and their friends, was tastefully decorated in the colors of the Order, and the rich regalia worn by members added warmth and color to the gathering. The following programme was well received:—Overture, Mr. J. Kennedy; song, "Moorish Maid," Miss Ivy Bower; song, "True till death," Mr. Anderson; musical monologue, "Home sweet home," Miss Myrtle Bower; fancy wands, Misses Robinson; song, "Spring is here," Miss Marie Cronin; recitation, "Orange and green," Miss Lottie Crawford; song, "Daddy," Miss Clarice Clements; fancy wands, Misses Robinson; recitation, "The obstructive hat," Miss Myrtle Bower; duet, "Nocturne," Misses Ivy Bower and Clarice Clements; song, "The last watch," Mr. Anderson; recitation, "The Waybacks," Miss Lottie Crawford; song, "Maid of the mill," Miss Ivy Bower; accompanist, Mr. J. Kennedy.

Several presentations were made during the evening, the pleasant task being most happily performed by Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A. Sister Barker, P.W.M., was presented with the lodge certificate, surrounded by photographs of the officers of No. 13; Bro. R. Almond, P.W.M., was similarly favored; Sister Bates, for guarding the finances so satisfactorily, was given a silver sugar scoop; and Bro. Simmonds, for kindly allowing the committee the use of his home for meetings, was rewarded with a case of silver serviette rings. The recipients suitably acknowledged the gifts.

A vote of thanks to the mayor for presiding was followed with the National Anthem, and a successful evening terminated.

Northcote Rifle Club.

(By Target)

The final stage of the quarterly Macklunon matches occupied all the afternoon's shooting last Saturday at Port Melbourne. As three parts of the range was taken by the young guard and their musketry training the poor rifleman was pushed into one little corner, and so what should have been got through quickly was lengthy in the extreme. Northcote entered two good teams of five men, A team being particularly strong. The shooting was fair to good, E. Witcomb being one of the few to get the possible number of points (40). C. Wilson got all his in in the first round, but ended disastrously in the second. Anyway A team secured fourth place on the day's match and occupied fifth position in the aggregate of four matches, which by the way was won by the Post and Telegraph club. Northcote's B team require little criticism; they failed miserably, excepting H. Reldel, who showed real good form. A team's scores were—

	50 secs.	30 secs.	Total
E. Witcomb ...	20	20	40
C. Talmage ...	17	17	34
H. D. Soanes ...	14	16	30
C. Wilson ...	20	9	29
H. Hook ...	14	14	28
Total			161

To-day at 2.15 p.m. a strong team leaves for Launching Place to fire a match against that club on Eight Hours Day. Cr. Woolhouse, the president, accompanies the team, who are looking forward to a real good time. They comprise Capt. Brown, Messrs Hook, Wilson, Witcomb, Goldsworthy, Talmage, Soanes, Sims, Jacobs, Kobelke, Bray, and W. Hurry.

Tennis.

Matches played on Saturday in connection with the Northcote District Tennis Association resulted as follows:—Pines defeated Heatherlie 2 rubbers 5 sets, 44 games, to 2 rubbers, 4 sets, 36 games. Preston defeated Clarendon 3 rubbers, 6 sets, 40 games, to 1 rubber, 2 sets, 25 games.

At the last elections there were grave doubts whether Andrew Fisher could hold his seat. Notwithstanding the prestige which is enjoyed by a Prime Minister, Mr. Fisher himself was filled with doubts up to the moment that the poll was declared. As it happened, he won handsomely; but the change of the boundaries under the reclassification scheme has conjured up all the old dubiety, and it is possible—if, perhaps, not probable—that at the next election he will not head the poll.—"Punch."

1st Preston Troop Boy Scouts.

Last Saturday our troop returned from a 9 Days Camp, which was held at Paradise. We left on Good Friday morning, and marched with our trek-cart to Melbourne, picking up the boys en route. We then caught the train to Narre-Warren, and had another 8 mile walk to Paradise. Altogether we had 31 boys in camp in charge of S.M. Holliday and A.S.M. Sone, and had 8 tents. The cooking was done by Mrs Holliday and helps, and she deserves a word of praise for the way in which she met the boys' wants. During the camp about three dozen photos were taken, and these we will keep as camp remembrances. We had a church parade at the Church of England, and a special sermon was preached to the boys, the minister being an ex-Scout Master. We had a camp fire concert on Wednesday evening, to which a number of residents were invited. The programme was a long one of 20 items and nearly every boy took part individually. On Thursday we took the train to Gembrook, and spent the day down in the gully. The rest of the week was taken up in hut and bridge building, football, fishing, shooting and many other amusements. Coming down we again marched to Narre-Warren, but just missed the train by 5 minutes, and had to wait 4 hours for another, but the time was spent at football and posing for photos and soon went. On arriving in town at 6 o'clock we assembled the trek-cart and marched out again to Preston, all happy and well.

Local Government.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

EXTRAORDINARY ELECTION.

EPPING RIDING.

Notice is hereby given that an Extraordinary Election of One Councillor for the Epping Riding of the above-named Shire, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Councillor John Stephen Morgan, will be held on Thursday, 9th day of May, 1912.

Every Candidate for such vacancy must be duly nominated at my residence, Epping, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. on or before Thursday, 25th day of April, 1912, being day of nomination, in the form in the 10th Schedule Local Government Act 1903, or to the like effect.

Nominations and deposits to be delivered to me before 4 p.m. on Thursday, 25th April, 1912.

JAMES DEA,
Returning Officer.

Epping, 18th April, 1912.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

TENDERS are invited for the following works:—

2/12—Supply of Horses and Drays for the period ending 30th September, 1913.

6/12—Supply of 1000 cubic yards of Hand-Broken Metal.

LOAN 8.

3/12—Construction of 695 feet of Stormwater Sewer.

4/12—Constructing 28 chains of Victoria Road.

5/12—Widening and Making Arthurton Road and Railway Parade.

Tenders to be on the Council's form and accompanied by cash or marked cheque preliminary deposit of 2½ per cent amount of tender and lodged in the tender box at the Town Hall, Northcote, before 4 p.m. on Monday, the 5th day of May, 1912.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Town Hall, Northcote.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

Amusements.

THE LYRIC, NORTHCOTE. THE LYRIC, NORTHCOTE.
High St., near Separation St.
TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
A specially-selected Programme headed by the Most Stirring and Sensational Story of the West,
BUFFALO BILL'S LOVE STORY,
or, The Five of Hearts.
Produced in Nature's Realms with Vivid Realism.
Forty Minutes' Intense Excitement.
Introducing the Most Daring Knife-Throwing Act extant.
The usual Handsome Free Gift To Night.
On MONDAY NIGHT which will be the LAST NIGHT of SUMMER SEASON a Delightful Holiday Programme.
EVERY ITEM ABSOLUTELY NEW.
Headed by the Magnificent Art Star Drama
COUNTESS of CHALLANT and
DON PEDRO of CORDOVA.
A Masterpiece of 45 minutes' duration.
PRICES AS USUAL: Adults 6d.
Children 3d.
Doors open 7. Commence 8 sharp.

THORNBURY PICTURES. THORNBURY PICTURES.
Northcote Tram Terminus.
Programme for the 105th Night of the Season.
Rely upon our recommendation. We never say a Film is GREAT if it is not.
Pioneers of the Long Drama.
For One Night Only!
Thornbury Pictures Exclusive Photo Play,
CONVICTS Nos. 10 and 13.
CONVICTS Nos. 10 and 13.
Special Holiday Attraction, Eight Hours' Night, 22nd April. All New Films. Something Good.
Don't Forget Grand MATINEE on Saturday, 27th April, at 2.30. Admission for All, 3d. No half-price. Each child attending will be presented with a GIFT.
Prices for the Crowd, 6d and 1s
We show on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.
A. A. MILLER, Manager.

ST. PETER'S C.M. SOCIETY.
A GRAND BALL
to be held in
EPPING SHIRE HALL
on
FRIDAY, APRIL 26th.
Double Ticket, 3/6; Extra Lady, 1/-.
Good Music.
F. McDONNELL, Sec.

ELECTORAL REVISION COURT.

Notice is hereby given that a REVISION COURT to Revise the Annual General List of Electors for the Legislative Assembly, for the Northcote Division of the Electoral District of Jika Jika, will be held at the Court House, Northcote, on Monday, the 13th day of May, 1912, at 10 a.m.

Dated the 13th day of April, 1912.
L. S. TREYVAUD,
Clerk of the Revision Court.

NURSE HOOPER,
"LILLIEVILLE" PRIVATE HOSPITAL,
Darebin Road, Northcote.
Certificated and Trained Nurses available for Outdoor Practice.
Tel., Northcote 221.

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Obtain our House Lists and Land Plans before buying.

Telephone, Central 1976.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT,
Teacher of
DANCING & CALISTHENICS,
Town Hall, Northcote, Every Saturday Afternoon.
Juvenile Class at 3.30. Adult Class, 4.30.
Latest Society Dances. 6d per lesson.
Classes resume 10th February.
Private address—"The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, Clifton Hill.

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Hattam & Hattam
265 SPOT CASH DRAPERS HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE.

FOR

Good Value in Winter Drapery

Men's Chester Coats in dark, grey and brown, the very latest material and cut, all sizes; special line at 25/-

Men's Black Oilskin Overcoats, all sizes at 12/6

Fur Alpine and Lounge Hats, the latest production, which have a beaver appearance; our price 10/6

Men's Fleecy Lined Underpants and Shirts, extra heavy and thick; our leading line all at 1/11

Just opened up 75 boxes of Rick Silken Pile Velveteen, specially manufactured for us, all shades at 1/-, 1/6, 1/11 and 2/6 yd. Velveteens are very scarce this season and we are very fortunate in having these

Colonial Flannel, 28in. wide; special price 8½d yd.; 5000 yds. to be offered

Pure White Saxony & fine Natural Flannel; our price 10½d yd.

VISIT HATTAM & HATTAM
FOR YOUR WINTER DRAPERY

Be Wise and Come and See

The Bees Know where the Honey is.

The Y-Z's are Busy with our Bargains.

Swiss Watch with Garments over 25/-

Wanted to Sell

DRAUGHT Horse, 4 years; trial. E. Allchin, Plenty Road, Preston.

GOOD Draught Horse, 7 years old. Can recommend. Belmont Hotel, Thomastown.

HORSE, flea bitten grey, single or double harness, sound and quiet; trial. R. Bower, gardener, Thomastown.

SIXTEEN Fairs Runner Ducks, laying, must sell, no room. S. Ham, McCracken's avenue, Northcote.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Messrs J. T. HARRIS and J. WRIGHT desire to intimate that they have taken over the business of the late T. THOMSON at 101 and 283 HIGH STREET, and at CHARLES STREET, NORTHCOTE

A Good Stock of Daily, Weekly, and Monthly Papers, Stationery, School Requisites, and Fancy Goods always on hand.

Papers delivered 6 o'clock.

Accounts collected fortnightly.

Agent for Norwich Union Fire Insurance Company.

Telephone, Northcote 87.

Excelsior Grocery
— and —
Provision Store
Corner Mitchell and High
(opposite Savings Bank),
Central Northcote.

THIS Store is New and Up-to-Date in every respect. By placing your orders here you will ensure complete satisfaction both as regards price and quality.

Prompt deliveries to any part of the district.

SEASONABLE LINES:
Fogg's Jones' Ham Paste
Fogg's Jones' Veal & Tongue Paste
(The above are delicious)
Crosse & Blackwell's Pastes in glass jars
Reid's well-known Cheddar Cheese in th
Freeman's English Custards
Salmon and Shrimp Paste

BUTTER.—Genuine Western Distr brands, the keeping quality of which unequalled.

EGGS, new laid, absolutely reliable.

Hutton's Bacon and Ham Rasl Having installed a new machine custo can depend upon getting the above h fully cut to a uniform thickness.

A trial order will be esteemed. A card will bring our traveller to your d

GEORGE REI
Proprietor.
Branch Store: 279 Westgarth Stree Northcote 8th, (near Fairfield).

J. TYNAN,
The New
House, Land & Estat Agent.
Has opened premises at 331 High St., Northcote.

Auction Sales Arranged.
Rents Collected
Insurances Effd.
Loans

Agent for
Commonwealth Insurance Company
National Insurance of N.Z. Ltd
Twentieth Century Building and Invest Society.

Note Address
331 High Street, Northc
(next Tharratt's).

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

Arthur Shands

HIGH-GRADE TAILOR
88 High St., Northcote South
Phone, Northcote 97

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

Rent Collecting.

OWNERS of TENANTED PROPERTY often experience difficulty and annoyance in collecting the rent.

Occasionally a tenant finds a CHANGE of RESIDENCE essential to the health of his family and overlooks the fact that he is in ARREARS.

The RISK of LOSSES is reduced to a MINIMUM if the owner appoints a GOOD AGENT.

ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer and Sworn Valuer, SPECIALISES in COLLECTION of RENT.

Call, write, or ring up.

ERNEST LEES,
205 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Tel., Northcote 54.

Seaside Allotments!
SANDRINGHAM,
BLACK ROCK,
HAMPTON,
MENTONE,
FRANKSTON,
And other Seaside Resorts.
NO DEPOSIT.
Easy Monthly Payments.
E. H. SMITH, Estate Agent, 499 High St. Northcote (opp. Tram Sheds).

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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

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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.

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

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

MISS MARGARET B. WEIR'S Painting and Drawing Classes will resume work at Northcote Town Hall on Saturday, 3rd February, afternoon at 2.30, evening at 7. All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade, Royal Park.

Telephone, Northcote
Preston Property Age.
A. ROBERTSO
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 Prob
CHEAP Building ALLOTMENTS on easy terms.
No Deposit. No Interest.
Note Address:
O/a HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON
Close to Bell Station.

WILLIAM BRAC
NURSERYMAN,
WISHES to inform all who are interested in Gardening that he has a splendid assortment of Blossoming and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses and Carnations, Palms of all varieties, Climbing Plants, Fruit Trees in season, Annuals, & all Nursery Stock.
All communications addressed to William Bra, senr., Christmas St., Northcote, will be thankfully received.

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

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

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

Monday, April 15.

Present:—Crs Howe (in the chair), Crispe, Paterson, Howe, Allchin, Braithwaite, Warr and Stanlake.

Postal Facilities for the East.

The Town of Northcote wrote agreeing to support Preston in an endeavor to get a letter-pillar at the corner of Dundas and Newcastle streets.—Received.

Thanks.

F. Schulz, hon. sec. Preston Public Free and Lending Library, wrote thanking council for donation to the funds.—Received.

Water for Wilkinson's Subdivision.

Rodgers & Co. wrote applying that the water be laid on to Harold street and Walton avenue, Wilkinson's subdivision, off Bell street. They were willing to give a guarantee for interest on same.—Referred to committee of the whole.

St George's Road Obstructions.

The Town of Northcote wrote asking this council to join them in a deputation to the Minister of Public Works to get the fences removed from St George's road and same proclaimed a public highway.

Agreed to on the motion of Crs. Allchin and Paterson.

Powell Street Crossing.

The Railway Department wrote stating that as practically no use was made of the crossing at Powell street it had been decided to close it for the present, as the expense involved in keeping it up was not warranted.

Cr. Crispe pointed out that the letter commenced by saying that the crossing was not used and wound up by saying it would have to be closed on account of the expense.

Cr. Warr—They have got to provide a nail to hang the key on.

Cr. Crispe moved that a letter be sent to the department objecting to the crossing being closed, as there was not another crossing for three-quarters of a mile.

Cr. Warr seconded. Carried.

Insanitary Dairy.

Dr. Cuscaden, health officer, reported having examined the dairy kept by Mrs. Walker in Plenty road. The premises are totally unsuitable for the purpose and are insanitary, and he would recommend that the council take steps to have the dairy closed.—Referred to committee of the whole.

Finance Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £70 10s 5d be passed for paymeet.—Adopted.

Public Works Committee.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £210 2s 11d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

Parks Committee.

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

1. Re park fence, Cramer street.—That after paying for the fencing for High street park the balance of money reserved for park expenditure be used for repairing the fence of the Cramer street park.—Adopted.

Committee of the Whole.

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

1. Fencing High street park.—That a cyclone wire fence 5 feet high as specified be erected, price £15, the engineer to follow the instructions received from the committee as to style of posts and gates.—Adopted.

Finance.

The treasurer (Mr. A. Dean) reported receipts for the fortnight £831 14s. Dr. Balance £1999 18s 1d. Special Improvement Charge No. 2 Cr. balance £555 4s 9d.

Engineer's Report.

1. Clarke Bros. have agreed to supply the extra 500 cubic yards of 2½ in. metal for Plenty road, and would suggest that tenders be called for 500 yards of 2½ in. metal for High street.

Cr. Allchin said that where so much expenditure was involved tenders should be called.

The engineer explained that authority had been given at last meeting to get 500 yards from Clarke Bros. at schedule rates, but this 500 he suggested calling tenders for, as they wanted same supplied as soon as possible.

Cr. Paterson moved that tenders be called for 500 yards

Cr. Howse seconded.—Carried.

2. Drew council's attention to the necessity of getting a supply of metal for the ridings.

It was decided—on the motion of Crs. Crispe and Howse—to call tenders for 100 yards for the west riding; and—on the motion of Crs. Braithwaite and Warr—100 yards for the central riding.

Ordinary Business.

Cr. Crispe moved that the engineer report as to the best means of getting rid of the drainage trouble at the intersection of Spring and Cooper sreets. Cr. Howe seconded.—Carried.

Cr. Stanlake made enquiries regarding Powell street.

The secretary said the plans were ready and final notices issued, but no money paid.

Cr. Crispe moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole to decide what action shall be taken.

Cr. Howe directed the engineer's attention to the crossing at Showers street and railway place.

The engineer said there was no metal to spare for those places except they took it from the main roads.

Cr. Crispe called attention to the very poor light given by some of the gas lamps. If it was the Gas Co's fault they should be called upon to do something, and if the council's they should rectify it at once.

The secretary said they had been in communication with the Gas Co. in regard to the matter, and their officers were now giving attention.

Cr. Crispe moved that the matter of appointing a summonsing officer be referred to the committee of the whole.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

Monday, April 15.

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

Maintenance Case.

Evelyn Janet Pearce (widow), sued Frederick Bestel for the maintenance of her illegitimite child, at present in the custody of the Neglected Children's Department. After hearing evidence the defendant was ordered to pay 6s a week for the child's maintenance.

Cycling on Footpath.

A number of cyclists were fined 5s each for riding on the footpath.

The chairman stated that the practice was becoming so common that it must be put down, and in the future the fines would be doubled.

Housebreaking and Burglary.

Albert Rennie was charged with breaking into the dwelling of Mrs Bolwell, of Bastings street, Northcote, on the 2nd February and stealing therefrom a quantity of jewellery, valued at £6. Inspector Keane prosecuted

Accused applied for an adjournment on the ground that he had not had sufficient time, owing to being in goal, to call witnesses and to prepare his defence.

The Bench, on learning that the jewellery was pawned the same day it was stolen it was decided to go on with the case.

Margaret Bolwell, married woman, stated that she left her house, after locking the outer doors and fastening all windows, on the 2nd February at 1.50 p.m. On returning at 4 o'clock she found the back door bashed in and the bedrooms completely ransacked. Several articles of jewellery were missing, including lady's silver watch, gold cable neck chain, plain gold bangle with padlock attached, blue ball pendant set with pearls, two scarf pins and silver match box, worth in all about £6. A baby's brooch was also stolen but was recovered later from a pawnbroker's shop in Smith street. The jewellery produced she identified as her property. Witness had never seen the accused before.

Mortimer Denton, pawnbroker's manager, 257 Smith street, stated that accused called at his shop about 8 p.m. on the 2nd February with the jewellery produced and asked for a loan of £1 thereon, remarking that it was the property of his sister. He gave the name of G. Elliott and said he resided at Napier street, Fitzroy. He (witness) next saw accused at the Melbourne goal on the 4th April and identified him as the man who pawned the jewellery on the 2nd February.

Jeremiah Lane, police constable at Clifton Hill, also gave evidence.

Accused was committed for trial at the May sessions.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

Tuesday, April 16.

[Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Braithwaite and Ellison, J's.P].

Insulting Words.

Arthur Kinsman was charged by Constable Lizars with using insulting words in Regent street. Defendant said he was provoked in consequence of some domestic disagreement.

The Bench said that was no excuse for such language and imposed a fine of £2.

Indecent Behaviour.

Constable Lizars also preferred a charge against a local youth for indecent behaviour, but after hearing the evidence the Bench dismissed the case, considering, evidently, that nothing had been done to justify any penalty being imposed.

EPPING SHIRE COUNCIL.

Monday, 15th April.

Present:—Crs. McCormack (president), McCoy, Dea, Browne, and Goss.

Correspondence.

From Public Health Department giving their formal approval of the opening of the public hall at Woodstock.—Received.

From The Treasury, forwarding an account for £48—equivalent of publicans' licenses.—Received.

From Shire of Colac urging this council to co-operate with them in securing amendments in the Thistle Act to check the spread and reduce the areas now over-run with thistles and other noxious weeds.

Cr. Browne moved that a reply be sent that the council was doing all in their power to keep thistles down, and also that they would be glad to co-operate in any action in the direction indicated.

Cr. McCoy seconded. Carried.

From Shire of Broadmeadows, suggesting the advisability of Broadmeadows, Bulla, Epping, Keilor, and Merriang combining and appointing a thistle inspector to enforce the Act in all these municipalities. If this council desired they would call a conference to consider the subject. They felt that if action were not taken immediately to eradicate the nuisance it would be almost useless.

Cr McCoy moved that a reply be sent that this council had an inspector of its own who could be relied on to take the necessary action when the act was amended.

Cr. Goss seconded.—Carried.

Cr. McCoy also moved that the inspector be instructed to give special attention to the matter of destroying briars on their property.

Cr. Browne seconded the motion, remarking that it was time the council "put its foot down."

From Connelly & Crocker, solicitors, asking whether it was Mrs. Jane Jolley or Mrs. Eliza Jolley who owned the land adjoining Messrs Callaghan's land as they desired to give her notice to remove an obstruction, to wit, a fence.—The secretary had given the information.

From Thomastown Settlers' Association, expressing the hope that the council would get construction of the new road to the settlement put in hand as speedily as possible.—Action had already been taken.

From Dr. Young, Northcote, reporting two cases of diphtheria—Amelia Florence Hull, 8 years (Thomastown settlement)—Lily Clayton, aged 8, Preston (attending Thomastown school). He had heard there were several cases of "bad sore throat," as the residents term it—known to medical men as diphtheria—in the neighborhood.

Both cases were admitted to the infectious Diseases Hospital.

From E. J. Dea, applying for use of shire hall for Saturday evening, April 20, for the holding of a dance under the auspices of the Epping Athletic Club. As it was only for half a night they would like a concession made.—The matter was left in the hands of the president.

From E. J. Dea, asking on behalf of a working bee to be allowed to get earth by the formation of Houston st. for filling up the ground round the new presbytery.

The president said the idea was to form a water table in the street, as had been done in other cases. It would be an improvement. He moved that the request be complied with.

Cr McCoy seconded.—Carried.

From Southern Districts Water Conference, asking if this council had any suggestions with reference to water conservation to lay before the conference, which would meet on the 1st May.—The council had no suggestions to offer.

Correspondence was received from Messrs H. R. Marsden, Ltd., Soho Foundry, Leeds, England (dated January 16) stating they hoped to have the stone crusher ordered by Mr Zimmer ready in from 4 to 6 weeks.

The president said he thought it probable that the crusher would be landed this month.

Cr Browne desired to know if any crushing would be allowed for outsiders.

The president—We can't sell metal, I believe; but we can hire the crusher out.

Finance.

The treasurer (Mr. G. McClelland) reported receipts since last meeting £489 19s 10d. Cr. balance, £149 1s 2d.

The president—Cr. Morgan is leaving the council with a credit balance of £149 1s 2d. That speaks well for him. (Laughter).

The accounts for the month, amounting to £98 16s 6d, were passed for payment on the motion of Crs. Dea and McCoy.

Engineer's Report.

1. Have prepared plans and specifications for construction of road to Thomastown settlement.

2. Have given instructions to have drain through Mr. Leeming's deepened and cleaned out.

3. Bridge near Beveridge is unsafe for heavy loads. Recommend that notice be posted that any one carting more than one ton loads over same does so at his own risk. Ether the bridge would have to be re-built or new bearers supplied.

Cr. Browne said that the sooner this matter was attended to the better, and he would move that the matter be left in the hands of the engineer and daymen.

4. The daymen have been instructed to pitch channel at Baker's, and timber has been ordered for emergency works.

Tenders.

1. Forming and metalling 25 chains of road to the new settlement, Thomastown.—Both tenders being informal, and the lowest considered too high, it was decided to invite fresh tenders.

It was decided to inform the settlers that this work would not be proceeded with until they had paid at least one year's rates.

2. Supplying 150 cubic yards spalls Dennybrook road.—The tender of Brazzil Bros. at 2/2½ per yard was accepted.

Ordinary Business.

Cr. McCoy moved that the Thomastown settlers be granted the use of the roller in connection with a piece of road construction at the settlement.—Carried.

Cr. McCoy moved that a letter be written to the Preston council asking when they will be prepared to spend the amount they had provided for the improvement of Mahoney's road.

The president reported that the residents of Wollert were prepared to make up any shortage in connection with a daily mail service. He would move that the Postal Department be informed to that effect.

PROSTRATED BY BILIOUSNESS

Violent Fits of Vomiting Caused Awful Strain.—Another Splendid Cure by Bile Beans.

"Fearful attacks of indigestion and biliousness made my life a misery," says Mrs M Murphy, of 16 Andrews Street, Adelaide. "The accumulation of wind in the stomach caused terrible pain under the heart, accompanied by awful pain between the shoulders. I also suffered from dizziness and violent headaches. When these attacks were very severe I could not do any work. I would be thoroughly prostrated for days together with awful biliousness. Violent fits of vomiting would strain me internally and cause great soreness, making me vey weak.

"An eminent doctor attended me with no success. I then tried many remedies, but all the treatment I went under was of no avail. Nothing seemed able to cure me. Then I adopted the advice of a friend and commenced taking Bile Beans. After a few doses I noticed a remarkable difference in my condition. The dizziness and headache ceased and I was able to eat in comfort. I resolved to continue with Bile Beans, and after a full course I was completely restored to health, and have never been troubled with any of my old complaints ever since."

