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, JULY 6, 1912.

[Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. Whalley, at their office, 207 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.]

Price 1d

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

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

ro 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 56.

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
204 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.

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.

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

W. G. APPS,
UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY,
Near Lygon-st. Hotel,
And High and Bent Streets, St. Kilda.
Also Branch Burgundy Street, Heidelberg.
Tel. No. 50, Heidelberg Exchange.

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

Business Notices.

R. B. LAWRENCE,

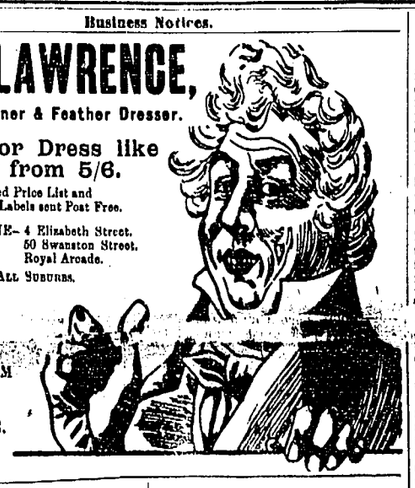
Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.

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.



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.

"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 Maleon'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. Nicholls'bus meets all trains.
Under the Management of Mrs. S. E. BLACKBURN.

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

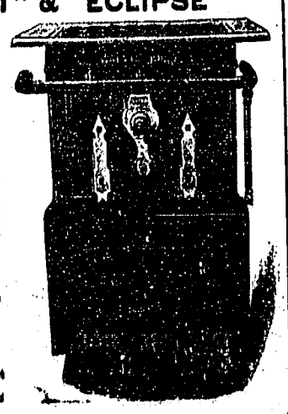
Economical and inexpensive cooking is obtained by the simple method of utilising every particle of heat derived from the gas.

Departing from the old system of gas cooking, which was open to many serious 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 surrounding the oven with a cone or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combination rendered complete.

Prices from £8 18s 6d.
Write for Catalogue.

Wallis Bros. & Co.

Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 4088 Central.
Manufacturers of the Famous "Bohn" Stoves, Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, Open-Fire Stoves (all kinds) & Hangers.



When the best silver is taken out for a large party it is found to be discoloured. It should be remembered for future occasions that if the whiting or plate powder used for the purpose of cleaning the silver is mixed in a rather thin paste with salad oil, and well rubbed or brushed into every crevice and left for a few hours, the silver, after being washed and cleaned in the usual way, will be quite free from stains of any kind.

Women who take a pride in having beautiful ferns in their rooms should take the following advice. Once let a fern become really dry and thirsty and it will be ruined. Palms should be watered every other day thoroughly. The earth must be wet at the bottom [illegible] extent [illegible] in it. The leaves of the palm should be kept carefully dusted, so that they will look fresh; indeed, they may be washed with advantage daily.

An experienced housewife recommends the following method for removing scorch marks. Bake an onion, then squeeze out the juice, and mix with an ounce of fuller's earth, a wineglassful of vinegar, and a small quantity of shredded soap. The ingredients must be heated together till the soap has melted, then leave it till it is cold, and apply the result to the scorched linen. It should be allowed to dry on, and the linen should then be washed in the usual way.

When vegetables have been strained, and are being put into the dish, if a piece of dry toast or bread is laid at the bottom first the remaining water will be soaked out quite easily by the time they are served. This will be found especially beneficial in the case of marrow, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, etc., when it is quite impossible to strain all the water away one would like.

One of the most successful experiments in the annals of science was recently performed by Dr. Magitot, of Paris, who grafted on to the cornea (the transparent membrane covering the eyeball) of one eye of a man blind in both eyes a piece of the cornea of another man's eye, with the result that part of the blind man's vision has returned. Dr. Magitot had two patients under his care; one, the cornea of whose eye had been burned by quicklime, and the other suffering from glaucoma, a disease which causes blindness while the cornea remains perfectly sound. One of the latter's eyes was removed, and after a portion of the corner had been preserved for 8 days, a tiny hole about twice the size of a pin's head was cut in the blind man's injured cornea, and the healthy portion inserted. Within a few days the healthy tissues joined up, and one tenth of the man's normal vision was restored successfully. Scientists attach even more importance to this experiment to the fact that the cornea, which at death rapidly becomes opaque, was preserved in a healthy condition in serum.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Hostess (pairing off the guests): Mr. Parvenu, you will please take Miss Gumwell out to dinner. Parvenu: Eh! Why I thought you were havin' the dinner here in the house.

Which of these clocks is right? I don't know. We've five clocks. When we want to know the time we add 'em together and divide by five and even then we're not certain.

Rev. Silvester Horne once heard a Tory member of Parliament say in praise of bishops: Bishops are not really stiff and starchy. There's a good heart beating below their gaiters.

When I was a tiny boy with ringlets, said the man with little hair, they used to call me Archie. I suppose now they call you Archibald.

Saw two famous bad men come together during my trip West. Both killed? Nobody killed. You can't talk a man to death.

Does your husband ever lose his temper? Not any more. He lost it permanently about two years after our marriage.

You are working men— Hooray! And because you are working men—Hooray! You must work. Put him out! Put him out!

Bixby should be arrested for cruelty to mechanism. Eh! What did he do? Hid a dictograph in that meeting-place of an afternoon bridge club.

I just saw your wife in your neighbour's auto. Why don't you take her out in yours? Oh, we're just made our wills in favour of each other.

The Father: I told you not to go on the stage. The Son: But my ambition egged me on. The Father: Yes; and the audience egged you off.

The Passer-by: You took a great risk in rescuing that boy; you deserve a Carnegie medal. What prompted you to do it? The Hero: He had my skates on!

Mamma, our governess can see in the dark. How do you know that? Last night out in the hall I heard her tell Uncle Jack that he hadn't had a shave.

CROSS SECTION TRAMWAYS.

DISCUSSED IN NORTHCOTE COUNCIL.

The Town Clerk, Brunswick, wrote to the Northcote Council on Monday evening, forwarding the resolutions passed at the conference re tramway extension in the municipalities of Brunswick, Coburg, Essendon, Fitzroy, Northcote and Preston.

Cr. Johnson, who with Cr. Harry had been attending the meetings of the conference, said that the line that most interested Northcote was that proposed to come through from Brunswick and along Arthurton road up St. George's road, and along Gadd st. to Darebin street, thence to Livingstone street, Ivanhoe. The Northcote representatives had gone solidly for this line.

Cr. Hayes—Did they consider the financial aspect?

Cr. Johnson: Cr. Barr had figures showing the cost to be about £10,000 a mile.

Cr. Harry said the conference wanted first of all the councils to decide whether they were in favour of these cross-country lines. It had really not been decided whether they should be track tramways, trackless, or motors.

After further discussion, in which councillors expressed a desire for more information, the matter was referred to the committee of the whole.

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 58.

NURSE HOOPER,
"LILLIEVILLE" PRIVATE HOSPITAL,
Darebin Road, Northcote.
Certificated and Trained Nurses available for Outdoor Practice.
Tel., Northcote 221.

SISTER CORNWELL (Late Matron Women's Hospital),
VISITING NURSE.
"Heathfield," Cunningham St., Northcote.
Midwifery, Surgical [illegible] attended.

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

NURSE VERTIGAN (Certificated A.T.N.A.)
MIDWIFERY and OBSTETRICAL NURSE,
"Roxburgh,"
9 BURTON STREET, NORTHCOTE

NURSE McKENZIE (English Certificates).
PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Registered).
"Bonnie Doon," 15 Gadd St., Northcote (near Croxton station).

J.T.COLES & CO.

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

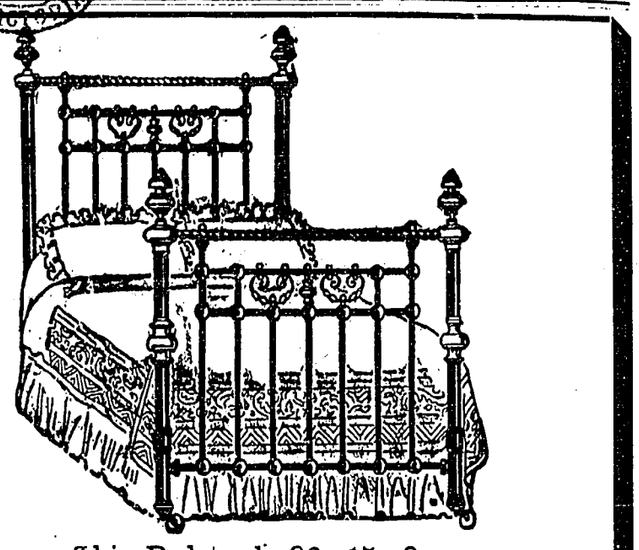
CASH GROCERS

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

NORTHCOTE, PRESTON.

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



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.

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.

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.

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

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

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.

O'BRIEN & DOWN'S COSTUMES.

LADIES!

We guarantee our Costumes tailored in the Latest Up-to-Date Paris Styles. You will save money by getting your —Costume at—

O'BRIEN & DOWN'S

284 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

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,
90 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.

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.

The QUICKEST, BEST, & Most Convenient Manner of Heating Dwelling Houses, Offices, etc., is with a

A GAS FIRE

Reduces Household Labor to a Minimum

No Cleaning Dirty Grates or Removing Ashes.

PERFECT REGULATION of Heat ensuring uniform temperature.

We can supply GAS FIRES from 22/6 upwards to suit any room, and to fit in moddern Register Grates. Maximum cost of fixing, 10/-. Write or phone for particulars.

The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 Flinders St., Melbourne. Phones 8163 (5 lines)

The Leader

Reaches the Hearths and Homes of the People residing in the Town of Northcote, and the Shires of Preston, Epping, Whittlesea and Heidelberg. It will pay every tradesman to have a Standing Advertisement in its Columns.

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 " } Practice from 8.30
Saturday "
And on Saturday Afternoons, 3 to 5.30
At their New Academy, Specially Built, No. 264 Drummond Street, Carlton.
Call, Write, or Phone 5608. Prospectus Post Free.

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 238 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.

Established 21 years.

Carl Oldenburg,

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,

265 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.

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.

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).

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M A., morning and evening.
Evening subject, "Man's Place in the Universe."
Thanksgiving Services for Rain.

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a m, Morning Prayer.
7 p m., "An Ideal in Life."
Rev. O. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "The Prohibited Dress."
Evening subject, "God is our Refuge and Strength."
Fellowship Meeting at 10
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the [illegible]pbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening [illegible] o'clock. Preacher—Mr. BREDIN. Subject—"From Different Standpoints." Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. P. N. KNIGHT.
7 p.m , Mr. ARTHUR BOWMAN.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 am , Rev. C CARNE
7 p.m., Mr. F. BOUNDY.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. R. WILLS.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. W. THORPE; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject, "The Banquet and the Banner."
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE; 7 p.m , Rev. W. J. WILLIAMS.
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.

Notices

NORTHCOTE THEATRE, High Street (opp Town Hall).

MRS. SHIELS
(Miss Barry)
Is now making a Display of Up to Date and Smart Styles in
WINTER MILLINERY
at Moderate Prices, and will be pleased to see her friends and old customers at the above address.

DRESSMAKING.

MISS WRIGHT, DRESSMAKER, 13 HERBERT ST., NORTHCOTE.
Late with Miss Wood, Westgarth Street.

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.

L. NIEHOFF,
293 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE.
Pianos, Music, and Phonographs.
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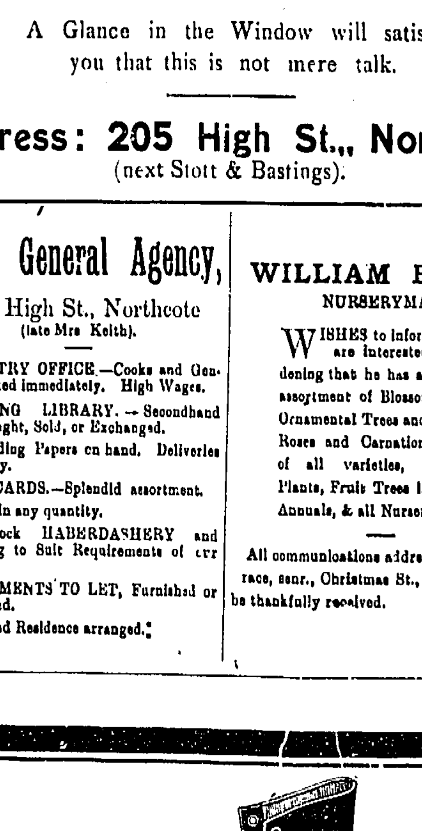

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The Leader
JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JULY 6.

Under the happy title of "Round the world from Rucker's Hill," Mr Will W. Rock gave an illustrated lecture at the Presbyterian school hall on Thursday evening. All have been charmed with the articles of travel written by Mr Rock for the *Leader*, and those who had not hitherto had that pleasure were anxious to see and hear the writer. Therefore there was a packed house. Mr. Rock delighted all with his lecture. There was not a dull moment from beginning to end. It was splendid. He admitted that the world was "a big place to get round" in so short a time, but taking imagination as their fast express and with a full head of steam on he thought they would just about do it. Assuming his role of a "lightning conductor" the lecturer then got going with such velocity as to suggest that he was endeavoring to break that well-known record referred to in Shakespeare of "putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." We are on the big steamer at Port Melbourne one minute and off the coast of Western Australia the next. The limitless leagues of the Indian Ocean are traversed in a few sentences, and we are soon amongst the luxuriant tropic loveliness of Ceylon. On again to Guardafui, up the roasting Red Sea and the ninety odd miles of De Lesseps' great channel to that sink of iniquity, Port Said. Then a brief branch off into "Old hushed Egypt," and a glimpse of the inscrutable Sphinx and the eternal pyramids. On again along the Mediterranean, through the Straits of Messina to Naples, dirtiest yet most beautifully situated of cities. A peep into the crater of Vesuvius here and a look over the ruins of that ancient city which the lava overwhelmed and hid from sight for centuries. Then away to the "Seven Hills" and the Forum, calling up from the dim past "Imperial Rome." There is a stay for an instant to take in the most imposing of all Christian places of worship, St. Peter's, and to see a few of the artistic glories of the Vatican, and we are whisked on to and through the art city of Florence to Venice, with its silent streets and stately palaces. Back through "a little bit of fairyland" in Northern Italy and the Alps are penetrated by the St. Gothard tunnel, to come out in beautiful Switzerland. In a twinkling after we are in "the gay city" with its magnificent boulevards and effervescing life, and in a trice across the channel to "The big smoke" seeing the "lions" so familiar yet always so interesting. Then with the speed of a Marconigram we are across the Atlantic viewing the "city of sky-scrapers" from the awful altitude of "Singer's building. Translated next to the brink of Niagara's roaring waters the pause is but a moment and we are amidst the hustle of Chicago, a city that has grown at nearly five times the rate of "Marvellous Melbourne." The scenic wonders of the Canadian Pacific Railway, scenes at Honolulu and Suva flash past and we find ourselves entering Sydney Heads. The Sydney Express and the Northcote trams ("well within the speed limit" and "7 tickets for 6d as an inducement to ride"), and the journey "Round the World to Rucker's Hill" is completed in well under the two hours. The audience is breathless, but exhilarated, and very proud in the knowledge that it has performed a remarkable achievement. The lecturer is to be congratulated. He could hardly have made a bigger success. At express pace he seemed to pack in all the "purple patches" in his articles with many good and well-told anecdotes besides. In moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer the chairman (Cr. Henderson) imitated the immortal Wegg and "dropped into rhyme." He said—

"The more I see of Mr. Will Rock,
The more I think he's a 'chip of the old block.'"

The Preston committee who worked so hard for the Druids' bazaar in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital held their final meeting under the chairmanship of the president of the shire (Cr. Robertson) on Thursday, when they found from the balance-sheet submitted that the result of their labors was that the very satisfactory sum of £132 8s 11 would be available for the charity named, which compares more than favorably population considered, with what has been done by the other municipalities. Preston, in fact, was the only shire which went in for a stall at the bazaar. Hearty votes of thanks were passed to all workers, especially the president (Mrs. Robertson) [illegible] and Miss Candy [illegible].

Amongst the visitors at the mayor's room on Monday evening was Mr. C. Jenkin, who up till a few months ago carried on an estate agency business in Northcote South. Mr. Jenkin was one of the lucky applicants for a Mallee block at Ouyen. Replying to the toast of the visitors' health he gave some interesting particulars of his experiences. Till 20th May, 1911, he had never set foot on the land. Since then he has got 200 of his 640 acres ready for crop, and he has done the work almost single handed. His neighbors have been equally energetic and this year there will be 12 to 15 thousand acres under wheat where a little over a year ago was Mallee scrub. It cost 3s 3d per acre to roll down and burn off the scrub, and the cost to put in the seed was only 2s 7d per acre. Mr. Jenkin expects a yield of at least three bags to the acre, so that his profit should be large. This little illustration shows what land settlement adds to the real wealth of the country.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of the smoke night tendered by Mr. W. S Stott to the Northcote cricketers that a cable of congratulation was sent from the meeting to the Australian Eleven in England, who had just then decisively beaten South Africa in the first test match. The following reply has been received from the manager, Mr. G. S. Crouch:—"Mr. Stott, President Northcote C.C. Dear Sir,—Your cable of 30th duly to hand, for which please accept the thanks of the Australian XI. The players have asked me to express on their behalf sincere appreciation of the kind thought which prompted the message and to add that the knowledge of the keen interest with which you are all watching their progress will afford them an additional incentive when playing the remaining matches on the triangular programme."

With great regret we have to record the death of Mr. Ernest Perry, an old Northcote "boy," son of Mr. John Perry, so long in business in High street. Mr. Perry, it appears, has been a sufferer for some time from diabetes, from which he died at the early age of 34 years. He was joint proprietor with Mr. McDougall, of the well known Sarony Studios, Swanston street.

The young people of the Preston Methodist Church met last week to discuss the formation of a Senior Endeavour Society. After some discussion [illegible] that one be started, and [illegible] last the first meeting [illegible] were 20 present, 15 [illegible] the active and 5 the associate member's pledge. Next Wednesday, the 10th instant, there is to be a special meeting, when a delegate from headquarters will address the meeting, commencing at 7.45 p.m.

The monthly meeting of the N.S.R.A. was held in All Saints' schoolroom on Tuesday evening, the president (Mr. Wright) occupying the chair. A letter of apology was read from Mr. Anstey, M.P., for not being able to be present at the social evening. The president and committee reported that they had presented to the Mayor a framed flashlight photo of the complimentary gathering to Mr. George Pocknall, and their action was endorsed. A dozen new members were proposed and initiated. It was resolved that the tender of Mr. Brothers be accepted for the repairing of the seats in the Northcote Park. It was resolved that Messrs Wright and Tulk be empowered to purchase the necessary decorations for concerts and other functions, same to remain the property of the association. Crs. Lees, Dennis, and Mason were then called upon to carry out the syllabus item, "Town Affairs." Each speaker dealt with the business of the council at considerable length. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded for the information imparted. After a number of questions had been asked, an interesting meeting was brought to a close.

NORTHCOTE BOWLING CLUB.

PRESENTATION OF TROPHIES.

Northcote Bowling Club held their annual smoke-night and presentation of trophies at the pavilion on Thursday night. The president (Mr. E. Bailey) presided and there was a fair attendance, including the presidents and secretaries of Thornbury and Preston clubs. Apologies were received from Cr. Plant (who was confined to his bed) and others. Messrs T. L. Taylor, McKie, Treleaven, Crossley, and Campbell contributed towards the harmony of the evening, their efforts being much appreciated. Perhaps the event of the evening, though, was the advent of a plenteous supply of hot pies, the donation of some unknown but very much suspected well-wisher.

The trophies were presented to the various winners by Cr. Smith, who intends to join the great fraternity of bowlers as a playing member next season. The trophy (medal brooch) for green championship went to Mr. W. Cox; the president's prize (pair silver-mounted bowls) to Mr. R. Bailey; the vice-presidents' rink trophy to Cr. Plant's rink; the vice-presidents' single handed handicap, Cr. Plant 1st, Mr. J. Bainbridge 2nd; Mr. Girling's trophy (pairs) Messrs Tribe and Burston.

Mr. R. B. Lawrence, in proposing the health of "The President and Donors of Trophies," congratulated Mr. Bailey on his very successful year of office and enumerated the great works he had done for the club, having been mainly instrumental in laying down two additional rinks and also adding the billiard room, which was more than self-supporting.

Mr. Bailey in reply said he was pleased to know that the last was the most successful year the club ever had, both in regard to membership and finances.

The donors, Messrs E. T. Brown, Girling, T. L. Taylor, and others also responded.

At the conclusion of the programme the president engaged the visitors in a game of billiards, and altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

Wedding Bells.

On Wednesday evening last, at Preston, Mr. Alfred T. Francis, of Regent street, was married to Miss Edith J. Barron, of South Yan Yean, by the Rev. E. O. Knee. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate friends of the bride and bridegroom being present.

Localisms.

On account of the mayoral ball there will be no picture entertainment at the Northcote Theatre on Tuesday evening.

It is notified that voters' lists for Town of Northcote, Shire of Preston, and Shire of Epping may be inspected at the places advertised.

The Mayor (Cr. Bastings) and Crs. Hayes and Tharratt have been appointed by the Northcote council to go with Preston delegates (Crs. Robertson, Howe and Braithwaite) to confer with the Metropolitan Board regarding the opening up of the pipe track.

Cr. Johnson, on Monday evening, strongly advocated the establishment by the council of a weighbridge, contending that it would be a great advantage and convenience to the business people of the town. Consideration of the matter was referred to the works committee.

Cr. Redmond, on Monday evening, moved that the attention of the Metropolitan Gas Co. be called to the bad quality of the gas they were now supplying to the north ward. It had no illuminating power worth speaking of.

Colonel and Mrs. Graham are announced to conduct revival meetings at the Salvation Army, Mitchell street, to morrow.

On Thursday evening next at the Rechabite hall, Westbourne grove, Mr. Geo. Stevens will give a first aid demonstration in connection with the Loyal Northcote Lodge, No 52, P.A.F.S. Members and friends are cordially invited.

Under the auspices of the International Bible Students' Association, a discourse will [illegible] Gospel?'

Thornbury park plan of subdivision.—Cr. Plant moved, on Monday evening, that the plan be approved (without any endorsement that certain low lying land should be filled up) He explained that, in view of the engineer's advice, the council had no alternative. The plan was approved accordingly.

"I wish you would leave us enough to die on," was the parting shot on Monday evening of a burly resident of Spencer street, after he had stated his objections to the street being constructed.

At the Thornbury picture theatre to-night the cinematographic re-production of the fairy play "The Blue Bird," now running at the Theatre Royal, will be shown.

The bachelors of Preston are giving a return dance to the spinsters of Preston on Wednesday, July 24.

In social circles all are on the *qui vive* for the Mayoral ball which takes place at the Northcote Theatre on Tuesday evening. A company of between 500 and 600 is expected, which is nearly double the number at any previous local Mayoral function. The handsome new theatre will give the gathering a fine setting. A new feature of the function for Northcote will be the debutante's set, for which 20 young maidens and accompanying swains have been in active rehearsal for some weeks past.

Ladies hand bags, every conceivable size, shape and style, are now being cleared at sacrifice prices at Mrs. Walker's fancy repository, High street, Northcote.

A euchre party and dance is to be held in the R.C. schoolroom, Clifton Grove, Preston, on Wednesday evening, 10th inst., in aid of the church funds.

Northcote town council invite tenders for the construction of about 1100 feet of pipe drain in Mary street.

Hattam and Hattam are making a special display of kid gloves for evening wear in all colors and lengths. The feature about the gloves is that every pair sold is guaranteed. —(advt)

The sum of £4 8s 2d was collected at the performance of Northcote Municipal Band on Sunday last for the Richard Owens fund, which now amounts to about £35.

To-morrow evening the incumbent of All Saints' Northcote, will begin a course of special sermons to men, his subject being 'Man's place in the universe."

J. W. Mankey advertises a special sale of millinery, furs and muffs for a few days only

Messrs Pink & Son, jewellers, etc., will commence business at 241 High street, Northcote, early next week.

Tosti Society will hold their next dance at Northcote town hall on Tuesday, 16th, instead of 18th July.

A MUCH NEEDED ENTERPRISE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER.

Sir,—A public convenience which was badly needed for many years has at last become an accomplished fact, namely the Northcote Picture Theatre, which has been established by a body of Northcote's enterprising citizens. This magnificent institution is a credit to the town. Now, Sir, there is another public convenience for the town, and that is a public swimming baths, the necessity of which is surely shown by the fact that hundreds of young people are compelled every summer to go either to the Darebin or Merri Creeks, the Yarra, or to swimming baths in other suburbs. Now, Sir, I am a very strong advocate of municipal enterprise, but the financial circumstances of the Northcote council does not permit of the speculating of a sum of money sufficiently large for the requirement, so the only way to establish such is by private enterprise, and I hope, Sir, that the enterprise will be taken in hand by some individual or company.—Yours &c.,

R. ALWAY.

38 Daily Street, Northcote.

Preston Methodist Quarterly Meeting.

This was held in the High street Church on Wednesday evening. Representatives were present from nearly all the churches in the district and the returns were very satisfactory. The pastoral report indicated an increase in the membership returns, whilst the financial report of the circuit stewards, Messrs W. T. Rowe and A. S. Wilkinson, revealed the fact that income and expenditure almost balanced. Mr. J. C. Nankervis was elected to the Metropolitan Methodist Council.

DIFFERENCE OVER A CHARITABLE DONATION.

£20 FOR HOME FOR THE BLIND.

At the meeting of the Northcote Council on Monday evening, a recommendation came up from the committee of the whole, that a grant of £20 be paid to the above.

The Mayor (Cr. Bastings) moved its adoption.

Cr. Redmond thought £20 was far too much to give considering their financial position. He moved that £5 be given.

Cr. Lees seconded the motion. For last year their whole charitable vote was £70, and included only £1 for the Blind Asylum, £10 for the Melbourne Hospital, and £17 for the Ladies' Benevolent Society, which did so much good locally, yet now they were being asked to vote £20 to this institution. They were all sorry for the blind, but their sorrow should not take such an emotional form. On the same basis they would have to give the Melbourne Hospital £200. Why not multiply their charitable vote by £20, which would mean £1400. They should not do this simply because a gentleman came and made a moving appeal. They were not there to be kind with other people's money.

Cr. Johnson said he was prepared to support a grant of £10.

The Mayor explained this was a special appeal made by the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne. Collecting cards came some months ago, but having first the appeal for St. Vincent's and next that for the Melbourne Hospital to attend to they had to wait. It was desired to raise the sum of £2000 for this Convalescent Home, and it being found that they had not the amount desired, Mr. Sutherland went round and made a special appeal to the councils. He thought it was a case that specially claimed their support.

The amendment was put and lost, and the motion carried.

PRESTON'S ELECTRIC FEEDER

PROPOSAL TO BRING IT ALONG PIPE TRACK.

DISCUSSED IN NORTHCOTE COUNCIL.

At the meeting of the Northcote Council on Monday evening the minute of the Metropolitan Board of Works was read regarding the granting of permission to erect an overhead cable along the pipe track to the shire boundary at a nominal rental of 5s. a year.

Cr. Woolhouse read some notes of the discussion which had taken place at the board meeting as follows:—"Commissioner Woolhouse, in moving an amendment to the effect that the matter be postponed for one month, said that the matter under discussion was one that seriously affected Northcote. The resolution submitted asked the Board to give Preston the right to a line of poles through Northcote territory without consulting the council. The two councils had already been negotiating the cable to run down High street. His council had no desire to block Preston in the matter. They had practically agreed to the cable, but thought that the two cables should be kept separate. He would like to see the matter deferred to give the Northcote council an opportunity of discussing it. They had not had a chance so far. Negotiations were still pending.

A Commissioner: Why not ask the vice-chairman [illegible]

Comr. Woolhouse said [illegible] ly thought that a fair thing to request seeing that the vice-chairman (Commissioner Crispe) happened to be an interested party. The effect of the recommendation was to allow the Preston Council the use of the whole track for a sum of 5s. a year, whereas the Northcote Council had to beg and pray for a crossing over the track, and then had to construct their own roadway. He formally moved that the matter be postponed for a month.

Comr. Marks seconded the amendment.

Comr. Crispe said that he hoped the Board would pass the order of the day as submitted. The Preston Council had been negotiating with the Town Council of Northcote to get a cable through their territory in High street, but all sorts of obstacles had been put in the way of his council to delay the matter, and the only other way left to his council was to approach the Board to be allowed to erect a line of poles on the track. The Preston Council had lost, he supposed, three or four months through the action of the Northcote Council, and they did not want to lose another month.

The amendment was put and lost, and the motion carried.

Cr. Woolhouse added that there was a pretty warm discussion, but they had no chance of blocking it, as the feeling was pretty strong against Northcote.

Cr. Hayes—Is it a fact that the Board is leasing portions of the pipe track as grazing areas?

Cr Woolhouse—Yes: at a rental of £1 a year. I got a surprise when I heard of it. I raised the question did they not think it would contaminate the water?

Cr. Hayes moved that the council enters a formal protest against the poles being put along the pipe track. It would be noted that it was proposed to put them on the east side of the track, which meant keeping the roadway to its present dangerously narrow limits. During his Mayorship, the Chairman of the Board promised him to widen the roadway by 15 feet.

A Councillor suggested that they go to the Minister.

Cr. Woolhouse said he did not think it was any good going to the Board, as they regarded the Northcote Council as a lot of obstructionists.

Cr. Lees said this was just another instance of the Board's hostility, and of Preston's hostility. But he did not regard it seriously; as he did not think they would ever get electric light introduced to Preston in this way. To get the permission of the Metropolitan Board to come along the pipe track for 5s a year was one thing, but to get the permission of Northcote and the Government was another thing. The Government electrical inspectors would never allow a high tension cable to be brought overhead; it would be too dangerous.

The Mayor (Cr. Bastings) said he was surprised at the attitude of Preston. It was only widening the breach between them, if there was a breach. The Board had agreed to beautifying the pipe track by tree planting, but these latest moves of letting it for grazing and allowing electric light poles to be placed on it did not look much like carrying out that agreement. Undoubtedly Northcote would have to be consulted before the cable was brought through their territory. Northcote had tried to be friendly in their negotiations with Preston all along. A little hitch had arisen over the cost of putting the Northcote cable in a separate trough, but Preston had been assured time and again that they need not trouble about that, yet they had gone behind Northcote's back in an endeavour to get a second string to their bow. In thus forcing matters a position had been brought about as between the two councils which was most unfortunate.

A motion was carried—on the motion of Crs. Smith and Schwaebsch that a protest be made to the Minister of Public Works against permission being given to erect the poles along the pipe track.

At a subsequent stage a letter was read from Preston referring the Northcote Council to the reply sent on 20th March, to the letter of the Northcote Council dated 20th November.

The Town Clerk said the reply was one as to date, but not as to matter.

Cr. Plant remarked that it was no use going on in this unpleasant manner. Better let the matter drop. Preston had already taken steps with a view of going up another way.

Bobby: This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat. Mamma: Why, dear? Bobby: Because the book says, Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.

The Judge: The evidence shows, Mr. Mulcahy, that you threw a brick at Policeman Rafferty. Mr. Mulcahy: It shows more than that, your Lordship. It shows that I hit him.

NORTHCOTE STREET CONSTRUCTION.

MORE PLANS AND APPORTIONMENTS ADOPTED.

Several plans and apportionments in connection with the construction of private streets came up for adoption on Monday evening.

The first dealt with was Spencer st. (running alongside Croxton railway station).

Mr. Bachelor objected to his apportionment of £58 7/10, because he had already paid his proportion of the channel lower down the street.

The town clerk said Mr. Bachelor was mistaken as to this.

Mr. Bachelor: Well I hope you'll leave me enough to die on. (Laughter).

Adopted, on the motion of Crs. Smith and Henderson.

Simpson or Walstab street, from the railway to Clarke street, was next taken.

Mr. Sobire objected that there was no need to make the street, and also because the cost of making the whole 800 feet would fall on only five ratepayers, who would have to pay for the construction of 225 feet that was chargeable to nobody else between them.

Cr. Dennis moved the adoption. The street was most necessary to be made, as it connected South crescent and Clarke street.

Cr. Lees seconded; carried.

Cecil street was next considered.

Cr. Harry, in moving the adoption of the plans, etc., said the property-owners wanted the street made [illegible] they would [illegible] have [illegible] apportionments.

Cr. Hayes seconded; carried.

More Police Wanted.

The residents of Northcote and Thornbury consider that the police protection of their district is inadequate. In substantiation of their belief, they point out that the draper's shop of Messrs. Train and Turner, in High st., has been pillaged three times within recent date, while during the past week all the signboards along High street, for fully half a mile, have been wrecked, and two plate glass windows have been broken. The acts of vandalism are put down to bands of larrikins, who, it is considered by the residents, would be stamped out if there were more police stationed in the suburb.

The perpetrators of the robbery at Train and Turner's were arrested on Tuesday, the stolen goods being found in their possession.

Departing Officers Honored at the Yarra Bend.

A send-off was tendered to Messrs. Cahir and Foy on their promotion to Mont Park and Kew respectively, by the staff and officers of the Yarra Bend asylum on the night of 25th June. The hall was artistically decorated by the committee, to whom great praise is due for the splendid manner in which the arrangements were carried out. The hall was taxed to its utmost capacity by staff officers and numerous friends of the guests of the evening, who numbered about 300. The distinct feature which struck the visitors was the graceful appearance of the nurses in their official uniform. The music, which was excellent, was supplied by Mr. Aumont. During the interval Mr. M. Meere, hon secretary, made pointed references to the important part taken by Mr. T. Cahir, and Mr. T. Foy in every movement which had for its objective the staff's welfare.

Dr. Steel, medical superintendent, spoke as to the good and faithful manner in which both members of his staff discharged their duty.

Dr. Campbell, senior medical officer, endorsed the sentiments of his superior officer, and Dr. Adey, junior medical officer, briefly supplemented their remarks.

Messrs. T. Cahir and T. Foy suitably responded.

At 1 a.m. the best and most enjoyable night ever witnessed at the Yarra Bend was brought to a close with the singing of "They are Jolly Good Fellows," and "Auld Lang Syne."

NORTHCOTE MUNICIPAL BAND

To the Editor.

Sir,—The local band being desirous of competing in the forthcoming A.N.A. band contests the band executive hereby make a special appeal to employers for practical assistance in a new form. It is needful to complete the band's strength by six good, steady, reliable men. We have one or two requiring work in various lines:—Engineer, boot repairer, laborer, etc. The band would be thankful if any employers who have vacancies in these lines will communicate with Bandmaster Hellings or myself as soon as possible. Thanking you for your valuable space—Yours, etc.,

R. HUMPHREYS, Band Sec.

178 Spensley St., Clifton Hill.

Pride of Northcote, I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the Rechabite hall on Tuesday evening, the C.R. (Sis. Porter) in the chair. There was a good attendance and one new member was initiated. The ladies' bowls team played their first match of the season against Brighton, which resulted in an easy win for Northcote by 23 to 6.

Epping Shire News.

Epping Shire Council invite tenders for 10 chains of road construction.

Voters' and separate lists are now open for inspection by ratepayers as advertised.

Property Sales.

McGeorge Bros. advertise that of the 8 cottages they were advertising five have been sold this week, only three now being left.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails, 1/6

Written by King Edward, when 10 years old, to his sister, the Princess Royal, a letter has just been sold for £6 15s.

At the various Canadian ports of entry last year 17,860 persons were rejected, 15,404 being citizens of the United States.

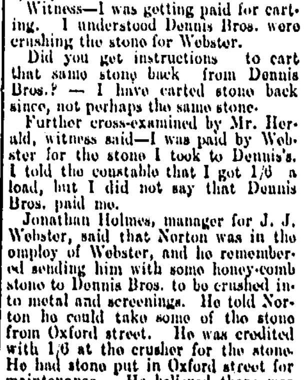
For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, 1s 6d

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. TREYENA & SON,
The Reliable Ladies' and Gents' Tailors
266 Smith Street, Collingwood.
Phone, 410. Write for Our Winter Catalogue.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

Monday, July 1.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Messrs. Plant, Bastings, Lawrence and Bailey.

WIFE DESERTION.

Sarah Jane Henderson proceeded against James Henderson for desertion.

The desertion took place in 1896, when plaintiff's baby was only seven months old. She was now 17.

Dr. Cole held that the claim was stale, and dismissed the case.

NOT ATTENDING SCHOOL.

James Bachelor for not sending his child to school regularly was fined 10s.

CLAIM FOR NURSING.

[illegible] Mason proceeded against George Mason for the recovery of £50 alleged to be due for nursing. Mr. Tregear for plaintiff, Mr. Blackburn (Maddock, Jamieson and Lonie) for the defendant.

Plaintiff stated that in consequence of two telegrams she received from Sydney in 1906, she and her husband sold off and went to her father-in-law's, in New South Wales. Witness nursed her father-in-law's wife, and looked after him for seven weeks. In recognition of what she did her father-in-law said that at his death she would have £50 to go home.

William Mason, husband of the last witness, stated that the executor under the will gave him £10 towards their expenses in going over to N.S.W.

Mr. Blackburn—Didn't he give it to you to get your watch and chain out of pawn?

Witness—Yes.

[illegible] plaintiff had done any nursing [illegible] saw his father put down three sovereigns and a pound note on the table for plaintiff's expenses in coming over to see him. She pushed the notes back, and took the sovereigns, saying "This will do this time." His father had left everything to him and his wife, saying if he (witness) did do anything else with it he was to think of his brother Tom.

Witness declined to say how much he allowed his brother Tom.

The Bench said there was no proof of any contract, and dismissed the case, with £2 2s costs.

UNLAWFUL ASSAULT.

Richard Holt proceeded against Robert Lovie for assault.

Mr. R. Candy for plaintiff.

Plaintiff stated that on the morning of Sunday, 16th June, when he went to look after some turkeys he had lost, he met defendant who struck him on the face, giving him a black eye, and also kicking him in the back, injuring his spine.

Defendant denied the assault, stating that he did nothing more than take plaintiff by the shoulders and showed him the gate. He showed him no violence whatever.

A fine of 10s was imposed, with £1 6s costs.

ALLEGED THEFT OF STONE.

William Norton, carter, was charged with stealing certain stone, the property of the Mayor, Councillors and Burgesses of the Town of Northcote. Mr. D. H. Herald for the prosecution, Mr. Moir for the defence.

William Smith, councillor of the town, gave evidence as follows:—On May 10 I saw defendant coming down Mitchell street, and I followed him into Oxford street. There was a lot of stone belonging to the council stacked there. I saw him commence to fill his car with the stone, and I rang up Constable Frawley. In my buggy we followed him to Dennis's stone crushing works, where we saw the load tipped up alongside the crusher. I saw some of it put into the crusher. I heard defendant say he got 1/6 per load for the stone.

Mr. Moir—Wasn't certain stone taken in to your place?

Witness—Yes, and I paid for it.

Did this man make any attempt to get away?—He could not get away.

Questioned further as to the stone which went into his place, witness said he bought it from the contractor.

Mr. Moir—Well, didn't Dennis Bros. do the same.

Constable Frawley stated that at Dennis's works he asked Norton where he got the stone, and he replied that Mr. Webster, contractor, gave him permission to take it, and that he got 1/6 a load for it.

Mr. Smith was recalled by Mr. Moir.

Mr. Moir—How do you know that the stone belonged to the council?

Mr. Smith: I know that all stone not required by the contractors belongs to the council.

Mr. Moir—You were practically instrumental in setting the ball rolling?

Mr. Smith—I had good cause. I am a representative of the ratepayers, who want all the metal they can get on their streets. During 5 weeks I was away 500 loads were taken out of the ward.

William Stratford Strettle, late engineer to the Town of Northcote, stated that in May last Mr. Starr was carrying out a contract for the Metropolitan Board of Works. Stone was being excavated from various streets, and he got instructions as to where stone was to be placed that was of value to the council. He saw some of this stone stacked in Oxford street. He gave instructions on 11th May to stack 50 or 60 yards of clean spalls there.

To Mr. Moir—The contractor can do what he likes with the loose stone not claimed by the council.

Walter Membrey, overseer of works, gave evidence that he saw the stone stacked in Oxford street. It was the stone directed to be stacked there by Mr. Strettle.

To Mr. Moir—Personally, he had seen Norton carting stone, and he said he was carting it at Webster's request to Dennis Bros' to be crushed up for screenings for use on the contract.

W. G. Swift, town clerk, gave [illegible] evidence that no authority had been given to Norton to remove this stone.

William Norton, defendant, stated he was employed by J. J. Webster, had had carted honey-comb stone for him from streets all over Northcote. By instruction of Webster's manager, he had carted 20 or 30 loads to Oxford-st. What he did in regard to stone there, he did under Mr. Holme's (overseer for Mr. Webster) direction. He got paid 1/6 per load for the carting, not for the stone.

To Mr. Cole—I used to take a load from Oxford street when convenient—whenever I came that way.

Mr. Herald—Who was getting the money for the stone?

Witness—I was getting paid for carting. I understood Dennis Bros. were crushing the stone for Webster.

Did you get instructions to cart that same stone back from Dennis Bros.? — I have carted stone back since, not perhaps the same stone.

Further cross-examined by Mr. Herald, witness said—I was paid by Webster for the stone I took to Dennis's. I told the constable that I got 1/6 a load, but I did not say that Dennis Bros. paid me.

Jonathan Holmes, manager for J. J. Webster, said that Norton was in the employ of Webster, and he remembered sending him with some honey-comb stone to Dennis Bros. to be crushed into metal and screenings. He told Norton he could take some of the stone from Oxford street. He was credited with 1/6 at the crusher for the stone. He had stone put in Oxford street for maintenance. He believed there was an authority to put some stone there for the council.

Mr. Membrey (recalled by the Bench) stated that the stone placed in Oxford street was for the council's use. It was honey-comb stone. Webster had nothing to do with it.

Dr. Cole said it seemed that the stone in Oxford street was the property of the council. One load was not a matter of much concern, but, many loads meant a deprivation to the municipality.

After discussion of the matter

READ!

Opening Chapters of

NEW TALE.

"Life's Revenge"

In This Issue

LIFE'S REVENGE.

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS,
Author of "The Shop Lifter," "A Princess of the Loom," "Roses o' Shame," etc.

Published by Arrangement with Cassells, Melbourne.

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CHAPTER I

The Shadow of the Past.

It was getting dusk. The sun was dropping quickly behind the low line of hills, and plunging the little town and the swollen inky river that ran through it into darkness.

But there was just light enough to see the faces of the motley mass of men, women and girls who poured out of the huge gateway of Helliot's factory and hurried out to the street and dispersed.

It was cold, and their faces were bent and bowed under their caps and shawls to escape the wind. There was just light enough to see those faces drawn and sallow, and light enough to see in some of them misery and hunger, and in others hope and joy and eager, laughing life.

The ring of their clogs mingled with their voices as they went, hurrying from the great factory towards the long, straggling lines of grey cottages and blocks of dwellings, where the "hands" swallowed their hurried meals and got their scant hours of sleep.

Their voices died, and the yard and the street emptied. "Old Joe," having shut off steam and raked out the fire of the boiler, came stumbling into the yard, yawning and exchanging a brief good-night with the time-keeper as he went.

"'Tis a terrible dark night," he said. "And—by Guy! Is that little Bess waiting there now?"

The time-keeper nodded, and "Old Joe" went up to her—a tiny child waiting out in the wind and cold for her mother.

"Yo' go home," he said; "'tis co'd, my little lass."

The child lifted a wan face and pointed to the factory.

"Want mother," she said.

Joe shook his head and looked round. As he did so a girl came out of the yard, the last to leave, and before she passed through the great gateway into the road she looked round nervously.

"Oh, Joe, is that you?" she asked breathlessly. "I thought—have you seen father?"

He shook his head.

"It'll be all right to-night, lass," he said. "He were sober enough an hour since. But look you, here's little Bess again."

Hazel Harper came forward slowly. She was thin and wan and white. Her grey shawl half-covered a face that would have been beautiful in other surroundings. Underneath the covering were great masses of tawny hair, dusty now from the looms, and lustreless, with some of the "fly" still clinging where it curled upon her forehead and at her neck. Her eyes were tired-looking and heavy-lidded, but they were big and long fringed; her lips were red and sweet, and her chin daintily curved, and if she had dressed, as for instance Lady Edith Warburton was dressed up at the Hall, she would have had no rival.

But to-night, standing out in the cold dusk, she looked to "Old Joe" only a factory hand—one of the girls who worked at the looms his engines fed.

"What's to be done with her?" he asked, nodding his head at the child. "She won't believe——"

Hazel lifted her face.

"Is this—is this Mrs. Malley's child?" she asked unsteadily.

"Old Joe" nodded.

"Was," he said laconically.

Hazel turned. Three or four days ago Mrs. Malley, standing working at her loom, had fallen forward suddenly, tumbled into the alley, and had been carried out to die at the hospital in the great town sixteen miles distant.

Now, little Bess stood waiting as she always waited, for her mother to come home!

Hazel bent over her.

"My girlie—my little lass!" she said, with a sob in her voice. "You come with me. I'll take care of you—somehow. Come with me."

The child shook her head, turning again to point to the factory.

"No—want mother!" she said.

Hazel looked up.

"She won't believe she's dead," she whispered. "What shall we do?"

Old Joe made no reply. He could think of nothing to say, and he occupied the moment in looking curiously at Hazel's face. Something about it puzzled him, as it puzzled a good many people in Little Radcliffe. She was what Lancashire folks call a "foreigner," even though her mother had been a Little Radcliffe woman, and Hazel herself was born within five miles of the factory in which she now worked. But her mother had married a "foreigner"—a stranger that is—who had come from no one knew where; a handsome, good-for-nothing, whose handsome face had won her over against all rhyme and reason, people said. Soon after the birth of little Hazel he had spirited the three away, and little Radcliffe never saw her again.

Now, suddenly Mark Harper had reappeared, without his wife and with his daughter grown to eighteen, and as fair a lass as her mother had been before her—fairer indeed, for Old Joe, looking at her now, was suddenly curiously impressed with something in her face that he had not seen in her mother's before her.

"Guy! But there isn't a look of your mother, nor yet of your father in you," he said. "Where did you get your looks from, my lass?"

She colored a little.

"Not but that Mark was a handsome chap," he went on. "He turned the lasses' heads twenty years ago, he did. I mind him. Yes, I mind it all. Your mother might 'a' been Lady Warburton o' the Hall if it hadn't been for him."

Hazel started up and lifted her face sharply with a quick catching of her breath.

"My mother," she gasped, then stopped, shivering as though some strange thought had checked her. She turned her head a little, with her face dark and drawn and changed. It was as if she had been brought suddenly face to face with something she feared.

"Lady Warburton. What had they up there to do with my mother?" she asked harshly. "How should they have to do with the likes of us?"

"Old Joe" put his hand quickly on her arm. The child, little Bess, had trotted back to the lodge, and was standing by the gateway still looking for her mother. But, for a moment, both "Old Joe" and Hazel had forgotten her.

"Oh, there's nothing as ye needn't be praad of," he cried. "Your mother was a gradely lass. There ne'er was a better nor a bonnier, and that deft at th' weavin'—never a bad selvedge to her loom, nor a bad selvedge to her life, my lass. It were all fair and square. Lord Warburton meant right by her. He'd 'a' married her right enough if she hadn't thrown him up for your father. And sometimes I've thought there was a bit o' trickery about that, for he married a grand lady after all, who had had her eyes set on him for years, and your mother ... But it's twenty years since, and nobody knows the rights or the wrongs of it, and never will, I reckon."

Hazel was white to the lips. She looked round breathlessly, nervously, almost as if she were afraid of something or somebody who might spring upon her out of the dark.

"Do—do other people know of this?" she stammered.

"All Radcliffe knew as Lord Warburton were after your mother," Joe answered. "He made no secret of it. He were clean daft over her, and when she married Mark Harper—a foreigner who came from nobody knew where—he was dazed like, jest as if he'd been drugged all the week your mother and Mark were away at Blackpool; and when they came back 'twas said he jest saw your mother once and went as if he'd been struck all of a heap with trouble—ran away, folks said, to London. And the next thing was that he was engaged to the grand lady who had meant having him all along—old Anthony Foster's daughter. Her father owned all the big factories at Stokeley—t'other side o' Manchester, and he'd had a title given him, and had a house in London—a'most next door to Lord Warburton's own. So there was a grand to-do up there, and fireworks and what not here.

"But, somehow, Warburton never came nigh. It were eighteen months and more before he brought his wife home. Then the next thing were that Lady Edith were born—same week as you, a'most same hour. And 'twas said that Lord Warburton wouldna' look at the babe, and some said that he declared outright that he hated both the babe and her mother. But, however that may be, Lady Warburton died afore another twelve months were out—fair broken-hearted. She were a hard, cruel girl, but life made her a sad woman afore she died. It paid her out. It revenges itself at times, my lass, and somehow I think Lady Warburton had done things as she had to pay for. I sometimes think it were her trickery as parted your mother and the young lord. But if it were, she paid, for there were no doubt she were fair set on his lordship, and when she'd got him—his house and his title and his money, and found she couldn't get his heart with it, it broke her up, hard as she was—yes, hard as she was it broke her."

He stopped abruptly. Hazel was looking at him with curious eyes. They looked wide and big and dark from under the grey shawl that was wrapped about her head.

"And my mother?" she asked in a whisper.

"Old Joe," shook his head.

"I don't know nought about her," he replied. "Only—she were a gentle body and quiet, and the deftest weaver I ever see. I'd 'a' liked her to 'a' married his lordship."

His voice died, and for an instant there was silence. In that silence Hazel stood as if listening—then suddenly turned to him.

"Joe," she cried, "can I trust you?"

He looked back into her eyes.

"'Old Joe,'" she went on, "I do want a friend, and someone who knew my mother—Joe, I can trust you, can't I?"

He looked straight and square into her face.

"You can trust me," he said gravely.

"Well——" Her voice was queerly jerky and breathless. "Joe," she said, "I do want help. I'm afraid."

"Afraid?" cried Joe, bewildered.

"Yes—yes, afraid, horribly afraid. There is something afoot that I can't understand. I can't make it out, Joe. I never saw my father that I can remember until a few months ago when my mother died. He never lived with us for more than a week or two together. But—when she was ill he came—suddenly, as if he had fallen from the skies, and I've had to live with him ever since, and I'm afraid of him, Joe."

"Afraid!" said Joe again, dully.

"Yes—yes, I am. There's something afoot that frightens me. There was a secret on my mother's mind that wore her out—killed her perhaps, and that haunted her when she was dying. What it was I don't know. And I don't think father knows, but I believe he has come here and brought me here to find out. It is something to do with Lord Warburton, and I'm afraid, Joe—afraid."

She broke off shuddering, with her eyes staring into the darkness that was creeping about her.

"It wore my mother out—whatever it was," she went on presently in a low voice, "and now it has brought us here, me and my father; and, Joe, something tells me I shall want a friend—badly, Joe. Sometimes I feel I want one now."

"Old Joe" bent his pale, clean-shaven face close to hers.

"There's a friend here whenever you want one," he said quickly. "You come to me, my lass, when you want a body to help you. I'm ready—any time for thy mother's sake."

CHAPTER II.

The Coming of the Stranger.

A sound in the road checked him. The last voice had died away, and the cold, windy night seemed empty. At the lodge gates, still peering in, the little child stood looking for her mother.

Hazel pointed to her abruptly.

"Joe, begin by being a friend now," she said, "and help me to take care of that little Bess. They say there isn't a soul to look after her. I daren't take her home—you can guess why. Father would beat me within an inch of my life if I gave her a penny of the money I earn, but if we could get her a home I'd manage somehow to spare her something from what I make. Will you take her for to-night, Joe, and see what we can do for her? I'll pay you. I shall manage it somehow; God will help me somehow, Joe."

Joe stared at her in silence for a minute.

"Like your mother. I mind her as if 'twas yesterday. Yes, I'll take little Bess."

He moved towards the child as he spoke, and then stopped, arrested by the sound he had heard a moment ago. Another instant and a man broke out of the darkness and came towards them.

He was a great, brutal-looking man, a man about whose face there still lingered, in spite of its coarseness and roughness, some traces of its one-time handsomeness. Mark Harper had once turned the heads of nearly all the girls in the village, as "Old Joe" had said. Scarcely a weaver lass, twenty years ago in Little Radcliffe but would have been proud and delighted if he had paid her attention. Now drink and evil living had ruined him. Even twenty years ago, when he was young, there had been cruel lines about his lips, but now they were sharp and ugly, and the dark eyes were deep set and vindictive.

Hazel shrank sharply as he came towards them. She was as unlike him as it was possible for her to be. Yet she called him father.

"What are you doing?" he called out, "I heard you, and I'll pay you for it. Get you home or I'll pay you."

He stumbled towards them, his face aflame, his lips set sharply, his eyes glowering. Hazel involuntarily gave a cry and threw up her hand.

The child at the gate turned. "Old Joe" paused in the act of going towards her, and then suddenly, before anyone had time to move, little Bess had thrown herself forward and hurled her small body furiously upon the burly giant.

It was the work of a moment. Mark Harper, flinging out his arm to strike at Hazel, caught the child's head with his fist instead.

She went down without a sound and lay still, quiet, silent on the road.

Hazel dropped sharply to her knees, and "Old Joe" bent, striking a match with a trembling hand to light the wan, stricken face.

For a moment it cowed even Mark Harper.

But only for a moment. The next his rage had broken out afresh, and turning to Hazel he caught her roughly by the shoulder, and dragging her up began shaking her savagely backwards and forwards.

"Come you home," he cried. "Come home, and I'll show you."

She tried to resist him. The child lying so white and still on the ground frightened her, but her movement increased Mark's irritation, and without warning he sprang on her, attacking her as if she had been a man, beating her face with his clenched fists, and driving her back against the great bare wall of the factory.

"Old Joe" snatched up the child just in time to save her from Mark's foot. He ran with her to the lodge to put her in safety, but before he had time to return, a blow from Mark felled Hazel to the ground. The next instant another figure had sprung forward. She caught just one glimpse of him before he closed on her father, and her heart jumped sharply.

"What are you doing?" he shouted "Beating a helpless girl. Stop!"

His voice brought Mark Harper to his senses. He wheeled round, and his manner changed sharply. He stared at the man who confronted them with a queer look upon his face. It was a look of fear and of recognition.

"Sir Geoffrey Denison!" he said under his breath.

Sir Geoffrey turned his head quickly and peered at him in the darkness. But the light of the factory left Mark's face in the shade, and suddenly, with an oath he shrank back, slinking away into the darkness and leaving Sir Geoffrey facing the girl alone.

"Who was that?" Sir Geoffrey asked quickly. "I thought I recognised his voice. His name isn't Faucett, is it?"

Hazel shook her head. She was shaken, trembling, and her head was still swimming from the blow Mark had given her, and now, the sight of Joe bent over the little figure of the child sent a wave of cold fear over her. Apparently he did not see Joe and the child.

"You are hurt?" he cried. "You must let me take you home."

She shook her head again quickly.

"No—no—indeed—it is all right. I am used to it."

"Used to it?" There was a sudden horror in his voice. "Used—to that?"

"Indeed, I am all right, thank you—you need not trouble. I am all right," she said breathlessly.

He moved suddenly to look at her, and as he did so his own face came into the light, and she saw it for the first time clearly.

It was a good-looking face—the strong cleanly-cut face of a strong young man. It could scarcely be called handsome. Yet never before in all her life had a man looked so handsome to her.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes in silence; then suddenly with a strange [illegible] upon her she fell away from him.

He was a "gentleman." He wore clothes such as the people in Little Radcliffe never wore and she seldom saw. A thick fur coat covered him from head to foot. It was undone, and underneath it she caught sight of a white shirt front and the sparkle of a diamond stud.

She shrank a little farther into the shadow, conscious that "Old Joe," satisfied that she was all right, had remained with the child at the lodge.

"I am sure you are not all right," Sir Geoffrey was saying, "and you must let me accompany you. I am Sir Geoffrey Denison, and on my way to the Hall. Perhaps you can show me the way. I am a stranger here. My motor broke down two miles away, and I left my chauffeur in charge while I walked on. So you will be doing me a kindness if you will show me the way to Warburton Hall."

Again she shrank from him, a strange presentiment upon her. In that one moment something in his face had roused something within her that she could not name. His face, starting out of the darkness, was like no other she had ever seen. She stood, peering at him as he waited in his fine clothes with that air of a gentleman about him that awed her queerly.

He was, of course, the baronet whom Lady Edith Warburton was going to marry. The engagement had only just been announced on their return from London, where they met. Now he was coming to pay a visit to the Warburtons, betrothed to the lucky girl who had seen his eyes shine with love for her—the lucky girl who did not know what it meant to stand all day blinded by the fine powder of the size, deafened by the noisy rattle of the flying shuttle and hot and moist with the vapor from the steam.

This was the man for whom, to-night, at the Hall beyond the village, the lucky girl waited!

But this moment, this brief instant belonged to the unlucky girl who would presently go home to meet a very different kind of man.

She would never meet Sir Geoffrey again, of course. It was a moment snatched out of time. Yet the presentiment persisted and clung, and she could not shake it off. Something more was to come of it. That she knew. And shivering uneasily, she again shrank from him. No good came of an acquaintance with a gentleman like him for a girl who had worked for her living at the looms. She had heard that often enough.

Yet still she could not let him go.

"I'll come," she began, "only—there is a child here I must attend to. He—my father knocked her down, and I'm afraid of her. If you'd wait——"

He made a gesture of acceptance.

"Let me see," he said, "where is she?"

Together they made their way towards the lodge, and there they found Joe and the time-keeper bent over the child. She had roused, and was sobbing helplessly for her mother.

Hazel forgot everything—even Sir Geoffrey—and dropped to her knees, taking the little weeping thing in her arms, petting her, comforting her, holding the little head against her breast.

Sir Geoffrey stood, big and handsome in his great coat, looking down at her, while "Old Joe" told him gruffly a little bit of the child's history. Lancashire folks do not take readily to strangers, and "Old Joe" looked distrustfully and suspiciously at Sir Geoffrey. What brought him here? Why wasn't he in his own place in his own fine house, instead of the streets of their poor village, hob-nobbing with factory hands? Why was he looking at Hazel like that?"

"Old Joe" glanced at him, but Sir Geoffrey was unconscious of it. He stood, leaning against the gateway, watching and listening. And there was an odd look in his eyes as they rested on the kneeling figure of the girl.

Presently he roused and turned, impatient with himself, asking himself the same questions that "Old Joe" was asking himself—why was he here? Why had he mixed himself with these people?

For the life of him he could not say, only again and again his eyes had turned to Hazel, and when at last she got up, trying to induce the child to walk home with her, he volunteered his help, and held out his arms.

"Let me carry her," he said. "I'll take her for you."

"Old Joe" made a quick move.

"There's no need for you to trouble, sir," he said gruffly. "I'll carry her."

But the child, hesitating a moment, had suddenly put out her little arms to Sir Geoffrey.

The next moment he was standing up with the little thing nestling with strange wonder and delight against the unaccustomed softness of his fur. He closed his arms about her, and looked at Hazel.

"Now," he said, "if you will show me the way."

She moved away from the lodge and out to the street, conscious that "Old Joe" was looking after her curiously and shaking his head. And again the feeling, dull and cold, that something more would come of it settled down upon her, and made her heart heavy as lead.

No good would come of acquaintance with a gentleman for such as she, she repeated to herself with bitterness. Her life would always have to go on among the looms in the weavers' shed. There was to be nothing else for her—not even the annual holiday at Blackpool that made the lives of the girls she knew sweet for a little while, for Mark took every penny she earned and gave her nothing. So that there could be nothing but work for her all her life.

Yet, as she walked with Sir Geoffrey at her side the world seemed suddenly to change. She had a glimpse, brief and short, of the world as it might be if she were the lucky girl up at the Hall, and the girl whom Sir Geoffrey was going to see.

CHAPTER III

The Other Woman.

Sir Geoffrey had not intended to mix himself up with those people. He had only, on a moment's impulse, interfered between a bullying man and a weak girl, and now he was angry with himself for doing anything more. Why had he allowed himself to carry the child to the grey little cottage? Why had he gone in? Why had he stopped?

For the life of him he could not tell, nor why, all the time he walked to the Hall, the eyes of the little weaver whose name even he did not know, persisted in rising before him, the wonderful beauty and pathos of the thin face under the grey shawl blotting out everything else.

He had never thought that a factory girl could be so beautiful. As a matter of fact, he had never seen a factory girl before, and was surprised to find Hazel Harper not only beautiful but clean and sweet.

"I must find out her name," he said as he walked up to the Hall porch and rang the bell. Yet why? He could never see her again—it was absurd to think of it—and meanwhile, here in the warmth and light and luxury Lady Edith waited for him.

The door was flung open by a footman in livery. A blaze of light flashed into his face, and he stepped forward out of the dark night away from the cold and poverty of the streets.

The great hall, with its marble floor and great carved fireplace, would have held almost the whole of the little cottage in which he had left Hazel and he looked round curiously as if he had been unaccustomed to such a place. But he was thinking of Hazel, of her thin face, of the poverty of the cottage in which he had left Hazel, and had seen upon the table when he left.

The next moment his thoughts were roused sharply.

"Sir Geoffrey," announced the footman. Another door was flung open, and he found himself in a great room which at first gave him the impression that it was a blaze of yellow—yellow brocade, yellow gilded furniture, gold candelabra, yellow flowers.

A man, tall, thin, with a white face that seemed to show habitual ill-health, rose and came towards him, and at the same moment a girl clad in soft white satin, with yellow flowers at her neck, rose from a low chair by the fire.

"Sir Geoffrey," Lord Warburton cried. "Why, we'd given you up for lost. We were getting quite concerned, eh, Edith?"

Lady Edith came forward. She was tall and slight, and her figure was perfect in her perfectly-fitting white dress. Her face was beautiful, too. But in it already there were hints of a coming coarseness. Her pink and white complexion was just a bit too bright, her red lips just a bit too big, her wonderful golden hair just a bit too thick and heavy above her face. She had been the beauty of the season in London the year before, but this year it seemed as if the first bright girlish freshness were beginning to wear off a little.

"Yes; where have you been?" she asked in a voice that sounded a trifle metallic. "What happened to you, Geoffrey?"

He felt suddenly curiously embarrassed, and almost guilty; and somehow, just then he could not explain his encounter with Hazel or his delay. They would not understand, and Lady Edith would think it so queer——

"My motor broke down," he said, "about two miles out, and I walked."

"Walked?"

"Yes—I wanted to get on." He cast a quick look at Lady Edith, and again oddly, uncomfortably, Hazel's face sprang up between them, "so I left my chauffeur to see to it. He has probably got it towed back into Manchester. But I couldn't wait. I came on, and here I am."

He broke off. Lady Edith was looking at him queerly—or was it only his imagination?

"And you haven't even asked to kiss me," she said with a little low laugh. "Anybody would think you were pretending——"

He took her in his arms. Was it only two months ago that he had been so wildly, blindly infatuated by her? Only two months ago that her softly-whispered "yes" in answer to the question he had put to her had filled him with almost crazy delight? Only two months! Yet now, as she lifted her face a faint chill fell upon him.

She looked up, then suddenly her eyes fell on his shirt.

"Why, Geoffrey, you have lost one of your studs!" she said.

He looked down and shrugged his shoulders with a certain feeling of annoyance. Where had he dropped it?

Back unbidden came the vision of the little cottage of Hazel and himself bending over the little child. Back with it seemed to come the smell of oven-bottom cakes that "Old Joe's" wife had set upon the table; back the feel of the small child's arms about his neck, and of Hazel's soft fingers lying in his as he put out his hand to wish her good-bye. Odd that a work-girl's fingers should be so soft and small! He had always thought——

Lady Edith's voice again broke in, and the vision went.

"Probably you dropped it where you broke down," she was saying; "perhaps it is glittering in the mud now. I dare say you stooped and poked about the wretched old motor—why, yes, you are covered with mud—and dust!"

On the last word her voice rose curiously. Dust!—when there had been heavy rain and the roads were covered with mud? And the dust was like cotton "fly"—odd!

"Geoffrey would like a brush up before dinner," Lord Warburton broke in. "We kept it waiting on purpose for you—with great difficulty," he added with a little laugh. "My sister has no soul above her dinner, and is convinced that this will be a lost evening to her."

He rang the bell for the footman, and a moment later Sir Geoffrey was mounting the marble staircase, treading the thick carpet towards his room.

And the memory of Hazel's face was with him as he went—bewitching, tormenting. He could not rid himself of it. It persisted and clung—that strangely sweet little face which looked so pathetic and sad under the dull grey shawl.

He stared at himself in the mirror—an elaborate, finely-carved and bevelled mirror that sent his thoughts by way of contrast to the little square, plain bordered patch of glass in "Old Joe's" cottage. Poor little weaver girl! If she were dressed in a pretty dress, something soft and white and silky, now different she would look! He would like to see the effect of roses in her hair and a diamond——

His thoughts stopped with a jerk, and he drew himself up sharply, angrily. Such thoughts were not only foolish but disloyal. He had Edith Warburton to consider, and two months ago he had been so wildly in love with her that no other woman must enter his thoughts now.

All the same, the empty buttonhole in his white shirt-front stared out at him like a blind eye, reminding him of his lost stud.

"If I've dropped it in 'Old Joe's' cottage, I suppose they'll bring it here," Sir Geoffrey said to himself. "If they do, and if they say where it was found, it might be awkward. What a fool I was not to mention where I had been! Now why on earth didn't I?"

For the life of him he could not have told, nor why through the evening he still made no mention of it. He had opportunity. Lady Stephen, Lord Warburton's sister, described herself as a martyr to indigestion, dyspepsia, and gout; her dinner was a most important daily function, which it behoved her to take in silence and with care. So while she sat with her thoughts fixed cautiously and suspiciously on every dish as the butler presented it, and while Lord Warburton talked alternately to his brother-in-law and to another man who sat on his other side, Lady Edith turned to Geoffrey.

Her talk consisted mostly of strings of uninteresting questions.

"Fancy your walking all that way—two miles, did you say?"

Geoffrey assented.

"Such a dull walk too—the ugliest approach to Radcliffe—nothing but gas works and factories. I never go that way—even in a motor if I can help it, and fancy walking! You must have been bored, poor boy."

Geoffrey stared at his plate.

"It looked very ugly—very poor," he said slowly. "I suppose the workers are poor, aren't they? I suppose you see a good deal of them?"

Lady Edith shrugged her plump white shoulders and the fire from the diamond necklace upon them gleamed and glittered and sparkled.

"Oh—I hate them!" she cried. "Horrid dirty wretches! Poor? No; they make lots of money and they're horrid."

"They didn't look bad," said Geoffrey. "I—I saw some of them as I came along. They looked interesting."

Lady Edith turned with a look of dismay and disgust upon her face.

"Oh, I hear enough of that kind of thing from father. I do hope you're not going to be like that—to go poking about amongst them like he does? He's always hobnobbing with some of them. He says they're a good deal more interesting than some of the London folk he meets, and there's old Hannah Stone—she actually calls him 'lad' to his face!"

Geoffrey laughed outright, but there was a flush of indignation on Edith's face.

"He goes to tea with her," she went on, "and sometimes even helps her to set the table—she's old and has rheumatism and things, and he says he doesn't have enough exercise! Such nonsense! It's a wonder the work-people don't treat me with even less respect than they do. I don't often see much of them—I take care of that, but when I do—oh, they're horribly coarse and rude."

Sir Geoffrey glanced at Lord Warburton sitting quiet and dignified at the head of his table, and wondered a little. No one could imagine anyone taking a liberty with him or treating him with disrespect. And he could not imagine the little factory lass he had seen to-night being rude to Lady Edith!

"But I always thought Lancashire folk were very honest, straight sort of folks," he said, "and they work hard—they must work hard——"

"Bah!" Lady Edith shrugged her shoulders again. "Work and grumble; and the more money they get the more they grumble. That is what they do. Don't let's talk of them any more, Geoffrey. Tell me what you have been doing. Were you thinking of me on your way to the Hall? Were you impatient to get here?"

She looked round at him, and somehow the bold look in her eyes faintly depressed him. So different had been the shy little face under the grey shawl.

He drew his mind sharply away from such dangerous thoughts and looked round the table.

At the far end, next to Lord Warburton, looking sharply across the flowers at him was a young man. He was staring so strangely now that the look came almost as a shock to Sir Geoffrey. Involuntarily he caught his breath a little. Who was he? What had he done to make him hate him? He had never seen him before to his knowledge. Yet hate Sir Geoffrey he undoubtedly did if looks were anything.

"Who is that man yonder—by your father?" he asked Lady Edith. Perhaps it was his mere fancy that a queer look came into her face as she turned her head.

"That," she said, "is Arthur Lassells."

Lassells! The very name was strange to him.

"He is a solicitor—making heaps of money," she added in a whisper. "But nobody knows—quite—who he is."

She finished with a strange breathless catch in her voice.

Sir Geoffrey looked back across the table. If he had not been so busy looking at the young dark ugly face beside Lord Warburton he might have seen perhaps a certain look of uneasiness and dread in Lady Edith's face.

As it was, something cold seemed to go over him as he met the dull, dark, steady eyes of the man. Then he drew himself sharply up.

Bah! He was imagining like a girl—he was unnerved, unsteadied, no doubt, by the breakdown of the car. It had threatened to be worse than it turned out to be after all. For a moment it looked as though they were to be pitched head foremost into the ditch, and it had given them a shaking. But surely not sufficient to account for his nervousness now?

Yet, try as he would, the feeling of uneasiness clung.

(To be continued.)

Lost Youth.

A lady of advanced age required the services of a page boy, and advertised: "Youth Wanted." One of her dearest friends sent her by the next post a bottle of Blank's celebrated wrinkle filler and skin tightener, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth, a flaxen wig, and a cake of iodine soap.

He: Young girls always want to marry for love; but when they grow older they want to marry a man with money.

She: You're wrong. Girls never grow older; they merely grow wiser.

AGRICULTURE.

MODERN FARMING METHODS.

The Conservation of Resources.

It is not so much what we receive as the use we make of it after receiving, that counts for success or failure. This is especially true in agriculture where adverse seasons may be turned to account and made to produce a profit. Modern scientific research has indicated methods which experimentalists have been working out, and enough has been accomplished to show that it is entirely possible so to utilise the moisture and plant food stored up in the earth as to waste practically nothing, and yet not to exhaust the soil. There are three general lines of conservation which may be economically practised everywhere.

Deep Ploughing.

The first method, and one that involves but little expense, is deep ploughing, or the breaking-up of the subsoil in such a way as to form a natural reservoir for the moisture contents of the soil, and so make available the mineral food elements which are stored at some distance beneath the surface. Of course the nature of both soil and subsoil must, to a large extent, determine the depth of the ploughing; and the crop which it has been decided to grow also has a direct and important bearing on the matter. Very light soils, or those which have a gravelly, open, rather loose subsoil will not respond satisfactorily to deep ploughing, and require the seed-bed to be firmer rather than mellowed; but clay loams, heavy clay soils, or those which have a close, hard, more or less impenetrable subsoil will show an almost immediate response to the effects of deep ploughing in the luxuriance of the growth which they will produce. Through such soils as the above it is almost impossible to draw the necessary moisture and plant food, unless some means have been adopted which will effectively increase their porosity; and deep ploughing, or loosening the subsoil with dynamite, are the only things which will produce permanent and efficient results. But under ordinary conditions this is by no means a necessity every year, for when carefully and properly performed, the effects will be felt throughout the second year, and frequently during the third. However, it will be found advantageous every third year to again loosen and mellow the soil to some depth to allow the action of air and bacteria in making the plant food soluble and to increase the capacity for the preservation of moisture.

Cultivation.

The second method employed in the conservation of natural resources is thorough tillage. Like deep ploughing, it too serves the purpose of making available both moisture and plant food, and prevents the escape of the water through evaporation. Because of the effect which tillage has in making the food supplies ready for use, a field which is thoroughly cultivated will yield twice as heavily as one that is not. Cultivation, by continually turning over the soil, brings new plant food to the surface and helps to increase its solubility by stirring it frequently. Because it prevents the surface of the soil from baking, and forming a hard crust, it keeps the moisture from escaping through evaporation and fits the soil to retain all that it receives. Tillage is not without effect upon the humus or organic contents of the soil, as it aids in the decomposition of the matter and in the distribution of the bacteria which aids in nitrogen fixation and which converts the insoluble nitrates into soluble nitrates, making that nitrogen which the soil contains fit for plant consumption.

Too much has already been advanced by expert writers regarding the value of thorough and constant tillage to need more than this reminder that it is one of the three essentials for economical plant growth. While it is the most expensive of the three, when rightly done, it is also the least dispensable to abundant vegetation.

Crop Rotation.

The last of the three methods employed has been discussed at such length of late years that its importance scarcely requires emphasising. But a little repetition can do no harm; and as there are still so many who are either unfamiliar with its purpose, or indifferent to its effects, it seems advisable to mention it briefly in connection with conservation methods. Crop rotation is the only means known to the science of agriculture which puts back, without extra expense, or extra effort, that one element, nitrogen, which is the most expensive to purchase, the most difficult to retain, and the most important of all plant food elements for successful and constant growth. It is the most readily exhausted of all the ten elements required for vegetation; and in many cases where soils contain an abundance of all other elements, good crops are an impossibility because of an insufficient supply of nitrogen. The legumes—lucerne, clover, peas, and beans—all possess the remarkable quality of putting nitrogen into the soil instead of drawing same from it, and, for this reason, ought to be grown every second or third year to maintain a constant supply of this most indispensable element for the use of those crops which drain the soil instead of building it up.

The only way to ensure the steady supply of potash, phosphate, and lime, is to add small quantities each year; but these elements, as compared with nitrogen, are very inexpensive, and therefore far less necessary to secure by natural means. The other elements being used in so much smaller quantities, there is scant danger of their exhaustion from the soil, for sufficient quantities are contained in the natural rock to supply generations of continued cropping.

Where these three methods are constantly employed with a view to producing the heaviest possible crops with the least expenditure advisable, only successful farming can result, and each year's harvest will be far heavier than it could be were these principles to be ignored. But there is also another feature worth consideration, and this is the ultimate value of the land. Farms which are scientifically and intelligently cropped will constantly increase in value; and apart from the augmented yearly returns, the conservation of natural resources deserves much study and thought, since it will double and quadruple the value of the farm through the means necessary to the end.

A Testimonial to "S.M."

A Melbourne lady going into her kitchen one morning recently was surprised to find her servant girl giving the range its final polish with her new copy of the local paper.

"Bridget," she exclaimed, angrily, "how dare you use that paper for such a purpose?"

"Shure, mum," answered Bridget, "and didn't Oi hear you say that it was the best brightener you'd ever come across? So Oi thought Oi'd give it a trial."

Their Place.

A physician, finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," said: "When Shakespeare wrote about Patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?"

"No," she answered; "you don't find them on monuments, but under them."

"Say, those Russians have the funniest names, haven't they? Simkovitch, Markovitch, Ibrovitch——"

"Yes; you can't tell vich is vich."

WHO'S TO BLAME?

By Dolly Madison.

"Johnnie can't help it," says Johnnie's mother, complacently; "his father has an awful temper, and he inherits it."

And Johnnie, listening, screams louder, knowing that he is being excused, and when he is older he excuses himself on the same ground, and when some day he does some dreadful thing he cries in anguish, "I'm not to blame; my father had an awful temper and I inherit it."

Now, really Johnnie is not to blame and neither, on the other hand, is Johnnie's father, for the whole weight of condemnation must be aimed at Johnnie's mother, who first gave to her boy a knowledge of his own weakness and put into his mouth the words of his defence.

Of course, I believe in heredity. Everybody does who has seen certain mental and spiritual characteristics crop out in a child and show his likeness to his father or his mother. But I believe also that environment will do a great deal to modify such inheritance, and if Johnnie's mother had stopped his screams at once if she had never spoken of his father's weakness, if she had taught Johnnie self-control, if she had refused when he was a tiny child to allow him to work himself into a frenzy, she might have brought her son to sturdy and self-contained manhood.

But she did none of these things, and in that she is like Mary's mother, who murmurs: "Mary inherits [illegible] headaches. Poor child, I suppose she will have them all her life."

Now Mary's mother should see to it that her daughter's life is mapped out to include the things that will counteract the headache tendency. In the first place, Mary should be sent out of doors, rain or shine; she should sleep in the open air, drink lots of water eat plenty of fruit. I will wager Mary's mother does none of these things and it will be the lack of them which will affect Mary's head more than heredity.

In the case of Frederick there is even more necessity for counteracting influences. Frederick's father is a drunkard. His grandfather belonged to a generation which thought it no disgrace to drink themselves under the table or to be brought home at dawn somewhat the worse for wear.

Frederick's mother has before her a hard task. She must keep her son from the error not only of his father's way, but of the ways of a whole family of gay revellers.

If Frederick's mother is wise she will give her son's appetite the things which will train in him a liking for simple, hearty food. Not much candy, for too many sweets create an abnormal condition. Chops, steaks, fruits, green vegetables, good bread and butter, big glasses of milk—these should be provided for Frederick and he should be taught to relish them. He should have plenty of gymnasium work, should be made to swim and row, play football, run, fish, hunt. He should be taught a knowledge of himself and of his temptations. He should drink very little tea and coffee and nothing stronger and more stimulating. If he can reach his twenty-first year with a record of self controlled boyhood behind him there will be little to fear. Habit is stronger than heredity and it does not necessarily follow that "the girl whose grandfather ate a cucumber must inevitably get into a pickle."

A mother's strength must be a shield against the arrows which may slay her child. The disappointed woman whose love has been dragged in the dust, whose husband has proved unworthy, may in her son develop the traits which she desired in the man she married. And if she is conscious of weakness in herself—if she, too, has failed to realise her own ideal, may she not in her daughter have opportunity to redeem herself by fostering the qualities which she herself has lacked?

THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Boy Who Went to College.

Some farmers of the old school who have won success and a good deal of practical experience profess to despise agricultural education for their sons in spite of the fact that they are well able to pay for it. For the benefit of such (says a New Zealand contemporary), it may be of some use to quote the following illustration of the value of an agricultural college course:—

"A graduate of the College of Agriculture of Ohio State University lives in Meigs county, Ohio. For years the farmers of his community had been unable to grow clover. While in college he learned about acid soils and the use of lime. In the spring when he went home, he decided to try an experiment on his own farm. He placed a few bushels of lime on some litter in the manure spreader and drove across the field. Later, he found that where he had applied the lime there was an excellent growth of clover in a strip waggon wide, but there was none elsewhere. This little experiment attracted the attention of the neighbors, and a number of them tried lime, with gratifying results. Now, that community is growing clover and improving its soils, all because one boy went to the College of Agriculture.

"This," says an exchange, "is truly a case where a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

SINGULARITIES.