Bile Beans are sold by all chemists and stores.

SCALP SORES FOR 10 YEARS.

Nearly Went Mad with Pain—Zam-Buk Cured after all Ordinary Ointments Failed.

Mrs. E. W. Goodman, of 279 Fitzgerald Street, North Perth, W.A., says:—"For ten years I was tortured by a violent form of scalp eczema, which was first caused by chemicals I had used for improving the hair. This stuff set up irritation, which developed into a form of dandruff, and the itching was so bad that I could not keep my hands off. More complications set in, and my scalp got very sore and broke out into a state of dry eczema. This disease spread in patches to different places, and the irritation was so intense as to give a sensation as if the whole of the scalp was shifting. I could not get any sleep at night for the way I would tear at my head. The disease so worried me that I could not eat and and became seriously run down in health.

"During these years I tried everything I could get hold of; ointments, salves, powders and soaps, and even had medical attention, but I got not the slightest relief. The awful irritation and itching made me scratch and scratch, and I nearly went mad with pain. I had nearly despaired of ever getting better, when Zam-Buk was brought to my notice. I purchased a supply and treated my head with it. Zam-Buk immediately allayed the irritation and gave me great relief. After using this balm for a short time the sores began to dry up and heal nicely. The pain was not so bad and I was able to get rest at night. I persevered with Zam-Buk until all disease was banished from my scalp, and I was completely rid of the terrible eczema."

A pot of Zam-Buk, the ever-ready healing balm, should be kept handy in every home. It is a sure remedy for all skin diseases and injuries. Sold by all stores and chemists, 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

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Advertise!
Art, in asking him who buys—
There the merchant's secret lies.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Who succeeds is he who tries;
Who is asked is he who buys.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Who is heard is he who cries,
Waiting never won a prize.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Wealth is won by enterprise,
Slow-Go sits and sobs and sighs.
Advertise!
Advertise! Advertise!
Patronise! Patronise!
Printer's ink if you would rise;
Busy wings make busy hives.
—"Printers' Ink."

Business Announcements

Phone, Northcote 251.

E. H. SMITH,
LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
499 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.
Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

Hill's General Agency,
320 High St., Northcote
(late Mrs. Keith).

REGISTRY OFFICE.—Cooks and Generals wanted immediately. High Wages.

LENDING LIBRARY.—Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

All Leading Papers on hand. Deliveries twice a day.

POST CARDS.—Splendid assortment.

Stamps in any quantity.

We stock HABERDASHERY and Everything to Suit Requirements of our customers.

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Board and Residence arranged.

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CASH GROCERS
We Sell Nothing We Cannot Recommend and have every confidence in placing before you.
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Ernest Lees, Agent, High St.

The **London** Fire Assurance Corp.
For Low Rates & Prompt Settlements, etc.

The London **Fire** Assurance Corporation
Local Agent, ERNEST LEES, Tel., Northcote 54.

The London Fire **Assurance** Corporation
Call 205 High St., Northcote.

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Fire and Accident Insurance Society Limited,
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The name Gresham stands for Stability, Safety and Solidity.

It transacts, amongst others, the following:
FIRE.
Personal Accident and Sickness.
Employers' Liability.
Burglary and Housebreaking.
Larceny. Theft.
Plate Glass.
Fidelity Guarantee.
Drivers' Risk.
Motor Car and Motor Cycle Comprehensive Policies a special feature.

Local Agent:
ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer,
205 High Street, Northcote.
Tel., Northcote 54.

Established (1883) over a Quarter of Century.

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Lowest Current Rates.
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Head Office: 452 Collins Street, Melbourne.
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Next meeting—May 2.
Lecture, Senator Needham.

Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia, No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.

J. Frawley, President.
J. Tynan, Secretary, High St.

I.O.R.,

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217

MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hal, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.

Next Meeting—25th April.
Social Evening.
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.

Next meeting—April 23.
Cards and Draughts.

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.

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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.)

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Harmony, various competitions, and other amusements every lodge night.

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New Autumn and Winter Goods now showing. Dress Goods, Furs, Costumes, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Millinery, Blankets, Flannels, Men's and Boys' Overcoats . . . .

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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.
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Phone, Northcote 221.

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

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Every Care and Attention. Moderate.
"Merne," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote (near Croxton station).

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Established 1886.
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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.
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Dancing, Monsieur Bibron, 25/. Class commences April 26.

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Refreshments and Confectionery of all kinds.

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Seeks many new and catchy ways
His goods to advertise.

"Penlea," St. Leonard's Rd. Healesville

Beautifully situated in extensive gardens and grounds, beside the Watts River; on the main road to the celebrated Condon's Gully; Donnelly's Weir, and Myer's Falls, with a deep verandah commanding a panorama of Mts. St. Leonard, Monda, Juliet, and Riddell. Close to the main roads to the Blacks' Spur and Maloon's Lookout. Ten minutes' walk from station & township.

Fresh Milk and Cream, Dairy, Garden, and Orchard, Produce from our own Farm. Every Comfort for Visitors.

Fishing on the Watts River on the ground.
TARIFF: 25/- per week; 5/- per day; 8/6 week end.
W. Nichols' cab meets all trains.
Under the Management of Mrs. S. E. BLACKBURN.

CONGO PREPARED NEVER-LEAK ROOFING FELT

In rolls 36 inches wide, containing 216 square feet.

A Light, High-Grade, Permanent, Easily Applied Roofing

at the same price as the commoner grades of roofing.

½-ply Congo Roofing,	21/-	per roll 216 square feet	
1 ply „ „	25/	„	„
2 ply „ „	32/-	„	„
3 ply „ „	40/-	„	„

CONGO DAMP COURSE—4½in.	6/3	per roll of 72 running feet	
9¼in.	12/3	„	„
14in.	17/9	„	„
18¼in.	23/3	„	„

T. E. REDMOND,

Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,
410 High Street, Northcote.

CHEAPEST PLACE for Ironmongery, Crockery, Tinware, Churns and Milk Dishes, Window Glass, Wall Paper, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnish, Leather and Grindery, Diamond Dyes—Wholesale and Retail.

Guns, Ammunition, and Fishing Tackle a Speciality.

The Noted Cheap Depot for Everything

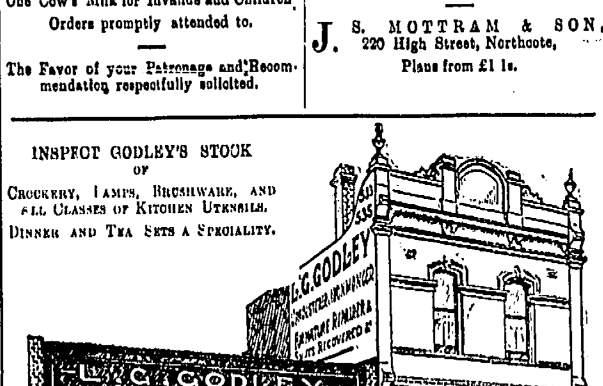
J. D. STEVENS,
DAIRYMAN,
107 HELEN STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Milk straight from our own Farm.
One Cow's Milk for Invalids and Children.
Orders promptly attended to.
The Favor of your Patronage and Recommendation respectfully solicited.

Architects

PLANS, Specifications, &c., prepared. Sketches and Advice absolutely free. Competent and experienced draftsman, "Architect," Leader office.

ARCHITECTS.
J. S. MOTTRAM & SON,
220 High Street, Northcote,
Plans from £1 1s.

INSPECT GODLEY'S STOCK OF CROCKERY, LAMPS, BRUSHWARE, AND ALL CLASSES OF KITCHEN UTENSILS.
DINNER AND TEA SETS A SPECIALITY.



A. E. WOOLHOUSE,

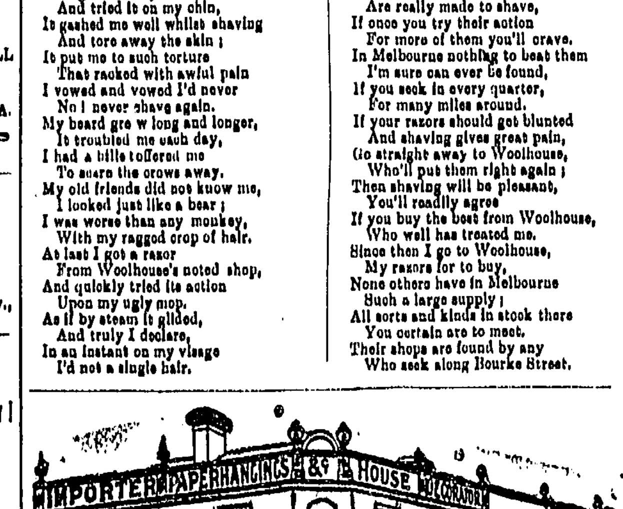
Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).

Cutlery of every description—Razors, Scissors, Pocket Knives (from 1 to 75 blades Carvers in cases, Carving Knives and Forks up to 5 feet long. Cutlery ground & set daily Optical Goods, Brushware, &c. Umbrellas of every description in stock, silver or gold mounted, or made to order. Repairs and Re-Covers a Speciality.

Lines by Spokeshave.

I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a bristle toffered 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. Telephone, Northcote 290.

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—
306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.
Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9.
Telephone 1832J, City.

Announcements.

MOTOR CAR
FOR HIRE.
25 H.P. Seat 4 Persons. Hooded.

Hiring Charges:

Per mile (with passengers)	One Shilling
„ (empty) ...	Sixpence
Detention, per hour ...	Five Shillings
Day, or Half-Day Trips ...	Arrangement
Shopping, Paying Calls, &c. per hour	10/-
Wedding Parties, per hour,	12/6
Theatres and Balls ...	Arrangement

Write or Phone (Northcote 77).
A. W. WOOLLEY, 107 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

Northcote Motor Garage
has just opened at
32 High Street
(next Ice Works).
FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.
Oils and Accessories.

Summer Drapery AND MILLINERY.

—LADIES!—

Before buying your Summer Drapery 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.

PHONE 6974
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.

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).

IF you are running an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and
Advertise it thoroughly

Northcote Leader.

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

Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1912.

Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 397 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.

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

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

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.

...e Given for Sewer Connections. Post Cards attended to.

Telephone ... Northcote, 56.

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,

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

W. GRIBBLE,
Carpenter & Joiner
304 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,
306 High Street, Northcote.

Undertakers

HENRY J. R. LEWIS,
UNDERTAKER
and
CERTIFICATED EMBALMER,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

Head Office:
Corner of Johnston & Hertford Streets, FITZROY.

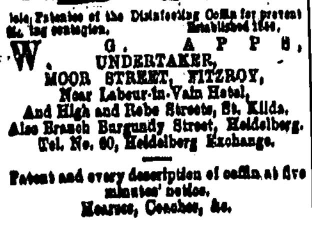
H.L. is prepared to conduct Funerals at the lowest possible rates to suit all classes.

Hearses, Mourning Coaches, and Funeral Requisites.

Coffins, all sizes, for country orders.

The Trade supplied.

Telephone 1160.



Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1866.

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

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

Business Notices.

R. B. LAWRENCE,
Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.

A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.

Illustrated Price List and Address Labels sent Post Free.

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

Offices & Works:
CUNNINGHAM STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

Your Boot Man

DIMMICK!

Big Stock!
Small Prices!
Extra Value!

NO CARDBOARD

243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

IF YOUR **WATCH** DOES NOT KEEP TIME

TAKE IT TO

GEO. H. ARMFIELD.
128 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(next to Foy & Gibson's).

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.
Phone, Central 8185.

Established 20 years.

W. FIRTH,
GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET,
COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston Street).

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.

Smith & Sons
HAM & BACON CURERS
AND
Small Goods Manufacturers.
'Phone 3661. NORTHCOTE, Vic.
TRADE MARK
GOLD MEDALLISTS

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

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

Our High-Class Goods

Are Noted throughout the Commonwealth for their

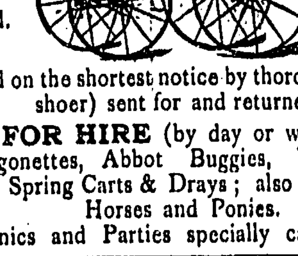
Savory, Delicious, & Appetising Quality

And are stocked by all Grocers and Dairy Produce Merchants.

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

FACTORY & OFFICE: "MERRIBANK," NORTHCOTE.

EDWARD FELLOWES,
Universal Carriage Works
AND SHOEING FORGE,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)



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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.

Absolutely the Best Gas Cookers Manufactured
"ECONOMIST" & "ECLIPSE"

ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER GAS STOVES:
1 An Open Roaster
2 Free from all contact with Gas
3 A Hot Plate fitted with Patent Air and Gas Burners, arranged for Boiling, Stewing, or Frying
4 No Gas in Oven. 5 Flame on Top of Oven
6 Low Gas Bills. 7 Perfect Cooking

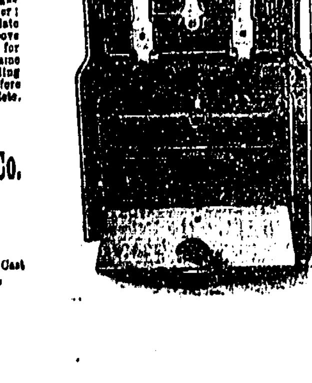
Economical and inexpensive cooking is obtained by the simple method of utilising every particle of heat derived from the gas.

Departing from the old system of gas cooking, which was open to many grave objections, the gas burner is placed ABOVE the joint and not under; over this burner is fixed a radiating metal plate to reflect the heat; the same burner being above the joint and beneath the oven answers both for the purpose of roasting and baking at the same time. By another simple contrivance of surrounding the oven with a case or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.

Prices from £3 16s 6d.

Write for Catalogues.

Wallis Bros. & Co.
Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 6183 Central.
Manufacturers of the Famous "Bolte" Stoves, Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, One-Fire Stoves (all kinds) & Ranges.



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PRINTING
OFFICE,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

The Most Up-to-Date Suburban Printery.

Latest & Most Effective Types, Borders & Designs.

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

Lithographic Printing, Engraving, and Process Work.

Commercial Printing a Speciality.

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

Book Work, including

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

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

Dance & Concert Programmes and Tickets.

Invitation, Wedding, Mourning, and Menu Cards.
Ladies' and Gents' Visiting Cards.

The Leading Printing Establishment outside the City.

All Orders Executed to Time.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Your patronage will be esteemed by

WHALLEY BROS.,

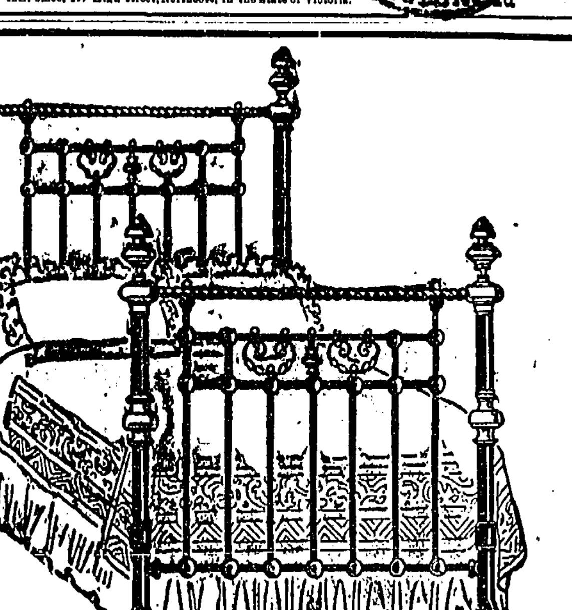
Proprietors and Publishers of the

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

SUPPORT THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY

THE **I.O.A.**
(Insurance Office of Australia Limited)

FIRE. ACCIDENT.

Plate Glass.
Employers' Liability
Burglary.
Personal Accident
Sicknesses.

LIVE STOCK
Speciality.

Horses, Mares, and all Stock insured against all risks of mortality.

LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

For further particulars apply to Local Agents,

MITCHELL BROS.,
Estate Agents,
235 High St., Northcote.
Tel. Central 3454.

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.

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Commissioner for Taking Declarations and Affidavits.

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

Milk Suppliers.

PRESTON DAIRY,
GOWER ST., PRESTON.

M. Walsh,
Cowkeeper and Dairyman

Cattle and Premises under inspection the Board of Public Health.

Pure Milk Direct from the Cow to the Consumer. Strippings and One Cow's Milk a Speciality. Absolutely free from coloring matter or preservatives.

No second dealing or with other traders.

Deliveries twice daily in Northcote and surroundings.

Established 30 years.

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

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

F. W. LUPSON,
LICENSED DAIRYMAN.

Premises specially adapted for the business.

Inspection of dairy invited.

Two Deliveries in Northcote only.

Your recommendation solicited.

ADVERTISING V. "BUSTING."

Two men did business side by side;
For getting trade the first relied
On advertising far and wide,
The while the second trusted
To other methods to obtain;
The golden prize he sought to gain!
Upon the first the dollars rain—
The other merchant busted

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

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.

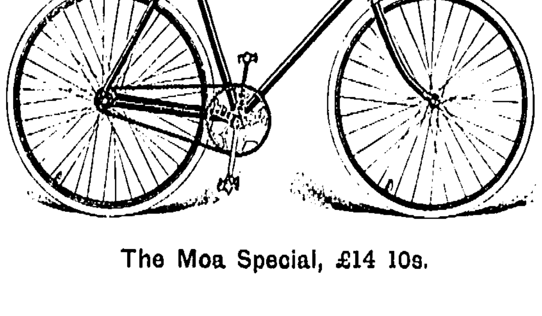
Repairs Promptly Executed.

Vehicles Bought, Sold, and Exchanged.

Horses Carefully Shod, called for and and Returned.

Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

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.

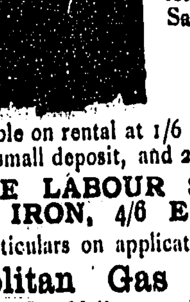
Highest Price Paid. No Commissions Charged.

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)

Tailors

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.

Plenty Rd. & Garnet St., Preston

Arch Wilkinson
TAILOR & OUTFITTER

Is now showing his New Goods for the coming Autumn and Winter Seasons.

A splendid range of Suitings & Overcoatings in all the latest designs and colourings to choose from.

All kinds of up-to-date Mercery kept in stock.

Suits to Order from £2 2s.
Overcoats from 35s.

Ladies' Costumes a Special Study

Announcements

Telephone, Northcote 280.

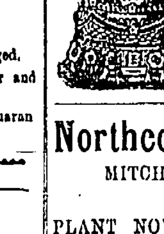
The Thornbury Grocer

E. W.
INGHAM
563 High St.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.

Families Waited on for Orders.
Delivery daily.

GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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.

Northcote Nursery
MITCHELL STREET.

PLANT NOW:
Hedge Trees
Buffalo Grass Roots for Lawns
Tomato Plants
Trees, Shrubs, &c.

C. J. JACKSON, Proprietor.

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 bought.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

ANNUAL
Stocktaking Sale
AT
A. LEWIS'S,
350 QUEEN'S PARADE
NORTH FITZROY.

To-Day and Next Week.

ALL GOODS GREATLY REDUCED.

Below are a few of the lines:
Dressing Combs, 6d, now 4d.
Hair Brushes, 9d, now 5½d.
China Figures, 3d, now 1d.
Plaque with King and Queen, 1/-, now 5½d.
Plaque with King and Queen, 1/9, now 10½d.
Afternoon Tea Sets, 3/9, now 2/6.
Leather Hand Bags, 3/11, now 2/6.

POST CARDS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY
Come and Inspect Windows.

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).

G. McKECHNIE,
HAIRDRESSER AND TOBACCONIST,
CONFECTIONER, &c.,
81 HIGH ST., SOUTH PRESTON
(Two doors from Prince Alfred Hotel).

HERB. ROADLEY MANAGING SALOON.

FRED. SMITH,
UP-TO-DATE
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.

Cleanliness. Good Workmanship.
Razor Setting a Speciality.

242 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.

Wanted to Buy.

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

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, Northcote.

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

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Third Sunday after Easter.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
4 15 p.m., Holy Baptism.
7 p.m., "Capital Punishment."
Rev. C. W. Wood.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
11 a.m., Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Doors open at 10.30.
7 p.m., Rev. R. W. Rock.
Annual Meeting postponed to Monday, 6th May.
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3 p.m.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

An In Memoriam Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. Bredin. Subject—"I Have Fought a Good Fight."
Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

PRESTON PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES,
Sunday, 28th April.
11 a.m., Rev C. Neville; 3 p.m., Rev. F. H. Dutchers; 7 p.m., Rev. J. R. Anderson. Special Singing by Scholars.
Entertainment by the Scholars and Distribution of Prizes, 1st May, at 8 p.m.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Sir Robert Anderson, Mr. McLoughlan, and Mr. Naftzger (Soloist) of the Chapman-Alexander Mission.
7 p.m., Rev. John Enright.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday School Anniversary.
Mr. George Beckett, Conference Evangelist, will conduct services at 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
Preston.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. Knee, subject, "The Two Baptisms—Water or Fire—Which?" 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. Williams.
South Preston.—11 a.m., Mr. J. Orton; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. Knee.
Special Singing by Choir.

CHAPEL BUILT IN A DAY

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

CHAPMAN-ALEXANDER MISSION NORTHCOTE CENTRE.

Next Sunday, 28th April.
11 a.m.—Dr. Chapman will preach at Presbyterian Church.
Sir Robert Anderson, Mr. McLoughlan, and Mr. Naftzger (Soloist) will conduct service at High Street Methodist Church, and Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Harkness at the Baptist Church.
4 p.m.—Great Men's Meeting at Baptist Church conducted by Rev. John Enright. Subject—"Ministers and Men."
8 30 p.m.—Rev. Hugh Kelly, M.A., at Presbyterian.
Rev. John Enright at Baptist.
Collections at evening services for Mission Funds.

Meetings at 8 p.m. at Baptist Church on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.
On Tuesday Rev. Ralph and Mrs. Norton in charge.

BAPTIST CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Harkness (Chapman Alexander Party) will conduct service on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Addresses by Mrs. Alexander. Solos by Mrs. Harkness. Accompanist, Mr. Harkness.

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 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.

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.

MR. E. INGHAM, L.R.A.M.,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Piano, Harmony, Theory, Etc.,

STATION ST., IVANHOE.

Lessons at above or Pupil's Address.
Special Attention to Touch, Phrasing, and Expression.

Pupils Prepared for Exams. if desired.

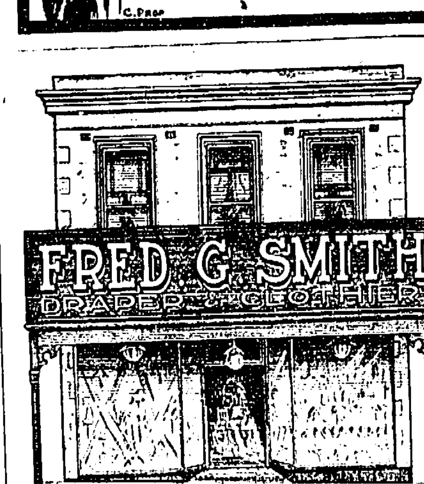
Open for Engagements as Accompanist.
Terms from £1 1s. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MISS E. M. PREECE, A.L.C.M.,

Visits and Receives Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Theory and Harmony.
Terms on application. 12 Railway Street (off Bastings Street), Northcote.

Keep the Rain Off!

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



Newest Styles in Millinery, Blouses, and Fancy Drapery

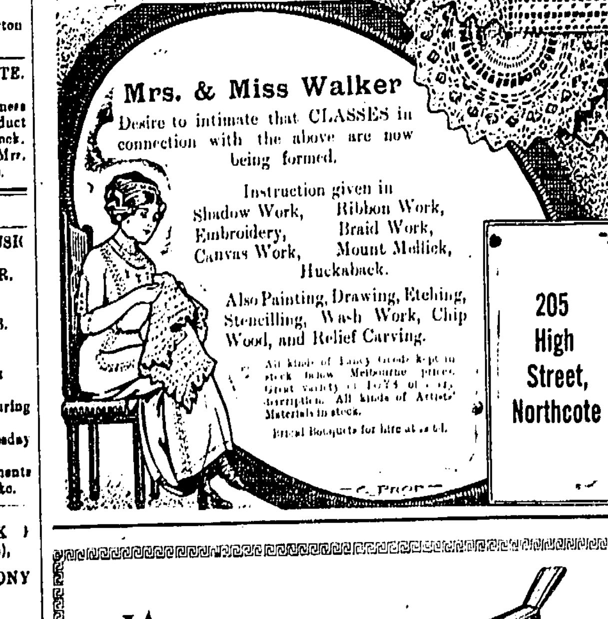
Blankets, Flannels, and Winter Dress Goods at Lowest Prices

245 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE

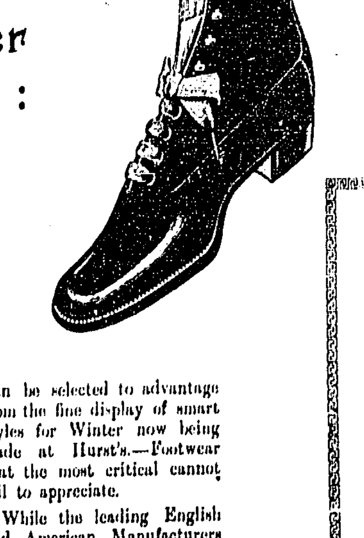
SALE! SALE! SALE!

MRS. POWELL, of High St., Northcote, & Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill, is now holding her Half-Yearly Sale. Genuine Bargains in all lines. Having purchased a large quantity of Job Aprons in Nurses' and all styles, we are offering them at very low prices. Special Reductions in Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, and Underclothing. Also the balance of our Untrimmed Millinery to go cheap. Hats renovated in up-to-date styles at shortest notice. All kinds of Art Needlework kept in stock

DO NOT FAIL TO PAY US A CALL
DURING THIS SALE.



Your : Winter Shoes :



Can be selected to advantage from the fine display of smart styles for Winter now being made at Hurst's.—Footwear that the most critical cannot fail to appreciate.

While the leading English and American Manufacturers are well represented, the exhibition of our own Australian made Shoes is particularly worthy of your inspection.

It will be worth while for you to write for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide"—illustrated—post free on application.

Robert Hurst

"The Home of Good Footwear,"
293a HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
Melbourne, All Suburbs, Ballarat, and Wonthaggi. 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.

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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.

HOME AND WILKINSON

SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, &c.,

Commercial Union Chambers, 418 Collins Street, Melbourne.
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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.

FREDERICK HUGHES,

SOLICITOR, &c.,

Commissioner of Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits,

Leadenhall Chambers,
28 Market Street, Melbourne.

Residence: Station Street, Preston.

ROBERTS AND ELLIOTT,

SOLICITORS,

EQUITABLE BUILDING, 314 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
Telephone 2854.
Trust and other Money to Lend.

A. Glen Roberts, M.A.,
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Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits.

Private Residence: "Dalriada," Darebin Road, Northcote.

Professional

A. W. ANGIOR,

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.

Death.

Robertson.—On the 25th April, at his late residence, 137 Clarke street, Northcote, Joseph, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Robertson, aged 84 years. Private interment at Melbourne General Cemetery, Friday, 26th April, 1912.

In Memoriam.

Turner.—In fond and loving remembrance of my dear husband and father, Henry John, who departed this life on the 29th April, 1910.

Two years gone how sadly I miss you,
Dear loving husband thy memories I keep;
Never till life ends will I ever forget you,
Dear to my heart is the place where you sleep.

A true, faithful husband and father as well,
Gone with our Saviour in heaven to dwell.

—Inserted by his loving wife and family

Turner.—In loving memory of our dear father, John Henry Turner, who departed this life on the 29th April, 1910.

We who love you sadly miss you,
Tho' we know that God knows best;
Some may think you are forgotten
When they see us smile.
They little know the aching hearts
That smile hides all the time.

—Inserted by his loving son and son-in-law, S. Turner and W. Keele.

Bereavement Notices.

MR. W. J. and Miss DAVIS desire to thank their many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy during their recent sad bereavement.
257 High Street, Preston.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

Cr. Redmond, on Tuesday evening, took exception to the new "adjunct" to the Northcote Post Office, in the shape of a telephone box erected in the portico of the municipal buildings. He wanted to know if it complied with the building regulations. He considered it gave the town-hall a dilapidated appearance, and suggested that it would be better to arrange with some convenient lolly shop to have the telephone. He moved that a request be made that it be shifted back into the recess. The motion was agreed to.

We regret having to record the death of Mr. John Timmins, builder, of James street, Northcote. Only on Wednesday week last Mr. Timmins drove up to Gembrook for the purpose of superintending the erection of a home there. On the following day he was seized with an illness which resulted in his death on Saturday. Mr. Timmins was superintendent of the Ferguson Memorial S.S. and also took an active interest in the church. An in memoriam service will be conducted at the church, Campbell grove, to-morrow evening.

The Ponder's Grove Settlers' Association held a very successful social in the Thornbury hall on Tuesday evening, 23rd inst. About 40 couples passed a most enjoyable evening to the strains of Smart and Aumont's band. Mr. Richmond acted as M.C. The ladies' committee provided refreshments, and the evening terminated with "Auld Lang Syne" at 12 o'clock.

Localisms.

A quantity of matter is unavoidably held over.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., will introduce the deputation of protest against the proposed Thornbury Brickworks to the Premier on Thursday next. We understand he has cancelled two important country engagements in order to be present.

Northcote C.C. finished a brilliant season on Monday. A grade team scored their tenth successive win and went through the season unbeaten, whilst circumstances quite independent of play, probably prevented B team also coming out at the head of the list. Such a "double" would have been a great achievement indeed, and it was a pity they were deprived of the chance of bringing it off. It will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere that the Mayor (Cr. Bastings) has convened a meeting of citizens for Thursday, 2nd May, at the town-hall to consider the best means of recognising the club's fine performance.

Poultry fanciers who propose showing birds at the Northcote Poultry Society's Show, which takes place at the local town hall on May 16, 17 and 18, are reminded that entries close to-day, Saturday, 27th inst. Entries may be sent to the secretary, Mr J. Alder, 53 Elm street, or left with Mr. J. A. Bostock, High street.

At the South Preston Methodist Church on Sunday evening next, the choirmaster, Mr F. Thorpe, has arranged a song service expressive of sympathy with those who have suffered by the wreck of the Titanic. The solo will be Nearer My God To Thee, and the Rev E. O. Knee will preach. The Dead March in Saul will be played by the organist, Miss Walker, at the close of the service.

Mr and Mrs Cleveland, professors of dancing, advertise that they hold their adult beginners' classes every evening and on Saturday afternoons at their Academy, 264 Drummond street, Carlton, and give private lessons any hour by appointment. Prospectuses will be sent on application.

Preston shire council invite tenders for the supply of 700 yards of machine broken or hand broken metal.

At Thornbury picture theatre to-night will be presented the exclusive photo-play, "Auld Lang Syne."

The subject of the Rev. C. W. Wood, at Holy Trinity, Thornbury, to-morrow evening is "Capital Punishment."

Particulars are advertised regarding Preston Presbyterian Sunday School anniversary services, which take place to-morrow.

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

M. Drolz, engineer, etc., Bell street, Preston, advertises that he undertakes repairs to steam engines, boilers, gas engines, etc.

Mr. Joseph Robertson, an old and respected resident of Northcote, passed away at his residence, "Oonah," Clarke street, on Thursday, 25th inst., at the advanced age of 84 years. He was the father of Cr. Robertson, president of Prestonshire.

FURTHER ROBBERIES IN NORTHCOTE.

HAT SHOP BROKEN INTO.

MAN STRUCK DOWN.

Herbert Price, who had been enjoying the Eight Hours holiday, had almost reached home on Monday, about midnight, when he heard a crash as of breaking glass. Running across the road, he called out, "What's amiss?" and the answer he received was a blow from a man's fist, which knocked him down. As he arose he saw three men running away from Eaton's hat shop in High-st. The police, on arriving on the scene, found that a hole had been driven through the glass door, and the lock turned. Though surprised in the act of breaking in, the thieves managed to get away with five hats, a few scarves, and some loose silver, which had been left in the till.

THEFT OF SOVEREIGNS.

The house of Mr. A. Fyfe, a railway employee, in Charles street, Northcote, was entered during Friday night, and £11 stolen from it. On going to bed, Mr. Fyfe hung his trousers, containing eleven sovereigns, on a nail in the bedroom wall, but on looking for his property on Saturday morning he discovered it was not there. The lost clothing was afterwards discovered near the kitchen door, which was wide open, but the sovereigns were missing. Nothing else was taken from the house.

THE GLOBE MOTOR AND TAXI CO. Ltd.

Ex-Councillor Ralph Archbold has on many occasions given evidence of his energies in Northcote, and it would seem that he is equal to the wider opportunities the city affords, judging by the prospectus of the Globe Motor and Taxi Company, Limited, which his firm (Renowden, Archbold and Co. Proprietary Ltd.) is just now issuing. From this document we learn that he and his enterprising partner have completed negotiations with Mr. R. G. Carey, of the Taxi Cab Co., for the amalgamation of his business, which is already well established and doing a large trade, with their own motor car agencies, and that they have also purchased from the Curator and Administrator, the whole of the stock-in-trade and goodwill of the business of the late Donald M. A. Field, whose motor garage adjoins Carey's Taxi Depot. This purchase was on most advantageous terms, seeing that they only paid between 6s and 7s in the £ on the value of the stock, which comprises motor cars, commercial motor vehicles, motor cycles, and a large quantity of accessories. This arrangement placed the firm in possession of the whole of the commodious premises, capable of holding a hundred cars and vehicles, and enabling them to combine the whole of these businesses and carry them on under one expense. The taxi cabs are in constant use and the demand warrants an increased number, the firm having already cabled for several of the Unic type, for which it is sole agent for Victoria and Tasmania. The new company will establish engineering works and factory with the latest appliances for building bodies for all the chassis they import. The garage is open day and night, and in addition to the regular and casual calls for taxis, touring cars are available at a moment's notice for trips to all parts of the country. It is the firm's intention to extend the same principle to the conveyance of merchandise, so that it may be possible to obtain a motor commercial van or lorry as quickly as a Taxi Cab. The firm recently submitted the "Berna" motor lorry to public test, and made a world's record of 93 ton miles to the gallon. They are also the sole agents for the N.S.U. motor cycles, which won the recent reliability test—Sydney to Melbourne. The Board of Directors comprises well known names of successful and capable business men, viz., Sir Henry Weedon, K.B., Sir Alexander Peacock, K.C.M.G., Alderman Edward G. Gurr, F.C.P.A., Geelong, and Mr. R. Archbold, a member of the firm of Renowden, Archbold and Co. Pty. Ltd. These gentlemen represent every phase of commercial enterprise and activity, both city and country. In the hands of such practical men, the Company promises to be one of the largest of its kind in the State. On the whole the prospects of the Company's success seem already assured. We publish an abridged copy of the prospectus in this issue. Any of our readers who may wish to secure shares should write for a full prospectus at once.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails, 1/6.

THORNBURY BRICKWORKS.

PROTEST BY RESIDENTS.

DEPUTATION TO THE PREMIER ARRANGED.

There was a large and enthusiastic meeting of citizens in the Northcote Town Hall on Wednesday night for the purpose of protesting against any portion of the Government land at Thornbury being used as a brickworks.

The Mayor (Councillor Bastings), who convened the meeting, said that the action of the Government in leasing a portion of the Thornbury Park Estate to a private company for the purpose of brickworks came as a complete surprise to the residents. The opposition to the proposal was general and emphatic. It was realised in every quarter that the erection of brickworks next to the Thornbury station, and on such a desirable residential area, would depreciate the value of ratepayers' property in the locality. It was also bad business on the part of the Government, as they would only get a return of 2½ per cent. on the value of the land, which would be no use for any other purpose at the expiration of the lease. At the present time Northcote had 90 acres of its territory absorbed by brick companies, and ratepayers considered that quite enough. (Hear, hear.) The company that was about to establish brickworks at Thornbury tried to get a footing in Malvern and Camberwell, but were blocked by the municipal bye-laws, and if the Premier did not endeavor to comply with the wishes of the residents, he would be prepared, as Mayor, with the support of councillors, to take a similar course, and obstruct the company in every possible way. (Applause.)

Mr Membrey, M.L.A., in a vigorous speech, said that he had always opposed this particular piece of land being used as a brickworks. It was a valuable and magnificent residential site, and should not be ruined in that way. Two years ago, in company with the Minister of Lands, the Surveyor-General, and the Mayor of Northcote, he visited the land. As a result of that visit the land was subdivided into residential sites, and a plan was issued showing areas reserved for a State school and also for a bowling green. Nothing, however, was done, but the inference was that the Government had no intention of using the site for brickworks. (Applause.) He did not consider that he had been treated fairly in the matter. No member of the Opposition could have been treated more discourteously. The whole business was suggestive of political wire-pulling. (Applause.) The least the Government could have done, seeing that he was the representative of the district, was to have acquainted him with what was going on. (Applause.) The negotiations were being secretly carried out so far as he was concerned, yet another member of Parliament knew all about them. They were told that the Government were going to break the brick combine, and that the community were to get cheaper bricks; but they all knew that was all fudge. If the Government was in earnest about reducing the price of bricks, why did it not get possession of Walkerden's brickworks, a little to the north, with machinery and everything ready to start? The best interests of the town would be served by preventing, if possible, the Thornbury land being used by the Glen Iris Brick and Tile Company. (Applause.)

Mr. A. A. Miller said that the 12 acres of land the Government proposed leasing at £150 per annum was worth at least £500 per acre, but when the brick company had done with it it would be not only valueless but a menace to the district for all time. He moved—

"That this meeting enters its emphatic protest against the proposed brickworks at Thornbury, and respectfully urges the Government to reconsider the question of leasing the 12 acres to the Glen Iris Company, as one of the best residential parts of the district would be spoilt for all time, and its progress retarded, if the works were established."

Mr. J. McGregor, in seconding the resolution, said that the establishment of brickworks would be very detrimental to the railway revenue at the Thornbury station.

Mr. W. Pearl, speaking in support, stated that such an industry would undoubtedly seriously injure the district, and he objected to have anything thrust upon the town that would retard its progress.

Mr. Kane considered the Government had been guilty of a treacherous act, inasmuch as the member for the district had not been consulted. (Applause.)

Cr. Hayes declared that a strong protest was made by residents when the land was first bought for State brickworks. The manner in which the whole business had been carried out was a blow at representative Government, as both their Parliamentary representative and the Town Council had been ignored in the matter.

Crs. Henderson, Woolhouse, and Dennis having also expressed themselves strongly in support of the resolution, it was carried unanimously.

Mr. McPherson moved, and Mr. Shepherd seconded—

"That Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., be asked to arrange a deputation to wait on the Premier and submit the protest."

The motion was agreed to.

A vote of thanks was accorded the Mayor for convening the meeting and for presiding, and the proceedings terminated.

DEPUTATION ON THURSDAY NEXT.

The Premier (Mr. Murray) has notified Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., that he will receive a deputation of the citizens of Northcote opposed to the erection of brickworks on a portion of the Thornbury Park Estate next Thursday at 11 a.m. That is the earliest date that could be arranged owing to Mr Murray having to leave Melbourne.

LEASE STILL NOT SIGNED.

Mr. Membrey elicited from the Premier on Thursday that the lease between the Government and the company had not yet been signed.

OPERATIONS STARTED.

Portion of the machinery for the proposed brickworks is already on the ground, and half a dozen men were clearing the ground on Thursday with a view to its erection.

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

SUCCESS!

OUR noted success in Tailoring is due to the earnest attention we give to every detail of our business:—

Buying.—We make a studious, painstaking selection from all the best manufacturers of English and Colonial mills, to get the very choicest for our clients in quality of material, pattern, and make of cloth.

Cutting.—Our cutters are careful to see that every detail is attended to so that our customers will have the best fit and the very latest in style.

Making.—Every garment turned out by us must be personally examined by the foreman of our workroom and nothing but what is correct is allowed to pass.

A very plain proof of the above statements lies in the fact that we have been able to build up one of the largest order tailoring businesses in or around Melbourne.

GEORGE WARDROP,
The Good-Value Tailor,
SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD.

NORTHCOTE TRAMS.

TRAMWAY COMMITTEE AND LESSEES.

There has evidently been serious friction between the Northcote Council Tramway Committee and the lessees of the trams. This was shown on Tuesday evening by the tramway committee submitting to the council the following recommendation:—

That in view of the unsatisfactory manner in which the lessees of the tramway are conducting the service, and their repeated non-compliance with the notices duly served on them by the tramway engineer, for maintenance, repairs, etc., of the system, as provided by the conditions of the lease, the council consider the advisability of taking the necessary steps to terminate the lease.

The carrying of this resolution by the committee seemingly leaked out, and as a result the mayor received from Sir George Turner, solicitor for one of the lessees, (Mrs Thomas) a letter stating that she was under the impression that all repairs required by the tramway engineer had been carried out. The letter added—"My client is desirous that there should not be any friction between the council and the lessees, and is perfectly willing that requirements already made by your surveyor should be complied with and will see that this is done forthwith, and in proof of her bonafides I enclose her cheque for £200, which can be used to pay for any work already ordered and not performed, and any balance returned to me."

After discussion the matter was referred back to the tramway committee to report to the committee of the whole.

NORTHCOTE AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE FIRST STEP.

The first definite step towards the installation of electric light in Northcote has now been taken, namely the application for an order of the Governor-in-Council. The object of the application is to obtain the necessary authority to enable the council to supply electricity for public and private purposes. It is proposed for a start to lay down lines in the following streets, viz., High street, St. George's road, Clarke street, Arthurton road, Separation street, Westgarth street, Darebin street, Westbourne grove, Bastings street and Normanby avenue. If ratepayers have any objection to the application they must make it to the Minister of Public Works within three months from date.

Farewell Social at South Yan Yean.

At the farewell social in the South Yan Yean Methodist Church on Thursday last, the following presentations were made to the Jeffrey Brothers, who are leaving the district for Phillip Island. The Rev. E. O. Knee, on behalf of the church and congregation, presented to Mr. W. Jeffrey, a handsome silver cake basket, and to Mr. George Jeffrey a very beautiful hot water kettle and stand, silver mounted. Master Harry Turley, on behalf of the Sunday school class, presented Mr. W. Jeffrey with a pocket book, whilst Mr. George Scott and Mr. Knox handed to Mr. George Jeffrey a well bound teacher's Bible. Felicitous replies were made by the recipients. The church was crowded to the doors and a very pleasant evening was spent with songs, etc., under the leadership of Miss Horner and Mr Sharpe.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

ATHLETIC CLUB'S SPORTS.

The Epping Athletic Club were favored with better weather on Saturday last, when their postponed sports were carried out. There was only a fair attendance of spectators present, and most of those from outside districts. The gate realised only £7. There was a large percentage of starters in the different events, and the racing was interesting and exciting. Messrs P. Moloney, I. Jacques, and Mark Williams, members of the Victorian Athletic League Council, were present and assisted greatly in the carrying out of the arrangements. Mr. W. Taggart, as starter, gave every satisfaction, and the judging of Messrs Cotchin, Dee, and Wuchatsch was never questioned. Owing to the very short time in which the committee had to run the events they were forced to leave out several of the post entry events. A dance was held at the shire hall in the evening, at which a waltzing competition was decided. The winners were Mr. E. Lynch and Miss Hodgson (Preston). The following are the results of the different races:—District Encourage—H. Stevens (13 yards) 1, J. Loyer (10 yds.) 2. Open Encourage—W. L. Elliott, St. Kilda (15½ yds.) 1; F. W. Box, Newport (17½ yds.) 2. District Handicap—Woodhouse (12 yds.) and Combo (9 yds.) ran a dead heat, which Combo won in the run off; Mayne (12 yds.) 3. Sheffield Handicap—J. E. Burke, Melbourne (15 yds.), 1; E. Parow, Port Melbourne (18 yds.), 2; J. J. Healy, Flemington (16½ yds.) 3 Won by 2 feet; time, 10 3 5ths. Half Mile Handicap—R. Scott (55 yds.) 1; C. A. McLeod (60 yds.) 2; F. Topping (55 yds.) 3; won by 6 yards. High Jump—H. J. Brydon, Rochester, 1; N. McDougall, Richmond, 2; H. Harkness, Morang, 3; height, 5 ft., 2 ins.

Two candidates are in the field for the vacancy in the Epping riding caused by the retirement of Cr J. S. Morgan, namely, Mr A. M. Davidson, storekeeper, and Mr. A. Wuchatsch, farmer. The election will take place on Thursday, May 9.

A meeting of Thomastown and Bundoora residents is to be held at the school reserve this evening at 8 to consider the advisableness of taking steps to build a public hall. All residents are invited to attend.

CHURCH NEWS.

CHAPMAN ALEXANDER MISSIONERS IN NORTHCOTE.

In connection with the Chapman-Alexander Mission Northcote is to be specially favoured to-morrow.

In the morning Dr. Chapman will preach at the Presbyterian Church, James Street.

The service at High Street Methodist Church will be conducted by Sir Robert Anderson, ex Chief of Scotland Yard Detective Office, Mr. McLaughlin, of Belfast, and Mr. Naftzer, the mission soloist; and Mrs. Alexander and Mrs Harkness will visit the Baptist Church.

During the afternoon the missioner, Rev. John Enwright will hold a great Men's Meeting at the Baptist Church at 3 o'clock

Mr. Enright will preach at the Methodist Church at 7 and conduct a mission service at the Baptist Church at 8.30, whilst the Rev. Hugh Kelly, M.A., will hold a similar service at the Presbyterian Church.

Collections will be received at the evening services on behalf of the mission funds.

The mission will continue till Wednesday. The mission represents the united strength of the Protestant churches in 29 suburbs of Melbourne.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN S.S.

The anniversary services were continued last Sunday, when, unfortunately the weather was unfavorable. Still the congregations were good, especially in the evening, when the Rev. R W. Rock preached, the church being filled. Rev. J. G. Stirling preached in the morning, and gave a splendid address to the children. The singing of the scholars was again much enjoyed. Mr. A. Harvey conducted; Mrs. Fraser was at the organ; while Miss Myrtle Harvey supplied the piano music.

On Tuesday the scholars' tea took place. A pleasing feature was the fine attendance of the senior scholars. In fact there was scarcely an absentee from the school, and the tea, aided by the efforts of the teachers, went off most successfully.

The tea was followed by a concert and the distribution of the prizes by the minister, the Rev. R. W. Rock. There was a full attendance of parents and scholars. Mr. G. Landy, superintendent, in the course of an address, referred to the fine support he had received from the teachers during the year and said the standard of the school was exceptionally high. A most gratifying feature during the year was the splendid success of the scholars in the Sunday School Union examinations. (The candidates for these examinations, it may be mentioned, were prepared by Mr. Landy.) The concert was of exceptional interest and gave great pleasure to all, the programme being as follows:—Piano solo, Miss Martinson (from Sydney); solo, "Come sing to me," Miss Maine (Hawthorn); duet, "Nocturne," Messrs White and Pigott (Cairns Memorial); recitation, "Ten little candles," school scholars; solo, Miss Ada Studd (Baptist Church); recitation, Wallace Crossley (All Saints'); solo "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town," Miss Craven; violin solo, Master Lynn (Moonee Ponds); song, Miss Maine (Hawthorn); recitation, Miss Skinner (Baptist Church); song, Miss Daisy Lynn (Moonee Ponds); duet, "The Rowan Tree," Misses Henderson (Fitzroy).

The following is the prize list:—

Girls:

Mrs. Don—Effie Street 1, May Lowrie 2.
Miss McIlreavey—Hilda Wright 1, Elsie Campbell 2.
Mrs. Boothby—Dorothy Harmsworth 1, Ettie Chapman 2.
Mrs. Owens—Jeannie Wallace 1, Evelyn Vivash 2.
Mrs. McNair—Olive Henderson 1, Ivy McNair and Lily Stalker 2.
Miss Vivash—Winnie Anderson 1, Alice Bolls 2.
Miss Vivash—Lexie and Mayse Campbell 1, Myrtle Fletcher 2.
Mr. A. Reid—Janet Perkins 1, Lily Ruxton 2.
Miss Read—Lottie Leake 1, Martha McGregor 2.
Miss Hammet—Lottie Stewart 1, Nellie Lowrie 2.
Mrs. Stephens—Carrie Leake 1, Beatrice Stalker 2.
Miss R. Clark—Mona Reid 1.
Mrs. Stewart—Lily Perkins 1, Annie Bowles 2.
Miss Lamb—Elsie Bowden 1, Amy Robinson 2.
Miss Healey—Doris Richardson 1, Nellie Travill 2.
Miss Scott—Merle Richardson 1, Lois Creak 2.
Miss A. Clark—Doris Gibson 1, Zilva Williams 2.

Boys.

Mr. Slater—George Landy and Gordon Landy 1, Ernest Bolls 2.
Mr. Vivash—Ernest Horman 1, Robert Murray 2.
Miss Phillips—Eric Train 1, Henry McKeown 2.
Mrs. Lane—Max Bowden 1.
Mr. Harvey—Eric Hart 1.
Mrs. McKeown—Willie Stalker 1, Sydney McGregor 2.
Miss Little—Jack Sugar 1, Fred Kelson 2.
Mr. Reid—William Murray 1, Allen Middleton 2.

Examinations:

The gold medal was won by Janet Perkins; Ernest Bolls being second.

Intermediate—Effie Street 1, Dorothy Harmsworth 2.

Junior—Gordon Landy 1, Lily Ruxton 2.

A very enjoyable social gathering was held in the Prince of Wales Park Methodist Church on Thursday evening last to say farewell to Father Jenkin, who retires from the charge to make room for a younger man. Interesting short farewell addresses were given by Revs. P. Knight and A. Uglow and Messrs Chirgwin and Moyle, after which Mr. A. Fluck, on behalf of the congregation and friends, presented Father Jenkin with a very handsome purse of sovereigns. Father Jenkin suitably responded. Opportunity was also taken to welcome the Rev. T. C. Carne to his new duties. Special selections were rendered by the choir, under the leadership of Mr. Grainger. After refreshments were dispensed very admirably by the ladies under the supervision of Mrs. Piszey and Mrs. Uglow, a very pleasant evening was brought to a close.

LADIES—

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CRICKET.

NORTHCOTE'S FINE ACHIEVEMENT.

PREMIERS AND CHAMPIONS.

SECOND ELEVEN RUNNERS UP.

NORTHCOTE V. FITYROY.

This match was commenced last Saturday at Northcote. The locals batted first on a splendid wicket, and at the close of the day had lost 8 wickets for 232. The chief feature of the play was a beautiful innings by Norman Brown, who made 81 in fifty minutes, including 16 fourers and 1 sixer. He hit 3 fours and a six off one over from Dwyer. McCarron, Begg and Bailey also batted well for their runs. The match was continued on Monday on a wicket that had been damaged by the rain. Northcote's innings closed for 235. Fitzroy started well and at one stage seemed to be certain of a draw, 4 wickets for 110 being the score, but owing to some fine bowling by R. Bailey the remaining batsmen made a poor showing, and the side was out for 120, Northcote thus won their last match by 115 runs and secured the proud position of going through the season undefeated. Bailey secured the fine average of 6 wickets for 18 runs.

At the close of the match the mayor (Cr. H. Bastings) proposed the toast of "The Premier Team," and in doing so [illegible] ted the team on behalf of [illegible] citizens on their fine performance. [illegible] Webb, the Fitzroy captain, supported the toast. R. Mitchell (captain) and W. Stott (president) responded, and thus a very successful and enjoyable season was brought to a close.

In the evening the president entertained the members of the team at a theatre party. ("Kismet.")

The following are the scores:—

NORTHCOTE.

G. Spicer, stp. Woodford, b Cannon	9
H. McCarron, b Cannon ...	31
N. Brown, c Woodford, b Boulter	81
G. Chesswas, b Boulter ...	2
F. Yeomans, l.b.w., b Boulter ...	0
O. Begg, b Cannon	34
R. Bailey, b Cannon ...	30
R. Vernon, c Woodford, b Dwyer	13
D. Plant, not out	7
W. Rowe, l.b.w., b Dwyer ...	0
Sundries	11
Total	... 235

Bowling—Cannon 4 for 68, Boulter 3 for 64, Dwyer 2 for 44, Lansdowne 1 for 14.