Remarks the "London World": "A German professor has discovered that flowers possess a musical sense, and betray their individual natures by expanding their petals under the influence of certain melodies. Roses prefer old-fashioned airs; peonies, he finds, blush a deeper hue when they hear the volcanic vanities of Wagner; violets are no longer modest when serenaded by modern composers, and lilies simply close their wearied bells at the sound of the waltz. Picture to yourself the learned professor on tour round his garden with a small but select orchestra, specially engaged, making sweet music to his flower-beds, anxiously watching for startling effects! I wonder, by the way, what tune would rouse a snapdragon to protest? And what terrible cataclysm would happen if Sousa's exciting compositions were played in the orchid house?"

Watermelon seeds are used as a delicacy in China, being served with tea and also at meals much as in the United States salted almonds are served. Watermelons are abundantly grown and in some parts of China are, in season, on sale at all fruit stands and peddled about the streets, cut in small portions for immediate consumption by the myriads who buy. In 1910 China exported 7,458,000 lbs. of melon seeds to countries where large Chinese settlements exist, principally to Hong Kong.

Verdi's "Aida" was recently given an out-door performance close to the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt. It was thought that both music and voices would have but little effect in the open air and so near the pyramids, and that the only saving clause would be the spectacle; it was the spectacle that failed to impress, while the effect of the music gained a thousandfold from the propinquity of the face of the pyramid, which acted almost as a mammoth sounding-board.

Many a painter who claims to be wedded to art probably wishes he had married a rich girl instead.

LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS.

She Holds It Up to the Girl to Study Herself.

This is you that the truth-telling glass reflects.

You with the light in your eyes! You with the red blood of your young body flowing to make your mouth look like a rose. You with your cheeks so round and firm and soft! You with the aureole of your hair framing your face!

You are lovely. Even if the accepted marks of beauty are not yours there is a charm as indefinable as the perfume from clove pinks, sweet in its freshness and spicy fragrance.

You are a girl. You are young.

Do you ever wonder why your blood sends its bright flood to your cheeks and your lips? It might have gone to your nose. Why is your hair long and shining or shadowy as the light touches it? It might have been stubby and stiff. Why have your eyes the light of stars and the flashes of the sunlight? They could have seen as well and been less lovely.

You are made to attract. No, not other girls. Nature made you with a selfish intention, the big and splendid selfishness that is her characteristic. She made you to attract the man who will help you to accomplish her purpose.

That is why you are lovely.

And the moment you let any other idea than a willingness to obey her in the best and most exalted way you can, the instant you begin to fight against her you [illegible] her victim.

The very [illegible] about us shakes and trembles with a thousand confusing [illegible] of what women are and mean.

Do you think any of the chaos affects nature? Do you imagine that she is diverted from her intention in making you or thrown off from the steady accomplishment of her purpose?

Not for one iota of an instant.

And she demands the best of you for her work. She makes you pay cruelly when you lend your body to vanity and let it be abused so that it cannot serve its real use. She leaves you with empty and unsatisfied heart at the end of long years that you have given to aims that you mistakenly believed higher than hers.

Your beauty and your brain will reap their richest reward when you go with the stream of nature's intent instead of fighting the current. You may write great books. You may paint great pictures. But it will only be through the knowledge and the power you gain by living all of life instead of dedicating your half informed mind, your half formed heart to a caress that does not consider nature's plainly marked decree.

And you will be happiest when you respond to those other signals that are attracted by the bright banners in your cheeks, the beckoning beacon of your eyes. They will flash from a man's eyes.

You are beautiful and young and a girl to win him.

BACHELORLAND IN REAL LIFE.

It is extraordinary how often the creation of a novelist's brain finds its counterpart in real life. Fifteen years ago Mr. Warren Bell wrote a novel called "Bachelorhood," in which he told how a girl-baby was found in Middle Temple Hall and adopted by the Benchers. A young student constituted himself her godfather, and thereby hangs the tale. When the girl grew up her godfather was still a bachelor!

Time marches on, and in the Press at the end of December last year we read of the marriage of a French girl who is known as the "Students' Daughter." In July, 1893, during the trouble between the students in the Latin quarter and the authorities, when streets were barricaded and every day fierce encounters took place between the students and the police, there was discovered by the students one night a little baby girl, sleeping peacefully in a doorway. This girl was adopted by the Students' Association, and was eventually sent to school, and afterwards apprenticed to a dressmaker, all the fees being paid by the students.

She is now of a marriageable age, and a baker of Nevers, where she is employed, has just submitted to the Students' Association a formal request for her hand. This consent has been given, and when Lucie is led to the altar a deputation of her student godfathers will give her away.

WHAT TACT DOES.

Tact is a combination of good temper, ready wit, quickness of perception, and ability to take in the exigency of the occasion instantly. It is never offensive, but is a balm allaying suspicion, and soothing. It is appreciated. It is plausible without being dishonest, apparently consults the welfare of the second party, and does not manifest any selfishness. It is never antagonistic, never opposes, never strokes the hair the wrong way, and never irritates.

Tact, like a fine manner, eases the way, takes the jar out of the jolts, oils the bearings, opens doors barred to others, sits in the drawing-room when others must wait in the reception-hall, gets into the private office when others are turned down. It admits you into exclusive circles, where wealth abounds, even though poor. It secures the position when merit is turned away. Tact is a great manager; it easily controls people even when combined with small ability, where genius cannot get along.

WHAT IS THE BEST AGE TO MARRY?

A number of well-known men and women contribute their opinions of what is the "right age for marriage."

Lady Marwick leads off with "Marry at any age, so long as there is any real love." Mme. Sarah Grand says that "The time to marry must vary according to temperament." Mrs. Kendal confesses that her own views on marriage are strange and weird. "All should marry in their own class of life, their own professions," declares the famous actress. "They may be happy, but when they marry above their position or below it the world suffers as well as themselves."

Miss Fanny Brough thinks the best time is twenty-one. Sir Francis Burnand, in an exceedingly interesting letter, confesses that it is impossible to fix any right age.

Mme. Bernhardt would say to the man: "Look for a wife who will be your companion." To a woman: "Seek a man whom you can trust to be a sympathetic protector."

Sir Gilbert Parker "Does not think there is any age for marriage which would either make it any better or any worse;" while Mr. Plowden is of opinion that "Marriage is an experiment. The most that can be said is that when it turns out happily the age was not badly chosen; but even so it might well have been earlier."

No Excuse.

Of the diplomatic circles is a delightful woman whose English is still French. She was urging an officer of the navy to attend a ball, the invitation to which he had already declined.

"I can't," he protested; "I have burned my bridges behind me."

"Oh," she replied, "I will lend you some of Henri's."

How it must jolt the wife of a blockhead when she is celebrating her wooden wedding!

THE MYSTERIOUS MRS. BLETCHFORD.

A TALE OF A WOMAN AND HER SECRET.

Stephen Prestwick had been spending a few weeks with his married sister in a little country village in the Midlands. Valerie, who had been his best chum and close companion ever since they had been big brother and little sister, was now in some inexplicable way just as deeply interested in her husband and baby—the Piccaninny—as she had ever been in Steve. As for Prestwick himself, he lounged about full of a strong morose jealousy, doing a little shooting on his brother-in-law's fields, and a great deal of fishing on his brother-in-law's river. They were good enough friends in their own way, except that Fennington—his brother-in-law—thought Prestwick rather a conceited babbler, and that Prestwick considered that a man was bound to become rusticated and out-of-date sooner or later if he lived in the heart of the country year after year, and made it the great interest and pleasure of his life to rule the destinies of the local pack of fox hounds and to have the best hunters that money could buy.

As for Prestwick, he began quite naturally and [illegible] to be bored to death. Valerie and Jack treated him with affectionate cordiality, but in the country they could not give him what he hungered for—his own personal friends, his club, his bridge, his little trivial bits of gossip. Everything in the country was hungry and sleepy and so exactly what it seemed that it annoyed him. He was fond of bridge, but Jack Fennington, who was not given to much concentration at any time, was far too sleepy by the evening to do more than yawn for half-an-hour over the daily paper.

One hot afternoon he was fishing in the river which ran past the house. As he cast a particularly fascinating fly into the still depths of a brown pool and was trying to decide in his mind upon some good and sufficient reason which might bring his visit gracefully to a close, he saw the gleam of his sister's white dress coming towards him through the trees.

"Tea-time?" he inquired, beginning to reel in his line.

"No. The vicar and his wife. It had taken me ages to settle comfortably down in a hammock. Isn't it a nuisance?" She puckered up her brows into a little half-serious frown.

"It is a nuisance," said Prestwick, picking up his basket and joining her. "The only people with whom I utterly fail conversationally are parsons. We talk about the weather, and then we talk about the crops, and then we come to a high blank wall without so much as a chink between the stones. But perhaps this parson is human."

Valerie led the way to the house. "I don't know," she said slowly. "Anyhow, Mrs. Bletchfurd is the dullest little thing you ever saw in your life. She has been away for some months. She stays a good deal with a widowed sister in Scarborough, but it doesn't seem to make her a scrap less dull."

When they got to the house they found Jack Fennington entertaining the vicar and his wife. It was a broiling hot day, and tea had been brought out under the shade of a huge weeping ash at one end of the terrace.

The vicar, a hard-faced, dictatorial man, with decided and extremely orthodox views, was laying down the law to Jack Fennington when Prestwick, who had been handing round hot cakes, slipped into the vacant wicker chair beside little Mrs. Bletchfurd.

Valerie was right. She was quite the dowdiest, dullest little thing he had ever met in his life. She seemed to be extremely shy, and answered his simple remarks nervously and at random.

"Mrs. Fennington tells me that you have just returned from Scarborough," he suggested after a pause. "I know Scarborough rather well—used to go to school there as a kiddie."

Mrs. Bletchfurd murmured something unintelligible, stirring her tea nervously.

"I was down there again last April," went on Prestwick bravely, "just when that spell of hot, sunny weather began. It was almost tropical. Were you there then?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bletchfurd. "Yes, I was there then." She glanced timidly at her husband as if suggesting a move, but he was deeply engrossed in his subject and did not notice her.

"I like Scarborough," said Valerie, "as long as it isn't the 'season.'"

At last the vicar, having exhausted his subject, and, to a less degree, his listener, suggested rather peremptorily that it was time to go. His wife rose with obvious relief, and the vicar invited the whole party, with great pompousness, to come over to tea and croquet on the following day.

Valerie excused herself prettily. She and Jack had promised to go and see old Miss Fortescue at Monkadale—right in the opposite direction. Jack was a special favorite, and had promised to give some advice about the new stables. They had even consented in a weak moment to bring the baby. It was such a pity, but she was really afraid they could not well throw the old lady over. She glanced at her brother, expecting him to trump up an excuse of some kind, but to her surprise she heard him gracefully accept the vicar's invitation. She even saw him smile and perjure himself as to his weakness for the game.

When they had gone she taxed him with it. "I could understand a little better if she had been young and beautiful," she said. "But the poor, dear creature so very obviously bored you to death."

"It is just the lady who interests me, if you want to know the truth," said Prestwick. "I have spent the whole of this afternoon in gazing blankly at her and wondering where and when I have seen her before."

"You have never stayed with me before," said Valerie, "so you can't have seen her here."

"Perhaps it was in Scarborough," suggested Fennington.

Prestwick shook his head. "No," he said slowly, "I don't think it was there, somehow. Besides——" he broke off abruptly, but Valerie was too quickly for him.

"Besides what?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said. He smiled tantalisingly at her, but he did not explain that April in Scarborough had been a month of incessant and heavy rain. Anyone who had been there during that month would have known that there had been no weather that could have been described, even by the most optimistic of men, as "tropical." But, after all, that was his own business—and Mrs. Bletchfurd's.

"Vicar's rather a bore," remarked Fennington, as he turned towards the house, "but I'm sorry for him all the same. He's got something the matter with his throat, he tells me, and he may have to stop preaching any day."

"How on earth will he live?" asked his brother-in-law.

Fennington shrugged his shoulders. "Providence alone knows," he replied. "Anyhow, if I were the parson, it isn't a topic I'd exactly care to have too prominently in my mind. Apt to be a trifle depressing, eh? Valerie, have I really got to go over to old Miss Fortescue's to-morrow? Wouldn't it be ever so much jollier for us all to go for a spin in the car and look her up another day?"

But Valerie was pitiless. "You absolutely must, Jack," she said. "And, besides, she wants to see the Piccaninny, you know."

Next day, after seeing his sister, with her husband and baby, start in the huge Mercedes, Prestwick strolled slowly over to the vicarage. He was bothered by the haunting, elusive likeness which Mrs. Bletchfurd bore to somebody he had seen somewhere or other. He was not consciously aware of having met the dull little woman before in his life, and still he was positively certain that, somewhere or other in some unusual way, he had either met her or her double. He tried again and again to remember. Her colorless, dull complexion; her faded, scanty hair; her furtive, shy little face. What could it be in this obscure little clergyman's wife that held and tortured his troubled memory?

When he got to the vicarage they were already having tea, seated in a homely fashion round one end of the table in the solemn dining-room. It was faintly depressing to Prestwick even to see the immaculate tidiness of the dingy, book-lined room, and to hear the slow, precise ticking of the tall clock in the corner. The only visible newspapers in the room were ecclesiastical ones. He glanced once or twice at his grave and rather melancholy host. Never was there a man whose surroundings more truly reflected him. His very voice was slow, level, precise. Prestwick, in listening to his talk, felt as great a pity for the narrow intolerance of the man as for his very evident delicacy.

A friend of the Bletchfurds—a young doctor from the neighboring village—had dropped in to tea on his way home. His bicycle leant idly against the door-post outside, and from where Prestwick sat he could just see the brilliancy of the reflected sunlight upon its shining metal work.

Dr. Edwards, who had just returned from a flying visit to London, was, as Prestwick came in, describing to the vicar some classical dances which he had just seen at the Frivolity. Prestwick, who had also seen the dances, was enthusiastic about them. Flamietta, the woman who composed and danced them, was in his opinion, one of the greatest living poets.

The vicar drew himself up a little. "I have always thanked Heaven," he said, "and I shall, I hope, continue to thank Heaven, that I have never seen the inside of either a theatre or a music-hall."

There was a little pause. The young doctor stirred his tea in silence, his glance travelling out of the window across the sunny garden. At last Prestwick turned to his host.

"I am sorry," he said smilingly, "to hear that you have missed so much real pleasure and—and poetry. I had been hoping that we might have been able to persuade you to go to see Flamietta next time she is dancing in London. I never saw anything so perfectly graceful in my life."

But the vicar was unrelenting. "It would be exceedingly difficult," he said drily, "to persuade me to go to a music-hall to see a dancing woman."

Dr. Edwards looked at him with an amused expression. "It would have been exceedingly difficult," he said, "for you to get in. Flamietta, whoever she is, only dances for a few weeks now and then, and the booking is something extraordinary. Of course, once the royalties had found her out and made such a point of seeing her in every new dance, London, both artistic and social, rushed wildly after her. She is a distinct improvement upon the semi-nude dancers of the last year or two."

Mrs. Bletchfurd leant eagerly across the ugly square table, her plain face lighted up and full of interest. "Is she so very good, then?" she asked. "What is she like? Very beautiful?"

"She is quite wonderful," said Prestwick. "I'll tell you, if you like, about the first dance of hers I ever saw. It was called 'La Nuit Tranquille,' and it was the most exquisite thing I have ever seen. First of all, when the curtain goes up, you see a snow scene. Everything is very quiet and white, and there are heavy snow-laden fir-trees to one side of the stage, casting a deep shadow. A few tiny flakes are falling just at first, and then everything is still. It is evidently intended to represent an open glade in a wood by moonlight. For quite a long time there is no movement. Then a pigeon flits across, then two or three more, and then you see that something is moving behind the trees. It is a woman, dressed in filmy white draperies. Her hair and face and arms are all of the same white color—like some beautiful statue—and she dances so lightly that she hardly seems to take steps at all. It is so difficult to describe it to you. I never saw anything like the slow rhythm or the way in which she dances, moving slowly in and out of the patches of moonlight, now brightly illuminated, now in deepest shadow, her white draperies an indistinct pale spot in the deep gloom. At last, after a time, a few snowflakes float down again——very few. The floating figure suddenly melts away in the gloom of the fir-trees, and all is quiet as it was before. One is looking again into an empty wood, and the curtain slowly goes down again, bringing one back to an ocean of applauding hands. The lady is chary of her favors, though, and has never been known to give either an encore or a curtain call."

"I saw a thing called 'The Dance of Death,'" said the doctor, pushing his empty cup to one side. "I tried to see Salamandra, also, but it was the last night of her engagement, and there wasn't standing room. You really must persuade your husband to take you to see her, Mrs. Bletchfurd, next time she is dancing in London."

The vicar got up abruptly. "I should be very sorry to think that my wife had any desire to see a music-hall dancer," he said, "and I should be the last person to countenance her going to see a person of this kind. A woman of this kind—a public entertainer—is, in my opinion, more to be pitied than admired. Mary, I think that, as everybody is finished, we might go into the garden now and have our game of croquet. Mr. Prestwick, will you partner my wife? Dr. Edwards and I will take the red and the yellow and see whether we can match our skill against your cunning!"

Suddenly, about twenty minutes later, as she bent over one of her hoops, Mrs. Bletchfurd heard her partner give a sort of half-stifled exclamation. She paused in her stroke, glancing at him inquiringly.

"No," he said, "it was nothing. It was merely that—— By the way, Mrs Bletchfurd, have you ever seen a photograph or anything of that woman we were talking about at tea—Flamietta, the dancer?"

"The dancer?"

"Yes. It is a most extraordinary thing, but ever since I met you at my sister's house yesterday, I have been haunted by a strange likeness in you to somebody I have seen somewhere. Now, this moment as I watched you, I recollected who it was. It is the woman who dances so beautifully sometimes at the Frivolity. It is more the movement, I think, and the little way you have of turning your head."

The shabby little woman looked at him with troubled eyes. "Like a dancer?" she repeated. "How very strange! But—but we never go to dances. Lewis does not approve of dances at all."

Stephen Prestwick laughed aloud. "Oh, I wasn't thinking of that kind of dancing exactly," he said. "I really must apologise for saying such an extraordinary thing at all, Mrs. Bletchfurd; but the likeness is really wonderful. Look, they are waiting for you to play. I should hit the red one, I think, if I were you."

Mrs. Bletchfurd hit the red one, made two hoops in succession, got her partner out of a dangerous position, and, in a few minutes more, the game was theirs. They played again, and then Prestwick, who had a fairly long walk before him, took his leave, walking as far as the end of the vicarage garden with the doctor.

A few minutes after his companion's bicycle had vanished down the dusty country road, he was conscious of light, hurrying footsteps behind him. Somebody said his name aloud, and, turning round, he found little Mrs. Bletchfurd at his elbow.

"Wait," she gasped nervously. "I have run all this way after you, Mr. Prestwick. Lewis does not know. I—I have something that I must say to you."

She was very much agitated, and somewhat out of breath. Prestwick smiled down into her troubled eyes.

"Anything that I can do for you, Mrs. Bletchfurd," he said simply, "I shall be glad to do. But shall we walk on slowly? You must tell me all about it."

"You must not tell Lewis," she said half-sobbingly. "I don't know what he would do if he knew."

Prestwick glanced along the deserted country road. There was nobody in sight except a man with a cart, going very slowly in the opposite direction. "Please do not tell Lewis," the broken voice implored again. "Lewis or anybody else."

"Don't tell Lewis—I beg your pardon, your husband—what, Mrs. Bletchfurd?"

"Why, that you have found me out, of course."

"I don't quite understand."

"I mean about Flamietta. He—I don't know what he wo—"

"Good God! You are not Flamietta?"

His surprise was so genuine, so unflattering even, that the plain little woman smiled, in spite of her distress. "You don't quite believe me," she said, "and I thought you had guessed the truth and would go home and talk about it. What a stupid fool I am. Ah, Mr. Prestwick, is it too much to ask that you will respect my little secret?"

But Prestwick was not listening. He still gazed at her in bewildered surprise, trying to convince himself of the incredible thing which she had told him. Standing there in the pitiless sunlight she looked small and dull and insignificant. He thought vaguely of the graceful figure of the famous dancer—of the inspired, mysterious dancing which had made such a deep impression in his memory. It seemed impossible that this dull little vicar's wife could also be that other——

"You will promise, won't you?" he heard her say again.

"Yes, yes. Of course I will promise. But I don't quite understand. It seems so—so very odd. Do you mean to tell me that——? How is that——?" He paused uncertainly.

Mrs. Bletchford nodded. "I will tell you all about it," she said. "Three or four years ago Lewis began to be troubled about his throat. Clergymen, you know, often have to stop work for years at a time because of their throats—the strain is too great. We—we have nothing of our own to live upon—when his throat gets worse and he must stop working altogether. It drove me half mad to think of it. There are so few societies that can really help, and the few that there are have too many cases to provide for as it is. I tried writing little verses and things, but I—I am not a bit clever. My work would not sell. I was almost out of my mind with anxiety when I went to stay with my widowed cousin, Dorothy Stanmore, in Croydon. One night she was playing her violin after dinner in the firelight, and I was—well—moving about in time to the music. I had always loved music, and as a girl had always longed to dance. After she had watched me for a little while she threw down her violin and came and kissed me quite suddenly. Dorothy is like that, you know, Mr. Prestwick—quite a silly child. Well, she said that she saw a way by which I might make money—lots of money—for Lewis, and next day she brought two gentlemen whom she knew—a Mr. Van Harden and a Mr. Beveridge—and made me dance again for them to see. Then, somehow, it was all arranged. Dorothy helps me so beautifully about arranging colors and things, and when I am dancing in London all my letters go to her house in Scarborough. I only do it for a few weeks at a time, and I have got twenty thousand pounds already. The part that hurts me is having to deceive Lewis. I suppose you think that dreadful of me."

"No," said Prestwick slowly, "I don't think that I do. But is it really necessary? Would it not be better to tell him the truth?"

The little woman started. "No, no," she said. "That would be quite impossible. I am dreadfully afraid of Lewis when he is annoyed. He—he is very unforgiving. He must never find me out, Mr. Prestwick. I do not know what he would say, but he would be dreadfully angry."

"But, surely not—— Angry at your working to make a home for him?"

"He hates the stage. You heard him yourself to-day. I have one more engagement in the autumn—for a month—and after that I shall never dance again."

"But won't he wonder where all the money comes from?"

"Oh, no. I am not afraid of that. He never thinks of money. I shall just tell him that it was left to me by Aunt Mary. She did leave me five hundred pounds, you know, and Lewis doesn't both about counting up money or how far it goes. He has always left these things to me. It keeps his mind free for thought."

Prestwick glanced again at the little careworn face beside him, and thought of the sleek, self-satisfied man whose mind was kept free for thought. "Mrs. Bletchfurd," he said suddenly. "I think you are the most plucky woman I have ever met."

She shook her head. "Oh, no," she smiled. "Not at all plucky, but selfish. I—I love my husband, Mr. Prestwick, and I dare not risk my happiness and let him know. You won't tell, will you—ever? Now I really must go back. Lewis hates me to be late for supper."

She turned away, walking hurriedly and ungracefully back along the dusty road.

"We came round by the vicarage to give you a lift home," said Valerie Fennington that night at dinner, "but you had already gone. We met the parson's freakish-looking little wife just as we were turning in at their gates. So you did go and play after all? Weren't you bored? It's rather a pretty garden, but isn't she quaint?"

Prestwick glanced down the table at his sister in her dainty, elegant dinner dress, and thought of the strange, shabby little woman with her great gift, who had so earnestly begged for his silence. "She is," he said slowly, "quite the most extraordinary woman I have ever come across."

NOTICED A CHANGE.

Twenty-five years ago a boy was sent for a pint of milk. He hid the can beneath a stone, directed his course to the nearest wharf, shipped as a cabin-boy, and went to sea. Years went by, and he was given up for dead; he was amassing vast wealth—a common thing, by the way, with sailors.

The other day he returned, found the can where he had hid it, procured a pint of milk, and went to his boyhood's home, entered, and said:

"Father and mother, here's your milk."

He was given a warm welcome, but he noticed there was a change in his parents' appearance; they had not the old familiar look. He questioned them, and explanations followed, through which, though they were still his parents, the change in their appearance was accounted for.

Shortly after his departure from home his father died, and his mother married again, then his mother died, and his new father married again.

Thus, on his return, he found the old home as he had left it, the only difference being that he had a new father and mother. Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.

BOON TO THE BALD-HEADED.

The bald-headed are likely to take an interest in what the Budapest papers describe as the sensational invention of Dr. Szekely.

The doctor recently explained to the Society of Hungarian Physicians his method of implanting hair in a bald scalp. He ties together an extremely thin gold wire and sterilised hair, implanting the latter by means of a thin injection syringe in the scalp, where it is fixed with small hooks of gold wire. He states that in this painless way he can implant 200 to 500 hairs per hour. Of course the hair will not grow, and the transplantation only produces a new kind of wig.

Dr. Szekely presented to his colleagues three men wearing these wigs, which could not be distinguished from natural hair.

WISE UTTERANCES.

Pride ceases to be a vicious thing when it becomes pride in the things we share.

Fashion is dangerous, not only because it swallows up fortunes and virtues, but because it reveals your most intimate thoughts to all who can read.

One-half of the world is employed in amusing the other half.

Before the State, before her husband, a mother is responsible for her children's upbringing.

If work is to be good there must be joy in it.

It is not what a man eats that does him good, but what he assimilates; not what he reads, but what he thinks.

Women who keep in touch with everything going on in the world cannot grow old.

We all have to put up with one another; one cannot do that even in our own homes, without conceding a good deal which we should very much like to retain.

We are all playing too much for our own hand in life.

Modesty was only made for those who have no beauty.

Providence is not always on the side of the biggest battalions, and the last word has not necessarily been spoken when the biggest crowd has done its shouting.

A Model Woman.

Mr. Jones came home at an unseemly hour the other night, and was surprised to see Mrs. Jones sitting up for him below-stairs with no other light than that of the gas-lamp which faced the door to keep her company.

"M-M-Marie," he said huskily, "y-you shouldn't sit up s'late when I'm out on business."

As Mrs. Jones did not answer him, he continued, in an alarmed voice:

"Shorry, m'dear, but it's last time—tell you I'm sorry—won't shpeak to me?"

At this moment Mrs. Jones called from above-stairs:

"Mr. Jones, to whom are you talking at this hour of the night?"

"Thash what I'd like to know m-m-myself," stammered Jones.

Mrs. Jones hastened downstairs, lamp in hand. When she saw the situation, she laughed, in spite of being very angry.

"It's the model," she said. "The model I bought to-day to fit my dresses on!"

"Yes, thash so," said Jones, tipsily. "Model woman—didn't talk back. Make some fellow good wife."

Quite a Philosopher.

Mrs. Silas Bennett was a philosopher. On a certain dismal occasion some of the neighboring women were condoling with her. With commendable cheerfulness she replied:—

"I've reared four girls and three boys, expectin' every time they'd be red-headed, like their Grandpa Bennett, an' yet they ain't. An' I've worried consid'ble over smallpox breakin' out in my big family. So far, 'taint. Last summer, durin' January and February, an' mebbe part of March, I was real melancholic, fearin' I'd got an appendix, but I guess I ain't. An' through it all it never once occurred to me that I'd be the one to fall down them old steps an' break my leg in two places, but I be."

Rich elements of charm are possessed by many who are not credited with it, because they do not develop their gift, and it is equally true that those who have not the gift as a birthright may win it by cultivation.

"He believes thoroughly in himself," said an admiring friend.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but some people are so credulous."

HOW HE GOT A JOB.

By Hamilton Pope Gault.

"A man is never stuck!" declared Kennedy. "I am never stuck, anyway! All anybody needs is a little bit of nerve and the 'want ads.' With these it's easy enough to land a job!

"When I hit this town I was out of a job. What did I do?

"I got a newspaper and read the 'want ads.' Then I started in and answered every one of them. It made no difference to me what it was. I wanted a job and I was going to get it.

"I applied for a job as companion to an old lady, as a partner in various businesses, as an expert window dresser, a sewing machine operator, an errand boy, a cigar salesman, a carriage trimmer, a druggist, a gardener, a jeweller, a bar-tender, a clothes-presser, and a middle-aged man to take care of a house in the country. I did not skip one. I offered my services as an entertainer, as a trombone player, as a Scotch bagpiper, and as a singer in a church choir.

"Would you believe it? The only fellow who came through in a way that satisfied me was the man who had advertised for a Scotch bagpipe player. He wanted a genuine Scotch bagpiper, and he wanted the playing to be genuine Scotch playing. He was very particular about these requirements.

"He gave his telephone number, and I called him up and warned him against imitations, and he told me to come over and see him.

"I found the place after a while. It was in a theatrical quarter, and while I was ascending flights of stairs and picking my way through long, dark, narrow halls, I heard all kinds of noises—fellows practising the clog dance, fellows singing and fellows screeching: 'What-t-t-t? This poor-r-r-r, innocent chel-l-l-ld alo-o-ne?'

"I knocked on the door and a long-haired fellow let me in. He was the author of the play that was to be produced and he was the man who was so anxious to have the Scotch part done exactly right.

"'Goot evening!' he said. 'Coom in.' I sized him up as Dutch.

"Another fellow who was there was black-eyed and foxy-looking. He proved to be the stage manager. I sized him up as French.

"Three fellows were lined up against the wall, and I knew at once that they were applicants for the job that I wanted. I was afraid of only one of them. He was red-headed, and he looked so Scotch that he made me nervous. He had his bagpipes with him, too. But, while he was playing, I managed to shake my head in disgust to show that he did not come up to my ideas of genuine Scotch music. Still, it was pretty bad music.

"The other two wouldn't do at all. You could recognise a tune plainly when they played it, and the manager and the author detected this weakness at once and wouldn't consider them for a minute. I felt sorry for them as they went out. I explained that I did not have my bagpipes with me and would have to borrow the Scotchman's. But I had a spiel ready about there not being the real old-fashioned native Scotch bagpipes and I could play only on the old, old, handmade, genuine kind of instrument.

"The Scotchman was suspicious of me. He did not recognise me as a countryman of his. He spoke to me in Scotch, and I shook my head and said, 'I understand English imperfectly.'

"Then I told the playwright and the manager that I did not converse in the other fellow's barbarous mixed Scotch at all—only the genuine Highland talk, which was quite pure and undefiled, was intelligible to me.

"At this the Scotchman went away mad and the playwright went over to a pawnshop and got me a bagpipe. When I started to lay it on the noise I made was honestly the worst thing you ever heard! Both men were satisfied that nothing could be more genuine. So I got the job. Yes; and I made a great hit!"

TURNING THE TABLES.

Many are the good stories told of interviews which took place between chancellors and clergymen suing for preferment. A clerical applicant who was sustained by Queen Charlotte's personal favor and intercession with Thurlow felt so sure of obtaining the valuable living which was the object of his ambition that he regarded his interview with the chancellor as a purely formal affair.

"I have, sir," observed Lord Thurlow, "received a letter from the curate of the parish to which it is my intention to prefer you, and on inquiry I find him to be a very worthy man. The father of a large family, and a priest who has labored zealously in the parish for many years, he has written to me—not asking for the living, but modestly entreating me to ask the new rector to retain him as a curate. Now, sir, you would oblige me by promising me to employ the poor man in that capacity."

"My lord," replied Queen Charlotte's protege, "it would give me great pleasure to oblige your lordship in this matter, but, unfortunately, I have arranged to take a personal friend for my curate."

His eyes flashing angrily, Thurlow answered: "Sir, I cannot force you to take this worthy man for your curate, but I can make him the rector, and he shall have the living, and be in a position to offer you the curacy."

And forthwith, to the applicant's inexpressible surprise and chagrin, the chancellor's words were carried out.

ACCORDING TO UNCLE ABNER.

One of the hardest question of real importance that a fellow has to solve in his life is what kind of pie to order in the restaurant. You have to make up your mind in a hurry, and you are never satisfied, no matter which kind you order.

One class of people ain't much interested in the newspaper column headed "Happenings of Twenty-five Years Ago," and they are the old maids.

One of the most embarrassing things that can happen to a community is to have the fire engine house burn down.

There is one dead moral certainty, and that is that every editor and preacher has missed his calling. The fellows that know all about how to edit and preach ain't workin' at it.

It ain't no disgrace for a married man to be bald-headed.

Goin' to church ain't no more a sign of saintliness that wearin' a leather cap is a sign of ownin' an automobile.

Every fellow ought to have an aim in life. Then maybe he can get a job shooting glass balls in some show.

It Depended.

Host: Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?

Guest: Will it make an angel of me?

Host: That will depend on the kind of a life you have led.

"Where does he come from?"

"I don't know, but I think he must have been brought up on a desert island!"

"What in the world makes you think that?"

"Why, he says no woman ever made a fool of him!"

A man might possibly sacrifice a son on the altar of justice; a woman never.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

By Ruth Cameron.

The best thing of an inexpensive kind is almost always better than a cheap thing of a more expensive class.

Things which appear exactly the same on the surface are often entirely different when you look into them more closely. For instance, knowing how to spend money and knowing how to buy might appear to be the same thing, but they are entirely different. Every woman knows how to do the first; one in a hundred the second. And yet, knowing how to buy wisely is one of the most important divisions in woman's great science of home-making.

I heard an investigator of financial conditions assert that women spend more than three fourths of all the money that is earned in the middle and lower classes. Think how important it is that they should know how to spend it wisely. Volumes might certainly be written on this subject, but I don't know enough to write them. I just want to bring home to you one principle of wise buying with which I have recently been impressed and which I stated above, namely, the best thing of an inexpensive kind is almost always better than a cheap thing of a more expensive class.

Nine years ago two young girls who were chums were married at about the same time. These young couples had nearly the same amount of money to spend, and many of their household furnishings were similar. But in the matter of beds they disagreed. One girl was determined to have brass beds, and since she did not have enough money to buy a first-class article, bought some attractive but cheap brass beds.

The other girl said, "I would rather have a thoroughly good white bed than a cheap brass one," and forthwith put about the same sum which her friend had invested into the most attractive and well-made white beds that could be bought. To-day one girl has dainty white beds which look as fresh and attractive as when she bought them, while the other has a pair of tarnished and tawdry brass beds which spoil the appearance of her whole chamber.

It is better to buy good oak than cheap mahogany; a first-class cotton dress than a cheap silk one.

Good muslin or scrim curtains are infinitely preferable to hangings of cheap lace.

First-class cretonne is better than fourth-class tapestry.

It is infinitely more satisfactory to pay eighteen pence for the best of silk lisle stockings than for the cheap grade of silk hose.

Good lamb will give you more nutriment and satisfaction for your money than cheap steak.

Indeed, in every department of buying, the housewife will find this a safe principle, and will do well not to let herself be beguiled from it by the longing to have something of a better class and more showy than she can really afford. At first she may think she is getting a bargain in the cheap expensive thing. In the end she will find out her mistake.

ALL THAT THEY ASK.

By S. E. Kiser.

He.

Be young, be beautiful, be sweet,
Be pure of soul and glad of heart;
When I return, bruised by defeat,
Have consolation to impart;
Be innocent of worldly things,
Remain the girl you were the day
When we, with youth's imaginings,
First walked a flowery, peaceful way.

Retain the glory that you had
When first you caused my heart to leap;
Be timid, tender, eager, glad,
Have faith that shall be sure and deep;
Contrive somehow to keep the charms
That once I fancied were divine;
Let rounded softness grace your arms,
Sink your ambitions all in mine.

Be ready when my brow shall ache
To soothe me with your gentle touch;
Give all, if need be, for my sake
Nor think that it may be too much;
Be smiling May and flowery June,
Be sunshine and be gentle rain;
Be lovely, morning, night and noon,
Be salve and ointment for my pain.

She.

Be good, be brave, be one who wins
The highest prizes men may seek;
Be strong to turn from all the sins
That tempt the foolish and the weak;
Have courage every day to be
One of the noble, worthy few;
Bring all your troubles home to me,
But, first of all, be true—be true!

Be rich, be one whom other men
Shall learn to honor and obey;
To me impart your secrets when
Your tasks are ended for the day;
Go forth each morning to succeed,
From doubt of your high merit free,
Put in each thought and word and deed
Be true, be true—be true to me!

Be one whom other men shall cheer
And ask their sons to emulate;
With purpose high and conscience clear,
Be wise, be earnest and be great,
Be powerful, be splendid, cause
Your fame to spread to every zone;
Be worthy of the world's applause—
But keep your smiles for me alone!

Too Indigestible.

Whenever I see a toothpick, said Moses Ezekiel, the Roman sculptor, "I think of a dinner that was given in Rome in honor of two Turkish noblemen.

"I sat beside the younger of the noblemen. He glittered with gold embroidery and great diamonds; but, nevertheless, I pitied him sincerely, for he was strange to our table manners, and some of his errors were both ludicrous and painful.

"Towards the dinner's end a servant extended to the young man a plate of toothpicks. He waved the plate away, saying in a low and bitter voice:

"'No, thank you; I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more.'"

Equality.

"Did I understand you to say that you believe men are born free and equal?"

"Yes, sir; that was what I said."

"Do you believe the man who carries out your ashes and cleans your back-yard is your equal?"

"I have to carry out my ashes myself, and I have no back-yard to be cleaned, which is my main reason for believing that all men are equal."

Bacon: Somebody said there was something stunning about your wife's new dress. I don't see it.

Egbert: Of course you don't. You don't suppose she'd leave the price-mark on it, do you?

Pain and despair and heartache cast you down for a while, but afterwards they help you to understand.

"I visited the office of the 'High-brow Magazine' the other day," said the poet, "and I never saw such beautiful waste-paper baskets, all decorated with pink ribbons."

"So that your lines may be cast in pleasant places, eh?" suggested the mere man.

The world would be much happier if it were a ready-money world.

ON BEING HOPEFUL.

By Beach Telling

In the humorous column of an American paper I came across a verse the other day which amused me so much that I made a note of it. Here it is:

"The optimist fell ten storeys
And at each window bar
He shouted to his friends:
'All right so far!'"

I trust that at the end of his long fall this cheery man lighted on something soft and was not hurt at all!

Most of us, I think, are much too afraid of being hopeful. We somehow or other have got the idea firmly fixed in our minds that it is a much wiser thing to prepare for the worst than it is to hope for the best—just as if a pessimist can be such a useful person as an optimist!

Of course, it ought to be easy to be prudent and hopeful at one and the same minute, for there is nothing in these two virtues to make them war against each other.

In fact, I believe really prudent people are always hopeful—it is part of their wisdom.

Hope is a necessity, for even the happiest of us get a certain amount of disappointments and worries. The sun goes behind a cloud now and then, and the way in front of us looks rather dark and dreary.

But what matter if we are carrying the lantern of Hope? Then the wide-spread beams shine far out into the gloom ahead, softening down all the obstacles with a rosy glow, making it possible for us to push on, unhindered by doubts and fears.

One poet, you know, has written of "Hope, the Horn-blower," the sound of whose cheery blast comes from the distant hills and encourages us to follow over moor and mountain in search of high adventure.

But when I think of that funny little rhyme I have quoted I feel inclined to compare hope to a sort of moral parachute, breaking the force of our worst falls.

And the fact remains that Hope is a very important factor in everyday life. It spurs us on to fresh endeavor. The little child learns his lessons, hoping to become clever, "like daddy"; the athlete trains, hoping to win the race; the mother gives up her time to her children, hoping they will turn out successful men and women.

Take Hope away, and you have destroyed one of the great motive powers of the world.

And that is why I think we ought to be very careful not to sneer at other people's hopes.

"Oh, my dear, you will never finish that piece of work! You may just as well give it up," I heard someone say to a friend of mine the other day.

With such careless remarks as these do we daunt our friends, who perhaps would not make half such a brave fight were it not for the shelter of those castles that they have built in the air.

There seems to me something almost murderous in killing a hope, just as it is praiseworthy to crush a despair.

It is true that many of our castles may never materialise, and that few of our fanciful ships come home from sea with the cargoes that we dream of, but I like to think that every good Hope of ours that causes us to push forward with brave endeavor is sure to be rewarded in some way or other.

THE SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Were ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from the cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, hiding and healing
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

A Frenchman's Idea of Golf.

"But your game of golf! Oh, yes! I know him. You put on the tunic red, so red as the Ingleesh rosbif underneath-done. You strap your sack of bended-head sticks on the back of a boy twice so small as the bag. He scrape a mud pudding to make balance a leetle white ball. He make three bad tries to balance him, then very angry you call loud, 'Four!' Then you what you call address the ball, and, ma foi, your address sometimes is of language to make afraid. You strike, and the ball find himself in the bonkaire. You call loud for the nibelungen stick, and beat the dust till your partner say, 'Ho, chuckit!' You say—— But, my friend, I excuse myself to repeat what you say. Ah, my friend, you are a great nation, but your golf game gives me what you Ingleesh call zo hump."

The Blushing Bride.

A clergyman, having performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, undertook to write out the usual certificate, but, being in doubt as to the day of the month, he asked, "This is the ninth, is it not?"

"Why, parson," said the blushing bride, "you do all my marrying, and you ought to remember that this is only the third."

She gazed at them both in despair,
Quite puzzled to know what to do;
As soon as she thought about one,
She cared for the other one, too.

Gentle words are to the heart what snowflakes are to the earth; they are sure to enter it some time if there be only abundance of them.

It seems to be a much easier thing to set down and formulate a system of national finance than it is to go to work and earn an honest shilling. Honest shillings are made only by hard work.

Scene: Swell hotel. Wife (as the sugar is passed): Use the tongs, William.

Bill (from way back): 'Taint 'ot, is it?

The best armor against criticism is a thick hide and a philosophical temperament.

VARIETIES.

"I don't ask my boy to be any better than I was at his age."

"Why? Don't you care for him at all?"

"Do you wish to call your husband up on the 'phone?"

"No, I don't; I want to call him down."

The greatest blessing Heaven can bestow on mortal man is to let him find full satisfaction in his daily work.

She couldn't say which one she'd have,
Her efforts all hopelessly flat;
It's really exceedingly hard
Selecting a new winter hat.

"To our silent heroes," little Willie read from the memorial bronze. "Pa, what are silent heroes?"

"Married men," said pa.

Fifth Form Boy: You have very large ears.

Fourth Form Boy: Yes, my ears are large. All I [illegible] now to be a perfect ass is your brain.

[illegible] remarked even [illegible]

[illegible] he won't ride [illegible]

Statistics say that many people take their own lives in San Francisco, in proportion to population, than in any other city on the American continent.

"How does this faith healer who cures his patients by touching them differ from a regular physician?"

"Why, he touches them before he cures them."

They say that when an ostrich is surprised he hides his head in the sand."

"I wish he'd hide his tail there!" remarked a man who had just settled his wife's millinery bill.

There is no room for the pessimist in the present order of things. Optimism is the dominant factor of the age. Politicians are more accustomed to hear anticipations for the future than gratitude for the past.

"I hear you have bought your wife a pet monkey."

"Yes; I got her a very smart one."

"That will be nice for her!"

"So I thought."

"She won't miss you so much when you are away from home!"

"What's the coaming, Uncle Tom?"

"Well, before a man is married it is time to take a walk with the girl he loves; but after he is married it is the time he falls over rocking-horses and building blocks on the sitting-room floor."

"I say, I'd give anything to be as strong and healthy as you are," remarked the lazy man. "What do you live on?"

"Nothing but fruit," answered the other.

"What kind of fruit?"

"The fruit of industry," was the brief but significant reply.

Get A-Weigh With You.

"Brown claims his baby weighed fourteen pounds."

"That sounds fishy."

It was his first visit to America, and he was anxious to see as much of it as possible in a short time. In a brief visit to the South he met an aged negro who had been a slave.

"How interesting!" he remarked. "And after the war you had your freedom?"

The old man looked at him half-sadly, half sheepishly, shook his woolly head, and said:

"No, sah. I didn't git no freedom—I went and got married."

If we are commonplace and indifferent we shall find other people so. Mind finds its level, just as water does. To complain of those we meet is really to proclaim ourselves dull.

Your own church steeple is not the only one that points to heaven.

The greatest friends of a cause are those who put their fingers on the weakest spot and try to find a remedy.

The day before she was to be married the old negro servant came to her mistress and entrusted her savings to her keeping.

"Why should I keep it? I thought you were going to get married?" said the mistress.

"So I is, missus; but do you s'pose I'd keep all dis money in the house wid that strange nigger?"

Reaching the Limit.

Badsby limped painfully off the polished dance floor.

"It's all right about this 'rings on my fingers,'" he exclaimed, "but hang me if I can stand for the 'belles on my toes!'"

A Revised Order.

Real Estate Agent: Good morning, sir. What can I do for you? William, bring the gentleman a cigar. Do you want to buy a lot?

Caller: No, I want to sell one.

Agent: William never mind the cigar.

Merely a Look-In.

"I'm not getting a fair show," growled the one-night-stand opera comedian.

"Ah, cheer up," said the prima donna. "Meditate on what the audience is getting."

Another Wages Question.

"You wife o' mine," said Bill Jones to a pal, "fairly puzzles me wi' 'er conundrums."

"Wot's she bin sayin' now?" inquired Fatty inquisitively.

"She asked me a riddle yesterday. She said: 'Where's yer wage?'" responded Bill.

"Why, that ain't a bloomin' conundrum, Bill," expostulated Fatty.

"Eh? Ain't it?" replied his pal. "When she said it I scratched my 'ead—an' gave it up."

In times of financial difficulties the Loochooans, residents of the south-western islands of Japan, sometimes pawn the graves of their relatives. They are always redeemed, however, failure to do so meaning family disgrace. The turtleback-shaped tombs, usually located on a hillside facing the water, are elaborate affairs of stone and cement, and their cost and upkeep often bankrupt the family.

Nothing is so infectious as example.

When is a sermon like an explosive?—When it comes from a canon's mouth.

PEOPLE WE ALL LOVE.

The guy who smokes a cigarette in a telephone booth.

The giddy young gum chewer who raves about the hero while the play is in progress.

The sweet critic who can't play "Home, Sweet Home" on the piano with one finger.

The literary expert who can't write.

The man who comes along with a Joe Miller masterpiece and says: "Here's a new one I heard yesterday."

The lodge brother who wants to make all the speeches.

The man who calls you by your first name, when he has known you only two minutes.

the Bench discharged Norton with a caution, on payment of £3 3/- costs.

REFERENCE IN THE COUNCIL.

Cr. Dennis rose to make a "personal explanation," but the Mayor advised him not to go into the case.

Cr. Dennis said he thought he was within his rights in making a personal explanation, as his name had been brought into the case. He wanted to say that as far as he was personally concerned his hands were absolutely clean. He had nothing to hide. He proposed at another time to deal exhaustively with this matter of sewer spoil—who had got it, and at what cost.

CARCASE UNBRANDED.

Hallandal Bros., butchers, were proceeded against by the Northcote inspector, R. Garst, for exposing for sale an unbranded carcase. Mr. Herald for prosecution, Mr. Blackburn (Maddock, Jamieson and Lonie) for defence.

The informant gave evidence that on May 17 he called in at defendants' and found hanging in the shop a carcase of veal that had not been branded by a meat inspector. The carcase was enclosed in a bran bag.

The defence was that the carcase was never exposed for sale.

Henry Hallandal swore that a customer of his, a farmer named Horne, was on his way to Stone's, Fitzroy, with a couple of calves, when he expressed a desire that he (witness) should weigh one of them so that he might have a check against the weights he was given after sale at Stone's. Witness had just taken the carcase in and put it on the billiards when the inspector came in. The carcase was enclosed in a bag, was not exposed for sale, and was never intended for sale. Witness called out to Horne, who while the calf was [illegible]

[illegible] corroborated the statement of the last witness, as also did Chas. Young, who happened to be in the shop at the time.

The inspector (recalled) stated that Horne's cart was standing at the door when he got there, and the carcase was hanging behind the counter.

A fine of 40s was imposed, with £2 7s costs.

Hr. Anstey M.P., and Hospital Maintenance.

SHOULD BE THE WORK OF GOVERNMENT SOLELY.

At a pleasant Sunday afternoon, at Preston, last Sunday, arranged by the local branch of the A.N.A., on behalf of the Children's Hospital, Mr. F. Anstey, M.P., gave an address on Hospitals. He said that hospitals were part and parcel of our civilisation, and would continue to grow in proportion as the human heart expands, and civilisation is perfected. In savage society only the able bodied were allowed to exist, the sick and the indigent are swept out of existence. Ancient Rome had its hospitals, so had Greece, and Alexander, in pressing his conquests in the East, found such institutions established in ancient India. Then when the barbarous hordes came down and over-ran Southern Europe, there followed a thousand years of "the dark ages," and the sick and the injured went uncared for once more. Only within the last hundred years or so had hospitals been established to any considerable extent. In Great Britain large sums were spent in prisons, penal settlements, and the lash, and it was only as money commenced to be spent on education that this expenditure proportionately declined. Men came to recognise their social responsibilities and obligations, and at first the upkeep of these institutions was supported by voluntary contributions. Gradually the Government was pressed to give some assistance. He said, without hesitation, that the next advance the Government must make is to take over the maintenance of the hospitals as part of its national and State duties and maintain them properly and effectively through the medium of the public purse. Recently they were shown examples of philanthropic institutions, which spent 50 per cent. of their gross funds on the collection of them. This would not occur under State control. At present only the generous few contributed to the support of hospitals, and it became an unfair tax, but under purely Government maintenance the mean and the stingy who now escaped their obligations, would be brought in, and the whole community would contribute according to their means. The public funds should be at call for social alleviation just as they should be for defence purposes, as it was just as necessary to war against sickness and disease as to provide the means to repel the enemy from without.

In addition to Mr. Anstey's address an enjoyable musical programme was provided, as follows:—Pianoforte solo, "The Prophet's March," Mr. E. Long; song, "The Flight of Ages," Mrs. I. Alexander; song; "Consider the Lilies," Miss Ruby Tarrant; song, "Davy Jones' Locker," Mr. B. Barter; song, "A Dream of Paradise," Mr. Booth; song, "He Wipes the Tear," Miss Elsie Spencer; song, "For All Eternity," Mr. E. Long. Mr. Jarvis acted as accompanist.

Cr. Robertson, president of the shire, presided, and he was accompanied on the platform by the president of the branch, Mr. S. Winnett.

The amount of the collection for the Children's Hospital was £3 5s 6½d.

On Wednesday evening a grand concert was given at the shire hall under the auspices of the branch, an excellent and varied programme of music being given by the Wanderers' Concert Party, whose performances were so much enjoyed recently at the bowling club's social. During the evening Cr. J. P. Howe (ex-president) presented ex-president's certificates to Messrs Miller, S. Bolt, and A. Howse, and at the same time congratulated the branch on its present prosperous and progressive condition.

Neuralgia Nearly Drove Me Mad.

BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHES ADDED TO MISERY.—A MARRIED WOMAN'S CURE BY BILE BEANS.

Mrs. A. Powell, of 36 Stephen st., Camperdown, Sydney, says:—"Awful attacks of biliousness used to prostrate me for days together. Distressing fits of retching would strain the whole of my system, and terrible headaches added to my misery. Intense pains would shoot across from temple to temple. I also suffered from neuralgia which nearly drove me mad. For a long time I experimented with ordinary remedies, but did not obtain any benefit whatever.

"At last I was persuaded to try Bile Beans, as a friend of mine had been restored to health by this splendid family medicine. She gave me a few to try. As I obtained so much benefit from these I purchased a supply. I could hardly realise the great relief I obtained from the first few doses of Bile Beans. The bilious attacks became less severe, gradually ending, and the headaches and shooting pains ceased. After a complete course of Bile Beans I was restored to perfect health, and now life is a pleasure. I strongly advise all other sufferers to try Bile Beans."

All mothers should keep handy at home a box of Bile Beans—woman's best friend. For the many ills peculiar to women, Bile Beans are unrivalled. Bile Beans are also a splendid remedy for all stomach and liver disorders, piles, debility, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, flatulence, headache, pains between the shoulders, vomiting, colds, liver chills, rheumatism and anæmia. Sold by all stores and chemists at 1/6 per box, or large family size, containing three times the quantity, 2/9.

French investments of capital abroad amount to £1,600,000,000, of which £500,000,000 are invested in Russia.

So rare are cases of hydrophobia now in Europe that during the last ten years cases have only averaged one per annum.

In London 900,000 persons are living more than two in a room, and 26,000 persons are living six or more in a single room.

ON BOARD A SHIP.

How time, I thought to take a trip
Remote from every worldly care,
And live at peace on board a ship—
All a delusion and a snare.
Romance, I thought, would roam the deck,
And call forth words of love so dear,
But "Oh, that cat!" and "What a neck!"
Are all the words I overhear.
Strange is the product of the lip
On board a ship. On board a ship.

The passengers recount their woe:
"None are so poorly fed as they;
The sluggish ship should faster go,"
Their ills will surely turn them grey.
All the base fabric of a dream.
Hark to the other side, I beg,
For things are not quite what they seem;
The lout is on the other leg.
Bare of its mask the Truth we'll strip
On board a ship. On board a ship

No trouble could compare with that
Borne in grim silence by the crew.
The doctor, barber, and ship's cat
Have really more than is their due;
An officer has had luck too,
When in some corner of the deck
A damsel fair with eyes of blue
Will thrust an arm about his neck.
For hours he must endure this grip
On board a ship. On board a ship.

The captain hardly sleeps a wink,
The trials that he must endure
Would drive a weaker man to drink,
His job is no mere sinecure;
When some old lady asks him, "Sir,
What would you do if we went down?"
Forgive him if he answers her,
[illegible]
I think he often gets the pip
On board his ship. On board his ship.

The quartermaster has his woes,
His is no life of honeyed bliss
As up and down the deck he goes
Pursued by some precocious miss,
Who wants her deck chair turned around,
Or some such other foolish whim—
A hairpin lost that must be found,
And so she deeves the life of him.
I think he, too, must get the pip
On board a ship. On board a ship.

A dog's own life the steward lives
For twenty-six long hours a day,
As drop by drop his sweat he gives
For merely microscopic pay.
To please the crowd he'd surely need
A body like an omnibus,
The legs of some large centipede,
And arms like any octopus.
Oh, far from adequate his tip
On board a ship. On board a ship.

It's "Steward!" here, and "Steward!" there,
And "Hang the man. Why don't he come?"
They ring their bells, and loudly swear
That he is blind, and deaf and dumb;
When ill, they think it rests with him,
And him alone to make them well;
And thus with every bare-brained whim
They make his life on board a—well,
It is the same on every trip
On board a ship. On board a ship.

W. W. R.

R.M.S. "Orvieto." 1912.

BILLIARDS.

An interesting game was played at the Northcote pavilion between teams representing N.F.B.C. and N.B.C., and in which the Northcote representatives each won their games. D. Plant met D. Brown and beat him, 150 to 106. Plant played a beautiful game, and was always better than his opponent, for whom the balls did not at all run kindly. R. H. Harrington 150 v. Capper 87, and P. Fargher 150 v. G. Beecham 80. In these two games the Northcote representatives were too good.

A return match is to be arranged shortly, also matches against Collingwood and Carlton Bowling Clubs.

It was semi-officially announced by one of the N.F. representatives that a well-known firm of billiard requisite manufacturers intend donating a trophy for competition amongst bowling green billiard teams.

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

The pen is mightier than the sword,
The rifle the gun,
Ten thousand battles it has fought,
Ten thousand victories won.
But here's a mightier power still,
A conqueror that's sure,
It vanquishes our coughs and colds,
It's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Lost and Found.

FOUND, Tram Terminus, Bag containing purse, money. Apply "Lallaville," Pender street, Northcote.

LOST between S. Preston Method st Church and Northcote Tram Sheds, Gold Cable Bangle. Reward. 87 Raglan street, S. Preston.

MRS. PEARCE wishes to inform the public she is taking in Washing and Ironing at her residence, No. 16 Garnet St., South Preston.

FOOTBALL.

Northcote-Preston v Brighton.—This match was played at Croxton Park last Saturday. There was good attendance. Brighton winning the toss, kicked towards the High Street goal. The first quarter opened in Brighton's favor, both sides playing poor football. The visitors had all the best of it, and when the term ended the visitors led by 24 points:—Brighton, 4 goals 3 behinds 27 points; Northcote, 3 behinds, 3 points. The second quarter, Brighton again took the ball forward, and scored shortly after the bounce. Time after time the green and gold failed to score. Earsman, who was playing forward, missed a very easy chance. Running close up to the big timber, he kicked the ball out of bounds. At last Ryan secured and booted a nice goal. After three behinds were added, the same player snapped another sixer. After some very uninteresting play, Negro got a goal for Brighton, and Hoyce did likewise. Directly afterwards the bell sounded the interval. The visitors had decidedly the best of that quarter:—Brighton, 6 goals 8 behinds; Northcote, 2 goals 8 behinds. The third quarter the home team played with much better system, and made some good play, but failed miserably on the forward lines, missing some very easy shots. Easman is a better centre man than a forward. Johnson changed him later on with better results. Brighton [illegible] using their weight unnecessarily, and Bayles charged, however, most unfairly, the latter being knocked right out. Ryan from a free kick booted his and the green and gold's third goal. Out of 7 shots they only could manage 1 [illegible] The quarter ended leaving the visitors 29 points in the loud. Scores—Brighton, 8 goals 10 behinds, 58 points; Northcote-Preston, 3 goals 11 behinds, 32 points. At the change for the last term, Northcote and Preston played with great determination, and showed that dash which has pleased their supporters. In previous matches they played all over the Brighton team, who managed to get the ball over the centre line on a few occasions, but managed to get their only points during the quarter—a sixer—whilst Northcote out of 7 tries got 3 goals. The ball hovered about the Brighton's goal right up to the final bell, but the home side could only manage behinds. Brighton supporters were delighted when the bell rang, as in another few minutes they would have been beaten, as Northcote were playing much the stronger game, the ball being near their goals when the game terminated. Result—Brighton, 9 goals 10 behinds, 64 points; Northcote-Preston, 6 goals 17 behinds, 53 points. Those who played best for Northcote-Preston were Hammond and Moore (following), Smith, Thomas (backs), Duncan (wing), Ryan (4 goals), forward. Johnson spoilt a lot of his good play by running too far with ball. Gluyas (centre), Hunt shaped fairly well, especially in the last quarter, and kicked a beautiful goal. Cole and Swift were greatly missed, both being away with the inter-state team. Brighton's best were Bridgeford, Taylor, Laxton, Smith, Graham, Negro, Butler, Beeles.

Northcote-Preston play Prahran this afternoon at Toorak Park.

PRESTON v. WILLIAMSTOWN.

This match was played at Preston Park last Saturday, and resulted in a meritorious victory for Preston by 86 points, the final scores being 17-17 to 4-9.

At last a place has been found for Charlie Newman in the forward line. He has justified that position by obtaining 6 goals last Saturday. The other goal getters were Punch (4), Marshall (2), Croft (2), Ellis (2), Hendrie. Frank Walker has again thrown in his lot. He is absolutely the best man on the ground, and still retains his old dash. Those who strove hard for the well-earned victory were McMillan, Kreiger, Moone, Paarman, La Frank, and Gibbs.

Players and supporters attention is drawn to a mistake that has been made in the fixtures for to-day's match. It is to be played at Port Melbourne, and players are requested to catch the 2.30 train from Flinders-street. The team will be selected from La Frank, Ellis, McMillan, Punch, Paarman, Goodlingham, Sutherland, McLatchie, Kreiger, Freeman, Croft, Bowtrell, Marshall, Gibbs, Murray, Hendrie, Noble, Newman, Moone, Walker, Gibson, Hopkins, Chesswas, Perrian, Pierce, Fisher.

Northcote Juniors are sending out the strongest team they have had this season. Players are requested to be on the ground at 2.30.

The Clifton Hill Methodist Club has been successful in winning five out of eight matches played in the Melbourne District Association this season.

The Northcote Park will be the scene of a first-class game to-day when Clifton Hill will meet Elsternwick, the unbeaten team. The interest in the match is very keen. Dick Vernon will again appear in the maroon and white colors, and the team will be further strengthened by the inclusion of B. Cock, C. Dowell, and R. Wilson.

Ferguson's Memorial play St. Luke's at Middle Park. Motor van leaves corner of High and Westgarth-streets at 2 p.m. sharp.

The Measure of a Man

"By His Clothes you shall know him."

IN this competitive commercial age—wherein fully three quarters of the world is engaged actively in the task of amassing money—the man who would "get there" must first of all attract attention.

APPEARANCE is an asset which he cannot possibly afford to despise.

MANY a man who is bound to look well every day, comes to us for his Clothes—with the result that he not only looks extremely well, but saves money. You see, we "know how."

Come and See our New Patterns.

GEO. WARDROP

THE GOOD-VALUE TAILOR, SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

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

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

A SATISFACTORY START.

The business in connection with the opening of the Northcote Theatre was the best known in connection with any metropolitan picture theatre; and throughout the week it has been fully up to expectations. The new programme put on this week was one of exceptional merit, and full of variety, delighting all patrons. To those who wish to put in a really good evening it can be confidently recommended to-night. If this programme is a criterion of the future steady and increasing audiences will be assured.

Next week's programme, commencing on Monday, July 8, promises to be specially attractive, the feature picture being "Blazing the Trail," an exceptionally fine story of the early American pioneering days. Another star drama, "The Proprietor's Legacy," will also be screened. Lovers of scenic and travel pictures will be delighted with a Pathecolor subject, "On the Banks of the Rance," a French river trip, and "Souvenirs of Italy," undoubtedly the finest scenic film yet issued by the Ambrosio Co. The comedy element is well represented in Lubin's screaming "Kissing Pills" and "A Modern Yarn," by Pathe. The programme is completed with star films representing Kalem, Vitagraph, Essanay, A.B. and a select number of films from the world's best makers.

At the matinees every Saturday afternoon subjects specially interesting to children will be introduced.

The theatre will be closed on Tuesday, 9th July, owing to mayoral ball.

INFORMATION IN BRIEF.

In Chapell, Essex, which has a population of under 400 inhabitants, there are eighteen old age pensioners, whose combined years total 1417.

During January of this year the revenue from the Customs of Australia amounted to £1,418,000, an increase of £393,000 as compared with January 1911.

The longest canal in the world is in Russia. It extends from St. Petersburg to the frontier of China and its total length is 4500 miles.

The baya bird of India has the curious habit of fastening flies to its nest with moist clay. On a dark night such a nest might be taken for an electric lamp.

Over 40,000 certificates and 3500 prizes have been awarded to children in the London County Council schools for Scripture knowledge at the annual examinations.

In Java there is an orchid, the grommatophyllum, all the flowers of which open at once, as if by the stroke of a fairy wand, and they also wither together.

A Bill has been introduced in the Assembly at Albany, N.Y., compelling hotelkeepers to use sheets not less than 9ft long, wide enough to reach across the bed.

A clock in St. Petersburg has 95 faces, indicating simultaneously the time at 30 different spots on the earth's surface, besides the movement of the earth and planets.

In the elementary schools of France more than 24 per cent. of the pupils are near-sighted; in those of Germany, 35 per cent; in those of the United Kingdom 20 per cent.

A well-known scientist's theory for perfect physical condition is as follows:—Exercise moderately and temperately for a short time at the same relative hour every day of your life.

Russia's Cross of St. Andrew has a remarkable peculiarity attaching to it. All who are decorated with it have the right once to demand a pardon for a Russian subject condemned to death.

Lambeth Guardians, who recently bought a cork leg for a domestic servant, have agreed to purchase a wig for a bald-headed poor law schoolgirl, so that she can go out to work as a servant.

It is estimated that a locomotive with ten coaches must travel five miles before it can attain a speed of sixty miles an hour. Going at that speed the air brake will stop the train in 700ft.

In China the inhabitants are counted every year in a curious manner. The oldest master of every ten houses has to count the families, and make a list, which is sent to the Imperial tax-house.

Many Skegness people are keeping the envelopes of letters received on Friday, March 1, as mementos, for, although it is Leap Year, the local postal authorities went one better, and post-marked communications "February 30, 1912."

Local Government

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

Cattle Enclosure, Roberts Street.—To be sold at 12 noon on the 8th inst., unless claimed and all expenses paid, One Red and White Cow, no visible brands.

A. T. HATTON, Ranger.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

TO-NIGHT. Superb TO-NIGHT.
TO-NIGHT. Programme! TO-NIGHT.

A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH.
A GLORIOUS TRIUMPH.

THE ACME OF PERFECTION.
OUR STAR PICTURE PLAYS.
PICTURE PLAYS.

Next Week, commencing Monday, July 8.
A Thrilling Indian Drama,
BLAZING THE TRAIL.
BLAZING THE TRAIL.
BLAZING THE TRAIL.
A Sensational Story of the Early American Pioneering Days.
And a Host of All New Subjects.

FULL ORCHESTRA.

Prices: Circle, 1s 6d; Stalls, 1s; Back Seats, 6d.
Children half rates (Saturday evenings excepted).
Saturday evenings half price Stalls and Circle only.

MATINEES MATINEES MATINEES | Saturdays and Holidays at 2.30 p.m. | MATINEES MATINEES MATINEES

[illegible] Children half rates.

Entire Change of Programme Monday, 15th July, including Feature Film, BREAKING THE NEWS.

THORNBURY PICTURES. THORNBURY PICTURES.
Northcote Tram Terminus.

Programme for the 207th Night of the Season.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
Thornbury Pictures' Exclusive Photo Play,
THE BLUE BIRD.
THE BLUE BIRD.

The Great Exclusive Cinematographic Reproduction of Maurice Maeterlinck's Fairy Play, THE BLUE BIRD.

Why go to the City to see THE BLUE BIRD when you can see it at THORNBURY PICTURES!

This Picture is the same as played by J. C. Williamson's Dramatic Company, Melbourne.

Weird, Quaint, and Beautiful.

The Pioneer Electric Picture Entertainment in the district. The Only Show in Melbourne giving a Complete New Program Each Night.

Admission: Children, under 12, 3d; Adults, 6d. Come Early for a Good Seat. Extra Seats provided for those who could not gain admittance last Saturday.

Don't Forget EVERY WEDNESDAY. New Star Picture. Nothing but the Best. Saturday Afternoon Matinee Discontinued. The Sunday Night Entertainments having closed down, the management have decided to hold the Entertainment on MONDAY evenings. General admission 3d. Few Reserved Seats, 6d.

We show on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays

EUCHRE PARTY AND DANCE, Schoolroom, Clifton Grove, Preston, Wednesday, 10th July, in aid of R.C. Church Funds.

W. B. SULLIVAN, Hon. Sec.

NORTHCOTE DANCING CLASS (Select), Town Hall, Northcote, Monday Evening, 15th July.

Gents 1/-, Ladies 6d. Dancing 8 till 11. Good Music. Beginners, 1/- (7.15 till 8).

Josti, SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, Northcote
President—His Worship the Mayor, Cr. H. BASTING.
DANCING TILL 12.—AN ENJOYABLE EVENING
Refreshments. Brown & Martin's Band
ALTERNATE THURSDAYS
Next Night JULY 16 1912
TICKETS—Double 3/6, Gent's 2/6, Ladies 1/- | Horace J. Sullivan, Hon. Sec. "Maldon", Edward St., Northcote

BALLROOM DANCING.

MRS. and Mr. D. MOGAN Teach Privately, Quickly, and Thoroughly at 602 High Street, Northcote (near Tram Terminus). Latest Dances Taught, Day or Evening. Success assured. Dick Mogan, Efficient M.C.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT, Teacher of DANCING AND CALISTHENICS. "The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, CLIFTON HILL.
Juvenile Lessons, any hour or by appointment, 9d.
Adults, 1s lesson, any hour.
Latest Society Dances.

DANCING.

COOMBES & HALL'S FIRST-CLASS STRING BAND. Latest and Up-to-Date Music supplied for Balls, Parties, &c.

Mr. W. COOMBES, 40 Gooch St., Northcote.

PHYSICAL CULTURE—Miss Ho worth, Qualified Instructress, has started Classes (Girls and Boys) Saturday, 3 p.m., Rechabite Hall. New members welcome.

Board & Residence

PRIVATE Board and Residence for Working Man; no other boarders. 41 Gladstone Avenue, near High street, Northcote.

Wanted.

APPRENTICE to learn Bread Baking. H. Doidge, High St., Northcote.

GIRL for General Housework, good home, liberal outings; fond of children. "Erskine," corner Westgarth and McLachlan streets, Northcote.

SMART Young Lady to take charge Sweets Stall Thornbury Picture Theatre A. A. Miller, Manager.

SALVATION ARMY, Northcote.—Revival Meetings To Morrow conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Graham.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

SPECIAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON SERVICES, TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE.

Discourse as follows by MR. R. E. B. NICHOLSON, Sunday, 7th July, 3.15 p.m. "WHICH IS THE TRUE GOSPEL?"

"Come let us reason together saith the Lord."
Relevant Questions Invited.
Logical, Convincing, Interesting to All.
All Welcome. Seats Free. No Collection.

A German explorer has discovered a South American native tribe which regards eating in public as something of which to be ashamed.

To make his set of certain stamps unique, a St. Petersburg collector recently paid £2500 for five duplicate stamps, which he then burnt.

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

Local Government

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN No. 8.

TENDERS are invited up to 4 p.m. on Monday, the 8th July, 1912, for the Construction of about 1500 feet of Brick Stormwater Sewer from Elm Street to Beaconsfield Parade, with manholes and other works.

Tenders to be on the Council's forms accompanied by a preliminary deposit of 2½ per cent. on the amount of tender.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Municipal Offices.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.

Municipal Offices, Northcote, 20th June, 1912.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN No. 8.

TENDERS are invited up till 4 p.m. on Monday, 22nd July, for the construction of about 1100 lineal feet of 18 inch Pipe Drain in Mary Street and Bond Street and other works.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Town Hall, High Street.

Tenders to be on the Council's printed forms and must be accompanied by a deposit of 2½ per cent. on amount of tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Northcote, 5th July, 1912.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

TENDERS for the undermentioned works will be received at the Shire Hall, Epping, to 12 noon on Monday, 15th July, 1912:—

10 chains Construction, Mahoney's Road, Thomastown.

Sanitary Service, Epping Township (Double Pan System).

Specifications at Shire Hall, Epping.

By order, JAMES RYAN, Shire Secretary.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

VOTERS' AND SEPARATE LISTS.

Notice is hereby given that the Voters' Lists and Separate Lists for the several Wards of the Town of Northcote may be inspected by any person from the 8th to the 15th inst. inclusive (Sunday excepted) at this office from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., except on Saturday, 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

Copies of the said lists may be inspected at the following places during the above period:—

South Ward—Mr. W. Bowes' shop, 101 High Street, South Northcote.

East Ward—At Mr Smith's shop, 212 High Street.

West Ward—At Mr A. Oastler's News Agency, 523 High Street.

Central Ward—At the Municipal Offices High Street.

North Ward—At Mr. T. E. Redmond's, Ironmonger, High Street north.

And also at the Free Library, corner High and James streets, each afternoon and evening.

Ratepayers are particularly requested to inspect the lists and see that their names are correctly entered thereon.

Claims for insertion and objection to names appearing thereon must be lodged with me on or before the 15th inst. The necessary forms for such claims and objections may be obtained at this office, also any particulars in connection therewith.

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

Municipal Offices, Northcote, 6th July, 1912.

SHIRE OF PRESTON

VOTERS' LISTS.

Notice is hereby given that, between the 8th and 15th day of July, inclusive, the Voters' Lists and Separate Voters' Lists for the several Ridings of the Shire may be inspected at the undermentioned places, viz:—

Central Riding Lists—The Rate Collector's Office, Shire Hall, Preston.

West Riding Lists—W. E. Davis' Pharmacy, High St., South Preston.

East Riding Lists—E. Allchin's General Store, Plenty Road, South Preston.

Persons claiming to have their names inserted or objecting to the names of any person or persons, or number of votes opposite the name of any person appearing on the Lists, must do so in proper form on or before the 15th day of July, 1912.

The proper forms for Notice of Claims and Objections may be obtained on application to me.

Dated this 29th day of June, 1912.

A. DEAN, Shire Secretary.

Shire Office, Preston.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

Notice is hereby given that the Voters' Lists and Separate Voters' Lists for the above-named Shire will be open for inspection at the undermentioned places between the 8th and 15th July, 1912, where forms for claims and objections can be obtained:

Epping Riding—Shire Hall, Epping

Woodstock Riding.—Post Office, Woodstock.

All claims and objections to be sent to the Secretary not later than 15th July, 1912.

JAMES RYAN, Shire Secretary.

4th July, 1912.

Houses and Land For Sale.

PRESTON.

BE YOUR OWN LANDLORD.

BUY COTTAGES AND VILLAS FOR LESS THAN RENT.

BRICK COTTAGES, 4 Rooms, Bath, Land 60 x 114, Close Station, £200. £15 Deposit, 7/6 week. Now let 7/-. Can get 8/6. Asphalt Footpath almost to door. (Five of these Cottages sold this week. Only three left).

W.B. VILLA, 5 Rooms, Conveniences. High, Corner Position. Close to Train and Shops. £225, or offer. £15 Deposit, 10/- week.

WHY PAY RENT?

LAND! LAND!
EXCEPTIONAL TERMS.
NO DEPOSIT. NO INTEREST.
Select a Site for Your FUTURE HOME
Right Along the RAILWAY LINE.
Close to Main Roads.

ALLOTMENTS
ALLOTMENTS
In the following Estates are in our hands for Sale:

Sheffield ... 50 x 180
Only 5 lots left
Benambra ... 40 x 120
Opposite Preston Station.
Regent Station 50 x 200
Most of this land was disposed of at auction in one afternoon.
La Mascotte ... 50 x 128
Delightful spot amongst the trees at Regent Station.
Mount Bischoff 50 x 128
Fine Residential Area.
Murrayville 50 x 145
Just subdivided. Progressive and Select Locality.
Wilkinson's ... 40 x 128
Direct Street to Station. Several New Houses in course of erection.
Bellevue ... 50 x 119
On the Slope of the Hills. Small Deposits.
Grand Central ... 50 x 160
All Surveyed. Perfect Drainage. In the midst of Modern Villas.
Coronation ... 57 x 230
Close to Regent Station
Mount Pleasant 50 x 210
Commanding Views in every direction.
Gowerville ... 40 x 112
Only 6 Blocks. Close to Plenty Road.
Town Hall ...
Between two Main Roads. Adjoining Public Buildings.

Titles, Certificate. Clients driven to inspect.

McGEORGE BROS. & SAVAGE, Auctioneer, Rent Purchase Agents, Subdivisional Land Salesmen, 323 High St. Preston Station. Phone, Northcote 162.

A tree the flower of which resembles a monkey's hand is found in Mexico. The outward resemblance is said to be perfect in every respect.

Northcote Commercial College.

LEARN WHILE YOU EARN.

Pending the securing of suitable premises classes are being held at address below.

FEES:

Shorthand, £1 per quarter.

Shorthand and Typewriting, £1 11s 6d per quarter.

Full Business Course (Shorthand, Typewriting, Book Keeping, &c.) £2 17s 6d per quarter.

Special Class, 5 to 6 every evening: Shorthand, Typewriting and Book-Keeping, £1 11s 6d per quarter.

PRINCIPAL: JAMES T. SUTCLIFFE, M.P.S. London, Silver Medalist London,

Corner of Cunningham and McLachlan Sts., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

All Classes of Shorthand Work and Typewriting executed at moderate prices.

E. M. KELSO

WISHES to intimate to the Public of Preston and district that he has purchased the old-established

Saddlery Business

carried on by Mrs. Meyer at

141 PLENTY ROAD, PRESTON, and intends equipping it with an entirely New Stock, comprising all branches of the trade.

Goods manufactured on the premises by skilled workmen, and a guarantee will be given with all work.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

E.M.K. is here to give complete satisfaction and hopes to receive a fair share of public patronage.

First prize Silver Medal for Stock Saddle at National Agricultural Society's Show.

NOVELTIES IN GLOVES for Evening Wear at Hattam & Hattam's

12-button length White Kid Glove, all guaranteed, 2/11 pair

12-button length Suede Kid Glove in Grey, Pastile, and Beaver shades 3/11 pair

Elbow length Kid Glove, White, Black or Grey shades, all at 4/11 pair

16-button lengths in White or Black, 6/6 and 9/6 pair

Colored Kid Gloves in Helio, Pink, Pale Blue, Champagne, and other delicate shades, special line at 1/11½ pair

Hattam & Hattam SPOT CASH DRAPERS 268 HIGH ST. NORTHCOTE.

Telephone, Northcote 268.

First Money-Saving SOLWAY SALE Now On!

Extraordinary Bargains for One Month Only.

Everything at Cost Price.

Solway Clothing Coy.

Opposite Fitzroy Post Office.

No Watches after this Week

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).

ANNUAL Stocktaking Sale AT A. LEWIS'S, 350 QUEEN'S PARADE NORTH FITZROY.

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.

Meetings and Lectures

PAEFS., NORTHCOTE LODGE, 52.

A FIRST AID DEMONSTRATION will be given by M. G. O. STEVENS at the Rechabite Hall, Westbourne Grove, on Thursday Evening next, at 8.30. Members and friends cordially invited.

JAS. E. NEWBORN, Sec.

Wanted to Buy

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

WANTED to Buy Goats. Send particulars 133 Clarke street, Northcote.

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—163 ELIZABETH ST., Between Bourke and Little Collins Street MELBOURNE.

THOMAS WEBSTER, L.D.S., M.A.O.D., DENTIST. Only Address—306 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL. Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9. Telephone 1832J, City.

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.

J. W. LUCAS, Art Upholsterer (late with H. Ackman)

BEGS to notify the residents of Northcote and surrounding districts that he is opening business as Furniture Manufacturer and Repairer at 521 HIGH ST., UPP. NORTHCOTE

His Main Feature will be—Cleanness and Good Workmanship. A Trial Solicited.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

Monday, July 2.

Present:—Crs. Bastings (Mayor) Johnson, Schwaebsch, Plant, Smith, Glanfield, Tharratt, Henderson, Woolhouse, Harry, Hayes, Redmond, Lees, Dennis and Mason.

NORTH WARD EASEMENT.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote thanking the council for granting the necessary easement allowing the Board to take the sewer through the council's land between Raleigh and Flinders streets.—Received.

COMPLAINT TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

R. Gunst, sanitary inspector, reported in connection with a complaint by the Public Health Department, that he had inspected the house in Mary street, but found nothing of an insanitary nature.

The town clerk had written explaining that delay had been caused in dealing with the drainage of the locality through having to negotiate with Heidelberg for permission to run an underground sewer.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

The Public Health Department wrote stating that the Northcote Theatre Company had been informed that there was no objection to the picture theatre in High street being opened for public purposes.—Received.

LIGHT AT RAILWAY CROSSINGS.

The Victorian Railways wrote in reply to council's correspondence intimating that they were prepared to light the crossing at Smith street with gas, but did not think it was necessary to adopt gas at the Beaver's road and Oakover road crossings.

Cr Henderson moved that fresh application be made for Beaver's road, which was a very important crossing.—Carried.

REQUEST REFUSED.