FITZROY.

W. Webb, c Rowe, b Bailey ...	35
C. Kiernon, b Brown	12
R. Delves, c Plant, b Bailey ...	14
C. Dwyer, c Brown, b Bailey ...	0
C. Lansdowne, c Plant, b Bailey ...	31
E. Tait, b Mitchell	18
C. Owens, c Yeomans, b Mitchell...	8
R. Wawn, c and b Bailey ...	1
E. Boulter, c Rowe, b Mitchell ...	0
H. Woodford, not out.. ...	0
W. Cannon, b Bailey	0
Sundries	1
Total	... 120

Bowling—Bailey 6 for 18, Brown 1 for 34, Mitchell 3 for 37, Plant 0 for 30.

SECOND ELEVENS.

Northcote batted first on a good wicket and amassed the fine score of 313, made in three hours. Some fine free hitting was seen, 150 runs being added in the last hour's play. F. Lugton 57 not out, T. Lugton 56, W. Ahern 48, Schwaebsch 35, Wilkinson 32, and Yeomans 21 all batted well. Rennie, a young bowler, secured the fine average of 1 for 81. Owing to the heavy rain on Monday morning play did not start until 1.15. With 1¾ hours' play Fitzroy lost 5 wickets for 86 and the match was drawn. Wilkinson 2 for 17 and Andrew 1 for 14 secured the wickets. The result of this match spoils the club's chance of securing the double premiership, and the team finish the season as runners-up in the second grade.

The following are the averages of the first and second elevens of the Northcote C.C.:—

FIRST ELEVEN.

BATTING.

Name	No. of Innings	Not Out	Highest Score	Runs	Average
N. Brown ...	10	0	69	486	48 6
R. Bailey ...	11	3	74	262	32 75
G. Chesswas ...	13	1	152*	325	27.08
G. Spicer ...	14	1	73	348	26 7
O. Begg ...	10	0	58	232	23.3
H. McCarron ...	12	0	62	272	22.6
F. Yeomans ...	14	1	105*	275	21.1
D. Plant ...	10	6	27	83	20.75
S. Billings ...	11	2	37	153	17
L. Richardson	3	1	19	19	9.5
R. Vernon ...	11	1	18	75	7.5
R. Mitchell ...	11	1	15	66	6.6

*Signifies not out.

BOWLING.

Name	No of Balls	Wkts.	Runs	Average
R. Bailey ...	1275	41	492	12
N. Brown ...	1008	35	553	15 8
S. Billings ...	394	10	179	17.9
R. Mitchell...	1147	23	457	19
D. Plant ..	1491	17	608	35 7

SECOND ELEVEN.

Name	No. of Innings	Not Out	Highest Score	Runs	Average
T. Lugton ...	3	0	56	88	29 2
R. Richardson	17	1	77	343	21 4
E. C. Yeomans	17	2	56	318	21.2
A. Wilkinson	16	2	60*	284	20 2
F. Lugton ...	14	3	68	202	18.3
E. Hughes ...	11	3	48	162	18
E. Hammet ...	13	3	37	179	17 9
E. Schwaebsch	5	0	35	72	14.4
A. Lugton ...	19	2	46*	241	14.1
W. Ahern ...	11	0	48	132	12
A. M. Thomas	2	0	16	23	11.5
E. Studley ...	16	0	41	178	11
W. Rowe ...	2	0	22	22	11
R. Bolton ...	3	1	13*	19	9.5
F. Dunn ...	3	0	21	28	9.3
P. James ...	10	1	34*	81	9
T. Andrew ...	14	4	16	61	6.1
A. E. Kelso ...	6	2	9*	18	4.5

*Signifies not out.

BOWLING.

Name	No. of Balls	Wkts.	Runs	Average
A. Wilkinson	288	12	111	9 2
F. Lugton ...	906	28	319	11.3
W. Ahern ...	684	23	331	14.2
E. Hughes ...	306	10	143	14.3
T. Andrew ...	1000	40	762	19.0
E. C. Yeomans	534	16	315	19.7
E. Hammet...	644	15	210	20.0
A. E. Kelso...	162	3	111	37

The South Preston Methodist Juniors played their final match on Saturday last, when they defeated Servicetons at East Melbourne, thereby winning the premiership of Boyle and Scott's Junior Church Competition. The club have only lost two matches for the season, one being by 2 runs. Much of the success of the club is due to our energetic secretary (F. Pike) who has worked most energetically, and to C. Keller and N. Walker, who always batted well, the last named winning the batting average. Praise is also due to Keller for the way he kept wickets, especially in the final match, when only 2 byes were recorded during both innings. Howard and Sharp also showed to advantage during the season and captured many wickets. The bowling for the final match was as follows:—Pike 2 for 48, Sharp 4 for 17, Howard 4 for 33.

What are the wild waves saying?
Hanged if I know or care!
For my poor old head is swaying
With the weight of the cold that is there.
Fancy I hear them saying
"Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure;"
Took their advice—thus staying
The cold that did not mature.

Notices

BUGGY Horse disposed of by Art Union. Holder of Winning Ticket, Mr. J. Hilary, Bulla.

NOTICE.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS

Of

A NEW STORY

Entitled

In the Wake of the Hound

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

Authoress of "A Bid for a Bride," "Mrs. Maxwell's Silence," etc.

APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE

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Published by Arrangement with Cassell & Co., Melbourne

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CHAPTER I.

A Secret Engagement.

Jim Elliott whistled to his dog Spy, lit a cigarette, and, leaving the Moat Farm, struck a short cut into the woods, walking with a firm buoyant step that suggested a pleasant rendezvous, for the man who walks aimlessly has a more or less lethargic action; he lacks the incentive that is a spur to spontaneous movement. Jim Elliott had a frank, handsome face, and a well-made figure which looked its best in shooting kit. He was a sportsman to the last hair on his dark head, and loathed London and society as much as he loved the country and an alfresco life. But to-day he loved something else, if a beautiful, wayward girl could be described as "something." Jim was in love, and he was swinging through the woods to meet the "one girl in all the world," as he mentally described her.

At a sudden curve in the footpath he saw her, and his frank, honest face lit up with pleasure. She was standing by a gate that led into the private grounds of The Mount, and her attitude was listless and dejected, while beneath the wide garden hat she wore her face looked sombre and absorbed in thought.

Jim trod carefully over the fallen brambles and leaves, and put his arm round her waist.

"A penny for your thoughts, sweet dreamer," he laughed.

The girl's face flushed suddenly, and she said pettishly: "How you startled me, Jim! I wish you would not."

"I'm sorry, dearest," the young man replied. "I thought you would guess who it was, unless there is another man who puts his arm round your waist," he added, teasingly. "If there is, I'll have his blood!"

Olivia Cassella's un-English but beautiful face softened.

"Apart from yourself and Mr. Dyson and Aunt Margaret's secretary, there is nothing male within ten miles at least," she said, exaggerating carelessly. "Trust Aunt Margaret to live where there are men to be seen! I believe she would like the gardeners to be women, and her solicitor, too!"

Her lover stroked her hand with his big brown fingers.

"I wonder what she will say when I ask her permission to marry you," he said. "I don't suppose she expects you to marry a woman!"

Olivia turned to him beseechingly, her dark, Oriental-looking eyes filled with consternation.

"Please, Jim, you must never do that! I don't know what would happen; it frightens me to think of it even. You don't know how awful she is in a temper."

"But it's all nonsense of her to think that you will never marry," Jim broke in quietly. "She can't expect a girl like you to live all your life without a lover. Besides, I am bound to tell her some time," he went on, "or the village people will put her up to it. So why not be brave and get it over, darling? She can't kill you or eat you."

"You don't understand!" Olivia began in a low, breathless voice. "Aunt Margaret hates the idea of my marrying, or Virginia either. She has added a codicil to her will that if either of us marry we are to lose our share of her fortune when she dies."

Jim Elliott's honest face grew perplexed.

"Then all I can say is that the old woman is a miserable bigot!" he said hotly. "I suppose she was a girl once, though it's difficult to imagine her anything sweet! Besides, why should you mind losing your share of her fortune, darling? I am only a farmer, I know, but my family is as old in the yeoman stock that has made England what it is as Lady Margaret's is in the blue blood that has sometimes disgraced her. I have enough to keep you on, darling; when we marry there will be no need for you to miss any of the luxuries you have now, so I don't see that Lady Margaret's power is much after all."

Olivia Cassella did not reply immediately. Her face in repose was full of brooding tragedy that made her seem over her twenty-two years. The full red mouth drooped at the corners, and the large dark eyes, fringed in heavy lashes, were pools of sombre thought. The ivory pallor of her clear skin contrasted with the blue-black of her hair, which grew low on a white, broad brow. The girl's whole appearance and personality suggested foreign blood, which was explained by the fact that her grandmother had married an Italian. The people who knew her well would say, "When Olivia Cassella is laughing and light-hearted, she is English; when she is in a temper, she is Italian; and when she is seized with a brooding fit of the dumps she is Egyptian again."

"Jim," she began, "I know you will think me horribly mercenary, but I don't want to lose my share of Aunt Margaret's money. She brought up Virginia and myself as her heiresses, and, after all, it is our due to inherit it."

"Then are we to wait until she is dead before we marry?" Jim asked in a hurt tone. "It's a bit rough on me, dear, isn't it?"

Olivia linked her arm in his with one of her rare loving little gestures.

"Dearest Jim, look at it from my point of view. We are young, and can afford to wait, and Aunt Margaret is old! I don't mean that I want her to die," she added quickly, as a shadow crossed his face—"only I do want to have my share of her fortune; and if she knows about our engagement she will cut me out of the will at once. I know, because she has said so—and she would keep her word. Let us be patient and wait until something happens."

Jim Elliott was silent. For the first time since he had known Olivia she jarred on him. His fine, manly independence kicked at the thought of waiting for a dead man's or a dead woman's shoes, and Olivia's eagerness to keep her engagement secret, and share her aunt's fortune with her sister Virginia smacked somewhat of deceit and other qualities that a man in love fatuously hopes are lacking from the "one girl in all the world."

"Look here, darling," he said presently, "I suppose it's only natural your wanting to inherit this fortune, but, on the other hand, it places me in a false position. I don't care about having to play a part and not be acknowledged as your future husband. I feel sure," he went on, persuasively, glancing at the girl's lovely face, "that Lady Margaret could be prevailed on to 'be just' towards you. Won't you let me see her? I am not afraid of anyone!"

Olivia's pallor gave way to a vivid flush.

"No, no," she said, hurriedly; "that would spoil our chance of ever marrying while she lives. But I will tell you what we might do. Virginia is coming home to-morrow, and she is Aunt Margaret's favorite. I will ask her advice about it. Don't think I want to be deceitful," she added, "but if you knew how awful Aunt Margaret was to live with you would buy peace at any price!"

As Jim listened to the half-plaintive words, he felt sorry that he had misjudged Olivia at first. He supposed that girls, even the best, had not a man's strict ideas of honor, and, after all, Lady Margaret was a well-known character in the neighborhood, and people wondered why she did not send her nieces away if their presence were such an infliction to her.

"Very well, dearest," Jim said cheerfully, "let things stand as they are until Virginia comes back, and if she can talk the old lady over she must have a tongue of gold!"

"Virginia is so independent, and never loses her temper like I do," Olivia laughed. "She simply waits until Aunt Margaret has finished, and then just smiles and ignores everything. But I lose my temper, and we quarrel frightfully!"

"Poor darling! I don't wonder," Jim answered, sympathetically. "Anyway, the old lady might listen to Virginia. In the meantime, don't let us talk about it any more. I have lots of things to say to you, and our chances of meeting are not very frequent."

"No," Olivia answered, "especially since Aunt Margaret's secretary always seems to be shadowing me! I hate the man; I always feel that he is waiting to do me some injury."

"How long has he been at The Mount?" Jim said.

"About three months now. Why Aunt Margaret keeps him I can't imagine!" Olivia replied. "But he stays on in spite of her awful temper."

"So long as he does not prejudice her against you, he may be useful in preventing her from being particularly horrid to you," Jim mused, "though it's odd she should have a man as her secretary when she hates our sex so bitterly."

Olivia nodded.

"Yes, that puzzles me, too. It is the one inconsistent thing I have noticed about her; and Mr. Sladen is the only person she seems to treat civilly."

"I haven't seen the man," Jim said. "But I hear him no ill-will, provided he does not make love to you."

Olivia did not reply. She knew that if she told her lover about Mr. Sladen's odious attempts at love-making he would probably fight her aunt's secretary, and everything that she wanted to keep secret a little longer would come out.

"I am going away for a few days, darling," Jim said, when they reached the white gates again. "I have to see about a new agent for one of my farms and, incidentally, to buy you a present."

"The second part of your speech interests me more than the first," Olivia laughed lightly. "But I am sorry you are going away. Life here is dull enough as it is, and The Mount is more like a convent than a home."

"The country is never dull to me," Jim began; but she interrupted him quickly:

"No, because you can escape from it whenever you like. You are your own master and can go wherever you choose. But I have been here ever since I left Bruges, and the dullness and stagnation of it have bitten into my soul, and I hate the great mournful trees, and field after field of either cabbages or wheat! Oh, Jim!" she went on, raising her beautiful mutinous face to his, "promise me that you will travel with me, and that we shall live in London, and just come to the farm for the summer and a bit of the shooting! You know you could easily put a good steward in the place. You won't be always tied to the country, will you?"

The young man looked down at her beauty, and had not the heart to tell her how her vehement denunciation of all he cared about had hurt him. Instead, he stooped and kissed her tenderly, not noticing that she accepted his kiss without responding to it.

"We will put the farm into a steward's hands and live in London sometimes, darling," he said. "You know that I am only waiting for the day when Lady Margaret consents to our marriage. And now," he added, "I must fly, and so must you, darling; it would not do for Lady Margaret to miss you."

"Oh, she is probably discussing some fresh pleasures for the household with her secretary's help," Olivia laughed; "I shall not be missed."

But as she walked up the long path that led through Lady Margaret's private property, the gaiety left Olivia's face, and it became again charged with thought. While her lover had promised her to give up the country and live in London for her, she had been acutely conscious of the utter selfishness of her request, and a hot glow of self-contempt shot through her.

"I am horrid. I just want my own way, and am growing as selfish as Aunt Margaret," she muttered shamefacedly. "It's all through having been kept here so long in this hateful place!"

She paused suddenly. A man had stepped through the closely-growing hedge and stood by her side.

"Good afternoon, Miss Cassella," he said politely; "Lady Margaret sent me out to look for you. She wishes to see you."

"My aunt need not have troubled to send you, Mr. Sladen!" Olivia said coldly. "She is well aware that I usually go for a walk in the woods about this time."

Luke Sladen smiled, and he was one of those men whose smile is the hall-mark of enmity. He was a tall, lean man, dark and sleek-looking, with black restless eyes, and a habit of always biting the ragged end of a stubbly moustache. His features were good, but an ugly zig-zag scar that ran from his upper lip across his right cheek to his ear, spoilt the effect of seeming good looks.

His eyes, as they dwelt on the girl's cold face, grew inwardly malicious, as though amused at a jest he alone knew.

"Lady Margaret sent me to find you," he said again. "I took the direction you usually take, past the white gates to the left."

Olivia flushed slightly.

"Well!" she said, haughtily. "If you had seen me I suppose you would have delivered my aunt's message before."

He smiled.

"Yes; but seeing that you were not alone, I waited."

"And listened also, I suppose!" she flushed hotly. "Oh, please, Mr. Sladen, don't let us fence. You are trying to convey to me that you intend to inform my aunt of the fact."

"If I do that," he said quietly, "you would lose a great deal, Miss Cassella, and I don't want to make the blood between you and Lady Margaret worse than it is. I will not mention that I saw you and Mr. Elliott in the wood."

Olivia glanced at him suspiciously. It was not like her aunt's secretary to do a generous deed. She wondered what it meant. It made her uneasy to appear to accept a favor from him.

"You are very kind," she said coldly. "I am not ashamed of having talked to Mr. Elliott. He is an old friend, but my aunt's prejudices against men are well known to you, perhaps, though you seem exempt from them!"

To her surprise the man's face flushed, and he bit his moustache with his white teeth.

"I know that Lady Margaret would disinherit you at once if she knew that you had encouraged the attentions of Mr. Elliott," he said slowly. "The scene I saw this afternoon and——"

Olivia laughed scornfully.

"I was right about your listening. It is just the sort of thing your petty little soul delights in, Mr. Sladen—to be a tale-bearer in a household."

"Is it worth while to quarrel with me?" the secretary said, after a pause. "I can do you a lot of harm, Miss Cassella!"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. Now that the war was to be carried into the enemy's camp she felt she did not care what happened. After all, she would not be such a loser at Lady Margaret's death, for Virginia would certainly offer to share her own fortune with her. In the meantime, if she were driven out of The Mount, she could marry Jim at once and go away.

"I am not afraid of you, Mr. Sladen," she said quietly. "Tell my aunt what you like; I prefer her rage to your bargain."

As she moved on, the secretary darted out a long white hand. "One moment, Miss Cassella—I—I have something more to say. I must warn you—tell you what you may be ignorant of."

Olivia looked at him with increasing distaste.

"I must ask you to be quick, Mr. Sladen. If my aunt is waiting she will wonder where we are."

"You refused to let me be your friend just now," the secretary began. "You thought, no doubt, that even if Lady Margaret cut you out of her will, if you married Mr. Elliott, that Miss Virginia would make it all right for you, as you are such friends, but you are wrong, for Lady Margaret has considered that contingency, and in the event of your marrying against her wishes she leaves Miss Virginia a small annuity, and you will have no chance of sharing the fortune with her. I tell you this," he added, "to warn you not to irritate Lady Margaret, nor mention Mr. Elliott's name to her. The result might be disastrous."

Now this was exactly what Olivia wanted, and what she had said to her lover, but the fact of her aunt's secretary saying the same thing showed her the cunning of it, just as Jim had seen the deceit when she had said it, and she hated the idea that deep down in her soul she might have something in common with the fawning, sleek creature who stood before her.

"I will make no terms with you, Mr. Sladen," she said proudly. "I don't trust you, and I shall be guided by my own discretion in whatever I say to my aunt, so that if you tell her what you said this afternoon it will rob your story of its full effect."

Then, before he could reply, she turned from him and walked quickly up to the house, the secretary following her meekly behind, but wearing on his face a strange smile of power.

CHAPTER II.

Defiance.

Olivia went to her room in the west wing, washed her hands, and brushed her shining black hair, then with a final glance at her defiant face in the mirror, she proceeded to Lady Margaret's apartments. Mr. Sladen's words about her aunt's intention to make it impossible for Virginia to share her fortune with her, should she be cut off, had worried her more than she guessed at first. If it were true, then Lady Margaret was a far more wicked old woman than she had ever thought, and even with Jim to console her she hated the idea of being treated like a disgraced member of the family.

When she entered Lady Margaret's room she had the air of an injured princess, and the eyes of the sardonic, grim figure sitting in the high-backed uncomfortable chair in the window lit up with amusement. Olivia in a temper was more beautiful than at any other time. Lady Margaret Hogarth herself had a face that held attention unwillingly. Her black eyes still flashed with indomitable spirit, and her whole appearance was an older picture of the niece who now stood before her with flushed stormy face. The only difference was that Lady Margaret's hair was snow-white, and her skin parched and drawn tightly across her high cheek-bones. Her fingers were covered with rings, mostly heirlooms, which Olivia and Virginia had often divided between themselves in futurity. A cape of priceless lace was folded across her flat bosom, and fastened by a brooch that collectors had often offered a price for, for it had been worn by an ill-fated young Queen of France.

"Well," she said at last, "so Sladen did find you!"

Olivia nodded.

"Yes; he performed the difficult task with surprising cleverness!" she replied sarcastically.

"Humph! It seems to have made your temper worse!" Lady Margaret chuckled grimly.

"Do you wonder that I object to being spied on by that miserable worm?" Olivia retorted recklessly. "Ever since he has been in the house he has done your dirty work for you, followed me about, and then carried home garbled tales to you, which you are no doubt glad to have!"

Lady Margaret's thin, bloodless lips parted in a strange contortion that did duty for a smile.

"I have no doubt that you object to having me made acquainted with your sly expeditions into the wood," she said slowly. "Sladen is a good fellow to watch my interests. I cannot trust my niece, but I can trust my secretary."

Olivia gave a bitter little laugh.

"The man is as trustworthy as a snake! It is amazing to me that you keep him in the house ten minutes, considering how you profess to hate men to such an extent that you forbid Virginia or myself to marry."

Had she not been looking out of the window with angry eyes she would have noticed that Lady Margaret's face grew livid with some inward emotion, and her sombre eyes hold a flame that would have willingly scorched the intrepid girl before her.

But when she spoke her voice was cold and empty of feeling.

"I am sorry you have shown this violent dislike to Luke Sladen. But ever since you have lived here I have noticed your bad, ungovernable temper, that brooks no control. However, the one thing which will control you is your love for money," she went on drily. "You cannot keep that down; every action shows it. You are only waiting for my dead shoes to step into them. But a lot must happen before then."

She paused, and glanced at the girl's cold, set face. It looked very beautiful in the firelight, that sent strange colors into her eyes, and shadows on to her young cheeks. But Lady Margaret's heart was not touched by the picture.

"I know more than you suppose about your movements," she went on slowly.

"Thanks to your able spy," Olivia sneered. "It's your own fault, Aunt Margaret, if I am forced into deceit and lying. You have forbidden us to have friends of our own age, or to meet anyone who can brighten our lives. Once a year you send us away separately for a month's holiday at a dreary seaside place where we see no one. Do you wonder that such a life makes girls all the more keen to go into the world and to find friends in men and women? It is you yourself who are to blame for making me deceive you and keep things to myself."

Lady Margaret did not reply at once. When she did her words startled Olivia.

"Perhaps I have been wrong to deny you both the natural outlets of youth, and I may, as you say, be to blame for having kept you to the house and let you see no visitors here. But I had my reasons. I wanted your characters to form before you went out into the world. Fortune-hunters abound at every turn and corner, and rather than see either of you giving over my money to an idle spendthrift I preferred to keep you here under my own eyes."

"But I am nearly twenty-two now and Virginia is nineteen," Olivia said. "We are grown up—not children."

"Yes; and for that reason I sent for you to-day," Lady Margaret said. "I have changed my mind. I am willing to see you married and go out into the world where you already live in fancy."

"Marry!" Olivia gasped. What had happened so to change her aunt's views of men? Had the secretary told her about Jim, and had she, instead of being angry, made up her mind to let her marry him? It was too wonderful, too marvellous, to be true. She could only wait and listen.

"Yes," Lady Margaret went on, "I see that you are not contented here, you hate The Mount, you hate me—oh, don't deny it"—Olivia opened her mouth—"the servants know it, they have heard you say so, and even the Vicar once witnessed an outburst of your uncontrollable rage against me. So now, as I happen to know that your thoughts are on marriage, I think the kindest thing to do is to let you marry and leave The Mount."

"You really mean it, Aunt Margaret?" Olivia began, with trembling lips. "You will let me marry? You are not just saying this to tease me, and change your mind to-morrow?"

"No, I mean it; and to prove my words, if you touch that bell on this table you will see your future husband."

Olivia moved to the bell and struck it with cold, mechanical fingers. Her brain was in a whirl, and she felt dazed. Had Lady Margaret sent for Jim? Was he in the study waiting for the summons to come to her? It was so bizarre, so like the grim old woman's love of practical jokes that left a sting behind, that the girl felt that she was in a dream, from which she would presently wake to hear Lady Margaret's voice peering at her.

The door opened suddenly, and as she looked up Olivia saw Luke Sladen's slight figure on the threshold. He looked from her to Lady Margaret, then said in his oily voice:

"Did you ring for me, Lady Margaret?"

"Yes," was the abrupt reply. "Come forward, so that I can see you."

He obeyed her silently, while Olivia glanced at the study door. Where was Jim? Why was he so long in coming out, or was he to wait till the secretary had gone?

"Olivia!" Lady Margaret said sharply. "What are you staring at the door for, girl? Whom do you expect to see?"

"I understood that—that——" Olivia began, stammering. She could feel the secretary's gimlet-like eyes on her, and Lady Margaret's keen searching ones held a mocking light.

"You expected to see your future husband, eh? Well, I promised you should. Turn to the right and see him, girl."

As she met the triumphant look in the secretary's hateful eyes Olivia flushed crimson, and flung out her hand to keep him off.

"What hideous joke is this? I loathe and hate this man, and you know it, Aunt Margaret. I would rather die than marry him."

"He is the husband I have chosen for you," Lady Margaret said coldly. "Marry him and my will stands the same, but refuse to do so and I change my will, leaving my money between Virginia and Luke Sladen, and you will be penniless."

"I would rather die a thousand times than marry this man," Olivia cried passionately. "He is an insulting sneak and a spy, and you are a wicked old woman to think of such a thing. Much as I want money and my freedom, I would rather see you dead than obey you."

Then, panting with horrified wrath and shame, she turned and opened the door that led into the hall, and the next moment she had rushed headlong into the arms of the Rev. Arthur Dyson, the vicar, who looked at her flushed face with cold, disapproving eyes.

"My dear young lady, compose yourself," he said gravely. "Such exhibitions of temper in the presence of your aunt are most unseemly and mistaken."

But Olivia shook his hand off her arm and stamped her small foot with rage. She was for the moment afraid of nothing. The streak of Italian blood in her had boiled over, and she was in the grip of a reckless, furious passion.

"I hate her! she gasped. "Oh, how I hate her, the cruel, hard old woman. I hate her!"

CHAPTER III.

The Sisters.

Virginia Cassella emptied her large American trunk and gave a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, that's done! No more going away for a year, no more silly packing for that dull old seaside place, though it was much better this year," she added, raising her hand and pushing back a piece of hair that would keep falling into her eyes.

"What made it more endurable?" Olivia asked curiously. She sat on the edge of Virginia's bed, and looked on while her younger sister was unpacking after her return from Penwith, the Cornish village where Lady Margaret sent them in turns once a year for a month's holiday.

Virginia had returned to The Mount the day after Olivia's scene with their aunt, and so far the two girls had been too glad to see each other to go into the subject of Lady Margaret's strange suitor for Olivia's hand.

"Why did I find it nicer this year than last?" Virginia said slowly. "Well, I expect it was because I met a man there, and we became—well, distinctly chummy! His name is Wilfrid Lyttleton, and he is a journalist."

Olivia looked at her enviously. Virginia's high spirits and gay laughter were strange flowers to blossom in the gloom of The Mount, and her "airy, fairy-Lilian" type of prettiness was as distinct from her sister's dark, passionate beauty as day from night. Virginia had red-gold hair that would never keep tidy, big laughing blue eyes the color of a Riviera sky at its best, and a pink and white skin of the finest texture. But in spite of her almost doll-like beauty there was a depth of character in the pointed little chin and the firm sweep of the red lips that took away any first impression of frivolity in Virginia Cassella.

"A journalist, Virgie?" Olivia said, using the old pet name of their childhood. "Has he money?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask," was the careless reply. "But you may ask if you like, for he is coming down to Eppstone soon to call."

Olivia gasped.

"Not on Aunt Margaret! Oh, Virgie! What have you done? She will be furious! You know about the will?"

Virginia put her stockings into their particular corner in her linen drawer and shook out a muslin skirt.

"Of course, I know all that stuff!" she said lightly; "but I've got something better than all Aunt Margaret's money, and I shall tell her so!"

"What's that?" Olivia asked, though with a sinking heart she half-guessed.

Virginia went to a small leather jewel-case on her dressing-table, and, unlocking it, took out a new white kid ring-case and opened it.

"This!" she said. "Wilfrid bought me this the day before we parted. He's not rich, but someone sent him some money for something he had forgotten, and he sent to London for this. I am going to wear it to-night at dinner! It will be a nice way of letting Aunt Margaret know I am engaged!"

Olivia caught her hand in hers.

"Virgie, you must be mad!" she said quickly. "Aunt Margaret we'll turn us both out of the house at once. I have refused to marry that hateful secretary of hers and you have engaged yourself to a journalist! She will never forgive you, dear. Besides, keep it a secret a little longer. What does it matter if you are privately engaged to him if you want to be? For the sake of the money that is ours by right, don't do anything wilful that will make us both penniless!"

"I thought," Virginia said, "that she threatened to cut you off if you did not marry Mr. Sladen?"

A brooding look crept into Olivia's eyes.

"Yes; but she can't have done so yet; her solicitor has not come down from town, and so far the old will might stand some time longer. But promise me, dear, that you will keep your engagement to Mr. Lyttleton private for some time, as Jim and I are doing."

"Very well," Virginia said slowly. "Only it has to come out some time; I fail to see what good there is in making it a secret now. Besides, Mr. Sladen is always spying on us. He will be sure to tell Aunt Margaret if he sees either Jim or Wilfrid with us."

Olivia was silent. Since her passionate outburst of temper the day before she had not seen the secretary or her aunt, and she knew that she had hammered a nail into her own coffin when she had flashed out so recklessly. Jim had gone to London, and, though he had promised to write to her, she had not yet heard from him.

"Aunt Margaret told me that I couldn't have the summer-house in the woods as a studio any more," Virginia went on presently. "I suppose that is Mr. Sladen's doing?"

Olivia's face flushed.

"Yes. The man will gradually stop everything that is our right!" she said, bitterly. "It is too bad of Aunt Margaret to take away the summer-house. She knows we both spent every fine day there."

"Never mind," Virginia said soothingly; "it can't be helped. We must make our private sitting-room as bright as possible instead."

Olivia glanced at her curiously.

"How contented you are, Virgie!" she said. "Nothing puts you out for long—not even losing your precious studio. I feel everything like that."

"What's the use?" Virginia laughed. "Worrying won't make things better, and I'm too happy to let that bother me much!"

That night at dinner Lady Margaret threw a thunderbolt into their midst by announcing her intention to go to London for a few days. She addressed herself to Virginia, ignoring Olivia, and the girl saw that the secretary, who sat at the foot of the able, showed no interest in the conversation.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Virginia said, lightly.

The malevolent old eyes flashed a sardonic glance at her, and then at Olivia's indifferent face.

"No; much as I should enjoy your society, I am afraid I must deny myself the pleasure," she answered. "No doubt you and your sister will be quite happy without me—and I leave Mr. Sladen in charge of everything."

When they were alone the girls glanced at each other wonderingly.

"What is she going to London for?" Olivia said slowly. "She has not been away from The Mount for years! There must be something in the air!"

The morning that Lady Margaret drove off in the carriage, accompanied only by her maid, a sour-visaged looking woman of forty, Olivia went for a long walk through the woods. She had heard from Jim that he would be back the next day, but what most occupied her thoughts was the idea that Lady Margaret had meant some deadly mischief towards her for her refusal to marry her secretary.

Suddenly she caught her breath with an exclamation of surprise.

Standing near the summer-house which Lady Margaret had had built in her private enclosure in the woods was Virginia, and with her, talking eagerly and confidentially, was Luke Sladen, his dark, evil-looking face close to the girl's fair one.

"It is quite true," the secretary's voice said clearly. "I am telling you the truth. Lady Margaret will confirm it when she returns."

"It will be awful!" Virginia's voice cried; and Olivia was struck by the pathos in her sister's usually bright, careless voice.

Then, as the secretary's voice sank to a whisper, she hurried away, her mind fired by a new perplexity.

What was the secret conversation shared by her sister and the man they both regarded as a spy in the house? Virginia had gone out to sketch in the woods, and the secretary had been in the study, yet an hour later she found them in an earnest conversation that had chased the color from Virginia's cheeks!

When she reached the house she went to the study and looked round thoughtfully. This was Lady Margaret's own private den, and the secretary usually kept it locked, and the key of it in his pocket. But to-day he had forgotten, and as she walked over to the desk which was littered with papers she was seized with a desire to know the nature of the work that always occupied his time.

A black despatch box with a key in the lock attracted her attention. Mr. Sladen had been strangely negligent that morning, for he had locked the box but forgotten to take the key with him.

Olivia raised the lid with a coolness that surprised even herself. The spirit of curiosity was rife within her, hushing the tiny voice of conscience that she scarcely heeded. If a stranger's eyes could read her aunt's papers why should not one of her own blood? Lady Margaret had always kept her at a distance—treated her as a child—and she, as the elder heiress to the property—should know how things stood.

The papers she looked at were merely lists of stocks and shares, which left her none the wiser. Then, at the bottom of the box was a long piece of foolscap, written in the secretary's firm handwriting; but at the bottom of the page she saw Lady Margaret's black characteristic signature, while that of the secretary and her maid were appended below.

A closer examination of the text sent a vivid stain of color into her pale face. The paper in her hand was Lady Margaret's will, and the date of it was the day before she left for London.

(To be continued.)

"Ah, kind friend," said the moralist, "it is deeds, not words, that count."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the woman. "Did you ever send a telegram?"

She: What an awful cold your husband has. He coughs and sneezes all the time.

Friend: He does, but it amuses baby splendidly.

THE HOUSEHOLD

SELECTED RECIPES.

Bread Dumplings.—Soak some stale bread in cold water for fifteen minutes, then squeeze as dry as possible. To each two cupfuls add two tablespoonfuls of milk, one well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract; add sufficient flour to make stiff. Have some water slightly salted boiling hard. Test a spoonful of the mixture. When of the right consistency, drop a number of spoonfuls into the water and cook for five minutes. Lift out with a skimmer and arrange in a dish, keeping them hot over water until they are done.

Apple Custard.—Press a pint of stewed apples through a colander; add three well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of butter, melted, half a cup of rich milk, and flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Bake in a thin under-crust for half-an-hour.

Potato Paste Sausage Rolls.—One pound of potatoes, one heaping teaspoonful of butter or dripping, half a pound of cooked meat, pepper, salt, flour, one cooked onion, a little mushroom ketchup. Chop finely the meat and onion. Mix with it one tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Put into a saucepan half a cupful of water, the mushroom ketchup, chopped meat, etc. Stir till it boils and becomes thick; turn out on a plate to cool. Mash the potatoes and add to them the butter or dripping melted; mix well. Knead into them as much flour as renders the paste firm; it will require nearly as much flour as potato. Roll this paste out thin and cut into squares of about five inches; wet the edges of the squares; put a piece of the meat in each, turn over one side and then the other to overlap it; press down the ends, mark neatly with the back of a knife, and put in a hot oven to brown. Or the paste may be cut in rounds of about four inches in diameter; wet the edges, put some of the meat in the centre, double the paste over and make it adhere, and put into smoking hot fat to fry.

Tomato Mould.—Butter a pudding-mould, sprinkle the bottom with bread that has been soaked in milk and well squeezed out. Over this put peeled and sliced tomatoes, which ought to be slightly salted. Repeat these layers until the mould is full, finishing with a layer of bread, parsley, and cheese, on top of which put small pieces of butter. Bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes. Serve very hot.

Tomato Soup.—Cut up a dozen unpeeled tomatoes, put them in a stewpan with a sliced spanish onion and a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Cook very gently until well reduced; pass through a hair sieve; add some good stock to make the soup of proper consistency. It should not be very thin. Flavor with lemon juice and cayenne to taste.

Mushroom Patties. — Thoroughly wash half a pound of mushrooms, and peel and chop them, add half a pound of breadcrumbs, pepper and salt. Beat two ounces of butter and a little milk together, and mix with other ingredients to moisten. Line patty-pans with pastry, put a good spoonful of the mixture in each, and cover with paste. Brush over with milk, and bake for twenty minutes.

Stewed Shin of Beef.—Get a shin of beef, and ask the butcher to divide it into four pieces. Put them in a stewpan with just enough cold water to cover. When it simmers skim and put in some parsley, chopped onion, also a little celery, with pepper and salt to taste. Stew very gently over a slow fire till the meat is quite tender. This will take four hours at least. When done, put the meat on a hot dish. Thicken the gravy with a little butter rolled in flour. This is an inexpensive but a most nourishing and appetising dish.

Apples en Beurre.—Peel and core the apples with an apple-corer. Cut stale bread into pieces about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and then cut them again in a round shape with a pastecutter and the same size as the apple. Spread some butter on each slice and place an apple on each. Butter a baking dish, place the apples and bread in it, fill the hole made in the middle of each apple with sugar, place on the top of the sugar, and on each one a piece of butter the size of a hazel-nut, and set in a warm, not a hot, oven. When about half-done fill the hole again with sugar and a pinch of cinnamon, place butter on top as before, and finish cooking; serve warm.

Grandmother's Pound Cake.—One cupful of butter, one cupful and two-thirds of granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful of mace, five unbeaten eggs, two cupfuls of sifted pastry flour. Have a round pan greased and floured, the oven ready, and ingredients measured, as the mixing must all be done by hand. Cream the butter, add sugar and work until very light, add spice and one egg at a time, and stir with the hand until you do not see any of the egg yolk; then add another egg, and so on until all are used. Then mix in the flour and turn at once into the pan, and bake slowly for about an hour.

Potato Puffs.—Take some cold boiled potatoes, mash well with a fork, add an equal quantity of flour to which have been added some baking-powder and a little salt. Then rub in a very small quantity of lard, wet the whole with milk, and roll out about an inch in thickness. Mark it into three-cornered pieces, bake in a quick oven till a golden-brown, then divide and split each portion, butter them, and serve hot. This is a good way to use up cold potatoes.

Rice Pudding and Marmalade.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of rice with two of sugar, a good pinch of salt, and a quart of milk; put this in the oven and bake it, lifting the rice from the bottom every fifteen minutes or less and stirring all well; when the whole is soft and creamy let it bake without stirring for ten minutes, and take it out. Cool and spread with a thick layer of orange marmalade and cover the top with a meringue made with the beaten white of an egg and a tablespoonful of granulated sugar; brown lightly in the oven and serve cold.

ELECTROCUTING SOIL PESTS.

Currents of electricity serve to stimulate the rapid germination of seeds in the soil, and it has now been discovered that the current also has the effect of destroying insects in the soil. Experiments are being made to ascertain how far this agency can be used to abate insect pests in Southern Europe. With the object of destroying a beetle that greatly damages tender plants in the neighborhood of Odessa, an electrician has mounted a dynamo in a cart and arranged the circuit so that the current reaches the earth through the metal wheels on one side and on the other through copper-tipped brushes placed in the rear a few inches above the soil. All insects near the brushes are instantly killed, as if by lightning. The fly infesting the olive tree has received the attention of Dr. Raparo, and he has devised an arrangement generating sparks between a metal panel and the leaves of the tree.

Wife: Why, John, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?

John: I have been reading them, my dear, and after I die someone who wishes to contest my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane.

BREAKING HORSES TO HARNESS

Although it is by no means essential to do so, it is always well as a preliminary step in breaking in young horses to harness to give them a couple of lessons with the driving reins on foot in a paddock or other suitable enclosure, or even in a quiet street, so as to teach them to obey the reins nicely before they are actually put beween the shafts. This greatly facilitates the subsequent breaking. They learn to turn in answer to the indications given with the bit much more readily when driven on foot in this way and untrammelled by a vehicle, and altogether are found to be a good deal handier and to go more smoothly on finally being put into a trap than if this preliminary lesson is omitted. In particular the young horse will prove itself less awkward when it comes to turning, which is always such a great difficulty when raw young horses are first put into harness, because, instead of swinging the trap round with them, they generally seek to turn independently of it, and, in consequence, get awkwardly placed in the shafts, with their hindquarters pushing up against one of them, and their shoulder against the other—a situation very provocative of unsteadiness on the part of the young animal, if not of more serious trouble, for not infrequently a mettlesome horse will show an inclination to attempt jibbing under these circumstances. The great thing in order to obviate trouble of this sort in turning is to keep the young horse as nearly parallel with the shafts as may be, and it is here, for one thing, that the advantage comes in of having previously made the animal handy and obedient to the bit by giving it some preliminary driving instruction on foot. A fairly wide sweep should always be made, if possible, when negotiating turns, until the horse has acquired the proper knack of turning the trap smoothly in unison with its body. Short turns are to be avoided as far as practicable to begin with; because they tend to unsteady the animal, and thus are liable to lead to trouble. Certainly it is in turning rather than on any other occasion that restiveness on the part of the latter is most to be apprehended.

In cases where the young horse seems very fresh and looks like being troublesome, it will be found a good plan to lunge it sharply for a while before putting it to, so as to take the edge off its freshness; or, if it has been backed, it could advantageously be exercised under the saddle for an hour or so first. That is a very effective way of ensuring greater steadiness in harness during the first two or three lessons. Of course, it will not do to make the colt actually tired previously, otherwise it may very possibly refuse to pull properly on being put in the trap, and then the last state is worse than the first. All that should be done is to take a little of the steam out of the animal by such preliminary exercise, in order to minimise the chances of its playing up.

Although the impression very generally prevails that a kicking strap proves of considerable assistance in breaking a horse to harness, and this piece of gear is by some, in fact, deemed to be an indispensable adjunct, it is in my experience (says a contributor to the "Livestock Journal"), not usually of any real use, so that it can well be left off, unless, indeed, the animal by its behavior between the shafts renders it advisable to use one, but that is comparatively rarely the case. It is not often that a young horse of ordinary docility seriously attempts to kick in harness if properly managed. In any case I would protest against the kicking strap being adjusted at all tightly, as is so often done with young horses. It should be buckled quite loosely, so as to allow plenty of room underneath it for the rise and fall of the horse's body when trotting. A tightly adjusted kicking strap trammels the animals unduly, and has a decidedly irksome effect which is calculated to irritate it, and therefore anything but conducive to steadiness on its part, very often, in fact, proving a direct cause of unruliness.

It is now pretty generally agreed that a hearing-rein is not merely a wholly superfluous adjunct of harness, but actually most objectionable.

Another point to emphasise is that it is advisable to keep the young horse on fairly level roads as far as possible, and to avoid driving it up a steep ascent, until it has learnt to pull properly, and one is sure of it in this direction. Asking the animal to face a stiff pull uphill before it has taken satisfactorily to the collar, may lead to its refusing to pull. And that is a contingency which cannot be too carefully avoided, for from a mere refusal to go into the collar, however trivial the trouble may at first seem, it is but a short step to a real attempt at jibbing, and once it comes to that a serious situation develops, jibbing being, it need hardly be said, the worst trouble that can befall one when breaking in a young horse to harness.

SOMETHING LIKE A BEARD.

The most hirsute man in the world is not to be found in any show on earth, greatest or smallest. He is a Frenchman, and is content to live as a moulder in the ironworks of Montlucon, earning his livelihood by labor, though often tempted by large offers to make an exhibition of himself.

His name is Louis Coulon, and he is seventy-nine years of age,

The Regeneration of Rupert Roper.

By M. Cruize.

"Women and children first! I'll shoot any man who tries to rush the boats! Keep back, you dogs!"

Slithering along the brine-soaked planking of the reeling deck, John Marlake thrust the muzzle of his revolver against the brow of a man struggling to enter a lifeboat. Mad with panic, the touch of steel left him unmoved, till the captain of the stricken liner, gripping him by the collar of his coat, flung him violently against the companion hatch.

"I demand a place in the boat!" he shouted, shouldering his way through the huddle. "I demand it! You will refuse me at your peril! By thunder! I am owner of this ship and every boat it carries! Captain Marlake, I am Rupert Roper, your employer, so you lay hands on me again at your peril."

"Hands? I wouldn't dirty 'em by putting my fingers on you. It will be a bullet next time!" snarled back the skipper. "Owner or no owner, I am skipper of this liner and master of her, so long as she floats a plank above the surface. Mr. Hawkins, keep an eye on that coward to the left of you. If he makes so much as a step in advance, knock him down! Women and children to the front! Quickly, please! No crowding, and—stand by, there, to clear away!"

Clearly the hollowed-out words sounded above the howl of the gale. In their accent there was a note of command which could not be denied. Startled by the inflection of his voice, Roper cowered back amongst the rest of the sodden, fear-stricken passengers, as a billowing cloud of spindrift, roaring up over the weather bulwarks, swept across the deck with the sting of a whip-lash.

"Clear away the second lifeboat!"

With the rapidity of greased lightning the boat's falls raced through their patent blocks for the craft's keel to catch the drag of the retreating surge. Successfully launched, the lifeboat disappeared into the frothy-mouthed darkness, while the drenched and panic-stricken passengers swayed, like a city crowd, on the next craft due for launching.

With three places yet to be filled, an Italian, knife in hand, made a determined rush on the captain of the shuddering liner. Only in the nick of time did Marlake observe the threatening danger. Twice in rapid succession flame spat from the muzzle of his revolver, bringing the man to the deck with a broken leg, thus preventing him sheathing the blade of his weapon in the skipper's breast.

"The next man who goes in for that sort of game will get his brains blown out," he snarled, as, catching hold of a weeping woman holding a baby in her arms, he pushed her towards the waiting boat. "Quick, ma'am; this is no time to stand on ceremony! In you get! Your husband will come in the next boat! He isn't going to drown, with the shore only half a mile away. You next! Step forward quickly, madam!"

Again a whirl of billowing spindrift veiled the deck from sight in its whirling riot of stinging brine, as eager hands dragged the indicated women from the level of the groaning deck to that of the boat, swinging on its falls to the rolling play of the stricken vessel.

Clinging to the davit, Marlake fought the strength of a surge leaping waist-high about his being. Dogged determination won for him the battle, though the water's wrath whittled down the occupants of the struggling deck by a good half score. Mad with terror, Roper made a second attack on the boats. Doubtless, too, he would have gained his purpose but for the watchful eyes of Marlake. Seizing him by the wrist in a grip of iron, the liner's skipper dragged him clear of the taffrail, holding him as in a vice.

"You dog!" hissed the captain, venomously, in his ear. "You dog! You are going to take your chance of life with me, as owner. As it is, the boats are not sufficient to take off all the company. You'll have to take your chance with me. If there is room for one in the last boat, you shall have it. Not otherwise. You and I will be the last to leave the ship—you in the capacity of owner, I in that of master. Disobey me, and I'll shoot you for the coward you are! I mean it, Mr. Roper, and by now you should know me to be a man of my word!"

Then blind, unreasoning terror possessed the man as with a madness. Tooth and nail he flung himself on the skipper, striving with all his puny strength to conquer that man of thew and muscle, who had decreed he should remain on board till the end. Short and sharp as was the struggle, it was, nevertheless, almost ghastly in brutality. Twice he scored Marlake's face with his fingers before the deftly-wielded revolver butt, catching him between the eyes, stretched him, bleeding and senseless, to the lurching level of the deck.

Hitching him to the taffrail with a hight of rope, Marlake, dashing the blood from his scored face, continued to superintend the salving of the rest of the passengers and crew. Steadily he worked, cheered by the spluttering stream of sparks which, caught in the blast, whirled skywards to the inky heavens from the distant shore-line.

It was the signal—the liner's plight had been observed ashore. It also told his seaman's mind that it would now be but a question of minutes before the crew of a lifeboat would put out to his assistance.

Optimistic though he strove to be, he was too much of a sailor to imagine it was but a matter of minutes before the daring boat would be within hailing distance of his stricken command. A couple of hours might elapse before the welcome shout reached his ears. He knew the life of his vessel to be measured by minutes only. The ship was doomed, even though the water-tight bulkheads had been able to withstand the grinding of the vessel's bottom against the razor-like edge of the reef. At the outside, ten minutes would witness the foundering of the vessel he had grown to love as a child. Ten minutes, and then——

Grimly Marlake unlashed the body of Roper from its stanchion as the man, regaining consciousness, whimpered in his fear. Jerking him to his feet, he dragged him towards the spot where the last boat swung gyratingly on its falls. There was room for one in the craft.

"You've got your chance," he snarled. "There's room for you, after all. When you get ashore, pay for your life by sending your ships to sea better found. The line is a disgrace to the sea, and you know it!"

Slipping, stumbling along the groaning deck, Marlake and his whimpering companion fought his way farther aft, till when abaft the saloon companion the cry of a child suddenly fell upon his ear. Startled at the hearing of so unexpected a sound, the skipper halted, a shrill gasp of surprise escaping his lips as he recognised in the white features looking out the hatchway's shelter the face of his own girl. Through some unaccountable error she had been overlooked in the excitement succeeding the liner's piling on to the reef.

In a moment he had gained her side. Dragging her from her shelter, Marlake placed a protective arm around her waist, then anew tramped ahead.

"You and I will have to take our chance, Mr. Roper," he shouted. "There is only room for one in the boat. That is going to be taken by my girl!"

The words, voicing a confirmation of the fear already gnawing at the coward's heart, anew aroused him to the panic-bred madness of the brute. Furiously he flung himself on the skipper, who, to protect himself from the savage attack, momentarily loosed his hold of the child clinging to his arm. In its retreat the thundering surge had carried the child, as flotsam, in its wake.

Uttering a yell, Roper sprang for the boat. Gripping its thwarts, he risked the death he dreaded to hoist himself into the comparative safety of its swaying hull, and gained his object.

There was murder written largely on the skipper's face. A coward to the core, Roper did not dare wait the explosion of wrath of a man whose child he had practically murdered before his eyes. Cowering in the bottom of the swinging boat, he hid himself from the man whose white, drawn features, to his heated fancy, seemed to be the very incarnation of revenge.

"Cast away! Cast away, before I do that dog an injury! Let go, and good luck go with you, boys! Let God judge this crime and Roper in His own just way!"

Against his knees flogged the corked circle of a lifebelt. Instinctively he gripped it, when the liner, breaking at last, slipped into deep water. Almost unconscious of what he did, Marlake struggled his head and shoulders through its protective gap. The act served to save his life, since he was the only one picked up by the Cornish lifeboat. Senseless though he was, the skipper still breathed when an eddy swept him almost against the side of the plucky craft.

With his life flung back at him as a worthless gift, Marlake faced the inquiry. Careless of how it went, he left the court cleared of all blame in being contributory to the loss of the liner on that Cornish reef. The verdict seemed to put new life into the wretched man. Even a skipper with a broken heart must live, and such being the case he had to search round for a job, even though the Roper Line was closed to him as a means of doing so. The tale of its owner's cowardice had already gone the round of shipping circles. So likewise had the story of Marlake's forcible ejection from his office, when the angry skipper had called to cry quits with the virtual murderer of his child. Warned by the police though he had been, the act had won for him the sympathy of other shipping offices, which, knowing much of the cause that had prompted him to visit Roper, hastened to offer him the command of more than one vessel needing the services of a skilled officer.

Thus it came about that some two months later Marlake, in command of a ten thousand tonner, warped out of the Albert Dock, one morning in January, bound for the Cape, and unwotting of what the future held for him.

A sport of Fate, although he knew it not, the skipper of the "Spartel" tramped the bridge whilst the great vessel he captained steamed down Channel into the teeth of as blustering a gale as had ever swept up from the Atlantic. Rolling and wallowing in the trough of mountainous surges it rounded Ushant, steaming at a steady fourteen knots through the Biscay smother. For eighteen hours on end he remained at his post, glorying in the fury of the elements. To his fancy they suited the fever of his soul.

With Ushant eight hours astern, a blizzard swept down on the laboring liner from the nor'-west, wreathing the vessel from stem to stern in a snowy mantle of white.

"A dirty day, skipper," bawled the first officer in his ear. "One of the worst I ever remember."

Marlake nodded.

"What are we doing?" he shouted back in sharp question.

"Twelve and a tick, sir." The officer smiled, then added, "Bellew has had to knock a couple off her. He was afraid of running the mills red hot."

For sixty minutes the snow fell with a density Marlake had never before seen equalled in his life; then, turning abruptly to his first officer, said: "Who was it came aboard on the pilot boat?"

Staring ahead of him as he asked the question, the skipper failed to notice the sudden set of his companion's features.

"First-class passenger," replied the officer, not daring to tell his chief the late-comer was none other than Roper himself. "Missed the 'Spartel' at the docks. As it was he only caught us by the skin of his teeth."

"Hope for his own sake he is a good sailor. This is the sort of weather to try the 'salooners' with a vengeance."

The officer nodded, then stared out ahead of him through the lightning welter of driving snow. Tired out by reason of its very fury the blizzard showed signs of slackening in the increasing of the line of vision from the bridge and fo'c'sle. A quarter of an hour later it had ceased, to leave in its wake a clear view of mountainously-running seas and a drab sky smeared by banks of scurrying indigo. Shaking his shoulders clear of their weight of snow, Marlake rubbed his eyes, then started as his gaze fell on the laboring hull of a dismasted steamer wallowing in the trough of the surges to windward.