Victorian Railways wrote, in reply to the council's request to have the footpath leading from Bent's Avenue to the Fairfield railway station better lighted, stating that they were unable to accede to the request as it was considered the locality was sufficiently well lit already.—Received.

GAS FOR DUNDAS STREET.

The Metropolitan Gas Company wrote stating that they were making enquiry amongst the residents of Dundas street to see if it would be justified in extending the mains there.—Received.

HALL FOR CHARITY.

A. Semmens, secretary P.A.F.S., wrote applying for the use of hall for a deserving case of charity, and asked that the charge be made as low as possible.—Referred to Finance Committee, on the motion of Crs. Plant and Redmond.

FILLING WANTED.

J. Pickler, Martin st., wrote, applying for about 60 loads of filling to put on the low-lying portion of his land.—Cr. Plant moved that the matter be referred to the surveyor. Filling will be given according to priority of application after the council have had what they require.—Carried.

INSANITARY RIGHT-OF-WAY.

S. W. Johnson, Shaftesbury Parade, wrote stating that the complaint made by residents about the state of the right-of-way at rear of his premises was due to the fact that he had made the children pick up the rubbish they tipped at corner of his fence.—Referred to inspector, on the motion of Cr. Woolhouse.

MR. GIRLING COMPLAINS.

F. E. Girling, Jackson street, wrote drawing council's attention to the wretched state of the right-of-way at rear of his premises, between Jackson and Pearl streets.

Cr. Lees said he had moved in this matter some time ago, and thought it was being attended to.

The engineer said they had been short of metal; as soon as they could get it, the matter would be attended to.

LAMP FOR HAROLD STREET

H. E. Brennan, Normanby Avenue, wrote stating that a lamp was very badly wanted at the top end of Harold street.

Cr. Woolhouse moved that the matter be referred to the members for the ward.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL.

K. Donohue, wrote applying for permission to transfer the registration of her premises as a private hospital from 32 High street to 18 High st., where there was much better accommodation.—Referred to the officers for report.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £703 2s 8d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. R B. Lawrence, re Repairs to Cunningham Street.—That the Town Surveyor be instructed to proceed with the work with machine-broken metal.

3. Street construction.—That the town surveyor prepare plans, &c., for the construction of Edwards Crescent.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Cr. Lees (chairman) submitted the report, showing that the receipts for the month had been £7057 9s 5d, and that there was a credit balance on 24-6-12 of £226 13s 4d. Also recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £1003 1s 11d be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. A. T. Hatton, Dog Registrar and Cattle Ranger, re increase in salary.—That his salary be raised from £1 to £1 10s per week; the amount of commission on dog fees to remain the same as previously agreed upon.

Cr. Lees explained that this would bring the salary up to about £2 a week.

Cr. Plant seconded.—Carried.

TRAMWAY COMMITTEE

Cr. Harry submitted the report recommending—

Tram Lessees, re accommodation for cars purchased.—That permission be given to the Lessees to re-arrange the rails in the car shed to provide for the cars under the supervision and to the satisfaction of the Tramway Engineer.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

The committee submitted the report, recommending—

1. Government Grant towards drainage works, Fairfield.—That the sum of £416 13s 4d, the proportion of the sum of £1000, which this Council has received as a set-off from the amount payable to the Heidelberg Shire, be applied to main drainage works in Mitchell Street and northerly.

The mayor moved the adoption of the clause.

Cr. Plant, in seconding the motion, said they could not use this money for anything else. An attempt was made to get the money for a steam-roller, but that would be illegal.

Cr. Hayes moved an amendment that the money be used for the purpose of purchasing a steam-roller.

Cr. Plant asked the mayor's ruling as to whether this was in order.

The mayor—I rule that it can't be used for that purpose.

Cr. Hayes—I don't want to dispute your ruling, Mr. Mayor, but this money is a gift from the Government.

After further discussion Cr. Hayes moved that the matter be referred back, which was seconded by Cr. Schwaebsch and carried.

Cr. Plant called for a division. For—Crs. Glanfield, Dennis, Mason, Lees, Woolhouse, Henderson, Harry, Hayes, Redmond and Schwaebsch; the rest against.

2. Health Act 1890 (Excavations).—That the necessary order be made and served on the Northcote Brick Co, the New Northcote Brick Co., Messrs Emery and Westmoreland, and F. Cornwell, directing such owners to have the excavations on their respective premises securely fenced round to the satisfaction of the Council—Adopted.

3. That the date for hearing objections to the construction of St. David street, from Darebin to Martin streets bn the 12th day of August, 1912, at 8 o'clock.—Adopted.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Plant moved that the matter of asphalting Mitchell street, north side, as far east as Victoria road, and Merri street, south side, out of the East Ward apportionment, be referred to the Works Committee.—Carried.

Cr. Tharratt moved that a pitched crossing be put down at Latham-st., to connect with the asphalt.—Carried.

Cr. Hayes again called attention to the urgent need of the Collingwood Council improving their portion of the roadway at the tram terminus, Clifton Hill.—Referred to the Collingwood engineer.

Cr. Henderson moved that application be made for the extension of the main in Ethel street. Cr. Tharratt seconded; carried.

Cr. Lees moved that the matter of metalling Gotch street, from Bower-st. to Victoria road be referred to the Works Committee. Cr. Dennis seconded; carried.

Replying to Cr. Mason, the Mayor said he expected to have a report re the connecting of Walker and McLachlan streets at next meeting.

Cr. Dennis said now would be an opportune time to take the matter in hand, as they could get the necessary filling from Green street.

The Mayor reported having waited on Mr. Taverner, of the Railway Department, re a grant towards the Green street drain, but he held out no hope. He would move that Mr. Membrey make arrangements for an interview with the Commissioners.

Cr. Dennis seconded; carried.

Having ascertained from the engineer that plans were in readiness, Cr. Lees moved that tenders be called for the Mary street drain. Cr. Dennis seconded; carried.

Cr. Plant said it was evident after hearing the case that morning that it was necessary for the council to take some action in regard to the plan of disposing of sewer spoil, and he would move that the matter be referred to the Committee with that object. Carried.

Cr. Tharratt moved that the Metropolitan Board of Works be asked to extend their mains westerly in Newman and Lewis streets. Carried.

Cr. Henderson moved that application be made to the Postmaster-General for a pillar-box to be placed in the north-western portion of the west ward. Carried.

Cr. Johnson moved that attention be given to Clarke street, between High street and St. George's road. Cr. Schwaebsch seconded; carried.

Cr. Lees wanted to know why the offer of Mr. Gibson in connection with the widening of Derby street, at the southern end of Derby street, leading into Mitchell street had not been before the council. Councillors had a right to say how much they were going to pay. He moved that a report be submitted to the next meeting as to the position of Derby street.

Cr. Mason seconded.

Cr. Plant said that in consideration of the land being granted, the council had decided to free the owners of street construction charges, and pay the cost of removal of a cottage on the corner.

After various minutes and correspondence had been read, Cr. Lees said his previous contention was that the council had nothing to go on, and the information did not come from Mr. Gibson till a fortnight later. He would now move that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole. He desired to say he was not against the construction of Derby street. On the contrary, he wished to see it pushed through, but he desired things done in a proper way.

The Mayor said he could not take the motion, as a similar motion had already been put and lost on a previous occasion.

Cr. Lees—Will you allow Cr. Plant to explain approximately what it will cost?

The Mayor—No.

Cr. Tharratt moved that Aberdeen street be gone on with. Cr. Henderson seconded; carried.

Cr. Dennis moved that the Mayor and Town Clerk interview the owner of the land lately occupied by Mr. Carmody at the entrance to St. George's road, with a view of securing better approaches; carried.

Cr. Glanfield asked that the engineer be authorised to fill up certain holes in Separation street, and that the lamp at Molloy's be shifted to the corner of Separation street and Victoria road.

Cr. Mason at the meeting of the Northcote Council on Monday evening desired to know who authorised the crossing to the new Picture Theatre, and who was going to pay for it.

The Mayor said it having been pointed out to him that a crossing would be desirable in view of the big crush expected on the opening night he mentioned the matter to the East Ward members, and it was agreed to have it done.

Cr. Plant said that was so, and it was justified on the score of public convenience. Similar crossings had been put on at Merri and Bay View street.

Cr. Dennis—Who's going to pay?

Cr. Plant—The town. It would come out of the East Ward apportionment.

Cr. Dennis asked if that was fair, seeing that private individuals were compelled to pay for their own crossings? The proper people to pay for this crossing was the Picture Theatre Company; and the proper course to have pursued was to have lifted the channel the same as had been done lower down the street.

The Mayor asked at this stage if Cr Dennis would oblige him with a motion.

Cr. Dennis moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, the engineer to report as to the cost of the crossing.

Cr. Mason seconded.

Cr. Smith said that whether this crossing was there or not, only one cart could pass with a tram on the line.

Cr. Lees said he thought this was altogether a wrong thing to do, and the East members had no right to spend their money so foolishly.

Cr. Glanfield: I rise to a point of order.

The Mayor: What is it?

Cr. Glanfield—I know nothing about the work whatever. (Loud laughter).

Cr. Lees—Then it was only two of the East Ward members, and they had no right to authorise the spending of that money. There was no other instance where such a thing was done. An East ward resident had since put a crossing in front of his business establishment.

The Mayor said he purposely allowed the matter to be fully discussed, as there was nothing to hide. His attention had been drawn to the fact that a crossing should be provided for the safety of the public. He spoke to Cr. Plant about it, and he said that Cr. Smith was agreeable to have it done. Whether it was strictly in order he did not know, but there was no time to consult the council. The cost would be £4 or £5. If the council objected he did not think the Theatre Company would have any hesitation in finding the money.

The motion was carried.

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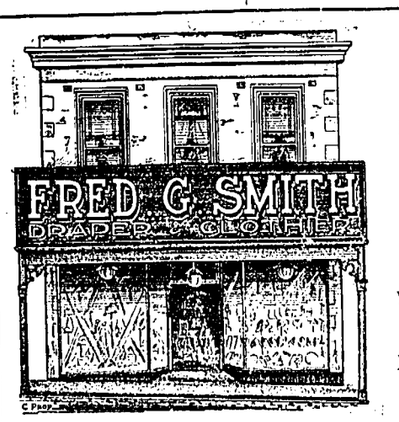

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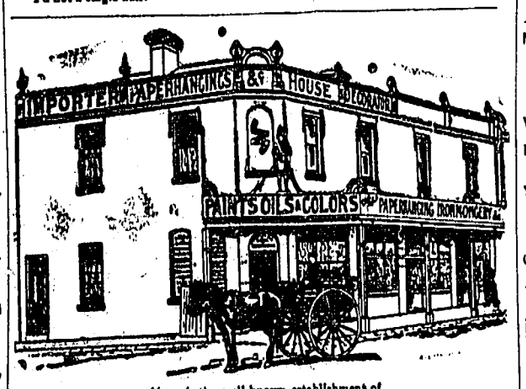

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His Main Feature will be—
Cheapness and Good Workmanship.
A Trial Solicited.

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.
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UNDERTAKER,
MOOR STREET, FITZROY,
Near Labour-in-Vain Hotel,
And High and Robe Streets, St. Kilda.
Also Branch Burgundy Street, Heidelberg.
Tel. No. 60, Heidelberg Exchange.
Patent and every description of coffin at five minutes' notice.
Hearses, Coaches, &c.

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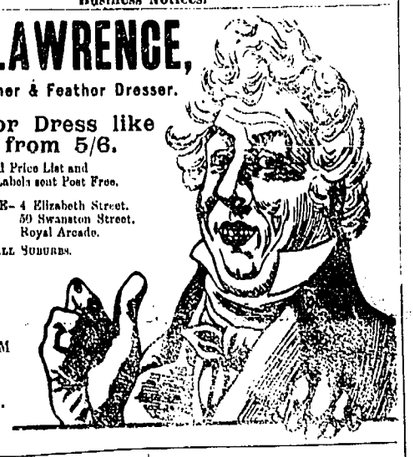
R. B. LAWRENCE,
Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.
A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.
Illustrated Price List and Address Labels sent Post Free.
MELBOURNE—4 Elizabeth Street.
50 Swanston Street.
Royal Arcade.
ALL SUBURBS.
Offices & Works,
CUNNINGHAM STREET,
NORTHCOTE.



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.
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GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET,
COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston Street).

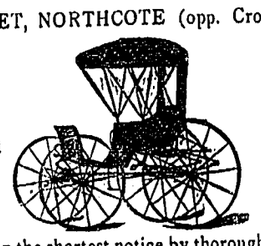
ICE! ICE! ICE!
NORTHCOTE ICE WORKS
34 HIGH STREET.
Pure Crystal Ice delivered daily.
Dairymen catered for with Specially Prepared Cooler and Ample Storage Accommodation.

"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.

EDWARD FELLOWES,
Governor;
Universal Carriage Works
AND SHOEING FORGE,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE (opp. Croxton Station)

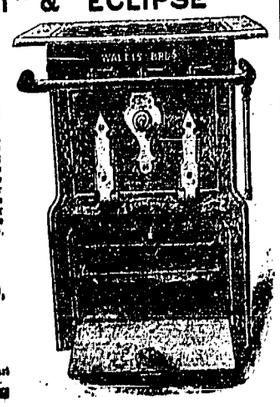
Lorries and Vehicles of every description Built, Bought Sold and Exchanged.



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 case or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.
Prices from £3 16s 6d.
Write for Catalogue.
Wallis Bros. & Co.
Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers,
Cramer Street, Preston.
Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 4343 Central.
Manufacturers of the Famous "Bolo" Stoves, Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, One-Fire Stoves (all kinds) & Ranges.



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¶ Suits for the man who's tired of the clothes he has; who's disinclined to tackle the tailor who's disappointed him so often; but who really can appreciate a suit made to a modern style. ¶ This modern style—note our illustration; drawn in an absolutely up-to-the-minute mode—is embodied in all the suits made by us. ¶ In fact, we call our suits just what they are, *"Modern Suits."* They're priced *63/- to 105/-*. Call in and see us—we are sure you, too, would be pleased.

Alfred Hare Company
Modern Tailors
Men's Mercers
292 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill

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Principal: Mr. 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.

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Receives and Visits Pupils for the PIANOFORTE.
Pupils prepared for London College, Conservatorium, &c., Exams.
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Preston visited twice weekly.

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Terms, moderate, on application.
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Songs written for musical setting.

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L.A.B. of R.A.M. and R.C.M., D.M.S.V.
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Pupils Prepared for Examination.
Terms on application.
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PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
PIANO, HARMONY, THEORY, ETC.,
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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.

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

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Certificates Melbourne and Women's Hospitals.
Registered Maternity Private Hospital, "Sydenham," 21 Darebin Rd., Northcote.
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NURSE DONOHUE (late Nurse Sparrow) Receives Patients and also Visits Outside Cases (morning). Every attention and care. Terms, Moderate.
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Certificated and Trained Nurses available for Outdoor Practice.
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Midwifery, Surgical and Medical Cases attended night or day.

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Carl Oldenburg,
SADDLE, HARNESS, AND COLLAR MAKER,
355 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.

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS
Of Preston & Epping shires.
PLEASE NOTE!
—THAT—
T. HERLEY & CO.,
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Oakover Rd., South Preston,
ARE CASH BUYERS OF
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Highest Price Paid. No Commissions Charged.
Write or Call if you have Anything to Sell—*it will pay you.*
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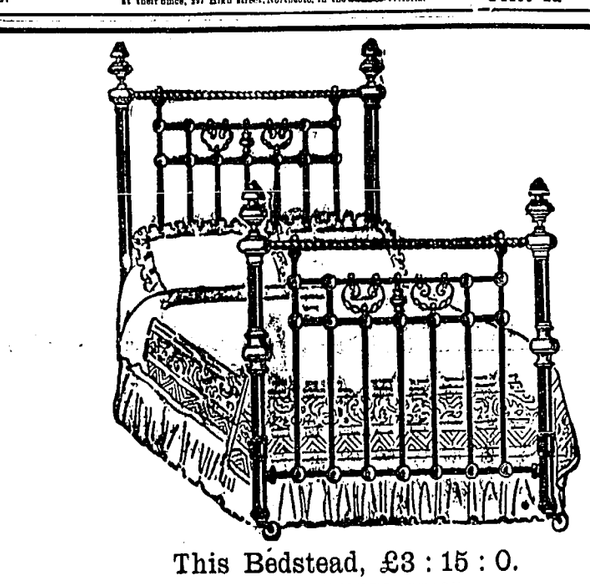

This Bedstead, £3 : 15 : 0.
WITHIN ANYONE'S REACH.
¶ A close personal examination will confirm the impression of quality obtained by a cursory glance at the above sketch of this bedstead. Priced to find a place in the homes of people with moderate incomes, yet eminently suitable for the most lavishly 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. 94-196 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.

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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.

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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.

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

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

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(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.

LADIES!
We guarantee our Costumes tailored in the Latest Up-to-Date Paris styles. You will save money by getting your —Costume at—
O'BRIEN & DOWN'S
284 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

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.

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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.

The QUICKEST, BEST, & Most Convenient Manner of Heating Dwelling Houses, Offices, etc., is with a
A GAS FIRE
Reduces Household Labor to a Minimum

No Cleaning Dirty Grates or Removing Ashes.
PERFECT REGULATION of Heat ensuring uniform temperature.
We can supply GAS FIRES from 22/6 upwards to suit any room, and to fit in moddern Register Grates. Maximum cost of fixing, 10/-. Write or phone for particulars.
The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 Flinders St., Melbourne. Phones 8163 (6 lines)

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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).

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UP-TO-DATE
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.
Cleanliness. Good Workmanship.
Razor Setting a Speciality.
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BOTTLES, Bones, Rags, Zinc, Lead, Brass and Copper. Highest price given. Cash on delivery. Letters receive prompt attention. H. Bishop, Darebin Rd. Northcote.

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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
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Friday " } Practice from 8.30
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And on Saturday Afternoons, 3 to 5.30
At their New Academy, Specially Built, No. 204 Drummond Street, Carlton.
Call, Write, or 'Phone 5608 Prospectus Post Free.

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The Old Established
Practical Tailor,
269 HIGH STREET,
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Every Garment is Tailored by Tailors with the true essentials to good tailoring.
We are fully stocked with Materials suitable for present season's wear.

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.
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Ladies' Costumes a Special Study

Announcements

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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.
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E. W. INGHAM
563 High St.,
UPPER NORTHCOTE.
Families Waited on for Orders
Delivery daily.
GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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PASTRYCOOK and CONFECTIONER
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COLLINGWOOD.

Wedding and Christmas Cakes a Specialty.
Wedding Cakes forwarded to all parts of the State.
REFRESHMENT ROOMS.
Tea and Coffee always ready.

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Sunday Services:
Rev. A. C. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.
Evening subject, "Man's Need of a Saviour."

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
7 p.m., "An Ideal in Life."
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "The Secret of a Good Life."
Evening subject, "Our True Life should be the Object of our Supreme Care."
Fellowship Meeting at 10.
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. J. G. MEMBREY, M.L.A.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
[illegible] Rev. Wm. Moore.
7 p.m., Rev. [illegible] N. KNIGHT, B.A.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. F. OLVER.
7 p.m., Rev. C. CARNE.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. R. OLVER.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES.

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE; 7 p.m., Rev. W. J. WILLIAMS.
SOUTH PRESTON—11 a.m., Mr. C. H. FOULKES; 7 p.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE, subject "Religious Reformers: No. 1, Martin Luther."
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.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

SPECIAL SUNDAY AFTERNOON SERVICES, TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE.

Discourse as follows by
MR. R. E. B. NICHOLSON,
Sunday, 14th July, 3.15 p.m.
"HELL! WHAT? WHERE? IS THERE ANY RELEASE?"

"Come let us reason together saith the Lord."
Relevant Questions Invited.
Logical. Convincing. Interesting to All.
All Welcome. Seats Free. No Collection.

Northcote Commercial College.

LEARN WHILE YOU EARN.

Pending the securing of suitable premises classes are being held at address below.

FEES:

Shorthand, £1 per quarter.

Shorthand and Typewriting, £1 11s 6d per quarter.

Full Business Course (Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-Keeping, &c.) £2 17s 6d per quarter.

Special Class, 5 to 6 every evening: Shorthand, Typewriting and Book-Keeping, £1 11s 6d per quarter.

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JAMES T. SUTCLIFFE, M.P.S. London, Silver Medallist London,

Corner of Cunningham and McLachlan Sts., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

All Classes of Shorthand Work and Typewriting executed at moderate prices.

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Sales of the above have for some time past been steadily increasing. This we attribute to their Exceptional VALUE. Carefully selected from the pick of the New Season's Importations, they represent the best and choicest obtainable.

1/- and 1/3 per lb.

G. REID.

Excelsior Stores,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opposite corner to Savings Bank),

And at 279 Westgarth Street, Northcote South (near Fairfield).

Wanted to Buy.

WANTED in Northcote South.—Four or five-roomed house; state street and price. "Home," Clifton Hill P.O.

Wanted.

ORGANIST.—Applications are desired for position of Organist to All Saints' Church of England, Preston; salary, £20. Choirmaster appointed. Apply—The Vicar.

SMART Boy. Good Opportunity. H. C. Dyte, Chemist, High St., Thornbury.

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OF MILLINERY, FURS, CORSETS

BARGAINS IN TRIMMED MILLINERY.
Seal and Beaverette Toques from 3/11
Fur Hats from 4/11 Soft Felt Hats from 3/11
Untrimmed Hats in Chip, 2/11

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN FURS.
Black Foxaline Necklets from 6/11
Sealette Stoles from 4/11
Black Foxaline Muffs from 6/11
Sealette Muffs, 4/11

CORSETS in all the Newest Models from 1/11 to 18/6

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Ladies' and Children's Millinery, also Renovations, at the shortest notice and in latest styles.

We have just opened a great variety of Infants' Wool Jackets, Modesties, Gloves, Bonnets, etc.; also special lines in Infants' Bibs, which we are offering at low prices.

Do Not Forget We are Noted for Our Special Value in HOSIERY, APRONS, SINGLETS, &c.

Ladies! Here is Your Opportunity!

MRS. & MISS WALKER

are now selling at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

a Magnificent Assortment of

LADIES' HAND BAGS

Every conceivable Size, Shape and Style,

FROM ONE SHILLING UPWARDS

A Glance in the Window will satisfy you that this is not mere talk.

Address: 205 High St., Northcote
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IS

F. G. SMITHS

HALF-YEARLY SALE STOCK-REDUCING

COMMENCING THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING.

Special Line of Men's Flannels at 2/3 | Double-bed Colonial Blankets, 12/6 pair

We are making Special Reductions in Ladies' Underclothing in order to advertise the High-Class Work turned out by our Workrooms.

This is a MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITY, and you are requested to visit our Store and See for Yourselves the UNEXAMPLED BARGAINS we are offering.

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Winter Footwear

The Winter Shoe Question is easily and definitely settled by an inspection of the fine Winter Styles now showing at "The Home of Good Footwear." The variety is almost infinite—there's a Shoe for every foot—a price to meet every purse. Every pair guaranteed. Ask for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide"—free & interesting

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Hours—Mornings by appointment.
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Notices

NORTHCOTE THEATRE,
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Is now making a Display of Up-to-Date and Smart Styles in

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Late with Miss Wood, Westgarth Street.

Wanted to Sell

TROMBONE, in good order, good maker, cheap. Apply A. E. Adams, Ballantyne street, Thornbury.

The Leader

SATURDAY, JULY 13

Cr. Howe at Monday evening's meeting of the Preston council drew attention to the great need of crossings being provided for pedestrians at the principal intersections. During the present dirty weather, he pointed out, it was impossible to get across the street without getting one's shoes covered with mud, and this was specially objectionable to the ladies. He moved that the engineer prepare an estimate of the cost of the necessary crossings. Cr. Howse seconded the motion, which was carried, the president observing that he was afraid they would have to provide crossing-sweepers as well as crossings.

Quite a sensation was caused in Northcote on Saturday last when it was learned that between 1.30 and 6 in the morning thieves had visited every bedroom at "Beaumont," the residence of Mr. Jos. Pitt, Bastings street, and stolen watches and jewellery to the value of well over £100. The occupants slept so soundly that several of them firmly believe that they were drugged. At about 9 o'clock on Monday evening the residence of Mr. H. Merriman, Herbert street, was visited and jewellery to the value of £6 stolen. The front door was unlocked, the family being in the house at the time.

Arrangements were made by Mr. Hardess, headmaster of the South Preston and Prince of Wales Park State Schools with, the manager of the Thornbury Picture Theatre to produce yesterday afternoon the star film entitled, "With Captain Scott to the South Pole" for the educational benefit of the children attending the schools. The theatre was packed, and great interest was taken in the remarkable series of scenes and incidents depicted in connection with the memorable expedition. Those who wish to see this remarkable production in cinematography, actually prepared in the Antarctic, will have an opportunity to-night.

With regret we have to record the death of Mrs. Hawking, senior, of Pender's-street, Preston, a very old resident of the district of Epping and Preston. For years past Mrs. Hawking suffered greatly, and in spite of all that the doctors could do she gradually sank and passed away surrounded by her family. On Sunday last a large number of friends followed her remains to the Coburg Cemetery. The Rev. E. O. Knee conducted the service at the house and grave.

The annual meeting of the Northcote Horticultural Society was held at the Town Hall on July 2nd. Mr. J. McIver was re-elected president; vice-presidents, Messrs Brown, Shade and Evans; hon. secretary, W. H. Warren; treasurer, J. S. Whalley; auditor, W. Dunn. On Tuesday, July 3rd, the society held their first winter social, which was well attended and proved a success. The society hold two shows each year, also two socials, and a meeting on the first Tuesday in every month, at which some very interesting lectures are given. Subscription for the year is 2/6, and the secretary would be pleased to hear from any resident who wishes to become a member.

At the monthly meeting of the Northcote School Committee on Wednesday evening it was decided to order four large dust bins for the children to put their lunch papers in, to prevent them from being scattered over the yard and streets. It was also arranged to open a night continuation school and to call a public meeting re same. The Northcote Military Drum and Fife Band are to be allowed the use of a room for practice. Election of officers took place, and the following were elected:—Chairman of committee, Mr. W. H. Kay; correspondent, Mr. E. McPherson.

EPPING SHIRE NEWS.

A painful sensation was caused through the district this week when it was known that Mr. T. Lynch, an old and highly respected resident of the district had passed away. Very few people were aware that Mr. Lynch was ill, and the news of his death came as a great shock to his many friends. The deceased gentleman, who was 43 years of age and leaves a widow and five young children, was very popular with all classes and sections of the community, and took an active and lively interest in any movement for the betterment and advancement of the district. He was one of the directorate of the Epping Road Milk Company, and one of the chief officers of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society. The funeral took place on Thursday in the Epping Cemetery, and was described as one of the longest ever seen in the district. The funeral arrangements were carried out by W. G. Apps and Sons.

Out of respect to the memory of the late Mr. T. Lynch, the committee who have charge of the social evening to be tendered to Ex-Cr. J. S. Morgan have decided to postpone the fixture until the end of the month. The exact date has not yet been fixed upon, but all donors will be notified by invitation cards.

A highly successful concert and dance was given in the shire hall on Wednesday evening, July 3rd, under the auspices of the R. C. Church, in aid of the Presbytery Building Fund. The entertainment was very largely patronised, and resulted in a financial success.

The roads in the shire are just now in a very rough state owing to no metal having been put on this winter, and people are wondering when the much discussed crushed metal machine is to be started.

In connection with the Women's National League a public meeting will be held at the shire hall, Epping, on Tuesday evening next. Mrs. E. Thompson, organiser of the League, will address the meeting. Ladies are cordially invited.

Epping Shire Council meets on Monday. Tenders are invited up to 12 noon, for 10 chains of construction Mahoney's rd., and sanitary service for Epping township (double pan system).

Owing to the deeply regretted death of Mr. T. Lynch, an old resident of the district, the committee have decided to postpone the social evening to Ex-Cr. John S. Morgan, to a future date.

Preston Branch A.W.A.

The last meeting was held on July 4th, the president (Mrs. Stanlake) in the chair. One new member proposed. Mrs. J. White was appointed delegate to library card party. After business a successful card party and dance was held. Mr. Box and Mr. Winnett (president, A.N.A.) and Mr. Dwyer kindly superintended affairs. Mr. J. Long supplied the music.

ELECTIONS.

What has hitherto been a feature of the municipal year—the August elections—promises this year to be practically non-existent. Both in Northcote and Preston things are as quiet as the grave. The only spark of life is in the hitherto somnolent east ward, where Mr. C. W. Creak announces himself for the vacancy.

In our advertising columns to-day it is announced that Mr. C. W. Creak intends shortly to place his views before the ratepayers.

Preston Council and Tram Routes.

Preston Council on Monday evening decided to make the following suggestion to the Brunswick tramway conference:—

"That the proposed route of tramway be also along Dundas street and Plenty road to Cole's Hill, thence along Broad street and High street to the terminus."

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings, in conjunction with A. Robertson, will offer by auction on Wednesday, July 24, that desirable property known as "Oonah," 187 Clarke street, Northcote.

McGeorge Bros. will sell by Auction on Saturday next, July 20, two d.f.w.b. houses (for removal) in Oakover road, near Bell street station.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, For Coughs and Colds, never fails, 1/6.

Localisms.

A meeting of the guests of the mayor and mayoress of Northcote (Cr. and Mrs. H. E. Bastings) on the occasion of their recent ball will be held at the town hall on Tuesday evening, 16th inst., to make arrangements for a return of their hospitality.

The Northcote school committee have convened a public meeting for the Helen street State school hall on Tuesday evening, July 16, to make arrangements for a night continuation school. Pupils wishing to join the classes are requested to be present.

Evidently they contemplate going into things in a large way at Thornbury brick works. The engines being installed are 500 horse power.

Rev. C. W. Wood, of Holy Trinity, being too ill to preach last week will take up to-morrow evening the subject before advertised—"An Ideal in Life."

We have been requested to intimate that the newspaper postage rate to the United States of America is at the rate of 2½d for every ½ oz. The rate to a British possession is 1d per ½ oz.

Preston rate collector (Mr J. A. P. Ham) on Monday evening asked for an increase of salary. The matter was referred to the committee of the whole.

The president of Prestonshire (Cr. Robertson) was on Monday evening appointed to attend the conference convened by Essendon on the Greater Melbourne Scheme.

The Postal Department have declined to comply with the Preston council's request to allow postage stamps to be sold at Preston and Regent stations, giving as a reason that there are only caretakers there and also that there are facilities for purchasing stamps at no great distance away.

The Arcadians, Preston, hold their fourth dance at the shire-hall on Wednesday evening. The last gathering was exceedingly enjoyable, and this is expected to be likewise.

It is intended to hold a bazaar in aid of All Saints' Church, Preston, on 17th, 18th and 19th October next. To make the necessary arrangements a strong committee has been formed, with Mr. J. E. Andrews, Mrs. Tomkins, and Miss Zwar as joint secs.

Preston Branch A.W.A. are being treated on Thursday evening, July 18, to a dramatic and musical evening by the Clifton Hill and North Fitzroy A.W.A.

Cr. Warr quite upset the equilibrium of Preston councillors on Monday evening by addressing the president as "Worthy Chief." Fancied for the moment he was in a Rechabite lodge meeting.

The annual rescue meetings of the Salvation Army will be held to-morrow at the local barracks.

The hon. sec. of the citizens' complimentary social to the Northcote cricket team begs to acknowledge the following additional donations to the trophy fund:—Mr. H. Doidge £2 2s, Mr. F. J. Plant £1 1s, Mr. W. Creak 2s 6d. The committee desire to thank the citizens and friends for their liberal patronage, and to specially acknowledge the valuable assistance rendered by the "Leader" in helping to make the event such a big success.

In our advertising columns to-day there is a special announcement from Thos. J. Dowd & Co., makers of high grade suits and costumes, Clifton Hill.

The Aberdeen, Gwalia, Preston, and Royal Lodges U.A.O.D. are tendering a complimentary smoke night to Bro. J. Whiteway, in honor of his election as Grand President of the Order, at the Friendly Societies' hall, Northcote, on Wednesday evening next. Members may obtain cards of admission from the secretaries of their respective lodges.

The members of the Preston Orange Lodge have arranged to attend the South Preston Methodist Church on Sunday evening. The Rev. E. O. Knee will conduct the service and speak on Martin Luther, the great religious reformer.

Court to revise Preston municipal rolls will be held on Monday, 22nd July, at 7 p.m. Northcote Revision Court is on the same date and hour. Objections or claims for insertion on the lists may be made up to the 15th.

Geo. Reid, of the Excelsior Stores, Northcote, specially advertises to-day his pure Ceylon teas.

F. G. Smith's money-saving sale of winter drapery, clothing, &c., starts this morning.

A grand juvenile ball, plain and fancy dress, is to be given by the children of St. Joseph's school, Northcote, at Miller's Thornbury hall on Tuesday evening, July 23. Seats are to be reserved for the onlookers.

In connection with the International Bible Students' Association, Mr. R. E. B. Nicholson will give an address at the Northcote town-hall to-morrow afternoon. Subject: "Hell! What? Where?"

At the last meeting of the Northcote council, Cr. Plant got a motion carried that Clarke street, north side, be asphalted from Vauxhall road easterly to the boundary.

The annual meeting of the Northcote Ladies' Benevolent Society is to be held on Tuesday at 3 p.m. at the town-hall, when all interested are cordially invited to attend.

Ladies' and children's jackets, etc., furs, golfers, and millinery at less than half price. Dress materials, velveteens and blousings at prices never known before in this district. Men's, youths', and boys' overcoats and suits, also underwear—in fact, everything—at quit prices. Hattam and Hattam's winter sale now proceeding. [Advt.]

High street roadway, Northcote, has no sooner been sheeted with metal, blinded and steam rolled than the Postal Department comes along and tears it up to underground telephone wires. Surely the departments should be compelled to give notice of this kind of work, when much waste would be saved.

Though the contract for sewering the Preston area north of Murray road was only let last week, the work is already proceeding apace.

Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., is to conduct the service at the Ferguson Memorial Church, Campbell Grove, to-morrow evening.

The establishment of the asylum at Mont Park is proving a factor in the growth of Preston north, quite a number of the officials having already established their homes there.

Alfred Hare Company, modern tailors, 292 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill, make their business announcement on our first page to-day.

Seeing that Northcote and Preston councils were absolutely in agreement as to the terms on which Preston should bring their electric feeder up High street it seems a thousand pities that any friction should have arisen, all due simply to misunderstanding.

Things generally will hum, we must quit all our surplus winter goods. Our establishment was crowded yesterday. Bigger crowds expected to-day. Everything marked down to the lowest ebb. Profits are not taken into consideration at Hattam and Hattam's winter sale. [Advt.]

For the admirable manner in which the debutantes at the Northcote mayoral ball acquitted themselves, credit is due to Mrs. and Miss Wilson, of North Fitzroy, who coached them during a series of four or five rehearsals. So pleased were the young ladies and their partners that at the last rehearsal they presented Mrs. Wilson with a rose bowl and Miss Wilson with a jardiniere, as a mark of their appreciation.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

There has been good business doing throughout the week, the programme having been decidedly attractive. The star feature, "Blazing the Trail," brings before the audience in the most graphic manner possible the hardships and the dangers through which the pioneers of American civilisation had to pass in settling the western prairie lands. "Souvenirs of Italy" is a charming reproduction of the wonderful beauty of the Italian lakes. "Along the Banks of the Rance" (in natural colors) is another, delightful scenic gem. Fanciers of the weird can get their fill in "The Devil's Grotto," and those who care for pictures full of human interest will like "A Modern Yarn" and "Coster Bill." The last production of this fine programme will take place to-night.

On Monday will commence the new programme, including "Breaking the News" (adapted from John Longstaff's famous picture), the finest Australian film yet produced. There will be the usual matinee this afternoon.

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

PRESTON ELECTRIC FEEDER.

ANIMATED DISCUSSION IN THE PRESTON COUNCIL.

CR. ALLCHIN AND SECRETS.

The Preston Shire Council received a letter from the Metropolitan Board of Works on Monday evening granting their request to be allowed to bring their electric feeder over-head up the pipe-track, St. George's road, on condition that the council pays a rental of 5/- per annum for the concession.

Subsequently the following resolution came up from the committee of the whole:—

That the Northcote Council be informed that the Preston Council have now decided to bring the electric light feeder along the Metropolitan Board's pipe track instead of High street.

Cr. Warr moved and Cr. Stanlake seconded the adoption of the recommendation.

Cr. Allchin moved an amendment, that the matter be referred back to the committee of the whole, and that in the meantime a conference be held with the Northcote Council. His action might seem peculiar to those not "in the know;" but some information had been kept back from the ratepayers which he intended to give them that night. This information, it was asked in committee, should be held as a secret for the time being.

A Councillor: This is news.

The President (Cr. Robertson): Let's have the secret.

Cr. Allchin: We got a communication from the Electric Supply Company stating that in order to bring the feeder up the track they would have to take it underground from the corner of Hoddle and Reilly streets to St. George's road.

The President: Is that a great secret?

Cr. Allchin: Did it come before the council?

The President: No.

Cr. Allchin: It should have.

Cr. Crispe: Has anything been kept secret?

The President: Certainly not.

Cr. Allchin went on to say that it was going to cost the council £484 4/- to bring the electric supply from Reilly street to St. George's road. They had been asked to pay it at the rate of £68 4/- a year for 7 years, and they had been assured that the cost of bringing their feeder up St. George's road over-head would be practically the same as bringing it up High street, and there would be more wear and tear on an over-head line, also loss of current.

Cr. Crispe: How much?

Cr. Allchin: £5 a year. A cable brought up High street would have 30 years life, but over-head only half that time.

Cr. Crispe: Who said so?

Cr. Allchin: Our electric engineer.

Cr. Allchin went on to say that Preston had been acting unfairly, and the "man in the street" believed, with a certain amount of spite against the Northcote Council.

A Councillor: Vice versa.

Cr. Allchin, referring to a certain letter, said it had no business to be sent by the committee of the whole. There was too much caucus business.

Cr. Howse seconded the amendment. He had been given to understand that Northcote was quite ready to fall in with the original agreement.

Cr. Braithwaite failed to see any reason for delay. They had had a conference and it should have been decisive. They had fully expected that an agreement so favourable to Northcote would have been endorsed by the council, seeing a majority of their number had assented to it at the conference. When this was not agreed to, and when they raised objections about cutting up their road, they sought permission to come up the pipe track. It had been asserted that they had a pique against Northcote. Nothing of the kind. It was just a business undertaking. They had come to the conclusion that St. George's road was the better way to come. They should save £500 by it. It appeared too, to be the only way they could reach finality, and gave them greater control over their cable than if it was laid in the main street of Northcote.

Cr. Crispe said it should not go out that the council had anything to hide. A certain matter had been referred to committee of the whole "with power to act," and under these circumstances they were perfectly justified in sending the letter they did to Northcote; also in agreeing with the Electric Supply Co. to accept their offer. What Cr. Allchin described as a secret was common talk in the railway train. Cr. Allchin knew all about the letter going. Why did he not bring it up long ago? There was nothing to ... He would guarantee that if a poll of the ratepayers were taken a large majority would be in favour of the course taken by the council.

Cr. Allchin persisted that this information was to be kept secret.

Cr. Crispe rose to a point of order.

Cr. Allchin: I won't be gagged by a man like that.

Cr. Crispe: I would like that expression withdrawn.

The President: It should certainly be withdrawn.

Cr. Allchin: I withdraw it.

The President said business communications from their electrical engineer were treated in a proper business-like manner. That was all. He was staggered to hear that Cr. Allchin had some great secret up his sleeve. He (Cr. Allchin) had got it off his mind, and the ratepayers to whom he was talking would now know all about it.

Cr. Allchin asked that the letter from the Electric Supply Company be read. This disclosed that the council was to pay £68 12s. for seven years for bringing the current across to St. George's road.

The President then proceeded to put the motion.

Cr. Allchin: What about the amendment?

The President: I was so overcome that I overlooked it.

The amendment was put and lost, and the motion carried.

Cr. Crispe called for a division.

All with the exception of Crs. Allchin and Howse voted for the motion.

At a later stage Cr. Crispe said that so much friction seemed to be caused by these electric light letters that he would move that they be referred to the committee of the whole, with power to act.

Cr. Stanlake seconded.

Cr. Allchin: I object. Everything should be threshed out in an open manner. I object to this caucus business.

Cr. Braithwaite said he believed in matters being dealt with in the first instance by the council, but matters of detail might be proceeded with by the committee.

Northcote A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held on Thursday night, the president, Mr. A. Williams, in the chair. Four new members were elected and two proposed. Business being concluded, members adjourned to take part in the first match of the competition against the South Melbourne branch. After an exciting contest, Northcote won by 5 points. Northcote's principal scorers were—W. Frawley 24, E. Witcombe 24, Sims 23, Kempter 23. The next match is against Port Melbourne branch at Port Melbourne on the night of Wednesday, 24th inst. Syllabus item for next meeting—Lecture.

Northcote Rifle Club.

NOTES BY "TARGET."

Considerable interest was taken in last Saturday's matches at Port Melbourne, as several important events were brought to a conclusion. The V.R.A. medal was won by H. Hook by 1 point from Capt. Brown and C. H. Talmage. Another important event was the final of the Mayor's trophy, which resulted in a tie between H. E. Soanes and C. H. Talmage, the latter finally winning. The handicap and scratch half-yearly aggregates were won by C. Wilson and Talmage respectively. In the prize list of the M.R.C.A. monthly matches held last Saturday three Northcote men were included in the persons of Messrs Talmage, Weate and Soanes.

To-day Captain A. H. Brown's trophy is down for decision at 500 and 600 yds.

Next Tuesday week the annual meeting of the club will be held in the club room.

THE MAYORAL BALL.

A BRILLIANT FUNCTION.

There have been in Northcote a long succession of most successful and pleasurable mayoral entertainments, but there has always been one little fly in the ointment, and that is a lack of room. Previous mayors, while having to limit their invitation list far beyond their desires, had yet the feeling of having invited too many for the accommodation they had at their disposal.

The present mayor and mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. H. E. Bastings) having the handsome new Northcote theatre at their disposal, laboured under no such disability, and were able to invite without qualm of conscience double the number to their social function of any previous occupants of the position.

This year's tradition was departed from in that the form of entertainment chosen for the annual occasion was a ball, and judging from the almost unanimous response to the invitations sent out the innovation was extremely popular. There was a representative gathering present, including the member for the district, Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., and Mrs. Membrey, and the heads of no fewer than eleven of the metropolitan municipalities. The event had been greatly looked forward to, and none could surely have been disappointed seeing the splendid manner in which everything was carried out. The mayor and mayoress spared neither pains nor expense in having all things of the best, and the result, with the fine assemblage added, was a really brilliant function. The mayor and mayoress had the gratification at a similar gathering the following evening of hearing the Northcote ball declared "the ball of the season."

With its fine spaciousness and ornate architectural embellishments the new theatre gave the function a handsome setting. The added decorations suiting the festive occasion and also the character of the room were artistically carried out by Mr. C. J. Jackson. They consisted chiefly of festoons of cloth of gold roses on natural foliage and intertwined with lines of alternating blue and amber electric globes, which first burst into light with quite dramatic effect just as the official set of lancers was about to commence. From a beautiful grove of palms on the platform arose a tall trellised arch also decorated with yellow roses and electric lights.

The first event of note in the evening's proceedings was when the imposing array of municipal dignitaries, headed by the mayor and mayoress, formed in procession on leaving their robing rooms and marched in dignified style to their seats on the slightly raised dais at the head of the room. It was here that the mayor and mayoress received, and the filing past and greeting of the five hundred odd guests was another feature of interest.

Very soon dancing was in full swing, and the gaily dressed and animated throng, together with the fine surroundings already alluded to, made a brilliant spectacle, which many went up into the dress circle specially to view and to enjoy.

The official set was taken part in by the following:—The mayor of Northcote and the mayoress of Fitzroy Mrs (McMahen), the mayor of Kew and the mayoress of Northcote (Mrs. Bastings), the mayor of Fitzroy and Mrs. Burton, the mayor of Hawthorn and Mrs. W. G. Swift, the mayor of Richmond and the mayoress of Caulfield (Mrs. Fiske), the mayor of Brunswick and Mrs J. Hume Cook, the mayor of Caulfield and the mayoress of Brighton (Mrs. Francis), the mayor of Brighton and Miss Bastings, the president of the shire of Preston and Mrs Tharratt, Mr. T. W. Holmes and Mrs. Robertson, Cr. Hickford and Mrs T. W. Holmes, Cr. Hayes and Miss McMahen, Cr. F. J. Plant and Mrs Hayes, Mr. J. Hume Cook and Mrs F. J. Plant. The mayor and mayoress of South Melbourne (Cr. and Mrs. McArthur) were present, but arrived too late for the official set.

Quite the most interesting and attractive feature of the evening came later in the debutantes' set, which was entered upon with all due form and ceremony. None of the young ladies appeared on the floor till the appointed time. Then a fanfare was sounded by the band and the maidens, garbed in soft white and bearing white shower bouquets, preceded by the herald, marched slowly forward with their partners, two by two, and made their curtseys to the mayor and mayoress. A large square having been enclosed with white ropes, they then proceeded with the dance, which was executed with stately grace to the measured music of the minuet. There were many difficult combinations, but all were executed with absolute precision. The whole dance provided a charming and most interesting spectacle, and the young ladies, together with their partners, are to be congratulated on the way they acquitted themselves. Many present who had seen numbers of such ceremonies declared they had never seen one so admirably carried out. The young ladies who "came out," and who all, needless to say, looked very nice indeed, were as follow:—Misses Doris Grindrod, Thelma Smirl, Effie Stewart, Ethel Powell, Mollie Haines, Mabel Hunter, Vera Grant, Ivy Roberts, Gladys Cooper, Ada Gregory, Jessie Doidge, Russell Yardley, Mabel Clauscen, Madge Sachse, Eveline Harry, Agnes Freebairn, Elsie Freebairn, Olive Roberts, Bessie Watt, Olive Sullivan.

The refreshments, which were of a recherche order, being provided by Skinner, were served in a large marque, which also was elaborately decorated in tints of warm red, with rose-colored electric globes.

At the supper Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., in eulogistic terms, proposed the health of the mayor and mayoress, praising them for the way they had carried out their duties generally and specially commenting on the magnificent manner in which they had entertained their guests that evening.

The mayor, in responding, said he took a great pleasure in municipal work, and from the outset had seriously laid himself out to carry out the duties to the best of his ability. In discharging the social duties he had always an admirable helpmeet in Mrs Bastings, and he was sure they both joined in the hope that every one of their guests would thoroughly enjoy themselves that evening. The mayor referred with special gratification to the fact that he was surrounded on the occasion by so many representatives of other municipalities.

The dancing, which was entered into with the utmost zest and enjoyment, was continued till after 2 a.m. The music was provided by a band of seven performers led by Mr. Lomax. Cr. F. J. Plant ably carried out the onerous duties of master of ceremonies. Mr. W. G. Swift, the town clerk, also greatly assisted the mayor in making his arrangements.

The fine entertainment was brought to a close with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and hearty cheers for the mayor and mayoress.

The following is a list of the dresses worn:—

Mrs. E. Allchin, black ninon over white silk, and chantilly lace, with passementerie trimming; Mrs. A. Allen, handsome black crepe de chene, with touches of white Irish crochet.

Mrs. Harold E. Bastings (Mayoress) beautiful gown of pale pink duchesse satin, handsomely trimmed with floral embroidery and deep gold fringe, over which was worn a tunic of champagne ninon edged with gold; Mrs. Edgar Bastings, black lace and net trimmed with gold and opal sequins; Mrs Jos. Brown, black silk with jet trimmings; Mrs. C. A. Bond, white duchesse satin tunic, black ninon overdress, jet trimmings, black guipure lace; Miss Myra Bastings, white voile, silver embroideries and fringe; Mrs. W. Braithwaite, black silk, with rich lace trimming; Miss E. Brophy, maize crepe de chene, satin violets in hair; Miss Gertrude Brown, shell pink charmeuse, crepe overdress, gold applique trimmings; Miss Rita Brown, white satin tunic, white crepe, bugle trimmings; Miss Gertie Brown, pale pink silk ninon, scolloped overdress, outlined with silver beads; Mrs. J. J. Butler, black messaline, black jet trimmings; Miss L. Butler, Moonee Ponds, pink Oriental satin, pearl trimmings; Mrs E. T. Brown, black satin, overdress draped ninon trimmed with guipure lace; Mrs. Theo. Bliss, charmeuse satin, overskirt grey ninon, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. E. T. Brown, black velvet, trimmings of silk lace and jet; Mrs R. Bailey, grey mery gold spotted, overdress, gold trimmings; Mrs J. M. Bowden, green satin, veiled with pale blue ninon and gold Paisley fringe; Mrs. Leonard Baker, black velvet, Oriental trimmings; Miss Bailey, pale blue silk, silver tunic; Mrs. Butler (Parkville), heliotrope crepe de chene, Oriental trimmings; Miss Baty, silk voile over heliotrope, oxidized pearl and silver trimmings.

Mrs Hume Cook, pale blue silk, cream lace trimmings and pink hand-made roses; Miss Clauscen, creme duchess satin, high waisted lingerie gown; Miss Rita Brown, white satin, overdress white ninon trimmed with gold roses; Mrs. Geo. Cockerill, black silk poplin with Oriental trimming; Miss Elsie Cox, shell pink mery, short pink ninon overdress edged with silver beads, French val lace, silver bead trimming; Mrs E. Cooper, creme satin, Oriental trimming; Mrs. Geo W. Clauscen, black and white striped satin, trimmed with lace; Mrs. Christian, white silk, black ninon, jet trimming; Mrs. W. Campbell, white crepe over pink, lace corslet; Miss Clark, grey Arabian crepe, Oriental and bugle trimming; Miss Curtis, blue satin, veiled silk lace and black ninon, silver trimmings; Mrs. Chapman (Kew), white satin; Mrs C. Candy, rose pink charmeuse with self color, overdress of ninon; Miss Chapman, pale pink crepe de chene; Miss B. Cartmell, black silk; Mrs Crispe, grey silk; Mrs. W. Cox, pink silk and Chantilly lace tunic; Gladys M. Cooper, white satin, overdress ninon, lace edging, finished with hand-made roses; T. Collins, white silk, pearl trimming; Mrs. F. Cornish, black velvet, silver trimmings.

Mrs H. Doidge, grey silk voile tunic, oxidised, relieved with pale pink; Miss Dynan, white satin, cerise tunic, silver fringe trimming; Mrs S. Dennis, amethyst satin, overdress black net, amethyst and jet trimmings; Miss Doidge, duchess satin tunic, net overdress with pearl trimming; Mrs S. H. Don, black silk and net, cutaway bodice, heavy creme guipure lace trimming; Mrs H. C. Dyte, pink ... white lace overdress, trimmed with silver and pearl; Mrs. Dorum, black velvet, princess robe, bead lace; Miss E. Dynan, charmeuse satin, old rose overdress, trimmed with gold lace and Oriental fringe; Mrs. W. Dennis, Wedgwood blue silk, trimmed with steel beads; Mrs J. C. Duncan, black messaline silk, Tosca net tunic, jet trimmings.

Mrs H. Evans, black silk, Oriental trimming; Mrs. A. G. De Lacy, pink charmeuse silk, trimmed with val lace and silver bugle; Mrs J. Esler, emerald satin, gold and black sequin overdress; Mrs Tom Eyres, pale blue satin, overdress pannier effect, point lace, panne velvet trimmings; Mrs Terry Feely, mauve charmeuse silk, with ninon overdress and pearl applique; Miss Agnes Freebairn, white satin ninon overdress, with bugle fringe and passementerie trimmings; Mrs J. W. Grandrod, grey and black stripe silk, with Oriental trimmings; Mrs. W. Greer, black satin, draped skirt, bugle and silk trimmings; Mrs. W. Freebairn, black silk, steel trimmings; Mrs. Fossett, charmeuse satin, lace overdress, jet trimmings; Miss E. Freebairn, white satin, overdress silk net, French style, pearl trimmings.

Miss Gomm, heliotrope satin tunic, beaded ninon trimmings; Mrs William Gorrie, Oriental velvet gown; Mrs. J. M. Grant, amethyst messaline silk, black net overdress, jet and amethyst trimmings; Mrs F. E. Girling, pastelle grey silk crepe, overdress of heliotrope, and salmon pink embroidery; Mrs. Gribble, brown silk overdress, and gold trimmings; Mrs. R. Gaunt, creme satin, tunic of blue ninon, silver trimmings; Miss V. Grant, satin and lace, with pearl and bead trimming; Mrs W. Glanfield, grey silk applique and lace to match; Mrs. V. Griffith, charmeuse, lace and Oriental trimming; Miss Ethel Goddard, white satin, with ninon tunic; Mrs Groves, grey charmeuse, with beaded overdress; Mrs. Gregory, blue silk, Oriental trimmings and puffing; Mrs. Arthur Gibbs, white Oriental satin, sequin overdress; Miss Ada Gregory, Oriental satin, trimmings of pearls and puffing at foot; Miss D. Grindrod, satin, overskirt of ninon, pearl sequin trimmings; Miss Mabel Clauscen, ivory satin, crystal beads and fringe.

Mrs Heath, grey silk, bugle trimming; Mrs. H. Hellwig, white satin, black lace overdress; Miss Mabel Hunter, satin, silk net overdress and bead trimmings; Mrs. J. P. Howe, green charmeuse silk, handsome overdress of black spangled net; Mrs. S. Hart, black silk, overdress black lace, jet trimmings; Miss Hellwig, creme crepe de chene, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. G. H. Henderson, amethyst satin, overdress ninon same color, steel bead trimmings; Mrs. F. Hunter, black satin, trimmed with Mechlin lace; Miss Floris Harry, cream satin and ninon, trimmed with chrystals and pearls; Miss Harry, silk crepe, with bugle trimmings; Mrs J. Hutton, pink satin, gold net overdress; Mrs James Harry, pink satin, overdress of ninon, silver and pearl trimmings; Mrs. Hore, grey satin, overdress of beaded net; Mrs. H. Howe, grey satin Oriental overskirt, with pearl trimmings; Mrs. J. T. Harry, black satin and steel spangled net; Mrs. W. Harry, black velvet, one-piece dress, heavy jet and lace trimmings; Mrs Hughton, cream silk, empire, trimmed with silk lace; Miss Elsie Humphreys, ... with spangled net and Oriental trimmings; Miss Mollie Haines, soft ivory satin, ninon overdress, crystal trimmings; Mrs. Hugh. G. Haines, black satin charmeuse, ninon overdress, sequin trimmings; Mrs. W. Hayes, black lace over white satin, jet trimming; Mrs C. E. Hattam, champagne charmeuse satin, overdress of Marquisette applique, trimming of gold and blue.

Miss Jackson, black silk, lace trimming; F. Johnston, grey satin, ninon overskirt, Oriental trimmings; Mrs B. E. Johnson, grey silk, panel train, passementerie trimming; Mrs. C. J. Johnson, old rose satin, lace overdress; Miss Johnson, white satin, overdress white tosca net, outlined folds white satin, trimmed silver and pearl beads; Mrs A. Jones, white silk, overdress of net, silver trimmings.

Miss Maud Kinsman, maize satin, high-waisted tunic, showing gold tissue and tosca net, underdress, trimmed dull gold beads, gold shoes, dull gold bands on hair, and ospray; Mrs. Kelleher, saxe blue duchesse satin, overdress black sequin jet fringe; Mrs. S. King, heliotrope silk with overdress of ninon, bead trimming; Mrs. W. Key, red satin overdress, with red sequin, black net trimming; Mrs. S. Kemler, salmon silk satin, overdress blue ninon, Oriental trimming.

Mrs J. G. Latham, white Oriental embroidered silk over shell pink, corsage of Maltese lace; Mrs. Lonie, grey satin, silver trimmings; Mrs Ernest Lees, blue charmeuse silk, black lace trimmings; Miss Lily Lancaster, pale pink, empire gown, deeper shade of pink, velvet pearl trimmings; Mrs. R. Linney, silk, ninon overdress, Oriental trimmings; Miss Lysaght, ivory silk, silver trimmings.

Mrs. Mendelsohn, black satin, bead trimmings; Miss A. Motehrston, Oriental satin; Miss R. Merriman, white Oriental satin, crystal trimmings; Mrs Albert Mason, black silk, black applique and silver lace trimmings; Mrs. Munro, grey voille, overdress, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. McConechy, pink satin charmeuse, jewel and gold tissue, and double violets trimming; Mrs. H. Merriman, ninon, overdress net, jet trimmings; Mrs. Meakin, black silk, black lace trimmings; Mrs. McIntosh, grey silk crepe de chene, silk and steel trimmings; Mrs. T. McFarlane, vieux rose silk, overdress ninon, edged dull rose fringe; Mrs. Mason, grey mery., loose panel back, trimmed with guipure lace; Mrs. Frank Morgan, grey satin and ninon, overdress, Oriental trimmings; Miss McIntosh, black silk, black and gold trimmings; Miss Aloys McConechy, sax blue satin charmeuse, jewelled tunic overdress in silver tissue, moonstone trimmings; Mrs. J. G. Membrey, moonstone green pallette, tunic skirt, detached train, cream and gold vest with Bertha and sleeves trimmed with jewelled fringe; Mrs. McFarlane, pink silk draped with black lace.

Mrs Newbury, black satin, black lace overdress.

Mrs C. C. Osborne, apricot satin, covered with champagne ninon, gold trimming; Miss Chrystie Orr, heliotrope silk, with bunches of silver; Mrs. H. H. Olney, purple satin, Oriental style, gold amethyst trimmings; Mrs. Oldenburg, black charmeuse, jet trimmings, black silk net; Mrs. J. E. O'Brien, black messaline, diamond trimmings; Mrs. B. R. Patey, grey satin, panel train, guipure lace trimmings; Mrs James Paterson, black silk; Mrs. F. Plant, cream satin with gold tissue roses; Mrs. D. Plant, uncommon shot crepe de chene, in dull rose and green, new pinafore style; Mrs. T. Plant, pale blue satin, tunic pale blue crepe de chene, silver trimmings; Mrs. Powell, black silk, tosca net overdress, guipure trimmings; Mrs. Pinchbeck, white satin, overdress ninon, with pearl trimmings; Mrs. Jos. Pitt, duchess satin, jet trimmings; Miss Pitt, blue satin, bugle trimmings; Miss Lily Pitt, white satin,

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THE CURE.

THE TALE OF A MAN WHO TOOK THE PART OF ANOTHER—AND PLAYED IT TOO WELL.

CHAPTER I.

A bitter east wind, driving before it down the Strand whipthongs of powdered frozen snow, had made Reggie Ovington seek refuge in Charing Cross Station.

Tall, thin to emaciation, pinched cheeks, hollow-eyed, with hair long and straight, and so amazingly, intensely black that in the shadows it seemed deeply blue, he wandered, shivering, shuddering, up and down beneath the clock, his blue hands plunged in his frayed pockets, his numb fingers caressing his only possession of value—a return ticket to Balham, where, as pauper-actor, he dwelt.

Then in his wanderings he noticed a pair of grey eyes twinkling beneath shaggy grey eyebrows. They were fixed on him in intense and astonished gaze. Their possessor, a little, stout old man, moved away as Reggie caught his eye, but a moment later he was watching the actor again from the shelter of a refreshment-room.

Suddenly he seemed to come to a swift resolution. With a look of anxiety he trotted out into the crowd, darted up to Reggie, and half raised his top hat.

"The time, sir?" he piped. "Could you oblige me?"

For answer the actor pulled out the seedy lining of his empty waistcoat pocket, winked, and jerked his hand over his shoulder at the great clock above him.

"There are too many public clocks," he replied, "for beggars to carry Waterburys. It's one o'clock, sir."

"I'm obliged—failing sight," jerked the old man. "Beggars, you say, sir. I trust you are not——"

"'To beg I am ashamed,'" quoted Reggie with a wry grin. "But if I had the capital to buy half a dozen boxes of matches I'd be in the gutter selling them."

The stranger's hand went to his pocket but the out-at-elbows actor shook his head with a frown, and with a surly face took a step forward. The old man caught his sleeve with detaining fingers.

"What—what are you?" he faltered, as though he were afraid of himself.

"An actor who never acts," said Reggie bitterly.

"An actor!"

The old fellow seemed to coo the words, and he repeated them again under his breath. His eyes were riveted on the young man's face, and when at last he spoke his words came swiftly, as though under compulsion.

"I—I might be able to offer you employment, I might," he said. "Strange employment, a weird undertaking, requiring a man of tact and skill and histrionic ability."

"My dear sir, you're unlike a straw," said Reggie, passing his arm into the stranger's, "but I'm drowning, and I clutch thee!"

Five minutes later a taxi-cab whirled through the snow and carried them to a house in a back street in Chelsea. There were folding doors to the rooom in which Reggie found himself, and the old man opened one ajar and peeped in before speaking. Then:

"My name's Meggleton," he began. "I am companion, tutor, amanuensis to young Mr. Kinglandhurst, whose father was the great millionaire colliery owner—doubtless his name is familiar. Dick, my pupil, was educated abroad and has but lately returned with me to England. He has no friends here, saving a few made ten years ago when he was between sixteen and seventeen. He is ambitious He desires to enter Parliament. His possessions in Yorkshire render it peculiarly desirable that he should stand for the division of Streethame where his estates are situated. An old friend of his father's, Lord Rogate, has been most energetic in his behalf. A great meeting of the Political Association is fixed for to-morrow. All Dick's future supporters will be present. Young Mr. Kinglandhurst will address them. His speech, prepared by me, lies there."

Mr. Meggleton pointed to a table littered with MS. paper.

"You know," he continued, "how fickle constituencies are, and how important first impressions must ever be. Well, look on this."

He turned to the folding doors and threw one open.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"I see," said Reggie Ovington in stifled tones, "I see myself asleep on a sofa."

CHAPTER II.

It was true. Lying there, in heavy stupor, was the exact replica of the actor.

"Drink—drugged," said Mr. Meggleton shortly. "He is wild. Last night was to be his farewell to Bohemia. Nothing I could urge would induce him to forgo it. Now you see the position we are in."

He closed the door as he spoke.

"If I telegraph that he is ill Lord Rogate would immediately come here. Would he support that?" and he jerked his thumb towards the other room. "If I wire that he is detained, what will his supporters say—men who have came miles perhaps to see the son of their old landlord, employer, benefactor? I was in despair and then—I saw you. Nature in a fit of economy turned you out from the same mould as she employed for Dick. Even I who know him so well was staggered at the likeness. You seemed sent by Providence. Sir, I want you to act for—at most two hours—to read a speech, receive congratulations, and return by the evening train with me."

"Go in his shoes?" ejaculated Reggie in astonishment.

"In his suit oven—in his shirt," cried Mr. Meggleton. "Your own—you'll pardon me—are scarcely suitable for a young millionaire."

At first, as was natural, Reggie shut his ears to the proposal. But as he sat and listened to the plausible Mr. Meggleton, as he gasped at the one hundred guineas which he was offered, his reluctance grew less, his hesitation began to vanish. After all—only three hours—one hundred guineas! He gave in.

That night, arrayed in a complete turnout of young Mr. Kinglandhurst's, he arrived at St. Pancras for the night train, accompanied by the old tutor. Mr. Meggleton had purchased the tickets, and was speaking to Reggie over his shoulder, when a sudden spasm of dismay and alarm came into his eyes.

"Rogate!" he ejaculated, clutching Reggie's arm. "Rogate and his daughter! They mustn't see us. I had no idea they were in London! Come, quickly!"

They stepped across to the waiting train, found an empty first-class smoking carriage, and old Meggleton deliberately turned his back on the window, put up his feet and hid behind the outstretched sheets of a newspaper.

"You'd never be able to keep it up for a six-hour journey," he growled fretfully. "Gad, I begin to wish we hadn't embarked on this. It seemed so simple. It——"

The appearance of a head at the window disturbed the speaker.

"Mr. Meggleton's voice, I'll be bound!" boomed the newcomer. "Vi, you don't mind smoke—not for once? That's right. And is this that dear boy, Richard Kinglandhurst?"

He was an old man, enveloped in a black and white shawl and he bustled his daughter into the carriage and hurried nimbly in himself, seizing Mr. Meggleton's reluctant hand.

"Lord Rogate!" ejaculated the tutor. "I imagined your lordship was already in the north. Yes—this—this"—he swallowed desperately and looked supremely uncomfortable—"this is—Dick."

"Glad to see you," bawled Rogate. "You'll be a credit to the party, to Yorkshire, to England, to me! Glad to see you—very glad. You remember Vi? Of course you do. She's never finished talking of you——"

"Father."

But he ignored his daughter's protest, babbling on, making her cheeks burn with reminiscences of a boy and girl affair, which he swore he had not been blind enough to ignore.

The train started before Reggie had been called upon to do more than monosyllabically reply. Then the earl turned to Mr. Meggleton, and Vi glanced at the actor.

"Fathers incorrigible," she began, awkwardly.

"They always are," he returned, smiling. "Do tell me all about yourself."

The minutes passed. He listened to her and stared at her. She was very young and—he acknowledged—very beautiful. He began to grow half jealous—in a mocking way—of young Mr. Kinglandhurst.

"And what do you think of Vi?" suddenly interpellated Rogate from his corner.

"She is very beautiful," said Reggie simply.

He regretted the words even as they left his lips, even before Mr. Meggleton's deprecating cough. A flush swept over her face, cheeks, forehead—dyeing her neck where the loosened furs had fallen apart and a row of pearls were gleaming. She looked at him, her eyes clouded. Her eyelids fluttered—fell.

He felt as though he had been struck a physical blow, and winced in shame at Rogate's pleased laugh and his cackled: "D'you hear that, Vi?"

But later, when the white head and the grey were bent forward in earnest conversation, he leaned forward and muttered, "I'm sorry."

She smiled at him—then sighed, and the sound made him whisper—mechanically, all unconsciously:

"It—it is true."

CHAPTER III.

The journey came to an end. But Rogate would not hear of them going to the hotel where Mr. Meggleton had engaged rooms.

"Cancel 'em," he commanded. "Not a word!—most unfriendly—car at the door. Of course you must come to The Towers."

Old Meggleton carried Reggie off to the room he had been allotted immediately they arrived. There he imparted as many details as he could in the time, of young Kinglandhurst's travels, education, and family history.

"Say you've a headache—get to bed early," he directed. "Gad, I wish we were out of this! And—above all—keep your mouth shut!"

Reggie remembered the injunction and obeyed it. If Lord Rogate found him taciturn, he was not displeased. He was glad to find a listener. Then, after dinner, nothing pleased him more than to see his daughter seated at the piano with the young millionaire leaning over it beside her. While, later still, the expression in Reggie's eyes as he stared at Vi when she was singing snatches of the "Spring Maid" made the old man chuckle to himself.

On the next day there were too many preparations for the meeting, too many arrangements to be made for Reggie to run much risk of detection.

In the afternoon the huge local drill-shed was packed with an excited audience. They listened to Rogate's somewhat verbose remarks with obvious impatience, and their welcome of the prospective member when Reggie rose was warm to boisterousness. Here his training stood him in good stead. His easy bearing, his apt action, his sonorous voice, with its crafty changes of timbre put personality into Mr. Meggleton's colorless, lifeless speech. He carried his hearers with him, and the meeting closed on a note of unanimous approval.

But as The Towers party moved to the side-door where the motor cars awaited them, old Meggleton sharply exclaimed. The wind had fallen and with it the snow—and was still, thickly, persistently falling. A leaden sky, suffused with heavy yellow clouds, hung threateningly overhead.

"Quickly, Dick, to the station," he snapped. "The roads will be impassable in an hour of this."

"The main line's blocked, sir," volunteered a chauffeur. "The two up ran off the rails and ploughed up the permanent way. The storm's been thick a mile or so away these two hours. A train won't leave to-night, they tell me."

And though old Meggleton refused to listen to what he called "idle chatter," and insisted on crawling in a snow-bound car to the station, he had to believe the station-master at Streethame when he confirmed the chaffeur's statement.

Perforce he returned to Rogate Towers, to be welcomed with a chorus of "I-told-you-so's" from the earl.

All that night the snow fell persistently. Constantly the old tutor trotted to the windows and peered out, and each time he returned to his chair by the fire with a longer face, and each time glanced more anxiously, more suspiciously at Reggie and Vi at the piano.

"You spoke splendidly—magnificently," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "What a huge vista of success is opened up to you! Aren't you very proud?"

"Meggleton told me what to say," he said dryly.

"I'm glad," she returned impulsively, "for I overheard someone say, 'he's talking clap-trap—mere fiddle-faddle, empty words, yet he's swaying us all. It's his personality, man; he'll go THE CURE—3 far.'"

She smiled at him fondly as she spoke. He shivered at something he saw in her eyes. His personality! His—his—— Reggie Ovington's, not young Mr. Kinglandhurst's! His personality! He was not blind, he was not vain. He knew it was no memory of the youthful Dick which made her eyes light up as she glanced at him and made her eyelids droop if his gaze met hers. His personality—the cheat's, the humbug's, the sham's, the starving, prospectless, pauper actor's, who could never dare lift his eyes to hers without disgracing his honor and his manhood.

"I've a headache," he apologised clumsily. "Will you think me very rude if I say 'good-night?'"

"And I've bothered you with my foolish playing," she said penitently. "Oh, I'm indeed sorry."

"I had rather heard you than the angels," he said, and his lips twitched and his eyelids closed as if he were in pain.

CHAPTER IV.

Lying awake that night he knew the truth. He knew that she cared for him. Reverently, full of honor, tenderly, he thought of her heart. Miserably, angrily, bitterly, he thought of himself.

Far away on the other side of the house Vi stood by her mantelpiece staring into the ruddy embers of her dying fire. She, too, had made confession to her own mind. The bud she had cherished, the girlish fondness for the youth who had passed out of her life ten years before, had swelled and blossomed. She did not shrink from admitting it. She, too, had seen that something—which adorns the eyes of every man and every woman in the world once in a lifetime—had seen that something in Reggie's melancholy gaze.

Then suddenly, blanching her cheeks, setting her lips apart and trembling, and striking shivering tremors down her back, a crash resounded through the house.

Silence ensued.

Another crash, louder than its precursor. The sound of opening doors. A sharp call—a startled cry from a woman servant—Vi flung open her door. Simultaneously her father opened his.

"What—what is it?" she asked, panting with fear.

Sharp and terrifying, awakening a thousand echoes, came the sound of a pistol shot. Impelled by she knew not what, she ran down the corridor, her father at her heels, the frightened servants close behind them, old Meggleton, with flabby cheeks and pulsing exclamations of horror, last of all.

At the top of the stairs she paused. Someone behind her held aloft a candle. Into its flickering radiance came Reggie, climbing the stairs, a smoking revolver in his hand.

She cried out shrilly, losing all her self-command, swayed on the top step, then stumbled down the stairs, her eyes—her arms wide, whispering in terror his name, suddenly pitching forward to be caught in his arms as she fell.

"Oh, my beloved, you—aren't hurt?"

She was unconscious as the last word came falteringly from her white lips, and Reggie stood holding her, rigid as a statue, staring down into her face. Looking up at last he saw the excited, horror-stricken crowd staring at them curiousy, and he reeled, standing there, growing deathly white.

"There has been an attempted robbery," he said harshly. "I heard a noise and went down. We—struggled. The man has escaped."

"Did he take anything? My scarabs!" shrilled Rogate.

"I hope he took—nothing," answered Reggie, and, still carrying the unconscious girl, mounted the stairs and surrendered her to her maid.

The snow had obliterated all trace of the burglar on the moor. Only one discovery came to light—that Vi's pearl necklace, which she had left on the piano overnight, was missing.

The police were instantly communicated with, but the almost impassable state of the roads, though it might render the ultimate escape of the miscreant more difficult, made pursuit almost impossible.

Old Mr. Meggleton was terribly perturbed. The police were the last people he desired on the scene of what he considered an innocent deception. He interviewed Reggie in his room, and begged him to appeal to Rogate to carry the matter no further.

"You mean use my influence as young Kinglandhurst?" queried Reggie, packing his pipe.

"Naturally," agreed the old man sharply. "It——"

The word froze on his lip. Reggie's tobacco-pouch lay on his knee, while he held a blazing match to the bowl of his pipe. Old Meggleton's face went white, grey yellow. Stiffly, half-paralysed with horror, he rose from his chair one arm held grotesquely out; a crooked, shaking finger pointed at the pouch.

Reggie glanced at him, looked puzzled, opened his mouth to speak, then swiftly glanced down to his knees. His jaw fell, and then he laughed harshly.

Obtruding from the pouch were two pearls dangling on a string!

"I always was a careless fool!" he said, laughing, picking the pouch up and pocketing it. "Still, no harm's done. You can't give me away. We're conspirators together."

Old Meggleton burst into a flood of invective, whilst Reggie sat easily, smiling. For a full two minutes he had blustered and stormed, when abruptly the door opened. On the threshold, frowning, stood young Mr. Kinglandhurst.

"Well, my dear old friend," he said, smiling at Meggleton, "and well, my very useful new one, I hope you haven't had a very bad time. I've come to fill my own shoes. Lord! I've been about twenty-four hours on the road. I've read an account of the meeting—capital. Oh, Meggleton, I thought it best to confess to Rogate."

"You—you've told him?" faltered the tutor in chapfallen dismay.

"Yes—confessed the whole thing. He doesn't know if he's standing on his head or his heels. I've sworn to run as steady as a gyroscopic top in future. All's forgiven. Well, my double, how did you like being young Kinglandhurst?"

He turned amiably to Reggie.

"Oh, so-so," said the actor vaguely. "Meggleton, you may as well know that the burglary was all a blind. You guessed that, I suppose? But, of course, you can't afford to prosecute—either of you—so I don't mind confirming any suspicions you may have."

Kinglandhurst stared from one to the other in perplexity. Then Reggie very calmly explained.

"The pearls looked good. I fancied they wouldn't be missed," he concluded. "Here, catch!"

He negligently tossed the string to the flabbergasted old man, and then asked amiably: "Now what d'you propose doing?"

. . . .

Reggie, of course, was right. The idea of a prosecution and the consequent publicity of the conspiracy could not be entertained. Instead, young Kinglandhurst gave him five hundred pounds on condition that he left England within forty-eight hours.

He saw nothing of Vi till a closed fly drove up to the door, and, muffled up (the servants, of course, had no inkling of the truth), he passed through the hall towards it. She happened to pass out of the smoking-room at the same moment. He paused. She drew aside her skirts, flushing painfully.

He smiled, a sudden look of tender happiness in his miserable, haggard eyes. Then, without a word, he passed on, out into the waiting fly, out of her life for ever.

. . . .

His object was accomplished. His sacrifice complete. For Vi was engaged to young Kinglandhurst, now M.P. for Streethame, when the police arrested a tramp on another charge who confessed to burglariously entering Rogate Towers, to attempting to shoot Kinglandhurst (as he described him), to being overpowered, his booty (a pearl necklace) wrested from him, and his escape by means of a trick which had left his captor sprawling on the floor while he himself made for the covering blackness of the night and the blinding snow.

Reggie Overton had throttled, strangled, annihilated the love of the woman he had learned to adore, because the fruit of that love could only be poignant misery, pain unspeakable, the hopeless hunger of an empty passion.

He went his way—unloved—alone.

THE OPTIMIST.

By George Fitch.

An optimist is a man who would celebrate the anniversay of the day on which his leg was broken because the automobile didn't spoil his clothes when it ran over him.

The optimist sees only the bright side of things. Every dark cloud to him has a silver lining and is perpetually inside out. There is no such thing as misfortune to the optimist. He has torn the misfortune page out of his lexicon, and has used it for a cigar lighter. If he is poor, he is glad because he will enjoy so much more being rich week after next. If he is sick, it is a most auspicious occasion because he is indoors with liver complaint, instead of outdoors catching pneumonia. If he has lost his job, it will enable him to enjoy a nice vaca- how uncomfortable fat people are, and smiles. If the home team is seven runs behind in the eighth innings, does he leave the park in disgust? No, indeed. Something is bound to turn up in the ninth, so he bets another dollar and stays on.

In fact, betting, gold mining, and stock selling would hardly be paying games if it were not for the optimist. He will bet on a three-legged horse, because for all he knows it may grow another leg on the back stretch. He will buy £1000 worth of stock in a hole in the ground with traces of brass filings in it and will pay assessments for forty years, greasing up his wheelbarrow every month in order to be ready when the dividend is declared. He will buy a block of stock in a perpetual motion company and will hold on to it even after some other sucker has offered to cart it away for him free of charge.

Thus optimism is profitable, but not always to the optimist. However, life is very beautiful to him, and he is always happy. Once an optimist was lynched for horse-stealing, and just before they kicked the barrel out from under him he was asked if he had any last words. Looking over toward the mountains he murmured: "You couldn't have picked out a spot with a nicer view."

Andrew Carnegie, President Taft and "Kid" McCoy are our greatest optimists just now. Carnegie still believes he will die poor, President Taft has eaten one hundred banquets in one hundred days and still believes the world is getting better, and McCoy has just married his eighth wife.

MAID AND POET.

Maid severe and saintly,
Beautiful and wise,
I can see, though faintly,
In your glorious eyes
Questions such as, blinking,
Wisdom asks of fate.
Tell me what you're thinking,
"Is my hat on straight?"

Maid, your face is telling
That your tender heart,
With sweet pity welling
From its every part,
In good deeds is showing
Pious zeal each day.
Whither are you going?
"To the matinee."

Maid, when time is ended,
And our souls are free,
What can be intended
For fair you and me?
Tell me of your longing:
What have you desired?
Visions pure that, thronging—
"G'wan! You make me tired!"

A Modern Noah.

A lady, having occasion to remove from one house to another, hired a cab to take herself and a few small belongings to the new abode. When the cabby arrived at the house to take his fare the lady came out with two dogs in her arms and placed these inside the cab. She then went back and brought out two cats, then two canaries in cages, then two rabbits in hutches, then two small monkeys, then two large parrots.

When she returned for something else the cabby could stand it no longer.

"I say, lidy," he queried, "expectin' a flood?"

His Mistake.

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?" After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered: "Moses, 4000."

"Now," said the teacher, "you have all seen that before. Why didn't you know when Moses lived?"

"Please, teacher," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number."

The growing of sunflowers for seed is a profitable undertaking. An average crop will yield on good soil from three-quarters to a ton to the acre. The seed fetches from £16 to £18 per ton.

Quite Another Thing.

Pendennis: Did you see Hooker when he came in from fishing?

Warrington: Yes: I was on the pier.

Pendennis: Were there any fish lying about him?

Warrington: No; he was lying about the fish.

Miss Cunning: Why don't you propose to her by telephone, then?

Mr. Hoamley: Maybe she wouldn't know who I was.

Miss Cunning: Exactly; that might help your chances.

Silence is the best reply to the ignorant.

TRAMPS.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

By W. Werner.