A three-master originally, the mizzen alone now stood, defying the force of the gale which plucked at the fabric of an inverted red ensign with a viciousness which threatened at any moment to tear it from its parent halliards. Even as he stared in wonder at the unexpected sight, a string of signal flags "broke" from the masthead, sending out their message of distress across that creaming waste of tortured water.

"Sinking. Will you stand by to help us?"

Bellowing in his ear, the first officer read out the steamer's signal. The Regeneration of Rup Roper—3

Nodding, Marlake made no comment. Although he understood the message and heard his junior's words, neither seemed to bear much intelligence to his fevering brain. His eyes were glued on the yellow funnel with its green circling lines, indicating to his intelligence it was a unit of the Roper firm.

"Prince of Ethiopia. Roper Line," sang the officer in his ear. "Any orders, sir?"

Then Fate, that great equation in the lives of men, took a hand in the game before the skipper had time to reply.

Wild-eyed, and with his features atwitch with fear, a figure thrust himself on Marlake's line of vision as, clinging to the bridge-rail, he faced the captain.

"My daughter is aboard that ship! Save her, man, and I'll pay the price! I'll give you a thousand pounds! Two —— Oh, Heaven! You?"

Mouthing in his fear, the man crouched against the flapping weather-cloth in his rear.

He had recognised Marlake.

"By Heaven, and you come to me—me, of all people, Roper—to save your daughter when you murdered mine!" he bellowed. "Suffer, you dog—suffer, as you made me suffer! No power on earth can save a single unit of that crew out yonder however much one might want to. Stand up, you hound. Come to this corner of the bridge. You'll get a better view from here. You can see the child you love sink. Sink—do you hear?—even as I saw the only thing I had in the world to love, without being able to stretch out a hand to save her."

Like a tiger leaping on his prey, the passion-blinded man sprang at his late employer. By an abrupt jerk of the wrist, he swung Roper shrieking and struggling to his feet, to fling him to the other end of the bridge.

"Look, you coward!" he shouted. "Look at that wreck out yonder! Look, I tell you, and, doing so, remember that this is the revenge I have prayed for! The life of a creature you love for that of the girl I loved, and it has come to pass!

Even as a rat will turn and show fight when cornered, so did Roper. Tearing himself free, he faced the infuriated skipper with clenched hands and quivering nostrils. For the moment the parent's love for his child conquered the abject cowardice of his soul.

"Two wrongs will never make one right," he quavered. "Save my child, for the love of Heaven, as you hope for forgiveness in the world to come!"

Marlake laughed in his face. Striding forward, he stood before his late employer with hand unpraised, as though he would have struck him senseless to the sodden decking of the bridge in his unvoiced fury. There was mercilessness in every line of his face, in his attitude; yet, in spite of all, Roper stood by his guns. Grovelling at Marlake's feet, he clasped the skipper about the knees, shrieking out his appeals in frenzied quavers.

In all Marlake's life he had never refused help when a seaman appealed to him for succor, nor had he ever reckoned the cost in doing so. Was he to sully his fine record by an act of cowardly revenge?

"Pass the word along to clear the second life-boat, Mr. Cotton," he snarled suddenly, addressing his first officer. "Pass the word along, and call for volunteers. Take this blackguard down with you. Yank him into deck cabin No. 7, and turn the key on him. His face sickens me."

Leaving the cabin behind him he staggered aft, dodging the seas as he went and bellowing out an appeal for volunteers. The resultant answer to his shout would have provided a The Regeneration of Rup. Roper —4 dozen crews for the lifeboat, ready to start on her errand of mercy.

With scuppers belching floods of spurning brine, the "Spartel" wallowed her laboring bows on a course having the "Prince of Ethiopia" for its objective. Sea after sea she shipped. Surges, breaking against her weather cat-heads, wrenched her to the mastheads in gusting billows of flying scud. Reeling, the "Spartel" forced her way through that Biscay smother, till she came within a couple of cable lengths of her goal. Standing by she wallowed astern, awaiting a chance to launch the lifeboat and its crew of volunteer heroes.

From the moment the adventurous craft slipped her falls till the time she reached the stricken ship, fortune smiled on her daring crew. With a line dragged aboard, the craft was able to bring about the salving of the liner's company. Slowly but surely the "Spartel's" men drew those they had determined to save from the jaws of death. From the time they started on their errand of mercy to the moment the captain of the luckless vessel came aboad the "Spartel" barely two hours had elapsed.

Marlake smiled as Roper's child was helped aboard. There was iron in his glance. Mockery, too, on his tongue, till he caught sight of the stain of tears on the girl's chilly cheeks. In a moment he had gathered her in his arms, pressing a kiss on the child's quivering lips.

"Come for'ard with me," he whispered. "You're cold as charity. A drop of cocoa will liven you."

Holding the child to his breast, he staggered along the deck in the direction of cabin No. 7. The touch of her tiny fingers about his neck awoke a sensation of shame within his heart.

"Thank Heaven I did not visit the sins of the fathers upon the children," he muttered, a strange mistiness dimming his eyes. "I'd have never forgiven myself if I had acted the part of the coward, and refused to stand by the 'Prince of Ethiopia.'

Halting in front of the cabin in which Roper had been locked he opened the door. Flinging it back on its hinges he placed the child on the deck.

"Your girl," he said, shortly.

Roper flung himself on his knees before the rescued child. Clutching her to his bosom he looked over her head at the man who had been responsible for saving her from a watery grave.

"Marlake," he gasped, hoarsely, "God bless you for this. You are a man. What can I do—say, to show my gratitude?"

"Nothing." Marlake spoke almost sullenly. "If you think you owe me something, pay better salaries to your men. Their screws would shame a navvy to receive."

Roper rose uncertainly to his feet.

"Marlake," he quavered, "I've acted like a blackguard to you. I deserve death at your hands, and instead you have given me more than life. I can never make up for the injury I have done you, but if ever——"

"Don't," Marlake gulped. "Man, I'd rather die in a gutter than come to you at any time. You—you surely must realise that?"

Then, without a backward glance, he flung himself out of the cabin to order cocoa for the child who had transitorily broken down his manhood, ere resuming his post of watcher on the bridge of the great liner he commanded.

For there are some things even sweeter than revenge.

DAIRY NOTES.

The stingy feeder cheats himself more than the cow.

The cow that eats and drinks the most is usually a money-maker.

The composition of milk depends largely upon the kind of cows producing it.

Feed has a great influence upon the quantity of milk than upon the quality.

Overchurned butter will retain a large amount of buttermilk, which will be difficult to remove in washing.

Milk that is cooled and carefully strained will keep much longer than that which is not thus treated.

When the natural milk farm has once been destroyed by foreign odors it is impossible to restore it.

The only way to increase the butter-fat in milk is through selection and breeding cows that produce rich milk.

To prevent white specks in butter do not ripen the cream too long and stir it well during the process.

Anything that prevents the fat globules from coming in contact with each other delays the churning and decreases the yield.

Do not feed a cow according to her age or breed. Feed her according to her individual capacity to put feed to a profitable use.

When an animal becomes accustomed to a certain class or combination of foods, any abrupt change is accompanied by a decreased flow of milk.

Churning at too high a temperature causes a serious loss of fat in the buttermilk, as the butter gathers too quickly to allow thorough churning.

The cream from a separator will bring more money, because it is uniform in richness and is sweeter, because as it is separated while the milk is warm and fresh it does not absorb odors as it would if left standing around.

The separator furnishes the skim milk when it is at its best for feeding purposes.

If the butter flavors are good they should not be hidden by a heavy, salty taste.

If butter is worked too much it loses its nice grain and becomes a smooth, salvey substance.

A hand separator provides a cream that is easier to churn than any other system, because cream of a uniform consistency can always be secured and handled in the same manner each time.

LIMERICKS THREE.

There was a young maiden of Leigh.
A talented lady was sleigh;
She baked some mince pies
As a pleasant surprise
For her beau who was coming to teigh.

But when the youth tasted her dough,
He groaned out a terrible "Ough!"
In anguish he bawled,
Then the doctor she cawled,
To see what ailed Mabel's beau sough.

Said the doctor in accents most grut,
"I'm afraid this young man's had it ruff!"
Cried Mabel, "Oh, my!
He had only one py!"
Quoth the doctor, "Hope's off! That's enuff!"

Only a Captain.

Perhaps one of the best stories of the famous lawyer, the late Sir Frank Lockwood, is that told by Sir F. C. Burnand. Some years ago the latter helped to found the Two Pins Club, a riding club, which Sir Frank Lockwood joined. One day some of the members, among whom was Sir Frank Lockwood, were having an outing in the neighborhood of Wimbledon Common. One of the members was rather addicted to drawing upon his imagination for his facts.

"Ah," he began, "how well I remember this place when I was a boy, and how changed it all is! Where that church stands I shot my first snipe, and many a brace of partridges have I knocked over near the dear old windmill. In that white house yonder old Tompkins lived, and where that row of cottages now stands was a pretty field."

At this moment Sir Frank Lockwood caught sight of a distant shop signboard bearing the words, "General Stores." No one but himself had noticed it, and, turning to the imaginative member, he asked:—

"Oh, by the way, old fellow, did you happen to know General Stores in those days?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "he was an old friend of mine, but at that time he was only a captain."

Fully Warned.

A certain Scottish collector of bridge dues on the Border was quite a character in his way. Upon one occasion a large party of American clergymen, who were visiting the Pan Presbyterian Congress in Scotland, came to survey the classic Borderland. The end of the bridge bears a notice that not more than ten people are allowed on it at once. But the clerics chose to disregard this, and went on in a body.

The collector saw them from his little sentry-box, and rushed out.

"Back off that bridge!" he shouted, with a gesture worthy of a warden of the marches. But, amused to such tenes, the clergymen pressed on.

"Back off that bridge!" shouted the collector again.

"But, my good man," expostulated the foremost, "do you know that we are members of the Pan-Presbyterian Congress?"

"Ye may call yourselves Pan-Presbyterian or pot-Presbyterian," roared the collector, "but if ye no gang aff that bridge ye'll be a' Baptists in twa meenits."

Who Signed First?

Mr. Robeson L. Low, manager of the banking department of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company's Jamaica branch, prides himself upon the fact that one of his ancestors was a signatory of the Declaration of Independence.

A few days ago, Alfred Cohen, a wealthy young man of Jamaica, walked into the Title Guarantee and Trust Company's office and found Mr. Low signing a number of cheques.

He watched him for a few minutes, then said:

"You're quite a signer, aren't you?"

"I ought to be," replied Mr. Low, straightening up a bit. "One of my ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence."

"Huh!" remarked Cohen. "I guess you haven't got much on me. One of my ancestors signed the Ten Commandments!"

Texan Court Proceedings.

A Texas judge was robbed of a horse, and the thief, being arrested, was brought before him for trial. The judge eyed the prisoner with deep satisfaction for a minute or so, and then delivered himself of the following:

"Owing to a personal prejudice, the court will not hear this case. It will be tried by the bailiff, who will find a verdict in accordance with the facts. In the meantime," he added, impressively, "the court will go outside and find a rope, and pick out a good tree."

Sam's Awakening.

By F. Wood North.

His name was Samuel Green, but one and all had nicknamed him "Simple Sam."

"He'll be a Simple Sam all his life!" exclaimed his irate grandfather, putting up the bars which careless Sam had been cautioned about over and over again. "Lets the cattle into the wheat, the chickens into the garden, hoes the tender corn off, and actually acts as if he hadn't any eyes or head either."

Sam's widowed mother, bustling about her milk crocks, heard her old father's outspoken complaints.

"Oh, now, father, you can't put a man's head on a boy's shoulders; wait a while, Sam's going to improve."

"Then he'd better be showing some signs. I don't see what ails the child; his brothers are bright and helpful, but he lets you carry the coal, unless he's told. In fact, he don't do a blessed thing unless he's watched the whole time, and he's no fool, either. He needs a good walloping every day."

"You wouldn't touch him for the world," laughed the mother. "You never even whipped one of your own."

"I never had one like him. Why, even the teachers can't pound anything into him; he's back with the more tots in the classes, but in size he's almost as tall as—as his mother."

"He does seem rather slow with his lessons. I think he got a poor start somehow."

"He'll always get a poor start; even the school-children call him 'Simple Sam.'"

"But he's not simple, father; you know better than that."

"I don't know what the deuce ails him; but I'd like to."

The subject of these very uncomplimentary remarks sat just behind a shed chopping wood, and heard all that was said, with his usual unmovable countenance.

Grandfather's cross, 'cause I forgot the bars, dang 'em! They're too much trouble anyway, and I reckon teacher's been tellin' him how many words I missed. Spellin' books are a nuisance, and I wish they was one an' all burnt up."

And the chopping continued.

"There's the bell; suppose if I'm late again teacher will give me another lickin'. I don't care; she don't hurt very much—she ain't strong enough, ha! ha!"

Then Sam slowly arose to his great gawky height, and with the utmost carefulness put the wood he had chopped in the shed, and pulling his cap a little further over his eyes, slunk off to school.

His mother saw him as he passed down the lane.

"I declare to goodness!" she exclaimed, "Sam's gone to school and left his slate and arithmetic behind. Oh, dear, dear! It ain't the least bit of use for that child to bring them home; he never once looks at them after he lays them on the table. What will his teacher say?"

School had begun when Sam entered and tried to make his way quietly to his seat; but he failed even in this, as some child had dropped a satchel across his way, over which he stumbled with a grand clatter of boot-heels.

There was a suppressed titter, and the teacher glanced at him despairingly.

"Sam," she said, "it is nearly time for your arithmetic lesson; is it prepared?"

Sam suddenly remembered that he had not only forgotten his lesson, but the book and slate as well.

"I—I—Miss Mary, I've left my slate and arithmetic at home."

"You have! Well, it is about hopeless to expect you to do anything. Johnny Smith, you are studying grammar, I see. Let Sam have your slate and arithmetic for a short time; I will send him home after them later on."

Poor Sam seated himself, opened the book, and looked blankly at the lesson.

"It's all mixed up," he thought; "I can't tell head or tail about this new rule; I wish I could go fishing. I do know how to do that."

"By-and-bye, when the class was called up, Sam shuffled out looking shamed and sullen.

Question after question he missed; in fact, he did not know the least thing about the lesson.

"What does all you, Sam?" at last exclaimed his exasperated teacher.

She was but a girl herself, and she had felt so sure she could bring this boy out. She had tried so hard, and now—now she quite gave it up—it was no use, the boy was past all redemption.

"Oh, dear, dear,' she said, and her voice trembled with tears. "Sam, why don't you try?"

The boy only looked at her sorrowfully, but remained silent. He really wished he could learn his lessons; but they were all so hard.

Once back in his seat he looked out of the window hopelessly.

The trees were just beginning to bud out, and the air had a hint of spring. Over in the south pasture he saw his old grandfather ploughing, his poor old bent form slowly following in the furrow.

"I ought to do that," thought Sam; "he's too old, and I'm plenty streng enough. But, there! he'd never trust me with the horses, never!"

Suddenly something more than common attracted his attention. Two little girls who had gone for a bucket of water near the school-house began to scream and run towards the house; but the one carrying the bucket stumbled and fell near the well.

A large dog, foaming at the mouth, was tearing down the road, making direct for the children.

Afterwards it was hard to tell how it all happened, but the first thing the teacher knew, the window where Sam sat was thrown up, and the lad bounded out of it, and then the wild cry of "Mad dog! mad dog!" filled the air, and terrified the school.

Hastening towards a window, the teacher never forgot what she saw.

The little girl, prostrate and speechless with terror, the great, mad brute just ready to spring at her, and the boy she had given up to be a fool running up to him and seizing him with his bare hands.

A moment later Sam, holding the brute by the nape of the neck with superhuman force, cried out:

"Come and kill him, some of you! Kill him while I hold him."

The children all drew back white and scared. The teacher ran out, trying to still the wild beating at her heart.

"Tell me, Sam—tell me, what shall I do?" she screamed.

The dog was still struggling, but the lad held him at arms' length, protecting himself as best he could.

"There is a cricket-bat just round the corner of the house. Get that and hit him on the head—hard as you can. Quick!" shouted Sam.

But when the bat was brought the little teacher felt she could not strike the blow.

"I'll hit you on your hand. Oh, what can I do? Oh, if someone would only come along!"

"I can't hold out much longer, Miss Mary," said Sam. "You'd better try it, or get back in the house. I can outrun him most likely."

"I won't desert you. I'll never be such a coward; and, besides, he'd bite somebody before he'd stop. I'll try; hold him as tight as you can."

But before she could strike, a boy came out of the schoolhouse, crying: "You can't, Miss Mary; let me; I'm the best bat in the school team. I'll knock him out."

Sam looked relieved and nodded. Great drops of perspiration were rolling down his face, proving how severe was the tax upon his strength.

Johnny Smith took the bat, and as Sam laid the dog's head over on the hard ground for an instant, he struck two or three times with all his might. The dog, if not dead, sank down an easy victim.

"There! That's done him! He's finished now," said Sam, giving him a kick with his foot.

"You brave boy!" said his teacher, seizing his hand, while her eyes were full of tears.

Br ve! Sam looked at her wonderingly; he did not know what she meant.

"Yes," she added, "the bravest boy I ever saw—and to think I gave you up only this morning. Ah, Sam! you have your place in this world and your work, though it may not be in books."

Sam re-entered the schoolroom in a kind of daze. The air was not what it had been, nor the teacher, nor the children. What did it mean? He passed his hand over his brow and pushed back his tousled hair. Why, even the blackboards had changed! There was his morning's lesson still upon them—the lesson that had so puzzled him, all quite clear and plain.

"Miss Mary," he said, in a voice she hardly recognised, so sure and firm it was, "I understand all about the lesson now."

"Do you?" she cried, a glow coming to her cheeks. "Let us hear your explanation."

He arose and went forward, and in clear and distinct accents went over the entire lesson without a single mistake.

His teacher laid her head down upon her desk and wept softly, one or two of the little girls cried also; but the boys all wanted to give three cheers, had they dared.

He was never called "Simple Sam" again, though it took some time to convince his old grandfather that he was to be trusted.

"Agin his nature to do things right," he said, shaking his head.

"Now, father!" exclaimed the boy's mother, "you know his teacher explained how it was. He's been woke up. The good was always there, though he didn't know it, and we wouldn't."

But by-and-bye the old man was sitting out in the porch and he thus expressed himself:

"Of all the queer things I ever saw! Sam's 'most done all the spring ploughing, and he's studying of evenings, and he's helping his mother. I wonder what's a-going to turn up next.

Ten years later, when Samuel Green blossomed out into one of the country's best lawyers, and in his elegant home had the prettiest room for his old grandfather made ready, then the old man hobbled into his armchair and smiled lovingly and trustingly into his grandson's face and thought what a fine handsome face it was, and quite forgot that he, among others, had once called him "Simple Sam."

TEMPER AND TEMPERAMENT.

Of the prima donna who throweth a dish of spaghetti at her butler the world saith: "She hath the artistic temperament." And of the washerwoman who scaldeth her husband with a pot of bean soup the husband's relatives saith: "She hath a devilish temper."

Cultivate temperament if thou wilt, but beware of temper. The rich man, in a burst of temper, bursteth a blood-vessel and droppeth dead. The poor man getteth hot in the collar, and the collar, being celluloid, ignited and burneth him to death. While angry at the woman he loved, a man marryeth a woman he doth not love. And, behold, it costeth him half his fortune to regain his temper—and his freedom.

Yet temper hath its uses. It giveth a man courage to do that which he lacketh the nerve to perpetrate in cold blood. And it serveth as an admirable excuse. If he saith: "Pardon me, I have such an ungovernable temper," he is forgiven, as if he were a lunatic and not responsible.

Temper maketh Johnny to go into tantrums. And, behold, his mother announceth, proudly: "Johnny is such a high-strung child. So much temperament, don't you know." Which remark Johnny often overhareth, being wiser than thou wouldst expect of such a mother, he stringeth her some more and himself still higher, until father steppeth in with a stout cane and breaketh the string.

Temper maketh madam to snap at the hand of her husband when it pettoth her. And hubby, saying: "She is so nervous," putteth on a glove that his hand may not be lacerated, and caresseth her more tenderly than ever.

Temperament, like temper, is greatly overworked as an excuse. The man, who defraudeth the barber and does his best to keep the clothes-cleaner and presser from earning a living, pleadeth in extenuation the poetic temperament. And the one who keepeth irregular hours and worse company, and whose shirt-bosom feeleth the imprint of a rouged cheek more often than the touch of a laundress's hand, attributeth his delinquencies to the Bohemian temperament. The supposed possession of a literary temperament hath led many a woman to take a course in the literature of the Italian Renaissance when she needeth far worse a course of treatment by a manicurist, a modiste, and a hairdresser. Verily, you, verily, a sweet temper is more to be desired than a sweetheart, and is easier to keep.

Overdoing It.

They were two elderly men enjoying the play from the gallery, and the griefs of the heroine were too much for one of them, who furtively mopped his eyes.

"Why, you're blubbering," leered his friend.

"Well," he sobbed, "I like a man to show a bit of feeling, John."

"Feeling!" echoed John, with a cynical snort. "You needn't wash your face in it."

Following the Fashions.

Mrs. Boffins: I see in the paper that a woman, in looking after another woman to see what she had on, fell out of a window.

Mr. Boffins: Well, that only goes to show that some women, in trying to follow the fashions, can go too far.

THE USES OF AMMONIA.

At cleaning time ammonia is a great saving of labor. To begin with, two tablespoonfuls added to the bath makes hard water as good as soft, keeps the skin nice, and gives an especially clean feeling; after doing any rough or dirty work, a little in the water you wash your hands in will help to keep them nice and soft. It makes an excellent silver polish, too, if mixed in equal quantities with whiting, enough to make a cream; rub this lightly on with a flannel and polish with a dry cloth. This will remove all tarnish, and help to keep the silver and electro-plate in good condition. It is also effective for brass, nickel, and steel. Glassware, windows and mirrors are made cleaner and brighter with less labor if washed with warm water and a little ammonia. Paint marks on glass may be removed by rubbing with a paste of whiting and ammonia, thinned with water to the consistency of cream. Leave the paste on, and when it is dry, wash off with soap and warm water.

For washing up, too, it is helpful, half a teaspoonful to each quart of water, and with this no soap or washing powder is needed. Blankets and flannels are greatly improved and softened if a tablespoonful of ammonia is allowed to every pailful of water in which the soap has been boiled. Brushes, combs, sponges, chamois leather are made clean and fresh by using ammonia in the water. In washing the leathers, the great secret for keeping them soft is to leave the soap in them at the last, not to rinse it out.

Ammonia in the water with which you wash the carpets helps greatly to revive the color and to clean them. In the wash, if ammonia is used in the soaking water, a tablespoonful to each pail of water, as well as to that in the boil, the work will be halved, and much less soap and soda needed. When scrubbing floors and tables, a little ammonia in the water will whiten them in a very short time. It is also efficacious in cleaning silks. Spirits of ammonia inhaled will often relieve a severe headache.

Door plates should be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth wet with ammonia. If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore it. When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply chloroform to restore the color. Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia in water. Lay soft white paper over, and iron with hot iron. Ammonia is an excellent remedy for the bites and stings of insects. It should be applied immediately, if possible.

Mildew stains can be removed by rubbing with ammonia diluted with water. A few drops of ammonia in the bathing water is very good for oily skins. Iodine spots on linen will disappear if soaked for a time in ammonia and rinsed in clear water. The best way to clean hairbrushes is with water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

To clean white chamois gloves, make a lather with soap and warm water, in which you have put a spoonful of ammonia to each quart. When the water is tepid, put the gloves in it; let them soak for a quarter of an hour, then press them in your hands, but do not wring them. Rinse in fresh cold water with a little ammonia added. Press the gloves in a towel. Dry in the open air, after previously blowing to puff them out.

WITH DEADLY POWER.

Few people have any conception of the power of snake poison, yet many are the instances in which its terrible strength has been put to the test.

A Chinaman in California, while picking grapes, was bitten in the arm by a rattlesnake. The injured member was at once placed in a small bath filled with strong native brandy, the expectation being that the spirit would dissolve the poison from the wound. The man suffered great agony and very soon died.

The point of the story, however, is that the man's master, wishing to make sure that the Chinaman kept his arm well soaked in the liquid, held it down in the brandy with his own hand. He was not aware that there was any scratch upon his skin, yet he was immediately poisoned, and after some time walked about feebly, his face wearing a greenish-white, corpse-like appearance.

He eventually recovered, but only after a great deal of suffering. On analysis it was discovered that the tiny bit of poison which the four gallons of brandy had drawn from the man's arm, and which had dissolved in the fluid, was yet estimated to be sufficient to kill a dozen men!

A scientist once inoculated some vegetables with rattlesnake poison. Next day they looked as if they had been struck by lightning—all black, withered, and dead.

It is said that a snake, teased into turning upon himself, sometimes finds his own venom an effectual means of committing suicide. A resident of Australia once pinned a snake to the ground, by the middle of its body, with a forked stick, whereupon the reptile fell into a violent rage, and instantly buried its fangs in its own flesh. It had scarcely done so when a perceptible shiver ran through its body, its coils relaxed, and in three minutes life was extinct.

Often, however, snakes wounded by their own fangs lie for a short time in a sluggish condition, and finally recover.

Cause of Disaster.

He was a very unknown aviator. Nevertheless, he had built a machine entirely on his own, and could tell you exactly how many yards of canvas, lengths of wire, hundreds of nuts, etc., were necessary in its construction. He had made one or two trips towards the sky, and now he wanted to take up a passenger. By way of experiment he took up his pet monkey. But something happened! Down came the aeroplane. Crash! The "bird man" picked himself out of the wreckage, and then began to sort out the remains of his machine, in an effort to discover the cause of the sudden descent. At last he found it. Of course the monkey had eaten all the nuts.

Where He Scored.

Mrs. Billson: It has come to this, John Billson, that I am obliged to tell you that you are the meanest and most selfish man I ever know in my life

Mr. Billson: Now, that's rich, Selina, I must say. Don't you remember how you've said thousands of times that you have been the making of me?

Occasionally a man puts everything he has on his back for the purpose of making a bold front.

How difficult it is to be wisely charitable——to do good without multiplying the sources of evil! To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also. A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

The everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross is in our composition.