Judge Rogers sat in his office in the courthouse of Richfield, idly looking down Main-street. Usually at that hour, especially with the thermometer hovering around 95, Main-street was deserted; but to-day there were groups in front of the grocery, the drug store and on the steps of the post-office. There was an ominous shaking of heads in the direction of the courthouse, and subdued excitement was apparent.

It was ten years since Judge Rogers had come to town and opened a law office, and in that time, with the exception of the fall fair, the advent of the circus, a wedding and a funeral, he had never seen the townspeople wrought up as they had been for three weeks, and all on account of ordinary, everyday tramps, a brand of humanity that usually had given Richfield a wide berth.

The tramps who did hang around Richfield seemed to be blessed with unusually good appetites, as Mrs. Bradley's ice-box, temptingly kept on the back porch; Mr. Brown's chicken coop and innumerable orchards could testify. The petty thieving grew to such an alarming extent that the people of Richfield baulked, and the edict was issued that the first stranger found trespassing should be arrested, brought before Judge Rogers and punished as his case deserved.

The night before the town constable found a man skulking around Judge Rogers' home. The hand of the law was quickly clamped down and the man marched to the lockup in the courthouse, where he lay awaiting trial in the morning.

Judge Rogers had been inclined to look on the tramp question rather lightly, until this one, evidently of the burglar variety, invaded his own premises. Then he was aroused on his mother's account. She was frail, extremely nervous; she had been alone, and he shuddered to think what might have happened if the man had succeeded in breaking in.

The constable had reported that his prisoner was about the most silent customer he ever had to deal with; that he had given his name as John Wright; that since his arrest he had only spoken once, and that was to ask if the judge ever visited the prisoners. Considering the fact that the present occupant of the lockup was the first prisoner Richfield had had to deal with in Judge Rogers' time, the judge was quietly amused. Really, as he thought it over, it was not to be wondered at the townspeople were on the qui vive for the morrow. The man was a curiosity to them. The judge found it necessary that evening to go down to his office. As he entered the courthouse he met the constable coming up from the lockup.

"Just been giving the fellow his supper," he explained. "Guess prison grub ain't fine enough for him from the picking he does. He looks kind of sick, though. You'd better look at him, judge."

"Perhaps I will."

"Here's the key, then, and if I'm not here when you come up shove it under the waste basket, will you? I'm going down to the drug store for a few minutes."

To the constable of Richfield a locked door was all that was necessary for the safe-keeping of his prisoner.

The man was hunched up by the window as the judge entered the room. In the fading light he saw he was much older than he had supposed; his hair was quite white.

"Well, my man," the judge sang out, "you've at least got it cool down here. One thing you can be thankful for, anyway."

There was no response, and the figure huddled a trifle nearer the window. The judge tried again.

"You don't believe in wasting any words, do you? Not very sociable, eh?"

The man straightened, made as though to face the judge, hesitated, then, with a shudder, dropped back into his slouching attitude. But not before Judge Rogers had one glimpse of his face. With one stride he was across the room and in front of the shrinking figure.

"It's—it's—God! It's you?" he cried. "We hoped you were dead."

The white head went lower, until it seemed to rest on the window sill. Save for a short, panting breath, no sound came from him. The judge broke into a bitter laugh. "So," he exclaimed, "you had not disgraced us sufficiently? We had not suffered enough, mother and I, through you, but—my God, that you should become a common thief! If you were in want you could—I would have——"

The man had risen. For one moment his head was erect. "Stop!" he cried, his voice weak, quivering. "I haven't got quite as low as that yet, and if I had wanted—you are the last one I would have appealed to. To-morrow I will plead guilty to trespassing, with—with burglary as my object; but to-night you must listen to the truth. I am sick. You can see it. I—I wanted to see your mother once more; that's all. I——"

"You ask me to believe that," the judge broke in, "after your treatment of years ago?"

The man held up his hand wearily. "I ask you to believe nothing, simply to listen. I must repeat that I wanted to see your mother. The wrong I did her years ago can never be wiped out; but if I made her suffer then—God! how I have suffered since! I—I won't bother you with tiresome details. I soon realised what I had done, what I had given up. Then came the awful, intolerable longing for—her, and—you, but five years ago my health went back on me and now—well, you see how it is. I haven't long. It seemed as though I had to see her again. Oh, no, no!" at an exclamation from the judge. "She would not have known. I—I just wanted to look at her. I saw her in the afternoon in the garden, but that wasn't enough, and so—you know the rest.

"In the morning you will try John Wright. Do you understand? It's well you came to-night. Your surprise to-morrow would have told the people something. I hoped you would come. I asked the constable about you; I couldn't say much."

The shadows had deepened. The judge could no longer see the man. His voice came to him feebly, out of the darkness. He turned on the light and for the first time had a good look at him. He was terribly emaciated. Judge Rogers shivered as he looked at him. The weak voice broke in again. "That's all I have to say, I think. I'm sorry for you about to-morrow, but as far as I am concerned it will be very brief," he said.

He turned again to the window. One look Judge Rogers threw at him; then he went quietly out of the room.

Mechanically he put the key under the waste basket and started for home. But he found he could not face his mother just then. The calm of years had been broken. He felt terribly shaken and he knew that the watchful mother eye would instantly see something was wrong. Above all things he must keep the knowledge that had come to him from her. In the morning he would impose a light fine on the prisoner and then see to it that he was placed where he would receive proper attention. Suddenly he [illegible] his walk. What right [illegible] only arrange the lives of others as seemed best to him? He had lied to the man in the courthouse. He had said: "We hoped that you were dead," when he knew full well, although she never spoke of it, that the one hope in his mother's life was that he, that man, would come back, just to know that she had forgiven him. Once only she had said to him that she knew some day he would return to her. Now, at the eleventh hour, as a brief glance at the man foretold, he had come. Yet her son willed that she should never know. Had he the right? Was he just?

Unconsciously he turned into Main-street, walking aimlessly in the direction of the courthouse. In the drug store he saw the constable. For a moment he paused. Then there was a perceptible quickening in his step, a squaring of the shoulders. Without any further hesitancy he kept right on and turned into the courthouse.

The prisoner was still at the window. He did not move as the door opened, but continued to gaze between the bars up to the star-studded sky.

The judge's hand fell very softly on his shoulder. "Father!" he said, and the man, with a convulsive start, a choked back sob, but a glorious light of hope dawning in his eyes, whispered:

"Tom, do you mean it?"

"Yes—I mean it. I'm going to arrange to take you home. Mother wants you."

CHANGE.

All things change; the town to-day
Is not the town it was last year;
The locks that once were brown are grey,
The stream is dark that once was clear.

The woods are gone that fringed the hill
When as a child I wandered there;
Decay has wrecked the old red mill,
And there are changes everywhere.

All things change—all things save one!
And that is as it used to be:
The world declines to let me shun
The tasks it has assigned to me.

—S. E. Kiser.

MEN.

The mathematical man—Algy Bra.
The kind man—Hugh Maine.
The money-making man—Luke Rative.
The helpful man—Will Ling.
The hard man—Adam Ant.
The boss—Dick Tate.

All the Good Ones Gone.

A gentleman having stayed rather late at a lodge meeting the other night, proceeded to the cloak room just previous to going home. Arriving at the cloak room he said to the waiter, "I'll take my hat." "What kind of hat was it, sir?" said the waiter. "A brand new one; I bought it this morning." "Sorry, sir," said the waiter, "all the good hats have gone this two hours."

The other morning at the breakfast table, Mr. Skillings, who was in a highly self-satisfied mood, remarked to his wife:

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning, bang things round, and sulk because the coffee is cold?"

"Why," responded Mrs. Skillings, sweetly, "I should make it hot for you."

Mrs. Fitz-Bile: Of course I know you do not care for me. Why, you even forgot my birthday.

Fitz-Bile: A bit of delicacy on my part, madam. I did not fail to remember that you had come to the point where your birthday ought to be forgotten.

A wit, sitting down at a rather untidy table in a restaurant, picked up a soiled bill of fare. After looking at it for a moment, he said: "By Jove! What an excellent idea! Samples of the various dishes glued to the menu!"

"Well, I see that that jackass Elderberry has gone and put his head in the noose again," said Hawkins.

"Worse than that," said Banta. "He's got it in the noose-papers."

Mother (crossly): Freddie, haven't I told you that you must not talk when I am talking?

Freddie: But, mamma, you won't let me stay up after you go to bed!

Pompous Coal Merchant (to waiting customers): Coals is coals. It's time you know what they are.

One of the Crowd (sarcastically): Mighty glad to hear it. The last of yours that came my way were stones—every blessed one of them."

Knicker: Does Jones understand the purchasing power of a dollar?

Bocker: Yes; what troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife.

Daughter (singing to her own accompaniment): I'm afloat! I'm afloat!

Father: You'll jolly soon be capsized by such a squall as that!

The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most busting, to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to it like thinkin' more 'bout other folks than about yerself.

Sunflower seed should not be harvested until it is thoroughly ripe. The best time to cut the heads is in the early morning, for if left until the hottest part of the day there is a danger of their shedding.

Perhaps adversity may be useful in bringing out the strong points in a man's character, but most men would vote to abolish it just the same.

Confess that you were strong yesterday; it will show that you are wise to-day.

Though your troubles may be only "little ones," they will require the most attention.

Set to work to get life out of a living instead of wasting a life in merely getting a living.

Meddle with dirt, and some of it will stick to you.

When a man has finished his race in this world he is out of breath.

Man is but clay, and woman makes a mug of him.

The whale's hide in some places attains a thickness of two feet.

HENS AS AN AFFLICTION.

By Walt Mason.

"In the sylvan solitudes there are no hens," remarked the wild man of the woods. "We see around us many beautiful creatures, but no hens. It's only in the busy haunts that men must be persecuted by hens.

"Had it not been for chickens I might be dwelling with my wife today, enjoying that fellowship of kindred minds which is spoken of so highly in the hymn books. She was indeed a queen among women, and her character was faultless, but she had gathered the idea from her female ancestors that it is impossible to keep house properly without having chickens on the premises. This is a hallucination possessed by many housewives the country over, and it is responsible for countless desolate hearths and abandoned rooftrees. My wife insisted that she must have fresh eggs to do proper cooking, and she laughed to scorn my suggestion that she go to the store for her eggs.

"The grocer we dealt with was a highly moral man, of such probity that he was chosen to make the collection in our church every Sunday morning, and never once was he short in his accounts. In order to go from one aisle to another he had to pass through a little alley or corridor, and it would have been easy for him to touch the contribution box, but he never was even suspected of such a proceeding. Yet my wife wouldn't believe that this admirable, incorruptible man was capable of telling the truth about eggs. He insisted that his eggs were strictly fresh, laid by modern, up-to-the-minute hens, but my wife would assure him, in the most insulting way, that she knew good fresh eggs when she saw them, and she was satisfied that his eggs were laid in olden times.

"The country is full of women, even as we go to press, who refuse to believe that a grocery egg can be of recent vintage. It is a strange infatuation, and has been responsible for more heartaches than can be measured. Being possessed of this belief, my wife hired a horse and spring waggon and drove into the country and purchased six hens and a rooster from an honest old farmer. She brought her captives home in triumph, and then I had to build a chicken house and fence in a yard. Then I had to take my hard-earned savings and buy a lot of crushed bones and shredded oyster shells, and all sorts of breakfast foods for those chickens. More than once I had to do without tobacco in order to supply those fowls with the luxuries of the season.

"My neighbor at that time was Mr. Featheringale, a truly delightful and charming man who took a great pride in his garden. We were the closest friends, reminding people of Damon and Pythias. When our hens were placed in their pen, Mr. Featheringale told me he had a dark foreboding that our friendship soon would end. 'Chickens,' said Mr. Featheringale, weeping bitterly, 'have torn many loving hearts asunder, and it will tear ours. About the time my garden is in such shape that I can point to it with pride, you'll forget to close your henhouse door, or a slat will blow off the fence, and all those ravening creatures will be over here like raging lions seeking what they may devour. In which case,' continued Mr. Featheringale, sadly, but grimly, 'it will be my duty to put an artificial ear on you. No explanations or apologies will go. Therefore, be warned in time. When once your hens visit my demesne things will begin to happen to your dome of thought.'

"I assured him that he was conjuring up vain chimeras. I'd keep watch and ward over my hens, and see that they remained in captivity. I was quite sincere in my promise, but I didn't reckon upon woman's perfidy where hens are concerned. These chickens of ours refused to lay eggs, either ancient or modern, and somebody told my wife that they must have something green to eat; so when I went down town one day she deliberately opened the hen-house door and let those malevolent creatures out. The welfare of those hens was more important in her eyes than peace and harmony in the neighborhood.

"When I returned home in the evening Mr. Featheringale was waiting for me on the side-walk. He gave me one sad, reproachful glance, and then struck me a shrewd buffet on the nose, knocking me down. He then sat upon my person and smote me roundly with a piece of hoe-handle, reminding me, more in sorrow than in anger, that he had predicted this outcome.

"When I emerged from the conflict it was with a feeling that life in the busy haunts was a thing of travail and bitterness, so I girded my loins and sped to the forest fastnesses."

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE.

Nitrogen from the air, and now potash from the sea! The first is already a commercial fact, but the latter has still to be realised. Analysis demonstrates that in 3000lb. of sea-water there is 1lb. of potash; thus there is 1 ton of potash in 750,000 gallons of sea-water. The problem is to get it. An Austrian engineer says that he has solved the difficulty. He calculates that by his system the cost of extracting a ton of potash will be considerably less than the present market price.

Those farmers who are partial to the use of dissolved bones for root crops are in the right. There is in this manure, besides the phosphate of lime a little organic ammonia, which helps the crop at first, just when it is specially required. Various qualities are offered, and the chief precautions buyers should take are to see that the manure is in good condition, the analysis stamped on the bag, and that the analysis in the invoice corresponds to it.

QUEER HORSESHOES.

In certain parts of Central Asia horses have shoes made from the antlers of the mountain deer. The Icelandic ponies wear shoes made of sheep's horn; and in Japan rice straw, strapped on to the horse's foot is used as a shoe. In the Soudan horses' feet are protected by socks made of camels' skin.

Puzzle—Find the Cat.

"Didn't I tell you to feed that cat a pound of meat every day until ye had her fat?" demanded the butcher, nodding towards a sickly, emaciated animal that was slinking through the shop.

"You did, sir," replied the assistant, "and I've just been fed her a pound a meat this very minute."

"Hang it! I don't believe you," said the butcher. "Bring me the scales."

The poor cat was lifted into the scales. They balanced exactly one pound.

"There," exclaimed the assistant, triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you she had had her pound of meat?"

"That's right," admitted the boss, scratching his head. "But"—suddenly looking up—"where the dickens is the cat?"

"What curious mistakes men make sometimes. I've just been reading, for instance, that Columbus imagined that he had discovered the Indies."

"Ah, I made a worse mistake than that. When I married my wife I thought I'd discovered Paradise."

Husbands, beware! If a woman will, she will, you may depend on't, an' if she won't, she won't, an' there's an end on't.

THE GIRL WHO MAKES THE BEST WIFE.

It seems to be pretty generally held that housewifely qualities are the great essentials in a wife; and that the girl who has a natural bent for the art and science—for it is both—of housekeeping is the most likely to be the best wife to make a man happy. Now it is undeniable that this very generally accepted opinion seems to be based upon reason and probability, but the question still remains: "Is it true?" Does the housewifely girl make the best wife? It is to inquire into the truth of the generally-accepted opinion that she does that this article is written. A good man generally-accepted things have no basis in fact. It was generally believed from the dawn of time until quite recently that the earth was the centre of the heavens, and that the sun and stars revolved around it; but despite this universal belief the facts were quite other, and the earth has been relegated to its proper place as a mere atom—and a very unimportant one at that—in the universe. And though everybody, shaking wise heads, will declare that the girl who knows how to wash flannels so that they will not shrink into nothingness; the girl who knows how to hash cold meat in such a style that it would deceive "the very elect"—generally her husband, by the way—the girl who can make her sixpence go as far as most other people's shilling; the girl who has been taught to take everything in due order, and never to allow anything to turn her out of her routine; I say that everybody will declare that the girl just described will make the best wife.

Yet it is just possible that they may be wrong. I knew a young man of extremely studious habits—a fellow of his college at Oxford—a man who appeared already well on the way to becoming one of those "grave and reverend seigneurs" who are so common in that city of learning: learned, middle-aged men, whose lives are as grey as their college walls, and whose only diversion would appear to consist in conic sections, and the writing of Latin and Greek verses. This young man used to say to the present writer that if he married, his choice would fall upon a girl who could darn his stockings, and cook his dinner, and look after his creature comforts generally; and who would be so much occupied in the kitchen that she would not want to worry him in the study.

He married. Oh, yes, he married—but not the girl of his sordid imagination. He simply met the girl, who routed him, horse and foot, hip and thigh, bag and baggage—or any other simile of complete and absolute victory and surrender which the language supplies. She had been at school up to eighteen without becoming a blue stocking; and though she was a good needlewoman, and could design delightful crochet work, yet it is pretty certain that she had never darned a stocking in her life, and had had only a casual experience in the culinary arts. Yet that girl made him a man. She was so bright, so jolly, had such a delightful smile, such a ready wit, that within six months she had rescued him from the bog of bookishness in which he was fast sinking. To his learning and seriousness he added humanness and chit-chat.

Yes, after his marriage, the young professor became absolutely frivolous at times, and would talk to his wife and her friends about the most commonplace things. She gloried in his learning and sang his praises to everybody; but, probably quite unconsciously, she saved him from learning's bugbear—dullness and bookishness.

The trouble is that the girl who has devoted all her golden youth to the kitchen and the sewing-room in order that she may be a past master—or "mistress" rather—in the housewifely arts, is apt to become so obsessed with these things that she seems to have no room in her life for anything else, even including her husband. Now I believe that every man likes his wife to be his companion, his comrade. The old tag, which says that the best way to manage a husband and to keep him sweet is to feed him well, may be relegated to the limbo of untruthful things. Of course, a man needs his dinner; but he needs recreation as well, and the wife who can supply both is the best wife.

What do I mean by recreation? Not tennis, not croquet, not rinking, not bridge—not even ping-pong. How many men do you think absolutely long—yes, absolutely long—when they get home for a wife who will come skipping down the hall, even though she may have children with her, to meet him in the evening? A wife who meets him with a laugh and a joke, who never dreams of relating verbatim and seriatim the troubles and trials, and difficulties and disasters of the day?

Oh, yes, the merry wife—who in her young days was the "jolly girl," the girl whom everybody thought a trifle frivolous, not sufficiently demure, the girl who failed to take life seriously; I say, and I hold to it, that this girl makes the best wife. The book of Proverbs—a wise book, by the way, and one which says very nice things about women—declares that "a dinner of herbs where love is is better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." The modern version of this proverb might read: "A moderately-cooked dinner of three courses, inclusive of biscuits and cheese, and jollity therewith, is better than a seven-course dinner, cooked to a turn, and dulness therewith."

Yet the jolly girl is often much maligned. She is often dubbed a flirt, because men like her and prefer her company to that of her staider sisters; she is often regarded as being undomesticated, because she has not buried her soul in the kitchen and made herself a household slave, instead of a glorious woman; she is often accused of frivolity and shallowness, because she sees the fun in things, and sometimes laughs at other people's absurdities, and takes an independent view of conventional things. It is her freshness which is puzzling, and the humdrum people do not understand her.

But the man who gets her for a wife finds a treasure. Her brightness makes home a little paradise, a place of real recreation.

OF ALL SAD WORDS

The saddest words
Right off the bat
Are just these four:
I'm getting fat."

But speaking of
Sad word ag'in,
What's wrong with these:
"I can't get thin."

These words, we hold,
Bring most dismay:
"Another cold
Wave's on the way."

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

"He checks the cash."

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

"Oh, he cashes the cheques!"

"Pa, what is equanimity?"

"Something that never stays in a house where there are two or three boys."

Social service means the doing by each man of the duty he owes to his country as well as to himself.

Of all charities, that of doing good to children is pre-eminently worthy of support.

The well-ordered mind is generally the peaceful one.

Life's Revenge.

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS,

Author of "The Shop Lifter," "A Princess of the Loom," "Robes of Shame," etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

He Must Forget.

The end of the dinner came almost with relief to Sir Geoffrey. In spite of himself, the feeling of uneasiness clung. He was uncomfortably conscious of his lost stud, and Lassells' hard stare disturbed him unaccountably. It seemed to him that every time he raised his head he met the dark look fixed resolutely upon him, and he tried in vain to find some reason for it.

Lady Edith might have been able to tell him, although he did not suspect it. Her eyes always seemed carefully lowered as if to avoid the end of the table where her father and Lassells were talking; and under his odd, hard stare even her brilliant color seemed to have faded a little. She pouted her full red lips and shrugged her shoulders, and Sir Geoffrey, looking at her, felt the faint, depressing chill fall upon him again.

Had she altered, or was it only his imagination? Had he made a mistake did he care for her as he ought, or was it the effect of the accident that was depressing him now?

He did not know. Her metallic voice in his ears gave him no chance to think. It seemed to be the only sound he heard distinctly.

On his right Lady St. Stephen was too busy thinking of her possible dyspepsia to be capable of more than a few disjointed remarks, and at the other end Lord Warburton was talking to Lassells of deeds and mortgages and new factory laws, with Lord St. Stephen throwing in a few worthless suggestions every now and then; but it all came only indistinctly to Geoffrey. Lady Edith bent to him. Two months ago she had represented to him his type of English loveliness. Now he could not forget—could not rid himself of the memory of a little pale face looking up at him from under a grey woollen shawl.

"It's all factories and factory life here," Lady Edith was saying, as a remark of her father's drifted to her. "You won't like it, Geoffrey; but we need never go the town way. We'll drive out into the open country, and on that side Little Radcliffe is beautiful. We need never go to the ugly side——"

"But I should like to," he broke in. "You'll take me over one of the factories, won't you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. They were beautiful, white, shapely, and the diamond necklace about her neck gleamed and glittered, and sent out a thousand charming, seductive lights. But the cold remained at his heart.

"Oh, of course, if you like," she said harshly. "But I warn you, a factory is the vilest place imaginable. I hate the sight of one! I wish father would sell them, and get away from them and live in town all together. But he won't. Goodness knows why. It's in his blood, I suppose. Sometimes I think he'd like to work in them himself."

Her glance went scornfully along the table to the white old gentleman at the end, and then back to Geoffrey. His glance, too, had gone down to Lord Warburton. He was sitting quietly, in distinct and absolute contrast to his brother-in-law, Lord St. Stephen, and the little, hard-faced solicitor on his other side. How came it that a man like Lord Warburton could make friends with a man like Lassells? He reminded Geoffrey of a rat. He almost expected to see, when he laughed, little, fine, white-pointed teeth.

"I've never been over a factory at work," Geoffrey said slowly. He was thinking—thinking the thoughts he had no business to think. He stared down at the fine white cloth, at the exquisite dessert-plate before him, and chopped up into little pieces the skin of his peach. A picture rose sharply in his mind of a factory at work, of long lines of rattling looms, the roar and rush of machinery, and one girl with a thin, white face, her thick hair flecked with the cotton "fly," bent over her work.

He roused himself with a start. Lady Edith's voice at his ear reminded him of what he was in such danger of forgetting.

"Aunt's getting her tabloids ready," she said, "and I shall have to follow her into the drawing-room in a minute. Don't stay long over your cigar, Geoffrey."

Lady St. Stephen seemed about to perform a sacred rite. She had extracted from her reticule a little bottle in a silver case, and from it she now took a tabloid, which she dropped carefully into a glass the butler held for her. While he filled it with water she watched it as though it were some precious thing he might be tempted to steal from her. Then she solemnly swallowed it and rose.

Edith followed suit, and Geoffrey, standing, looked into her face. It was almost on a level with his. She was tall. She was wonderfully beautiful. He might have been pardoned for feeling a conceit of himself, a pride in having such a woman for his promised wife. But no such feeling came. Instead, the faint, unaccountable feeling of depression, the unconscious thought at the back of his mind that he scarcely realised was there, that she was hard, unfeeling, perhaps even cruel—that what he thought was love two months ago was beginning already to fade.

He sat back in his chair after they had gone and dropped into a reverie until Lord Warburton's laugh roused him.

"Have your cigar, Geoffrey, and then you'll be able to follow her. We won't detain you."

He pushed over a box, and Geoffrey sat upright a little sharply. It had not been of her he had dreamed!

He rose and took a seat nearer Lord Warburton, taking a cigar and lighting it. His hand was slightly unsteady. As he put down the match Lassells rose and crossed to the fireplace, and Lord St. Stephen plunged into an excited discussion about some new factory he proposed to buy. Geoffrey listened, scarcely thinking.

"You don't understand these matters, Geoffrey," Lord Warburton said. "But you shall go over one of my factories to-morrow, and then you will. It's a most interesting place, is a factory, and the workers, too. There's no part of England anywhere like our own factory land. There's more romance and character and charm in this little bit of Lancashire than you will find in all your London drawing-rooms, my boy. You shall see a bit of it to-morrow. I've lived with it all my life, you see," he added, with a sort of pride, "amongst my people. It's the kind of simple life I love. Edith resents it—wants London, and I take her there sometimes—a few months every year just to let her enjoy herself. But it would be like tearing up a tree by the roots to tear me away from Little Radcliffe. And it's growing blacker and blacker every year. That's the worst of it—cutting up the country. I'm going to give them a park next year to save a bit of it. There's a bit of open country on the other side—a stretch of rough hill and dale, with a row of old cottages facing it. I'm going to pull those down and plant trees and shrubs and flowers where they stand now. I haven't liked to do it before, for some of my oldest workers live there—'Old Joe,' the engineer, for instance—and they've grown into the place. They won't like the change, I'm afraid."

Geoffrey had given a start. "Old Joe!" Back came the picture of little Bess nestling against his fur coat, the tiny cottage, the bare room, the poor meal, and Hazel, with her eyes on his, her poor, pale face—her shabby, working frock.

He stirred uneasily.

"But I shall make it up to them," Lord Warburton went on. "I'm having fresh houses built—six of them which I shall present to my old folks by way of consolation. 'Old Joe' will be the hardest to move. He shook his fist in my face the other day and said: 'Don't thee reckon thyself sure I'll go, my lad. It's fifty year come Kesmas sin' I come i' yon haase, forty year sin' young Joe died a babby on my owd lass's lap, an' twenty year agone sin' my 1st lad sailed fo' Amerika fro' that haase, an' it'll ha' to be summat gradely as aw'll put in th' place o' ot aw con tell yo'.' I told him it should be something gradely, but he seems doubtful."

He broke off, laughing a little. His cigar had gone out. He sat with his thoughts running back twenty years, and to Geoffrey, looking at him, his face seemed paler and whiter even than it had done at first. In some men romance dies hard. It had died hard in Lord Warburton. He had plunged into factory life as a necessity to drown it, but there were times even now when the thought of a girl whose face he had not seen for twenty years had power to stir him to his very depths.

Sir Geoffrey smoked in silence, and Lord St. Stephen on the other side of the table broke anew into the question of the value of a certain factory they were to buy, and Sir Geoffrey leant back in his seat. He was conscious that Lassells had gone out of the room, but apparently neither Lord Warburton nor St. Stephen had noticed it. Factories were uppermost again, and Geoffrey rose. Lord Warburton nodded absently towards him.

"Do you know your way to the drawing-room, Geoffrey?" he asked. "Across the hall, and the first door on the right. Edith will be there waiting for you."

He crossed the great dining-room, passing into a wide, tiled hall strewn with rugs. It was empty, and beyond it the drawing-room door, a little ajar, showed a glimpse of yellow light and color. He strode towards it, put out his hand to push it open wider, and then suddenly drew back with a little gasp.

Inside were two figures—two figures facing each other with white spent faces and grey lips—Lassells and Lady Edith.

Geoffrey gave a cry which neither heard, and as he did so Lassells suddenly bent to the girl and caught her wrist in a savage grip.

"Do you think I am going to lose?" he laughed. "Do you think I shall not win in spite of him? Bah! I shall get what I want—all I want. I have never failed yet, and I shall not fail now."

She shrank away from him. Geoffrey staring incredulously saw her beautiful face grow deadly white and still.

"Don't touch me," she gasped. "I hate you. I—I'd kill you if I could. How dare you——"

With a sudden movement he had caught her to him and kissed her passionately. The next instant he had let her go with a cry.

"Good heavens! What—who is that?" he almost shouted.

He pointed to the low French window, and Geoffrey looking too as he walked into the room, saw pressed against it the dark fierce eyes and scowling face of the man he had seen only a few hours before outside the great gates of the factory—the man whose face haunted him until now.

Geoffrey forgot all the resentment he might have felt. At the sight of the man he took a quick step forward.

"Yes, who is it?" he asked. "I saw him on my way here—ill-treating a girl from one of the factories. He means no good——"

Edith looked round with a gasp for breath.

"He—he is one of the new hands," she said, unsteadily; "one of the mill hands. He hasn't been here long, and he is always prowling about."

Geoffrey strode to the window and pulled it open. He took a quick step out into the darkness of the night. It lay about him black, gloomy, silent. The man had gone. There was no sound, no movement except from the great trees that were beginning to stir restlessly against the black sky at the threat of the coming storm.

What did it mean? A sense of mystery and uneasiness, almost of dread, seized upon him, and he stood still as if waiting for the sound of voice or warning from the empty park about him.

The next instant he felt a soft arm steal into his own as he stood, and then saw Lady Edith's golden hair like a yellow mist in the darkness close beside him.

She was looking up questioningly into his face. There was a faint look of dread in her eyes, a questioning fear.

"Somehow, Geoffrey, I'm afraid of that man," she said. "He was here last night just the same—looking in at the window like that. I was playing, and looked up across the piano and saw him—his face pressed against the glass. What can he want? What does it mean?"

He turned to her. The questions died on her lips as she saw his face, and she fell away from him.

She possessed neither heart nor conscience. She was proud and hard and cold as a statue. Her wonderful beauty attracted men like moths to a candle, but the flame was only a sham, and one by one they fell away from her, chilled by her coldness, numbed by her heartlessness, sometimes broken-hearted. She was like a beautiful statue that had all the appearance of warm flesh and blood. But she was cold, lifeless, except where it pleased her to pretend, and no man had roused her until now, though more than one man had left her side broken and ruined. Now Geoffrey had brought to life an almost savage passion. It flared up suddenly in her face that was growing slowly whiter as she stared into his. Had he seen Arthur Lassells? Was the door open or closed before he came in? Why was he looking at her like that now?

The questions flashed through her mind as she looked, and she caught her breath.

Nothing—nothing should come between them, nothing in the world; no one as long as she was alive should separate him and her now! Arthur she could explain glibly enough, and she would kill him rather than let him stand in her way!

She put up her hands and clasped Geoffrey's arm.

"Geoffrey—why are you looking like that?" she asked softly.

He roused with a start. Then because she was his promised wife, because he had a duty to perform, he bent and kissed her forehead. He had not the heart then to ask for an explanation of Lassells' wild words. He did not care, and the entrance of Lady St. Stephen at that moment put an end to his opportunity.

CHAPTER V.

Danger.

Ten struck, then eleven, then midnight, and the storm which had threatened was rising to its height. Hazel heard it while she crouched over the fire waiting for her father to come home, and the wind that was shrieking over the little town and the open moor beyond seemed to be cutting at her heart, mocking her.

She was tired, body and spirit, and although she had to be up before the sun in the morning to get to her work at the factory she dared not go to bed before her father came home. More than once he had dragged her out, and a little later left her with her shoulders bruised and blue to crawl back again. Mark Harper believed in corporal punishment, and as child, girl and woman he had tried in his intermittent visits to his wife to beat the spirit out of Hazel.

He had not succeeded yet. There was still in her eyes a light he had not quenched.

She bent closer to the fire. For more than two hours she had sat thus, waiting and listening with her heart checked in its beat for sounds of footsteps in the street, or something more ominous from "Old Joe's" cottage next door.

For it seemed that little Bessie might be very ill. The blow to her head when Mark had struck her down threatened after-effects, and the last time Hazel had seen her she lay flat on her back, very still, her little hands doubled up, her eyes half-closed, and her face a curious, dreadful white.

The look of her frightened Hazel, and all night she sat, not daring to remain in "Old Joe's" cottage, lest her father should return and find her there—sat listening to the movements which she could hear dully through the thin walls. Was she worse or better, or just the same? Had she moved? Had the poor little face changed?

She sat listening, with the thought of the child mixed up with Sir Geoffrey Denison. In her mind she saw him again, standing upright in his fine fur coat, with the diamonds gleaming and glistening in his white shirt front, and above it his face, strong, clear-cut—and handsomer to Hazel than the face of anyone she had ever seen before.

She would like to see him again, but of course she never would. Their lives would be far apart. It was not likely that they would ever meet. He belonged to the lucky girl up at the Hall—to Lady Edith, who had everything a girl could want—home and love and the handsomest man in England for her lover. And by this time he would have forgotten even the memory of the little factory lass in her grey shawl.

She felt cold. The wind beginning to shriek over the moor had a desolate cry. The dull sound of a voice and a chair pushed back coming through the walls gave Hazel a sickly feeling of coming ill. She rose and stood upright, listening nervously, and when suddenly a little clear tap, tap sounded on the wall she started violently.

They wanted her in "Old Joe's" cottage! Was little Bessie better or worse?

She hurried out, drawing to the door behind her, and slipping breathlessly into the next cottage.

"Old Joe's" wife, standing beside a rough bed, beckoned her quietly.

"Come thee here, lass, and look you."

She pointed, and Hazel tip-toed over the floor. Little Bessie had roused. She was lying still, flat on her back, and her eyes were open, and she was twisting round and round in her tiny fingers something that glittered and gleamed and sparkled as it caught the light.

"Sithee, lass, hoo's better—hoo's raasin' sure," said "Old Joe." "An' fair wick wi' glee wi' yon bit o' glass. Sithee lass, sich a little 'un, hoo be, an' not a soul to lay claim on!"

The old man's face was lighted up as she watched the child, and Hazel gave a little sob of relief.

"Oh, she's going to be better, Sally," she said to his wife. "It'll be all right now. Poor little thing! Oh, Sally, we can't let her go on the parish."

Bessie had for the moment forgotten her dead mother. She lay with the unconsciousness of childhood, full of faith, never doubting her place in the world, and Hazel bent over her.

The next moment she had started back with a little cry.

"Why, Sally—Joe—what has she got there?"

She pointed with a shaking finger, with a choking sensation in her throat as she recognised the little sparkling thing that the child was turning round and round.

"It's a diamond," she cried. "A diamond stud. Joe—it's one of those Sir Geoffrey had in his front to-night!"

"Old Joe" started up sharply and bent to look at it more closely.

"By Guy!" he cried, "you're right, lass. A di'mond!"

Hazel had grown white. Little Bessie's fingers twirling the shining stone round seemed to be twirling her very heart with it.

"Why, th' lass must 'a' fotched it out o' his shirt-front in her th' fingers," "Old Joe" added. "She must 'a' got at it while she lay in mis arms, eh, lass?"

Hazel nodded. The strange feeling that had been with her when she and Sir Geoffrey walked together with little Bessie in his arms came to her again now. She had not finished with him after all! This diamond stud would have to be returned to him—would perhaps bring him into their lives again.

Bessie dropped it abruptly, and turned her face with sudden recollection.

"Want mother," she said. Hazel bent over her, shrinking a little at the thought of the dead woman.

"Not to-night, darling," she said unsteadily. "Mother's tired."

Bessie closed her eyes. Bessie was tired, too.

"Then t' gradely genelman—want t' see t' gradely genelman," she said.

"He can't come to-night, Bessie, lass. But perhaps you shall see him to-morrow."

Bessie opened her eyes wide and fixed them on Hazel's face.

"Dosta promise?" she asked; "dosta promise?"

Hazel rose unsteadily. Oh, the premonition had not been for nothing. It had not been for nothing that the feeling had been with her all night. She would see him again. He was to come into their lives again. But it meant no good—acquaintances with fine folks like him meant no good for such as she!

"Dosta promise?" cried the child again in an anxious voice. "Dosta now?"

Hazel turned.

"Yes, darling—I promise," she said.

She gave a sharp glance at "Old Joe." He was shaking his head. He, too, did not approve of the acquaintance of fine folks.

"Don't ha' no deal with furriners," he said. "Don't thee promise, lass."

Bessie began to cry, and Hazel looked Joe steadily in the face.

"He shall come and stop little Bessie's tears if I smart for it," she said.

"Old Joe" looked at her. Then, turning, he made his his way slowly across the room.

"It'll bring no good t' thee," he said.

Hazel shrank a little. As if she did not know it—as if it were not in the very air itself—in the wind that shrieked past the little cottage—in her own heart, the knowledge of coming ill. But if little Bessie cried for a touch of Sir Geoffrey's fur coat, what harm could there be in asking him to come?

"But, Joe, if she's ill to-morrow and cries for him, you wouldn't refuse to go and ask him, would you?"

"I?" He looked at her distrustfully. "Aye—I don't know, my lass. But I reckon I shall have to take you bit o' glass to him, anyways."

"Well—then you'll see," said Hazel, "and now I must go. Father can't be much longer."

She followed "Old Joe" to the door and looked nervously up and down the road. Joe put his heavy hand on her shoulder.

"Holler to me if he's bad," he said; "an' aw'll come." Hazel shuddered, and slipped away. She opened the door of her own cottage, and then started a little. Lying in a chair, his feet stretched out, his head thrown back, was her father, asleep.

She closed the door softly and looked at him. He could not have been there many minutes, and she knew what that heavy sleep meant—ill-temper, perhaps violence, when he woke.

She went quietly up to the hearth and waited. But this time a surprise was in store for her. When Mark opened his eyes it was to stare at her for some minutes without speaking. Then he slowly drew himself up into a sitting position, and, instead of scowling, his face broke into an ugly leer.

"How would you like to be a lady?" he asked abruptly. "A fine lady, with diamonds and silk dresses and things? How would you like to ride in your own carriage? I'm not sure that you won't yet. It all depends. If you weren't so stuck up with silly notions, I'd do it like a shot. But I'll wait—I'll wait! You behave yourself, my girl, and you shall swell it with the rest of 'em—like that fine tall girl with hair the color of brass up at the Hall. How would you like to be such a one as her, eh?"

"What do you mean?" Hazel asked. "We have got nothing to do with them. We're different——"

"I'm not so sure," he broke in; "but I'll wait and see—wait and see what comes of it all. And something is coming, my girl." He rose to his feet and stretched himself to his full height. "Something's coming that some folks won't like—that will make some folks pay dear—aye, pay their bottom farthing, maybe, before I've done with 'em."

Hazel looked at her father with her eyes wide with sudden misgiving. All the vague horror of the past few months, when her father had turned up suddenly at her dying mother's bedside seemed to be accumulating now. His presence there had been full of dread—had been full of dread ever since. His words now held a threat that seemed suddenly to crystallise all the vague fears of the past months into something definitely bad and ugly.

"What do you mean?" she asked, him slowly.

He nodded his head wisely. He had been drinking, and the effects had not yet worn off. He was still slightly muddled and incoherent.

"Wait and see," he said; "wait and see. If I liked you a bit better than I do, I'd—but wait! You'll see—you'll see all in good time——things that'll make some folks sit up—that'll bring ruin—ruin to some that are too proud to look at me now in the street—some I owe a grudge to, too."

Hazel started to her feet. She remembered with sudden, sharp terror, Sir Geoffrey's look of recognition when he had saved her from her father and had seen his face, and she remembered how he, her father, had shrunk away out of the range of Sir Geoffrey's eyes.

"Father, what do you mean?" she cried wildly.

But he took no notice—only dragged himself across the room with sleep heavy upon him again, and disappeared.

Hazel sat for an hour with her vague fear growing definite, and terrible and ugly.

Her father had recognised Sir Geoffrey, and he meant ill—he meant ill, and something very evil to him!

It was nearly dawn when she threw herself still dressed upon her bed. But it was not to sleep. She got up again, heavy-eyed, white, when the first hooter went, and hurried out into the street, grey in the early chill daylight that lay cold and still upon the sleeping town.

The shops were shut. Shop assistants were not even yet awake. Blinds were drawn close over the windows. The streets were desolate except for the factory hands hurrying to work, and still except for the ring of the clogs and iron-tipped heels on the pavement.

Hazel saw "Old Joe" hurrying away to his engines, and caught him up.

"Joe—Joe—you said you'd be a friend to me," she cried; "and, oh! I'm frightened—I'm frightened of my father, Joe, and we must keep Sir Geoffrey Denison away. He mustn't come here—not even for little Bessie—must he come—for father means ill to him, Joe."

CHAPTER VI.

The Growing Fear.

It was three hours later before the Hall was fully awake and up, three hours later, when the great factories humming and rattling in the town below had got through half the morning's work. Lady Edith was the last to enter the breakfast-room, and she found it almost empty. Her glance went quickly along the table, and it was met instantly by Lassells.

"Where—where is Sir Geoffrey?" she faltered.

Lassells had risen and came towards her. His hard, evil face looked triumphant.

"Out in the park," he said. "He was down before anybody, and went out with Lord Warburton ten minutes ago."

Edith bit her full red lips. Her pink and white face had faded a little. She was afraid of Lassells as she had never been afraid before. He looked so cool, he was so sure. Months ago in London he had told her he meant to marry her, and nothing had checked him, not even the announcement of her engagement to Sir Geoffrey Denison, not even her own dislike of him, and now that Sir Geoffrey Denison meant so much to her the fear of the little unscrupulous solicitor had grown by leaps and bounds.

Who he was nobody knew. How he had found his way into society nobody could tell. He was there, that was all, quiet, hard, determined—a dark horse with what power behind him no one could tell.

He went up close to Lady Edith while she stood lifting the covers from the dishes before the fire.

"Considerate of him to leave us two together, eh?" he asked.

She turned on him, her eyes flashing.

"If you speak to me again in that tone I shall ask father to tell you to leave," she said passionately.

"Shall you?" he asked. His eyes met hers, and hers wavered. "I don't think you will; and, by the way, do you know, it strikes me that Sir Geoffrey isn't so very much in love after all? If I showed him a little letter I have in my possession——"

"How dare you! How dare you! It was written in fun, and you know it——"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"All the same it has a dangerous sound," he said, "and Sir Geoffrey won't like it, and I don't fancy he'd believe it was fun."

"But it was—you know it—you know well enough it meant nothing"

"Oh yes, I knew well enough," he said.

"Then other folks too——"

"Oh, no, not at all. That was why I made you do it. I know you meant playing with me—I know you meant to have me at your feet ruined in the end like little Lambson. He has gone to the dogs, but I am not going to travel his road. I'm going to marry you, Lady Edith."

She forced a sneer to her white lips. But she was afraid, for love undermined her position. She was afraid of losing Sir Geoffrey—of losing his respect and his love. Gradually she had learnt to know him in the last month, and she knew her own heart too well to believe he would love her if he could see into it.

She helped herself and sat down to breakfast. Lassells watched her with bright eyes. As far as it was in him to love anyone he did perhaps love her. But chiefly in her he saw his way to satisfying his ambitions. She was beautiful, she was stately. She would lead the way for him into a sure position in society, and he would follow. And her father was one of Lancashire's richest men!

He turned over and over in his pocket one of his own last gold pieces, and his thin lips grew set and stiff. People thought him rich—believed him to be rolling in money, but, as a matter of fact, he was pretty nearly at the end of his tether, and only marriage with a rich woman like Lady Edith Warburton would save him.

He watched her while she finished her breakfast and then rose.

"Here comes Lord Warburton and Sir Geoffrey," he said. "Are you going over the factories with them?"

"I'm I—yes, of course," she answered.

She stepped to the window which looked out on to the garden and opened it. On the path outside stood Sir Geoffrey looking towards her, his face clean, clear, grave as he turned to her.

"We waited hours for you, I should think," Lord Warburton said lightly, "and as you didn't come, I took Geoffrey out. Now, are you ready to come with us over the mill?"

She nodded brusquely, but her look was on Geoffrey, and he, watching her, wondered vaguely at the difference between father and daughter. Lord Warburton looked a frail old man, white and thin like a man in habitual ill-health. But Edith, in the full flush of youth, had a robust, almost a coarse look that was wanting in her father.

It seemed even more apparent a few minutes later when they left the house for the mill. Then he forgot all about her.

The factory was going at full speed. The noise and rattle of it seemed to rush out at them the very moment they entered the yard, and perhaps it was something in the machinery—in the din of flying shuttles and hissing steam that found a corresponding thrill in Geoffrey's heart.

They began at the bottom, where the bales were broken, going from that through department after department, Lord Warburton explaining as he went.

If Geoffrey heard he did not heed. His thoughts were on the weavers—on the long lines of girls in blouses and skirts, their arms bare to the elbow, their heads dusty with the "fly" of the cotton, bent to their work. Some of them were singing, but their voices could only be heard close to, and now the noise of the machinery forced Lord Warburton into silence.

A snatch of song or hymn came to Geoffrey amidst the noise, and then he started.

Close by—scarcely a couple of yards—stood the girl of last night, her brown head bent, her little soft hands on the white linen on her loom.

He brought himself up with a start. Lord Warburton and Edith looked back and saw Geoffrey standing before Hazel's looms bending to her, and then it was something in his attitude perhaps, as well as the heat of the factory, that sent the color from her face and lips and stopped the beat of her heart. She stood motionless for a moment, then tumbled suddenly backwards upon the floor.

(To be continued.)

HUSBANDS.

By George Fitch.

A husband is the dream of maidens, the hope of single ladies and a stern reality with married women.

A husband is about one-eighth of a married couple. Being a husband is a serious business with most men and it requires most of their time and all of their money to make good on the job. Men become husbands at the age of 21 or thereabouts and continue during life or good behavior.

Being a husband is a great privilege and most men make several frantic efforts to go into husbandry during their early youth before they finally succeed. To become a husband one must acquire the unanimous consent of some girl. This requires from ten minutes to ten years, according to the amount of sense possessed by the girl. Some girls will spend four days picking out a husband and four weeks picking out a wedding dress. But girls of this sort are very apt to make several selections of husbands before finding a perfect fit.

The duties of a husband are to come home on time for meals, to pay the bills, to exterminate burglars at night, to go to parties and remain happily around until called for, to hook up dresses beneath his breath, to eat the tough end of the beefsteak at dinner, to go back to the house after handkerchiefs and gloves, to admire the latest misdemeanors in millinery, to make his last year's overcoat do a few years longer, to put his collar in the laundry bag, to mail at the earliest possible minute a letter written in answer to one received last year and to enjoy conversation served hot or cold at all hours. There are no perfect husbands and the usual success in accomplishing these duties is about 33 per cent. The husband business has as many failures as any other life work, but this does not deter callow youths from rushing blithely into it equipped for the job only with a good appetite and a firm determination to hold a rocking chair down in its proper place.

There is a large demand for domestic born husbands in this country. They are as a rule durable, easy to run and yield larger returns than any other brand. Husbands who are treated kindly and are not fed soggy biscuits or conversation will frequently last a lifetime. Fresh husbands are undesirable, but not as much so as those who are pickled in alcohol.

THE MYSTERY OF NATURE.

The works of God are fair for naught
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul
That dimly is unfolded.

The dew falls nightly not alone,
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own,
To human souls who heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for the shining,
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain peaks,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are secrets worth the finding.

Thus Nature dwells within our reach,
And though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech,
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever yearns to see aright,
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

Whoever hears the coarsest sound
Still listening for the finest—
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of nature, soul of man,
And soul of God are blended.

A Job for His Wife.

"You understand," said the captain, "that we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men."

"In that case," answered the applicant sadly, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."

WHAT LAND SETTLEMENT OFFERS.

Never in the history of Australia have there been open to the young man such opportunities as greets him to-day. A variety of causes have contributed to bring about this state of affairs (writes the "Farm and Home"), and the fact remains that the opportunities are here. The young man with a knowledge of farming, who wishes to work, and knows how to work, can find plenty of room for his energies and talents. Never were character and capacity at a higher premium. In every department of human energy and human effort competent young workers are in demand.

The rapid multiplicity of mechanical invention does not do away with handicraft, but only calls more loudly for skilled brains and trained muscles. The improvement of mechanical appliances increases the call for intelligent superintendence. Men move faster, think quicker, want more, and thus consume more material and call for more energy.

We have every advantage that good air, pure water, mild climate, cheap and yet productive soil, and abounding health can give.

Any young man who will take the trouble to study science, so as to practise the art of agriculture in a sensible way, has a sure and easy way to independence. But it is not our purpose to undertake to discuss the vast field that opens up just here. We wish particularly to call attention to the opportunities presented by farm life.

We know full well that farming heretofore has not seemed attractive. Large fortunes are not often made on the farm in a short time. But a good, comfortable living is sure to everyone who plans wisely and works well.

Why should not a man be content with a comfortable home, plenty of everything to live upon, good health, and a happy family? We venture the assertion that ten men will reach this condition on the farm where one of equal ability will do so in other pursuits.

Young man, the open door of success is before you. Will you walk in and reap the reward, or will you wear yourself away as somebody's servant at a salary that barely lets you and your family live?

On the farm you can not only make a man of yourself, but you can make healthy men and women of your children, such as it is very doubtful you can make of them in the city.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MAORIS.

The Maoris have not always lived in New Zealand, and there is excellent evidence in their own historical and genealogical records to show that they came there from other mid-Pacific islands about the twelfth century.

The Polynesian race, of which the Maoris, Hawaiians, Samoans, and some other islanders are branches, has been traced back to a probable origin in Northern India, and it is in no degree related to the negroid races of Australia or of the "black islands" of the Pacific. Traces of its visits to the west coast of the American continent have been found, and Charles Nelson, of Whakarewarewa, an ethnologist who spent a year in searching the globe for evidences of the origin and wanderings of the Maoris, declares that he has found in the Smithsonian Institution evidence that points to their penetration even to the Rocky Mountain region or to contact with the race that peopled the American continent.

Certain it is that the old Maoris were bold and adventurous navigators, and had sailed the south seas in their canoes centuries before the first European crossed the Atlantic. One of the first Maori canoes to reach New Zealand was the "Arawa." One of the clans or tribes takes its name from that craft, and preserves in oral history the names of the captain and crew. The "Arawa" is the "Mayflower" of Maori history; the descendants of the people who constituted her crew and passengers are the blue bloods of the race.

Without compass or knowledge of astronomy how did these hardy sailors find their way across the vast waste of water in vessels fashioned from the hollowed trunks of trees? That is a question that has puzzled and amazed all who have sought to learn the origin of the Maoris, and who have traced their course from India and the Malay Archipelago through Polynesia to New Zealand. True, their canoes were staunch and seaworthy craft, some of them eighty to one hundred feet in length; and two of them, lashed together in the manner of a catamaran, could weather the fiercest storms of the Indian ocean and carry provisions for long voyages.

It is known that the Maoris provisioned their canoes chiefly with a tuber resembling the sweet potato, which they brought to New Zealand, and that they carried water in bamboo logs that were laid in the bottom of the canoe, and thus served as ballast. But how did they find their way, and what definite purpose did they have when they put to sea and pushed hardily into the vast unknown?

A very interesting theory is advanced by Richard Henry, the Government official on Resolution Island, an American bird sanctuary in the Pacific. He believes that the seal fishery, which in ancient times extended all over the South Pacific, led these Polynesian mariners from island to island, from breeding-place to breeding-place, till the flying seals and the steadily blowing trade-winds carried a tribe of them to New Zealand, in which pleasant land they settled, thrived, and multiplied.

UTILITARIANISM.

I see the aviators sail o'erhead; like birds they ride the gale. And when they to the earth descend I throw them posies without end, and I embrace them till they're hurt, and whoop and yell and tear my shirt. But when my fervor dies away I lean against myself and say: "The man who mows a woody place is doing more to help the race; the worker makes the plant smile—I'll go and whoop for him a while." I see the wrestlers, lithe and strong, engage in struggles fierce and long; I marvel at their mighty thews, and shriek wild cockadoodledoos when one climbs on another's frame and breaks his neck and wins the game. But when the wrestling match is o'er, and I go toddling to my door, I mutter to myself at length: "It was a fearful waste of strength! The vim those athletes throw away would bale a hundred tons of hay! To-morrow I shall go and yell for someone who has dug a well! The men who work with picks or saws are most deserving of applause!"

—Walt Mason.

The methods of harvesting sunflowers, which are extensively grown at Orbost and on the Moe swamp, are of the crudest nature. The man who can invent a machine which will harvest and thrash the heads satisfactorily will make money. The large amount of handling necessary under existing conditions materially adds to the cost of production.

An old negro was aghast at finding a strange darky with his arm around his daughter Mandy's waist.

"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round yo' waist!" he commanded indignantly.

"Tell him yo'self!" said Mandy haughtily. "He's a puffect stranger to me!"

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

It takes a lot of big words and long phrases to write up an up-to-date article on incubation (remarks M. M. Johnson in "Farm and Home"), but somehow or other I have been reasonably successful with just common language when it comes to the matching question.

Let us be plain and call things by their right names. A fertile egg is a seed, it must have the necessary warmth to sprout and grow, a temperature of 103; it also must be cultivated, the eggs must be turned, aired and manipulated after nature's ways.

A temperature of 103 seems to be standard, although very few recognise that placing the thermometer differently would necessarily mean that it should read differently, but such is the case. When the thermometer between the eggs shows 103, the same thermometer lying on the eggs would show 104, or if suspended above the eggs, near the tank, it would show still more. I prefer placing the thermometer on the eggs, thus showing the combined heat of the eggs and the heat applied to them; still more I prefer a variation of temperature as the hatch progresses. For instance, 102 and 103 first week, and 103 second week, and 104 third week; this variation being due to the increased animal heat of the eggs as they develop. This temperature will bring good results.

There are bushels of iron-clad rules about turning the eggs just so, but my advice is to turn them as often as you have time, and air them as often as you have time. I don't mean that it would be necessary to put in your whole time, or even a tenth of it, turning and airing the eggs, but I do mean that they should be turned at least once every day, and twice every other day, and that when looking at the thermometer the tray should be pulled out and let the eggs get a whiff of pure air. Why? You would ask. I will tell you. Turning the egg ripens it clear around; the germ comes to the top; every movement of the egg makes a corresponding movement of the embryo chick; besides ripening the shell clear around, these movements wake the chick up; it is exercise for it; it expands, moves, and develops its own strength. This principal applies to all life, whether stock or eggs. For instance, a stock breeder would not put up a dam in close quarters to bring a strong young. There is simply nothing mysterious or unaccountable in hatching eggs; a little reasoning in advance of the real thing explains most everything about it.

Now about moisture! An egg must get rid of a lot of moisture before it can hatch. Eggs during incubation get smaller and lighter. This being the case, applied moisture could not enter the egg. The moisture question and ventilation question are so entwining with each other that the effects of the one are often taken for the effects of the other. Personally I do not believe in dosing out the air in prescribed quantities. There is lots said about governing the size of the air cell by opening and closing the dampers, but I prefer a correct and continuous ventilation. If it is correctly fitted, there need be no dosing it out in a mystical way with dampers. I prefer a constant mild circulation of air and to depend on airing the eggs in open air to conform to nature's ways.

What's the good of airing the eggs? might he asked. In answer, we'll say that the egg shells, like other things, expand in heat and contract in cold. This expansion and contraction, the result of airing the eggs, breaks down the tough fibres of the shell, and when the chick is due to hatch it can hatch. It also applies moisture on the same principle that a glass of cold water will sweat in a warm room when the atmosphere is just right. I am sure this moisture, however light, is good for the shells, good for the reason that it is light and effects the shells only.

Good hatches are made with and without moisture; opinions are about equally divided. I am satisfied—in fact, I know—it does no harm to apply a little moisture direct to the shells if the ventilation is sufficient. Have tried all the moisture plans and plans without moisture, and have, at this time more faith in the old-fashioned way of sprinkling the eggs occasionally that any new way.

The old-fashioned sprinkling is applied direct to the shells and does not make a continuous mucky air in the egg chamber. It does not matter about exact dates in sprinkling—exact dates would be nonsense—but I can guarantee that you will do the eggs no harm if you sprinkle them with tepid water on the 12th, 15th and 18th day.

SUNKEN TREASURE.

Public interest has again been awakened by inventions intended to be used in searching for treasure sunk to the bottom of the sea in shipwrecks. Many companies have been formed for the purpose of recovering such wealth, but up to the present a great deal of money has been spent and very little treasure found. That there is a vast amount of treasure lying at the bottom of the sea is beyond dispute.

There were the galleons of Vigo, the subject of many stirring stories of the sea. The legendary treasures accumulated in the Bay of Vigo are inestimable, for they are said to include precious stones and jewels whose value it is now impossible to calculate. It is stated nevertheless that treasure to the value of fifty million pounds has been lying beneath the waves in the Bay of Vigo since 1702.

According to tradition, the bed of the sea between Cuba and Porto Rico is strewn with ships laden with gold, silver, and gems. Ever since the eighteenth century, in fact, a whole Spanish fleet with cargoes of silver has been embedded there.

In 1679, at the south-east of the Isle of Pines, there founded a vessel which still contains the millions once owned by its wealthy passengers.

At the entrance to the Zuyder Zee in 1799 the frigate "Lutine," carrying three hundred and thirty ingots of gold and three million francs in

Maltese lace and pearls; Mrs Puttifoot, grey silk, with crystal trimmings; Miss E Powell, Oriental satin ninon overdress, pearl trimmings.

Mrs. T. E. Redmond, old gold satin, Parisian lace overdress, gold bead trimming; Miss Rawson, white silk, cream lace overdress, platinum trimming; Miss R. Rendle, mauve crepe de chene over cerise satin, Oriental trimming; Mrs A. Robertson, white silk, richly trimmed; Mrs. Robins, black duchesse satin, overdress of net, and jet trimming; Olive Roberts, paletite silk, silk lace panelled skirt, with pearls and sequin; Ivy Roberts, ivory satin, with pearl and satin roses; Mrs C. Rayment, merv. satin, trimmed silk lace; Mrs. wm Richards, black velvet and ninon princess robe, with auburn leaves; Miss Rud, liberty satin, trimmed with pearls; Mrs. A. J Roberts, saxe blue satin, silver trimmings, finished with cardinal rose; Mrs W. M Robins, handsome black gown, with jet overdress; Mrs. Roberts, black silk spangled chiffon overdress.

Mrs. C. A. A. Schwaebsch, pink ninon, silver grey overdress; Miss Olive Sullivan, white satin, silk overdress, silk lace and pearl trimmings; Miss Olive Swift, brown satin, self colour overdress of net; Mrs. W. Smith, pale vieux rose ninon; Miss Smird, white silk, overskirt "fish oil" blouse, pearl silver trimmings; Mrs E A Sachse, silk and lace, overdress of lace, jet trimmings; Mrs. H C Saunders, black; Mrs Sutch, black silk, lace trimmings; Mrs Jack Smith, white muslin over glace Irish lace trimmings; Miss Lily Stewart, white ninon, silk embroidered, opal trimmings; Mrs. Wallace Stone, Wedgwood blue satin, Oriental overdress, jet trimming; Mrs Smird, black silk lace, overskirt; Mrs. J. Gillies Stewart, white satin, silk lace overdress; Miss Effie Stewart, white satin, over skirt, "fish oil" blouse, lace and crystal trimmings; Mrs W. G. Swift, black velvet, fichu and real lace trimming; Mrs. G. Shade, white satin, black lace tunic, jet trimmings; Mrs. Sims, black mousseline, silk trimmed creme guipure; Mrs Samuelson, creme silk draped bodice, silver and pearl trimmings; Miss M Sachse, silk ninon with panels of silk net; Mrs. W. S Scott, pastel green satin, overdress lace, pearl and sequin trimmings.

Miss Tomkins, pale blue satin, overdress crepe de chene; Mrs. Twentyman, grey satin, overdress ninon, pearl trimming; Miss Nesta Tomkins, pale pink silk, and silver trimmings; Mrs. A. E. Thurcraft, grey Oriental satin, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. T. L. Taylor, green silk, heliotrope, ninon overdress, shot effect, trimmed with violets; Mrs A. Threlkeld, black satin with sequin trimmings; Mrs. Fred Thomas, empire gown of black ninon, with black silk trimming; Miss Threlkeld, pale blue satin, cerise overdress, bugle trimming; Miss Ruby Thomas, white crepe de chene, trimmed with silver.

Isabel Upmaier, apricot satin, blue ninon overdress, silver trimmings

Mrs W. Williams, ivory satin, ninon overdress, trimmed with gold net and beads; Mrs G Wilson, Oriental net with Wedgwood trimmings over black duchesse satin; Miss C Wilson, pale blue duchess satin, silver bugle and pink trimmings; Mrs. J. S Whalley, apricot crepe de chene, chalk bead trimming, with touches of black; Miss Bessie Watt, ivy white satin, trimmed point lace and roses; Mrs. Ernest Williams, orange satin, black net tunic, with Oriental trimming; Miss Edith Westgarth, white charmeuse, overdress pink satin, tulle trimming; Mrs. Warden, sage green satin, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. Woolhouse, green silk, trimmed with applique; Mrs. E. C Wedgwood, cream satin, veiled with apricot gauze and pearl trimmings; Mrs. T. Ward, grey satin, ninon overdress; Miss E Walker, ivory silk, trimmed with ninon; Mrs. F. Walker, pearl grey satin, veiled ninon, silver and pearl trimmings; Miss Westgarth, black silk, overdress of black and gold, trimmed with net; Mrs H Whiteley, white ninon, handsome lace trimmings; Mrs. W. Wood, black merv., transparent yoke, cut jet trimmings

Mrs. (Dr) Young, pale pink; Mrs. Russell Yardley, satin ninon overdress, apron and fichu ninon, pearl and bead trimming; Mrs. W. Yeomans, black crepe de chene, overdress of net, jet trimming; Mrs E. C. Yeomans, Oriental satin, honiton point lace trimmings.

Descriptions of the dresses of the following ladies did not come to hand:—

Mrs. Bartle Ryan, Mrs R. Mitchell, Mrs H Johnson, Mrs. Mulready, Mrs. McIvor, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs E. A. Richer, Mrs. Richer, Mrs W. Greer, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Brennan, Mrs. Bainbridge, Mrs J. Clarke, Mrs A. H Dunn, Mrs. J. Dynan, Mrs. S Hart, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Littlejohn, Mrs. Wood, Mrs T. Ward, Mrs. J. H. Smith, Mrs E Williams, Mrs Tulk, Mrs. Slingner, Mrs. F. Smith, Mrs. F Roberts, Mrs Harper, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. H. Hansen, Mrs A. W. Angier.

P.L.C.

At the last meeting of Northcote branch of the Political Labour Council, at Bechbite hall, July 1st, there was only a moderate attendance, owing to the inclement weather, but those attending spent a most pleasant evening. After the ordinary business was concluded, impromptu speeches, from subjects drawn from a hat, occupied the remainder of the evening, and all taking part acquitted themselves creditably. The concert held in the Collingwood town hall on July 2nd, for the benefit of Mr. Fred Jones, one of our members, and which was carried out in co-operation with the Northcote lodge of M.U.I.O.O.F., and the Federated Saw Mill Employees' Federation, was a successful affair. The next meeting, on August 5th, will take the form of a social.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, JULY 8th, 1912.

Before Messrs. Tharratt (chairman), MacDougall, Brown, Stott, Beamond and Hayes, J.s.P.

CHARGED WITH SHOPBREAKING.

Albert James, 18; John Harrison, 21, and Robert Lindsay, 23, were charged with breaking into the shop of Messrs. Train and Turner, drapers, High street, Thornbury, and stealing therefrom articles to the value of £12 12s.

Joseph Train stated: On going to the shop on Tuesday morning, July 2nd, I found the front door had been burst open, and that drapery goods, consisting of 200 yards of silk, ties, hats, handbags, silk handkerchiefs, etc, to the value of between £15 and £20, had been stolen. The same evening I saw some of the goods at detective office, and identified them by the private mark.

Detective Darcy gave evidence as to the arrest of accused, and finding the stolen goods in their possession.

James pleaded guilty. Lindsay and Harrison pleaded not guilty.

James's father came forward, and asked that the Bench deal with his son, whose action he described as simply a "foolish freak." He had never been in trouble before.

The Bench said they had no power to grant this request, but acceded to request to allow James out on bail, the sureties fixed being two of £100 each.

All three accused were committed for trial.

WANDERING CATTLE

The town ranger (A T Hattrap) proceeded against several owners for allowing their cattle to wander. Andrew Rennie, Ethel Finn, K. Horan, and Edwin Roberts were each fined 10s. with 5s costs

The last named said they had not only let his horse out of the paddock, but milked his cow.

The Chairman: Did the ranger get the cow?

Mr Roberts: No.

The Chairman: It might have been worse then. (Laughter).

An owner unknown was fined 10s. with £2 8s. costs.

BREACHES OF TOWN BY-LAWS.

D. Peterson, H. Fowler, Robert Smart, Chas. Eckhart, Archie Calder, Henry Thayer, Arthur Newman, Geo. Alway, Thos. Cheeswas, H. G. Filbrick, Jas Eardley, Wm. Burrell, Alfred Pretty, M H Knapp and Jas. Douglass were fined for breaches of the town by-laws, chiefly for driving vehicles and riding bicycles without lights. The new recruit, Constable Power, had the majority of the cases, having evidently been very vigilant.

Northcote Recreation and Cycling Club.

The general meeting was held in the club rooms on Monday evening, a large number of members being present. The second round of the billiard tournament is nearing a finish, and several exciting games have been provided. The majority of members are training solidly in anticipation of securing victories both at home and afield. The following fixtures have been decided upon in connection with the club's road racing season:—August 3rd, from Preston Reservoir, 15 miles; August 24, from Epping Hotel, Epping, 15 miles. Handsome prizes have been received for both events. In each instance the handicaps will be available one week prior to the event, and members are reminded that entries should be lodged with the secretary without delay.

FOOTBALL.

NORTHCOTE-PRESTON v. PRAHRAN

This match took place at Toorak Park last Saturday, when there was a very good attendance. Johnson, winning the toss, had first use of the wind. From the start Northcote made play on the wing side; and the game was somewhat crowded. Instead of making the most of the wind, the green and gold only managed to get two goals and two behinds, and they lost the match in this quarter. Prahran got exactly the same number of points against the wind. Prahran made the most of the breeze, and at the interval they had a lead of 45 points, the board showing: Prahran, 9 goals 6 behinds, 54 points; Northcote-Preston, 2 goals 3 behinds, 15 points. The third quarter saw Northcote take complete charge, and they played fast open football. A beautiful chain of marks Beck to Johnson, to Norman, and back again to Johnson, who kicked a nice goal. The green and gold had the ball repeatedly up at Prahran's end, and the quarter ended with the scores: Prahran, 11 goals 6 behinds, 72 points; Northcote-Preston, 8 goals 8 behinds, 56 points. Prahran had the wind for the last term, and they added three goals 5 behinds to Northcote-Preston's 1 goal 2 behinds. The final was Prahran, 14 goals 11 behinds, 95 points; Northcote-Preston, 9 goals 10 behinds, 64 points.

Northcote-Preston play North Melbourne at Croxton Park this afternoon.

Northcote Juniors v. North Melbourne Juniors should put up a good fast game on Saturday at North Melbourne, as all the Northcote players are showing fine form at present. Players catch the 1.50 train from Croxton.

Northcote senior cadets F.C. meet at town hall at 2 o'clock

The match between Rainbows and Baptists resulted in a draw, 7.6 each.

Meetings

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the GUESTS of the Mayor and Mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. Bastings) will be held on TUESDAY, 16th inst., at 8 p.m., at Town Hall, High Street, to make arrangements for a Return of their generous hospitality.

WM. HAYES, Ex Mayor.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the State School Hall, Helen Street, on TUESDAY, July 16th, at 8 p.m., to make arrangements for a NIGHT CONTINUATION SCHOOL. All interested are invited to attend.

Pupils wishing to join the Class are requested to be present, or to hand in their names to

W. H. KAY, Chairman of Committee, 159 Hawthorn Rd., opp. School,

or to

E. McPHERSON, Correspondent for Committee, 94 Beaver's Road, Northcote.

NORTHCOTE LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting will be held at the Town Hall, Northcote, on Tuesday, 16th July, at 3 p.m., when the Annual Report and Balance-Sheet will be submitted and new Committee elected.

All interested are invited to be present.

(Mrs). S. DENNIS, Hon. Secretary

PHYSICAL CULTURE—Miss Bosworth, Qualified Instructress, has started Classes (Girls and Boys) Saturday, 3 p.m., Rechabite Hall. New members welcome.

Tenders.

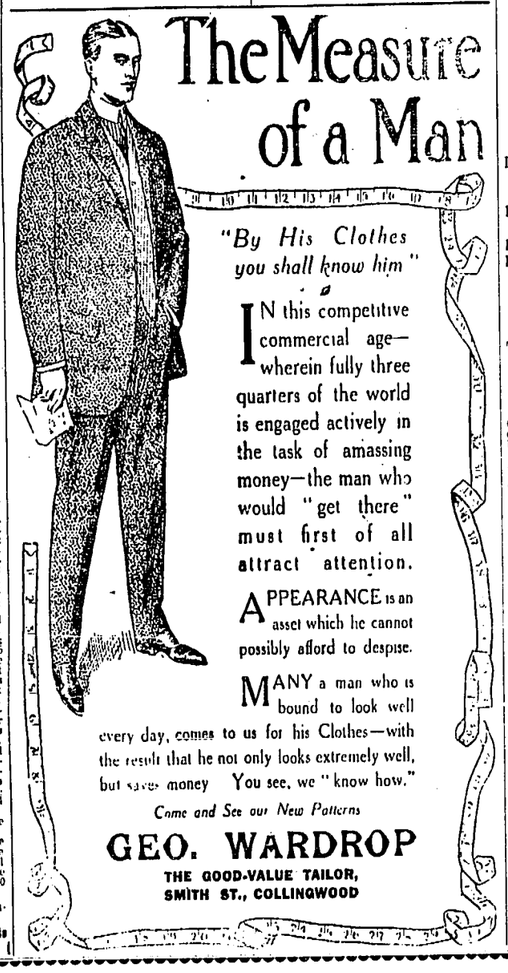
TENDERS Wanted for Sewerage of Factory at Bastings Street, Northcote, returnable Monday, 22nd inst.

SMITH & SONS.

July, 12, 1912.

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

NORTHCOTE DANCING CLASS (Select), Town Hall, Northcote, Monday Evening, 15th July. Gents 1/, Ladies 6d. Dancing 8 till 11. Good Music. Beginners, 1/ (7.15 till 8).



The Measure of a Man

"By His Clothes you shall know him"

IN this competitive commercial age—wherein fully three quarters of the world is engaged actively in the task of amassing money—the man who would "get there" must first of all attract attention.

APPEARANCE is an asset which he cannot possibly afford to despise.

MANY a man who is bound to look well every day, comes to us for his Clothes—with the result that he not only looks extremely well, but saves money. You see, we "know how."

Come and See our New Patterns

GEO. WARDROP

THE GOOD-VALUE TAILOR, SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

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.

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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.

MARRIAGE.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the German Lutheran Church, Eastern Hill, on 2nd July, by the Rev. Pastor Herlitz, between Mr. Hans Herz, only son of Herr H. Herz, of Dusseldorf, Germany, and Miss Meta Oldenburg, second daughter of Mr. Carl Oldenburg, of "Eutin," Northcote. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white silk, trimmed with matinee lace and insertion. Over her prettily dressed hair was worn a fine tulle veil with coronet of orange blossoms. A beautiful shower bouquet of tuber roses and asparagus fern completed her toilette. The bridesmaids were Dora and Winnie Oldenburg (sisters of the bride) and wee Marjory Hazelwood. They wore soft white silk, inlet with valenciennes lace and insertion, and carried bouquets of pink carnations and sweet peas, with pink silk streamers. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a full set of handsome furs, and to the bridesmaids brooches and tourmaline necklet. Mr. Carl Oldenburg, jr., acted as best man, and Mr. Bruce Robertson (Argentine) groomsman.

After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, when forty sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast. Mr. Brandt (Fitzroy) proposed the healths of the happy couple, Mr. J. Lang, The Parents; and Pastor Herlitz, The bridesmaids. All toasts were well received and suitably responded to. The bride's mother wore black merveilleux, trimmed with cream net and black silk insertion, black silk hat with plumes, and feather boa. Mrs Karsten (Thomastown), grandmother of bride, was dressed in black silk and Maltese lace fichu. Mrs Zinbell (grandaunt of bride), who was attired in black satin trimmed with applique and metallic lace, favoured the company with several pianoforte selections. The evening was very enjoyably spent in dancing and musical items; the songs of Mrs Brandt being especially appreciated. The bride went away in a black velvet coat and skirt and black beaver hat with feathers, and after a brief honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Herz left for their future home in Sydney. Many beautiful and useful presents were received.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT. Superb Programme! TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT.

Thrilling Indian Drama,

BLAZING THE TRAIL, BLAZING THE TRAIL,

A Sensational Story of the Early American Pioneering Days,

And a host of other Exquisite and Diverting Pictures,

Next Week, commencing Monday, July 15: The Great Australian Photo Play, BREAKING THE NEWS, BREAKING THE NEWS. A Thrilling Story of Mining Life. Also THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN. Another Feature Film.

FULL ORCHESTRA.

Prices: Circle, 1s 6d; Stalls, 1s; Back Seats, 6d.

Children half rates (Saturday evenings excepted).

Saturday evenings half price Stalls and Circle only.

MATINEES Saturdays and Holidays at 2.30 p.m. MATINEES

Adults, 6d and 1s. Children half rates.

Entire Change of Programme Monday, 22nd ALL NEW PICTURE SPECIALS.

THORNBURY PICTURES. THORNBURY PICTURES. THORNBURY PICTURES. Northcote Tram Terminus.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!

The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating of it.

Follow the Crowd to the THORNBURY PICTURES when you will see the Best Show for the least money.

THORNBURY PICTURES Speak for Themselves.

Big Exclusive Picture, WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT, R.N., TO THE SOUTH POLE.

A Cinematographic Record of the Work of the British Antarctic Expedition.

Why go South to see the South Pole when you can see it at Thornbury Pictures.

Don't Miss this Picture, which was secured at Enormous Cost.

The Pioneer Electric Picture Entertainment in the district. The Only Show in Melbourne giving a Complete New Program Each Night.

Admission: Children, under 12, 3d; Adults, 6d. Come Early for a Good Seat. Extra Seats provided for those who could not gain admittance last Saturday.

Don't Forget EVERY WEDNESDAY. New Star Pictures. Nothing but the Best.

Every MONDAY NIGHT, Complete Change of Pictures. Admission 3d. Reserved, 6d.

We show on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays

A GRAND JUVENILE BALL GRAND JUVENILE BALL (Plain and Fancy Dress) By the Children of St. Joseph's School, will be held in MILLER'S THORNBURY HALL, Tram Terminus, Upper Northcote, on TUESDAY EVENING, 23rd JULY.

Dancing—Children, 8 to 10. Adults 10 to 12. First-Class Music by Benjamin's Band. Tickets, 1/-. Proceeds in aid of the Bazaar.

Seats reserved for onlookers.

Local Government

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN No. 8.

TENDERS are invited up till 4 p.m. on Monday, 22nd July, for the construction of about 1100 lineal feet of 18 inch Pipe Drain in Mary Street and Bond Street and other works.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Town Hall, High Street.

Tenders to be on the Council's printed forms and must be accompanied by a deposit of 2½ per cent on amount of tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT, Town Clerk.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

VOTERS' AND SEPARATE LISTS.

Notice is hereby given that the Voters' Lists and Separate Lists for the several Wards of the Town of Northcote may be inspected by any person from the 8th to the 15th inst. inclusive (Sunday excepted) at this office from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., except on Saturday, 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

Copies of the said lists may be inspected at the following places during the above period:—

South Ward—Mr. W. Bowes' shop, 101 High Street, South Northcote.

East Ward—At Mr Smith's shop, 212 High Street.

West Ward—At Mr A. Oastler's News Agency, 523 High Street.

Central Ward—At the Municipal Offices High Street.

North Ward—At Mr. T. E Redmond's, Ironmonger, High Street north.

And also at the Free Library, corner High and James streets, each afternoon and evening.

Ratepayers are particularly requested to inspect the lists and see that their names are correctly entered thereon.

Claims for insertion and objection to names appearing thereon must be lodged with me on or before the 15th inst. The necessary forms for such claims and objections may be obtained at this office, also any particulars in connection therewith.

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

Municipal Offices, Northcote, 6th July, 1912.

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

REVISION COURT.

Notice is hereby given that I have appointed Monday, the 22nd inst., at 7 p.m., as the time for holding a Revision Court at the Municipal Offices, High Street, Northcote, for the purpose of hearing any Claims for insertion or Objection to names on the Voters' Lists for the several Wards of the Town that may have been lodged with the Town Clerk, and for revising such Lists.

H. BASTINGS, Mayor.

13th July, 1912.

LOST.—Thursday Evening, Black Fox Fur, in Merrel or High Street. Reward. "Coolmeen," Merrl Street.

Hattam's

Humming

Winter Sale!

Started Yesterday,

Continued To-Day and following Four Weeks

All Winter Drapery at "Quit" Prices!

Big Crowds all day yesterday.

Bigger Crowds expected this morning.

Please Shop Early.

Visit Us Often. Bargains for All.

Hattam & Hattam, Drapers, Northcote

Telephone, Northcote 268.

Auction Notices.

WEDNESDAY, 24th JULY. 3 o'clock at Property. "OONAH," 137 CLARKE STREET, NORTHCOTE (Close Merri Station and Northcote Trams.)

STOTT & BASTINGS, in conjunction with A. ROBERTSON, under instructions from The National Trustees' Coy., 113 Queen Street, and A. Robertson, Executors of J. Robertson's Estate, will Sell by Auction

D.F. BRICK VILLA, Containing 8 Rooms, Bathroom (with bath-heater), Extensive Shedding, Fowl Runs, Slate Roof, Sewered, Land 75 x 310, planted with fruit trees and laid out in garden and lawn. Lovely position on hill commanding fine view, also HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANO, and EFFECTS.

Title, Certificate may be inspected at the Office of J. Rogers May, Modern Chambers, 317 Collins Street.

Orders at STOTT & BASTINGS, Northcote (Tel. 1976), and A. ROBERTSON (Tel. 4, Northcote.

SATURDAY, 20th JULY, at 3 o'clock, on the Premises, OAKOVER ROAD, PRESTON, near Bell Station, West pf Railway, TWO D.F.W.B. HOUSES, each four rooms, wood lined, iron roof, quantity of paling and picket fencing.

Terms—A deposit of £10 to be paid to the auctioneer on the fall of the hammer, and balance prior to the removal of the houses within 14 days from date of Sale.

MCGEORGE BROS and SAVAGE, Auctioneer, High St., Preston. Phone, 162 Northcote.

Election Notices

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE EAST WARD OF THE TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Mr. C. W. CREAK wishes it to be understood that he has fully decided to Contest the Seat in August next against all comers.

Also that the electors are kindly asked to reserve their decision until they have heard him on the Requirements of the Ward, which he will place before them at an early date.

W. WILLS, Hon. Sec.

BALLROOM DANCING.

MR. 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, Efficient M.C.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT, Teacher of DANCING AND CALISTHENICS. "The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, CLIFTON HILL. Juvenile Lessons, any hour or by appointment, 9d. Adults, 1s lesson, any hour. Latest Society Dances.

DANCING.

COOMBES & HALL'S FIRST-CLASS STRING BAND. Latest and Up-to-Date Music supplied for Balls, Parties, &c.

Mr. W. COOMBES, 49 Gooch St., Northcote

Special Announcement from

THOS. J. DOWD & CO.

Makers of High-Grade Suits & Costumes,

398 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL. 398

OUR ANNUAL SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING.

TO-DAY A MAN IS UNWISE

if he is satisfied with any but the best that tailoring skill can produce.

Yet, it is often a problem where to get thoroughly reliable and satisfactory Suits at a reasonable price. WE SOLVED THE PROBLEM by erecting a high-grade Tailoring House in the suburbs free from the handicap of a heavy City rental.

Our Tailoring Staff is one of trained skill and experience. Our cutting is in the hands of one of the most skilful and experienced cutters in Melbourne.

Our Prices are reasonable, and our stock of High-Grade Fabrics is not excelled by that of any other tailoring house in Melbourne. Will you call in one day and let us show you the hundred and one ideal fabrics suitable for present wear.

In Our Ladies' Tailoring Department

We intend to cause a greater sensation than ever by offering EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

During Sale time we guarantee to make you a Costume at £3 10s, equal to any £6 6s or £7 7s costume obtainable in the City.

However, we can only make a limited number at the price, so it will be advisable to place your Order early.

Thanking the residents of this district for the fine support accorded during the past season, and assuring you always of our best attention.

Yours faithfully,

THOS. J. DOWD (Trading as Thos. J. Dowd & Coy).

OUR ANNUAL SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING.

Maltese lace and pearls; Mrs Puttifoot, pale silk, with crystal trimmings; Miss L. Powell, Oriental satin minon overdress, pearl trimmings.

Mrs T. E. Redmond, old gold satin, Paisley lace overdress, gold bead trimming; Miss Rawson, white silk, cream lace overdress, platinum trimming; Miss R. Beadle, mauve crepe de chene over cerise satin, Oriental trimming; Mrs A. Roberts, white silk richly trimmed, Mrs. Robson, black duchesse satin, overdress of net, and jet trimming; Olive Roberts, pallette silk lace panelled skirt, with pearls and sequins, Ivy Roberts, ivory satin, with pearl and satin roses; Mrs C. Rayment, ivory satin, trimmed silk lace; Mrs. van Reenen, black velvet and minon princess robe, with auburn leaves; Miss Rud, liberty satin, trimmed with pearls, Mrs. A. J. Roberts, sax blue satin, silver trimmings, bodice with cardinal rose; Mrs W. M. Rose, handsome black gown, with jet overdress, Mrs. Roberts, black silk sparkled chiffon overdress.

Mrs. C. A. Schwarbach, pink minon, silver grey overdress; Miss Olive Sullivan, white satin, silk overdress, silk lace and pearl trimmings, Miss Olive Swift, brown satin self colour overdress of net; Mrs. W. Smith, pale vieux rose minon; Miss Searl, white silk, overskirt "fish oil" lace, pearl silver trimmings; Mrs E. A. Sachse, silk and lace, overdress of lace, jet trimmings, Mrs. H. C. Saunders, black; Mrs Satch, black silk, lace trimmings; Mrs J. A. Smith, white nun-lin over glace Irish lace trimmings; Miss Lily Stewart, white satin, silk embroidered, opal trimmings; Mrs. Wallace Stone, Wedgewood blue satin, Oriental overdress, jet trimmings, Mrs Smart, black silk lace, overskirt; Mrs. J. Ellis Stewart, white satin, silk lace overdress, Miss Effie Stewart, white satin, over skirt, "fish oil" blonde, lace and crystal trimmings; Mrs W. G. Swift, black velvet, satin and real lace trimming; Mrs. G. Stobie, white satin, black lace tunic, jet trimmings, Mrs. Sims, black mousseline, silk trimmed crème guipure; Mrs Samuel Sun, crème silk draped bodice, silver and pearl trimmings; Miss M. Sachse, silk minon with panels of silk net; Mrs. W. S. Scott, pastel green satin, overdress lace, pearl and sequin trimmings.

Miss Tomkins, pale blue satin, overdress crepe de chene; Mrs. Twentyman, grey satin, overdress minon, pearl trimming; Miss Nesta Tomkins, pale pink silk, and silver trimmings; Mrs. A. E. Tharratt, grey Oriental satin, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. T. L. Taylor, green silk, bellatrope, minon overdress, shot effect, trimmed violets; Mrs A. Threlfeld, black satin with sequin trimmings; Mrs Fred Thomas, crème de chene gown of black minon, with black silk trimming; Miss Threlfeld, pale blue satin, crepe overdress, beads trimming; Miss Ruby Thomas, white crepe de chene, trimmed with silver.

Isabel Umbauer, apricot satin, blue minon overdress, silver trimmings.

Mrs W. Williams, ivory satin, minon overdress, trimmed with gold net and beads; Mrs G. Wilson, Oriental net with Wedgewood trimmings over black duchesse satin; Miss C. Wilson, pale blue duchesse satin, silver bugle and pink trimmings; Mrs J. S. Whalley, apricot crepe de chene, cloak bead trimming, with touches of black; Miss Bessie Watt, ivy white satin, trimmed point lace and roses; Mrs. Ernest Williams, orange satin, black net tunic, with Oriental trimming; Miss Edith Westcott, white charmeuse, overdress pink dewdrop, tulle trimming; Mrs. Warden, sage green satin, Oriental trimmings; Mrs. Woolhouse, green silk, trimmed with appliqué; Mrs. T. C. Wedgwood, cream satin, veiled with apricot gauze and pearl trimmings, Mrs T. Ward, grey satin, minon overdress, Miss E. Walker, ivory silk, trimmed with minon; Mrs. E. Walker, pearl grey satin, veiled minon, silver and pearl trimmings; Miss Westcott, black silk overdress of black and gold, trimmed with net, Mrs H. Whitelaw, white minon, handsome lace trimmings; Mrs W. Wood, black merveilleux, transparent yoke, cut jet trimmings.

Mrs. (Dr.) Young, pale pink; Mrs. Russell Yardley, satin minon overdress, apron and fichu minon, pearl and bead trimming; Mrs W. Yeomans, black crepe de chene overdress of net, jet trimming; Mrs E. C. Yeomans, Oriental satin, bouillon point lace trimmings.

Descriptions of the dresses of the following ladies did not come to hand:—

Mrs Barth-Ryan, Mrs R. Mitchell, Mrs H. Johnson, Mrs. Mulready, Mrs. McIvor, Mrs McDonald, Mrs E. A. Richer, Mrs. Richer, Mrs W. Greer, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Brennan, Mrs. Bainbridge, Mrs J. Clarke, Mrs A. H. Dunn, Mrs. J. Dynan, Mrs. S. Hart, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Littlejohn, Mrs. Wood, Mrs T. Ward, Mrs. J. H. Smith, Mrs E. Williams, Mrs Tulk, Mrs. Shemer, Mrs. F. Smith, Mrs. F. Roberts, Mrs Harper, Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. H. Hansen, Mrs A. W. Anglor.

P.L.C.

At the last meeting of Northcote branch of the Political Labour Council, at Rechabite hall, July 1st, there was only a moderate attendance, owing to the inclement weather, but those attending spent a most pleasant evening. After the ordinary business was concluded, impromptu speeches, from subjects drawn from a hat, occupied the remainder of the evening, and all taking part acquitted themselves creditably. The concert held in the Collingwood town hall on July 2nd, for the benefit of Mr. Fred Jones, one of our members, and which was carried out in cooperation with the Northcote lodge of M.U.I.O.O.F., and the Federated Saw Mill Employes' Federation, was a successful affair. The next meeting, on August 5th, will take the form of a social.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, JULY 8th, 1912.

Before Messrs. Tharratt (chairman), MacIntosh, Brown, Stott, Richmond and Hayes, J.s.P.

CHARGED WITH SHOPBREAKING.

Albert James, 18, John Harrison, 21, and Robert Lindsay, 25, were charged with breaking into the shop of Messrs. Train and Turner, drapers, high street, Thornbury, and stealing therefrom articles to the value of £12 12s.

Joseph Train stated: On going to the shop on Tuesday morning, July 2nd, I found the front door had been burst open, and that drapery goods, consisting of 300 yards of silk ties, hats, handbags, silk handkerchiefs, etc., to the value of between £15 and £25, had been stolen. The same evening I saw some of the goods at the private mark.

Detective Darcy, detective office, and identified them by Detective Darcy gave evidence as to the arrest of accused, and finding the stolen goods in their possession.

James pleaded guilty. Lindsay and Harrison pleaded not guilty.

James's father came forward, and asked that the Bench deal with his son, whose action he described as simply a "foolish freak." He had never been in trouble before.

The Bench said they had no power to grant this request, but acceded to request to allow James out on bail, the sureties fixed being two of £100 each.

All three accused were committed for trial.

WANDERING CATTLE.

The town ranger (A. T. Hattam) proceeded against several owners for allowing their cattle to wander. Andrew Rennie, Lionel Finn, E. Horan, and Edwin Roberts were each fined 10s with 5s. costs.

The last named said they had not only let his horse out of the paddock, but milked his cow.

The Chairman: Did the ranger get the cow?

Mr Roberts: No.

The Chairman: It might have been worse then. (Laughter).

An owner unknown was fined 10s. with £2 2s. costs.

BREACHES OF TOWN BY-LAWS.

D. Peterson, H. Fowler, Robert Smart, Chas. Eckhart, Archie Calder, Henry Thayer, Arthur Newman, Geo. Alway, Thos. Clowes, H. E. Fitbrick, Jas. Eardley, Wm. Burrell, Alfred Pretty, M. H. Knapp and Jas. Douglass were fined for breaches of the town by-laws, chiefly for driving vehicles and riding bicycles without lights. The new recruit, Constable Power, had the majority of the cases, having evidently been very vigilant.

Northcote Recreation and Cycling Club.

The general meeting was held in the club rooms on Monday evening, a large number of members being present. The second round of the billiard tournament is nearing a finish, and several exciting games have been provided. The majority of members are training solidly in anticipation of securing victories both at home and afield. The following fixtures have been decided upon in connection with the club's road racing season:—August 3rd, from Preston Reservoir, 15 miles; August 24, from Epping Hotel, Epping, 15 miles. Handsome prizes have been received for both events. In each instance the handicaps will be available one week prior to the event, and members are reminded that entries should be lodged with the secretary without delay.

FOOTBALL.

NORTHCOTE-PRESTON v. PRAHRAN.

This match took place at Preston Park last Saturday, when there was a very good attendance. Johnson, winning the toss, had first use of the wind. From the start Northcote made play on the wing side; and the game was somewhat crowded. In lead of making the most of the wind, the green and gold only managed to get two goals and two behinds, and they lost the match in this quarter. Prahran got exactly the same number of points against the wind. Prahran made the most of the breeze, and at the interval they had a lead of 45 points, the board showing: Prahran, 9 goals 6 behinds, 59 points; Northcote-Preston, 2 goals 3 behinds, 15 points. The third quarter saw Northcote take complete charge, and they played fast open football. A beautiful chain of marks Beck to Johnson, to Norman, and back again to Johnson, who kicked a nice goal. The green and gold had the ball repeatedly up at Prahran's end, and the quarter ended with the scores: Prahran, 11 goals 6 behinds, 72 points; Northcote-Preston, 8 goals 8 behinds, 56 points. Prahran had the wind for the last term, and they added three goals 5 behinds to Northcote-Preston's 1 goal 2 behinds. The final was Prahran, 14 goals 11 behinds, 95 points; Northcote-Preston, 9 goals 10 behinds, 64 points.

Northcote-Preston play North Melbourne at Croxton Park this afternoon.

Northcote Juniors and North Melbourne Juniors should put up a good fast game on Saturday at North Melbourne, as all the Northcote players are showing fine form at present. Players catch the 1.50 train from Croxton.

Northcote senior cadets F.C. meet at town-hall at 2 o'clock.

The match between Rainbows and Baptists resulted in a draw, 7.6 each.

Meetings

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the GUESTS of the Mayor and Mayoress (Cr. and Mrs. Bastings) will be held on TUESDAY, 16th inst., at 8 p.m., at Town Hall, High Street, to make arrangements for a Return of their generous hospitality.

WM. HAYES, Ex Mayor.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the State School Hall, Helen Street, on TUESDAY, July 16th, at 8 p.m., to make arrangements for a NIGHT CONTINUATION SCHOOL. All interested are invited to attend.

Pupils wishing to join the Class are requested to be present, or to hand in their names to

W. H. KAY, Chairman of Committee, 159 Hawthorn Rd., opp. School,

or to

E. McPHERSON, Correspondent for Committee, 91 Beaver's Road, Northcote.

NORTHCOTE LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting will be held at the Town Hall, Northcote, on Tuesday, 16th July, at 3 p.m., when the Annual Report and Balance Sheet will be submitted and new Committee elected.

All interested are invited to be present.

(Mrs). S. DENNIS, Hon. Secretary.

PHYSICAL CULTURE—Miss Bosworth, Qualified Instructress, has started Classes (Girls and Boys) Saturday, 3 p.m., Rechabite Hall. New members welcome.

Tenders.

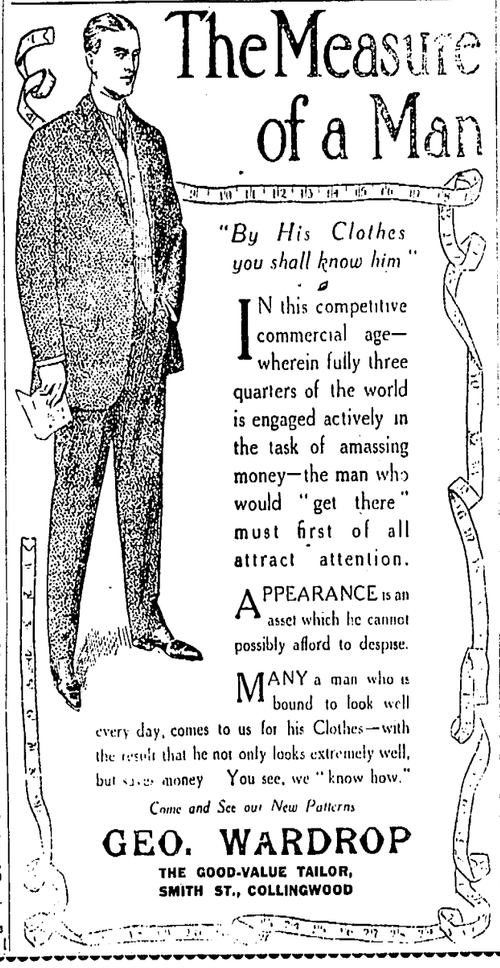
TENDERS Wanted for Sewerage of Factory at Bastings Street, Northcote, returnable Monday, 22nd inst.

SMITH & SONS.

July, 12, 1912.

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

NORTHCOTE DANCING CLASS (Select), Town Hall, Northcote, Monday Evening, 15th July. Gents 1/-, Ladies 6d. Dancing 8 till 11. Good Music. Beginners, 1/ (7.15 till 8).



The Measure of a Man

"By His Clothes you shall know him"

IN this competitive commercial age—wherein fully three quarters of the world is engaged actively in the task of amassing money—the man who would "get there" must first of all attract attention.

APPEARANCE is an asset which he cannot possibly afford to despise.

MANY a man who is bound to look well every day, comes to us for his Clothes—with the result that he not only looks extremely well, but saves money. You see, we "know how."

Come and See our New Patterns

GEO. WARDROP

THE GOOD-VALUE TAILOR, SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

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.

MARRIAGE.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the German Lutheran Church, Eastern Hill, on 2nd July, by the Rev. Pastor Hecht, between Mr. Hans Herz, only son of Herr H. Herz, of Dusseldorf, Germany, and Miss Meta Oldenburg, second daughter of Mr. Carl Oldenburg, of "Eutin," Northcote. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white silk, trimmed with mailines lace and insertion. Over her prettily dressed hair was worn a fine tulle veil with coronet of orange blossoms. A beautiful shower bouquet of tuber roses and asparagus fern completed her toilette. The bridesmaids were Bora and Winnie Oldenburg (sisters of the bride) and wee Marjory Hazelwood. They wore soft white silk, inlet with valenciennes lace and insertion, and carried bouquets of pink carnations and sweet peas, with pink silk streamers. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a full set of handsome furs, and to the bridesmaids brooches and tourmaline necklet. Mr. Carl Oldenburg, jr., acted as best man, and Mr. Bruce Robertson (Argentine) groomsman.

After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, when forty sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast. Mr. Brandt (Hatermwicke) proposed the healths of the happy couple: Mr. J. Lang, the Parents; and Pastor Hertitz, the bridesmaids. All toasts were well received and suitably responded to. The bride's mother wore black merveilleux, trimmed with cream net and black silk insertion, black silk hat with plumes, and feather boa. Mrs Karsten (Thomastown), grandmother of bride, was dressed in black silk and Maltese lace fichu. Mrs Ziebell (grandaunt of bride), who was attired in black satin trimmed with applique and metallic lace, favoured the company with several pianoforte selections. The evening was very enjoyably spent in dancing and musical items, the songs of Mrs Brandt being especially appreciated. The bride went away in a black velvet coat and skirt and black beaver hat with feathers, and after a brief honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Herz left for their future home in Sydney. Many beautiful and useful presents were received.

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

TO-NIGHT, TO-NIGHT. Superb Programme! TO-NIGHT, TO-NIGHT.

Thrilling Indian Drama, BLAZING THE TRAIL, BLAZING THE TRAIL, A Sensational Story of the Early American Pioneering Days, And a host of other Exquisite and Diverting Pictures.

Next Week, commencing Monday, July 15, The Great Australian Photo Play, BREAKING THE NEWS, BREAKING THE NEWS. A Thrilling Story of Mining Life. Also THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN. Another Feature Film.

FULL ORCHESTRA.

Prices: Circle, 1s 6d; Stalls, 1s; Back Seats, 6d. Children half rates (Saturday evenings). Saturday evenings half price Stalls and Circle only.

MATINEES, MATINEES, MATINEES — Saturdays and Holidays at 2.30 p.m. — MATINEES, MATINEES, MATINEES. Adults, 6d and 1s. Children half rates.

Entire Change of Programme Monday, 22nd. ALL NEW PICTURE SPECIALS.

THORNBURY PICTURES, THORNBURY PICTURES, THORNBURY PICTURES. Northcote Tram Terminus.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT! The Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating of it. Follow the Crowd to the THORNBURY PICTURES when you will see the Best Show for the least money. THORNBURY PICTURES Speak for Themselves.

Big Exclusive Picture, WITH CAPTAIN SCOTT, R.N., TO THE SOUTH POLE.

A Cinematographic Record of the Work of the British Antarctic Expedition. Why go South to see the South Pole when you can see it at Thornbury Pictures. Don't Miss this Picture, which was secured at Enormous Cost.

The Pioneer Electric Picture Entertainment in the district. The Only Show in Melbourne giving a Complete New Program Each Night.

Admission: Children, under 12, 3d; Adults, 6d. Come Early for a Good Seat. Extra Seats provided for those who could not gain admittance last Saturday.

Don't Forget EVERY WEDNESDAY. New Star Pictures. Nothing but the Best.

Every MONDAY NIGHT, Complete Change of Pictures. Admission 3d. Reserved, 6d.

We show on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

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(Plain and Fancy Dress)

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13th July, 1912.

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Title, Certificate may be inspected at the Office of J. Rogers May, Modern Chambers, 317 Collins Street.

Orders at STOTT & BASTINGS, Northcote (Tel. 1976), and A. ROBERTSON (Tel. 4, Northcote.

SATURDAY, 20th JULY, at 3 o'clock, on the Premises, OAKOVER ROAD, PRESTON, near Bell Station, West of Railway, TWO D.F.W.B. HOUSES, each four rooms, wood lined, iron roof, quantity of paling and picket fencing.

Terms—A deposit of £10 to be paid to the auctioneer on the fall of the hammer, and balance prior to the removal of the houses within 14 days from date of Sale.

McGEORGE BROS and SAVAGE, Auctioneer, High St., Preston. Phone, 162 Northcote.

Election Notices

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE EAST WARD OF THE TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Mr. C. W. CREAK wishes it to be understood that he has fully decided to Contest the Seat in August next against all comers.

Also that the electors are kindly asked to reserve their decision until they have heard him on the Requirements of the Ward, which he will place before them at an early date.

W. WILLS, Hon. Sec.

BALLROOM DANCING.

MRS. and Mr. D. McGAN Teach Privately, Quickly, and Thoroughly at 502 High Street, Northcote (near Tram Terminus). Latest Dances Taught, Day or Evening. Success assured. Dick McGan, Efficient M.C.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT, Teacher of DANCING AND CALISTHENICS. "The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, CLIFTON HILL. Juvenile Lessons, any hour or by appointment, 2/3. Adults, 1s lesson, any hour. Latest Society Dances.

DANCING.

COOMBES & HALL'S FIRST CLASS STRING BAND. Latest and Up-to-Date Music supplied for Balls, Parties, &c.

Mr. W. COOMBES, 49 Gooch St., Northcote

Special Announcement from

THOS. J. DOWD & CO.

Makers of High-Grade Suits & Costumes,

398 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL. 398

OUR ANNUAL SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING.

TO-DAY A MAN IS UNWISE

if he is satisfied with any but the best that tailoring skill can produce.

Yet, it is often a problem where to get thoroughly reliable and satisfactory Suits at a reasonable price. WE SOLVED THE PROBLEM by erecting a high-grade Tailoring House in the suburbs free from the handicap of a heavy City rental.

Our Tailoring Staff is one of trained skill and experience. Our cutting is in the hands of one of the most skilful and experienced cutters in Melbourne.

Our Prices are reasonable, and our stock of High-Grade Fabrics is not excelled by that of any other tailoring house in Melbourne. Will you call in one day and let us show you the hundred and one ideal fabrics suitable for present wear.

In Our Ladies' Tailoring Department

We intend to cause a greater sensation than ever by offering EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

During Sale time we guarantee to make you a Costume at £3 10s, equal to any £6 6s or £7 7s costume obtainable in the City.

However, we can only make a limited number at the price, so it will be advisable to place your Order early.

Thanking the residents of this district for the fine support accorded during the past season, and assuring you always of our best attention.

Yours faithfully,

THOS. J. DOWD (Trading as Thos. J. Dowd & Coy).

OUR ANNUAL SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING.

HOME FOR THE BLIND.

PRESTON COUNCIL VOTES £20.

At the request of the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, Mr. K. Sutherland waited upon the Preston council on Monday evening to explain the objects of the appeal on behalf of the Home for the Blind at Brighton Beach.

Mr. Sutherland, a man of middle age, who has known the awful affliction of blindness for two and a half years, has the gift of eloquence, and made a most moving appeal. He pointed out that the blind in Victoria numbered about 1200, whereas there was only room in the Institution at St. Kilda road for about 100, and there no provision was made for the aged and infirm blind. Those who could not earn enough in that asylum were quickly told that they must go outside. Without the Home they had established at Brighton Beach there were to such as these the two alternatives of going on the streets to beg, or into the Benevolent Asylum. Then there were the large class with too much self respect to put up with these indignities who simply suffered in silence. It was on behalf of this class he was specially appealing, and for whom the Home at Brighton was desired. They set out to raise £2200, but owing to other appeals intervening they were about £500 short.

Mr. Sutherland explained he was acting purely in an honorary capacity. The whole of any donation the council might give would go direct to the object. Northcote had given £20, Brunswick £30, and Camberwell £25.

The President said that having heard Mr. Sutherland's eloquent appeal they would talk the matter over, and see what they could do.

Mr. Sutherland urged that they deal with the matter then, as the list was closing on Saturday.

Cr. Braithwaite said he thought they might strain a point and take instant action. To have the light of day shut out and live in everlasting darkness was an awful affliction; and the fact that a blind person made the appeal was bound to have a moving effect on them. He would move that the council vote a sum of £20 to the laudable object. He was sure they would have the endorsement of all the inhabitants of the shire.

Cr. Warr seconded the motion, remarking that it had been made plain to them that a large class of the blind had, till this home was established, been utterly un-provided for.

The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. Sutherland, on leaving, said that on behalf of the Blind he thanked them that their sympathy had taken such practical expression. Finding such true-hearted, deep-rooted sympathy throughout the councils of the State had assisted him greatly in bearing his own burden.

PRESTON COUNCIL AND WATER RETICULATION.

PRESENT POLICY CHALLENGED BY CR. CRISPE.

The Metropolitan Board of Works wrote to the Preston Council on Monday evening, agreeing to extend the water in Queen street and Leicester street on the usual conditions. The present revenue was 3¼ per cent.; which the council would have to be

Cr. Crispe strongly urged that the council take up the guarantees in this. According to the Board's estimate it was only £1 15/- in the case of Queen street, and £1 2/6 in the case of Leicester street; and in reality it would be practically nothing, as building was going on rapidly in these streets, and the Board had taken no account of the extra revenue that would be derived from meters. Bringing the water to the streets induced settlement, which was good business, as every house erected brought additional revenue to the council. He moved that in this instance the council waive their right to make people in the street provide the guarantee.

Cr. Howse seconded.

Cr. Paterson thought it only right that the ratepayers in this street should be treated in the same way as those in other streets.

Cr. Braithwaite said he thought Cr. Crispe had made out a good case. Evidently the council would be taking very little risk. They were private streets, and private streets got very little attention otherwise.

The President pointed out that they had a resolution on their books that the council give no more guarantees. While he had every sympathy, he thought as a matter of course they should get the guarantee from the people in the streets. He did not want to rule the motion out of order, but would suggest that Cr. Crispe move that it go to the committee.

Cr. Crispe had no objection, but he really thought they were standing in their own light if they did not go in for all the reticulation the Board would give them.

Cr. Howe pointed out that there were promises that three or four more buildings were to be erected in the streets.

The matter was referred to the committee.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, JULY 9th, 1912

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

UNLAWFUL ASSAULT.

Emanuel Taylor proceeded against Walter J. Warr, on a charge of unlawful assault.

Mr. A. S. Wilkinson (Home and Wilkinson) appeared for the plaintiff.

Plaintiff stated that defendant was working with him in a chamber in the kiln at the Clifton Brick Works. It was his (witness's) turn to do certain work, but defendant disputed it. An altercation arose, and defendant hit witness in the face and on the body, with his fists, his injuries being such that he had to go to a doctor, and was off work for a week. He was in such a position during the assault that he could not defend himself.

Defendant denied any blows were struck, saying it was just a wrestling match, and both fell together.

The Bench said they believed a blow had been struck, but it was not a serious matter.

Fined 5/- with £1 6/- costs.

GARNISHEE ORDERS.

Mr. A. S. Wilkinson, acting for the judgment creditor in A. Freeman v. D'Arcy Gilbert, secured garnishee orders against K. Jeffrey (£8 4/-), and John Weller (£5), each with £1 6/- costs.

RIDING ON PATH.

Constable Dolde proceeded against Alex. Woods on this charge. Fined 10/-.

NON-VACCINATION.

For not having his child vaccinated, John Albrecht was fined £2.

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

Houses and Land For Sale.

PRESTON.

BE YOUR OWN LANDLORD.

BUY COTTAGES AND VILLAS FOR LESS THAN RENT.

BRICK COTTAGES,
4 Rooms, Bath, Land 60 x 114,
Close Station, £200.
£15 Deposit, 7/6 week.
Now let 7/-. Can get 8/6.
Asphalt Footpath almost to door
(Five of these Cottages sold this week. Only three left).

W.B. VILLA,
5 Rooms, Conveniences.
High, Corner Position.
Close to Train and Shops.
£225, or off-r.
£15 Deposit, 10/- week.

WHY PAY RENT!

LAND! LAND!
EXCEPTIONAL TERMS.
NO DEPOSIT. NO INTEREST.
Select a Site for Your
FUTURE HOME.
Right Along the RAILWAY LINE.
Close to Main Roads.

ALLOTMENTS
ALLOTMENTS
In the following Estates are in our hands for Sale:

Sheffield ... 50 x 180
Only 5 lots left
Benambra ... 40 x 120
Opposite Preston Station.
Regent Station 50 x 200
Most of this land was disposed of at auction in one afternoon.
La Mascotte ... 50 x 128
Delightful spot amongst the trees at Regent Station.
Mount Bischoff 50 x 128
Fine Residential Area.
Murrayville 50 x 145
Just subdivided.
Progressive and Select Locality.
Wilkinson's ... 40 x 128
Direct Street to Station.
Several New Houses in course of erection.
Bellevue ... 50 x 119
On the Slope of the Hills.
Small Deposits.
Grand Central ... 50 x 160
All Surveyed. Perfect Drainage.
In the midst of Modern Villas.
Coroneation ... 57 x 230
Close to Regent Station
Mount Pleasant 50 x 210
Commanding Views in every direction.
Gowerville ... 40 x 112
Only 6 Blocks.
Close to Plenty Road.
Town Hall ...
Between two Main Roads.
Adjoining Public Buildings.

Titles, Certificate.
Clients driven to inspect.

McGEORGE BROS. & SAVAGE,
Auctioneer,
Rent Purchase Agents,
Subdivisional Land Salesmen,
323 High St. Preston Station.
Phone, Northcote 162.

First Money-Saving
SOLWAY SALE
Now On!
Extraordinary Bargains for One Month Only.
Everything at Cost Price.
Solway Clothing Coy.
Opposite Fitzroy Post Office.
No Watches after this Week

Oh, Woods, in comfort and at ease,
We laugh at rain; ignore disease;
Regardless be of biting winds,
Make us to feel raw, and red eyes blind,
You can do just as you like to matter how,
And not care a rush, then!
No chap need be afraid of ill nature,
While I can buy your Peppermint Cure

Notices

"Hillside" Nursery,
NORTHCOTE,
FOR
ROSES
from 6d each.
Standards 1s 6d each.
Your own selection.
Strong well rooted Plants.

Carnations, Hedge Plants, Shrubs, Seedlings, etc.

Cocos and Palms (Kentia Fitzmentons) Fine specimens, 1s to 7s 6d.

Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants.

Landscape Gardening a Specialty.
Plants for Hire.

A. MAGGS,
168 CLARKE ST. (near High St.)
Catalogues Post Free

Stocks JEWELLERY SILVERWARE Watches
WHY GO TO MELBOURNE FOR JEWELLERY?
PINK & SON,
Manufacturing Jewellers
Twenty years' experience with City Firms.
We Save Middleman's Profit by manufacturing all we show.
REPAIRS of every description.
F.P. Ware, Watches, Clocks.
241 High St., Northcote
(Opposite Theatre).
Licensed Buyer of Wrought Gold.

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).

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch
Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove).
Next meeting—25th July.
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.
A. C. WILLIAMS, 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—18th July.
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—16th July.
Sick Benefits:—For 12 months, £1 per week; following 6 months, 10/- per week; afterwards during sickness, 5/- per week.
Funeral Benefits:—£20 at death of a member; £15 at death of a member's wife (if insured).
Contributions:—Benefit members, 1/- per week upwards; Honorary members, 1/- per quarter; Proposition Fee, 2/6.
Loans Advanced on Real Estate.
CHAS. H. WARR, Secretary
"Winnieville," Railway Place, Preston.

Announcements

PHONE 6274
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.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ALLOTMENTS FOR SALE

Emmaline Street, 43 x 112, partly fenced ...	£80
Darebin Road, near High Street, 40 x 110, fenced both sides	£85
Station Avenue, fenced both sides, 30ft. frontage ...	£60
Harold Street, 66 x 134, near Station ...	£132
Union Street, near Merri Station, 34 x 120, fenced both sides ...	£102
South Crescent, near Westgarth Station, 51 x 130	£175
Robert Street, 80 ft., streets made	£160
Clarke Street, 34 x 125, fenced sides ...	£85

Many others.

ERNEST LEES,
Auctioneer, Agent, and Sworn Valuer,
295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
Phone, Northcote 54.

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. 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.

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:
C/n HIGH & BELL STS., PRESTON.
Close to Bell Station.

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.

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

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.

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

Insurance Companies & Agents

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).

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.

SUPPORT THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY
THE I.O.A.
(Insurance Office of Australia Limited)
FIRE. ACCIDENT.
Plate Glass.
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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.,
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235 High St., Northcote.
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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.
If you are running a an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and
ADVERTISE IT THOROUGHLY

J. W. MANKEY & Co.
DRAPERS, MILLINERS, CLOTHIERS,
(The New Shop) 248-250 High St., Northcote (The New Shop)
Bargain Sale of Millinery,
Furs and Muffs
FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY
Bargains in Coats, Blankets, Winter Costumes.

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.

MOTOR CARS FOR HIRE
DAY OR NIGHT.
THEATRES AND BALLS.
Charges: 1/- per mile.
5/ per hour detention.
50 per cent. extra between midnight and 5 a.m.
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.

JOHN PHILLIPS, M.R.C.V.S.,
VETERINARY SURGEON
AND
EQUINE DENTIST,
92 EASEY ST., COLLINGWOOD.
Open to call at any hour of night or day.
Telephone Central 6201.

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.

PAINTING AND DRAWING.
MISS MARGARET B. WEIR'S PAINTING and DRAWING Classes, Northcote Town Hall, Saturdays afternoon at 2.30, evening at 7.
All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade, Royal Park.

Great Sale of Secondhand Cycles from 30s.
Large Stock of Winter Lines: Capes, 8/6 and 10/6; Leggings, 2/- and 2/6; Burning and Lubricating Oil, 9d pint. Large Stock of Lamps from 2/6. Carbide, 4½d lb. Call and inspect —our stock of Sundries.—
Cycles Built to order from £8 10
Merson's Moa Cycle Works
218 High St., Northcote. Phone Northcote 78.

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.

1-ply Congo Roofing,	21/-	per roll	216	square feet
1-ply " "	25/	"	"	
2-ply " "	32/	"	"	
3-ply " "	40/-	"	"	
CONGO DAMP COURSE—4 in.	6/3	per roll of 72	running feet	
9 in.	12/3	"	"	"
14 in.	17/9	"	"	"
18 in.	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

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 Biboron, 26/. Class commences April 26.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
Principal:
G. COOHRANE, B.A., T.C.D.
Pharmacy, Junior Public, and General Improvement Classes held at the College.
Juniors, between the ages of 6 and 8, under experienced lady teacher, £1 1s per quarter.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Evening Classes at the College.
Third term begins Wednesday, July 17.

Established 1885.
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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

A. LEWIS'S,
350 QUEEN'S PARADE
NORTH FITZROY.
ALL GOODS GREATLY REDUCED
Below are a few of the lines:
Dressing Combs, 6d, now 4d.
Hair Brushes, 9d, now 5½d.
China Figures, 8d, 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.

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.

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.

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 case, Carving Knives and Forks up to 5 foot long. Cutlery ground & set daily Optical Goods, Brushware, &c. Umbrellas of every description in stock, silver or gold mounted, or made to order. Repairs and Re-Covers a Speciality.

LINES BY SPOKESHAVE.

I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I got a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop.
As it 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.

Announcements.

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.

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 Finest Arm 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

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).

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

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
Upon the first the dollars rain—
The other merchant busted!

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, JULY 20, 1912

Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 297 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.

Price 1d

McBosisto'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.

Agent for Northcote of Celebrated Sickle Brand of REFORMED 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.

E. M. KELSO

WISHES to intimate to the Public of Preston and district that he has purchased the old established

Saddlery Business

carried on by Mrs. MEYER at

141 PLENTY ROAD, PRESTON, and intends equipping it with an entirely New Stock, comprising all branches of the trade.

Goods manufactured on the premises by skilled workmen, and a guarantee will be given with all work.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

E.M.K. is here to give complete satisfaction and hopes to receive a fair share of public patronage.

First prize Silver Medal for Stock Saddle at National Agricultural Society's Show.

J. W. LUCAS,

Art Upholsterer

(late with H. Ackman)

BEGS to notify the residents of Northcote and surrounding districts that he is opening business as Furniture Manufacturer and Repairer at

591 HIGH ST., UPP. NORTHCOTE

His Main Feature will be—Cheapness and Good Workmanship. A Trial Solicited.

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 1140.

Sole Patentee of the Disinfecting Coffin for preventing contagion. Established 1887.

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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,

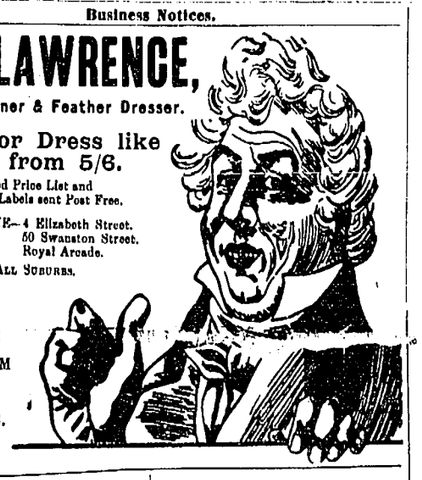
Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.

A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.

Illustrated Price List and Address Labels sent Post Free.

MELBOURNE—4 Elizabeth Street. 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.

123 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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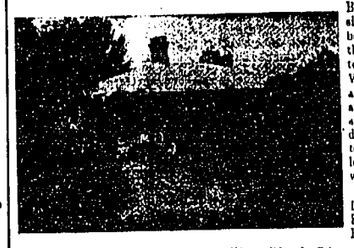
NORTHCOTE ICE WORKS

34 HIGH STREET.

Pure Crystal Ice delivered daily.

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

"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 Marleson'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.

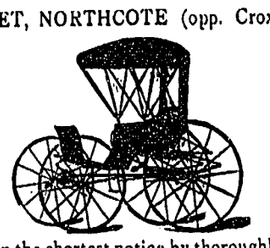
EDWARD FELLOWES,

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"

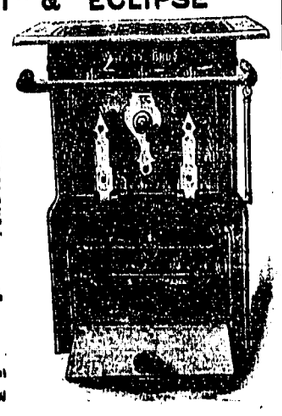
ADVANTAGES OVER OTHER GAS STOVES:
1 An Open Roaster
2 Free from all contact with Gas
3 A Hot Plate fitted with Patent Air and Gas Burners, arranged for Boiling, Stewing, or Frying
4 No Gas in Oven. 5 Flame on Top of Oven
6 Low Gas Bills. 7 Perfect Cooking

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 case or jacket, the heat is therefore increased and the combustion rendered complete.

Prices from £3 16s 6d.

Write for Catalogue.



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Ironfounders, Stove Manufacturers, Cramer Street, Preston.

Showroom: 419 Bourke Street, City.

Phone, 4893 Central.

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

¶ Suits for the man who's tired of the clothes he has, who's disinclined to tackle the tailor who's disappointed him so often; but who really can appreciate a suit made to a modern style. ¶ This modern style—note our illustration; drawn in an absolutely up-to-the-minute mode—is embodied in all the suits made by us. ¶ In fact, we call our suits just what they are, *"Modern Suits."* They're priced *63/- to 105/-*. Call in and see us—we are sure you, too, would be pleased.

Alfred Hare Company

Modern Tailors
Men's Mercers
292 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill

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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.

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VIOLIN, PIANOFORTE, HARMONY and COUNTERPOINT.

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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.

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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.

L. NIEHOFF,

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Pianos, Music, and Phonographs. Cash or Terms.

Pianos Tuned, Regulated and Repaired.

Late of Collins, Beale, Brasch and Coy., Melbourne.

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

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 58.

NURSE HOOPER,

"LILLIEVILLE" PRIVATE HOSPITAL, Darebin Road, Northcote.

Certificated and Trained Nurses available for Outdoor Practice.

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SISTER CORNWELL (Late Matron Women's Hospital),

VISITING NURSE.

"Heathfield," Cunningham St., Northcote.

Midwifery, Surgical and Medical Cases attended night or day.

NURSE HUNTER,

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Midwifery Patients.

Every Care and Attention. Moderate.

"Merne," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote (near Croxton station).

NURSE VERTIGAN (Certificated A.T.N.A.)

MIDWIFERY and OBSTETRICAL NURSE,

"Roxburgh," 9 HUTTON STREET, NORTHCOTE

NURSE McKENZIE (English Certificates).

PRIVATE HOSPITAL (Registered),

"Bonnie Doon," 15 Gadd St., Northcote (near Croxton station).

Announcements

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.

FARMERS AND GRAZIERS

Of Preston & Epping shires.

PLEASE NOTE! —THAT—

T. HERLEY & CO.,

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

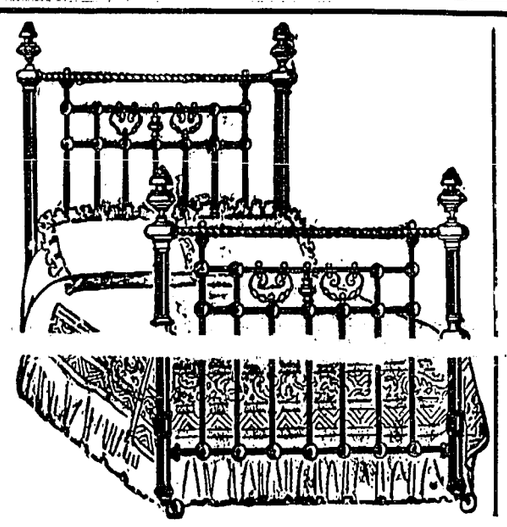
ARE CASH BUYERS OF

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



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.

94-196 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.

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.

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.

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

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

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 Shed, called for and and Returned.

Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

LADIES!

We guarantee our Costumes tailored in the Latest Up-to-Date Paris tyles. You will save money by getting your —Costume at—

O'BRIEN & DOWN'S

284 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

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.

J. D. STEVENS,

DAIRYMAN,

107 HELEN STREET, NORTHCOTE.

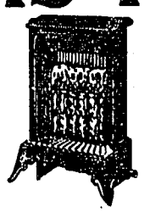
Milk straight from our own Farm. One Cow's Milk for Invalids and Children Orders promptly attended to.

The Favor of your Patronage and Recommendation respectfully solicited.

The QUICKEST, BEST, & Most Convenient Manner of Heating Dwelling Houses, Offices, etc., is with a

A GAS FIRE

Reduces Household Labor to a Minimum



No Cleaning Dirty Grates or Removing Ashes.

PERFECT REGULATION of Heat ensuring uniform temperature.

We can supply GAS FIRES from 22/6 upwards to suit any room, and to fit in moddern Register Grates. Maximum cost of fixing, 10/-. Write or phone for particulars.

The Metropolitan Gas Company,

186 Flinders St., Melbourne. Phones 8163 (6 lines)

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).

FRED. SMITH,

UP-TO-DATE GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.

Cleanliness. Good Workmanship. Razor Setting a Speciality.

242 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

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

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, Thursday, Friday, Saturday — Instruction, 7.30 to 8.30; 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 5698. Prospectus Post Free.

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

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.

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.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday Services:
Rev. A. O. KELLAWAY, M.A., morning and evening.
Evening subject, "Man's Hope for the Future."

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
8 a.m., Holy Communion.
11 a.m., Morning Prayer.
7 p.m., "True Religion."
Rev. C. W. WOOD.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Sabbath Services:
CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.
Morning, Rev. PROFESSOR RENTOUL, D.D.
Evening, Rev. J. H. MACKAY.
See special advt.
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (James Street).

Sunday, 21st July,
CHURCH ANNIVERSARY.

Special Services:
Morning, Rev. PROFESSOR RENTOUL, D.D. (Ormond College).
Evening, Rev. J. H. MACKAY (South Melb).
Special Anthems will be rendered by Church Choir at both services.

[illegible] Lane (only will sing "O Divine [illegible]

[illegible]ONAL SOCIAL,
Tuesday, 23rd July.

CHURCH CONCERT,
Tuesday, 6th August.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. BREDIN. Subject—"A Neutral Position."
Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

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

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Mr. J. H. HOCKING.
7 p.m., Rev. P. KNIGHT, B.A.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Rev. C. CARNE.
7 p.m., Rev. A. UGLOW.
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. P. KNIGHT, B.A.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH High Street.

TEN DAYS' MISSION
Conducted by Rev. CHAS TREGEAR, of South Melbourne Mission, will be held in the above Church from
MONDAY, JULY 22, till WEDNESDAY, JULY 31.

A Special Feature of the Mission will be the Fine Programme of Music Each Evening. Come and Swell the Chorus. Alexander's Hymns. Everybody Welcome.

Thank Offerings will be received on the two Wednesday evenings on behalf of the South Melbourne Mission.

Board & Residence

PRIVATE Board and Residence for working man (total abstainer); no other boarders. 41 Gladstone avenue, Northcote.

Northcote Commercial College.

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Only 5 lots left
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Opposite Preston Station.
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Most of this land was disposed of at auction in one afternoon.
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Progressive and Select Locality.
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Several New Houses in course of erection.
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Mount Pleasant 50 x 210
Commanding Views in every direction.
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Only 6 Blocks.
Close to Plenty Road.
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Between two Main Roads.
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By appointment only.
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TWICE SHY.

When a certain postmaster began business one morning about a year ago he found that the safe, in which were kept the postage stamps, had been robbed during the night, and promptly reported the matter to the proper authorities. The latter decided, after an investigation, that restitution should be made of the stolen stamps, but that the expense of repairing the damage to the safe would have to be borne by the storekeeper, which was accordingly done.

Some time later a second robbery was committed and reported as before, as the result of which there was another investigation, which disclosed the fact that the stamps had been abstracted on this occasion without any violence to the safe.

"But how was it done?" asked the inspector, somewhat puzzled. "The safe does not seem to be injured at all."

"I made up my mind I would not be caught again," replied the postmaster slyly; "I left it unlocked."

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NORTHCOTE.

The Leader

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 20

A public meeting was held at the Helen street school on Tuesday evening to consider the matter of opening a continuation school, the object of which is to provide facilities for boys and girls who have left school and are learning trades or following other occupations to continue their education, and thus make themselves better fitted to successfully pursue their various callings and generally more able to engage in the "battle of life" Mr. Kay, chairman of the school committee, presided, and in the course of some interesting remarks mentioned that all over the age of 14 could participate in the advantages of the school. Mr. McPherson and Mr. W. Membrey, members of the school committee, also spoke, and after several questions had been asked and answered a number of girls and boys were enrolled. It was decided to write to the Minister of Education telling him of the progress made. Any boys or girls wishing to be enrolled are asked to leave their names at Mr. Kay's, opposite school, Hawthorn road, or with Mr. E. McPherson, Beaver's road, Northcote.

Evidently the greatest good-will is felt for the mayor and mayoress of Northcote, and also appreciation of the handsome manner in which they entertained their guests on the occasion of the recent mayoral ball, as a simple announcement in the *Leader* drew a representative gathering of nearly sixty to the town hall on Tuesday night. The committee room, where the meeting was to have been held, proved unequal to the strain, and there had to be an adjournment to the old library room, which was also crowded. Cr. Hayes, ex mayor, presided, and amongst those present was the president (Cr. Robertson) and several councillors of Prestonshire. It was unanimously decided to tender the mayor and mayoress a return ball at the Northcote theatre on Monday, August 12. The price of tickets was fixed at 7s 6d single, 12s 6d double. The following were appointed an executive committee to carry out the necessary arrangements, viz.:—Crs. Hayes (chairman), Robertson (Preston), Plant, Johnson, Schwaebsch, and Messrs A. M. Lonie, C. O. Osborne, R. J. Whalley, H. Doidge, E. W. Cressley, and F. E. Girling, with Messrs W. G. Swift and W. S. Stott as joint hon. secs.

About seventy young people gathered at the Preston Methodist school hall on Monday evening last, the occasion being a social evening given by members of the Young Ladies' Gymnasium Club. Some interesting and amusing games were played, also musical items rendered. A duet, in character, "Hear dem bells," by Messrs S. Bartlett and S. Abbey was very much enjoyed, and a part song by members was also very much appreciated. Prizes were presented to winners of the various games, after which supper was served, and an enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

Epping Shire News.

The social evening to be tendered by the residents of Epping to Mr. John S. Morgan is to be held at the shire hall on Wednesday evening, 31st inst.

A court to revise the voter's lists for the Shire of Epping is to be held on Saturday, 27th inst., at 12 noon.

According to advices received on Monday the shire stone crusher ordered in England should come to hand next month. The hired crusher commenced operations on Tuesday.

Prior to the present remarkable succession of frosts farmers throughout the district were saying they never saw the crops looking better or the general prospects of a good season more rosy.

Property Sales.

Stott and Bastings, in conjunction with A. Robertson, will offer by auction next Wednesday, July 24, that desirable property known as "Oonah," 137 Clarke street, Northcote.

Messrs McGeorge Bros. advertise that of the eight brick cottages they were advertising last week on exceptional terms only two are left. A number of picked blocks of land are also advertised—no deposit, no interest.

This day on the premises, Oakover road, McGeorge Bros and Savage will offer by auction for removal two d.f.w.b. houses, without reserve.

Localisms.

The Archbishop (Dr. Lowther Clarke) will preach at Holy Trinity, Thornbury, on Sunday evening, July 28.

Mr. M. Carmody (20 years with the Education Department) announces that he is starting a night school in Northcote.

The U.A.O.D. has a membership in Victoria of 15,000 and accumulated funds of £174,000

Druids' Gala in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital resulted in a profit of £11,700, making £70,000 raised by the Order in the cause of charity. This is an achievement Druids should feel proud of.

We understand that the Northcote C.C. and the Northcote F.C., between whom there has been considerable aloofness for some time past, have come together through their principal officers, and will hereafter joint, run picture evenings at the Northcote theatr fortnightly.

Mr. B. R. Patey, who has been laid aside with sciatica for a month past, was tempted out by the genial sunshine yesterday, and hopes now soon to be himself again. Amongst the things which had come into being during his enforced stay at home was the Northcote Theatre. For this new home of amusement Mr. Patey expressed his unstinted admiration. He had expected a good deal, he said, but never thought to see the theatre so perfectly appointed. As an old actor manager Mr. Patey speaks with experience.

Rev. Professor Rentoul, D.D., moderator elect of the Presbyterian Church of Australia, and one of the most interesting and forceful personalities in the church, will preach at the Northcote Presbyterian Church, James street, to-morrow morning in connection with the anniversary services. Madam [illegible] social will take place on Tuesday evening.

J. W. Mankey and Co., drapers, Northcote, announce their first half-yearly "out-they-go" sale. Stock in every department is marked at clearing rates.

In connection with the South Preston Methodist Church, a young men's service will be conducted to-morrow evening. The preacher will be the Rev. W. J. Williams and the South Preston Mission Band will assist in the service. Special singing will be provided and everybody will be made welcome. All seats free.

Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., on Monday evening forwarded to the Northcote Town Council a copy of the report of the Traffic Commission. When the town clerk explained that it was a volume foolscap size and three inches thick there appeared to be no particular eagerness to digest its contents, at any rate that evening. Mr. Membrey, however, was thanked for sending it.

The Fitzroy City Council have now agreed to co-operate with Northcote and Preston in getting the Metropolitan Board pipe track proclaimed a public highway.

Northcote council on Monday evening accepted the tender of T. Warburton, at £2268 18s, for the construction of the stormwater sewer, St. George's road to Beaconsfield parade, which is a work that must be done before the construction of several streets in the neighborhood can be proceeded with.

Crs. Dennis, Glanfield, Schwaebsch, Redmond, and Henderson were on Monday evening appointed returning officers in connection with the August elections. It was remarked that most of their billets promised to be a sinecure.

A grand juvenile ball by the children of St. Joseph's school will be held on Tuesday evening at Miller's Thornbury hall.

The Northcote Wallaby Club held a successful cinderella dance in the Northcote town hall on July 10. Arrangements were ably carried out by Miss R. Bowes and Mrs. F. Caine. Mr. V. Collins performed the duties of M.C. The music provided by Secull's band was enjoyed by all.

Under the auspices of and for the benefit of the Preston Public Free and Lending Library a grand card tournament and dance is to be held at the shire hall, Preston, on Thursday evening next, July 25. Seeing that all the local friendly societies are so operating and also bearing in mind the length of time since any appeal has been made to the public on behalf of the library this particular effort should be a booming success. Tickets may be had from the president (Cr. J. P. Howe) Mr. G. C. Winnett, hon. sec., and from the friendly societies and library committee. Further particulars are advertised.

Some time back the spinsters of Preston gave a very smart dance at the shire hall, and the bachelors are returning the courtesy on Wednesday evening next, 24th inst. Rumour has it that the bachelors have some very novel and impressive features to present, anent which they are maintaining strictest silence. The guests, and especially the spinsters, will be "watching out" very particularly for these.

A valuable draught horse, the property of Mr. P. Hawking, Preston, dropped down one of the shafts now being sunk in connection with the extension of the sewer, north of Murray road. Despite the advent of motor traction horses are horses just now, and Mr. Hawking estimates his loss at £60.

Boys and girls over 14 years of wishing to have their names enrolled for the Continuation school, Northcote, may leave their names with Mr. W. H. Kay, opposite school, Hawthorn road, or with Mr. E. McPherson, Beaver's road.

Hattam's humming sale of winter drapery has been humming throughout the week and excellent business has been done. The sale will be continued for the next three weeks.

At Thornbury Picture Theatre this evening will be presented the exclusive photo play, "Honor thy Father." There will also be a show on Monday and Wednesday.

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

The fact was brought out in the No Confidence debate that the Government have paid £140,000 more to the foreign makers of locomotives than they would have needed to pay had they been manufactured in the State.

A further substantial addition has been made this year in tree-planting the streets of Preston. The following up of this policy wisely introduced by the council a couple of years since, will revolutionise the appearance of Preston and make of it an altogether more desirable place to live in.

A paragraph in the daily press this week conveyed the impression that the Rev. Father Murphy, of St. Joseph's, Northcote, and Sacred Heart, Preston, was about to be transferred to another district. This is not so. His services will probably be considered indispensable here till the new church graces the magnificent site on Rucker's Hill, a project now being seriously contemplated.

Dr. A. H. Sturdee, who has been incapacitated since the accident which befel him at the military camp at Easter, now intimates that he has resumed practice.

One of the Motor Carrying Company's waggons and a local tram car came into collision this week, but we understand with not very disastrous results.

The second term of Monsieur Bibron's dancing class at Westleigh College commences on Friday, 26th.

A ten days' mission, commencing at the Methodist Church, Northcote, on Monday next, will be conducted by the Rev. Chas. Tregear (of South Melbourne Mission) a feature of which will be the special music.

At Monday evening's meeting of the Preston council we understand there will be some interesting decisions of the committee of the whole to ratify.

SOCIAL NEWS.

Lord Northcote Masonic Lodge held their annual re-union at the Town hall on Thursday evening, and no more successful social function has ever been held in connection with the lodge. Many, in fact, went so far as to credit it with being quite the most enjoyable gathering up to date. The decorations were most elaborate, and being carried out principally with wattle-blossom, gave the room a charming and spring-like appearance. An admirable programme of music and elocution was carried out by Miss Dorothy Humphreys, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Wor. Bro. Claude Hall, Messrs. Will Davies, and J. Souter, Bros. O. Brown, Gray, and the Misters, Bro. O. Brown providing the accompaniments. The refreshment department was also excellently managed, and the dancing, to the music of Brown and Martin's band, went with a rare swing. The Worshipful Master, Bro. Clapplison, was cordially congratulated on the all-round success of everything. Mr. W. J. Douich was the social hon. sec.

Disposing of Sewer Spoil.

STATEMENT BY CR DENNIS.

At the meeting of the Town Council on Monday evening, the following recommendation was submitted by the committee of the whole:—

Sewer Spoil.—That the Metropolitan Board of Works be requested to provide a condition in all future contracts to the effect that all surplus spoil on any work within the Town be the absolute property of the Council.

The Mayor moved the adoption of the clause.

Cr. Plant, in seconding the motion, said the position now was that the contractor may dispose of the surplus spoil as he thought best. His (Cr. Plant's) opinion was that the whole of the stuff should be the property of the council, and none of it should be taken away from any of the streets without the permission of the council. In the recent unfortunate case it was clearly shown that the carter took a load of stone from Oxford-st. that was the property of the council. Cr. Dennis had said his firm gave eighteen pence in some cases for this stone, and in other cases 1/6 per load for it. (Laughter).

Cr. Dennis: I never put it in that way.

Cr. Plant: The carter said the stuff he took was stacked up against the council's stone, and he wanted stuff to take to the crusher. The council should have the right to say where all spoil is to be taken from.

Cr. Dennis said it had been stated outside, and he believed by councillors, that the object was not so much to get at the carter, but to get at Cr. Dennis. Such statements should have [illegible] told that a councillor was saying in the street that day 'I'm going to give Cr. Dennis a hot time to-night.' The man to whom the statement was made said, "What's the matter with Dennis?" "He's a wowser," said the councillor. Referring to the prosecution, Cr. Dennis said his firm entered into an agreement with the sewerage contractors to crush certain stone into screenings, etc., for use on his works. They were to allow 1/6 per load for it, and deliver the material at a certain price on the works. The contractor could have sent bluestone if he liked, but in the interests of the council he (Cr. Dennis) agreed to take the honey-comb stone, which was of no use to the council. Fully 90 per cent. of stone he received from the contract was honey-comb stone. If any of the council's stone was stolen, he was not going to condone it, but he did object to being dragged into the matter. He did not know whether they wanted him to ask every man who brought a load of stone to the works, did he steal it. He had always looked after the interests of the town with reference to the disposal of the sewer spoil. It was through him that 500 or 600 yards was stacked at the top of Westgarth street. Though a section might be inclined to censure him, the ratepayers of the south ward well knew that he would not do a dishonourable act.

Cr. Smith, referring to the material which had been placed in his quarry, said he bought it straight out from the contractor, who wanted to dispose of it. He simply and honestly did his duty in following up the man he saw taking the metal to Dennis's quarry. As it was six months after the contract was finished, he could not see how, when crushed, it was going to be used on the job. He had no feeling against Cr. Dennis, and the action he took he was not ashamed of.

The Mayor said the removal of such large quantities of stone was detrimental to the municipality. If the stone was worth crushing, he took it that it was worth something to the council, and it was a shame that it should be taken away. He hoped that in future the officers would keep careful watch, and have all useful stone placed in proper depots.

Cr. Mason said he was glad to see that the council was at last waking up to their responsibilities in looking after this metal.

Cr Tharratt rose to a point of order. It was not fair to say they were just "waking up." (Laughter).

The recommendation was then put and carried.

Cr. Smith said he would like an expression of opinion from the council as to whether his action was approved or otherwise.

The Mayor said that personally he thought Cr. Smith should be congratulated on bringing the matter up, and he would move that the council place on record its appreciation of his action.

Cr. Glanfield seconded the motion.

Cr. Lees said that while prepared to accept Cr. Smith's assurances on the matter, he did not feel in a position to vote on such a motion.

Cr. Schwaebsch thought it would mean "cracking-up" Cr. Smith to deprecate somebody else.

Cr. Johnson also thought the motion was unnecessary. Cr. Smith's action had been given full publicity in the "Northcote Leader."

The motion was then put and lost.

Cr. Dennis at a later stage moved:—"That the Surveyor submit a report as to what authority, if any, was given to sewerage contractors to deposit sewerage spoil and stone in Councillor Smith's quarry hole, at the rear of his factory in Bastings street, and what amount was so deposited."

Cr. Dennis said he was not in a position to say the exact amount of material, but there was between 1800 and 2000 loads.

Cr. Smith: Over 2000 loads, if you want to know.

Cr. Dennis went on to say that he believed the great bulk of the material was stone. As to the value of the stone, he (Cr. Dennis) was not quite so clear, but the contractor received 3d. per load for it.

Cr. Schwaebsch seconded the motion, which was carried.

Smoke Nuisance at Northcote.

H. H. Hansen, Mitchell street, on Monday evening, again drew the council's attention to the annoyance caused by the smoke from the Brick Co's chimney stacks, which at times obscured the residences in the vicinity from view. He had recently spent £15 in painting his house, he now found useless.

The town clerk said the Northcote Brick Company had machinery that cost £600 ready to put in, but to put it in they would have to stop the whole of the works. The New Northcote Co had done nothing.

Cr. Plant said that when he brought the matter up before, it was understood that the inspector would keep the matter moving. He moved that the inspector report to the next meeting of the committee, with a view of having something definite done.

Cr. Harry wanted to know what was the use of £600 worth of machinery if it was not used? It seemed they were waiting for a slack time, and in the meantime the ratepayers were to suffer. Being a powerful company, they seemed to have more latitude than private individuals would get. He moved an amendment that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, so that the advice of the solicitors could be taken.

Cr. Lees seconded the amendment, remarking that of late the smoke nuisance had been very bad indeed.

Cr. Hayes said the New Northcote directors were waiting for electric light to be installed in the town. (Laughter).

Cr. Smith said that no doubt it would be a great hardship to compel the company to stop to put in the machinery, but they must protect the ratepayers.

The amendment was lost, and the motion carried.

I.O.R.

The fortnightly meeting was held in the Rechabite hall, Preston, on Tuesday last, Bro. Rentsel presiding over a good attendance. Three new members were elected. It was decided that a euchre party should be held next lodge night. Members of bowls team meet at West Brunswick Rechabite hall on Monday next at 9.30.

Tramway Conference Proposals

NORTHCOTE COUNCIL'S ATTITUDE.

The Secretary of Municipal Tramway Conference wrote to the Northcote Council on Monday evening intimating that the joint committee had made arrangements for the presentation of the Bill to the Premier on the 17th inst., at 11 a.m., and requesting the attendance of the Council's representatives.

Cr. Hayes, one of the delegates of the conference, said it seemed rather premature to present a Bill they had never seen.

The Mayor said he thought it would be best not to attend.

Cr. Plant: Better go; and if there are any objections, say they have never seen the Bill.

Cr. Hayes said that for one thing he strongly objected to their representation on the Trust. They would be in the hands of Collingwood. Charging the cost to the municipalities on a mileage basis would also swamp Northcote.

It was decided that the delegates attend, but not support the Bill.

A NEW IDEA.

Cr. Schwaebsch, at a later stage, said the estimated cost of a tramway was £10,000 a mile. The traffic between Brunswick and Northcote, he did not think, would warrant this expenditure. The proper vehicle to meet the situation was, he believed, the motor bus.

Cr. Schwaebsch has arranged for the demonstration of the capabilities of motor buses over the proposed route, for next Wednesday afternoon.

Northcote Ladies' Benevolent Society.

The annual meeting of the above was held at the Town hall on Tuesday afternoon, the Mayor (Cr. H. E. Bastings) presiding. The following ladies and gentlemen were present, viz: Mesdames H. E. Bastings (Mayoress) Hayes, Grindrod, E. Bastings, Wood, Jewell, Griffith, Swift, F. Plant, Johnson, Pearl, Don, Wilkinson, Key, Cox, Mackinnon, Dennis (secretary), Ferguson, Hogarth, Grant, E. T. Brown, Knight, and Rock, Revs. Rock and Knight, Cr Dennis and Messrs Swift, Tobin and Whalley.

The annual report read by Cr. Dennis, expressed thanks for the generous assistance which had been given to the society by residents of the town and others, and mentioned that owing to the general prosperity, the tax upon the funds had not been so great as in other years, enabling the society to close with a credit balance of £62 16s. 2d. During the year 18 families comprising 20 adults and 17 children had been relieved. Regret was expressed at the loss sustained by the retirement of Miss McIntosh as secretary, and hearty acknowledgment was made of the long and willingly-given services of Mrs. Swift as treasurer. Special praise was also due to their collector (Mrs Clark) for her untiring exertions.

The report was duly received and adopted.

Mr. Tobin suggested that perhaps some of the rather large credit balance might be used in supplying blankets to poor people this very cold weather.

The ladies replied that this was always done where circumstances warranted.

The balance-sheet, submitted by Mr. Swift, showed that the principal items of receipts were—Government grant, £35, Town Council £17, Edward Wilson Fund £10, and Felton Fund £10, and the balance brought forward was £48 9s. 11d. The expenditure included £60 9s. 8d. for provisions, and £21 6s. 6d. in cash relief. A balance of £62 16s. 2d. was carried forward to next year.

The balance sheet was adopted.

Cr. Dennis moved and the Rev R. W. Rock seconded a vote of thanks to the retiring officers of committee, the local doctors, Ambulance Society, etc.

All the ladies present were elected the committee for the ensuing year, with power to add.

The Mayoress, after the meeting, hospitably entertained all present at afternoon tea.

Thornbury Literary Society.

Under the auspices of the above Society, Mr. Keartland gave a very interesting lecture last Monday, on "The Aborigines of Australia." Mr. Keartland was with the search party for Burke and Wills, and subsequently did scientific research in Central Australia and the Northern Territory. His lecture thus had the added interest coming from personal contact with the blacks, and a practical experience of their customs and characteristics. The most noteworthy faculties of our Australian blacks seem to be their great keenness of sight and remarkable retentiveness of memory. Religion is unknown except where the Mission influence has come into contact with them; but the strict division of the tribes reminds one of the castes of the Hindus. The appreciation of the Society was extended to the lecturer by a hearty vote of thanks.

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

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

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

There was a full house at the matinee last Saturday afternoon, and in the evening, when every part of the theatre was crowded, the management proved its up to dateness by presenting a realistic presentment of the Grand National Steeplechase, run the same day at Flemington.

On Monday the new programme commenced, when a week-night record for the theatre was put up. The special feature was the thrilling mining drama, "Breaking the News," which is so full of pathetic, romantic, and sensational episodes as to hold the audience spellbound. There was also a very strong bill otherwise, giving the greatest satisfaction.

The Northcote Football Club engaged the whole theatre for Thursday evening and they had a full house and a most enjoyable time.

To-night will be the last opportunity of seeing this fine programme.

At the matinee this afternoon the special children's feature film will be "Topsy's Dream," introducing all the pantomimes.

The star feature of next week's programme will be "A Woman's Martyrdom," a French drama, presented with thrilling realism.

On Tuesday evening, 23rd, will be given the initial programme of the "Educator Series," a complete change, including scenic, travel, and industry pictures: also grand opera night.

For particulars re free train rides to patrons of the theatre see programmes.

RICHARD OWENS' FUND.

In connection with the above the mayor (Cr. Bastings) and Mr. J. G. Membrey, M.L.A., acknowledge with thanks the following further subscriptions, viz.,—Mr. Workman 5s, The Macks 5, J.W. £3, Sympathisers 5s 6d, Pluck 6s, Mr. McIntosh 5s, Mr. Bowden 2s 6d, All Saints' Mission Scholars 5s 2d, Well Wisher 4s, Miss Clarke 2s 6d, Northcote Brotherhood 15s, per Mr. Ross 2s 6d, per Mr. Hocking 10s. The total now amounts to £37 2s 1d.

As will be seen from an advertisement elsewhere a meeting is called for Thursday evening next, at the town hall (old library room) to make arrangements for the presentation to Mr. Owens.

THE PEOPLE'S FOOD.

Mr. J. R. Batten, dairyman, of Woodend, was proceeded against on Monday at the Northcote Police Court, for not complying with the regulations of the Pure Foods Act. The Bench consisted of Dr Cole, P.M., and Messrs Plant, Bastings, and Lawrence, J.'s.P.

Charles W. Robinson, inspector of the Board of Public Health, stated that on June 6th he stopped a milk waggon at Clifton Hill, and found a can, the property of defendant, without any name or address thereon, and not bearing the regulation seal.

In answer to Dr. Cole, witness stated that he took a sample of the milk, and found it well above standard.

Dr. Cole: There was no attempt at fraud.

Witness: No.

A fine of 5s, with 18/- costs, was inflicted.

A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I am credibly informed that a certain gentleman is going about exhibiting to a section of the public a private letter I wrote to him during the time I was fulfilling the duties of secretary to the East Ward Progress Association, seemingly with the inference that I was playing traitor to the Association.

I now challenge that man to meet me on a public platform on any date he chooses, bring his letter along, allow of open and free debate, and we will leave the public to decide who has played the game of "the honorable man."

I might mention that although I do not fulfil the duties, I am still the official secretary of the East Ward Progress Association, which fact goes to prove that the members have still confidence in me.—Yours etc.,

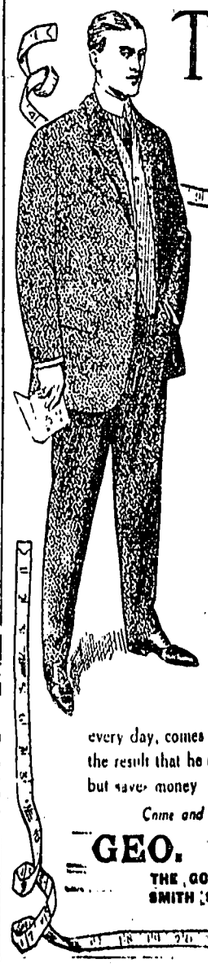
D. CAULFIELD.

Preston Branch A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting was held on the 8th inst. The president (Mr. S. Winnett) in the chair. There was a fair attendance of members. Mr Westcott's seat on the committee having become vacant, Mr. W. Maltzian was elected in his place. Mr. Douglas gave notice of motion that all syllabus items likely to involve the branch in any expense be cancelled. The branch held a mock municipal election. Mr. Walker creditably carried out the position of candidate and was duly elected. The next meeting will be held on July 22, the syllabus item being "Evening at Games," at which the committee expect a full attendance

P.A.F.S.

The fortnightly meeting was held at the Rechabite Hall, on July 11th, W.M., Bro. S. Stephens presiding over a good attendance. One new member was initiated, and two proposed. An invitation from ladies' lodge, No. 15, was accepted. After the lodge business was transacted, Bro. George Stevens gave an interesting demonstration on first aid. He indicated the various kinds of accidents which are of everyday occurrence, and with a few bandages and splints, showed how to deal with them "till the doctor comes." A vote of thanks to Bro. Stevens, proposed by Bro. Alway and seconded by Bro. Crawford, was carried.



The Measure of a Man

"By His Clothes you shall know him."

IN this competitive commercial age—wherein fully three quarters of the world is engaged actively in the task of amassing money—the man who would "get there" must first of all attract attention.

APPEARANCE is an asset which he cannot possibly afford to despise.

MANY a man who is bound to look well every day, comes to us for his Clothes—with the result that he not only looks extremely well, but saves money You see, we "know how."

Come and See our New Patterns.

GEO. WARDROP

THE GOOD-VALUE TAILOR,
SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD

LIFE'S REVENGE.

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

Author of "The Shop Lifter," "A Princess of the Loom," "Robes of Shame," etc.

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CHAPTER VII

What Happened at the Factory.

Sir Geoffrey was scarcely conscious of what he did. All he knew at that moment was that the face of the girl who had haunted his dreams all night was there before him now, and that at any cost he must speak to her.

He went up to her loom, and as she did not turn her head, put his hand on her shoulder.

"You are the girl I saw last night, are you not?" he said. "Is the little child all right?"

His words, simple and innocent enough, yet seemed to him to come stumbling from his lips. Hazel turned her head and looked up into his face. Her own whitened a little.

"Yes, thank you," she said. "She will be all right." Then, in a lower voice, "She has one of your diamond studs. 'Old Joe' is going to bring it to you. She must have taken it out of your front when you were carrying her home."

Sir Geoffrey stood for a moment almost confused, and again the feeling came that for some reason he could not explain he did not want this encounter to be mentioned at the Hall, and that he would rather they did not hear of it. He had been unaccountably stupid last night. Why he had not mentioned it he could not tell even now, but now somehow it seemed too late to make the explanation good.

He looked down at Hazel.

"Ask him to post it to me," he said slowly. He was looking down at her soft, thick hair with a curious longing upon him.

"Will you tell me your name?" he added.

She looked up, hesitating. Why should he want to know her name? She stood irresolute, a voice within her crying "No"—urging her to force him away out of her life. No good would come of it, that she knew, and it was almost against her will and in spite of her feeling that she told him.

"Hazel," she repeated. Then he looked round with a start. At the other end of the alley Lassells was kneeling on the floor supporting Lady Edith, with his eyes looking out across her head towards him.

He hurried forward.

"She has fainted," Lord Warburton was saying. "The heat here is terrific. Surely it is greater than usual? Is there anything wrong, Blake?"

He stooped as he asked the question of one of the tacklers, and attempted to raise Edith up. Sir Geoffrey stepped before him. And a minute later he had her in his arms—was passing Hazel at her work, with his heart cold and heavy in his breast. He was carrying Lady Edith from a danger he did not suspect, that no one suspected at that moment, that came upon them all a moment or so later with terror, as such things do.

Geoffrey's face was white when he got outside. Only two months, and now his blind infatuation for Lady Edith had given way to something he did not understand—something so different that he did not recognise it as love. Besides, he was not a weak man to be captivated by any girl's face. Lady Edith Warburton, who had at first repelled and then attracted him, had been the first woman he had ever imagined himself in love with. Indifferent, even disliking her at first, he had at last become irresistibly attracted. She had set herself deliberately to win him, and she had been careful and clever enough to hide from him all the ugly traits of character that would have repulsed him.

So that now he was at a loss to understand the sudden change that had come over him, and his face grew stern and almost hard as he thought. He looked down at her as she lifted her head, and the feeling of repulsion grew. She raised her eyelids, and then lowered them sharply, but not before he had seen in them something that startled him. It was almost like active hatred.

"Do you feel better?" he asked. "Are you all right again?"

Lord Warburton came stumbling out of the weaving shed into the cooler air, and inquired anxiously about her.

"The heat overpowers anyone not used to it," he said. "Ah, here's some water."

A little lad—a half-timer—had run up to them with a tin mug. He held it out in little grimy fingers to Lady Edith, but she shrank away from him.

"I can't drink from a dirty thing like that," she said sharply. "Take it away."

Abashed, with tears in his eyes, the boy drew back, and some of the workers who had gathered there to help gave Lady Edith some black looks. Sir Geoffrey, with heat now at his heart instead of cold, turned, and putting his hand in his pocket drew out half-a-crown.

"It's all right, my lad," he said, as he gave it to the boy. "She doesn't need it, thank you all the same."

He turned to the girl he was going to marry, with the doubt and indifference grown apace. How was it he had been so blind? In London she had been all that was kind and sympathetic and womanly. Here, amongst her own people, she seemed to have grown suddenly hard and unfeeling.

"You're ridiculous, Geoffrey," she was saying now, "and encouraging them in lazy ways. Ugh! the dirty little wretch!"

Geoffrey stood silent. Was this the girl who had looked so pityingly at the children in a poor London street a month ago?

He turned away, conscious that Lassells was watching him with a curious, puzzled look. What was the matter with the fellow, he wondered? Why did he hate him? Why did he watch him in that queer, silent way?

He held out his arm to Edith.

"Yes, let us go," she said a little harshly. "I hate factories—I hate the sight of them all. Come home, Geoffrey."

He gave a glance at Lord Warburton before he turned to obey. Over the old man's face a quiver had passed which he turned into a smile.

"She always was impatient of my hobby," he said. "She can't understand the interest—can't see it. Hall! What is that?"

He stopped. They had reached the factory end, and were about to turn across to the "lodge," when a queer, sudden hiss, followed instantly by a noise that seemed to cut the air in pieces, startled them all.

"Good heavens!" cried Lord Warburton. "Something bad has happened. It was like an explosion. God help us—if it is the new boiler."

He turned, hurrying into the yard. Geoffrey stopped an instant to look at Edith.

"You will not mind if I go too, of course," he said. "There may be injury and work to be done. I'll come back presently if I can't do anything, but if I don't you won't mind, dear? You will go home?"

He did not wait for her reply. It never occurred to him that she could be selfish enough to object. He followed Lord Warburton into the yard, and then came to a sudden standstill.

The place was full of steam—steam thick like a fog but hot and stifling. Geoffrey caught Lord Warburton's arm. They could neither of them see a yard ahead, but they groped their way with their faces grey and haggard and suddenly drawn.

"It means loss of life," Lord Warburton was saying in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, my poor workers—it means——"

But he could not tell yet what it meant. Nor for the next few minutes could anyone. Figures flew in and out blindly through the steam, and suddenly one of them lurched into Lord Warburton.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

The man, recognising him, explained quickly.

"The new boiler, my lord, bursted itself, and 'Old Joe' says there won't be a soul alive in No. 2 room."

"My God!"

Lord Warburton staggered back. Not a soul!

"Is that the room we've just been through?" Geoffrey asked, his face grown suddenly ashen.

"Yes," Lord Warburton said, "for God's sake let us go round and see. It will be clear of steam the other side."

They hurried through, and a few minutes later Geoffrey found himself groping blindly amongst piles of machinery, torn and broken and smashed, for the bodies of men and women embedded in them. He tore off his heavy fur coat, threw it upon the floor, where afterwards it was trampled upon by many feet, and worked in his shirt-sleeves. And to the end of his days he will never forget that time. How long he worked he could not have told. It might have been hours, or it might have been days—it was all the same to him. He forgot Lady Edith. It was no time for remembering the hale and the well when there were lives to be saved, and injured bodies to be helped. He worked feverishly, with all his strength, carrying out the living and the dead, and all the time with one face before him, one thought in his mind. The girl of last night—where was she—how was she—how would he find her at last?

He had just returned after finally disposing of a very fussy old woman who had only a broken finger, when he came suddenly, abruptly, face to face with her. His breath caught in his throat with a choking sound. Here at last was the face he had been straining every nerve to find.

"You! oh, thank Heaven you're safe! I was afraid—I thought——

He stopped sharply. What was he saying? What did it mean? How came it that this girl's face and eyes were sending him crazy? What was this madness that possessed him?

Now that he knew she was safe he grew calm again. He made a movement as if to pass on, and then checked himself abruptly.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You are hurt yourself—you are—why—why—Hazel!"

He was almost unconscious that he had spoken her name.

She made no reply for a moment, but with a helpless look at him sat down amongst the broken machinery.

"It is nothing—I think it is nothing," she said feebly. "Only my arm——"

Her arm! He looked down at her sharply and then drew in his breath. It was hanging loose from the shoulder, and the sight unnerved him as nothing had ever done before.

She sat upright, trying to steady herself for an instant, but faintness overtook her, and as she fell back he dropped to his knees, taking her hand in his, saying he knew not what as he knelt beside her, until he looked up with a sudden start to find Lassells beside him.

He sprang up. The "shed" was almost empty now. Everywhere was broken machinery and cracked and falling walls.

"Have you come from Lady Edith?" Geoffrey asked. "Is she all right? Then," as Lassells nodded, "tell her I can't come yet; there is much to do. Perhaps she is helping."

He broke off, instinctively knowing that Lady Edith would not be helping anybody. He gathered Hazel in his arms and carried her out—just as he had carried out Lady Edith a short time before. And this time he was blind as he went to everything except Hazel's white face—blind, even to the ugly light in Lassells' eyes.