Many things are well done that are not worth doing.

THE ALMOST HUMAN ANT.

His Wonderful Nose.

Than the ant no insect has more frequently attracted attention from scientists and public alike. Its ingenuity and almost human ways are a continual source of wonder. Ants possess a most remarkable apparatus in their antennae—the two long, hair-like feelers which project from the head just below the eyes.

These noses consist of several joints, varying from four to thirteen in number, and the marvellous fact is that each joint has a totally distinct use. The common brown ant has twelve points or sections in its antennae. The end point is apparently that which enables an ant to tell by smell whether it is among those of its own nest or among strange ants. When an ant is removed from its own nest and afterward returned thereto it immediately seeks its old comrades in the deeper recesses, and is manifestly at ease in its environment. It waves its antennae and recognises in the air the diffused odor of its home. But if the same ant be dropped into any other ant-nest it instantly runs away, and, if it be unable to escape, tries to hide itself. It smells an alien nest odor and is afraid. But if the final, the twelfth, joint of the antennae be cut off, and the ant kept in hospital till it has recovered perfect health and activity, it will then be unable to discern the difference in the odors of ant-nests and all they have alike towards all.

The second joint from the end has a still more subtle function, for it enables an ant to distinguish between those of its own nest and those of its own particular personal relatives. The ant can thus recognise its relations amongst thousands of others, and shows as lively a satisfaction when meeting them as human beings show when meeting their relatives in a crowded street. This sub-nose performs its function only when in contact with some part of the body of the individual under consideration. It touches the new-comer, and if the odor or savour be familiar, patting and caressing may follow, while if the odor be unfamiliar, a battle that may last hours or days is likely to ensue. If this joint be removed the ant thus maimed ceases to discriminate between its blood relations and ants of other communities of its own species, and will permit ants from distant colonies of its kind to share its domestic cares and joys.

The third joint is for distinguishing the track which an ant has taken across the earth. In fact, it enables an ant to trace its own track by scent. A trail remains for a considerable time, and an ant can even trace its path home again if a thin layer of earth is sprinkled

FOOTBALL.

Northcote played the Primrose Juniors at Croxton Park last Saturday and the attendance was good for a practice match. A few more juniors were tried, of whom Jackson, of Ballarat Imperials, was about the best. Charlie Hammond was again with the local team, the committee hope to get a permit through. Others who had not played before with the team were Moore and Biggins; the former was going to Carlton or Brunswick, but has decided to remain. Biggins' kicking in was tip-top. Swift, who has not played in the practice matches, was going to Brunswick, but has decided to remain with the old love. Bert Roberts has been practising with Preston, and on Monday night was refused a clearance from the committee, and will no doubt be in the team again. Sid Billings has been playing cricket and has had next to no practice. A player who would be an acquisition on the forward line would be Billy Punch, but it is understood he is retiring from the game. Of the match the Juniors had a good team together and started off well for about 15 minutes, but made the great mistake of playing the man instead of the ball. At times the game was over strenuous and crowded. Ryan, after making four or five attempts, secured a good mark. Thomas made a fine run from the back line, and Colpassing nicely to Beck to Ryan ended in a behind. The home team opened out the play after the interval, and playing much better together kicked 9 15 to 2 1 (69 points to 13 points). Those who were prominent for the winners were—Beck, Johnson, Hammond, Thomas, Smith, Scott, Ryan, Cole, and Duncan.

Last Monday (Eight Hours Day) Northcote played the Fitzroy Juniors, last season's V.J.F.A. premiers. It was decided a much better game than the Saturday's match, in fact at times it looked as if the seniors would be defeated. The Juniors played with system, and it was only in the last ten minutes that the green and gold played with great determination, when Duncan, Cole, Beck, Johnson and Billett were seen to advantage, playing splendidly, which gave the seniors the victory by 2 points, the scores being — Northcote 39 points, Fitzroy 37 points. Others who played well were Smith, Biggens (whose kicking in was All), and Minto (3 goals).

Northcote play Brunswick on the Croxton Park this afternoon. The team will be picked from the following, who are requested to be on the ground at 2 15 as the match starts at 2 40:—Beck, Scott, Cole, Swift, Duncan, Bassett, Biggins, Wesley, Dawson, Minto, Billett, Marriott, Moore, Phillips, Salvado, Smith, Thomas (H.), Johnson, Hammond, O'Connor, Arbuthnott, Laidlaw, Allan, Leader, Lees, Billings, Enright, and Jackson.

A number of improvements have been made at Croxton Park, which will be greatly appreciated.

The players in the Association will be numbered in future.

Preston District will make a start on the premiership matches in the Preston park to-day, when all players are requested to be at the pavilion at 2 30.

The District expects great things this season from Dan Pritchard and McMillian, who are in great form, also Croft, Marshall, and La Frank.

A big crowd is expected in the Preston park to see the District do battle with Fairfield. Members' tickets can be obtained at the gates for the sum of 2s 6d.

Ferguson Memorial F.C. play St. Luke's, South Melbourne, at Gooch street to-day. All players are requested to be on the ground at 2 30 p.m. sharp.

The Northcote Methodist Football Club play Hawthorn City at Preston to-day. Members are requested to be on the ground by 2 45 p.m. sharp.

The Clifton Hill Methodists have again secured the Northcote Park, and will play the first of its Association matches there to-day against Everleigh.

Pride of Northcote Tent, I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting of the above tent was held on Tuesday evening, the C.R. (Sis Moore) occupied the chair. There was a good attendance of members. Final arrangements were made for a song social, which is to be held on Tuesday, April 30 when an enjoyable evening is promised. Members are reminded that tent meeting will commence at 7 30, social at 8.

Lady Northcote P.A.F.S.

The above held their meeting on Thursday night, when there was a fair attendance. One new member was proposed. After business a social was held, which proved very successful. Next meeting (officers' surprise night.

Northcote Cycling Club.

The above club opened their road-racing season last Saturday by holding a 10 mile molden race on the Epping road, a big field facing the starter. Result—F. Murphy, 3 min., 1 (29 min. 26 secs.); G. Tonkin, 4 min., 2 (30 min 28 secs.); G. Alway, 4 min., 3 (30 min. 29 secs.); fastest time, R. T. Yates, scratch (28 min. 30 secs.) Members are reminded that nominations for office-bearers will take place on Monday, next.

BASEBALL.

The baseball season starts to-day when the Northcote A team play Brunswick at Northcote and the B team play Brunswick at the new Brunswick ground. A team—Aird, Bailey, Blundell, Bolton, Brown, Gillies, Phillips, Robinson, J. Thomson, and Yeomans. B team—Cox, Forden, Griffiths, Morris, Price (2), Proposch, Schwaebich, W. Thomson, and Walker.

The Motor Carrying Company Propty. Ltd.

This company, which was recently formed with a capital of £4000, and which was oversubscribed, is now making good headway. They have recently purchased two five ton Lacre waggons, and orders for the bodies for same have been placed with a local firm, Messrs E. Fellows and Co., of High street, Northcote. The garage, which will be up-to-date in every respect, is to be erected in High street, Preston, and the tender for same has been let to a local builder and will be erected during the next month. The structure will be capable of holding 8 to 10 cars. The company expect to start operations about the middle of May. The services of Mr. W. Walker have been secured as manager, and Mr. F. Bargent is the secretary. The directors are—Messrs D. J. Chandler, J. A. Gamble, H. H. Kinnear, W. Hooper and Dr Horne. It is not the intention of the company to confine itself to milk carting only, as general carting in all its branches will be undertaken.

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

BOWLING.

The district competition was advanced another stage on Saturday last, when Northcote A team met Thornbury at Thornbury. The home team were up 4. It was a most exciting finish. With one end to go the scores were dead level, and when the skippers crossed over there were 10 lying for Northcote and 1 against. Hayes converted the 4 against to 1 for, Ingham did likewise, Whalley gained the shot against 2, while Clausen retained his point. Thus each rink gained a single, and it was by this 4 Thornbury won.

THORNBURY 81.

Boyd, Cogle, Doran, J. S. Whalley	33
Wright, King, Brown, Ingham ..	18
Harris, R. J. Whalley, Dickason, Hayes	11
Meakin, Lizard, Hosking, Clausen	22

NORTHCOTE 80.

Allan, Bailey, Burston, Mitchell ..	18
Saunders, Bowden, Taylor, Plant ..	21
Reddle, Brown, Girling, Harrington	20
Treleaven, Harper, Shierdecker, Bennell	21

The competitions for the handsome shields presented by Cr. Plant, Braithwaite and Hayes have certainly produced some excellent contests. The position now is that both Thornbury teams have a chance to win out right to-day. If they are beaten another round will have to be played to decide.

Thornbury A's play at Preston, B's play at Thornbury.

It is particularly requested that members of both teams be ready to start play at 3 sharp.

Northcote B defeated Thornbury B in the District Competitions, being 15 up on the totals. Lonie, Marsden and Clarke were up in their respective rinks, while Bailey was down 3.

Northcote Club held an enjoyable pairs tournament on Monday. Seven games of 13 ends each were played. Burston and Cox won 7 games each and Plant 5. Burston and Cox play off to-day.

Thornbury bowlers put in a capital afternoon on Monday with a pairs tournament, which was won by Boyd and McDougall with an unbeaten record.

At a general meeting of Thornbury Club's members it was decided to top-dress both greens. More than half the necessary funds was subscribed in the room.

Preston played a 5-rink game against The Kangaroos on Saturday last and after a most enjoyable contest won by 17.

PRESTON BRANCH A.N.A.

The Preston branch of the A.N.A. has every reason to be congratulated on the splendid success of the smoke night held at the Bradford hall on Thursday, 18th inst. Over 100 sat down to the well provided tables and spent a most enjoyable evening. The toast "To the King" was loyally honored. Mr. Douglas proposed "The Federal Parliament," and took occasion to mention the insufficiency of rifle ranges at the disposal of the young guard, our local boys having to travel to Williamstown to practise when there was ample ground for the erection of targets in our own district.

Mr. Anstey, M.P., in acknowledging the toast, dealt with the matter, and said that he fully recognised something should be done and would be done in the near future. The present Parliament, he said, has done more with regard to defence than any other party, and all the details of the scheme could not be brought into operation in a day. They were hampered by officers who were disloyal and opposed to the Government. Dealing with the work of the Federal Parliament, he mentioned the great national works which had been inaugurated, viz., Old Age Pensions, Navy, Defences, Invalid Pensions, Transcontinental railways, &c. The Government, he said had met the huge increased expenditure without a penny additional taxation on the working man, and they had proved themselves masters of finance and done more work in a few months than any other party had done in many years.

During the evening ex-President's certificates were presented to Messrs J. E. Walker and W. Hauser by Mr Anstey in a happy manner. Mr Walker replied and thanked members, and brought down the house with one of his stories. Mr. Hauser also thanked members and urged the young members to get into office, and take an increased interest in their branch. Songs were rendered during the evening by Messrs J. Davey, Hunter, Seeber, Bishop, Coleman, and Horwood. The musical selections for violin, piano, and cornet by Messrs Coombs, Rodgers, and Jarvis helped to enliven the evening. All went with a will, and the time for singing "Auld Lang Syne" came all too quickly.

HAND SLIPPED THROUGH WINDOW.

Wrist Badly Cut—Proud Flesh Formed.

Wonderful Healing by Zam-Buk.

Mrs. C. Jones, of 208 Deniston St., Camperdown, Sydney, says:—"I slipped while cleaning a window and my right hand went through the glass, with the result that I lacerated my wrist and severed one of the sinews. I went into the hospital, where they joined the sinew and put eight stitches into the wound. My hand was contracted and bent up, and the wound would not heal. Proud flesh formed with terrible irritation, and I could hardly bear to leave it alone. Once more I went to the hospital, where they again operated on my hand. This only made matters worse. I was unable to undergo the torture, so refused to go to the hospital again, for my hand and arm were drawn up. It was not possible to straighten them, and in this way I suffered for ten weeks.

"Having some Zam-Buk in the house I applied it to the wound, with excellent results. In a short time Zam-Buk cured it of the proud flesh, withdrew all bad matter and healed the injury wonderfully. I was so delighted that I decided to persevere. Twice a day I dressed the injured sinew with Zam-Buk until it became soft and pliable, and I found I was recovering the use of my arm. I persisted with Zam-Buk until my arm and hand had recovered its use, and I could bend and move as before. Zam-Buk cured me in a wonderful manner, for the doctor said it was possible I might never get my right hand back to its former use. But Zam-Buk worked this miracle." Zam-Buk is sold by all stores and chemists at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot. Always keep a pot handy.

Meetings

A MEETING of Thomastown and Bundoora Residents will be held at the School Reserve This (Saturday) Evening, at 8 o'clock, to consider the advisableness of taking the necessary steps to build a Public Hall. All residents earnestly invited to attend.—On behalf of the Thomastown C.S. Progress Association,
A. E. H. BROWNHILL, Convenor.

Wanted to Sell

FOR SALE.—Fine Wood Timber in logs. Apply Aitken, 10 Johnson street, Croxton.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH HALL, High Street, Preston, WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 1, PIANOLA RECITAL and CONCERT. Proceeds will be devoted to Repairs of Church Organ. Tickets, 1/.

CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

On Tuesday, 23rd inst., a most attractive and successful concert was held in the above on behalf of the Sunday School library fund. Every item was well given, particularly the action song, "Grandmothers," both costumes and actions being quaint and lifelike, and well deserved the encore accorded it, but where all items were so good it is not necessary to individualise. The promoters, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. W. Abern, and Mr. J. Wilson, are to be congratulated. There was a packed audience, and the result should be a large number of new books for the library. The superintendent, Mr. W. J. Baty, presided.

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

Amusements.

THORNBURY PICTURES. THORNBURY PICTURES.
Northcote Tram Terminus.
We Show, Hail, Rain, or Shine, in our Spacious Hall, with Comfortable Seating.
Programme for the 170th Night of the Season.
TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
Rely upon our recommendation. We never say a Film is GREAT if it is not.
The Pioneers of the Long Drama.
For One Night Only!
Thornbury Pictures' Exclusive Photo Play, "AULD LANG SYNE."
A Delightful Vitagraph Subject.
3000 feet in length.
Don't Miss this Great Star Picture.
Also a Host of Others.
Don't Forget MATINEES commencing Saturday, 4th May. Children and Adults admitted to all parts of the hall, 3d. No half-price to the evening show.
Prices for the Crowd, 6d and 1s
We show on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.
A. A. MILLER, Manager.

Election Notices

SHIRE OF EPPING.
EPPING RIDING.
EXTRAORDINARY ELECTION.
TO THE RATEPAYERS.
Ladies and Gentlemen,—
I beg to announce that I am a Candidate for the Vacancy caused by the retirement of Cr. J. S. Morgan.
Trusting to receive your support,
I am, yours faithfully,
ALBERT WUCHATSCH.
Polling Day: Thursday, 9th May, at Shire Hall.

Local Government.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

TENDERS are invited for the following works:—

2/12—Supply of Horses and Drays for the period ending 30th September, 1913.

6/12—Supply of 1000 cubic yards of Hand-Broken Metal.

LOAN 8.

3/12—Construction of 695 feet of Stormwater Sewer.

4/12—Constructing 28 chains of Victoria Road.

5/12—Widening and Making Arthurton Road and Railway Parade.

Tenders to be on the Council's form and accompanied by cash or marked cheque preliminary deposit of 2½ per cent amount of tender and lodged in the tender box at the Town Hall, Northcote, before 4 p.m. on Monday, the 5th day of May, 1912.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Town Hall, Northcote.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

SHIRE OF PRESTON.

Alternative Tenders will be received up to 4 p.m. Monday, 6th May, 1912, for the supply of 700 cubic yards of Hand-broken or Machine-broken 2½ inch Bluestone Metal. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

A. DEAN,
Shire Secretary.

SHIRE OF EPPING.
EXTRAORDINARY ELECTION.

An Election of One Councillor to fill the vacancy in the representation of the Epping Riding, caused by the resignation of John S Morgan, Esq., will be held on Thursday, May 9, 1912.

The candidates nominated are—
Davidson, Andrew Mather.
Wuchatsch, Albert.

And as this exceeds the number to be elected a Poll will be taken on Thursday, May 9, at the Shire Hall, Epping, between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4 p.m.

JAMES DEA,
Returning Officer.

Epping,
April 26, 1912.

DANCING
MR. & MRS. CLEVELAND,
Professors, and Teachers of Refined Ballroom Dancing, give STRICTLY PRIVATE LESSONS, any hour, daily, evenings, and hold SUPERIOR ADULT BEGINNERS' CLASSES on Monday Evenings, 8 to 11. And on
Tuesday Evenings, Wednesday " } Instruction, 7 30 to 8 30
Thursday " Friday " Saturday " } Practice from 8.30
And on Saturday Afternoons, 3 to 5.30
At their New Academy, Specially Built, No. 264 Drummond Street, Carlton.
Call, Write, or Phone 5098. Prospectus Post Free.

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Oldest-Established Auctioneer and Agents in Northcote.

Office: 203 High Street (corner Westbourne Grove).

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521 High Street (corner Normanby Avenue).
Station Street, Fairfield.
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SPECIAL AGENTS for LEADING LOCAL INSURANCE COMPANIES.

10 per cent. allowed to all Insurers.

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HOUSES & LAND FOR SALE

Obtain our House Lists and Land Plans before buying.

Telephone, Central 1976.

Local Government

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER ACTS, 1896, 1898, 1900, 1901.

Application by the Council of the Town of Northcote for an Order under the Electric Light and Power Act 1896.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council of the Municipality of The Mayor, Councillors, and Burgesses of the Town of Northcote intends to apply to the Minister of Public Works for an order of the Governor-in-Council under Sections 8 and 10 of the Electric Light and Power Act 1896.

(a) The object of the Application is to obtain the necessary authority to enable the said Council to supply electricity for public and private purposes.

(b) The applicant is the Council of the Municipality of the Mayor, Councillors and Burgesses of the Town of Northcote.

Address, Town Hall, Northcote.

(c) The proposed area of supply is the whole of the municipal district of the said Council the exact limits of which are shown on a map a copy of which before the abovementioned application is lodged will be deposited for public inspection at the Post Office at Northcote and at the office of the applicant Council.

(d1) The streets dedicated to public use in or along which it is proposed that electric lines be or may at some time be laid down or erected are the whole of the streets, roads, rights-of-way in and throughout the aforesaid area.

(d2) But the applicant at present contemplates laying down or erecting electric lines in the following streets within the area, viz:—High Street, St. George's Road, Clarke Street, Arthurton Road, Separation Street, Westgarth Street, Darebin Street, Westbourne Grove, Bastings Street, and Normanby Avenue.

(e) The times within which electric lines are to be laid down or erected cannot be specified except as to lines in clause (d2) as aforesaid which the Council intends to lay down or erect within two years from the now proposed order.

(f) Particulars of any tramway or railway which the applicant proposes to take power to interfere with or break up:
The Cable Tramway in High Street, Northcote.
The Railway to Whittlesea.
The Railway to Heidelberg.

(g) Printed copies of the draft Order and of the Order when made may be obtained by any person at the price of One Shilling Each at the following places:—The office of Messieurs D. H. Herald and Son, 87 Queen Street, Melbourne; and at the Town Hall, Northcote.

(h) Copies of notices of objections and other documents may be served on the applicant at the Town Hall, Northcote.

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

Dated at Northcote this seventeenth day of April One thousand nine hundred and twelve.

W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

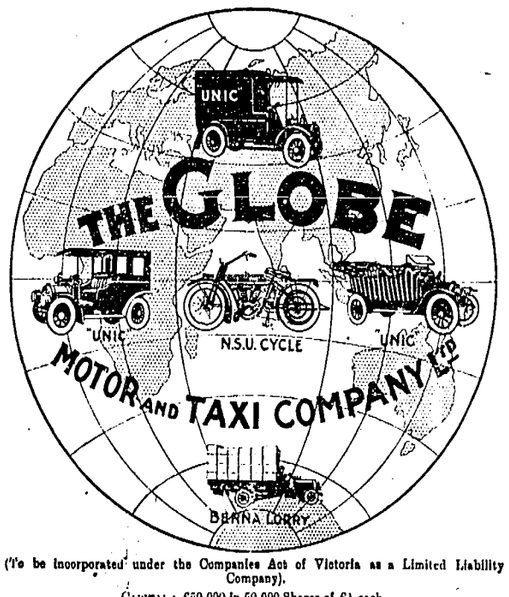
D. H. HERALD AND SON, 87 Queen Street, Melbourne, Solicitors for the Applicant.

M. DROLZ,
ENGINEER, &c.,
154 156 BELL ST., PRESTON
(Near Bell Station).

General Repairs to Steam Engines and Boilers, Gas Engines, and other Machinery.
Phone, Northcote 10.

A Copy of the Full Prospectus has been lodged with the Registrar-General of the State of Victoria in accordance with the Companies Acts.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS OF



(To be incorporated under the Companies Act of Victoria as a Limited Liability Company).

CAPITAL: £50,000 in 50,000 Shares of £1 each.

25,000 shares to be issued at £1 per share, payable 5s on application, 5s on allotment, and the balance as required.
16,500 shares to be held in reserve for future extensions.
8,500 shares will be issued as fully paid up to the Vendors.

50,000

The proceeds from the 25,500 shares will be applied in payment of £4,700 to the Vendors (in payment of stock, fittings, plant, lease, goodwill, preliminary, underwriting and flotation expenses) and the balance is to be placed to the working capital of the Company.

The Company will proceed to allotment when 15,000 shares are applied for. Of this number 10,000 have been underwritten.

DIRECTORS: Sir Henry Weedon, K.B., Investor, Swanston Street, Melbourne; Sir Alexander Peacock, K.C.M.G., Legal Manager, Creswick; Alderman Edward G. Gurr, Accountant, Geelong; Ralph Archbold, Esq., Merchant, 481 Bourke Street, Melbourne.
BANKERS: English, Scottish and Australian Bank Limited, Melbourne.
GENERAL MANAGER: A. V. Renowden, Esq., J.P.
SUPERINTENDENT AND WORKS MANAGER: R. G. Carey, Esq.
REGISTERED OFFICE: Oxford Chambers, 481 Bourke Street, Melbourne.
MOTOR GARAGE AND TAXI DEPOT: 95/101 Queen's Bridge Street, South Melbourne.

The Company is being formed for the purpose (inter alia) of acquiring and combining the following businesses as going concerns:—Carey's Taxi Cab and Touring Motor Car Hiring Business; The late D. M. A. Field's Motor Garage, Motor Cars, Plant, Machinery, etc.; Renowden, Archbold & Co. Pty. Ltd., Motor Car and Cycle Agencies.

The Directors' Names, Descriptions, Addresses, and the number of shares taken by them are as follows:—

	Shares
1—Sir Henry Weedon, K.B., Investor, Swanston St., Melbourne	100
2—Sir Alexander Peacock, K.C.M.G., Legal Manager, Creswick	100
3—Alderman Edward G. Gurr, Accountant, Geelong ...	100
4—Ralph Archbold, Esq., Merchant, 481 Bourke St., Melbourne	100

The Directors may proceed to allotment when 15,000 shares have been applied for.

The requirements of Section 88 of the Companies Acts 1910 have not been fully complied with in this abridged Prospectus.

Application for shares will proceed only on one of the forms of application which are attached to the Prospectus.

Copies of the full Prospectus and forms of application for shares will be posted to any address, or may be inspected and obtained at Carey's Taxi Cab Depot and Motor Garage, 95/101 Queen's Bridge Street (Tel. Central 3023), or at the registered office of
RENOWDEN, ARCHBOLD & CO. PTY. LTD.
(Attorneys for Australia of the Gresham Fire and Accident Insurance Society Limited, London),
Oxford Chambers, 481 Bourke Street, Melbourne (Telephone Central 3120).

Wanted.

GIRL, young, for housework. "Eileen," Railway Place, South Preston.

PRESTON (North) Methodist Church invite applications for Caretaker. Particulars from Mr. Grierson, Tyler St., or Mr. Narkovic, Henry street, Preston.

WANTED—Nurse Girl, two children. 45 Gooch street, Thornbury.

Lost and Found.

LOST between Thornbury Station and Raleigh street, Ladies' Silver Keyless Watch. Finder return 74 Raleigh street, Northcote.

LOST between Dennis Street, Northcote, and Clifton Hill terminus, Enamel brooch, gilt back. Reward. 90 Dennis St., Northcote.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT, Teacher of DANCING & CALISTHENICS, Town Hall, Northcote. Every Saturday Afternoon.
Juvenile Class at 3.30. Adult Class, 4.30.
Latest Society Dances. 6d per lesson.
Classes resume 10th February.
Private address—"The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, Clifton Hill.

DANCING.—Imperial Assembly To-Night, Northcote Town Hall, 8 till 11 o'clock. Gents 1/, Ladies 6d. Pleasant and Stow's Band. Strictly Select.

BALLROOM DANCING.

MRS. and MR. D. McGAN Teach Privately, Quickly and Thoroughly at 602 High Street, Northcote (near Tram Terminus). Latest Dances Taught, Day or Evening. Success assured. Dick McGan, Filicient M.C.

VISIT

Hattam & Hattam
SPOT CASH DRAPERS
268 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE.

FOR

Good Value in Winter Drapery

Men's Chester Coats in dark, grey and brown, the very latest material and cut, all sizes; special line at 25/-
Men's Black Oilskin Overcoats, all sizes at 12/6
Fur Alpine and Lounge Hats, the latest production, which have a beaver appearance; our price 10/6
Men's Fleecy Lined Underpants and Shirts, extra heavy and thick; our leading line all at 1/11
Just opened up 75 boxes of Rick Silken Pile Velveteen, specially manufactured for us, all shades at 1/-, 1/6, 1/11 and 2/6 yd. Velveteens are very scarce this season and we are very fortunate in having these
Colonial Flannel, 28in wide; special price 8½d yd.; 5000 yds. to be offered
Pure White Saxony & fine Natural Flannel; our price 10½d yd.

VISIT HATTAM & HATTAM
FOR YOUR WINTER DRAPERY

Be Wise and Come and See

The Bees Know where the Honey is.

The Y-Z's are Busy with our Bargains.

Swiss Watch with Garments over 25/-

When you are about to Don the Winter 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.

Rent Collecting.