Only a workgirl in a rough dress—a little thin dusty thing that lay in his arms, no heavier than a child—undersized, starved, beaten—bruises, had he only known it, under her plain dress, a tired lonely heart, had he only suspected it, under the white cotton blouse. Why did this little shabby bundle, so coarse against the fine white linen of his shirt, touch his heart as he held her—touch something deeper and stronger, that beat like a pulse somewhere—somewhere deep down within him?

He put her down and a little cry broke from her lips.

She opened her eyes, and a sudden fear sprang into them as she saw him.

"The second time you have saved me," she whispered. "Oh, go—now—never come to me again—go."

"I am not going," he answered. "Instead, I am first going to set your arm. I qualified as a surgeon before I inherited—and then I am going to take you home."

She started up in terror.

"No, no, you must not," she cried. "You must not,"

The thought of her father made her tremble.

"You must not," she repeated. "You must go—leave me."

"Why?" he asked.

She shrank a little. How could she tell him her suspicions of her father? How could she show him the fear in her heart?

"I can't tell you," she said. "Only—go."

He smiled. Perhaps some thought of the brutal attack of her father the night before came to him, but it did not disturb him. After all, what possible danger could there be for him in a drunken ruffian? No doubt he had threatened. But it was easy to threaten. He smiled a little.

"I am coming home with you," he said coolly, "after I have set your arm. Now do as I tell you—hold your hand, so."

Hazel made no further remark, and just then the pain was too great for her to think coherently. The Fate that was marching upon them was too much for her. She yielded helplessly, half-fainting with the sickening pain at her shoulder, while he jerked and pushed it into position again. Then he helped her into one of the cabs that had been called for the injured, and snatching up his fur coat from where he had thrown it, got in after her—in spite of the imploring look she gave him, and they started.

Little Bessie was to see her "gradely genelman" after all.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lurking Mischief.

Lady Edith Warburton did not mean to wait. All unpleasant sights she abhorred, and Geoffrey's hurried disappearance to help the injured raised her indignant anger. To leave her—to keep her waiting while he went to help the "hands" was too much for her.

She stood biting her lips while Lassells at her side waited smiling.

"Go after them; tell Sir Geoffrey to come and take me home," she said harshly.

Lassells, leaning still smiling on his stick, shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you think it likely he will come?" he asked.

She turned on him sharply, realising at that moment how much she had at stake. Men in plenty there had been, but never one like Geoffrey. She had been determined to win him from the first. She determined to keep him now.

"He will come," she replied. "Go and tell him."

After he had gone she stood, all her strong passion roused. If he did not come, what then? If he refused her? If he left her there——

She turned impatiently and began to pace up and down.

Love that is selfish as hers often trembles on the brink of hatred; and in her eyes now as she waited was a light ugly to see.

She went backwards and forwards for a long time. It was not easy to find Geoffrey in the rush and confusion that had followed the disaster, and in one room at least it was impossible to clear a way, and she knew that if Geoffrey was in the thick of it Lassells would find it next to impossible to get to him.

Perhaps Lassells knew it himself. At any rate, he did not hurry. He strolled round the end of the factory as if it were the entrance to the Park, and peering in at open doors and windows, made his way towards the room in which they had last been.

There quite suddenly he saw Geoffrey, and went towards him.

But Geoffrey did not see him or heed him until he was close by his side, and afterwards Lassells waited watching him while he carried Hazel out, half-fainting, only half-conscious, a helpless burden against his square shoulder.

After they had gone Lassells stood thinking for some minutes and pulling at his moustache with nervous fingers. Sir Geoffrey Denison and a working girl! How could he turn that to account? How could he work that to his own advantage?

A little old woman, holding her finger in her other hand and moaning as she went past him, attracted his attention.

"Here—I say," he cried. "Who's that girl?" The woman, arrested by his tone, looked round resentfully.

"You ax no questions and you'll hear no lies," she said.

"Rubbish!" said Lassells. "I want to know the girl's name, that's all. Can't you tell me that?"

She stopped, and then looked curiously into his face.

"You're one o' the gents in the Hall party," she remarked. "Well, maybe I could tell yo' more than 'er name an' I liked—summat as might be o' use to you."

He hesitated a moment. Was it worth it? He looked into her face. It was a keen, old face, worn by the years, with cunning in the eyes that was contradicted by the width of the mouth. A woman at once both cunning and loving. Well—she might be bluffing, but, on the other hand, half-a-crown might reveal something to his advantage. He rattled the silver in his pocket.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Yo' ax me th' lass's name," she said. "I ax yo' yo'r reason."

"Oh, I've no reason in particular," said Lassells.

"Hasn't yo' now?" said the old woman, coming closer. "Be yo' sure?"

Something in her eyes checked him. He looked at her curiously, and his keen instinct detected something behind her manner. "May be yo'd pay handsome if I told thee summat as worrits me here." She struck her chest with her clenched hand. "Maybe yo'd pay—an' I'd be rid o' worry, eh? I should 'a' done my share t' stop it and a'."

He nodded.

"Of course. What do you mean?"

The old woman stood doubtful, divided between her anxiety about something on her conscience and her desire to make her conscience pay.

"Yo' 'ad a reason for axin' her name?"

He drew out half-a-crown.

"Oh, not particular," he said glibly. "I thought her a pretty girl, that's all—thin, perhaps, but pretty. But if you know anything interesting about her," he slid the silver into the woman's hand, and it was as if he had touched a spring that set the figure working.

"Yi—aw do so. Hoo's a furriner, wi' a furriner's ondaycent name an' a'—Hazel it is, Hazel Harper, an' ca's (calls) herself a Christian lass an' a'. But if yo' ax me what her an' her farther be here for in this shop, then yo' ax me what I can't tell yo'. But it's no good neither. Mark Harper's meanin' no good to sombery up at t' Hall, and ye mun believe it or no, or yo' can warn un. T' shuttle doesn't tell yo' when it's baan to fly, an' Mark Harper will na tell yo' when he's baan to strike. But strike he will——"

Lassells stirred impatiently. It was not interesting or worth the half-crown he had given her. He was a fool.

"Rubbish!" he said sharply. "I suppose he's discontented with his work or his pay, or something of the sort."

"Noa"—she put her hand suddenly on his arm—"naa, it's more un that. Twenty year agone there was mischief up at t' Hall. Maybe aw could tell, an' aw liked, an' mabe not. But, wi' oud Timothy Barley, the local preachin' aboot sins seeding theirsels an' that, an' Mark come back after sich a time, an' this yere boiler bursting itself, aw's fretted, and aw know as Mark means ill up at t' Hall—aw know it—same as aw know he were a bad 'un twenty year agone, an' aw know 'at yon boiler bursted to freeten me into tellin'."

Once more Lassells moved impatiently. After all, she knew nothing; it had been a dead loss of half-a-crown. He felt inclined to demand it back.

"Rubbish!" he said brutally. "Get away—you're an old fool with a muddled head. If you can't tell me anything more than that, hold your tongue."

He turned away, striding along quickly until he reached the yard. He hed been as big a fool as she to listen. Yet, what did she mean by mischief—twenty years ago? Nothing, of course. He shrugged his shoulders and went on.

The steam had dispersed, and the yard was now full of life. Men and girls had been carried out to the packing-rooms and warehouses, while the doctors, who seemed to appear on the spot by magic, as if they had dropped from the skies, were busy examining them. Lassells felt as if he had been behind the scenes in a play. He hurried on to Lady Edith.

"Old Joe's" fears were not fulfilled. There was scarcely any loss of life, but many injuries, and no one had time to notice Lady Edith. She stood with her face hard and set and stiff, waiting and waiting until it seemed that Lassells would never return. Once she saw Geoffrey, and her breath quickened. But he did not even glance at her. He had no eyes or ears for anything but the injured people. He was working like the "hands" themselves, his coat off, his arms bare to the elbows, and his hands all black and grimy, and his face covered with dust that the steam had turned to dirt.

Edith turned sharply away. She was sick with annoyance and rage, all the hard heart of her burning with fury. It was foolish, she knew, and the very way to lose all she wished to gain; but she seemed unable to control herself. Love that turns to rage like that spells danger.

She was choking. She walked for a few yards, feeling that he would surely run to her for a moment, if only to say one word now.

But he did not come; and when she turned with catching breath it was to find him gone.

She clenched her hands. Fool! She was a fool, she knew! But he should suffer for it. He should learn that she could not be insulted—that she must come before anyone, living or dead. To her father she gave no thought. He always had been eccentric. It was nothing to walk about amongst his work-people as though they were his friends. He liked it. He liked that horrid old woman Hannah Stone to call him "lad"! It amused him; and he liked to talk to "Old Joe" of things as they used to be when they were "lads together."

But Geoffrey—Geoffrey, whom she had thought so proud—was different. And to forget her existence, to forget even that she had fainted was intolerable—a smart to her pride that she would not forgive.

She walked away from the yard over to the lodge, and looked down at the thick water curdling and frothing upon it, and then turned.

As she did so Lassells came across the open space. His spotless appearance in his glossy silk hat and frock coat and shiny boots was in indescribable contrast to the workers, bare-armed, grimy, and hot running about to help.

No one was behind him. He came alone.

Edith waited still and silent.

"Well?" she said.

"He can't come."

"Well?"

Lassells' smirk, his air of calm confidence almost undid her.

"He is taking another girl home," he said with a sneer.

For a moment Lady Edith stood quite still, a slow wave of white driving out the last spot of color from her face. Then a little harsh laugh broke from her lips.

"Indeed? How amusing! Might I ask if it is a weaver or a minder? I suppose it wouldn't be a —?" She stopped. Lassells might be teasing her. If it were a half-timer—a child—?

"It's that girl we saw him stop and speak to," he put in. "He is evidently acquainted with her—a nice girl—with her arm broken just now—not what one might call attractive. I managed to ask who she was. A woman who was close by with a broken finger told me."

Lady Edith turned eagerly.

"Well?" she asked. "Who is she?"

"How impatient you are! One would think you were jealous!"

"Bah!" She turned away. "I don't want to know."

Lassells laughed.

"The woman told me more than her name. I think the broken finger made her savage. She said 'Hoo's a furriner—with a furriner's ondacent name an' a'—Hazel Harper. But if yo' ax me what her and her father be here for in this shop, then yo' ax me what I can't tell yo'. But fo' no good to sombery up at the Hall.'"

Lady Edith stood for a moment in silence. Then slowly, reluctantly, as though she was obliged to confide in Lassells against her will, she turned to him.

"What did she mean?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How can I tell?" he replied. "She might mean anything. It was probably only to draw some 'brass' from me. I gave her half-a-crown."

Edith stood thoughtful. She did not trust Lassells. She hated and feared him, and a sudden feeling of anxiety sprang in her now. Was there anything behind it? Was he telling her the truth? Had he told her all? And that man who seemed to haunt the Hall Park of late was named Harper. She was always seeing him. Could there be anything behind it?

"What else did the old woman say?" she asked.

"Lord! Nothing that I could make head or tail of—only about this creature Mark Harper not telling when he was about to strike. A sort of snake I should think. You must have done something to offend him."

"Mark Harper," she repeated frowning, "but it's rubbish. Father must rid of him—and the girl."

The girl! She stopped. The lurking fear in her heart gave a leap. If there should be anything in it, after all? And Geoffrey—how strangely he had behaved last night when Lassells had been startled by the face at the window. A sudden thought struck her.

"You saw the face at the window last night?" she said, watching him closely.

He nodded, and his whole figure seemed to become suddenly alert, almost as if he were preparing for an attack.

"Well?"

"Well, that was Mark Harper."

He gave a cry, and his face grew livid. Edith was filled with sudden curiosity. Apparently he not only knew the man, but he was afraid of him, and if so—if she could only find out—then she might work it to her own advantage. If she could somehow ruin Lassells——

She put her hand on his arm—a smiling Judas to betray him.

"Well, now take me home," she said. "By-and-bye you and I will go and call on Miss Hazel Harper. I think it will be a good idea, don't you?"

CHAPTER IX.

"A Child Shall Lead Them."

Hazel looked nervously about as the cab turned into the poor little street. But there was no sign of Mark. The street was quiet, most of the inmates having hurried off to the scene of the explosion; "Old Joe's wife seemed to be the only being left. She gave a cry when she saw Hazel.

"Wheer's my Joe?" she cried. "Wheer's my Joe? Durned tell me's dead?"

"No, no," Hazel reassured her. "He is busy—helping. He is all right, Sally."

Sally, satisfied after a keen glance at Hazel's face, suddenly became aware of Sir Geoffrey's presence, and her manner altered. The old Lancashire distrust of strangers was evident in her look, and to Hazel "Old Joe's" words of the night before came back, echoing in her ears like a warning: "It'll bring no good to thee, lass."

She turned to Sir Geoffrey.

"I am very grateful to you," she said, "but you will go back now? You have done enough. Thank you for it all."

He looked into her face, and his own underwent a change. Something as inexplicable as it was sudden went over him. Last night had been to her an hour snatched out of time. To-day this was his hour.

He thrust away from him all thought of Lady Edith, and turned to Hazel, shutting out all else. This love, which was so different to the wild infatuation he had felt for Lady Edith two months ago, he did not recognise. He did not even guess why he was trying to find some excuse for staying.

"May I not even see the little child?" he asked.

Hazel stood faltering, hesitating. What had she said last night? "He shall come and stop little Bessie's tears, if I smart for it."

"She—she'll be asleep, I expect," she said, "and—she ought to be kept quiet."

"I will be very quiet," he replied, smiling. "Remember I was a qualified surgeon once. I know what is good for folks, and I know that I ought to see you resting quietly before I leave you. Now—come——"

There was almost a command in his voice, and she yielded. After all, it was not likely that he and Mark would meet just now. Mark was at the mill, and would not be home for an hour or more—they might keep him even longer to-day if there were work to do after the explosion, and in addition to that Sir Geoffrey would be in "Old Joe's cottage—not in theirs.

She turned to Sally.

"Is little Bess awake?"

"Aye," cried the old woman, "an' callin' fo' thee ev'ry hour."

"And for me, too, eh?" asked Sir Geoffrey.

"Yi, an' thee too," said old Sally blundering, "callin' for t' gradely genelman in t' soft pussy coat."

"There!" said Sir Geoffrey triumphantly. "I knew she would. Let us go and see her."

Against her will, against her judgment, against every feeling in her, Hazel turned and obeyed.

Afterwards it seemed the turning point in her life. Afterwards the moment when Sir Geoffrey stooped his tall head to follow her into "Old Joe's" cottage seemed to her the moment when she put her Fate into unseen hands.

She stumbled down the little step into the living room in which they had fitted up a rough bed for little Bess. Sir Geoffrey followed her closely, and looked over her shoulder at the child lying in the corner. And unconsciously little Bess sealed Hazel's fate. She stretched out her tiny arms.

"T' genelman!" she cried. "T' gradely genelman."

Hazel saw Geoffrey cross the floor and reach her almost by a single stride, saw little Bess's arms go about his neck, and her little wan face rub closely to his.

"Oh, an' my mother—hoo'll ca' thee a gradely genelman, too," she cried. "Wait till hoo come whom."

"Yes—yes," said Sir Geoffrey very low, for he knew—Hazel had told him—that Bessie's mother would never come home again.

The child settled herself in his arms, as though she had every right to them, and looked up confidingly into his face while she stroked the fur about his neck. Then suddenly she withdrew her hand and looked at it. It was all dirty and grimed with the dust and the dirt of the many feet that had trodden the coat while it lay upon the ground at the factory. Bess looked puzzled.

"T' bonny coat—what yo' done t' th' pratty coat?"

Geoffrey laughed. Hundreds of feet had gone over it backwards and forwards in the past hour or two, and it was thick with dirt now.

Hazel stepped forward.

"It got dirty while he was hard at work saving people," she explained. "There were lots of people hurt, and so he threw his coat on to the floor while he went to help them, and so it got dirty like that."

Bessie looked solemn-eyed and silent for a moment, then she flung her arms about his neck.

"Ah, tha' art my gradely genelman," she cried. "Wait till my mother comes. Hoo'll say tha' art bonny."

Hazel turned away.

"Sally, what are we to do with her?" she cried. "She won't believe her mother's dead."

"Hust now," said the old woman. "He's for tellin' her, shuzhaa" (right or wrong).

Geoffrey had folded her a little closer in his arms. Something queer and warm had caught hold of his heart—a thought that came and held him, and now began to possess him. Last night he had learnt that this child was poor and friendless and motherless, and that if Hazel were not able to provide for her she would have to go on to the parish.

Now the thought sprang hot in his mind. Why should not he do it? He was rich, he could afford it, and the child somehow touched him. He meant to suggest it now before he left.

"Suppose thy mother has gone to a better shop," he said, putting his words into language he thought she would understand. "Suppose thy mother had said to me and to Hazel yonder, 'Look after my Bess, and tell her I've been wanted above!'"

He stopped. Bess raised herself on his knee, and kneeling looked steadily into his face.

"Want mother," she said, falling into the old cry. "She's noan 'a' left me—she didn' mean it an' a'. Thee'll tell her—noan to leave her li'l' Bess."

Geoffrey put his arm about her again.

"Somebody did tell her, maybe," he said; "but she had to go. The Master wanted her."

"Th' Master?" Bess was suddenly quiet. "Oh, he's a gradely genelman, an' he'll send her back when I ask him. He were good to her, an' he keeps pennies and sweeties in his pockets fo' th' li'l' lasses. I sha'l ask him to tell her to coom whom when I see him, an' he'll send her fo' me. An' he'll give me a sticky sweet wi' 'tishy-paper round it."

Old Sally turned.

"Th' lass thinks tha' means Lord Warburton," she said. "He alwes has his pockets full for the children when he comes round these parts. An' Bess doan't understand thy meaning."

"Then let her still misunderstand," Geoffrey said, "until she can be told the truth. Meanwhile"—he turned to Hazel—"will you let me help you to keep her off the parish?"

Hazel looked up at him, with the color coming and going in her face. She could not refuse for little Bessie's sake; but it seemed to her another link in their lives—another thing to bring them into contact with each other. And how was it going to end? What would come of it?

No good! Again the feeling came.

"No, no," she said impetuously. "It would be too much——" She broke off.

"Why?" he asked. He put down the child, and came closer to Hazel. "I am rich. I can afford the whole cost of her easily enough if you will let me. Why should you not?"

There was no reply to that, and Hazel yielded.

"Then that is settled," said Sir Geoffrey. "And now you ought to be resting. I must see that you do. Where are you going to sleep? Here—on this couch? Then lie down at once, for as long as you can—an hour at the very least."

He pulled out a little couch that seemed to be on its last legs, and shook up the one cushion upon it. A minute later, before she had realised it, Hazel had obeyed him, to Bessie's delight.

"Maybe tha' art a maister thyself?" she cried. "May be thy pockets, too, are full of sweeties?"

Geoffrey laughed.

"No; but they shall be next time I come," he cried, "and I'm coming again. But now I must go."

For a moment he stood at the door, looking round. His eyes went from Hazel to Bess and old Sally, and then back again to the little factory girl.

He said he would come again, but he knew that he must not. His duty lay with Lady Edith at the Hall with the woman he was pledged to marry. No poor fragment of his old love for her came to help him now. Instead, all the outlook was dreary. He knew then, as he stood, that the worst thing that could happen to a man had happened to him. He had mistaken infatuation for love; and he left his heart behind him here in this poor little cottage with a factory girl, whose life was so far removed from his that they could never touch again.

He passed the threshold into the clear, cold air. He would go back to the factory, see if there were anything more to be done, and, if not, get Lord Warburton to go home. It was the first time he had ever come into personal contact with factory workers, and it would probably be the last. His way of life was in a different direction, and Edith—Lady Edith hated them and everything to do with them. No; in all likelihood he would never see this side of life again, he thought.

But he little knew.

As he passed the cottage which stood next to "Old Joe's" he looked at it. It was there, he knew, that Hazel lived. Involuntarily he checked his steps as he reached the window, and pausing for a moment, looked in. There Hazel lived—in that small cottage that she kept so scrupulously clean.

He peered in—a last glance—but he could see little. Geraniums filled the window, and beyond little was visible. He went away with scarcely a glimpse of it—without seeing the man inside who started up at the sight of him, and shook his fist at him with an oath.

He walked on, oblivious and unsuspecting, and Mark Harper sank back into his chair swearing to himself, his face dark, his eyes on the floor, black mischief in his heart.

(To be continued.)

In Spain women take the place of newsboys in the streets.

BEWARE OF EXCITED ANIMALS.

(Milk from excited or irritated cows is, according to the latest scientific opinion, more harmful than that which contains disease germs. The blood of an excited animal throws out poisonous toxins that are most insalubrious.)

O Milkman, be candid and tell me, I pray,
If your wares are with toxins infected;
If Clarissa the cow, when you milked her to-day,
Was unruffled, sedate and collected?
Did she wake in a temper and scornfully laugh
At the Shorthorn who came from Strathpeffer?
Did she spurn the advances of Clarence the calf?
Did she quarrel with Harold the heifer?
For, if so, to her produce no time I'll devote,
But rely for my tea upon Gilbert, the goat.

O my Butcher, please state if Susannah the sow,
Whom you recently turned into bacon,
Wore a look of ineffable peace on her brow,
If her nerves were unstrung or were shaken?
Or had Oswald the ox, when you severed his tail,
Been a martyr to mental disquiet?
Was there anything known about Constance the quail
Which would make her unfit for my diet?
Pray explain, ere his ham on my platter I pile,
Whether Peter the pig met his death with a smile.

O my Dairyman, tell me, I earnestly beg,
Lest my prospects of breakfast be blighted,
Whether Hetty the hen, on evolving her egg,
Was upset, overwrought, or excited?

O my grocer, bring news about Sam the sardine,
When he swam as a child in the ocean,
Was his character tranquil, his outlook serene?
Was he swayed by blind gusts of emotion?
For, if so, with a grief that is deep and acute,
I must really confine my attention to fruit!

While the heart of Louisa the lettuce is dead,
And can harbor no poisonous acid,
Clementina the cabbage, though losing her head,
Is by nature proverbially placid;
And though Bill the banana (whose coat one must strip)
Provides suitable food for the glutton,
And Orlando the orange, though prone to "the pip,"
Is more wholesome than Mildred the mutton,
Without fear of bacilli my tastes I may glut
Upon Percy the pumpkin and Norah the nut!

THE BENEVOLENT WIDOW.

There was a very benevolent widow living in Plymouth in respectable circumstances, who frequently came to the theatre, and was kind enough to inquire into the private situations of various members of the company.

Among others she asked about Prigmore, and was told that he had but a small salary, and made a very poor appearance. Hearing this, she remembered that she had a pair of her late husband's indispensables in the house, which she resolved to offer him.

A servant was accordingly despatched to the object of her charity, who, meeting one of the actors, partly disclosed her business. He went in search of Prigmore, and finding him, exclaimed, "Prigmore, my boy, here's your fortune made at last, here's a rich widow in the town fallen in love with you, and wants to see you."

Prigmore, not suspecting his roguery, was led to the servant in a state of bewildered rapture, and by the latter was informed that the widow would be glad to see him any morning it was convenient. He appointed the following day and went home to his lodgings in a day-dream of golden independence. His friend in the meantime whispered the truth through the green-room, where there were two or three others wicked enough to join in the conspiracy by walking to Prigmore's house to tender their congratulations.

Prigmore, as will be supposed, passed a sleepless night, and spent an extra hour at his toilet the next morning in adorning himself with a clean chin and neckcloth. He then sallied forth, and on reaching the widow's was shown into her parlor, where, casting his eyes around on the substantial sufficiency of the furniture, he began to felicitate himself on the aspect of his future home. The lady at length appeared. She was upon the verge of forty—a very fashionable age at that time, which, resting upon the shoulders of a very comely-looking woman, seemed to be in character with her very comfortable dwelling. Prigmore's satisfaction and her benevolence operated equally in producing some confusion. At length a conversation commenced.

She acquainted him that she had heard his situation was not so agreeable as he could wish—that his income was a confined one; she was therefore desirous to do him all the service that lay in her power. Prigmore, considering this an express declaration of her affection, was about to throw himself at her feet, when she suddenly summoned the servant, and exclaimed, "Rachael, bring the breeches!"

These words astounded him, and he stared in her face like a block of marble; the widow, as suspicionless as himself of the hoax, could not interpret his wonder; but on receiving the habiliments, folded them carefully up, and remarking that they were as good as new (her husband having caught his fatal cold in them the first time he put them on) begged Prigmore's acceptance of the same.

"And was it for this you wanted me, madam?" exclaimed Prigmore, rising from his chair, his tone and countenance bespeaking a mixture of surprise and disappointment.

"Yes, sir."

He put on his hat and walked to the door in silent indignation. The good woman, as much astonished as himself, followed him and said, "Won't you take the breeches, sir?"

"No, madam," he replied, pausing at the door to make some bitter remark: "Wear them yourself!"

For the remainder of the season his life was far from being enviable.

A Sporting Offer.

Matters were looking very black. The prisoner was wondering whether he would get three or five years. Suddenly, in a deep, sonorous voice, the clerk addressed him:

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

The prisoner started out of his reverie. He glanced at the clerk, and then at the judge, and then at the twelve good men and true.

"It's very kind of you," he said at last, after a long and careful scrutiny. "I'm not exactly in what you call first-class training. But if you don't mind I think I'd like a round or two with that fat 'un in the corner."

It appeals to every sweet woman to reform a villain.

WHEN TOWNS HAVE WEPT.

No town in the United Kingdom was so hard hit by the appalling disaster to the White Star liner Titanic as Southampton. Practically every one of the nine hundred odd members of the crew came from that town, and it is no exaggeration to say that scarcely a family in Southampton but lost a relative or a friend. Southampton weeps.

One of the most crushing disasters that has overtaken an English town in recent years happened in May, 1910. The whole nation had just been plunged into mourning by the death of King Edward. In the midst of the national mourning there suddenly flashed over the wires the news of the Whitehaven mining disaster. Over a hundred and thirty men were killed, and the little town of Whitehaven wept for its lost wage-earners. In one comparatively small collection of streets in the town no fewer than eighty-three men and boys who went briskly from their homes to the mine were never seen alive again.

Worse still was the disaster at the Hulton Colliery in Lancashire just before the following Christmas. Over 350 miners were killed by a terrific explosion. Going through the small towns close to the unlucky pit it was almost impossible to conceive that the rest of England was happily enjoying its Christmas festivities. At West Houghton alone a hundred and twenty sons and fathers left mothers and wives to weep their loss on Christmas Day. Over a thousand children were left fatherless by the dreadful calamity. West Houghton Christmases for many years will be overclouded by the memory of that disaster.

The north and the midlands are more prone, owing to their congested districts, to suffer from appalling catastrophes. On June 16, 1883, Sunderland mothers and fathers were weeping over a most terrible disaster. A conjurer named Fay was giving an entertainment in the Victoria Hall to the local school children. The building was literally packed with laughing, expectant children. When Fay had finished his performance he began giving away toys and sweets to those nearest the stage. A thousand eager, joyous children made a rush to where the conjuror was standing. Then came the disaster. Joy in a moment was turned to the bitterest sorrow. At the bottom of the staircase leading down from the galleries a half-closed door allowed only one or two children to pass at a time. Suddenly a "jam" occurred. The crowd of children from above pressed down upon the helpless ones below. In five short minutes 183 Sunderland children were crushed to death, and over 200 were badly injured.

Fire and earthquake have plunged more cities into mourning than anything else. The most terrible earthquake in modern times was that of Messina in December, 1908. The population before the catastrophe was 168,000. After the earthquake it was less than 100,000. Not a single family in the town but was weeping and mourning its dead.

Flood has proved a deadly competitor with fire and earthquake to set cities weeping. Although as long ago as 1864, there are still people in Yorkshire who can recall the dreadful disaster which overtook Bradfield in March of that year. The huge reservoir which supplied the town with water burst and two hundred and fifty people were drowned in their beds by the ensuing flood.

HELPFUL HINTS.

To make a very strong glue that does not get thick or pasty, dissolve ordinary glue in nitric ether, and add a little bit of caoutchouc.

Few people know that an onion cut up into four parts, and put in a sick room where there is any infectious disease, takes in all the infection.

To prevent new kid gloves from splitting when first worn, place the gloves between the folds of a damp towel for an hour or so before putting them on. This will stretch them and prevent them from splitting.

To reduce the coal bill, do not use the poker too freely. To make a fire last long, get some waste paper, soak it in water, and roll into balls. When the fire is red place these on top, and cover with small pieces of coal. You will then have a fire that will last for hours.

Keep a mangle wringer well-oiled, as the labor of working it is then much less. Occasionally it should be oiled with paraffin to cleanse the bearings, but in a general way proper machine oil should be used, as kerosene is of no use as a lubricant. In order to work the wringer with the least amount of strain, stand in front of the machine and facing it.

One of the best firelighters in existence may be prepared from coke and paraffin. All that is necessary is to soak a lump of coke overnight, and to use it in the morning to light the fire. It is perfectly safe, does not make a mess of the hearth, and needs very little, if any, wood to make the most obstinate fire burn up. Besides, it is more economical than any of the fire-lighters sold. An old can should be kept with a little paraffin at the bottom and filled up with lumps of coke.

A STORY OF PEKIN.

A tragic story is told of the casting of a great bell at Pekin. It is the bell on which midnight is sounded, and it was cast a century and a half ago. Two attempts at casting were made, and ended in failure; whereat the Emperor sent for Kuan-Yin, the official in charge of the task, and told him he would be killed if he failed.

Ko-ai, the man's beautiful daughter, consulted an astrologer, who told her that unless a virgin's blood were mingled with the metal the third casting also would fail. She obtained permission to be present when the attempt was made; and, just as the white hot metal was rushing from the furnace into the great mould, the devoted girl sprang forward with a cry: "For my father!" leaped into the fiery stream, added her life's blood to its composition, and won her father's success and safety.

THE WEAKNESS OF "STRONG" MEN.

It is a curious fact that perfect health is not by any means consistent with high muscular development. Professional athletes and all men who acquire phenomenal strength seem to lose in length of life and activity what they gain for a few years of record-breaking powers. Take, for example, Louis Cyr, the Canadian giant, who broke all weight-lifting records. He weighed 320 pounds, and was all solid bone and muscle. He could hold his wife out at arm's length with one hand, and raise a 300-pound barrel from the floor to his shoulder, using only one hand and arm. Yet this remarkable man was muscle-bound and crippled at 37, when he should have been at the height of his wonderful powers. Kennedy, who won a diamond belt for lifting with his hands from the floor, absolutely without apparatus, a 1000-pound weight, was used up and crippled before he was 40.

Consequence.

The race of consequential vergers is not yet extinct. Dean Pigou has a story about one of them who, when a bishop asked him at what point he was to make his appearance, replied: "First I take the choir people to their places, and then, after they are seated, I return for you, my lord, and conduct you to the halter."

THE LOT OF THE CHINESE GIRL.

Although the cruel custom of foot-binding is being abandoned in enlightened China, there are still many customs and laws which need revision before the Chinese maiden can be considered to enjoy even a modicum of liberty. In the "Century Magazine" Harriet Monroe describes the unhappy custom of child-betrothals, by which Chinese girls become bound to a man they have never seen and spend all their early years as slaves of their mother-in-law:

"In Northern China many women have natural feet, as the Manchu conquerors have never followed the custom of foot-binding. Indeed, nearly three centuries ago, when the first Manchu emperor imposed the queue on his male subjects, he also decreed that the female head-dress should be altered and that girls' feet should be no longer bound. But the Chinese women never surrendered,' says one of them, not without pride. They retained their old coiffure, and the strange, sad foot-torture went on. According to the sister of a Chinese official, foot-binding has now ceased to be the fashion; now, at any ladies' party, it is the bound foot which is hidden under skirts from shame, whereas it used to be the unbound.'

"The girl, Chinese or Manchu, maimed or free, is usually betrothed at an early age, another custom which is going out of fashion in the upper classes. Infant betrothals occur only among the poor and ignorant, the motive being usually economy, for such betrothals cost the parents only a few shillings for a go-between, whereas later many presents would have to be exchanged. Betrothals, whatever the age, have legal sanction, and are scarcely ever annulled. Even if the intended bridegroom dies before marriage, the girl, who has never seen him, may be married to his spirit with the usual ceremonies, thereupon going to the house of his parents to live as a widow for life, [illegible] two to four incense to his tablet.

"The girl is scarcely more than a guest in the home of her parents. From the time of betrothal she is regarded as a member of her future husband's family, and may not even wear mourning for her own people or offer incense at their shrine. Among the poorer classes she is often taken to her fiance's home at the time of her child-betrothal and brought up by his mother. In China, as with us, the mother-in-law has an evil reputation, but it is not the husband's, but the wife's mother-in-law who must bear it. The son-in-law sees little of his wife's relatives, but the little daughter-in-law, newly betrothed or newly wedded, and carried to the home of a bridegroom she has never seen, becomes a kind of bond-servant to his mother and to any grandmothers or wives of elder sons who may be installed within the family compounds. Her happiness or misery in this rather complicated family life depends then upon the character of these women even more than upon that of her husband, since her whole life must be spent in their company, and she may rarely set her poor feet outside the compound wall.

"Neither boys nor girls have to trouble their heads or hearts over the vexed question which consumes years of time and travail of soul in most Occidental countries—marriage. When the proper time comes, or even before, the parents arrange all that for the young people, usually with the aid of professional go-betweens, who are paid for the service. On the betrothal morning, in an average middle-class family, the two go-betweens proceed in state to the home of the girl's parents, followed by two bearers with the betrothal jewellery—a ring, earrings, bracelets, and a hair ornament, together with the silver coins which have been agreed upon to be used presumably for the bridal outfit, all rubbed very bright and inscribed in ink with the character for happiness. Then follow other bearers with trays containing fifty or sixty pretty little boxes of tea and nuts, in addition to which the girl's parents have prepared similar boxes of cakes, all to be sent to friends as an announcement of the betrothal.

"On the wedding-day, which may be a few weeks or a number of years thereafter, the bride is arrayed in red, with a red coronal head-dress from which pompons stand out and beads or jewels dangle like a veil over her face. She is then carried in a red sedan chair, preceded by music, and followed by bearers with her trousseau and outfit, to the home of the groom's parents. Then bride and groom see each other for the first time, and together prostrate themselves before the ancestral tablet, before heaven and earth, and drink wine from the same cup and feast at the same table, after which they sit in red chairs and receive the congratulations of relatives and friends."

SOME HOLIDAY DON'TS.

When going for a holiday don't take your work with you, but dismiss all thought of it from your mind, so that you may be free to enter into all the interests and enjoyments the change affords with full zest of both mind and body.

Don't spend your time in overcrowded places of amusement. Your holiday should result in the strengthening of body and mind—the perfecting of health—and these results are not likely to follow if a large portion of your time is spent in a vitiated atmosphere.

Don't fail to read beforehand as much of the history of the place you intend visiting as is possible, with its chief interests, and the characteristics of its people and surroundings; and don't fail to see all that the place possesses of historic interest.

Don't be idle. See that both mind and body have sufficient daily exercise.

Don't eat too much at meal-time, and don't eat anything between meals.

Don't be up after 10 at night, and don't by any means stay in bed later than six in the morning.

Don't try to be other than what you really are. If you are merely a plain John Smith at home, be satisfied with the same away from home; and remember that a plain name coupled with good and noble deeds is far more excellent than an empty, high-sounding name.

The Day of Judgment.

A horse dealer in a northern town had hired a horse to a solicitor, who killed the horse through bad usage. The dealer insisted on payment, and the lawyer refusing cash said he would give a bill for the amount, but it must be at a long date.

The lawyer drew a promissory note making it payable on the day of judgment.

An action was raised, and the lawyer asked the sheriff to look at the bill. Having done so, the sheriff replied:

"The bill is perfectly good. As this is the day of judgment, I decree you to pay to-morrow."

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"

"Yes; and there's always one more than you think."

Old Lawyer: Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to——

Young Lawyer: No; but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal.

Kuleker: Do you have a new cook often?

Subbubs: We have them close enough together to be twins.

A CAFE ROMANCE.

By H. Carstairs.

Arthur Moyder was frequently and gratuitously ashamed of his Uncle Josiah. He considered him an old-fashioned fool.

But the man who, in these days, makes a fortune on the pork markets of Chicago stands absolved from the charge of being a fool. Josiah Moyder had done it.

Nor was he old, though his clothes usually were. Elegance had formed no part of his youth; in age he despised it. The gloss on his coat was often dull; but his faculties never were. And, if his eyes were exceptionally keen, his heart was exceptionally kindly.

When his only brother died he had adopted the orphan boy. For twenty years he had given the lad a long leash, had treated him handsomely, and had never worked him hard.

All the Moyders were good-looking. Uncle and nephew had their full share. It was young Arthur's sole asset. He followed the fashion. The best circles gave him welcome, he gave himself airs. Eligible young ladies courted him, their mothers flattered him. But the recipient of these favors never reflected that he obtained them solely because of his relationship to Josiah Moyder, the millionaire.

One day Arthur Moyder sat in his uncle's private room discussing his social engagements. It was his staple conversation.

"I am dining with the Kellands tonight," he observed.

"Say, Arthur, I suppose there is a serious purpose behind all this 'society,' suggested his uncle, "isn't it expected to lead young folk, sooner or later, to the altar?"

"I daresay it was instituted for that purpose."

"Well, if I were you, I'd ask Kelland's girl to lead me to the altar. She's a good stock and healthy, sharp as a needle, and—well, beauty isn't an item in law or business, but she does not seem worse than the others. Besides, she's an only child. I guess Sam Kelland won'd lay down a dollar against every one of mine. She will get them all. Moyder and Kelland combined could dominate the pork market of Chicago. In any event I'd like to know that our family line was assured of permanence for another generation. What do you think of my suggestion as a business proposition?"

Arthur Moyder had remained silent from sheer surprise. He had no intention of marrying. He could not think of bestowing himself on any single woman. He was much too precious.

"No," he drawled. "Marriage as a general proposition I am always open to discuss. The specific proposal I respectfully but firmly reject. I may one day marry, but never any day shall I marry Kate Kelland."

"Why?"

"For the very reasons you urge in her favor. Her sharpness is unnatural. I always feel small in her presence."

"Your objections don't impress me any more than my recommendations impressed you. A clever wife is the best substitute for brains a man can get in this world."

"No doubt. But he doesn't get this world to choose from."

Arthur Moyder's surprise was subsiding, and he was already seeing how his uncle's unexpected suggestion might be utilised to effect a scheme upon which his heart had long been set.

"Marriage is, in itself, most laudable," he continued, in conciliatory tones. "But the area of selection is too limited. In a matter on which a man's life's happiness depends it is preposterous that he should have only the choice of three poor alternatives. For, after the inevitable winnowing process, there aren't more than three girls in all this city worth considering. Now, English girls are charming. But I have never had opportunity of studying them in their native environment. If you could spare me six months to go to England for the special purpose of selecting a wife, I am confident I could make an arrangement satisfactory to you, agreeable to me, and favorable to the future destinies of the firm."

It was an audacious move. But a long holiday in England had for years been Arthur Moyder's ambition. Marriage was no part of the project. It would be easy to return and report that, even in England, there was nothing matrimonially suitable.

"I think you could be spared," said Uncle Josiah, with no thought of irony. "I have always admired the older civilisation and the types it produces. I esteem the blueness of English blood more than the newness of American. And infusion of it into the Moyder family line would be a distinct advantage."

Josiah was already picturing a beautiful patrician from one of England's stately halls taking upon herself the name of Moyder and investing it with fresh lustre.

"It's not a bad idea," he mused. "But six months seems an immortal time to fix a small matter like that."

"Life is more leisurely over there, and love shares the general characteristic. Besides, I don't know how many and how high the hurdles may be. It would be wise to allow a time margin."

"Very well. Start slick and report regular. Understand, I shall expect you to do something uncommon. Aim high. With my bank-book at your back you should be able to ask for anything. I'd go strong on pedigree. Looks don't count. They wear out. Now, bearing in mind these general admonitions, when can you start?"

"At once," said Arthur, striving to conceal his elation.

"All right. Go hence and get hitched. Be sure sure you send me all the news and her photograph. When you are hrrying home with your bride warn her that your Uncle Josiah isn't a pretty thing to look at, but he'll be proud to welcome her, and always be ready to prevent her having any regret that she assumed the name of Moyder."

Thus Arthur Moyder set out for England, still ashamed of the man by whose goodness alone he was going there.

. . . . . .

Bosnert's Cafes are conspicuous in every English watering-place. And Frank Bosnert knows his business.

There are many pretty things suitable for decorative purposes. Bosnert acts chief store on pretty girls. Brighton, Bournemouth, or anywhere you choose, Bosnert's Cafe girls are prettiest girls in town. That is why Ethel Woodrow was on the staff.

Suddenly finding herself parentless and poor, Ethel quitted the quiet country vicarage where she had been reared, and was at once confronted by the dark problem of subsistence.

She suffered the agonies of the "Situations Vacant" column. But it was despair and desperation combined that nerved her to apply for a situation as waitress in Bosnert's.

Miss Woodrow was sent to Brighton. The bustle of the huge cafe was sadly distracting to the quiet-loving parson's daughter. Still, a homeless, friendless girl had great reason to be grateful. And Ethel Woodrow was.

The customers were pleasant. One—a young American, named Moyder—evinced deep interest in her. He was nice-looking, nice-mannered. Every day he dined at Ethel's table.

"The quick-lunch system of America has nearly ruined my digestion," he chaffingly explained. "I have come to England to learn the art of leisurely eating."

He proved an apt pupil. He dawdled over his food. He seasoned it with the conversation of the pretty waitress. This recurred for five days. On the sixth day Ethel, while walking on the Parade, suddenly found herself face to face with Mr. Moyder and a problem in etiquette. The traditions of the vicarage hampered her. It seemed absurd, however, to pass on the sixth day the man she had affably chatted with on each of the preceding five. But then, though Mr. Moyder had patronised her as a menial, he might not acknowledge her as an acquaintance.

Arthur Moyder cut short her worries.

"How are you, Miss Woodrow? I am delighted to meet you. I don't know another soul in Brighton. And loneliness is as dangerous to the spirit as is hunger to the body. I wonder if you would graciously appease my loneliness as you appease my hunger?"

Ethel was suffering from the same loneliness. She was naturally shy, but readily vulnerable to any kindly advances. The friendship was started, and was easily kept going. Arthur Moyder saw to that.

He had reached England with no purpose other than enjoyment. If marriage resulted, it would be by accident, not by design.

He had set out with these notions. Already they were shattered by a pretty girl in Bosnert's Cafe. He had run down to Brighton for a week-end. He was still there at the end of a month. And one night he was strolling on the pier. Ethel Woodrow was with him. She was looking down at her shoes; he was looking up at her face.

"I know, Ethel, I am embarrassing you. It is only a month since we met. Not long to become acquainted; but any moment it long enough for me to learn to love you. To see you was to love you. I have told you all about myself and my purpose. What I came to England seeking I have found. You are my ideal woman. Uncle Jo sent me here to marry quality; he meant social quality. You have womanly quality—an infinitely better thing. He will surrender to it as soon as he sees it personified in you. Will you quietly marry me, Ethel, and trust me to make peace with Uncle Jo?"

Ethel shook her head. She had heard it all before and was unconvinced.

"I do not know your uncle, but from your own account of him, he is the last man in the world it would become you to deceive and disappoint. He sent you across to marry an English aristocrat, not an English waitress."

"The waitress part is no disgrace. Even if it were it is a mere incident in your life, not an essential part of it. As for pedigree, yours is as old as Eve, and no one troubles going back farther than that."

"Then I am not sure I love you as I ought."

"But you love me as much as any other?"

"Yes; but isn't that a dangerously meagre supply?"

"It is enough to go on with."

"Well, in addition to these sentimental considerations, there is a practical difficulty. It would be the blackest ingratitude for you to show disloyalty to your uncle. You must, therefore, obtain his consent before I can marry you."

It was Arthur Moyder's turn to shake his head. Not many weeks had elapsed since that interview in which Uncle Jo had proclaimed the excellence of pedigree. Uncle Jo was long-suffering; but to tell him that, scorning all the seven-figure heiresses of Chicago, his nephew had come to England to marry a waitress would constitute a strain on Uncle Joe's tolerance to which even it might prove unequal.

No; Arthur Moyder was intensely keen to marry this winsome English girl. But Uncle Jo must not be prematurely brought into the scheme. Afterwards, Uncle Jo might forgive; beforehand he never would consent.

It was a deadlock. Arthur Moyder abandoned the conversation, to renew it when next they met. Ethel grew weary. Through sleepless nights she pondered the difficulty. Slowly an idea formed in her mind and refused to be dislodged. She herself would write to Uncle Jo!

A week later Mr. Josiah Moyder, Chicago, read the following letter:—

"Dear Sir,—I am taking the liberty of addressing you because of my perplexity in a matter which concerns you. Though a complete stranger to you, the orb of my life is entering your orbit. I am a waitress with Bosnert, of Brighton. Your nephew is here, and we have become friends. Some time ago he made me an offer of marriage, which he has numberless times renewed. I may confess that I am not sure that I love your nephew as I ought. But he pleads that I am necessary to his happiness. That plea is likely to prevail. I feel, however, that I cannot become Arthur's wife without warning you. The plans with which he came to England I am fully acquainted with. These plans I shall, of course, be the means of wrecking. You will think Arthur is doing a foolish thing in marrying me. I think the same. But I wish you to acquit me of self-seeking. Contemptible suspicions always rest upon girls who find themselves in the position I am now in; I wish to repudiate these suspicions. Here and now I protest my indifference to your dollars. Keep them; increase them; finally, give them to the nearest charitable institution. But please understand that I would not barter my self-respect and independence for the entire American coinage. Yet one boon I would be proud of, and am prepared to beg from you. Will you wish us well? Will you give us your blessing? I should like to know that, even while you condemned Arthur's folly, you cherished no ill-feeling towards the woman with whom he had played the fool. Arthur is prepared to remain in England and work for me. Our happiness is assured, but your blessing would add immeasurably to it. Will you send it?

"ETHEL WOODROW."

Josiah Moyder laid the document down and stared at it.

"It's the most polite 'You-be-hanged' communication I ever received," he gasped. "Arthur's conduct is characteristic. Chicago or Brighton, he changeth not. Geography cannot make a wise man out of a fool. But the girl atones for him. She has grit. Fancy a humble waitress writing me like that! Wants nothing but my blessing, a thing I was never asked for all my life before. I bargained for pedigree; but, of course, I would rather have brains. The girl seems to have some. I feel quite curious about her. I should like to run over and investigate facts on the spot. But how on earth can I? When one is tied up in the business knot it isn't easy slipping loose at a moment's notice. Still, I wonder what she's like? I feel sure she's pretty. She certainly deserves to be."

. . . . . .

The season was at its height at Brighton. Bosnert's was abnormally busy. Miss Fanny Merson was sent down from London as an 'extra hand.'

In conformity with Bosnert's law of beauty, Fanny Merson was a handsome woman. But she was loud and cheap. Her physical beauty had no mental ballast. The eye beheld the best of her.

Her path was strewn with the hearts of gilded youths. Seeking fresh victims, she came to Brighton.

"I say, girls, who is this saintly Miss Woodrow?" asked Miss Merson, in her vulgar way, soon after her arrival. "She does the modest Madonna business quite well. It seems to have 'fetched' that young American. Who is he?"

"Arthur Moyder, nephew of a Yankee millionaire.

Miss Merson's features expressed interest.

"Gracious! A good-looking moneypot falling victim to a sly minx who is cute enough to play the angelic game! If I cannot save Arthur Moyder from that fate, girls, write me down a fool."

Fanny Merson turned her guns on Arthur Moyder. Most men admired her beauty. The wise men stopped at admiration; they might admire without desiring to possess.

But Arthur Moyder was incapable of depth or permanence in anything. His eyes turned towards the new beauty. Miss Merson saw it and smiled.

A Yankee millionaire was her ideal of a husband. Her social ambitions were as exuberant as her beauty. Arthus Moyder was the victim she had been waiting for, and she was not likely to be cheated out of him by a pusillanimous creature like Ethel Woodrow.

It proved easier than she thought. Arthur Moyder regarded her imperious beauty with awe. Graciously she condescended to him. The favors others angled for were showered on Arthur Moyder.

Ethel was the first to recognise that she was dethroned. There was relief in the thought. Fanny Merson was welcome to her place. Yet in the eyes of others it seemed a humiliation.

The other girls were considerate enough not to discuss the situation in her presence. But she knew their laugh was against her. Besides, that letter to Uncle Jo made her look foolish now. Probably the uncle had tossed her letter aside as the nephew had tossed herself. She hoped so. But she would rather have thrust her feet into the fire than have written it.

Bosnert's was now her destiny. She faced it bravely, serving her tables with a mind more resigned than onlookers would have given her credit for.

It was an afternoon when business was quiet that Bosnert's Cafe door opened and a smart, firm-built little man entered. He was an American, if signs counted he wasn't a millionaire.

He chatted gaily throughout the meal. Just as he finished he suddenly lowered his voice to the undertones of significance.

"Pardon me, miss," he whispered, "but what sort of young lady is Ethel Woodrow?"

Ethel stood confused.

"I am afraid there is some misunderstanding. I am Ethel Woodrow."

"Eh! You! Bless my soul! How are you, my dear? I am Josiah Moyder."

Ethel stared incredulously. Jo's eyes twinkled merrily.

"I got your letter," he said, "and I have come to negotiate about that blessing."

"I am sorry I asked it."

"Oh! Don't you want it now?"

"No; at least, not in the sense in which I asked it."

"What does the change mean?"

"It would take a long time to explain."

"I am not strong on etiquette, but would it be proper to ask you to meet me at your 'off' hour for explanatory purposes?"

"I am not sure about the etiquette myself, but I am feverishly anxious to explain. I am off from four to six."

"Excellent. End of New Pier at four-fifteen?"

Ethel nodded. They parted, and when next they met, Ethel made a full confession

"He wished to marry me first," she concluded, "and inform you after. I refused. He insisted. In my difficulty I wrote to you, and so let myself in for a nasty fall. For between writing you and meeting you Arthur has become convinced of his folly. He has found a lass more to his liking."

There was an angry flash in Uncle Jo's eyes that was not characteristic, and which boded no good to Arthur Moyder.

"I see," he remarked, as Ethel finished. "When I asked you to explain I unconsciously set you a difficult task. I daresay it hasn't been easy for you to tell me that you have had to stand down in favor of another. Now hear my story. When I got your letter I felt anxious to meet you. But it was some time before I saw a chance to skip across. I have been here for a week, watching Arthur and—who?"

"Fanny Merson."

"Well, Fanny Merson is in no danger of receiving the blessing Ethel Woodrow applied for. I don't wish to misjudge her but I am satisfied that all Miss Merson's charms are in the front-shop window. I marvelled that such a girl could have written such a letter. For it was a nice letter. I thoroughly enjoyed it. It brought me over, not exactly to give you my blessing, but half-convinced as to your title to it. It is true I wanted pedigree, but I was prepared to accept any satisfactory substitute. Indeed, Miss Woodrow, had I arrived and found Arthur courting you there would have been no difficulty about the blessing. Of course you say you don't want my blessing now, but is there anything I could offer you in its stead? Friendship, for instance, or—love?"

Ethel silently crimsoned. Anger flashed in her sweet blue eyes. But only for a moment. She instinctively trusted this brave little man. He was quaint but kindly; brutally direct, but transparently sincere.

"I guess this isn't the proper way," he was saying. "One shouldn't hustle holy things. But I am accustomed to think clear and act quick. I didn't come out top on Chicago Exchange without these qualities. Since I read your letter I've known you, have seen into your heart, and loved you. I dreamt of you all the way over. And what specially enrages me against Arthur is that probably he has given you an unfavorable impression of the Moyders. Arthur is a fool; but, believe me, not all the Moyders are. I should like you to give one of them an opportunity to redeem the name. Will you try me for a fortnight? Give in your notice to-night. If at the end of a fortnight you think me suitable you will step out of one situation straight into another. If not, I shall square Bosnert to keep you on. Now, Ethel, is it a deal? I suppose I am doing it all wrong. I haven't even put any poetry into it because, frankly, I can't. But I'll back my fortune and my life that you would never have reason to regret committing yourself to the care of Josiah Moyder."

Ethel Woodrow's reply is sacred and sacred to two persons only until this day. But at the end of a fortnight Miss Woodrow suddenly vanished from Bosnert's Cafe, no person knowing whither.

Her old sweetheart was the first to find out. It was on that day that he married Miss Fanny Merson. After quitting the Registrar's office he despatched a telegram to Chicago:

"Have married a pretty English waitress.—ARTHUR MOYDER."

In almost record time there was ticked back the answer:—

"So have I.—JOSIAH MOYDER."

TALE OF WOE.

I've been sewing divers patches on my Sunday pantaloons; I've been holding burning matches trying to locate the prunes; I am weary now of eating cold potatoes and such grub, while my wife is at a meeting of the local women's club. I am sitting in the cellar where I fell an hour ago, and I have a broken smeller and my heart is full of woe. Oh, my soul is sore with friction, as I sit upon a tuo, and I call down malediction on the local women's club. To old days, surcharged with beauty, my sad recollections roam, when a woman thought her duty was to navigate a home; when she used to cook the mutton for h r tired and tollworn hub, and she didn't care a button for the local women's club. Now her sitting-room's forsaken, from her bower she's gone away; she has quit the eggs and bacon and she talks of schedule K. And the clothes-line now is sagging where the rugs she used to drub, and her tireless tongue is wagging at the local women's club. Often I have sadly pondered on the future, for, alack! all my shirts are now unlaundered and my coat's split up the back; there is none to do my sewing, there is none to cook or scrub, for the women all are going to the local women's club.

—Walt Mason.

A BAFFLING SECRET.

What was the combination of metals from which the Egyptians, Aztecs and inhabitants of Peru manufactured their tools and arms? Though each of these nations reached a high state of civilisation, none of them ever discovered iron, in spite of the fact that the soil of all three countries was largely impregnated with it. But they substituted for it a combination of metals that had the temper of steel, and the secret of the combination is lost to mankind.

Humboldt tried to discover the lost art by analysing a chisel found in an ancient Inca silver mine, but all he could make of it was that it appeared to be a combination of a small portion of tin with copper. No present known way of combining these two metals will give the hardness of steel, so there must have been in the chisel something else which Humboldt miss-

She Threw a Cup at Carlyle.

The marriages of intellectuals are not always unhappy, but that of Thomas Carlyle and his wife Jane was decidedly so. A friend went one afternoon to pay Mrs. Carlyle a visit, and found her lying on the sofa.

"Did you see Thomas?" she asked her visitor.

"Yes," was the reply; "I met him on the steps; what's the matter with him? He had a most woebegone expression."

"Serves him right," said Jane, viciously; "here have I been lying on this sofa for two mortal days with a frightful headache, and couldn't see, or speak, or think, and ten minutes ago he comes in, looks at me as though he had never seen me before, and says: 'What's wrong, are you sick?' I was so mad, I threw my teacup at him!"

Morning.

The night is gone again,
The world rolls on its way;
Faith, hope and love remain;
Youth's laughter still is gay.

What if the winds be chill,
Or if the storm be near?
Truth claims the highway still,
And Sin must skulk in fear.

Nothing the Matter with the System.

"I used to think I would know just how to manage my wife when I got her."

"Has your system proved to be a failure?"

"No; the system may be all right, as far as I know. She has never let me try it."

Love is blind—and that may explain why many a man falls in love with a woman who is a "sight."

You will never learn a thing well if you begin by thinking you know all about it.

And the morals of some men depend more on the police than they do on principles.

And many a man is the architect of his own misfortune.

Little Willie: What is the difference between a close friend and a dear friend?

Pa: A close friend, my son, is one who will not lend you any money, while a dear friend is one who borrows all you will stand for."

Daisy: Oh, Dolly, I have had such a nasty, spiteful, anonymous letter.

Dolly: Whom was it from?

Daisy: I don't know; can you guess? The wicked creature says I am a vain, silly, frivolous, chattering, overdressed, empty-headed flirt.

Dolly: I really can't imagine, dearest; but (reflecting) I think it must be someone who knows you quite well.

"Look at me!" exclaimed the leading lawyer, warmly, "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of your patients put together."

"Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life, and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."

"Writing to Charlie?"

"Yes."

"I thought he was engaged?"

"He writes to tell me that his girl has thrown him overboard, so I'm dropping him a line!"

SCIENCE DOES NOT KNOW.

"Riddles of the Ages" and Unsolved Problems.

Things Which the Sages Cannot Explain.

The fairy-tales of science are more wonderful than any romance woven by the imagination of men. As time goes on, each advance made is a great sensation, which seems to open up a new mystery, a never-ending story and drama that so far defies the solution of its plot.

Great men of science the world over take nothing for granted. They allow themselves to make a guess at the truth. This, if found sound, may become a theory, and, when placed beyond doubt, a law. Even then the battle goes on. At the threshold is the problem of the origin of worlds. How was the universe with its untold number of worlds started into its never-ceasing movement in this infinite space? Science does not know.

Our own solar system is merely a speck in the universe, and our sun but a minor atom, a mere star in space. Where does the sun get its heat from? At its present rate of giving off heat, if the sun were a solid mass of coal, it would be consumed in about 5000 years, but it has existed for millions of years.

Some say that it is fed and its heat kept up by myriads of meteorites or shooting stars, which are the friction-heated fragments of shattered dead worlds, falling into it. Others that the chemical combination of the sun itself (there may, for instance, be much radium which takes an unknown time to exhaust its heat) produces large quantities of heat; and still others that some not understood electrical process provides the heat.

Another view is that the sun is fed by fragments of itself falling to its centre, and burning up, whilst all the time it contracts. Lord Kelvin says this means that the sun is destined, like the earth and other bodies, to become liquid, then solid, and ultimately to die like the moon in some millions of years. Future generations may (if ever) find out; but now—Science does not know.

What is the interior of the earth?—another mystery. It is known that the crusty structure of the earth in some way has the rigidity of steel in order to resist the moon's tidal pull on its oceans—the oceans are pulled away from the earth at every tide, while the earth itself goes on its way. Some contend that the earth must be solid throughout to resist the pull. Others that its crust must be 800 to 1000 miles in thickness, and others that a thin crust with a red-hot fluid interior would be sufficient.

One of the latest scientific theories is that the centre of the earth, though white-hot, must be solid through the enormous pressure to which it is subjected; that round this there is a mass of molten matter, and then the crust of rock, etc., to the surface. The view at present in favor is that the crust of the earth is something like a honeycomb of solid matter bridged up from centre to circumference, the spaces being filled with molten matter. This means, as to proportion of the interior molten matter to the solid cannot be guessed, that our globe must further shrink and alter its surface. But—Science does not know.

Similar diverse views are held as to the future of the earth. It is said by some that our dead moon will come back and destroy it by impact. Other suggestions as to the earth's ultimate fate are (1) that as the sun's heat forsakes us the days will become a month long, then a year, and so on, until the earth dies; (2) that all the water of the globe must, in time, filter into its depths or interior, and all the air fly off into space, leaving our earth dry and without air, like the moon; (3) that convulsions or friction in the space-filling ether or among the planetary system must drive the earth to wander into space or force it to be sucked in by the sun. Science does not know.

No man can tell what is gravitation—no scientist can explain why a stone tossed into the air falls back to earth any more than can a boy who throws the stone. And yet gravitation is described as the law which holds the stars and planets in their course. Only a few modern efforts have been made to explain the matter. One is that the entire universe is filled with infinitely small particles flying in every direction with inconceivable rapidity. These are supposed to bombard everything, and in this way impel or force them towards each other.

Another theory is that gravitation is due to the ether (which will be referred to later), and is really a strain, or a twist or suction, or a vacuum in this universal substance, whatever it may be, just like light, heat, electricity, etc. That is to say, gravitation is a property of matter itself belonging to it, and not any supposed force exercised from without. Science does not know.

Is there life on other planets? And why not?—as all solar groups besides ours have to obey the same laws of nature, and go through the same life-history. Why should not other worlds than ours, arrived at the same stage, have their complement of living things, as they are composed of the same matter—dead and life-bearing?

The only explanation that can be attempted is the guess that the conditions on other planets cannot be absolutely identical to those on ours, or else they would have living matter or that, perhaps, they have living beings, suitable to the influences about them, of which we know nothing. Science does not know.

But Science is busy at making guesses at truth about all these and other problems. It assumes that all solids, liquids, and gases, all living and non-living things, are built up of molecules, and that these are built up of atoms, few or many. It has been found that there are particles a thousand times smaller than atoms, each particle being charged with negative electricity. These are called electrons, or corpuscles.

It is known that atoms are made up of these electrons, and that an atom can be divided up into two parts—called ions, or wanderers—one part charged with negative electricity, or the electrons, and the other charged with positive electricity, which is what remains of the atom.

Further, it is guessed that all space is filled with an ocean of invisible ether, which can be tossed into waves or ripples, just like the air we breathe or the restless sea. The rapid to-and-fro motion of the electrons (which themselves may be particles of the ether) causes the ether to break into waves of different lengths, and nothing else can explain as this assumption does such phenomena as light, heat, magnetism, electricity wireless telegraphy, and other marvels.

It is this ether ocean in space which transmits the rays of the sun; but it is not thought to absorb or take away their heat. It is so cold that it would deprive every living thing of life instantaneously, and we on the earth's surface are protected from exposure to this awful cold merely by the thin blanket of atmosphere or air with which the globe is coated.

One of the current scientific beliefs is that the outer part of our atmosphere away up in the heavens, exposed to the cold of the ether, is constantly being liquefied, on the principle by which air can be liquefied by exposure to the cold in the chemist's laboratory. The liquefied atmosphere falls as rain, and then, through friction with the atmosphere, after developing heat, dissolves into gas or atmosphere again, whilst it is still many miles above the earth's surface.

What is this ether? Here again Science does not know. It is thought that it may be some substance capable of undergoing some kind of strain, distortion, twist, suction, motion, or compression; or that it may be something entirely different. But the science of to-day believes if it only knew more about it, and how the strains, etc., act in it, it would be on the eve of furnishing the solution of most problems, even the difference between living and non-living things. For all matter, living and dead, is supposed to be made up of the particles called electrons in different arrangements. Until a time arrives when the ether will be understood, the great unsolved problems of science must remain untraced.

One day living matter may be built out of non-living or inorganic in the chemists' laboratories. So far, science has only been able to get back to the construction of the elementary cell—the seer from which life springs; but the incomprehensive mystery of how a single cell or ultimate seed should contain within it the energy, all the powers and developments of a grown-up living being has baffled science up to now.

CROPS.

Their Plant-Food Requirements.

The application of suitable fertilisers is the most important lever for increasing the productive capacity of our arable and grass lands. This is a fact accepted now as an agricultural axiom and no longer requires to be argued or demonstrated; it is only the details that require to be discussed and investigated.

At the same time, one has to admit that the outlay involved is often a heavy item, including, besides the cost of the fertilisers, the expenses for transport, and application, and it therefore behoves every farmer to consider carefully what fertilising substances under the circumstances of the season he may require, because "too much" may upset the cash result of his operations just as much as "too little." He must bear in mind the different nature of the crops cultivated, and act upon it in supplying fertilisers. He will know that although some crops consume a large quantity of plant food, their requirements for active fertilisers is not great, as they possess the power of utilising the stock of soil-plant food.

If the farmer knows approximately the character of his soil, and takes into consideration the balance of fertility that may have been left from the previous crop, including the decaying roots of stubble, etc., and calculates the plant food required by the crops he intends to grow, he can form a rough estimate of the quantities of fertilisers to be applied in order to produce a crop which will in ordinary circumstances ensure a fair profit.

The following suggestions as to suitable measures for some of the principal crops are given in a leaflet issued by the National German Agricultural Society. They may with advantage be compared with the suggestions of our own Board of Agriculture and other recommendations which often appear in these columns.

Oats.—An average crop of grain and straw takes from the soil 32 lb. of nitrogen, 22 lb. of phosphoric acid, 60 lb. of potash and 13 lb. of lime.

The chief requirement of the plant in the Old World takes place from May to June. The oat crop is well adapted to use artificials. According to the character of the rotation, one should apply per acre in light soils as soon as possible 2½ cwt. basic slag, on richer soils at least a week before sowing the seed 2 cwt. superphosphate, with 1 cwt. sulphate of ammonia. Later on, according to the appearance of the young plants, 1 to 1½ cwt. of nitrate of soda in several dressings. On light soils, presumably lacking in potash, at least three to four weeks before sowing 2 to 3 cwt. of kainit should be applied, although it may be said that the oat crop is capable of utilising soil-potash.

Barley.—An average barley crop, grain and straw, extracts from the soil about 45 lb. of nitrogen, 22 lb. of phosphoric acid, 40 lb. of potash and 12 lb. of lime.

The best crops are generally grown after roots or potatoes that have been dressed with farmyard manure. About four to six weeks before sowing, a mixture of 2 to 3 cwt. kainit and basic slag, or, on rich soils, at least a week before sowing, 1½ to 2 cwt. superphosphate, with ½ cwt. muriate of potash, should be applied. If a little stimulant in spring appears desirable, ½ cwt. nitrate of soda should be applied. If grown after another cereal crop, 2 to 3 cwt. of Peruvian guano or ammoniated superphosphate should be applied before sowing, with a little potash.

Barley intended for feeding purposes should be supplied with a little more nitrogen and phosphate, and not be sown thick; otherwise the crop will very likely lodge.

Spring Wheat.—According to character of soil and previous crop, a dressing of 2 to 3 cwt. superphosphate and 1 to 1½ cwt. sulphate of ammonia should be given before sowing. On light soils 1 to 2 cwt. of kainit should be added to the mixture.

For the destruction of charlock and wild mustard a spraying with a solution of sulphate of iron is recommended, or dusting with calcium cyanamide during the early stage of development of the weed has been found effective. The operation should take place in the morning when dew is on the plants. The calcium cyanamide (nitrolim) can be mixed with sand or carbonate of lime.

Peas and Beans.—An average crop of peas extracts about 90 lb. of nitrogen, 26 lb. of phosphoric acid, 60 lb. of potash and 50 lb. of lime.

It may be considered that the nitrogen can be obtained by the plants from the air, but still on poor soils it is as well to start the plants with a supply of nitrogenous material. A good dressing of farmyard manure is desirable. At the same time, an available supply of phosphate and potash is essential and lime is one of the great needs of the crop. If there is any doubt about the sufficiency of lime in the soil a dressing of this substance should be applied in good time. Then on good soils 2 to 3 cwt. of superphosphate, with 1 to 1½ cwt. of sulphate of muriate of potash, should be applied some days before sowing; on light soils basic slag should be substituted for the superphosphate.

As a general remark it may be said that the selected varieties of the various crops should be suitable for the locality—the fertilisers are better utilised and the crops more profitable. Farmyard manure, green manuring, and slowly acting organic manures are not considered suitable for spring cereals, unless the manures have been applied in the autumn or early winter, and thus had time to decompose.

Teacher: I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now.

Johnnie: I don't want ter go 'ome. There's a baby just come to our 'ouse.

Teacher: You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby——"

Johnnie (vehemently): I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me—'e blames me for everything.

Salesman: Very sorry, sir, we are quite out of game, but I can recommend the sausages.

Sportsman: Ah, yes; but perhaps my wife wouldn't believe I'd shot 'em!

THE PRISONER—AT THE BAR.

Archibald Has To Pay a Heavy Fine.

"Shopkeeping I've done with," asserted Archie Tootleboom; "but a sleeping partnership's a different matter, Mumford——. What? You've only got to sit at home and count up your profits as they come in. Maybe there's a bit of cheque-signing to do, and that sort o' light work; but upon me word, I don't see how you can come to much harm in a sleeping partnership."

"Unless you walk in your sleep," murmured Mumford; but the remark passed unnoticed by Mr. Tootleboom, who went on describing to his friend what Timmins, the chemist at the corner, would give him in return for an investment of fifty pounds.

Timmins, it appeared, was doing well—never better—but he wanted more capital for development. "Sink a matter of fifty pounds in stock, Mr. Tootleboom," said he, "and the business will forge ahead like lightning. A quarter share of the profits for fifty pounds—there you are, sir! A safe little income for you, and nothing to do for it!"

Archie listened and fell. He sank his fifty pounds, and for nearly three months he spent quite a lot of his leisure in figuring out what he would do with his first quarter's profits. He must then, of course, break to Amelia the startling news that he had become a sleeping apothecary. Any objections she had to raise he would affectionately smother with spring hats and costumes, and perhaps a few modish trifles from the jeweller's.

At last the quarter's report came to hand, and Toot's eyes glistened at sight of the first item it contained: "Profits for three months, £10? 6s." Then he read on: "Less salaries of managing partner and qualified assistant, £20; less errand boy's wages and overtime, £5; less depreciation, £8—net profit for the quarter, 6s.—of which, dear sir," proceeded Mr. Timmins's letter, "I beg to enclose here with the share due to yourself, 1s. 6d., and will thank you to favor me with a receipt by an early post."

Archibald gazed for a moment at the eighteen-penny postal order as if half afraid it might bite him; then he made a wild sortie for his hat and coat without staying to eat his breakfast.

"I'll give him his receipt" he muttered, "and he sha'n't have to wait for the postman for it neither! I'll let him see I'm not to be——. I—I beg your pardon, ma'am," he apologised as, half-way down the road, he collided with a lady coming up. "Why, bless my heart, it's Mrs. Timmins! How do you do, Mrs. Timmins?"

If it had been Timmins himself there might have been an untidy scene, but in the presence of a lady the old-world courtesy of the Tootleboms asserted itself, and Archie listened beamingly while the apothecary's wife described her baby's adventures during the teething period, and explained how her youngest but two had had a nasty fall through stepping off the kitchen table on to a chair that wasn't there. This reminded her what a lot of measles there was about lately, and that called to mind something else; and eventually, just as Toot heard the whistle of his city train, the good lady came to what she really wanted to say to Mr. Tootleboom.

She wanted to tell him that Harold had been taken suddenly ill (the said Harold being Mr. Timmins), and she thought it was the worry of the business had upset him, and would Mr. Tootleboom be able to go to the shop just now and then to see that everything was going right?

Archie, savagely screwing up an eighteen-penny postal order into a ball in his trousers pocket, murmured "Delighted, I'm sure!" and made a wild dash for the station. He missed the train and had time to think things over, and he decided that eighteen-pence, after all, was better than no profit at all. Yes, he would certainly superintend the chemist's shop during Mr. Timmins's illness; he would see what intellect, tact, and a courtly manner would do to help on the business.

"Fly-papers, ma'am? Yes!" gushed Archibald to a lady client. He had privately informed the assistant that he would attend to all the young lady customers himself. "Would you like the sudden-death variety that kills the fly at the first bite, or d'you prefer the sticky kind where the fly gets its feet caught and settles down to die of old age?"

And so it went on evening after evening, Tootleboom winning the favor of all the lady clients by his suave methods and an easy flow of conversation. "What! me ole Toodleboomy-boy!" came a sudden hail from the doorway, just as Archie was making a fresh brew of influenza tonic. "Gone-gone-gone into the pills and ointment business, have you?" The voice belonged to Mr. Clutterbuck, who had every appearance of having dined and wined. "Shay! mix me up something for a (hic) dry throat, will you?" said the rate-collector, lolling negligently against the door-post. "Gimme a drop o' that green stuff up there (hic) in the w-w-window. Wash'name o' that? N-never tried it in me life, s'far's I know!"

By careful handling Mr. Clutterbuck was induced to continue on his homeward way without mangling the tinted water. Scarcely was he gone, however, when an angry mother appeared upon the scene and soundly rated our hero for supplying a bottle of Timmins's World-famed Hair Propagator in lieu of strengthening medicine for a child of nine.

"Phew! This business ain't all perfume and honey. Goo' lor', here's a policeman! W-w-what the——"

"Bring the body in here!" sternly ordered a burly police-sergeant holding open the door of the drug-store, and into Mr. Timmins's emporium there passed a short, sad procession, consisting of a hand ambulance, two bearers, and a recumbent body.

"Silence!" roared the purple-faced officer, swinging round upon the man behind the counter.

"N-never spoke a word, officer," Toot protested. "It's my teeth chattering, that's all. Th-this is so sa-sudden."

"I have to warn you, Mr. Tootleboom, that anything you say may be used in evidence against you. Listen to the char-r-ge."

He unrolled also it a yard and a-half of parchment with a tassel at the end, and read aloud, in a voice that shook the bottles on the shelves: "Whereas, and inasmuch as, by these presents, be it known to all men, women and suffragists, that a warrant has been duly issued in accordance with the custom by law established for the arrest of one Archibald Tootleboom, alleged to be masquerading as a pharmacist for his own nefarious purposes, whereby, howso, likewise, and inasmuch as the said Archibald Tootleboom is alleged to have compiled and administered with malice aforethought, a certain deadly poison, to wit arsenic, to one of the liege subjects of His Majesty——"

"Oh, d-d-don't read any more of it!" pleaded Archie, tottering round from behind the counter and falling upon his knees. "S-s-spare me, Mr. Constable, I mean Sergeant. Think of my ones and little wife—that is, my wife and little ones!"

"Silence, sir! I have my duty to perform. Is the prison van waiting?" he inquired. "Good! In with him!"

Archie was quickly hustled into a private omnibus of sombre hue that certainly might almost have been mistaken for a Black Maria; a whispered word was given to the driver, and the vehicle started off with the prisoner and his grim custodians.

"Now to bring you to the bar!" hissed the burly man in blue, when the horses again came to a standstill.

"Stunt! Wagrash! look to your prisoner!"

"Stunt? Wagrash?" Could Archie believe his ears? Was it possible that——

But before he could speculate further he was being hustled along a darkened corridor, which yet seemed oddly familiar to him, and then, lo! he found himself standing at the buff-bar of the Slowborne Social Club with a score or more of laughing fellow-members around him.

"Prisoner at the bar!" began the supposed police-sergeant, and Toot, turning to look at him again, wondered why on earth he had not known it was old Marmy Munsford from the first. "Prisoner at the bar, apothecary and alleged poisoner, the sentence of the court is that you be detained in custody until you have invited every g

U.A.O.D.

GRAND PRESIDENT HONORED

At the Friendly Societies' Hall, Northcote, on Wednesday evening the officers and members of the Aberdeen, Gwalia, Preston, and Royal lodges tendered Bro. J. Whiteway a complimentary evening in honor of his election to the office of Grand President of the Order. There was a large attendance and the proceedings were characterised with the utmost enthusiasm and good will. Bro. H. More, D.P., presided. Amongst the visitors present were—Supreme Grand President Bro. J. J. Brennan, Grand Guardian Bro. J. Cock; Past Grand Presidents Bros. J. Allan, W. B. Lees, W. Boyd, and R. D. Jones; Board of Directors—Bros. F. W. Wood, W. Smith, C. R. Aetman, and J. Reidy.

The evening took the form of a smoke night, and between the toasts the following contributed songs, etc.—Messrs Humphries, Colling, Bard, Cope, Monoban, Dunn, Sheppard, Swale, Foster, Rose and Dunn, Mr. F. Paul acting as pianist.

The first toast honored after that of "The King" was a most comprehensive one, including "Supreme Grand Lodge, Grand Lodge Officers, Board of Directors, Justices' Appeal Committee, Past Grand Presidents' Association, and Past District Presidents' Association." It was proposed in appreciative and eulogistic terms by Bro. A. J. Serene who specialised the work of each body, which he said, were imbued with the one idea of bettering the position of the rank and file of the Order. (Applause). The toast was responded to by Bros J. J. Brennan, J. Cock, W. Boyd, F. W. Wood, and Eltringham. Bro. Cock mentioned that he had been closely associated with their guest (Bro. Whiteway) for five or six years, and was satisfied that he was thoroughly qualified to fill the high office of Grand President. In connection with the recent gala in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital, which resulted in a profit of £11,700, no one worked harder than their guest to attain success. (Applause).

Bro. J. J Liston proposed the toast, "Our Guest—Grand President Bro. J Whiteway." He said that their guest was a credit to the Order—(applause)—and he was delighted to be one of those present who had assembled to do him honor. During seven or eight years' association with their guest on the Board of Directors he found him a zealous and conscientious worker, and a man of unimpeachable integrity, and although modest and unassuming in manner, he was well equipped to maintain and promote the noble traditions of Druidism. He felt that their newly elected Grand President would exercise an influence for good on every lodge in the State, and that his term of office would be accompanied by a larger membership and increased funds. He asked them to be up standing and drink to the success of their guest—one of the white men of the Order. The toast was enthusiastically received with musical honors.

Bro. Whiteway, on rising to respond, was received with cheers. He said he wished to thank the brethren for the great compliment they had paid him that night. His heartfelt thanks were due also to Bro. Liston for the kind way in which he had proposed the toast, and to the company for the enthusiastic reception they had given him. It was twenty years since he joined the Order, and throughout that period he had endeavored to carry out the work in a straightforward and honest manner. Occasionally he had had to cross swords with brethren, but in doing so the spirit that actuated him was the preservation and prosperity of the Order. He felt he never allowed to exist—(applause)—if he could avoid it. In striving to do his duty to the Order generally he trusted that he would always enjoy the confidence of members, and he would never forget the honor the brethren had done him that night.

Bro. J. Parry proposed the toast of "The Visitors, Artists, and Press," which was duly responded to.

The proceedings were brought to a close with "Auld Lang Syne." Bro. J. Reidy (secretary) and his co workers are to be congratulated on the splendid evening's entertainment provided.

He wouldn't take Woods' Peppermint Cure,
And so he coughed
He coughed until his face was red;
He coughed until he was half dead;
His throat was sore,
His voice was soft,
And still he coughed, and coughed, and coughed,
For want of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure

FOOTBALL.

NORTHCOTE-PRESTON v. NORTH MELBOURNE.

This match took place at Croxton. There was a good attendance. Scott was included in Northcote's team.

North, winning the toss, kicked with the breeze towards the High street goals. Two minutes from starting, Hopkins managed to kick the ball, and it dribbled through first goal for the visitors. After some short passes by the home team, Gluyas passed to Ryan and first behind went up for Northcote. North again made play, and a rush forward was stopped by Hall and Billett. Some smart wing play by Cole brought the ball into North's stronghold. Norman, with a nicely judged pass, forwarded to Ryan, who boosted first goal for the Green and Gold. Off again, and some smart work by Teague, Taylor, and Hanna ended in the latter gaining North's second big point. Then some good ruck work followed in which Hammond and More, Northcote, and Sid Barker, North Melbourne were prominent. The quarter ended with the scores: North, 2 goals 8 behinds, 15 points; Northcote-Preston, 1 goal 2 behinds, 8 points.

The second quarter Northcote soon had the visitors in trouble, and were attacking strongly. Some good work by Smith to Johnson, Gluyas and Swift ended in the latter hooting a siver. Right from the bounce Northcote charged forward, and Ryan, from a place kick, added his side's third goal. Kendall, the umpire, stopped a lot of throwing the ball instead of hitting it. Johnson and Treloar (North Melbourne) sent the leather forward, but Thomas, with splendid dash and good judgment, cleared the North cote's goal, and passing to Johnson, to Norman, to Ryan, who again raised the two flags. Some excellent football was shown now, in which Beck, Moore, Swift and Ryan were to the fore, and from a nice long place kick by the latter the ball hit the post. He made up for it later on by gaining the major point. Directly afterwards the bell sounded the interval, with scores:—Northcote-Preston, 5 goals 6 behinds, 36 points; North Melb., 2 goals 9 behinds, 21 points.

The third quarter the game became fast, and some clever football was shown by both sides, the marking and passing being good. Earsman, who was playing well on the back line, in going for a mark in a crowd came down heavily, and was carried off the field, with an injury to his leg, and Northcote were now left with 15 men. It was unfortunate, as they were playing a strong game. North made a forward attack, and Elliott, from a nice drop kick, booted a major point, and Hardy got another. Hammond, securing from the bounce, passed to Ryan, and for the second time he hit the post, to the dismay of the local supporters. The game at this stage was very exciting, and the bell had to be rung a second time to announce three-quarter time. The board showed: Northcote-Preston, 6 goals 10 behinds, 46 points; North Melbourne, 5 goals 11 behinds, 41 points.

For the last change of ends, Northcote seemed to tire, and North made play towards the railway end, and after adding 3 or 4 behinds, Elliott got another goal for them. The home team again rallied, and Joe Johnson forwarded to Gluyas, who kicked it to Beck right in front, who had no difficulty in sending the oval through. From the bounce North forced matters, and seemed to last better than the Green and Gold, adding another goal and two behinds, and ran out winners by 13 points. Final:—

NORTH MELB.: 8 goals 18 behinds, 66 points.

NORTHCOTE-PRESTON: 7 goals 11 behinds, 53 points.

Northcote-Preston play Port Melb. on the Croxton Park, this afternoon.

Preston met Brighton last Saturday at the Preston Park, which resulted in a win for the seasiders by 8.8 to 1.6. Punch kicked Preston's goal, while La Frank, Kreiger, Noble, Croft, Sutherland, Pearman, and Newman strove hard to avert defeat. "Dinkum" McMill was greatly missed from the back line, and we hope his knee will soon be right again.

Preston journey to Yarraville to-day. Players and supporters are requested to catch 1 8 train from Reservoir and 1 55 from Flinders street. Team will be chosen from—La Frank, Sutherland, Noble, Hopkins, Campbell, Perdin, Ellis, Kreiger, Newman, Bowtell, Walker, Gibbs, Punch, Croft, Gibson, Chessuas, Fisher, Eaton, Pearman (2), Hendrie, Freeman, Marshall McMillan.

Northcote senior cadets won from Williamstown last Saturday by 10 19 to 5.5. Northcote meet at town ball at 2 15 to day.

Northcote Rifle Club.

NOTES BY TARGET.

The first stage for Captain A. H. Brown's trophy was fired last Saturday at Port Melbourne. The best shot off the rifle was E Witcomb, 35 (no possible) at 500 yards and 32 at 600 yards. D Skaill g also scored a possible at 600 yds. The match was fired at 500 and 600 yds, 7 shots at each. Others to do well were J. S. Goldsworthy 65 (5) 70 Capt. Brown 65 (5) 70, A. Weate 63 (5) 68 H. D Sonnes 61 (7) 68, A Burgess 63 (5) 68

D. Starling's target at 600 yds.

Next Tuesday evening the annual meeting of the club will be held in the club room Robert street.

On Saturday a spoon shoot was held, resulting, after a shoot off, in a win for H Hack. Possibles were put up at 500 yds. by O. H. Talmage and A Weate.

In the grand championship aggregate C. Talmage is leading with 433, O. Wilson and E. Witcomb being next with 421 each.

The Preston Loan.

TO THE EDITOR

Sir,—This is a season of the year when ratepayers should incline their attention to the mandate of citizenship, more especially in view of the abnormal expenditure decided on by the shire in regard to loan expenditure. A review of our financial resources will demonstrate. I am within the mark by allowing £3000 for the rate now authorised and collected. The reserve power applied would make it £3600. If £4000 would yield £1200 more, surely a sum sufficient to cope with the most unexpected exigencies of a small shire. In the event of securing the £12 000 at 5 per cent that would mean £600 per year from a revenue now inadequate, and to that must be added the 2½ per cent for sinking fund, which makes £900 per year to be withdrawn from pressing needs, and perhaps a little extra for the maintenance of the superfluous services supplied by loan expenditure, for the works contemplated cannot be classed as reproductive. In what way, then, can we make the coming August a factor in punctuating the rapid policy of borrowing, and then sorrowing with a full stop? I distinctly wish it to be understood that it is not with animus concerning the gentlemen who at much personal sacrifice render ungrudgingly their service; but it should be remembered that voluntary service carries no exemption from criticism.—Yours etc., F. W. DONOVAN.

BASEBALL.

NORTHCOTE B TEAM.

Last Saturday, after a series of accidents, managed to put a fairly representative nine in the field against the crack Hawthorn club. However, all Northcote's hopes of victory were dashed to the ground in the second innings when Hawthorn, by big hitting, scored nine runs. Northcote rallied after this, but could only hold the game, being unable to score. Hawthorn won by 10 runs.

W. Thomson, pitching, played well, and should have been better supported by his infield. Walker, catching, also played good ball, getting two put out at home, 3 safe hits, 2 runs. J. Thomson, first, was quite up to form, and scored two runs. R. Price, short stop, held two good flies. L. Richardson played his first game, and shaped well. Northcote have won a place in the first four of the C grade, a position which is highly creditable considering that the majority of the team are playing their first season.

Scores:—

Hawthorn ... ... 3,9,4,0,1,3,0 - 17
Northcote ... ... 3,1,1,0,1,0,1— 7

To-day Northcote B have the bye; and on 27th inst. meet North Melb., at North Melb. Team: Griffiths, Guest, Ladner, Morris, Oliver, Richardson, Thomson (2), Price, Walker.

T. E. Redmond, Ironmonger, Northcote, is offering wheelbarrows and garden tools at greatly reduced rates. [Advt.]

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails.

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.

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, 410. Write for Our Winter Catalogue.

Re Strathallan Cemetery.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Since Mr Emms' death I was appointed treasurer and secretary. As to the position of the cemetery since I became connected with it as above. The land lately given by asylum authorities on condition that same would be fenced in to their satisfaction the funds in hand not being sufficient the trustees agreed to advance £5 each, also to invite voluntary contributions to defray expenses. The books kept previously to my identification with the cemetery are open to inspection to any person desiring to see them. I sincerely trust that a response will be made to the appeal for funds as they are greatly needed. Contributions to be sent to Mr Adam Brown, secretary, Tyler street, Preston.—Yours etc.,

GEO HAMILTON, Trustee.

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Public Notices.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

BOYS and GIRLS, over 14 years of age, wishing to be enrolled for the Night Continuation School, Northcote, must leave their names with Mr. W. H. Kay, Chairman of Committee, Hawthorn Road (opposite School), or E. McPherson, Correspondent of Committee, No. 4 Beaver's Road, Northcote.

DR. STURDEE HAS RESUMED PRACTICE.
"Stoneycroft," Northcote.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE
OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

TO NIGHT. Superb TO-NIGHT.
TO NIGHT. Programme! TO-NIGHT.

Last Night of
The Great Australian Photo Play,
BREAKING THE NEWS.
BREAKING THE NEWS.
A Thrilling Story of Mining Life.

Also
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.
Another Feature Film.

And many other intensely interesting and Amusing Pictures.

THIS AFTERNOON
An Instructive and Joyous Programme has been arranged for the
CHILDREN'S MATINEE,
including
TOPSY'S DREAM
(Introducing all the Pantomimes),
BREAKING THE NEWS,
&c., &c.
Adults, 6d and 1s. Children, 3d and 6d.

The STAR FEATURE for Next Week, commencing Monday, July 22, is
A WOMAN'S MARTYRDOM,
A French Drama, presented with Thrilling Realism.

Every TUESDAY Night, commencing July 23.
Our Special Change,
THE EDUCATOR SERIES.
Not an Ordinary Programme, but Pictures of Travel, Science, Industry, &c.,
in conjunction with
SPECIAL OPERA NIGHT.
FULL ORCHESTRA.

Prices: Circle, 1s 6d; Stalls, 1s; Back Seats, 6d.
Children half rates (Saturday evenings excepted).
Saturday evenings half price Stalls and Circle only.

FREE TRAM RIDES.
FREE TRAM RIDES.
Ask the Conductor for a Northcote Theatre Concession Ticket.

THORNBURY PICTURES.
THORNBURY PICTURES.
THORNBURY PICTURES.
Northcote Tram Terminus.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
Exclusive Star Feature,
"HONOR THY FATHER,"
"HONOR THY FATHER,"
Teaching a Lesson in a Story, which sets its grip upon the heart and remains in the mind. A Great Story for Young and Old.
Human kindness and heart throbs of approval respond to this portrayal of sacrifice and devotion. 3000 feet long.
A Triumph of Loyalty and Gratitude.

The Pioneer Electric Picture Entertainment in the district. The Only Show in Melbourne giving a Complete New Program Each Night.
Admission: Children, under 12, 3d; Adults, 6d. Come Early for a Good Seat. Extra Seats provided for those who could not gain admittance last Saturday.
Don't Forget EVERY WEDNESDAY. New Star Pictures. Nothing but the Best.
Every MONDAY NIGHT, Complete Change of Pictures. Admission 3d. Reserved, 6d.
We show on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays

Amusements.

A GRAND JUVENILE BALL
GRAND JUVENILE BALL
(Plain and Fancy Dress)
By the Children of St. Joseph's School, will be held in
MILLER'S THORNBURY HALL,
Tram Terminus, Upper Northcote,
on
TUESDAY EVENING, 23rd JULY.
Dancing—Children, 8 to 10.
Adults 10 to 12
First Class Music by Benjamin's Band.
Tickets, 1/.
Proceeds in aid of the Bazaar.
Seats reserved for onlookers.

PRESTON PUBLIC LIBRARY (assisted by the Preston Friendly Societies) will hold a GRAND CARD TOURNAMENT and DANCE in the Shire Hall on THURSDAY NEXT, 25th July. Cards at 8 sharp Admission 1/. Tickets can be had from Friendly Societies and Library Committee.
Cr. J. P. HOWE, Vice-President.
G C. WINSETT, Hon. Sec.

BALLROOM DANCING.
MR. and Mrs. 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, Efficient M.C.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT,
Teacher of
DANCING AND CALISTHENICS.
"The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street,
CLIFTON HILL.
Juvenile Lessons, any hour or by appointment, 9/.
Adults, 15 lessons, any hour.
Latest Society Dances.

DANCING.
COOMBES & HALL'S FIRST CLASS STRING BAND.
Latest and Up-to-Date Music supplied for Balls, Parties, &c.
Mr. W. COOMBES, 49 Gooch St., Northcote.

Meetings

RICHARD OWENS FUND.

A Meeting of Subscribers to the above will be held at the Town Hall (Old Library Room), Northcote, on THURSDAY NEXT, 25th inst., at 8 p.m.

Business: To make arrangements for the Presentation to Mr. Owens.

J. G. MEMBREY, M.L.A.
H. E. BASTINGS, Mayor.

Wanted to Sell

BICYCLE, secondhand, newly renovated, new tyres and tubes; will accept first reasonable offer. "Burnleigh," Hayes St., Northcote (behind Fellowes').

LORRY Horses For Sale. Apply Factory J. O. Hutton Propy. Ltd., Oakover Road, South Preston.

ELASTIC Boot Machine (Wertheim), nearly new, good order; sell reasonable. Mrs. Vockensohn, next to Police Station, Epping.

Wanted to Buy

PERSON wants Dairy Farm or Land suitable for same, Northcote or Preston. "Scotsman," *Leader* office.

[CARD].

MR. M. CARMODY (29 years Education Department) has decided on starting a Night School for Backward Scholars who have not the opportunity of attending day school (either sex). Nights and hours to suit pupils.

For particulars apply M. Carmody, 71 Union Street.

Hattam's
Humming
Winter Sale!
Now On!
Continued To-Day and following Four Weeks

All Winter Drapery at "Quit" Prices!

Big Crowds all day yesterday.
Bigger Crowds expected this morning.
Please Shop Early.

Visit Us Often. Bargains [redacted]

Hattam & Hattam, Drapers, Northcote
Telephone, Northcote 268.

Auction Notices.

THIS DAY.
At 3 o'clock. On the Premises.
By Auction Without Reserve.
OAKOVER ROAD, PRESTON,
near Bell Station, West of Railway,
TWO D.F.W.B. HOUSES,
each four rooms, wood lined, iron roof, quantity of paling and picket fencing.

Terms—A deposit of £10 to be paid to the auctioneer on the fall of the hammer, and balance prior to the removal of the houses within 14 days from date of Sale.

McGEORGE BROS and SAVAGE, Auctioneer, High St., Preston. Phone, 162 Northcote.

WEDNESDAY, 24th JULY.
3 o'clock at Property.
"OONAH," 137 CLARKE STREET, NORTHCOTE
(Close Merri Station and Northcote Trams.)

STOTT & BASTINGS, in conjunction with A. ROBERTSON, under instructions from The National Trustees' Coy., of 113 Queen Street, and A. Robertson, Executors of J. Robertson's Estate, will Sell by Auction

D.F. BRICK VILLA,
Containing 8 Rooms, Bathroom (with bath-heater), Extensive Shedding, Fowl Runs, Slate Roof, Sewered, Land 75 x 310, planted with fruit trees and laid out in garden and lawn. Lovely position on hill commanding fine view, also
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, PIANO, and EFFECTS.

Title, Certificate may be inspected at the Office of J. Rogers May, Modern Chambers, 317 Collins Street.

Orders at STOTT & BASTINGS, Northcote (Tel. 1976), and A. ROBERTSON (Tel. 4, Northcote.

Local Government

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

LOAN No. 8.

TENDERS are invited up till 4 p.m. on Monday, 22nd July, for the construction of about 1100 lineal feet of 18 inch Pipe Drain in Mary Street and Bond Street and other works.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Town Hall, High Street.

Tenders to be on the Council's printed forms and must be accompanied by a deposit of 2½ per cent. on amount of tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. G. SWIFT,
Town Clerk.

SHIRE OF EPPING.

Notice is hereby given that a Court for Revising the Voters' Lists of the above-named Shire will be held at the Shire Hall, Epping, on Saturday, 27th July, 1912, at 12 noon.

B. McCORMACK,
President.
18th July, 1912.

PHYSICAL CULTURE—Miss Bosworth, Qualified Instructress, has started Classes (Girls and Boys) Saturday, 3 p.m., Rechabite Hall. New members welcome.

Special Announcement from

THOS. J. DOWD & CO.

Makers of High-Grade Suits & Costumes,

398 QUEEN'S PARADE, CLIFTON HILL. 398

OUR ANNUAL SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING.

TO-DAY A MAN IS UNWISE
if he is satisfied with any but the best that tailoring skill can produce.

Yet, it is often a problem where to get thoroughly reliable and satisfactory Suits at a reasonable price. WE SOLVED THE PROBLEM by erecting a high-grade Tailoring House in the suburbs free from the handicap of a heavy City rental.

Our Tailoring Staff is one of trained skill and experience. Our cutting is in the hands of one of the most skilful and experienced cutters in Melbourne.

Our Prices are reasonable, and our stock of High-Grade Fabrics is not excelled by that of any other tailoring house in Melbourne Will you call in one day and let us show you the hundred and one ideal fabrics suitable for present wear.

In Our Ladies' Tailoring Department

We intend to cause a greater sensation than ever by offering EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

During Sale time we guarantee to make you a Costume at £3 10s, equal to any £6 6s or £7 7s costume obtainable in the City.

However, we can only make a limited number at the price, so it will be advisable to place your Order early.

Thanking the residents of this district for the fine support accorded during the past season, and assuring you always of our best attention.

Yours faithfully,
THOS. J. DOWD (Trading as Thos. J. Dowd & Coy).

OUR ANNUAL SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING.

NORTHCOTE TOWN COUNCIL.

Monday, July 15.

Present:—Crs. Bastings (Mayor) Johnson, Schwaebsch, Harry, Hayes, Redmond, Lees, Dennis, Mason, Tharratt, Woolhouse, Henderson, Plant, Smith and Glanfield.

TELEPHONES AT STATIONS.

The Deputy Postmaster-General wrote, stating that the council's request for silence telephone cabinets at Northcote and Croxton stations could not be complied with; but that instructions had been given to have the cabinet at the post office placed in the recess as desired.

Cr. Henderson moved that the Mayor and ward members make further representations to the Postmaster-General on the subject. Cr. Woolhouse seconded; carried.

CULVERT BEACONSFIELD PARADE.

The Railway Department wrote, stating that it had no objections to the council constructing a brick culvert under the railway line at Beaconsfield Parade.—Received.

ASPHALTING AT ROBB'S PARADE.

Jones Bros. wrote, asking that the footpath in Robb's Parade be asphalted under their verandah, for which they would bear the cost.—Referred to ward members, on the motion of Cr. Redmond.

BEAVER'S ROAD DRAIN.

John Lang, Preston, wrote calling attention to the dangerous drain in Beaver's road. For want of a railing a lady had been knocked into the drain recently, and was now under the doctor's care.—Referred to the committee of the whole.

LAMP FOR ROBERTS STREET.

Geo. H. Osborne, 25 Jackson street, again applied to have a lamp erected at corner of Jackson and Roberts-sts. —Referred to the members of the ward.

F. BALLANTYNE ST.

Farren wrote, directing attention to the bad state of Ballantyne street, between High street and the railway.—Referred to works committee on the motion of Crs. Henderson and Tharratt.

PRESTON'S ELECTRIC FEEDER.

The Shire of Preston wrote stating that it had been decided to bring the electric feeder along the Metropolitan Board of Works' pipe track, instead of High street.—Received.

COLLINS STREET PATHS.

J. R. Kennedy, Collins street, wrote complaining of the bad state of the footpath, and the frequent use made by cyclists of the path.—Referred to works committee.

REQUEST FROM MERRI STREET.

J. G. Latham, Merri street, wrote, stating that he would appreciate a more effective cleaning of the street, which was frequently in a disgraceful state.—Referred to works committee.

ARTHURTON ROAD CHANNELLING.

J. C. Gloster wrote, asking that the channelling be continued from Latham street to the railway gates.—Referred to works committee, on the motion of Cr. Tharratt.

PETITION.

Cr. Hayes presented a petition from 12 ratepayers in St. David street, south of Darebin street, asking that the construction of the street be postponed.

He (Cr. Hayes) knew the plan was adopted, but he presented the petition as a matter of courtesy.

The Mayor said he did not think he could receive the petition as the ratepayers had the right to object personally.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

Cr. Dennis (chairman) submitted the report recommending—

1. That accounts amounting to £628 0s. 8d. be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. That lamps be erected in Arthurton road (at railway) and in Clyde street, and charged to ward's apportionment.—Adopted.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £691 7s. 1d. be passed for payment.

Cr. Redmond took exception to an item "Framing pictures for Library, J. Kirkby, £3 1s." He considered it should be paid out of the Library grant.

Cr. Hayes said the pictures had been presented by Mr. Tobin for hanging in the library, which was now used by practically the whole of the ratepayers of the town, 5000 books having been changed there last month. It seemed a little bit paltry to challenge the item.

Cr. Plant said even if it was deducted, the council would eventually have to find the money, as there was no councillor who did not know that the grant they were getting was insufficient. It was paltry to raise the point.

Cr. Redmond said Cr. Plant's remarks were uncalled for. If they passed £3 now, they might be asked to pass £50 later on.

Cr. Harry asked whether the vote was in order.

The Mayor said he was not going to rule it out of order.

The item was passed.

2. Library Committee—That the sum of £12, being the payment for the half-year of the amount voted, be paid.—Adopted.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

The Mayor submitted the report recommending—

1. Tramways Extension.—That the secretary of the conference be informed that the Council is of opinion the municipalities of Essendon, Brunswick, Northcote, and Heidelberg should be connected by a cross country tramway, or by other means.—Adopted.

2. Heidelberg Drainage Grant.—That the ruling of His Worship the Mayor to the effect that this Council's proportion of the grant cannot be applied to the purchase of a steam roller be substantiated.—Ruled out of order.

3. Level Crossing, High Street, at Picture Theatre.—That application be made to the proprietors for payment of the cost of the work.—Ruled out of order.

The Mayor remarked that he had just used his discretion between meetings, and he did not intend that any application should be made to the Theatre Company for it.

4. Loan 8, Sewer, Green Street, channelling, etc.—That tenders be invited for channelling and other works in connection with the stormwater sewer.—Adopted.

5. That plans for the construction of Hayes street be approved, and the time for hearing objections to apportionments be August 26, at 8 p.m. Adopted.

STREET CONSTRUCTION.

After the objections of several property-owners interested had been heard, plans and apportionments were adopted in connection with the construction of the following streets and lanes, viz:—Lane between Waterloo road and Andrew street, St. David street, from Clarendon street to Martin street, Jenkin street, from St. David street easterly to crown of hill, (2) McFarlane street, part of lane between Woolton Avenue and Kemp street.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Plant moved that the asphalting of Lawry street, south side, be completed to the end of the street.—Carried.

Cr. Dennis moved that the engineer be authorised to employ a clerk of works in connection with the Green street contract.—Carried.

Cr. Hayes moved that the matter of continuing the lighting of High street beyond midnight, be referred to the committee of the whole.—Carried.

Cr. Lees moved that the construction of Roberts street right-of-way be proceeded with as speedily as possible.—Carried.

Replying to Cr. Tharratt, the Surveyor said the matter of Aberdeen st. was blocked on account of an outlet being wanted through Dynan's land, about which negotiations were now proceeding.

Cr. Tharratt moved that the Metropolitan Board be asked to provide a footway over the pipe track at Shaftesbury parade. Cr. Henderson seconded; carried.

Cr. Schwaebsch moved that a crossing be put over Arthurton road, opposite the Catholic Church; also one at Clarke street; carried.

Cr. Harry moved that a crossing be made in Dennis street, opposite Salisbury Grove.

Cr. Dennis moved that their engineer confer with Fitzroy engineer in regard to seeing what can be done to improve the footway over the bridge at High street.

Cr. Lees in seconding the motion, said he thought the time was ripe for widening the roadway by supplying an outrigger footway.

Cr. Lees moved that attention be given to South Crescent roadway, also Westgarth street footpath; carried.

Cr. Henderson asked that the mayor would urge on the Railway Department the construction of a pathway from Woolton avenue to Croxton station.

Cr. Mason moved that attention be given at the corner of Westgarth and High street, near Cox's, which was in a dangerous state.

Cr. Smith called attention to the requirements of Bastings street.

WINTER ECZEMA.

LEG SWELLED UP TO AN ENORMOUS SIZE

TERRIBLE DISEASE COMPLETELY ERADICATED BY ZAM-BUK.

"My husband for years suffered on and off from eczema," says Mrs. J. McLean, of 41 Weigall street, South Yarra, Melbourne. "Last year, while he had an attack of this terrible skin complaint, he knocked his shin, which began to fester. Inflammation set in and his leg swelled up enormously. Finally this developed into acute discharging eczema. Matter flowed freely from the wound, and would keep on accumulating, notwithstanding the attention we devoted to it. He had great difficulty in getting about, the irritation was so bad and of a very trying nature.

"All the means we had tried to cure the disease failed to give any relief what ever, so after reading of some cures by Zam-Buk we decided to try this balm. It was marvellous to us how quickly Zam-Buk began to heal the wound. After only two or three applications the swelling and inflammation were subdued, all soreness and irritation ended, and all poisonous matter drawn out. With each application of Zam-buk the diseased condition grew less, until his leg was completely cured and new, healthy skin had formed. Since Zam-buk cured my husband's leg he has not had an attack of eczema in any shape or form. This proves that Zam-buk completely banished this awful disease from his system.

"Zam-buk forms an important part of our family medicine chest, for emergencies are always arising where there are children, which create a demand for its use." A pot of Zam-Buk, which is invaluable for all winter skin troubles, should always be kept handy in every home and workshop, and on every farm, cattle station and sheep run. 1s 6d. and 3s. 6d., of all stores and chemists.

Notices

NORTHCOTE THEATRE,
High Street (opp. Town Hall).

MRS. SHIELS
(Miss Barry)
is now making a Display of Up to Date and Smart Styles in
WINTER MILLINERY
at Moderate Prices, and will be pleased to see her friends and old customers at the above address.

DRESSMAKING.

MISS WRIGHT,
DRESSMAKER,
13 HERBERT ST., NORTHCOTE.
Late with Miss Wood, Westgarth Street.

First Money-Saving

SOLWAY SALE

Now On!

Extraordinary Bargains for One Month Only.

Everything at Cost Price.

Solway Clothing Coy.

Opposite Fitzroy Post Office.

No Watches after this Week

O.S.T.

The Preston division held its usual meeting on Tuesday evening, Bro. F. James presiding for the first time, and very earnestly asked the members to do their best to make his term a record one. One new member was received and duly welcomed. The balance sheet was most satisfactory. Bro James was selected to represent the Division at the Hawthorn banquet on July 26th. Bro. Mitchell, who for some time had been the W.P., was, by virtue of office, placed in the P.W.P. chair for the present term.

Notices

"Hillside" Nursery,
NORTHCOTE,
FOR
ROSES
from 6d each.
Standards 1s 6d each.
Your own selection.
Strong well-rooted Plants.

Carnations, Hedge Plants, Shrubs, Seedlings, etc.

(Cotton) Palms (Brahea Filamentosa) Fine specimens, 1s to 7s 6d.

Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants.

Landscape Gardening a Specialty.
Plants for Hire.

A. MAGGS,
168 CLARKE ST. (near High St.)
Catalogues Post Free

Clocks · Watches · Jewellery · Silverware

WHY GO TO MELBOURNE FOR JEWELLERY?

PINK & SON,
Manufacturing Jewellers
Twenty years' experience with City Firms.
We Save Middleman's Profit by manufacturing all we show.
REPAIRS of every description.
F.P. Ware, Watches, Clocks.
241 High St., Northcote
(Opposite Theatre).
Licensed Buyer of Wrought Gold.

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).

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch
Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove).
Next meeting—25th July.
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.
A. C. WILLIAMS, 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—1st August.
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 Preston Half, High Street.
Next meeting—30th July.
Sick Benefits:—For 12 months, £1 per week; following 6 months, 10/- per week; afterwards during sickness, 5/- per week.
Funeral Benefits:—£20 at death of a member; £15 at death of a member's wife (if insured).
Contributions:—Benefit members, 1/- per week upwards; Honorary members, 1/- per quarter; Proposition Fees, 2/6.
Loans Advanced on Real Estate.
CHAS. H. WARR, Secretary
"Winnieville," Railway Place, Preston.

Announcements

PHONE 6974
Why should Ladies call at
The Regal
98 Smith Street
Near Post Office
Because they can have a Nice Lunch or Afternoon Tea.
High-Class Pastry and Confectionery.

Estate and Insurance Agents

ALLOTMENTS FOR SALE

Emmaline Street, 43 x 112, partly fenced ...	£80
Darebin Road, near High Street, 10 x 1.0, fenced both sides	£85
Station Avenue, fenced both sides, 30ft frontage ...	£60
Harold Street, 66 x 134, near Station ...	£132
Union Street, near Merri Station, 31 x 120, fenced both sides ...	£102
South Crescent, near Westgarth Station, 54 x 130	£175
Robert Street, 80 ft., streets made	£160
Clarke Street, 31 x 125, fenced sides ...	£85

Many others.

ERNEST LEES,
Auctioneer, Agent, and Sworn Valuer,
295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 54.

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
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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.
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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.,
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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.

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Swift & Corben,
ESTATE AGENTS,
HOUSE, LAND, AND FARM SALESMEN,
232 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
RENTS COLLECTED.
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Fine List of Properties For Sale and To Let.

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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
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Phone, Northcote 251.
E. H. SMITH,
LAND, ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
499 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
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Houses and Land Sold and Let.
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Loans Negotiated.
Valuations Made.
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ESTATE,
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and
INSURANCE
AGENT,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Town Hall).
Rents Collected.
Loans Negotiated.
Insurances Effected.
Valuations Made.
DON'T FORGET—
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL

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475 481 Bourke Street, Melbourne.
The name Gresham stands for Stability, Safety and Solidity.
It transacts, amongst others, the following:
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Ernest Lees, Agent, High St.
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For Low Rates & Prompt Settlements, etc.
The London Fire Assurance Corporation
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The London Fire Assurance Corporation
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FIRST HALF-YEARLY "OUT-THEY-GO SALE" NOW ON.

All Winter Goods are being cleared at half-price.

Stylish Millinery, Smart Coats and Costumes, Dress Goods, Blankets and Rugs, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Suits, Trousers, Shirts, Hats, etc., all at "out-they-go" prices.

PAY US A VISIT. Train and Tram Fares are paid by us.

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.

MOTOR CARS FOR HIRE
DAY OR NIGHT.
THEATRES AND BALLS.
Charges: 1/- per mile.
5/ per hour detention.
50 per cent. extra between midnight and 5 a.m.
Write or Phone (Northcote 77).
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Northcote Motor Garage
has just opened at
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(next Ice Works).
FIRST-CLASS REPAIRING.
Oils and Accessories.

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VETERINARY SURGEON AND EQUINE DENTIST,
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Open to call at any hour of night or day
Telephone Central 6204.

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.

PAINTING AND DRAWING.
MISS MARGARET B. WEIR'S PAINTING and DRAWING Classes, Northcote Town Hall, Saturdays afternoon at 2.30, evening at 7.
All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade, Royal Park

Great Sale of Secondhand Cycles from 30s.
Large Stock of Winter Lines: Capes, 8/6 and 10/6; Leggings, 2/- and 2/6; Burning and Lubricating Oil, 9d pint. Large Stock of Lamps from 2/6. Carbide, 4½d lb. Call and inspect —our stock of Sundries.—
Cycles Built to order from £8 10
Merson's Moa Cycle Works
218 High St., Northcote. Phone Northcote 78.

The Noted Cheap Depot for Everything
T. E. REDMOND,
Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,
410 High Street, Northcote.
Wheel Barrows, light and strong, 21/-
Spades, 2/11 and 4/6.
Digging Forks, 2/6, 3/6 and 4/- each
Wire Netting.

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Established 1886.
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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/. 2nd term commences Friday, 26th July. Third term, Thursday, 25th July.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.C.D.
Pharmacy, Junior Public, and General Improvement Classes held at the College.
Juniors, between the ages of 6 and 8, under experienced lady teacher, £1 1s per quarter.
50-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Evening Classes at the College. Third term begins Wednesday, July 17.

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Accounts Adjusted and Collected.
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Commissioner for Taking Declarations and Affidavits.
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Trust Moneys To Lend.

A. LEWIS'S,
350 QUEEN'S PARADE
NORTH FITZROY.
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.

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.

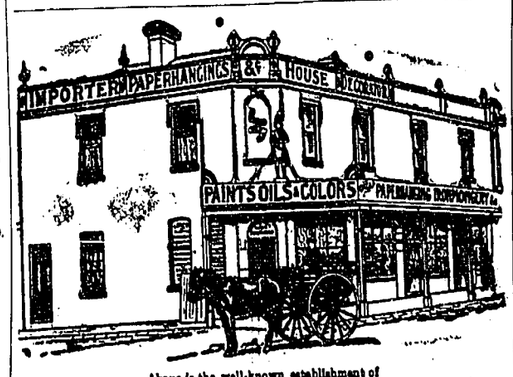
WILLIAM BRACE,
NURSERYMAN,
WISHES to inform all who are interested in Gardening that he has a splendid assortment of Blossoming and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses and Carnations, Palms of all varieties, Climbing Plants, Fruit Trees in season, Annuals, & all Nursery Stock.
All communications addressed to William Brace, senr., Christmas St., Northcote, will be thankfully received.

A. E. WOOLHOUSE,
Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).
Cutlery of every description—Razors, Scissors, Pocket Knives (from 1 to 75 blades Carvers in cases, Carving Knives and Forks up to 5 feet long. Cutlery ground & set daily Optical Goods, Brushware, &c. Umbrellas of every description in stock, silver or gold mounted, or made to order. Repairs and Re-Covers a Speciality.

LINES BY SPOKESHAVE.

I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I got a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop.
As it 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.

Announcements.

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.

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 Fairest Aim 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

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).

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

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
Upon the first the dollars rain—
The other merchant busted!

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.
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.

E. M. KELSO
WISHES to intimate to the Public of Preston and district that he has purchased the old established
Saddlery Business
carried on by Mrs. MEYER at
141 PLENTY ROAD, PRESTON,
and intends equipping it with an entirely New Stock, comprising all branches of the trade.
Goods manufactured on the premises by skilled workmen, and a guarantee will be given with all work.
REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.
E.M.K. is here to give complete satisfaction and hopes to receive a fair share of public patronage.
First prize Silver Medal for Stock Saddle at National Agricultural Society's Show.

J. W. LUCAS,
Art Upholsterer
(late with H. Ackman)
BEGS to notify the residents of Northcote and surrounding districts that he is opening business as Furniture Manufacturer and Repairer at
521 HIGH ST., UPP. NORTHCOTE
His Main Feature will be—
Cheapness and Good Workmanship.
A Trial Solicited.

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.

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

Northcote Leader.

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

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

{Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a Newspaper.} SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1912 {Printed and published by the proprietors, R. J. and J. S. WHALLEY, at their office, 297 High street, Northcote, in the State of Victoria.} Price 1d

Business Notices.

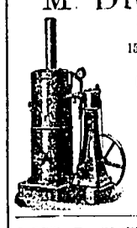
R. B. LAWRENCE,
Dyer, Cleaner & Feather Dresser.
A Suit or Dress like new from 5/6.
Illustrated Price List and Address Labels sent Post Free.
MELBOURNE—4 Elizabeth Street.
50 Swanston Street.
Royal Arcade.
ALL SUBURBS.
Offices & Works,
CUNNINGHAM STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

Your Boot Man
DIMMICK!
Big Stock!
Small Prices!
Extra Value!
NO CARDBOARD
243 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE.

IF YOUR
WATCH
DOES NOT KEEP TIME
TAKE IT TO
GEO. H. ARMFIELD.
138 SMITH STREET, COLLINGWOOD
(next to Foy & Gibson's).
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
SPECTACLES TO SUIT ALL SIGHTS.
Phone, Central 8185.

Established 20 years.
W. FIRTH,
GENERAL DRAPER,
344 SMITH STREET,
COLLINGWOOD
(Below Johnston Street).

M. DROLZ,
ENGINEER, &c.,
154 156 BELL ST., PRESTON
(Near Bell Station).



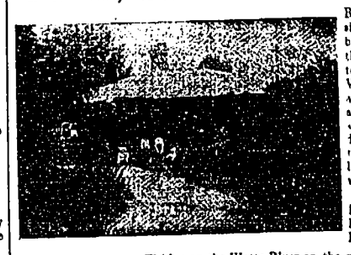
General Repairs to Steam Engines and Boilers, Gas Engines, and other Machinery.
Phone, Northcote 10

NORTHCOTE THEATRE,
High Street (opp. Town Hall).
MRS. SHIELS
(Miss Barry)
Is now making a Display of Up to Date and Smart Styles in
WINTER MILLINERY
at Moderate Prices, and will be pleased to see her friends and old customers at the above address.

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

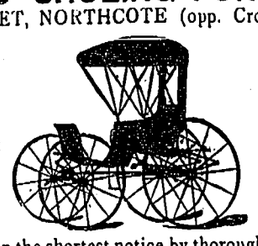
DRESSMAKING.
MISS WRIGHT,
DRESSMAKER,
13 HERBERT ST., NORTHCOTE.
Late with Miss Wood, Westgarth Street.

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



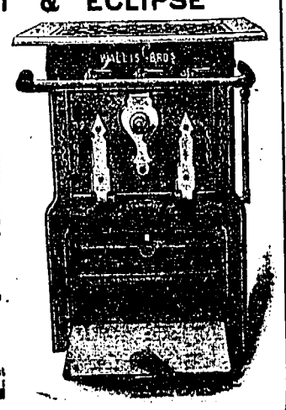
Beautifully situated in extensive gardens and grounds, beside the Watts River; on the main road to the celebrated Condon's Gully, Donnelly's Weir, and Myer's Falls, with a deep verandah commanding a panorama of Mts. St. Leonard, Monda, Juliet, and Riddell. Close to the main roads to the Blacks' Spur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

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 close 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: 412 Bourke Street, City.
Phone, 8381 Central.
Manufacturers of the Famous "Bolar" Stoves, Cast Iron Revolving Washing Copper Frames, Gas-Fire Stoves (all kinds) & Ranges.



MODERNISING JERUSALEM.

Few realise the rapidity at which Jerusalem is extending. Until a generation ago there were no buildings outside its walls, which have a circuit of about three miles, enclosing about 200 acres, thirty-five of which are devoted to the temple area. At sundown, as also at noon, during the Mohammedan prayers on Friday, the gates were all closed, and it was almost all a man's life was worth to arrive after they were shut.

Then, when the Jews began to return in large numbers, and the city could not hold them, they ventured to live and build outside, at first with a good deal of apprehension and considerable danger, which gradually passed away as the Government became more stable and extending. Curiously enough, this line of improvement has followed closely the description of the re-building of Jerusalem given in Jeremiah. Then one of the gates was left open all night, then a second, and a third, until all are never closed—in fact, two of the entrances have no gates at all.

The recent arrival of a large American motor road roller in Jerusalem, and the decision to equip the Holy City with an efficient tramway service, calls attention to what is being done in the modernisation of the Holy Land. Indeed, ever since the triumph of the Young Turkish party over Abdul Hamid, some three and a half years ago, western ideas and modern method have been gradually introduced.

Those improvements, moreover, have been effected so quietly and with so little advertisement that the rest of the world scarcely realises the progress that has taken place.

THE DREAD OF THIRTEEN.

The dread of sitting down 13 to table is equally widespread. And however much superior people may scoff, there are undoubtedly very strange stories told of ill-luck befalling people who had the temerity to dine with 12 companions.

Sir John Millais, the great painter, once had a dinner party, at which Matthew Arnold, among others, was present. During the meal somebody noticed that there were 13 diners, and expressed alarm.

Matthew Arnold said:

"According to the superstition, the first of us to leave the table will die within the year. But we will cheat Fate. Three of us will rise at the same time—myself and these two strong young men here."

Accordingly at the end of the meal the three men—Arnold, a Mr. Dawes, and another man, who is referred to, for obvious reasons, in the story as "E.S."—rose and left the table simultaneously.

Six months after Matthew Arnold died. A week or so later "E.S." was found dead in his bed, with a revolver beside him. And before the year was up Mr. Dawes was drowned in the steamship Quetta, which went down in the Indian Ocean with all hands.

BORNEO AND ITS CROCODILES.

It is a common sight in Borneo to see a large crocodile sunning himself on the muddy bank of the river. He takes no notice of the natives, even though they pass quite near him. So common, indeed, is the sight that the Dyaks themselves pay no heed to these dangerous reptiles; and yet it is no unusual thing in Borneo to hear of some human life being taken by a crocodile.

For months perhaps the crocodiles in a river live at peace with mankind, and then suddenly one of these creatures will carry off some lad bathing in the river, or even attack someone paddling along in his boat. I know of a Dyak girl who, when sitting and paddling at the stern of a canoe, was knocked over into the water and carried away by a crocodile, and her companions could no save her.

There seems to be no reason why the crocodile should suddenly show a maneating propensity in this way. The Dyaks account for it by a curious superstition. They say if food is offered to a person, and he refuses it, and goes away without at least touching it, some misfortune is sure to befall him, and he will most likely be attacked by a crocodile. Also, it is said that one of the ways the gods punish crime is by sending a crocodile to attack the culprit; and I have often heard it said by Dyaks of someone he has displeased by a crocodile that probably he has displeased the gods, either by paying no heed to the warnings sent him in dreams or by means of omen birds, or by committing some hidden crime.

The Dyaks of Borneo will not kill a crocodile except in revenge. If the animal will live at peace with him, the Dyaks have no wish to start a quarrel; if, however, the crocodile breaks the truce and kills someone, then he feels justified in retaliating. Under these circumstances, the Dyaks set to work to find the culprit, and go on catching and killing crocodiles until they succeed in doing so. The Dyaks generally wear brass ornaments, and by cutting open a dead crocodile they can easily find out if he is the creature they wish to punish.—From "Crocodile Catching in Borneo," by the Rev. Edwin H. Gomes, in Chambers's Journal.

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.

TELEPHONE FACILITIES.

FURTHER CONCESSIONS TO PRESTON.

At the meeting of the Preston council on Monday evening a letter was received from the Postmaster-General's Department agreeing to comply with the council's request to instal public telephones at Preston and Bell railway stations.

Cr. Crispe, after expressing his satisfaction with these concessions, said a telephone was even more necessary at Regent station, and he moved that a request be made for one to be installed there.

Cr. Howe seconded the motion which was carried.

GOUT AND THE ANCIENTS.

We hear a good deal of the degeneracy caused by the spread of civilization and luxury, says an exchange; and, therefore, learn with some satisfaction that our primeval ancestors were just as rheumatic as some of their descendants. Dr. Lucas Championniere recently announced the results of a very careful investigation undertaken by Dr. Marcel Baudouin, who has been directing the searches engaged in by the Pre-historic Society of France, at Vendrest, in the Seine-et-Marne. Dr. Baudouin has examined the skeletons of upwards of one hundred men and women who lived in the stone age, and he has observed deformations in the backbones of a number of them. In the male skeletons those deformations were chiefly to be noticed at the base of the neck and in the lumbar region, while in the case of the female skeletons they were most conspicuous in the back. These defects Dr. Championniere attributes to chronic arthritis, and in a communication made to the Academy of Science he argues that the dwellers in caverns in that remote age were quite as rheumatic, as gouty, and as dyspeptic as people are at the present day. In fact, pre-historic men had all the ailments of their descendants without the port wine and the good dinners. Primitive men could develop gout on Spartan fare.

Nurses and Privat Hospitals

NURSE BOKEHEPST 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" PRIVATE HOSPITAL,
Darebin Road, Northcote.
Certificated and Trained Nurses available for Outdoor Practice.
Tel., 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.
"Morne," 36 Gladstone Avenue, Northcote (near Croxton station).

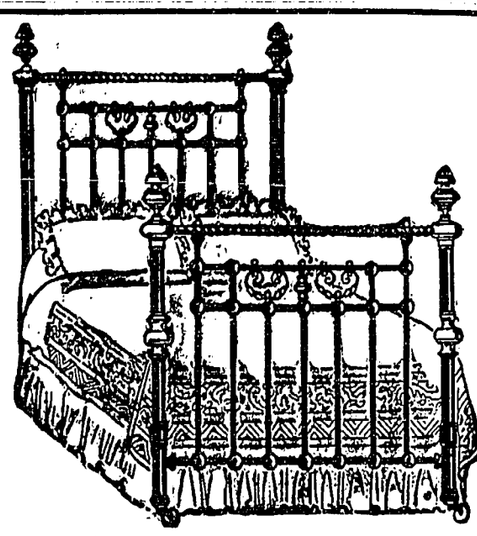
NURSE VERTIGAN
(Certificated A.T.N.A.)
MIDWIFERY and OBSTETRICAL NURSE,
"Roxburgh,"
9 BURTON STREET, NORTHCOTE

NURSE McKENZIE
(English Certificates).
PRIVATE HOSPITAL
(Registered),
"Bonnie Doon," 15 Gadd St., Northcote (near Croxton station)

Notices

"Hillside" Nursery,
NORTHCOTE,
FOR
ROSES
from 6d each.
Standards 1s 6d each.
Your own selection.
Strong well-rooted Plants.
Carnations, Hedge Plants, Shrubs, Seedlings, etc.
(Cotton) Palms (Brahea Filamentosa) Fine specimens, 1s to 7s 6d.
Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants.
Landscape Gardening a Speciality.
Plants for Hire.
A. MAGGS,
168 CLARKE ST. (near High St.)
Catalogues Post Free

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



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 Clausen's price is, the quality is always of the best possible.
CLAUSCEN & CO. 94-196 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.

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.

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.
CHAS. FOWLER, Carpenter & Builder, Jobbing Work. Brooders and Fowl Houses a speciality. Stone House, High street (Regent station), Preston.
BUILDING SAND, coarse or fine; also gravel and first-class garden soil, delivered in all suburbs. A. Strengman, Bell Street, South Preston.

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 Shed, called for and and Returned.
Best Materials Used. A Work Guaranteed.

LADIES!
We guarantee our Costumes tailored in the Latest Up-to-Date Paris tyles. You will save money by getting your —Costume at—
O'BRIEN & DOWN'S
284 SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

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.

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.

The QUICKEST, BEST, & Most Convenient Manner of Heating Dwelling Houses, Offices, etc., is with a
A GAS FIRE

Reduces Household Labor to a Minimum
No Cleaning Dirty Grates or Removing Ashes.
PERFECT REGULATION of Heat ensuring uniform temperature.
We can supply GAS FIRES from 22/6 upwards to suit any room, and to fit in moddern Register Grates. Maximum cost of fixing, 10/-. Write or phone for particulars.
The Metropolitan Gas Company,
186 Flinders St., Melbourne. Phones 8163 (5 lines)

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).

FRED. SMITH,
UP-TO-DATE
GENTLEMEN'S HAIRDRESSER.
Cleanliness. Good Workmanship.
Razor Setting a Speciality.
242 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

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

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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 " } Practice from 8.30
Saturday "
And on Saturday Afternoons, 3 to 5 30
At their New Academy, Specially Built, No. 264 Drummond Street, Carlton.
Call, Write, or Phone 5608. Prospectus Post Free.

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
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.

Telephone, Northcote 290.
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.

Church Notices.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NORTHCOTE.

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

HOLY TRINITY, THORNBURY
Railway Parade).

Sunday Services:
11 a.m., Holy Communion. Rev. C. W. WOOD.
4 p.m., Holy Baptism.
7 p.m., His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (JAMES ST.)

Minister—Rev. R. W. ROCK.
Sabbath Services:
Morning subject, "Mystery—The Seven Periods of his Life."
Evening subject, "A Sermon's Threefold Result."
See advt. for Anniversary Concert
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible Classes at 3.

FERGUSON MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Divine Service will be held in the Campbell Grove Hall on Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Mr. W. BREDIN. Subject—"A Neutral Position" (continued). Sunday School at 3 o'clock.

NORTHCOTE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Services:
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. CHARLES [illegible] (of South Melbourne)
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

PRINCE OF WALES' PARK METHODIST CHURCH.

Sunday Services:
11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. C. CARNE.
Seats Free. Strangers welcomed.

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

Sunday Services:
2.30 p.m., Sunday School.
7 p.m., Mr. GEORGE HUNTER.

PRESTON METHODIST CHURCHES

Sunday Services:
PRESTON.—11 a.m., Mr. C. H. FOULKES; 7 p.m., Rev. R. O. KNEE, subject, "The King's Mistake, or, The Sin of Disobedience"
SOUTH PRESTON.—11 a.m., Rev. E. O. KNEE; 7 p.m., Mr. C. H. FOULKES.
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.

NORTHCOTE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday, 28th July.
Rev. G. J. MACKAY will conduct Farewell Services morning and evening.
Tuesday, 30th July, at 8 p.m., Public Farewell Meeting. Addresses by Prominent Speakers.

SALVATION ARMY, NORTHCOTE.

Sunday, 28th July.
Mrs. COLONEL KNIGHT, assisted by a Band of 50 other Women, will conduct the meetings all day. A great time is expected. You are invited.
Wednesday night, Service of Song "Wreck of the Wairarapa." Admission Silver Coin.

Wanted to Buy.

FIREWOOD.—Wanted regular supply [illegible] or longer, say price, particulars [illegible] four station to Moulden, West Merchant, Reservoir, Preston.

To Let

TO LET.—New Brick Shop and Store room, plate glass window, marble front, good position, close Shire Hall, Preston. Nice position. McGEORGE Bros. and Savage, 323 High street, Preston.

WANTED to Rent, part shop window High street, Northcote, between Separation street and Town Hall. Photographer, 3 Walker Street.

Northcote Commercial College.

LEARN WHILE YOU EARN.

Pending the securing of suitable premises classes are being held at address below.

FEES:

Shorthand, £1 per quarter.

Shorthand and Typewriting, £1 11s 6d per quarter.

Full Business Course (Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-Keeping, &c.) £2 17s 6d per quarter.

Special Class, 5 to 6 every evening: Shorthand, Typewriting and Book-Keeping, £1 11s 6d per quarter.

PRINCIPAL:
ADELE T. CUTCLIFFE, M.P.S. London, Silver Medalist London,
Corner of Cunningham and McLachlan Sts., NORTHCOTE SOUTH.

All Classes of Shorthand Work and Typewriting executed at moderate prices.

REID'S PURE CEYLON TEAS!

Sales of the above have for some time past been steadily increasing. This we attribute to their Exceptional VALUE. Carefully selected from the pick of the New Season's Importations they represent the best and choicest obtainable.

1/- and 1/3 per lb.

G. REID.

Excelsior Stores,

HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
(Opposite corner to Savings Bank),

And at 279 Westgarth Street, Northcote South (near Fairfield).

MRS. HOLLAND'S WINTER SALE

OF MILLINERY, FURS, CORSETS

BARGAINS IN TRIMMED MILLINERY.
Seal and Beaverette Toques from 3/11
Fur Hats from 4/11 Soft Felt Hats from 3/11
Untrimmed Hats in Chip, 2/11

GREAT REDUCTIONS IN FURS.
Black Foxaline Necklets from 6/11
Sealette Stoles from 1/11
Black Foxaline Muffs from 6/11
Sealette Muffs, 4/11

CORSETS in all the Newest Models from 1/11 to 18/6

118, 120, 122 Smith St., Collingwood

Our Sale—Your Chance

We stock everything in Children's Woollen Goods and these are to be cleared at reduced prices.

In Hosiery we excel. Every line has been reduced. Ladies' Cashmere Hose from 10½d pr. Children's all wool Socks from 10½d pr

We have a large stock of Aprons to be cleared. Print from 9d each. Black from 11½d each. Nurse's 1/5 each.

MRS. POWELL

HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE. | QUEEN'S PDE., CLIFTON HILL.

Ladies! Here is Your Opportunity!

MRS. & MISS WALKER

are now selling at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

a Magnificent Assortment of

LADIES' HAND BAGS

Every conceivable Size, Shape and Style,

FROM ONE SHILLING UPWARDS

A Glance in the Window will satisfy you that this is not mere talk.

Address: 205 High St., Northcote
(next Stott & Bastings).

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON!

IS

F. G. SMITH'S

HALF-YEARLY SALE STOCK-REDUCING

NOW ON

Special Line of Men's Flannels at 2/3 | Double-bed Colonial Blankets, 12/6 pair

We are making Special Reductions in Ladies' Underclothing in order to advertise the High-Class Work turned out by our Workrooms.

This is a MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITY, and you are requested to visit our Store and See for Yourselves the UNEXAMPLED BARGAINS we are offering.

245 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE

Winter Footwear

The Winter Shoe Question is easily and definitely settled by an inspection of the fine Winter Styles now showing at "The Home of Good Footwear." The variety is almost infinite—there's a Shoe for every foot—a price to meet every purse. Every pair guaranteed. Ask for a copy of "Hurst's Shoe Guide"—free & interesting

Robert Hurst

"The Home of Good Footwear,"

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

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BE YOUR OWN LANDLORD

BUY COTTAGES AND VILLAS FOR LESS THAN RENT.

MAIN ROAD FRONTAGES.
Plenty Road Blocks.
£13 10s £13 10s
Business Sites.
Monthly Payments,
2s 6d each.
£2 Deposit for One Lot.
£3 Deposit for Two Lots.
Six Blocks just sold.
Only few left.

KILLARA ESTATE,
Tyler and Jeffrey Streets.
Only 6 Blocks.
Streets Made and Channelled.
No Deposit. No Interest.
Two Years' Terms.

W.B. VILLA,
5 Rooms, Convenience.
High, Corner Position.
Close to Train and Shops.
£225, or offer.
£15 Deposit, 10/- week.
WHY PAY RENT!

LAND! LAND!
EXCEPTIONAL TERMS.
NO DEPOSIT. NO INTEREST.
Select a Site for Your
FUTURE HOME.
Right Along the RAILWAY LINE.
Close to Main Roads.

ALLOTMENTS
ALLOTMENTS
In the following Estates are in our hands for Sale:

Sheffield ...	50 x 180
Only 5 lots left.	
Benambra ...	40 x 120
Opposite Preston Station.	
Regent Station	50 x 200
Most of this land was disposed of at auction in one afternoon.	
La Mascotte ...	50 x 128
Delightful spot amongst the trees at Regent Station.	
Mount Bischoff	50 x 128
Fine Residential Area.	
Murrayville	50 x 145
Just subdivided. Progressive and Select Locality.	
Wilkinson's ...	40 x 128
Direct Street to Station. Several New Houses in course of erection.	
Bellevue ...	50 x 119
On the Slope of the Hills. Small Deposits.	
Grand Central ...	50 x 160
All Surveyed. Perfect Drainage. In the midst of Modern Villas.	
Coronation ...	57 x 230
Close to Regent Station	
Mount Pleasant	50 x 210
Commanding Views in every direction.	
Gowerville ...	40 x 112
Only 6 Blocks. Close to Plenty Road.	
Town Hall ...	
Between two Main Roads. Adjoining Public Buildings.	

Titles, Certificate.
Clients driven to inspect.

McGEORGE BROS. & SAVAGE,
Auctioneer,
Rent Purchase Agents,
Subdivisional Land Salesmen,
323 High St. Preston Station.
Phone, Northcote 162.

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.

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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.

THOMAS WEBSTER,
L.D.S., M.A.O.D.,
DENTIST.
Only Address—
806 Queen's Parade, CLIFTON HILL.
Hours—9 to 6, 7.30 to 9.
Telephone 1832J, City.

MR. L. R. McGREGOR
SURGEON DENTIST,
Of 193 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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MADDOCK, JAMIESON AND LONIE,
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CONVEYANCERS.
136 and 138 Queen Street (between Bourke and Little Collins Streets), Melbourne.
Private address: Mr. A. M. LONIE "Craigiolea," 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, 413 Collins Street, Melbourne.
Tel. 853.
W. J. HOME, Commissioner for Victoria.
A. S. WILKINSON, Private Address—"Fylingdales," King William St. Preston
LOCAL OFFICE: McGeorge's Agency, High St., where Mr. Wilkinson will attend Tuesdays and Fridays from 8.30 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

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,
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EQUITABLE BUILDING, 314 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.
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Trust and other Money to Lend.
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H. E. ELLIOTT, L.L.B.,
Commissioner of the Supreme Court of Victoria for Taking Affidavits.
Private Residence: "Dalriada," Darebin Road, Northcote.

MR. J. BARRATT,
SOLICITOR.
Office: 53 JAMES STREET,
NORTHCOTE.

Death.

MACMILLAN.—On the 22nd July, at Bay View street, Northcote, Isabella, relict of the late Duncan Macmillan, of Ballarat, and beloved mother of Mary Margaret and John Macmillan, Mrs. May, Mrs. Campbell, and Mrs. Jackson; aged 76 years.

In Memoriam.

BATTEN.—In loving memory of my dear friend, Florence Batten, who died 28th July, 1911.
A patient sufferer at rest.
—Inserted by E.J.R.

BATTEN.—In fond and loving remembrance of my dear daughter, Florence Batten, who died 28th July, 1911; also much loved sister of Mrs. Seager, Charles, George, and Arthur Maggs.

BATTEN.—In loving memory of Florence Batten, who died on the 28th July, 1911. Inserted by her loving cousins, K. and H. Ford.

HENDERSON.—I loving memory of darling Milton. Words are too poor to express what home is without our bright little Milton.
Inserted by his lonely parents.

The Leader
JUSTICE TO ALL.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 27.

The Rev. G. J. Mackay, who has been pastor of the Northcote Baptist Church for just over two years, will conduct farewell services to-morrow morning and evening. The reverend gentleman is retiring for the present from pastoral duties to undertake the work of Home Mission Director in connection with the Baptist Denomination of Victoria. Mr. Mackay's term in Northcote has been exceptionally successful, as is evidenced by the fact that the membership of the church has more than doubled, now running into three figures, whilst the congregations have grown to such an extent that the seating capacity of the building has often been severely taxed. Deep regret has been expressed by Mr. Mackay's flock at his early departure. A public farewell meeting is to be held on Tuesday evening, when representative speakers will take part.

Richard Owens Fund.

The treasurer of the above (the mayor, Cr. Bastings) acknowledges the following additional donations, per Mr. Arthur Shands:—E. Wynne 5s, C. Tobin 2s, B. Best 2s, L. Ward 1s, H. Hoyle 2s 6d, M. McKenzie 1s, Friend 2s, Friend 1, Friend 2s 6d, per Mr. Ross 2s 6d, H. Parry 5s, S. Wing 2s 6d.

It has been decided to make the presentation to Mr. Owen at the Northcote theatre on Saturday evening, August 3.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails. 1/6.

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

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

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

Localisms.

Preston Council's long agitation for more generous consideration at the hands of the Metropolitan Fire Brigades' Board is bearing fruit at last, as the plans are now ready for a new fire station.

The committee of the Northcote Free Library desire to acknowledge the following donations: Mr. J. G. Latham, 10/-; Mr. H. Wardle Smith, 5/-; Mrs. Kempter, 5/-.

Preston Shire Council have granted their patronage to a concert which is to be held at the Shire Hall on 27th August, on behalf of the Preston Presbyterian Gymnasium Club.

Thirty-one persons were fined 2/6 each at Northcote Court on Monday for riding bicycles on the footpaths. The Bench announced that in future the fines would be heavier.

The Tasti Society is now being run on membership lines, the next social being held at the town hall, on Thursday next. Intending members are requested to enrol early. A syllabus, and full particulars are advertised in another column.

Preston Council are satisfied that they have a good set of officers, and evidently they want to keep them, as on Monday evening they gave them "encouragers" in the way of increases of salaries—£50 to the secretary and engineer (Mr. Dean); £26 to the rate collector (Mr. Ham), and £20 to the inspector (Mr. Daye). They have also practically decided to increase the wages of the hall-keeper, and the day labourer.

Cr. Crispe has given notice of motion in the Preston Council with the object of getting power for the council to give guarantees to the Metropolitan Board in connection with water reticulation in all cases where the merits warrant. This is undoubtedly a progressive move. No doubt the council "fell in" in the past, but there is no fear of the reckless guaranteeing of the old boom days being repeated.

The annual meeting of the Preston Ladies' Benevolent will take place in the Shire hall next Tuesday, at 3 p.m., when all interested in the work of the Society are invited to attend.

Miss May Hodgens, teacher of singing and voice production, intimates she is prepared to receive and visit pupils.

This afternoon, the inmates of the Austin Hospital are to be entertained with bright musical selections by the Northcote Salvation Army band.

Mrs. Powell, draper, Northcote and Clifton Hill, announces a clearing sale of children's woollen goods, ladies' hosiery, aprons, etc., etc.

The many friends of Mr. Westmoreland, of Perceval street, Preston, will regret to hear of the death of his wife, on Tuesday last. For weeks past, the late Mrs. Westmoreland has been lingering on the verge of death, and suffered severely, so that her passing was not unexpected. The deceased lady was buried on Thursday last in the Melbourne General Cemetery. The service at the house and the grave being conducted by the Rev. E. O. Knee.

A complimentary social was tendered to Miss Horner, in the Methodist Church, South Yan Yean, on Thursday evening, and a presentation made to her by the church and Sunday school.

Northcote Salvation Army will hold special meetings to-morrow, conducted by Mrs. Colonel Knight, assisted by about fifty other women. On Wednesday night a service of song, "The Wreck of the Warirapa," will be given, with connective readings, by Major Harland, who was an eye-witness of the wreck.

Last week will be remembered as the week of frost; this week as the week of mud and slush. Some of the side streets of Northcote are in a deplorable state. Arthurton road has been transformed into a river of thin mud, which the passing motor car flings in a sheet on to pedestrians on the footways.

In connection with the ten days' mission being held in the High street Methodist Church, the Rev Charles Tregear, of South Melbourne, will occupy the pulpit of that church to-morrow morning and evening.

Star of Northcote Tent I.O.R. celebrate their 38th anniversary with a picture night at the Northcote Theatre on August 7. Amongst other pictures to be shown will be "In the Grip of Alcohol."

Preston Lodge U.A.O.D. hold a euchre party and dance on Wednesday evening next.

The star feature at Thornbury picture theatre this evening is the exclusive photo-play "Sicilian Blood."

Miss Molly Carew is to commence a season at the Athenaeum hall, Collins st., next Monday evening. Her entertainment will combine "songs at the piano," and the novelty not before attempted of operatic work at the piano.

We understand that Dr Denton Fethers, of Collins street, is about to commence practice in Preston.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (Dr. Lowther Clarke) will preach at Holy Trinity, Thornbury, to-morrow evening.

Attention is drawn to the brilliant array of artists advertised for Northcote Presbyterian Church anniversary concert on Aug. 6.

SHIRT QUALITY

A brief word—for quick reading—on our new Shirt Stock. It is right up-to-date throughout, embraces every shirt-type, and includes nothing that is not absolutely high-grade in material and design.

GEO. WARDROP,
SMITH ST., COLLINGWOOD.

THE PROPOSED CROSS-COUNTRY TRAMWAYS.

THE SUITABILITY OF MOTOR BUSES.

INTERESTING DEMONSTRATION.

When the matter of the proposed tramway linking up Essendon, Brunswick, Northcote Preston and Heidelberg was before the Northcote council at its last meeting, Cr. Schwaebsch asked to be allowed, before the council committed itself to large expenditure on track tramways, to arrange for a demonstration as to the suitability of motor buses for handling the traffic. The request was acceded to and the demonstration took place on Thursday afternoon, when there were present Crs. Bastings (Mayor) Schwaebsch, Lees, Mason, Dennis, Harry, Redmond, Woolhouse and Tharratt, representing Northcote, and Crs. Allard (Mayor) Balfe and other councillors representing Brunswick.

Cr. Schwaebsch secured the co-operation of Schultze and Co. who sent out three cars, including a "Charley" car fitted with patent shock-absorber springs. It is the latter principle that would be applied to the proposed motor tram.

Setting off from Northcote the party proceeded over the proposed route from Darebin road, Northcote, through Brunswick to Essendon. The "Charley" car could hardly have had a severer test, the roads being in a very bad state, but it answered admirably. Deep set channels where ordinary cars had almost to pull up, were travelled over at full speed, with nothing more than a vibration, while ruts and other ordinary road obstacles were passed over as if they were not there. This seemed the more remarkable in that solid tyres were used on the car. All were convinced that to run a service of motor buses not a penny would need to be spent on the roadways.

The Mayor of Northcote entertained the company on return to the Town hall. Cr. Allard, in proposing the Mayor's health, said he considered that by the demonstration they had solved the problem as to whether expensive tracks were necessary for these cross country services. There was no need for them whatever. The Mayor, in reply, complimented Cr. Schwaebsch on arranging for the demonstration. Before committing themselves to big expenditure it was wise to go over the route and test the latest means of handling traffic, and they had certainly had an eye-opener as far as the "Charley" car was concerned. Personally he was very pleased that he had had the experience, and he hoped that practical results would follow.

Cr. Balfe (Brunswick) proposed Cr. Schwaebsch's health, commended his enthusiasm, and suggested that he arrange for another demonstration when the whole of the representatives on the conference could be present.

Cr. Schwaebsch said it gave him great pleasure that the demonstration had turned out such a success. They had gone over the roads under the worst conditions, and the "Charley" car had shown what it can do. It was most desirable that the suburbs should be linked up as proposed, but it was a question of expense, and when they spoke of £140,000 having to be expended in laying down tracks it occurred to him that the conference might not be *au fait* with the new means of handling traffic. That was why he arranged for the demonstration. In England track systems were being superseded, first by electric trackless cars and next by motor buses. The London County Council had applied for permission to use motor buses in place of the present electric tramways. Knowing of these changes he saw no reason why they should spend large sums in laying down tracks, especially as the traffic was doubtful at the start. To test the traffic by motor buses would only cost from £8000 to £10,000, and then if the worst happened and the traffic was insufficient to warrant a service the cars could easily be converted to other uses, so that there was practically no risk at all.

It was decided to act on Cr. Balfe's suggestion and have a demonstration for all the delegates, Mr. Du Rieu agreeing to place the "Charley" car at the services of the conference for the occasion.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE.

There was a crowded house on Saturday evening last, and the programme, including the Australian mining drama, "Breaking the News," gave unbounded satisfaction.

The new programme, which commenced on Monday evening, contains some of the finest examples of cinematography. "The telephone girl" is a drama of intense interest and presents a magnificent picture of feminine faithfulness and heroism. "A Woman's Martyrdom" as enacted by the famous French players, M. Ravet and M. Garry, is also a drama of absorbing interest, whilst all the minor pieces are well up to the high standard the management has laid itself out to maintain. The final production of this programme will take place this evening.

"The Educator Series", which are now run every Tuesday evening, we would specially commend. The most fastidious and intellectual only need to attend once to find that they can spend most delightful and profitable evenings. The programme at the initial night, Tuesday last, was as follows:—Life of ants, Plant life, Winter in Austria, Review of Troops by Emperor of Russia, How a Letter was Carried over the Sahara Desert, Swiss Alps, opera "Faust," Carnival of Venice. In "How a Letter Travels," a letter is followed from the time it is placed in the hand of a black runner in Central Africa to when it is delivered to a little girl in England. Goethe's famous masterpiece, "Faust" was presented with fascinating realism.

The special boom in next week's programme—commencing Monday—will be a presentation of the dramatic version of Charles Reade's celebrated novel, "It's Never Too Late To Mend," most of the thrilling scenes of which are pitched in Australia.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

In connection with the anniversary of the above church special services were held on Sunday last, and in every respect they were most successful. In the morning there was in the pulpit a preacher no less distinguished than the Rev. Professor Rentoul, D.D., the moderator elect of the Presbyterian Church of Australia. The rev. doctor was suffering from a severe cold, but not being one content to "serve his God with that which costs him nothing," he courageously came out and kept his appointment, and once in the pulpit triumphed, as usual, over all physical disabilities. He delivered an intensely interesting discourse based on the words in Ecclesiastes: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." He showed how the pursuit of pleasure merely led to the bitter summary of life as set down in the book: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and that the doing of good to others in thought, in word and deed, was the only royal road to true and lasting happiness. At the evening service Rev. J. H. Mackay, of South Melbourne, preached a fine sermon, and Madame Lena Conly sang "O Divine Redeemer," and "In Verdure Clad." The choir also rendered special anthems at each service. In the morning there was a full congregation, and in the evening the church would not hold the people. The collections were a record.

On Tuesday evening a congregational social was held in the school hall. This took the form of an "Acquaintance Social," the object being to get into personal touch with the newcomers to the church, and the results were very happy indeed. Rev. R. W. Rock presided in his usual happy manner, and in the course of some stirring remarks, urged the necessity of going ahead and keeping going, and thus maintain the success that has attended the church's labours in the past. Then an enjoyable programme of songs and recitations was contributed by the following, viz:—Mr. Dockerty, Mrs. Groves, Mr. W. Harvey, Miss Hilda and Miss Eileen Kinsman, Miss Duncan and Miss Vivash. Intervals for chat between the items helped to make the gathering a social success. Refreshments were handed round, after which the doxology was sung and benediction pronounced.

Before leaving for their homes, the chairman reminded those present of the church anniversary concert, on Tuesday, August 6th, at which Miss Elay Trowock, Mr. John Amadio, and other notable artists will appear.

PRESTON'S WATER POLICY.

MINORITY STRONG FOR CHANGE.

At the meeting of the Preston council on Monday evening, the following recommendation came up from the committee of the whole.—

Letters from ratepayers re water reticulation in Queen street and Leicester street.—That the writers be requested to give the council a guarantee to pay the deficiency, if any, between the revenue and 6 per cent. of the cost of laying the pipes. The council will then indemnify the Metropolitan Board against any deficiency in revenue.

Cr. Warr, in seconding the adoption of the recommendation, said this had been the custom for many years past. As new houses were continually going up, the liability on property-owners would be small.

Cr. Stanlake seconded the motion.

Cr. Crispe said he thought that in these two instances the council should be willing to guarantee the 6 per cent., seeing there was only a present deficiency of £4 in each street, which would be wiped out next year by reason of the increased value which the water would give to the property in the street.

Cr. Howe said he also thought an exception should be made in these two cases, and in all cases where they showed an immediate prospect of paying interest on the cost of outlay.

Cr. Braithwaite said the rule the council had laid down acted well in many cases, but their laws should not be like those of the Medes and Persians, which would never be broken. Cr. Crispe, at the previous meeting, had made an excellent case why the council should, without any delay, have the water brought into such streets as these by at once giving the necessary guarantee.

Cr. Warr said he was quite in sympathy, but a principle was involved. Owners in Bunce, Dundas, and other streets had had to give their guarantees, and fish should not be made of one and fowl of another. If they altered the policy of the council, he would vote with them.

The President (Cr. Robertson) said he thought those who had spoken against the resolution had used the strongest arguments for it, as if the progress in the streets was going to be so great the liability of present owners in giving a guarantee would amount to the merest trifle. He remembered when they had to provide £80 a year in these guarantees, and when their liabilities accumulated to £365. That was why they took the stand and decided to give no more.

The motion was then put and carried.

CR. CRISPE GIVES NOTICE OF MOTION.

Cr. Crispe subsequently gave notice of motion that the present policy be rescinded, and that the council have power to give guarantees in cases where merits warrant.

PRESTON POLICE COURT.

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1912.

Before Dr. Cole, P.M., and Mr Isaac Barrow, J.P.

FRAUD SUMMONS.

D'Arcy Gilbert was summoned by A. Freeman for examination as to his means to pay £39 13/3, being the balance of an order made at the Court of Petty Sessions, Preston, for the sum of £18 11/8, with £2 7/- costs. Mr. S. Fraser (Home and Wilkinson) appeared for plaintiff; Mr. McFarlane for defendant.

Constable Lizars gave evidence that he had difficulty in effecting service of the summons. He served it in the bathroom. Defendant said to him he thought he could dodge it.

D'Arcy Gilbert, the defendant, made the following statement:—"I was a carrier before the judgment was given. I sold out a few days before the summons was served. I got nothing for the goodwill. I had one horse. The two waggons belonged to my brother. I was carting milk for several people. Mrs. Jeffrey owed me £8, and it was garnisheed; Mason owed me £18. I think he paid me on the same day the order was given against me. Hanusko paid me £2, I think the same day as the order. I collected £2 7/6 from Batten on the day of the order. O'Hern owed me £6, but I owed him £3. Mrs. McLaughlin owed me nothing. The two waggons I sold 6 months ago.

A receipt was here put in, showing sale by witness to Seeber of a waggon for £25.

Mr. Fraser: Where did you get the £95 you showed Miss Ozanne?

Witness: I never had £95 in my life.

How much did you take to the races last Saturday week?—About a £1.

And did you tell anyone you lost £8 18/-?—No.

To Mr. McFarlane: The £25 I got for the waggon, I gave to my brother Lionel. It was his waggon. The money I have just acknowledged receiving I have paid away to other creditors.

Witness, further examined, produced receipts for the following payments he had made:—Hes, blacksmith, £5; J. Taylor, £4 5/- (clothes); J. T. Coles and Co., £11 10/-; R. Willis, 19/10; P. Brown, £6 19/-; Daly, £10 8/10; Collender, £16.

Mr. Fraser: Why didn't you apply some of this money to the payment of Freeman's account for horsefeed?

Defendant: The other accounts were owing longer.

Alfred Freeman, the plaintiff, said: The Saturday after the order was made I saw defendant and asked him if he was going to satisfy the judgment. He said, "You've got your verdict, haven't you, but you'll find it a different thing to get the money." Previous to the judgment he told me £138 was owing to him, and he offered to bring his books and show me. On one occasion he offered me £1 and to pay me at the rate of £1 a week. I said I would have to consult my solicitor by phone. He was to come back in ten minutes, but I have never seen him since.

To Mr. McFarlane: He did not say "Give me time, and you'll get your money."

Joseph Mason, farmer, said: I paid defendant £18 10/- the day after the order was made.

Dr. Cole said the view the Bench took was that defendant did not intend to pay. He had tried to balk his creditor in every way. If they thought there was sufficient evidence they would have made an order, but there would only be an appeal.

No order was made.

VACCINATION.

Constable Doble proceeded against Arthur B. Colban for not having his child vaccinated; fined 40/-.

DEBT.

P. V. Cooper v. N. Harvey; claim for £2 12/-. Order, with 15/6 costs.

E. C. Hughes v. Jas. Wheeler, goods supplied, £1 15/0. Order for amount with costs.

BREACHES OF BY-LAWS.

Thos. Hearn was fined 20/- for driving his wood cart over a footpath, and H. Major and P. O'Connor were each fined 10/- with 2/6 costs for cycling on the footpaths.

NOT ATTENDING SCHOOL.

Donald Muir was fined 2/- in two cases for his children not attending regularly at school; Jas. Lee and W. Fawkner were also fined.

He purchased Woods' Peppermint Cure,
No more he coughs,
His face is wreathed in smiles of joy,
Once more he feels himself a boy.
His chest is sound,
His laugh is loud,
And he gives this advice to a wondering crowd,
"Be wise, take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

PRESTON MUNICIPAL OFFICERS

THEIR SALARIES INCREASED. WAGES OF DAY LABORERS TO BE RAISED.

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

Officers' salaries. That the secretary's salary be increased to £300 per annum, the rate collector's to £182. The inspector's salary to £175 10s, and 20 per cent. on dog fees; the said increases to date from July 27, 1912.

Cr. Warr, in moving the adoption of the recommendation, explained that it meant an addition of £50 to Mr. Dean's salary, £26 to Mr. Ham's, and about £20 a year to Mr. Daye's. In their officers they had got men who were energetic, capable, and willing; men who are doing their utmost, not only in the interest of the council but of the Shire generally; and as wages and salaries have increased all round of late, they were only doing right in raising the salaries of their officers.

Cr. Paterson seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Cr Allchin remarked that he thought their oldest officer (Mr. Hills), the hall keeper, whose duties kept him at it early and late, and who gave the utmost satisfaction in the way he discharged his duties, had been overlooked. He would therefore move that the sum of 5/- per week be added to his salary.

Cr. Howe seconded the motion, saying it could only have been through an oversight that Mr. Hills did not get a "rise" with the other officers.

Cr. Howse did not know how the matter could have been overlooked.

Cr. Warr said he had no objections to Mr. Hills' salary being increased, but he would like the matter referred to the committee of the whole, so that they might consider at the same time the wages of the daymen. At the conference which Cr. Stanlake and himself attended lists were circulated showing the wages paid in 20 municipalities. Preston, fortunately, was not included. If it had been, its rate of wages would have shown lowest on the list. At present they paid their daymen 7/6 a day, or 45/- per week, which, considering the increased cost of living, was very low. In most of the municipalities the wages ranged between 8/- and 10/- a day.

Cr. Stanlake, who seconded the motion, said he was glad Preston was not in the list, as if it had been the Preston delegates would have cut "rats" from the conference.

Crs. Howe, Paterson, and the president (Cr. Robertson) all expressed themselves as to the desirability of increasing the wages, both of Mr. Hills and the daymen, and favoured the whole matter being referred to the committee, which was agreed to; Cr. Allchin withdrawing his motion.

WAGES BOARD FOR MUNICIPAL EMPLOYES.

The Preston Council, on Monday evening, received a letter from the conference convened by the Collingwood Council, intimating that the conference had carried a resolution affirming the desirability of appointing a wages board to deal with the question of municipal employes' wages.

Cr. Warr reported that Cr. Stanlake and himself had attended the conference, at which there were between 40 and 50 representatives present. After full discussion it was felt that the best and most satisfactory way of dealing with the question was a wages board. As the conference desired to know their wishes in the matter, he would move that Preston Council support the idea of a wages board.

Cr. Allchin seconded the motion, stating he was strongly in favour of wages boards, which had done a great deal for the State.

Cr. Stanlake supported the idea as the only one by which they could reach finality on the subject.

Cr. Braithwaite said there was one difficulty. Who would represent the Councils on the wages board?

Cr. Warr: Representatives from the conference.

Cr. Braithwaite would suggest that no representatives from labour councils be put on the wages board. From his experience on wages boards, he knew they would have to be very cautious. Both sides must be fairly represented. They wanted nothing but fair play, but it was highly necessary that they should have some sound business men representing them on the wages board—men of free and independent, and not biassed, opinions, who will give a fair decision on the subject.

The motion was carried.

NORTHCOTE POLICE COURT.

Monday, July 22.

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

RIDING ON FOOTPATHS.

In this offence there was quite an epidemic, no fewer than 31 cases being brought by the police. The most general excuse was the bad state of the roads. Where defendants appeared the fines were 2/6, and where there was no appearance 5/-.

The Bench intimated that the fines would be much heavier in the future.

The following were fined:—John Dean, John Ellis, Wm. Dickens, Frank Coomber, Alfred Niebell, Louis Pearce, Fred. Cornell, — Le Plastrier, Sydney Chapple, Thomas Wilson, Wm. White, David Thomas, Alfred Pretty, Robt. Henry Johnson, Chas. Pizzey, Roy Kelly, Michael Kilmartin, Geo. Leamon, Henry Marsden, Norman Windreth, Jos. Allen, John Stevens, Percy Commons, William Atkinson, John Byford, Horace Davidge, James Sutch, Wm. Snelson, Walter Gowans, George Carroll and Oscar Cox.

SCHOOL CASES.

Inspector Cocks proceeded against a number of parents for not sending their children to school regularly. Thos. Hazel, Chas. Farmer and Albert Price were fined.

WANDERING CATTLE.

The following were proceeded against by the ranger (A. T. Hatton) and were fined for allowing their cattle to stray:—E. Smith (2 head), fined 10/- with 10/6 costs; J. Alston, 10/- with 6/6 costs; A. Stoneham, 10/- with 5/- costs; D. Bryan, 10/- with 7/6 costs; J. McIntyre, 10/- with 3/6 costs; F. Capp (2 head), 15/- with 7/6 costs.

DEBT.

E. A. Geer v. — Young. Use and occupation of a house, £2 11/0. Order for amount with 2/6 costs.

CLAIM FOR ACCIDENT.

W. Tomkins wrote (without prejudice) to the Preston Council on Monday evening, regarding an accident which had occurred during the past week, whereby his youngest son had, he said, sustained severe injuries, and was now being attended to by Dr. Cuscaden. The accident was caused, he alleged, by the council's employes placing a load of sand and a number of bluestone pitchers in a right-of-way off Bell street, and neglecting to place a light on same. He was willing, without prejudice, to settle this matter amicably, providing that satisfactory ar

Why Mrs Burton Regards Her Husband as a Hero.