OWNERS of TENANTED PROPERTY often experience difficulty and annoyance in collecting the rent.

Occasionally a tenant finds a CHANGE of RESIDENCE essential to the health of his family and overlooks the fact that he is in ARREARS.

The RISK of LOSSES is reduced to a MINIMUM if the owner appoints a GOOD AGENT.

ERNEST LEES, Auctioneer and Sworn Valuer, SPECIALISES in COLLECTION of RENT.

Call, write, or ring up.

ERNEST LEES,
205 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Tel., Northcote 54.

Seaside Allotments!

SANDRINGHAM, BLACK ROCK, HAMPTON, MENTONE, FRANKSTON, And other Seaside Resorts.

NO DEPOSIT. Easy Monthly Payments.

E. H. SMITH, Estate Agent, 499 High St. Northcote (opp. Tram Sheds).

Estate and Insurance Agents

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.

W. Freebairn & Co.
(SWORN VALUERS),

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

Membrey & Deane
(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),
AUCTIONEERS, 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.

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

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

MISS MARGARET B. WEIR'S Painting and Drawing Classes will resume work at Northcote Town Hall on Saturday, 3rd February, afternoon at 2 30, evening at 7. All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade, Royal Park.

Business Announcements

Telephone, Northcote 87.

Excelsior Grocery
— and —
Provision Stores,
Corner Mitchell and High Sts
(opposite Savings Bank),
Central Northcote.

THIS Store is New and Up-to-Date in every respect. By placing your orders here you will ensure complete satisfaction both as regards price and quality.
Prompt deliveries to any part of the district.

SEASONABLE LINES:
Foggitt Jones' Ham Pate
Foggitt Jones' Veal & Tongue Pate
(The above are delicious)
Crosse & Blackwell's Pastes in glass jars
Reid's well-known Cheddar Cheese in tin
Freeman's English Custards
Salmon and Shrimp Paste

BUTTER.—Genuine Western District brands, the keeping quality of which is unequalled.
EGGS, new laid, absolutely reliable.
Hutton's Bacon and Ham Rashers. Having installed a new machine customers can depend upon getting the above beautifully cut to a uniform thickness.
A trial order will be esteemed. A post card will bring our traveller to your door.

GEORGE REID,
Proprietor.
Branch Store: 279 Westgarth Street, Northcote 8th. (near Fairfield).

WILLIAM BRACE,
NURSERYMAN,
WISHES to inform all who are interested in Gardening that he has a splendid assortment of Blossoming and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses and Carnations, Palms of all varieties, Climbing Plants, Fruit Trees in season, Annuals, & all Nursery Stock.
All communications addressed to William Brace, senr., Christmas St., Northcote, will be thankfully received.

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).

Phone, Northcote 251.
E. H. SMITH,
LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
499 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(opposite Tram Sheds)
and
Commercial Union Chambers, 113 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.
Commissioner for Taking Affidavits and Declarations.

Hill's General Agency,
320 High St., Northcote
(late Mrs. Keith).

REGISTRY OFFICE.—Cooks and Generals wanted immediately. High Wages.
LENDING LIBRARY.—Secondhand Books Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.
All Leading Papers on hand. Deliveries twice a day.
POST CARDS.—Splendid assortment.
Stamps in any quantity.
We stock HABERDASHERY and Everything to Suit Requirements of our customers.
APARTMENTS TO LET, Furnished or Unfurnished.
Board and Residence arranged.

Telephone, Northcote
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:
O/s HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON,
Close to Bell Station.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation
Ernest Lees, Agent, High St.

The London Fire Assurance Corp.
For Low Rates & Prompt Settlements, etc.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation
Local Agent, ERNEST LEES, Tel., Northcote 54.

The London Fire Assurance Corporation
Call 205 High St., Northcote.

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

J.T.COLES & CO.
When Quality Counts We are the House that Gets the Order.
CASH GROCERS
We Sell Nothing We Cannot Recommend and have every confidence in placing before you.
NORTHCOTE, PRESTON.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23.

Present:— Crs. Bastings (Mayor), Johnson, Schwaebsch, Harry, Hayes, Redmond, Tharratt, Woodhouse, Henderson, Lees, Dennis, Mason, Plant, and Glanfield.

WATER EXTENSIONS

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote stating they were unable to recommend the extension of the water to Ethel street, Andrews street, or Edwards crescent at present. They would, however, agree to an extension in Clarke street, westward 16¼ chains to Hay street, and in Christmas street, eastward 4¼ chains.

Cr. Henderson moved with regard to Ethel street, that the commissioner make a fresh effort to get the water into this rapidly progressing street.—Carried.

Replying to questions, Cr. Woodhouse stated that except a street showed a revenue of 3 per cent. the Board would not reticulate it, even with the council's guarantee.

Cr. Plant moved, with regard to Andrew street, that the commissioners get to know what percentage of revenue it showed. They would then know how to act.

UNSEWERED GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote, forwarding a list of Government buildings in the municipality which had not been sewered.— Gatehouse, Smith street; post office, High street; railway station, Westgarth; gatehouse, Westgarth; gatehouse, Beaconsfield parade.

Cr. Plant said it was high time the town hall was sewered, as the sanitary condition was disgraceful; bitter complaints were being made.

Plans are now being prepared for the erection of a new hall, and also the sewerage of the buildings generally.

PURE MILK FOR INFANTS.

The Public Health Department wrote asking for council's decision in regard to scheme of Conference, re providing pure milk supply for infants.

The Mayor stated that the committee would report at next meeting.

STRAIGHTENING A ROADWAY.

The Closer Settlement office wrote asking council to contribute the difference (10s. per foot) between the cost of the strip of land bought and sold in connection with the straightening of the roadway from Flinders street to Mansfield street, in the Pender's Grove Estate.

The town clerk reported that there would have been no difference in the cost had it not been for the delay of the Board in dealing with the matter.

Cr. Plant suggested that, as only a matter of £11 was involved, it would be the best policy to settle it.

Cr. Harry moved that this be done.—Carried.

FACTORY APPROVED.

A. Griffiths applied for approval of his hosiery factory in Wilson street.—Granted, the surveyor's report being favourable.

LIBRARY GRANT.

R. J. Whalley, hon. secretary Free Library, wrote, applying for quarterly grant of £21, as the money was required to meet accounts.—Referred to finance committee, on the motion of Cr. Plant.

CLEARING THE PIPE TRACK.

The Preston Council wrote agreeing to cooperate with this council in having the fences removed from the pipe track.

Cr. Plant moved that the matter be left in the hands of the Mayor to see Mr. Membrey and arrange for a deputation to the Minister.

MR. PRENDERGAST WANTS INFORMATION.

G. W. Prendergast, secretary, Australian Tramway Employes' Union, wrote asking to be supplied with the wages paid by the council to pitcher setters, day laborers on road work, and men in tar gangs. They required the information for use in the Arbitration Court.

Information to be sent on the motion of Crs. Glanfield and Woolhouse.

COMPLAINTS FROM URQUHART STREET.

James Duncan, John Marotte, F. Reilly, R. Clarke, Thos. A. Brown, John Jas. Johnson, and C. W. Wright, wrote drawing attention to the rough state of the street in front of their homes in Urquhart street.— Referred to the works committee on the motion of Cr. Mason.

Cr. Dennis remarked at a later stage that these ratepayers were mighty lucky to get as much done in the street.

ARTHURTON ROAD QUARRYHOLE

W. Veith wrote asking the council to put any surplus earth in the quarry hole in Arthurton road.— Referred to works committee.

COUNCIL'S INSURANCES.

Mitchell Bros. wrote applying for participation in the insurance business of the council.— Referred to finance committee, on the motion of Crs Harry and Schwaebsch.

PERMIT FOR SIGN.

F. Henry, manager Northcote Motor Garage, wrote, asking to be allowed to put a sign over the footpath as their establishment was hidden by the gardens.

Cr. Plant moved that the engineer report.—Carried.

HALL WANTED FOR BAZAAR.

Rev. Father Murphy wrote applying for the use of the town hall from Friday, October 4, to Monday, October 21. They had waited upon Miss Sturtevant, whose brother informed them that his sister, having built a hall of her own, would not probably require the hall after May.

Cr. Plant moved that the application be granted, subject to satisfactory arrangements being made with Miss Sturtevant.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Harry submitted the report, recommending:—

1. That accounts amounting to £303 11s. 5d. be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. McCracken Avenue, etc.— That the tender of James Sutch for the construction of McCracken Avenue and part of Hartington street, from Hawthorn road to Arthurton road, for the bulked sum of £1179 0s. 8d. be accepted, and the contract entered into under the seal of the council.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Lees (chairman) submitted the report, recommending:—

1. That accounts amounting to £404 7s. 3d. be passed for payment.—Adopted.

TRAMWAY COMMITTEE.

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

1. That the Melbourne Tramway and Omnibus Company be requested to place a notice on their Clifton Hill cars to intimate to the public that they connect with the Northcote Tramway.

SURVEYOR'S REPORT.

The surveyor (Mr. W. C. Howett) reported having inquired into the circumstances connected with certain work in Bastings street and Mitchell street. In the former case the late surveyor gave the overseer written instructions on 28th February. A resolution was also carried on 26th Feb., on the motion of Cr. Smith—that Bastings street be repaired from Andrews street to Prospect Grove. It appeared that the work had been carried out in a more extensive manner than the motion covered, but the work evidently was very necessary.

With reference to Mitchell street, the overseer informs me that the late surveyor instructed him to do some maintenance work there some time ago, but it was only lately that he had the opportunity to get it done.

I have taken levels at the corner of Mason and Clarke streets, with a view of seeing what can be done to cure the trouble caused by flooding there. I find that the channel across Mason street is dead level, and when all the drain from Clarke street, Merri street, Garden street, and Waterloo road concentrate their storm waters there, it can't get away quick enough, and floods the corner,

I would recommend that Brook street be made, and the water which comes down the Waterloo road from Garden and Merri streets be turned down Brooke street to the main drain. This will probably be found to relieve the channels in Clarke street sufficiently to prevent the flooding complained of. If it does not quite cure the trouble it will be necessary to either lower the whole cross roads at the junction of Mason and Clarke streets, at a cost of £200, or put a storm water sewer there at a cost of £200. I feel pretty sure, though, that if the water from Waterloo road is turned down Brooke street it will be found to meet the case.

Cr. Plant moved that the surveyor's report be received. The council would see from it that it was not due to himself or any of his colleagues that the work was done as it was. He would move that the engineer prepare plans and specifications for the construction of Brooke street.

Cr. Glanfield seconded.

Cr. Lees said it seemed mysterious that works should be originating in this way, and also be carried out in the most expensive manner. That was why he wanted a report. Referring to the suggestion re constructing Brooke street, he did not think that would do away with the trouble.

Cr. Plant also asked that the engineer report as to the minimum cost of easing the drainage trouble at the intersection of Clarke and Mason streets.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Glanfield moved that the matter of putting down some metal at the east end of Separation street be referred to the engineer.

Cr. Henderson moved that the lamp that they intended to erect at the corner of Ethel and Blythe streets be now put up at the corner of Blythe and Plow streets.

Cr. Dennis moved that tenders be called for machine broken metal screenings and toppings as required.

The surveyor intimated that Watters and Wales were prepared to supply metal at the schedule rate of 6s. 6d. per yard.

Cr. Dennis said hand broken metal was cheaper than that.

It was decided to call tenders.

Cr. Dennis moved that the works committee be asked to look into the question of securing a horse roller, as it was time their own roller was put on the scrap heap.— Agreed to.

Cr. Plant, as proprietor of the Peacock Hotel expressed his willingness, and also that of the licensee, to have the trough opposite the premises in High street removed, so long as he did not forfeit any rights thereby.

Cr. Harry moved the plans for the construction of the right-of-way at the back of Hopetoun and Separation streets be laid before the works committee.

Cr. Henderson moved that the engineer prepare plans for the construction of Spencer street, an important thoroughfare adjoining the Croxton station, and which badly needed making.

Cr. Lees moved that the question of improving the footpaths in Victoria road with a coat of ashes be referred to the works committee.

Cr. Glanfield made a similar application for the Victoria road footpaths, between Mitchell street and Separation streets.

Cr. Hayes asked that the Fenwick street paths be similarly treated, and Cr. Henderson that ashes be placed on the Beaver's road paths.

Cr. Harry moved that the Railway Department be again asked to put up the starting times of trains at the Princes' Bridge station, the same as at Flinders street.

Cr. Johnson submitted a lengthy report regarding the Greater Melbourne Scheme, which was received.

NORTHCOTE FREE LIBRARY.

CATALOGUES NOW READY.
CATALOGUES NOW READY.
CATALOGUES NOW READY.

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

PRESTON CRICKET CLUB.

SEVENTH ANNUAL EASTER TRIP.

At the invitation of the Waranga Cricket Association, the above club journeyed to Rushworth at Easter, under the management of the secretary (Mr. W. H. Fyfe). Seventeen members were ready, waiting to board the train on Thursday night, and as carriages had been arranged for, the boys had a real good time going up. It is usual to drive from Murchison East to Rushworth, but this year the Railway Department ran a special train, consisting of one first class carriage and one sheep truck. The "Lambs" took to the truck, but the "Hard Heads" stuck to 1st class. Passing the Waranga Basin the newcomers had an opportunity of viewing the wide expanse of water by moonlight. Arriving at Rushworth about 10.30 p.m., we were met by stacks of old friends, and escorted to our headquarters, Cricketers' Inn Hotel, kept by two Miss Slaters. There was soon a rush for the "loose boxes," and as there was one more than the rooms would hold, it was decided to place a bed at the top of the stairs, and "Our Watch Dog" took to it quite naturally, and faithfully he guarded the stairs, as he was always last to bed (when he could find the blankets), and first up in the morning. Friday morning, we were early astir for our trip to the Land of Hospitality, Bailieston. Four conveyances were engaged, and three of them were driven by our own players. The dust on these roads cannot be described. In this match Preston made 259 runs (P. Howes 100 retired, C. Robinson 31 retired, E. Mehegan 23, H. Westmoreland 23 not out). Bailieston, six for 129 (G. Jones 37, J. Johnson 28, C. Mason 26; C. Blake two for 7, V. Barker two for 18. The local team entertained us with dinner on the ground, and the ladies wanted to give afternoon tea, but we prevailed upon them to forego this, and invited all the locals to the school after tea. We were also given a dinner at the wine cafe, and good justice was done to this. The manager thanked the Bailieston club for their kind hospitality, and invited them down again at Christmas. Mr. Era. Cochrane responded on their behalf in a very neat but flattering speech, and stated that the local inhabitants had looked forward for months for the Preston boys. After dinner we adjourned as stated, to the school room for a sing song, and a real good time was spent, all the pantomime choruses were given, beside numerous other items, and we were assisted by Miss N. Band, of Bailieston, her fine singing being much appreciated. The ladies handed round refreshments, and at 11.30 p.m. a move was made for home, 13 miles to Rushworth. Unfortunately, Pater's horse jibbed going up a hill. We all pushed, and actually "sang" to it, until the driver sat down by the roadside, then it started off and left him behind. He was fortunate that one trap was behind, otherwise he would have been walking yet. We arrived home at 1.30 a.m., and even then it was not too late for jokes.

Saturday we journeyed to Moora, about four country miles out, to play a combined team from the Association. This was our first visit there, and a right royal welcome awaited us. We were entertained at dinner at 1 o'clock and again at 6 p.m., and "Menzies" could not have provided anything better. Mr. Jim Paterson proposed the toast of The Association, and imparted a few words of advice to the cricketers about their batting. Mr. McCrae, the president of the Association, responded stating that they had heard so much of the Preston boys that their name was a regular byeword with the Moora folk. He paid a great tribute to the talent and splendid sportmanship of the Preston boys, and said that death would be the only thing to keep him from going down at Christmas. The evening was devoted again to a sing-song in a large barn, and also a few dances. The treat of the evening was Mr. Bell's fine rendering of the French Sail. Several local lads sang, and a right good time was spent before leaving. Special vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Chas Blake for playing the whole evening, and three hearty cheers ended a most magnificent outing.

Scores at Moora:—Preston 140, (W. Fyfe 40, V. Barker 30, J. Rutter 18, W. Walter 14). Combined Team 96, (D. Shewan 20, C. Mason 16, W. Pettifer 20; E. Mehegan three for 16, C. Robinson two for 9, V. Barker two for 16).

Sunday was spent quietly, several going to the Basin, and most of the boys going to church in the evening. During the afternoon, when we were at the Basin, somebody had visited the various rooms in the loose boxes, Tomato Sauce playing a very prominent part. In the other part of the house, where the 1st class heads were located, a cyclone had taken place and only left the bedsteads standing, it being the last night in camp. The Watch-dog was let off the chain, the manager left his room, and one of the new members stated that the country folk had a funny way of making beds, as he could not get his feet down.

The last match was at Murchison, journeying there by the Rechabite special train. Preston made 167 runs (C. Robinson 25 retired, W. Dickens 40, P. Howes 19 retired, and W. Walters 19 not out. The Combined Team made 101 (L. Shewan 28, E. Cochrane 16, T. Day 14). We all dined in picnic style on the banks of the Goulburn, at the invitation of various parties, which was quite enjoyed. On the way home, at the Murchison East station, there was a wedding party, so the boys gave them some choruses, quite a crowd joining in.

The Preston boys extend a very cordial vote of thanks to all and sundry for the splendid outing, especially mentioning Mr. Era. Cochrane, who could not do enough for us, Miss Hoppermann, and Miss Band, of Bailieston; Mr. Campbell and Mr. McCrae, of Moora; and last, but not least, the two Miss Slaters, of the Cricketers' Inn, Rushworth. Nothing was a trouble to them, and the catering was all that could be desired. A special word is due to Charlie Blake, who acted as pianist during the tour, and further, for the excitement he caused us at Bailieston. It took three men to put him on a horse as he said he loved riding, but the horse put him off unaided. He was rushed with offers for employment as a horse-breaker. The youngest member of our party was very good at hanging on going round curves. All the jokes (and they were numerous) were taken in good part. Although this is the seventh trip the fun is not getting stale, and each trip seems to eclipse the last.

A reunion of trippers will be held shortly at Mrs. Fyfe's, and they hope to have some watermelons down from Bailieston for the "Coon."

THE ALLEGED NUISANCE IN DUNDAS STREET.

To the Editor,

Sir,—In your issue of April 20th, appears a report headed "Alleged Nuisance in Dundas Street," in which two unconscious humorists named J. Smith and D. Voss are the complainants; their complaint being loss of meals, sleep, and health, as a result of the stench, etc. arising from the premises of Messrs. Morgan and Jefferies, situate in Dundas street, Preston; also that the work was going on day and night, not excepting Sundays. The complaint is dramatic, almost tragic, if it were only true; but, alas, some people's imagination runs away with their sense of proportion; and their facts are about as reliable as Ananias's. In the first place, Mr. Editor, neither of the above gentlemen has ever been on the premises, and as there is another boiling-down works within a quarter of a mile, besides piggeries, duck farms, and various other scent factories too numerous to mention, the locality is fairly well catered for in that respect. And we decline to be made a scapegoat for the aggregated smell of the locality. Secondly, Mr. Smith's sense of smell comes to him just when he requires it. Whilst discussing the subject of smells with that gentleman some time ago, I asked him if he ever got any perfumed odors from deposits placed in unlikely spots from carts that pass in the night. He assured me not. Now sir, nearly everybody else in the locality were remarking at that particular time, and thought that the depot had been shifted thereabouts. So the question comes, sir, if a man says he can't smell a smell that everybody else says they can smell, then how is he to be believed when he says he can locate a smell from a place he has not been in, when we can get affidavits if necessary from 6 men who have seen them on the place from which he says the smell comes, to say that there is no objectionable smell arising therefrom? As to Mr. D. Voss, I believe he signed himself 'Dr.' on a former occasion. If he is registered as an M.D., I have no doubt he will easily be able to cure himself from all those ill effects he complains of, with that large eye of faith which enables him to certify to the fact that the premises of Messrs. Morgan and Jefferies, which he has not seen, are kept clean. And in conclusion, sir, let me commend the wisdom of Cr. Braithwaite, who, on unsubstantiated evidence of two highly imaginative gentlemen, urges the council to take proceedings and assert itself, and further, may I say that, though we are not able, like Cr. Braithwaite, to sow on the north side Parma violets, on the east side jonquils, on the west daphne, and on the south roses, and so keep up a constant stream of perfume to the people in our immediate locality; yet I can say to these distressed brothers, there are any amount of vacant blocks in that locality if you like perfume pure and unadulterated, that is the place, build ye on it; and by way of benediction, to answer what appears a paradox, according to your report, viz., that though we work day and night, Sundays not excepted, according to Mr. Smith, yet when the inspector comes down we are never working. Let me state that we do work sometimes, and that in what we are doing we are acting under legal advice, that we rarely do any work on Sundays; but if Mr. Smith is so keen on the Sunday work question, there is plenty of it going on all around him, and if I may, let me offer this suggestion—seeing this is mission season, let Mr. Smith, seeing that he is such an imaginative man, announce that he will conduct a mission service every Sunday, and I am sure, with that magic gift of his, he will waft all who are at present Sunday toilers, away to the new Jerusalem, where they will, for the time at least, forget such sordid things as vegetable growing and imaginary smells, which Mr. Smith is so good at conjuring up.—Yours etc.,

F. E. MORGAN.

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Became a Wreck, and often Wished for Death.—Complete Health Restored by Bile Beans.

Mrs. M. Scanlon, of 1 Avon Place, off Haines St., North Melbourne, says:—"Four years ago I was a great victim of indigestion, which laid me up for days and days, during which time I could not take the least bit of food, in fact, I starved myself. The pain between my shoulders was dreadful. I lost flesh and became painfully thin. At times I could hardly breathe and would have to gasp. These attacks were so severe that I wished for death. My kidneys were also affected, and I suffered severely with backache. When stooping it was a difficult matter to straighten up again. Headaches also added to my trials, and I became a wreck of my former self.

"All sorts of so-called remedies did I try, but could not get relief from my suffering. Commencing a course of Bile Beans I was soon on the road to perfect health. After a while my kidneys ceased to trouble me and backaches were of the past. Soon I was able to eat with enjoyment, all pains ceased, and after a full course of Bile Beans I was completely restored to good health. Now I feel better than I ever did, thanks to Bile Beans"

Bile Beans are a perfect remedy for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, piles, headache, debility, sleeplessness, anæmia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, pains in the side and female ailments. Sold by all chemists. Unrivalled as a family medicine.

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Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove).
Next meeting—May 2.
Lecture, Senator Needham.
Join the most progressive and financial and a National Friendly Society. Many leading men in the various States have come from the ranks of the A.N.A. The syllabus embraces not only social evenings but debates, lectures, rifle shooting, &c. No Regalia. No secrecy. Meetings open to general public.
J. FRAWLEY, President.
J. TYNAN, Secretary, High St.

I.O.R.,

STAR OF NORTHCOTE TENT, No. 217.
MEETINGS held at Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, every alternate Thursday.
Next Meeting—9th May.
Nomination of Officers.
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.
Next meeting—May 7.
Nomination of Officers.
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. WANN, Secretary, "Wionleaville," Railway Place, Preston.

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Contributions from 1/3 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.
H. G. ALDRIDGE, Secretary, 1 Bent St., Northcote.

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Dancing, Monsieur Bibron, 25/. Class commences April 26.

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Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
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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.
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Seeks many new and catchy ways
His goods to advertise.

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Beautifully situated in extensive gardens and grounds, beside the Watts River; on the main road to the celebrated Condon's Gully, Donnelly's Weir, and Myer's Falls, with a deep verandah commanding a panorama of Mts. St. Leonard, Monda, Juliet, and Riddell. Close to the main roads to the Blacks' Spur and Maleson's Lookout. Ten minutes' walk from station & township.
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in rolls 36 inches wide, containing 216 square feet.
A Light, High-Grade, Permanent, Easily Applied Roofing
at the same price as the commoner grades of roofing.

½-ply Congo Roofing,		21/-	per roll 216 square feet	
1 ply	" "	25/	"	"
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CONGO DAMP COURSE—4½in.		6/3	per roll of 72 running feet	
	9½in.	12/3	"	"
	14in.	17/9	"	"
	18½in.	23/3	"	"

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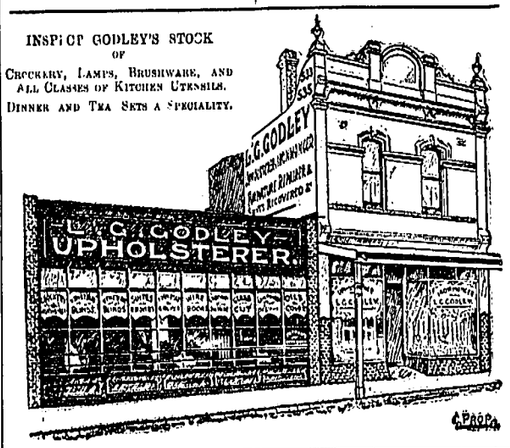
DINNER AND TEA SETS A SPECIALITY.



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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.

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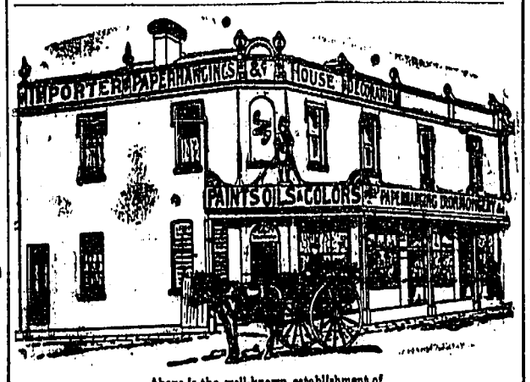
I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare 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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HIRING CHARGES:

Per mile (with passengers),		One Shilling
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Detention, per hour	...	Five Shillings
Day, or Half-Day Trips	...	Arrangement
Shopping, Paying Calls, &c. per hour		10/-
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(next Ice Works).
FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.
Oils and Accessories.

Summer Drapery AND MILLINERY.
— LADIES! —
Before buying your Summer Drapery 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.
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Near Peel St.
Because they can have a Nice Lunch or Afternoon Tea.
High-Class Pastry and Confectionery.

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C. Power & Son,
BEST-VALUE BUTCHERS,
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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.
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