THE STORY OF A FRUSTRATED BURGLARY.

Harry Burton sprang up the steps, and was about to ring the bell, when he suddenly checked himself. There was an air about the house that struck him as peculiar. The blinds in the front were pulled down, and there was not a ray of light to be seen in any of the windows.

The front door was slightly open, however, and after a few moments' hesitation he stepped into the vestibule without ringing the bell. Here he was amazed to find the second door wide open, but the hall and stairway beyond were in total darkness. He was satisfied now that something was decidedly wrong.

He had come down from Crampton expecting to find the family at home, and to spend a pleasant evening with Ella Frinton, his affianced, who was staying for two weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Markwell. The latter was a wealthy widow with one daughter. They resided in the handsome villa, in the vestibule of which Robert was now standing, listening for some sound within. He had received a letter from Ella in the morning, telling him her aunt and cousin were going out that night, and would not return till late, and inviting him to spend the evening with her.

For more than ten minutes Burton strained his ears to catch some sound; but all was quiet.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. "I'm sure there's something wrong inside. And where can Ella be?"

He was about to call out, when a ray of light flashing down from the upper hall checked him, and he cautiously advanced to the foot of the stairs, and looked up. At the same moment another flash burst through the darkness, and he saw the shadowy form of a man moving along the upper hall towards the rear of the house. Then he knew that the light was made by a lantern. He also knew that no time was to be lost if he would save the house from being robbed.

Unfortunately he was not armed, and it would be foolhardy to attempt to capture the robber alone. And there might be more than one. He quickly decided to summon a policeman, and was going out to call one, when he heard footsteps coming up the basement stairs. Before he could reach the door, whoever was approaching would reach the top, and see him as he turned the angle of the stairs.

While he hesitated, the coming man reached the hall, and came towards the front door, springing forward as he saw it was open. A muttered curse fell from his lips, and he whistled sharply, at the same time closing the door and flashing the lantern he carried around him. Burton, however, had hastily ensconced himself behind the heavy curtains that hung before the large folding doors leading into the drawing-room, and thus avoided discovery.

Presently he heard the man in the upper part of the house coming rapidly downstairs, evidently having heard the warning whistle sent up by his confederate.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I just found the front door open. Someone has either come in or is watching us. Where have you been for the last ten minutes?"

"In Mrs. Markwell's apartment on the second floor, and in the bedroom on the top."

"Then if anyone has entered he must be on the floor above, for I was downstairs all the time getting the plate together, and I know no one came there. There may be nothing in the door being open. I am not sure that I shut it tight when I let Mrs. Markwell and her daughter out. Let us hurry up the work. They'll be back in three hours, and we must get all the silver together, and you fellows'll have to hurry off with it as quick as you can. It'll take some time to bind me and upset the room a bit to show that a struggle has been had. Come on."

From all this Burton saw that it was Mrs. Markwell's butler who had planned the robbery, and in spite of the peril of discovery he chuckled to himself as he thought how fortunate had been his arrival. But where was Ella?

"Are you sure the girls are safe?"

"Yes, they're bound and gagged. Bill and me attended to that when you first let us in. One is a beauty. Who is she? Not a servant?"

"No. That's Mrs. Markwell's niece, and she's a smart 'un. We've got to be careful. You're sure she don't know I'm mixed up in this?"

"Not she! I made it a point to say to Bill that we had the butler bound and gagged, and the coast was clear now. So let's hurry along. But I won't risk it about that door. You get the things together, and I'll stay here and watch. Bill ought to be back soon for another load."

"All right. Wait here, and I'll soon finish upstairs."

Saying this, the speaker returned to the top of the house, while his confederate remained on guard in the lower hall. Burton, meanwhile, scarcely dared to breathe. He knew that the burglar was listening for the least noise, and that a slight move might betray his proximity.

Just how it happened Burton was never able to determine, but in some way his hand suddenly came in contact with one of the brass knobs attached to the end of the curtain-strings, and an instant later he was horrified to hear it strike the panel of the door with a loud noise. In that instant he realised that discovery was sure, and, like a flash of light he decided on his course.

He knew the burglar would warn his confederate instantly; but even before the warning note had time to form in his throat Burton threw aside the curtain and leaped forward, striking out with all his strength at the point where he knew the marauder's head ought to be. It was a fortunate blow. It caught the man full in the face, and he sank like a log, Burton catching him to prevent him from striking the floor with too much noise.

He quickly secured the burglar's revolver, then listened intently to see if the fellow above had been startled by the slight commotion. All was quiet. Throwing back the curtain, Burton silently opened the drawing-room door, and dragged the insensible thief into the room; then, cutting away the thick curtain cords, he securely bound him hand and foot.

By this time the fellow began to regain his senses. Burton bent over him and hissed in his ear:

"If you attempt to move or make the least noise, I'll blow out your brains—mind that!" And the cold muzzle of the revolver pressed against his head emphasised the threat. "I'm going to shut you in here and capture the others, but if you forget what I told you and make a noise, I'll kill you so quick that you won't know it!"

He drew near to the doors, and placed himself behind the curtains, just where he could reach out and attack the other miscreant when he came downstairs. But while he was waiting he must not forget "Bill," whom the other two expected to return, and Burton began to fear that he would put in an appearance while he was engaged with the man from above. With the thought came an idea that made him fairly jump.

"I believe I can do it!" he muttered. "I'll try it, anyhow."

He leaned forward and gave a sharp, penetrating whistle, like the one he had heard the burglar send out some time before. Instantly there was a noise in the top of the house, and the second burglar could be heard descending the stairs two at a time. Reaching the lower hall he called, cautiously: "Where are you?" pausing close to where Burton stood.

"Here!" hissed Burton, and the fellow sank to the floor with a groan as the butt of the revolver crashed down upon his skull.

In less than five minutes he was lying beside his confederate, bound and gagged. The latter was watching Burton with blazing eyes, but he made no attempt to move, and with another warning to him, Burton closed the door and made arrangements for his last capture.

He had hardly taken up his position when he heard someone coming up the steps, and a moment later enter the vestibule.

"Hello!" sounded softly from that point.

Burton hesitated about replying, and the fellow did not venture into the house. Evidently becoming suspicious, he flashed his lantern down the hall. He could see nothing, of course, and once more he called out, in guarded tones:

"Hello, Powley! Where are you?"

Seeing that he would not come in unless answered, Burton replied, trying to imitate the voice of the butler:

"Here. Come down in the basement."

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes. Come on."

The man entered, and walked along the hall towards the stairs. As he passed him, Burton raised the revolver once more and aimed a fierce blow at his head; but his arm became entangled in the thick folds of the curtains, and the force of the blow was destroyed. The noise reached the burglar's ears, and he leaped aside.

"What's up?" he cried, and quickly turned his light full on Burton just as the latter, realising that it must now be a hand-to-hand encounter, sprang upon him.

The new-comer was borne to the floor and the lantern knocked from his grasp; but he quickly recovered himself, and with a savage oath began struggling desperately with his assailant. Burton soon saw that the rascal was fully, if not more than, a match for him.

From side to side through the hall the combat waged, each trying his utmost to master the other, the burglar slowly forcing the fight towards the front door. Burton still held the revolver. He tried to bring it to bear on his adversary, but the fellow suddenly stuck his arm, and the weapon was knocked from his hand. It hit the floor, and discharged.

"Curse you!" hissed the burglar. "That'll bring the police down upon us. Who are you?"

"You'll find out soon," panted Burton.

Sure enough, in a few seconds footsteps were heard rapidly approaching. The thief put all his strength in one effort to break away, and contrived to throw off Burton's hold. At the same moment the policeman sprang up the steps.

Quick as thought the thief turned upon Burton, threw his arms around him, and shouted:

"For Heaven's sake, officer, help me! I've caught a burglar."

Another policeman arrived just as the first one had succeeded in lighting the hall gas. As the light flared up, the burglar called out:

"Hurry up! He's getting away."

The officers promptly laid hold of Burton, who was so amazed at the unexpected action of his opponent that for the moment he was unable to speak. The burglar cried, excitedly:

"Fasten the outside door! There's another one in the basement."

With a quick leap he passed the unsuspecting officers and reached the street. Then Burton recovered himself.

"You fools!" he yelled. "You've got the wrong man! That fellow is the thief. I have two more bound and gagged in the drawing-room. You've allowed the third to escape."

"The deuce!" cried one of the policemen, and he promptly started in pursuit. But the marauder had made the most of his opportunity, and was nowhere in sight.

When the chagrined officer returned he found Burton and the other policeman standing over the men in the drawing-room, while the former was explaining the situation. This done, the robbers were bound in a manner that precluded all possibility of escape; then, having shut and locked the front door, they all went upstairs to see what mischief had been done.

"I suppose they've got away with most of the plunder," said one of the officers.

"I don't think they've taken more than one lot," said Burton. "I interrupted them before they had time to complete the job."

His anxiety, however, to rescue his sweetheart from discomfort or danger was so great that he did not give much attention to the plunder question, but bounded up the stairs to the floor above, and entered one room after another until he came to the apartment where Ella lay bound and gagged. To remove the gag and free her hands and feet was the work of only a few minutes, and as he stood up with a cry of delight the policemen entered the room.

"How did it happen?" Harry asked.

"I can hardly tell. I was expecting you, and had come up to dress, when two men suddenly entered and bound and gagged me before I had time to know what had occurred. But you must rescue the maid and butler. I'm afraid the poor fellow is hurt. I heard one of the robbers say——"

"Poor fellow, indeed!" interrupted Burton. "He's the scoundrel who planned the whole business. We've got him safe enough, never fear. But let's find the maid."

The latter was discovered in her room on the top floor, secured as Ella had been. When she was released she promptly began to scream hysterically.

"Be still!" said one of the officers, gruffly. "You should have done the yelling at the time you were attacked."

"Sure, an' I didn't git the chance," she naively returned.

Without going into further detail it may be added that the butler and his confederate were taken to the station-house, where the treacherous butler made a statement that resulted in the arrest of the other robber, and the restoration of the few valuables which had been stolen. And now you know why Mrs. Harry Burton regards her husband as a hero.

SHOULD WIVES SHARE THEIR HUSBANDS' CONFIDENCES?

It is not an unusual state of things for a wife to hear her husband's affairs freely discussed by others, whereas she—the supposed confidante of his bosom—is totally ignorant of his mode of life and actions. The question now is—who is at fault? If the wife takes no interest in her husband's life he naturally ceases to confide in her or to make her a partner of his joys and sorrows.

The greatest link to bind husband and wife together is sympathy, and where there is no sympathy they drift apart, each going their different road with only the memory of the words of their marriage contract to remind them that "Thy ways shall be my ways."

Wives should endeavor to interest themselves in their husbands' hobbies. When the man finds he has a sympathetic listener he expands and confides all his ambitions and expectancies. But where he is met with a sniff of contempt he naturally dries up to his wife and unburdens his soul by making a confidante of the first comer who shows the slightest interest in his affairs. Now the confidential friend of a married man is a dangerous element to the household peace. She may be innocent of the slightest intention of sowing discord, and yet her presence is undesirable, and it is the wife's fault that she should be called into requisition at all. A wife should be to her husband chum and confidante in one. She ought to encourage him to tell her everything, his aspirations as well as his worries and joys, so that they two can mutually sympathise with success and condole with the failures.

Men want encouragement. They are often very shy and reserved when they are not quite sure of their ground, and of all things they fear it is ridicule. The wife's duty is to encourage her husband and spur him on; and, should failure crown his efforts, to on no account taunt him with the odious and all-provoking remark, "I told you so." Many husbands we know would do well to listen to their wives' advice, but if they have not done so, the defeat of their own efforts is quite galling enough without being jeered at by those who ought to be the first to comfort and solace them when tortured by the pangs of disappointment.

Husbands would confide in their wives if they were certain of finding interested listeners. The woman who loves her husband invites his confidence and makes herself necessary to his happiness by her tact and judgment. The only way a wife can expect to share her husband's confidences is to keep a still tongue and to let his affairs be as a sacred trust to her. Whatever he tells her she ought to keep as silent as the grave, and guard its secrecy as zealously as she would her own honor.

Men cannot give their confidences to talkative women. They feel that their affairs are not safe in their hands. Discreet and sympathetic wives will not have cause to complain of their husbands' lack of confidence. This is a world of give and take; nothing can come from one side only; and where the wife goes her own way, thinking only of her own pleasures and amusements and keeping her husband completely out of her life, she must not be surprised if he does likewise, and takes outsiders into his confidence leaving his wife entirely out in the cold.

There are things in some men's lives that they do not care to confide to their wives. When such is the case it is wisest for the wife to ignore their existence altogether. No good can ever come of recrimination and the raking-up of old grievances. If a husband find that his wife is worthy of his confidence he will give it to her, and she will sooner get it by sympathy and affection than by scolding and lecturing him. Love and confidence may be cajoled, but they cannot either of them be bullied.

JOE MILLER.

And His Five Great Principles of Humor.

There is talk of Joseph Miller. They are inquiring where he was buried. We only know that he made one hundred and ninety-eight jokes. And the music-halls have gone on re-making them down the centuries.

He discovered that the five great permanent principles of humor lay in the blunders of Irishmen, the imbecility of sailors, the little failings of clergymen, the afflictions of matrimony, and that sparkling resource—the pun.

It is impossible to get away from these raw beginnings. The most patient experiments have ended in nothing. Poets in search of a theme for a comic song know that its incontestable basis should be domestic woe. The competitor who longs to fell the first prize next week in his favorite periodical is impelled to start the side-splitting anecdote with the words, "An Irishman."

But one lifetime is too short to master the whole five branches. If you wish to succeed it is best to select your formula and specialise in it. We consider that Class 3—clerical specimens—is overcrowded. Class 4—the wretched husband class—offers better prospects. A living is always to be got there by the humorist who is not afraid of work. And now a word to the heedless public; when you meet a joke derived from one of these five elemental fountains, for pity's sake laugh.

GIRLS WHO ARE SHUNNED BY MEN.

There are many such, and for the most part the fault lies with themselves.

The girl who never even exerts herself to be agreeable unless she can have everything her own way is one of them, for there is not a man alive who will give way in everything to a girl.

The girl who scolds is another type; she may be perfectly good tempered, but she has contracted the scolding habit, and so she is left alone to scold at her pleasure.

Then there is the girl with the haughty manner and cold stare. No man dares to make love to her, because there is nothing whatever to love in her.

So the girl scowls at what she considers his bad taste, utterly ignoring the fact that her own foolish conduct is the sole cause of his neglect.

Another girl without a lover is the painfully shy maiden. She likes to see men at a distance, but the moment they draw near she drives them back with her embarrassment. They retire simply out of pity, seeing her distress and awkward bashfulness.

Last on the list comes the girl who always has something to say about everyone she sees, ridicules people in order to be considered clever, little knowing how men intensely dislike to hear her pulling everybody's character to pieces for their amusement.

LORETTA'S LOOKING-GLASS.

She Holds It Up to the Girl Who Can't Talk Small Talk.

Mercy! Isn't it awful? What a crime! What a serious social inability! And what a perfectly unconquerable fault! That is the idea I should get from the wail that threads its way through letter after letter which comes to me. Girls pathetically stating that they are hopeless socially, that they cannot make friends among either girls or men—simply because they cannot talk small talk.

It seems a very little thing to shut any well-intentioned girl from the social opportunities she has a right to enjoy—and would enjoy if she could win them by small talk. But she cannot. Her tongue cleaves to the roof of her mouth. Her curls upon her forehead get sticky with the dews and damps of nervous perspiration! She suffers about all of the tortures of the damned with a few variations in the shape of miseries that are peculiar to ballrooms and other festal scenes which will probably not be a part of the programme arranged for the denizens of hell.

What's it all about? The real truth of the fact is that these unable-to-small-talk persons are too analytical. And analysis is like a broncho. It will buck and run if you don't gain a complete mastery of it. It can no more keep itself quiet than the broncho can. It has got to be held in and calmed down. The girl who cannot talk small talk thinks over what she might have said on the impulse of the moment and discovers that it would have been a mistake to have said it. But it would not. Let me show you why. The best small talkers are the people who fling off conversation as a rapidly-whirling wheel meeting a slight obstacle would throw off light sparks. The obstacle they meet is the other person or persons to whom they talk. A slight difference of opinion, even a casual observation, "I saw you on Main-street this afternoon," will make the small talk spark shoot "Indeed you did not." "But I did!" "But you didn't." "Really, I thought it was you." "You thought wrong, then. I was at Alice Martin's bridge party, and I came directly home on the Elm-street car."

All of this has been said with smiles and pretty mannerisms, till the girls who sit gloomily reflecting that the speaker can talk small talk and they cannot get purply miserable. They think the girl who says this string of nothings is "bright." They would have been as serious about the accusation of having been on Main-street when they were not as if being on Main-st. were a crime. They would have carefully gone over the events of the day to see if they might not possibly have been on Main-street and forgotten for a moment. You see, the inability to talk is really due to a habit of taking one's self too seriously.

The girl who can't talk small talk is exactly like the girl who cannot make change. The inability to make change in money is almost always a result of too great consideration for money. Getting the right number of nickels and pennies seems as important to the slow maker of change as if she were dealing with large amounts that represented great expenditures. And it rather paralyses her brains. That's exactly what the inability to talk small talk is. It's an over-estimate of the importance of the occasion or persons who are doing the other side of the talk and a consequent paralysis of the brain.

You, girl, who cannot talk small talk, get over the idea that every word counts. It's placing too great a value on the small transactions of social life. It's really perfectly possible for the girls who cannot now talk to literally take the social reins right out of the hands of the chatterers. For almost without exception, these chatterers who excel as small talkers can do nothing else. When a man or another girl wants to talk of something a little deeper than the surface, these chatterers have to run away—or drown! But the silent girl who sits around the edges now, eating her silly heart out with regret that she cannot small talk, is usually a thoughtful—too thoughtful when she thinks too seriously over her expenditure of the social small change—girl whose mind is well stored with things worth expressing.

If Miss Too-Thoughtful will just adjust her sense of proportion and harness her analytical broncho she can beat the chatterer at her own game and be able to play a deeper and better one that the chatterer simply cannot comprehend.

Doing His Best.

"Now, look here," said the sergeant to a very raw recruit in the Loyal Boosiliers, "to-morrow the colonel is coming to inspect you, and I hope you will answer his questions promptly."

"I will do my best, sir," said Muggins.

"Now," said the sergeant, "the first thing he will say to you will be, 'How old are you, my man?' You will reply, 'Twenty-five.' He will then say, 'How long have you joined the service?' You will say, 'Three months, sir.' His next question will be, 'Are your clothing and rations in every way satisfactory to you?' You will say, 'Both, sir.'"

Muggins kept repeating all this to himself for the remainder of the day, till he had it all perfect for the morrow.

The colonel arrived, and Muggins was duly called out.

"How long have you been in the service, my man?" was the colonel's first question.

"Twenty-five years, sir," promptly replied Muggins.

The colonel opened his eyes very wide.

"How old are you, then, my man?"

"Three months, sir."

The colonel foamed with rage, and yelled:

"Are you a fool, my man, or am I?"

"Both, sir."

The inspection ended.

The following is an instance in which a Salvation Army "lassie" scored off a theological heckler.

"Do you really believe," he asked, "that Jonah spent three days and nights in the belly of a whale?"

"I don't know," replied the lassie. "I'll ask him when I get to heaven."

"But supposing he isn't there?"

Quick as thought came her reply: "Then you can ask him."

"How about that young doctor? Has he proposed?"

"Not yet. Papa nearly ruined everything last night."

"How was that?"

"Just as the doctor was pleading for a peep at my eyes papa came in and asked him to take a look at my tonsils."

A Tre-mendous Effort.

"Oak Caroline, fir yew I pine!
Willow, will you not be mine?
Thy hazel eyes, thy tulips red,
Thy ways all larch have turned my head.
Then gum, my cherished Caroline,
We'll fly for elms of bliss divine."

"Strange," mused Mr. Slick, as he read the law intelligence in his newspaper, "some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law, and try to get further damages."

Discontent, if there be a reason for it, is a hopeful and useful sign.

VAIN DREAMS.

Why Waste Time Worrying Over Them?

By Walt Mason.

"I had a horrible dream last night," said the retired merchant. "I went to bed early, hoping to have a good night's rest, as I had been feeling like a riot call for several days, but I got up feeling worse than ever. I fell over about a thousand precipices in my sleep and I don't know of anything worse than the sensation of falling five or six miles. I expect that something is wrong with my digestive machinery and I'll have to go and see the doctor."

"He'll say it's appendicitis," remarked the hotelkeeper, "and then he'll lead you into his private morgue and carve you up and charge £25 and send word to the undertaker to be on the alert. You don't need medicine or a surgical operation. What you need is a safe and sane occupation that will engage your feeble faculties. The idea of a man entering a family hotel at 10 o'clock in the morning and trying to tell the urbane proprietor about the phantasmagoria he had dreamed the night before!

"A man who is scratching gravel for a living goes to bed tired and doesn't have any dreams to speak of. If he does have a few he forgets them when he leaves his downy couch in the morning. He doesn't go around relating the sickening details to his friends. There is nothing more idiotic than a dream. The man who pays attention to dreams is hitting the high places on the way to the booby resort.

"Ignorant people believe in dreams and talk about them whenever they have a chance and such people always come to a bad end. Letting their minds dwell upon such foolishness unfits them for everything sane and profitable, and so the police finally run them in or they are chained to the wall of an asylum and fed with a pitchfork. I used to have a brother-in-law who believed in such things. He said that dreams went by contraries and he could quote authorities by the dozen to establish his claim, and it never seemed to occur to him that it made no difference, one way or another.

"That besotted outcast became so interested in dreams that he had no time for anything else and he used to sit around expounding his visions while his wife did plain sewing to buy victuals for the family. He said he had dreamed a hundred times that he was drowning and that was a sure sign that he would never be drowned. He might go to his reward by almost any known route, but drowning was barred. He was so sure of it that he used to take the most ridiculous chances on the water, though he couldn't swim any better than a hen. Well, sir, that chump started to cross a pond on the ice one day when everybody knew that the ice wasn't safe. It didn't make any difference about the ice being unsafe, he said; he simply couldn't drown, for it had been ordained otherwise.

"He got about half way across the pond and then the ice caved in and he went down into twenty feet of ice water and I don't think any man ever drowned more successfully than he did. Nobody could ask to see a finer job of drowning. When we fished him out he was as dead as a canned mackerel and it seemed useless to twit him about his dreams.

"You just put it down in your notebook, my friend, that your dreams don't indicate anything wrong with your digestion; they mean that something's wrong with your head. You should get a job of herding geese or manicuring goats or something equally useful. A man's troubles and delusions never begin in earnest until he retires from business and settles down to a life of ease. When he was in business he had something real to worry over. The optimists and sunshiners can say what they like, but man must have something to worry over or he can't be happy. The wise man worries over something worth while; the chump worries over dreams and such things.

"I never intend to retire from business until the undertaker does me up in a dust proof package. I'd rather be in business here, worrying over the guest who left by way of the fire escape, than sit under a fig-tree worrying over some fool dream I had the night before."

AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

It was stated at the time of Colonel Burnaby's death that he had left behind him the manuscript of a novel, for which there was considerable competition among the publishers. This is (says Sir Henry Lucy) quite true. The manuscript, a bulky parcel, was handed to me with discretionary power either to publish it myself or to use it in connection with the proposed biography. Here a singular and, as it finally proved, a fatal obstacle presented itself. Familiar for many years with Burnaby's handwriting, I could not, after diligent endeavor, make out more than a sentence here and there on the crowded page of manuscript. Burnaby's writing was possibly, with the exception of Dean Stanley's, the worst I ever saw. It looked as if, before sitting down to write a letter, he had pulled a twig out of the hedge, mixed a thick blacking, and then gone ahead.

He wrote the whole of his "Ride to Khiva" and his "Ride on Horseback through Asia Minor" with his own hand. But before they reached the printer they were fairly written out by a copyist. The hapless man used to make out as much as he could, then leave blanks, for filling up which he had to seek the assistance of the author. Sometimes there were more blanks in a page than words. Despairing of making anything of the manuscript of the novel, it was submitted to a publisher, who turned upon it his most skilful decipherist. Neither head nor tail could be made of the manuscript, and the intention of publishing the novel was consequently abandoned.

The Dark Tunnel.

A young Irishman returned home after having made some money farming in Canada.

He decided to give his poor old father an outing, and take him to Dublin to see the sights.

It had been a great event for the old man, who had never been in a train before, but he entered it with fear and trembling amid many outspoken anticipations of what would happen to him.

All went well until the train suddenly dashed into a tunnel, when bang went the old man's fist on his son's nose as he exclaimed:

"I told you something would happen, you young villain; I've lost my sight!"

Siam is one of the few countries which boast of a corps of women police. The members of this Amazon guard are all old and ugly. They wear a uniform, though they are not armed. Their chief duty is to act as gatekeepers of the Inner, or Women's, Palace at Bangkok. They follow any stranger who enters the palace and remain with him until he takes his departure. They see that there is no mischief done, and that no one makes love to the royal wives and court ladies. The palace has some difficulty in recruiting these guards, as the work is hard and the pay poor.

Wife: I'm so glad you like the cushion, George, for I bought it for your birthday present. You'd spoil it in your library, so we'll keep it in my boudoir. I suppose you'll get the bill to-morrow—it's awfully expensive!

DO YOU KNOW THE MAN YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY?

By Dolly Madison.

An earnest letter from a girl of unusual intelligence and thoughtfulness criticises me for what she calls my unfair article on "Do Girls Want to Marry?" She states that the real reason that girls are not marrying is because men lack the moral strength and honesty which women have a right to demand, and she asks, "Why do you not advise the girls to inquire into the morals and lives of the men before becoming engaged to them, or at least before they marry them?"

Her suggestion is such a good one that it has furnished me the heading for this chat, "Do You Know the Man You Are Going to Marry?" Do you? Do you know what his past life has been? Who are his friends? Has he always chosen good or bad company? Has his business record been fair and square?

"Why should I ask these things of my lover?" demands the engaged girl. "Would he not tell me if there was a black page in his life's history?"

No, my dear, he would not. He might, possibly, have the grace to be ashamed of it, but he would be more likely to hope that your ears might never hear the whispers which would count against him.

Yet if there is anything in his past that will in any way effect your future, he ought to tell you and let you choose whether you are willing to trust yourself to his care. To let you become his wife, with a prospect that some day you may be told the story of his life by other lips, is not only a mistake but a crime.

I believe that the really honorable and upright young man should follow the dignified old fashion and give something of an account of himself to the parents of the girl he wishes to marry. He should introduce her to his family and see that she meets his friends. She can judge him by his associates—and, more than that, if there is any really serious reason why she should not marry him, she will, it is likely, discover it when she is in close touch with those who have known him intimately.

I do not advise any girl to be over-suspicious. She may judge much of her lover's honesty of purpose by his attitude toward herself and her parents. Intuition will tell her much, and when her heart says "Beware" she should take heed.

There are those who may think that such warnings are unnecessary, but we have all seen the unhappy marriages resulting from ignorance on the one hand and deceit on the other; hence parents should make it their business to know something of the life and habits of the man by whom their daughters are surrounded.

Girls who are alone in the world must demand of their lovers a frankness which shall make for future happiness. There are men who resent any inquiry into their past, and who inquire reproachfully, "Don't you trust me?" To ask such a question in the face of a girl's real desire to have the mists cleared away is to take a cowardly part. A man once said to a woman whom he loved: "If the world should some day tell what it knows about me I should lose you." "Tell me yourself," she said gently.

When she had heard it all she made her decision—a hard one, for there were things of which she had not dreamed. But when she forgave him it was for all time, and he could hold up his head and not be afraid of some chance word dropped by friend or enemy.

"Why should I torment myself with his past?" asks the trustful woman. "His future belongs to me."

There is some wisdom in her question. Yet often such an attitude does not protect her future. The man who has sowed wild oats may reap a whirlwind. It takes a strong woman to marry a weak man and bring about triumphant happiness. No ordinary woman should attempt such a task. Nor should she consent to enter blindly into a relationship which demands that she shall not only love but "honor and obey."

HOW TO TREAT A LOVER.

During the interval of attention or semi-courtship which may lead up to an engagement a girl is very often at a loss as to how she should behave to the man in question, and numerous misunderstandings and difficulties may arise from a lack of knowledge as to the proper conduct under the circumstances.

Sometimes the girl finds herself in a really difficult position. She is not yet engaged, is quite free to talk, dance and laugh with the other young men of her acquaintance, and yet if she is not very tactful the special young man in question may put her down as a flirt.

If a girl wishes to preserve her own self-respect, and gain that of her admirer, she should never cheapen herself in the very slightest.

If she chooses one among all others, let her accept his attentions and invitations graciously but with a due sense of womanly dignity. Until a definite understanding has been reached, let her remember how often these little affairs come to nothing, and the more guarded she is the less there will be to regret should a rupture follow.

Endeavor, girls, to attain the happy medium.

The giving of presents is a point to be noted. Inexpensive gifts such as flowers, sweets, or even a piece of music, may be accepted, but more elaborate gifts will be firmly refused by the girl who sets a high value on womanly dignity. The pleasure of bestowing gifts belongs to the engaged lover, not to the unacknowledged one.

A certain amount of tact is necessary in the refusal of these gifts, as some men may incline to resent their non-acceptance; but just say gently you cannot accept valuable gifts from anyone with whom you have no relationship; the possibilities of such a gentle hint are legion.

Don't flirt just to bring him to the point; it will more likely have the effect of driving him away; and don't indulge in silly quarrelling just to see what effect it will have upon him. The majority of men are only bored by such a proceeding.

And, most of all, girls, avoid secret correspondence, meetings, and suchlike. Do not stoop to a clandestine state of affairs, and steer clear of the man who suggests it. A true-hearted honorable man will not ask the girl he loves to stoop to secrecy. Why should he?

Foolish young people sometimes think a series of secret meetings is something at once romantic and fascinating; but all the same the wise girl will see to it that her period of courtship is quite open and above-board, a fitting prelude to the happy marriage which she prays will follow.

"What did Mr. Sprightly preach about on Sunday morning?"

"I don't believe he preached at all."

"Why, he was advertised to fill the pulpit."

"He filled the pulpit all right. But he didn't preach. I think he just talked, because I stayed awake all through it."

"Papa, what is an egotist?"

"An egotist," the father answered, "is a man who thinks he is cleverer than anyone else."

But the mother, laughing coldly, appended: "No, my son, that is not quite right. An egotist is a man who says he is cleverer than anyone else—every man thinks he is."

Neither a turtle, a tortoise, nor a toad has teeth.

THE MAIN THING.

Giving Service, Not Making Money.

By Frank Crane.

Money is not the real incentive. It seems so, but it is not. The real motive that gets men to work is the desire to serve.

We won't acknowledge that Man is temperamentally ashamed of any high sounding claim. He blushes at his own good deeds and he loudly disclaims unselfishness.

Usually he believes he is telling the truth about himself. But he is mistaken. He is nobler than he suspects.

Take the girl at the counter, the workman laying bricks, the clerk in the bank, the railway conductor and the grocer. Ask them why they get up every morning and go to work and they will answer promptly, "To make money. No sentiment goes with me. I want cash. I work because I need the wages."

It is not very hard to prove that this is not true. Put one of these people at an entirely useless business, where he gets something for nothing, and no matter what the gain he will by and by resign. This does not apply to rascals, get-rich-quick men and the hangers-on of useless institutions, but to plain, ordinary folk. Only a small fraction of the human race is parasitic, but the main portion of mankind would be unhappy if it got money any other way than by giving value received, or at least by thinking so.

Down in their hearts the lunch-counter waitress, the brickmason, the conductor and the grocer believe they are rendering a service to humanity. It is this feeling that renders them cheerful and self-respecting.

The only class that is happy in work is the class that gives real service. You have noticed that letter carriers, farmers and mechanics as a rule are cheerful. They whistle as they labor. The beggar, thief and sycophant do not whistle.

The endowed class and the parasite class as a rule furnish the hypochondria, neurasthenia, morbidity, ennui, restlessness, crime and general mulligrubs for the world. Only a rare and superior soul can stand drawing a stipend just because he is somebody's son. Most of those who inherit independent wealth inherit world weariness.

A bright woman once said: "I suppose if I should have £1000 the first thing I would do would be to get a cancer."

Contentment is a by-product of service.

Carlyle's preachment was sound: "In God's name, produce something! Find your work!"

Would you be willing to stand with your hat in your hand at the church door and beg, even if you could make £10 a day? Not as a steady employment. You hate to be a beggar. You want to earn what you get. Which simply means that the reward of service without the service rendered is sickening to a healthy soul.

This idea of service as the essential element of life is the most vital idea of the twentieth century. The King of Portugal failed to do his work and lost his job. The President of the United States knows he will have to make good. The Manchus in China ceased to serve the people and fell upon grievous times.

One has made a genuine discovery when one has grasped the fact that joy is a thing that is fast linked to service. Then one will cease indulging in idle, feverish dreams of millions and prominence. For the man who is not somehow serving humanity invariably gets a dark brown taste in his soul.

EPIGRAMS.

All's well that ends swell.

It's a long worm that has no turning.

Politics is the art of putting half-truths. Where there's smoke, there's a royal commission.

Hitch your waggon to a star—but insure your waggon first.

The twentieth century religion—the worship of the man who gets there.

All things come to him who waits, but most things spoil in the waiting, including ourselves.

All popular men and great leaders have had a good opinion of themselves. All the world loves a lover of himself.

The two candidates for the poor-house and the cemetery—the man who buys things because they are cheap, and the man who eats things to get the worth of his money.

Took Everything.

A father, wishing to satisfy himself as to the future prospects of his son, decided to make the following test:—

"Now," he said, "I will put here, where he will see them the first thing when he comes in, a Bible, some money and a bottle of whisky. If he takes the Bible he will be a preacher; if he takes the whisky he will be no good."

Having thus decided on the plan, he arranged the articles and concealed himself to await the son and watch results.

Presently in came the boy, saw the money and put it in his pocket, took up the bottle of whisky and drank it, put the Bible under his arm and walked out whistling.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the father, "he will be a member of Parliament."

FROM WISDOM'S WELL.

Once boys or girls have been allowed to leave school, it is contrary to human nature to expect them to go back.

Women's eyes are the windows of their souls; but it is as well not to forget that windows have blinds.

The poor may not be getting poorer, but they are certainly getting less satisfied with their poverty.

Life should consist quite as much of helping as of acquiring.

The world is made up of drudgers and dreamers; and what we want is a combination of the two.

Extra Science.

The coal strike was in full swing, and the landlady noticed with unfeigned dismay that her new lodger's fire consumed more coal than she had been accustomed to provide for it. She mentioned the matter.

"Oh, yes," explained the ingenious young man. "You see, I always place the lumps of coal upon the fire in such a way that the grain of the coal is perpendicular—that is, running up and down, you understand. It makes a much better fire. Nothing like a little science, you know."

The unimpressed female who contracted for the supply of daily necessaries spoke in a hard voice that almost stopped the lodger's watch:

"I allus charges extra to scientific gents."

"I was weading an—aw—account of a woman being gored to death by a beastly cow, donchorknow," remarked young Dudleigh. "Weally, I can't imagine a more howwible affair, can you, Miss Caustique?"

"No, Mr. Dudleigh," replied Miss Caustique, with a mighty yawn; "unless it is being bored to death by a calf!"

"But," said the returned explorer, "although I seemed to be hopelessly lost, and there was not the slightest sign of a trail, I was not the least alarmed, for at that moment some nomadic Kurds rode into my camp."

"Why were you not alarmed?" asked a listener.

"I knew the Kurds would show me the whey."

IN THE AGE OF WHEELS.

By Charles C. Jones.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," complained the plain citizen, "when an honest, law-abiding man cannot go out on the public highways without being run over, smashed, crushed, broken, twisted and otherwise maltreated and abused by the ever-present wheeled vehicle.

"If I stay in my own front yard," he continued, "I am safe; but if I set foot in the street in front of my house or elsewhere my life is put in jeopardy, my liberty is curtailed because I am at liberty only to jump for my life, and my happiness is placed beyond my reach because the only thing that would make me happy is the utter extinction of all vehicles that travel on wheels—excepting always those that run on rails.

"You may think that I ought to stay on the sidewalk, that being the real zone of safety, but I cannot agree with you. Day before yesterday I was strolling peaceably along in front of a park and a big brown car went up the street so fast that although the chauffeur squeezed the bulb when opposite me the car was four blocks away before I heard the sound of the horn. As I turned to look after the car a nursemaid ran into me with a perambulator, and before we got untangled a little boy on roller skates ran into us, and before he got his foot out of my vest pocket another boy ran a little red waggon over my neck. There is no safety on the sidewalk, as you can easily see.

"Perhaps you think that at some particular time of the day or night a man may go for a stroll and be reasonably sure of coming home all in one piece. But there is no such time. I have tried that plan. I used to wander around on the boulevards after dark, seeking the simple life. It took me three evenings to discover that the boulevards are not for the convenience of the pedestrian. I am a nimble man and I escaped with my life; but I do not care to repeat the experience.

"Then I took to the side streets. I would attempt to make a crossing while lost in meditation upon the evils of the times. Then something would fly past in front of my nose, and if I tried to step back out of the way I was sure to place myself in the path of some other destroyer. I dodged, I leaped, I scurried. Because of these startling experiences I have become a human flea. I can do a standing broad jump of ten feet and never turn a hair. It was great exercise; but my evening strolls were not a pleasure, so I quit."

"Why don't you carry a red light when you go out at night?" queried the neighbor.

"I tried that long ago," explained the plain citizen, "but it did not bring safety. I learned to my sorrow that the red light merely served to show the villains where I was. One and all they steered for me.

"I have been hit seventeen times. My doctor's bill to date amounts to the value of a good motor-car. But I haven't paid the doctor yet. I am now trying to decide whether I'll pay him or get a car. What do you advise?"

"There must be wheels in your head," replied the neighbor, "or you would readily solve that problem for yourself. Buy the car, by all means, and then lie in wait for the doctor. If you have any luck at all, you won't have to pay him a cent."

WEARING BLACK.

For a Year or a Day.

The question of how long mourning should be worn by relatives is frequently discussed. Nowadays the feeling, and at times the expressed wishes of the dead, rule a good deal.

It was formerly, however, the custom for mourning to be worn of a deeper character than at the present moment. The correct periods now are one year for mother, father, daughter or son; six months for grandparents, sisters and brothers; three months for aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews; six weeks for cousins, and even less if the relationship is very distant. For a husband the widow wears "weeds" for a year and a day; plain mourning for another year. Black without crepe is complimentary mourning.

Sure to Win.

The last race in the Slocum sports was an "all comers," and the one and only prize is captured by the entry coming in last. Every member of a family over fifteen years of age could enter—animals and humans. The rules said after the start every competitor must keep moving.

"I think, John," said Mrs. Grouser, "that it is quite unfair for the Smiths to enter their old tortoise. It really takes all the sport from the race, as it is sure to win."

Mr. Grouser chuckled.

"Don't be so sure, Mary," he said. "You forget that Jack will be home on his holidays in time to enter the race."

"But surely Jack cannot go as slow as a tortoise!" exclaimed the lady.

"Oh, yes, he can, my dear. You forget that, as a clerk in the War Office for four years, he has had excellent training."

"Did you lend that forgetful friend of ours the book," he asked.

"Yes. But I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."

Every time a man has a cold in his head he is expected to take a lot of advice.

"What are you reading?"

"Plutarch's Wives."

"Gee Whiz! How many did he have?"

Every wrong-doer has a ready excuse. Therefore it is better to refrain from excusing ourselves, even with good reason. To forego excuses is an element of strength.

"Good-bye for ever!" said the young man, coldly, as he prepared to depart. "I leave you now, never to return."

"Good-bye," said the fair maid in the parlor scene. "But before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning ever so much cheaper than you can send a messenger, and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."

"I always was unlucky," he said, with a weary sigh.

"What's the matter now, old man?" his friend asked.

"I've spent over £1000 on having my boy taught to play the fiddle, and now his hair's all comin' out."

"Are there any sweeter words in the English language," musingly inquired Professor Twiggs, "than 'I love you?'"

"Well," grimly remarked the Erratic Thinker, "I understand that some authorities regard 'Here's that half-crown I owe you' as about the acme and epitome of satisfactory, if not saccharine, sentences."

"No temptation to spend it foolishly on able-bodied beggars. Why, you're a veritable child of fortune. Good day!"

"All new arrivals are washed," explained the governor of the prison.

"And if they make a fuss?"

"Then they are ironed."

Fond pride of dress is sure a dreadful curse:
It shows an empty head, and makes an empty purse.

"Life's Revenge"

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS,

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CHAPTER X.

Mark Makes a Move.

Lady Edith was as good as her word. She paid a visit to Hazel and forced Lassells to accompany her, and there was a malicious gleam in her eyes as the carriage with its perfectly-matched pair of high-stepping grey horses turned down the little street. She gave a glance at Lassells' set face, and the smile grew hard and stiff about her lips. Seen from the side they bore now an uncommonly strong likeness to the profile of a cat-set, smiling, thin—curiously immovable and firm.

If it had not been for the hard-set smile of those lips she would have looked like a vision of beauty as she stepped from the carriage; even as it was she looked regal in her rich sables that lay about her neck and set off the peculiar rich gleaming gold of her hair and the high pink and white of her beautiful face.

Her appearance seemed to alter the whole street. She was like a radiant vision—like a jewel that threw out lights.

Lady Edith Warburton always attracted attention. Wherever she went she was followed by interested eyes. So that it was nothing to her that a few factory hands—weavers in their shawls and clogs, and an odd man or two should stop to watch as she stepped from the carriage to the pavement. She was accustomed to such crowds. A hundred times and more during a season in London she had stepped beautiful, calm and confident through an admiring crowd. So what were a few Lancashire operatives to her?

She glanced at them carelessly. A woman with a broken finger set in a splinter and carried on a sling gave her a curious look. It was almost impertinent—so much so that Lady Edith saw it and jerked her head a little backwards, glancing across the small crowd as though she were a giant looking over their heads. And there was contempt and pride in her voice when she spoke.

"I want to see Hazel Harper," she remarked. "Where is she?"

"Hoo were carried yonder," the woman said, pointing to "Old Joe's" cottage. Then she turned from Lady Edith to Lassells, her companion, and her eyes grew bold and perhaps impudent as they rested upon him.

As he passed her she bent forward.

"Yo' mind what aw tell yo'," she said in a sharp whisper. "Yo' mind as Mark Harper will strike unexpected."

Lassells flinched a little and then braced himself. It was the old woman who in the morning had tried to frighten him with regard to Mark Harper. Yet now a certain recollection of a face at the Hall window and of other matters made him paler than usual as he followed Lady Edith from the carriage.

The cottage door stood open, and the sound of angry voices came sharply from within. Lady Edith hesitated an instant, put her hand on Lassells' wrist and gripped it.

"Listen!" she said.

It seemed as if Lassells drew back for a moment. If he were not actually afraid of Mark Harper it was evident that he had very good reasons for not wishing to meet him. And it was Mark's voice that Lady Edith heard now—Mark's voice, harsh and inflamed with passion.

She stepped quickly to the half-open door and peered in. For a moment neither Mark nor Hazel, who faced him, saw her. They were both oblivious to all that was going on outside. Hazel had thrown back her head, and her eyes were flashing. But her face was as pale as death, and behind her back she held clenched in her hand a paper that Mark was endeavoring to get.

"If it will harm Sir Geoffrey, I'll keep it from you—if I die for it, father," she was crying.

He made a savage dart towards her.

"I tell you it has nothing to do with him. Give it back," he shouted. "I'll not have you thieving my papers."

"Didn't I tell you it was lying on the floor, father? I haven't stolen it, but you said it would harm Sir Geoffrey, and I won't give it up to you—no—not until I'm dead will I give it up to you, now. Revenge you said—you were going to be revenged on him—to pay him back for something he had done. I don't know what you mean, and I'll never believe he did any harm to you, and you sha'n't hurt him, father, you sha'n't!"

For an instant Mark's rage made him helpless. His breath came panting from between his lips. He was ugly to look at.

"You shall pay for this," he cried. "You shall pay as you have never paid before. It won't be the first time I have beaten you within an inch of your life. Do you want me to give you what I gave you a month or so ago when your mother died?"

Hazel flinched suddenly. She could not hear that again. She remembered it now with a sickening feeling of despair. Because he had failed to find some papers he had expected amongst his dead wife's belongings he had beaten Hazel until he had nearly killed her. She remembered now how she had lain for days white, more than half-afraid of what he had done, he bid her away until she had recovered. Then he had brought her here to Little Radcliffe for some mysterious purpose which she could not understand—which she dared not try to understand. Fear of her father had been inbred in her. Ever since she could remember he had stood to her like some awful, all-powerful, inhuman creature who seemed to come from no one knew where at all times and seasons, sometimes living on her mother's earnings for weeks, and sometimes disappearing for months together.

Now, for some mysterious reason, he had elected to get work at Lord Warburton's factory, and for the first time that she had ever known him had worked fairly regularly for some weeks.

What it meant she could not tell, but that it was mischief connected with Lord Warburton she was certain. Yet what? Old Joe's remarks about her mother and old Lord Warburton had puzzled and frightened her. What did it mean? That Lord Warburton had once been in love with her mother and that somehow or other he had married the wrong girl seemed to give no ground for mischief, that she could see, and provided no reason for Mark's curious behavior. Yet he was always prowling about the Hall grounds, always insatiably curious about the people in the Hall and their movements. It made her uneasy, and now, with this curious tide of feeling in her heart, with the vision of Sir Geoffrey before her eyes, the fear had suddenly become acute and vigorous.

If he meant harm to Geoffrey, what then?

The sudden tightening at her heart, the choking in her throat was enough to tell her that she loved him. Even though she had only seen him twice in her life she loved him! It was not for nothing he had walked last night from the factory to "Old Joe's" with little Bess in his arms. It was not for nothing that they had looked into each other's eyes. That walk had brought love full and strong to her. This morning brought revelation. She loved him! Last night she had had her hour as she thought—the hour in which she had dreamt of what her life might be like if she were the lucky girl at the Hall whom he was going to marry. This morning he had come again—had carried her in his arms, had set her shoulder—he had given he pain, too, and left behind what she could not describe—something that was bitter as death and as sweet as life—that would have made death a joy if it would bring him good.

She held the paper in her hand, what it was she did not know. She had picked it up from the floor only a moment ago, and had not had time to read it. It was Mark's manner which startled her into holding it against him—something that he had muttered about having revenge on Sir Geoffrey, and instantly her whole heart was aflame and hot to keep what might be ill from him.

Mark stood glowering, furious, with the light of coming battle in his eyes. It was no small pleasure to him to beat her. He liked hurting things. He took a step forward.

Behind the half-open door Lady Edith, motionless until now, stirred quickly. There was an odd look in her face. In Lancashire feelings stir quickly, and this morning's events had been sufficient to rouse in her a passion of jealousy and perhaps also cruelty. She had won Sir Geoffrey, she had had hard work to win him. She had had to suppress herself and work as she had never worked before to gain a man's admiration, and no one should take him from her now. She told herself violently that it was not love that she had seen in his eyes as he bent over Hazel at her looms—she did not believe it was love; she had so much vanity that she would not have believed it until there was actual undisguised proof. But that this little factory girl should dare to speak to him—should dare to look at him as she had, and should break her arm and be taken home to him was more than enough to inflame her. She would like to see her beaten.

In her impatience she took a step forward, and in the instant's sharp silence that had fallen between Hazel and Mark the rustle of her silken skirts sent him springing round on his heels with an oath.

The next moment he had recovered himself, but too late. Hazel had turned and flung the paper on the fire.

What she flung with it she little guessed then.

Mark caught her wrist.

"You little fool! You little fool! You've ruined yourself—you've——" Words failed him. His grip of her wrist was hurting her. She pulled away from him. "You little fool! That paper meant thousands of pounds—to you as well as to me, and it meant——"

He broke off abruptly, and turning, faced Lady Edith. He was breathless. His eyes were hard and glittering, but a sudden change came over him as he looked at her. Something queer flashed over his face—something indescribable. Lady Edith mistook it for admiration, but she, too, little knew.

He went towards her. Hazel fell back, and turning, dropped to her knees before the fire staring at the curl of blackened paper that was writhing on the bars.

Mark went close to Lady Edith, sending her back involuntarily away from his touch. But he followed until they stood in the doorway.

"It meant something to you, too," he whispered.

She drew back indignantly.

"To me?" she said in a voice high with annoyance.

He put up his finger and gave a quick glance at Hazel. She was oblivious. He half-pushed Lady Edith out into the street, and something in his manner made her forget Lassells and her desire to see him and Mark face to face. Something in his expression half-startled her.

"What do you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"If you'll invite me to tea at the Hall I'll tell you," he began.

She turned away angrily.

"You'd better listen to me," he said in the same penetrating whisper. "It'll pay you to listen."

She mounted the doorstep and looked round impatiently for Lassells. The crowd had gone, and higher up the street Lassells waited. A couple of women were close by. Mark caught Lady Edith's arm.

"I tell you it will pay you," he said in her ear. "You'd better let me come—or at least make an appointment with me where I can meet you in secrecy. I can tell you, my lady, you'll be ready to pay—to pay handsomely—to keep other folks from knowin' what I know."

Her face was a shade paler than usual now. Her eyes searched his. Her mind travelled sharply. What did he mean? What could he mean? Something to do with her—something that would affect her? Could it be through Geoffrey—or Lassells, who had been so startled by his face at the window? Geoffrey had seemed startled, too, a little. What did it mean? "To keep other folks from knowing what I know!"

It was nonsense—it must be nonsense, of course, yet——

"It had something to do with that paper?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Then it was proof of something?"

He nodded again grimly.

"Maybe, as I found that I could find another," he said.

"Of what?" she breathed.

"That I'll tell you when I can see you quiet and alone, my lady," he replied.

She stood, curiously baffled, uncertain, biting her lips. Higher up the street the women had separated, and one was turning towards them.

"It is impossible for it to affect me," she said.

He laughed.

"Oh, no, it isn't," he replied. "It's quite simple, when you know; and I tell you it's worth thousands to me—thousands that you'll pay, my lady."

She gave a little gasp for breath, and looked unsteadily up and down the street.

"I—I—it's nonsense — impossible. Where is Mr. Lassells?"

"Never mind Mr. Lassells," Mark sneered. "He'll look after himself, I daresay, and I'm going to look after myself. I'll be in the park to-night, about ten o'clock—after your dinner hour. And if you like to invite me in somewhere where we shall be quiet, it'll be to your advantage, and that I tell you straight."

For an instant she looked into his eyes. They cowed her. They were bold, confident, unscrupulous, cruel eyes, and they had in them a malicious gleam.

"You'll see me to-night, if you're wise," he added, and disappeared, leaving her helpless in the middle of the street—helpless and frightened.

Down below waited the carriage, the horses high-stepping, shining, the polished silver harness gleaming and glittering in the faint sunlight, strangely out of place in that little, poor street.

CHAPTER XI.

The Diamond Stud.

Meanwhile Lassel's had disappeared. Probably he had gone to the carriage, she thought, after an instant. He was evidently determined not to face Mark. It was curious that he should so carefully avoid him. But she had forgotten that now, her mind bent on unravelling the meaning of Mark's words. What could he want of her? It was nonsense—rubbish—a mere threat. But perhaps, after all, she would see him. And meanwhile, where was Lassells?

The street was empty. The little crowd had gone about its business. Only the woman with the broken finger lingered. Lady Edith turned and went towards the waiting carriage, and a moment afterwards Lassells came out of "Old Joe's" cottage and hurried towards her, on his face a curious look, in his hands something that glittered sharply. He looked at it, smiling—Sir Geoffrey's diamond stud! A queer thing for a poor child to be playing with, surely! He thought he saw his way to make use of it. And something else, too, had struck him as being curious—the wretched old woman with a broken finger. She had startled him as he left Lady Edith by gripping his arm with her other hand and peering into his face. Her words re-echoed as he turned towards the carriage.

"Yo' hearken," she had said, as Mark's threatening voice rang out. "He'll kill her one day—if she don't kill him first, and he'd deserve it. If she killed him, he'd deserve it, for he means mischief! Mischief it were twenty years agone, and mischief now. Oh, yo'll see afore many days are gone over yo'r head, mr lad."

Lassells had looked his contempt. The woman was mad—or what they called "sawny" in those parts. She had "a bee in her bonnet"—a stupid raving idea about Mark Harper. As for Lady Edith, she was road herself to visit such a place and such people.

He turned from the old woman disdainfully, and then "Old Joe's" wife came out of the cottage beckoning him.

"Leah, what is he doin' to her now?" she had asked. "I wish Joe were here. Mark Harper will 'ill her afore he's done."

"Axe," said Leah, unless she kills him. You'll see."

Old Sally's face flushed an angry red.

"Yo' sup loss, Leah," she said indignantly, "an' yo'll talk less." She stepped out into the road and went toward's Harper's cottage.

As she did so Lassells, strolling casually by, looked into the interior of "Old Joe's" and instantly something arrested his attention.

On the roughly-improvised bed in the corner little Bess lay asleep—her little worn face turned towards the street as she had turned it to watch Sir Geoffrey go out an hour or so before; her little hand stretched out across the coverlet, and just fallen from her fingers, lying gleaming sharply, sparkling as the light caught it, was Sir Geoffrey's diamond stud.

Lassell's stared. Then with a glance along the street to see Sally disappearing in Harper's cottage and Leah hobbling in the opposite direction he slipped in on tiptoe and snatched it up.

Now, dropping back against the soft-lined carriage as the footman closed the door upon him, he held out his palm uppermost with the diamond stud gleaming upon it—flashing—little Bessie's "bit o' glass."

Lady Edith sat sharply upright.

"Geoffrey's stud," she cried. "Where—where did you find it?"

"Where do you suppose?" he asked.

She sat back, setting her teeth. He watched her carefully. She imagined he had picked it up in Harper's cottage he thought, and he was right.

"But—but—how did—that girl get it?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Goodness knows," he said. "But why did he stand over her looms in that familiar way this morning? How was it he took her home? There were other factory girls more badly injured. How was it he didn't take a fancy to any of them?"

"Bah!" A cry broke from her lips. Ah, but it meant nothing—it could not mean anything—it should not! She sat stiffly upright, staring forward at the stiff backs of coachman and footman, and slowly something crept over her that turned her passion for Sir Geoffrey into something cruel, merciless. No one as long as she was alive should separate her from Sir Geoffrey now! No one should come between them and live! And as she lived she would ruin whoever took Geoffrey away from her now.

She looked round wildly. She scarcely heard what Lassells was whispering, but suddenly his words bore meaning.

"Do you believe his story of the motor accident last night?" he asked. "What if instead he was there visiting Hazel Harper?"

She roused sharply.

"It's a lie," she cried. "It is nonsense. He has never been in Little Radcliffe before—or even in Lancashire in all his life."

"But the girl—he may have met her somewhere else. Who is she? Where does she come from?"

Lady Edith sat back abruptly. Yes, where did Hazel Harper come from?

Lassells was watching her carefully. He was a desperate man with a fortune at stake. If he could manage somehow to separate Lady Edith and Sir Geoffrey then he could have his chance. She would come to him out of very rage. She was as proud as she was hard, and, Lassells argued, that pride could not tolerate even the suggestion of a rival.

But she surprised him a little. He had almost expected when he produced the stud that she would have been ready to fling Sir Geoffrey over there and then. She was not only proud, but vain and selfish, so that when she sat looking stiffly before her, neither breaking into a passion of rage nor showing any sign of doing what he desired, he grew a little impatient. He must, within a week, find some means of getting what he wanted. Twice he had a narrow escape from Mark Harper. It was not exactly pleasant to find that a man who had once suffered imprisonment which you should have shared was in the same town—especially when that man was desperate above the common and meant to make you "smart" some day for his own mistakes. Decidedly Lassells had no desire to meet him.

"Yes, who is the girl?" he asked now. "Where does she come from? A stranger, you told me. Well, who knows where Sir Geoffrey may have met her before? And the motor accident," he laughed sharply, unpleasantly. "A nice little story when you come to think of it. And his diamond——" He held it out on his open palm and laughed again.

Lady Edith was white now to the lips. Oh, yes, it sounded a queer story when Lassells told it, but—it was a lie! It must be a lie!

As if challenging her, the gleam of the diamond caught her eye, and above it Lassell's face seemed to drive her to distraction.

She turned away her head. Lassells remained holding out the stud a moment longer; then he pocketed it and relapsed into silence. When he came to think of it there was something decidedly odd somewhere—something queer about things generally which he could not grasp at the moment. And that crazy old woman with her broken finger—what had she said about Mark Harper and mischief up at the Hall—and why the dickens hadn't he listened more closely to what she had said about something that had happened there twenty years ago? What did it mean exactly? Had Harper something up his sleeve? Was there a plan of some kind? Was there money in it?

Lassells was quite extraordinarily silent on the way home. If there were any trickery—if Mark had some good thing—would it pay him (Lassells) better to make up things with him or to fight him?

Lassells needed only one glance at Lady Edith to decide that. She was the better prize, wherever Mark's ambitions were leading him. He had imagined her often—on his arm in some crowded staircase in the thick of a London season, at brilliant receptions in great houses. He saw a fortune and a career before him once Lady Edith was his wife. Therefore, of course, Harper must be thwarted, but how?

If Mark were in the same temper that he had been in some time before when Lassells had last seen his scowling face in a dock, he dared not risk a meeting. But yet, could all be explained away? Could he play on him as he had done once before? Should he try? Should he hunt with the hare and run with the hounds? He wished he could find out what particular game it was that Mark was playing, and what it meant, but how to do it he did not quite know. Should he lie low, and await events? Should he merely content himself with worming his way in between Lady Edith and Sir Geoffrey?

Lassells did a good deal of thinking before the high-stepping horses flourished their hoofs and brought them down with a thud on the gravel in front of the great Hall door, and he had arrived at no sort of conclusion then, except that at all costs Lady Edith was to be his wife. He was relying on the primitive passions which he knew underlay her proud pink and white exterior on jealousy, vanity, and selfish arrogance. How far they would lead her he could not see. And he did not quite know how deep or how strong was her love for Sir Geoffrey. He had watched keenly her efforts to catch him, and she had tried hard enough. But he put down all her anxiety to win him to her own personal vanity. She had probably never had a man try to resist her before. But he credited her with little else, and now her white look made him wonder. She was, in his mind, a cat, and only a starving cat relegated or anxious when it is tracking its prey. Another question came now. Was Lady Edith jealous—did she want Sir Geoffrey so badly—did she love him so much that she had grown deathly white at the thought of a possible rival? Did she love him so desperately that even the finding of the stud had become a tragedy, or was it merely race and a desire for revenge that had driven the blood from her face?

He helped her down, speculating, and held her hand in his just for a moment as they walked into the Hall. There, as she was rapidly crossing the wide tiled place, he strode towards her.

"Edith," he cried—"Lady Edith, look at me." She turned involuntarily—woodenly—because she was acting mechanically, with all her thoughts far away from him. "I've told you before now that I love you—you've known it as long as you have known me," he said. He stopped and looked at her steadily, and something in his eyes arrested her attention sharply. "When you want me—for anything—I am ready," he added. "I'd do anything—go through everything—commit any crime, if necessary—for one reward."

She looked at him—lowered her eyes slowly to his, then shivered uneasily. Sometimes she had thought that against all her passionate opposition he would win. She had not forgotten his threat that at any cost he would marry her—that he would win, as he had always won; but until last night, when he had broken loose, and lost control of himself and kissed her on the lips, the fear had been lulled. After all, threats were like thistle-down, and often seeded wide of the mark; but last night he had cowed her, and she had been fully alive to the danger. Now—now, seeing the danger, she yet considered in her mind whether she could manipulate it—whether she could make Lassells useful now and throw him aside later, or not.

She looked steadily into his eyes.

"Oh, yes, I know," she said. "You want to marry me, but I—I—no—I shall marry Geoffrey."

He caught her arm.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

She drew herself up.

"Of course——"

"Think—wait. He is not so anxious, but I—I—Edith, only command me—I'll do anything. If there is any service you need—anything you want done—I don't care what, I'll do it—if you will marry me."

For a moment they looked steadily into each other's eyes in silence—like on to like—spirit on to spirit. Both were the same, he and she, both without nobility or sweetness, each intent on its own unworthy ambition.

For a moment each saw in the other what each knew was there. Then Lady Edith drew back.

"I—I—there is nothing you can do for me," she said.

Lassells looked into her eyes again.

"Are you sure," he asked.

He waited. Then——

"I'd do anything—don't forget that—anything. You have only to speak. All I ask is that you marry me."

Ah! She could have laughed outright, but something in his eyes—something odd, suggestive, that almost frightened her held her silent for a moment.

The next she had turned, shrugging her shoulders, and was mounting the wide marble staircase.

After all, what had she to fear from him? She told herself sharply, nothing. What could he do? How was it possible for him to force himself upon her?

Yesterday, boldly as he had talked of winning her and getting his own way, it had seemed to her ridiculous enough. To-day, in some strange fashion, things had changed. Yesterday, surely Sir Geoffrey had come as much in love with her as he had been in London a week or so ago. Yet—that breakdown of his motor-car and the disappearance of his diamond stud and its reappearance in Mark Harper's cottage—what did it mean? And the girl at the looms—why had he stopped to speak to her? Why had he taken her home—why—why?

The questions beat in her heart and her breast as she mounted the staircase to her own room. She went in and closed the door, and, sitting down before her toilet table, looked at her face steadily in the glass.

That little shabby factory girl a rival to her? Bah! It was impossible. Sir Geoffrey must be mad! She looked at her beautiful face. It was white now, but surely far more attractive to a man like Sir Geoffrey than the worn, thin face wrapped in a grey shawl?

She bent forward, putting her chin in the hollow of her hand. It was a beautiful hand, white, sparkling with rings, and below it the arm was perfectly moulded, soft and round—very different, surely, to the thin little arm of the factory girl, bare to the elbow and hardened with work? What did it mean? How was she to act?

Her face grew hard and set and bitter. It was no idle emotion that had stirred her. All her passion rose as she stared into her own eyes in the glass. Yes—she would ruin Hazel Harper—would, by hook or by crook, by fair means or by foul, thrust her out of Geoffrey's path.

Suddenly she grew still, and a little paler, standing shuddering. Could it be something to do with Hazel and Sir Geoffrey that made Mark Harper so anxious to see her? Was there, after all, something behind it? Was Lassells right? Did Geoffrey know more of the little factory girl than she suspected.

She drew in her breath, and turned slowly away. Her heart seemed to stand quite still in her breast.

Yes, she would see Mark Harper to-night, come of it what would.

CHAPTER XII.

The Charred Paper.

The afternoon crawled on to "losing" time with a weariness and a slowness that Hazel could not understand. After she had flung the paper on the fire, and Mark had followed Lady Edith out into the street, she had waited, shuddering, for what might happen. That her father would beat her within an inch of her life, as he had threatened, she did not doubt; but he had not returned, and there had been no sign of him since.

On the bar of the grate the curl of blackened paper still clung, and she sat staring at it, wondering in vain what it could be about—what it had to do with Sir Geoffrey.

For clearly Mark had threatened him—had meant mischief—had said distinctly it would serve him right—whatever it was—whatever was the secret the paper had held.

It hung now a charred remnant, of no use to anyone—a bit of black ash, no more.

Suddenly, however, she started. Fallen underneath the grate was a little scrap of white. She stooped and gingerly picked it up. Part of it fell away in black flakes, and on it remained a few isolated words.

The light was fading, the street growing chill and dismal. She took it hurriedly to the little window, and, holding it to the light, tried to decipher the words upon it.

She read the charred scrap with the fear growing sharper at he heart. It was part of a letter evidently, but a letter written to whom, and meaning what?

On one side the scrawled words were smoked, but she read without much difficulty odds and ends of words, disjointed, broken, but somehow suggestive and ugly. The writing was a woman's, thin and straggling, and looked faded. Hazel held the scrap gingerly and then turned it over. There was more on that side, too, and her heart sickened suddenly curiously at what she saw.

It will ro ill with you if you don't
set your mind at rest. If I
suspects she don't know
Nobody in Little Dad
but me,

And on the other side—

But you make yourself easy and forget
it's no good repenting now,
treachery paid with treachery and
forgotten. They'll be no trouble,
see unless Mark finds out
somebody pay!

She stood, quiet, motionless, for some moments after she had deciphered it, staring out in the fast-darkening street, and the cold that was creeping up with the night was seizing upon her, fastening up her heart, crushing her.

Suddenly she made up her mind that she must act. How that bit of paper could have given Mark his revenge on Sir Geoffrey she could not tell. There was no mention of him, and yet the words boded ill. There was no question of that. Mark's very manner had proved it.

Now Hazel made up her mind. She placed the scrap carefully in an envelope, and picking up her shawl, wrapped it about her head and ran out. From "Old Joe's" door came a stream of light. She went towards it.

Sally, in the act of taking out her oven-bottom cakes, looked up and saw her figure in the doorway.

"Eh, lass, am that you?" she cried.

Hazel went to look in.

"Has Joe come home yet?" she asked.

Sally shook her head.

"Naw, an' aw durned know what ails him, lass, but there's work to be done at the mill, naw doubt."

Hazel turned, looking away down the street.

"I'm going to find him," she said. "I want to see him."

Old Sally showed relief. It was now long past "losing" time, and in an ordinary way all the operatives would be home for the night; but there had been more work to be done than they anticipated, and when Hazel reached the lodge gates the yard was still busy with men repairing the damage that had been done by the explosion.

She crossed the yard to the boiler-house, and stood looking at the wreck and ruin of it. One side had been blown out, and lay in piled heaps of bricks about the yard. It had fortunately blown outwards, and consequently had saved hundreds of lives. If it had gone in the other direction half the factory would have been wrecked and half the operatives killed.

"Where's 'Old Joe'?" Hazel asked one of the hurrying figures.

"Down in the engine-house—fettin' over his engine," sai dthe man. "It were a little child to him."

Hazel turned and stepped down into the firehole, and there found "Old Joe" black and greasy with a wad of cotton waste in one hand and an oil-can in the other.

He nodded grimly when he saw Hazel.

"Ef th' oud lass sent ye, tell her I'se coming now. But I had to see if there were ought damaged, and it's a gradely engine it is—it's stood it all like an angel—I velly think hoo 'd run now if I started hoo. A gradely 'un it is—an' it's seed some sects and it's addled some brass in its time, aw can tell yo'."

He dabbed at it with the bit of cotton waste and then stepped back admiringly.

Hazel went up to him.

"Couldn't you come home now, Joe?" she asked. "I want to see you—I—I'm worried, Joe."

The old man turned abruptly. After one glance at her face he tossed away the load of cotton and put aside the oil-can.

"Joe, I've come to you for help—I want a friend now. You're the only one I can go to. You were my mother's friend."

"Yi. And so I were," said the old man; "and, for her sake, I'm yours. Is it about the little 'un, or 'bout the di'mont?"

Hazel shook her head.

"No—I's afraid it's worse than that," she said in a whisper. "It's my father, Joe."

She told him rapidly of what had occurred that afternoon—of her finding the paper on the floor, of Mark's threats and Lady Edith's sudden visit, and then of the charred bit of paper.

"Old Joe" knit his brow and looked baffled. From outside came the sound of voices as the men worked—of footsteps and the ring of horses' hoofs on the bricked yard. Inside, the engine, with its network of belting and shafting and its masses of wheels, was silent, the ponderous beam lying still, a gigantic statue in the flickering light.

"Old Joe" took the burnt letter from Hazel's hand and held it in his own grimy ones. He read it through laboriously two or three times, and then looked up.

"What do you make of it?" she asked.

"Mischief," he said grimly, "mischief! But what it means is more nor I can say. Seems t' me I've seen that writing before. It's old and faded like—an' a woman's, if I know aught. And where did he get it, eh? And what do it mean? Treachery, eh, lass? Treachery!"

He broke off to peer into her face in the gloom. Immediately his thoughts had swept back to her mother and to her words of last night.

"There was a secret on my mother's mind that wore her out," she had said.

Could it be that? Has this paper anything to do with that?

"Did you ever suspect ought that was on your mother's mind?" "Old Joe" asked. "Did you ever get any idea like? Could this have to do with it?"

Hazel shook her head slowly. How did she know? And how could a secret of her mother's affect Sir Geoffrey Denison?

"It couldn't have to do with that," she said, "because father declared distinctly that it would serve Sir Geoffrey right—that he would have his revenge on him. And how could my mother have any secret that would affect Sir Geoffrey?"

"Eh, lass, aw canna tell ye, but there's many things as baffle me. Aw canna tell yo how a telegraft that ye puts daun on a bit o' paper and gives to a lass over a countor walks over wires most quick as yo' can think and comes out fifty miles away in a yellow envelope; an' aw canna tell how ought to do wi' yo'r father can hurt Sir Geoffrey, but it might. I only ask."

Hazel stood motionless, trying to think. The memory of her mother dying, broken, anxious, haunted by something she could not explain, came back to her. She seemed to see again her thin, white face—seemed to see herself as she had waited during those weeks when she had been dying, for her to speak.

She had never spoken. Instead, dropping down upon them in the middle of it all, when her mother, growing weaker day by day, was on the verge of confidence, had come her father—her father whom she seldom saw, but whom she feared as she had never feared anyone else in all the world.

He had checked all that had been trembling on her mother's lips. Whatever it was that was on her mind was driven backwards by his presence. Perhaps she was as frightened of him as Hazel was. At any rate, the troubled look upon her face grew quickly into one of active fear; and after Mark's arrival Hazel was never left five minutes with her mother alone.

Now she asked herself why, and why she should remember it, and in connection with this burnt scrap of paper which, according to her father, would affect Sir Geoffrey Denison, a stranger in Lancashire, and the fiance of Lady Edith Warburton of the Hall?

It was like a puzzle that looks intricate and difficult on the face of it. And perhaps, after all, like most puzzles, it held some simple solution.

But, meanwhile, no solution came to her or to "Old Joe."

"But," she said, "it gives us no clue—there is nothing to go on. Who was it written to? Who is I——? And the treachery, Joe? What does it mean?"

He was standing, a little wizened old man, in his greasy clothes, with the light throwing his shadow, elongated and exaggerated, upon the whitewashed wall. He shook his head.

"Na knowin', lass," he said. "But, somehow, I know the writing, and maybe I shall think directly. Maybe I shall remember."

He hoisted himself again with his engine, moving about the machinery with the agility of a monkey. Suddenly he swung himse'f down again."

"Did your mother never speak o' Lord Warburton o' the Hall?" he asked. "I towd ye last night he were fair set on her onst. Did she never speak on it?"

Hazel shook her head. Dim, indistinct, came a memory of her mother bending over a photograph of an unknown man. But it was only dim, and what it meant she had never understood.

"No, she never spoke of him," she said. "I only know that there was something on her mind that she wanted to set right—something that wore her out—that troubled her, I think. But after father came I could get nothing out of her."

"Ah!" said Joe.

"She changed after he came. He went, and she altered so you couldn't have known her. And then she died, and father brought me here; and now—and now, Joe, what does this mean? What am I to do? What am I to do?"

Joe spread the charred paper on his dirty palm again and looked at it. He looked up sharply.

"There'll summat come o' this," he said abruptly. "What it has to do wi' Sir Geoffrey aw cunna say—no more than aw can tell 'o' o' the telegraft. But yo' and me must keep a watch, lass. There'll summat come."

Hazel caught his arm.

"Joe, if he ever hurts—Sir Geoffrey—I—I'll——" A sound outside made her break off, and the same instant "Old Joe" stepped sharply before Hazel, to stand low on her and the man who had appeared at the top of the steps leading to the firehole.

He lifted his face and faced him sharply.

"Yo' stan' aside o' my gate!" he cried. "'Tis no place for the like o' ya'. Stan' oat, or yo'll get yo'r fine cloeathes spoiled, yo' will. What is't tha' wants? Th' gaffers are none to be found here. Get oat o' my gate."

But the figure had stepped down—a tall, straight figure, in a thick, warm fur coat.

"Nonsense! I'm not an ogre," said Sir Geoffrey. "I've just managed to drag Lord Warburton back to the Hall, and I've come back myself to see if I can help you any more."

He stopped. In the glimmering light he had caught a sudden glimpse of Hazel's face, and his heart stood still.

Fate, against them or with them, had thrown them together for the third time. He stepped down into the hole.

"I can see one thing for me to do," he said, "and that is to take you home."

(To be continued.)

MISTOOK THE SIGN.

A Cossack, ignorant of the French language, was hired at Moscow by the lion-tamer Pezow to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Their understanding—or misunderstanding—was arranged by means of gestures, as neither understood the language of the other, and Pezow thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do. The next morning the Cossack began his new duties by entering, with bucket, sponge and broom, not the cage of a tame beast, but that of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep on the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his sponge and approached the tiger.

At this moment Pezow appeared upon the scene, and was struck with terror. Any sound or motion on his part would intensify the danger of the situation by rousing the animal to fury, so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The Cossack approached the animal, and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse, while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on his back, stretched out his paws, and, purring, offered every part of his body to the Cossack, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repeated the hazardous experiment upon another savage of the desert had not Pezow prevented him.

GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.

Gossip and scandal are two different things. Mere gossip is talking about your neighbor's affairs, without any malicious motive. But scandal is repeating a story that you know is damaging. Sometimes the story is true. But generally it is grossly exaggerated, if not entirely without foundation. Persons frequently repeat tales of scandal without any evil intention. But many, alas! delight in them, and are only too glad to find something to say against their neighbor.

The life of a window-sash cord can be doubled by a periodical application of tallow or lard. The window should be thrown up, and all the cord greased with an old-fashioned tallow-dip slightly heated; the window then shut, and the same process applied to the rest of the cord. If tallow candles are not to be had pure lard should be applied sparingly; but on no account use any fat with salt in it, as the salt would rot the cord quicker than the damp.

Tact does for speech what salt does for potatoes—makes it palatable.

AMOUNT OF SLEEP ONE NEEDS.

Nearly Everybody Demands Eight Hours, Though Edison Says Four Is Enough.

Eight hours for work, eight hours for recreation, and eight hours for sleep is the old division of the twenty-four hours of each and every day. It is supposed to be ideal, and it has been incorporated as a part of the programme of every trade union in the world.

How much time do we really need for sleep, after all? Do we need to drown and drug ourselves in the nearest approach to death that is possible for one-third of our existence?

Edison sleeps about four and a half hours daily. He says that is enough for him and for any other man who works with his brain instead of his hands. There is no doubt that he can do more with the two halves of his brain on four hours' slumber than most men can with their craniums after refreshing them with a ten-hour sleep.

Napoleon slept four hours—no more and no less. In the midst of his greatest campaigns he snatched that much sleep under the guns of opposing armies, and when safe in his own capital he slept no more. In sleep the whole of the vital forces are much lower. The resistance to cold is much less. The heart beats slower and the respiration is slowed down. You are recuperating for the next day's work.

The question is, how much time should be necessary for recuperation? There are almost as many answers as there are persons. Doubtless many heavy workers and gross eaters, men who tear down much bodily tissue in hard work and who eat heavy meals, need nine, ten, and even more hours of sleep. It is a question with them of giving the body time enough to build up what has been torn down.

The man who works with his brain rather than his muscles rarely requires so much sleep. It seems easier to repair the worn brain tissue than it does to build up the exhausted muscles.

The brain is never entirely at rest, even in the deepest sleep. It is running over and over a thousand images and mind-pictures that have been stamped into its brain cells. The mind is working just the same, but not so rapidly or so hard as it does when the senses are awake and furnishing it something to do.

The first hours of slumber are rarely as profound as those that come in the middle of the night. Again towards daybreak, or at least towards the time of waking, the somnolence becomes less pronounced.

The average citizen feels that he has been terribly abused when he fails to get at least eight hours' good, sound sleep every night. He lets all the family hear about it, and it is his standing excuse for anything that may go wrong during the day. Students of sleep have often held that there is just as much likelihood of the average man getting too much sleep as there is of his getting too little.

We are not all Edisons or Napoleons, and most of us like our eight hours regular. We will have it, too, except on those occasions when we are kept up until after midnight and are forced to drag our creaking bodies from the warm blankets.

Sleep experts claim that the habit of lying in bed for another "forty winks" is a bad one. They argue that we have had all the sleep needed when we awake naturally, and that this rolling over, face to the wall, and stealing another half-hour is useless.

They assert, too, that the alarm clock should not be a necessity in rousing a sleeper every morning. He should wake naturally and without any such clattering, chattering aide as an alarm. Then, too, he should roll right out, and not allow himself to get into the habit of dreading to get up.

Even the craving for water is not greater than the terrific demand for sleep. Regiments in forced marches have been known to practically march in their sleep for hours. The roadside halt of a minute would mean that practically every soldier would fall sound asleep standing in the ranks. The act of walking becomes mechanical and the mind loses all sense of time or of the distance travelled.

TAKE BABY'S ADVICE.

All newly-born babies desire to have a copy of the following on a card to hang around their necks:

Don't handle me more than necessary.

Don't put into my mouth, to stop me from crying, an old piece of rub her to suck. It is about the worst habit I can get into.

Don't let my relatives see me.

Don't take me up, strain me to your breast, walk the floor with me, dance before me like a wild Indian, shaking a horrible rattle, or talk gibberish to me when I have a crying spell. There may be something serious the matter with me, but this isn't going to help.

When I push away my bott'e don't force me to feed. I know when it is necessary for me to eat anything.

Don't take me to the circus, prayer meeting or to spend the day at the seashore. I'm not so old or so foolproof as you are.

Don't kiss me. Take someone your own size.

Don't show your anxiety about me when in my presence. I haven't any too much confidence in myself.

Don't be too proud of my unnatural brightness. It may be a form of decomeracy.

Don't tell anybody that I am only a little animal. Let them guess it for themselves.

Don't take my temperature or send for the doctor on the slightest provocation.

Don't let the light strike into my eyes.

Don't rock me to sleep. Remember that the hand that rocks the cradle is ruled by the baby.

COUNTERFEITS TO-DAY.

The "New Style" is Causing Trouble.

FOOTBALL.

NORTHCOTE—PRESTON V. PORT MELBOURNE.

A GOOD WIN FOR NORTHCOTE.

This match was played last Saturday at Croxton. There was a good attendance, the bad weather notwithstanding. Dawson replaced Earsman, who was injured the previous Saturday against North Melbourne. Northcote started operations by Scott kicking a goal. Ryan got another, and after some give and take play, Steel responded with one for the visitors.

The first quarter the locals led by 9 points:—

Northcote-Preston, 2 goals 5 behinds, 17 points.

Port Melbourne, 1 goal 2 behinds, 8 points.

The second quarter neither side scored a big point, but Northcote-Preston added 4 behinds to the visitors' 1 behind, although the former missed one or two easy shots, and Ryan hit the post. Port Melbourne got the ball forward time after time, but Hall, Belleth, Smith and Thomas were playing a strong game, and scored their goals repeatedly. Jinks was prominent for Ports, his marking being first-class, and Tregloan put in some useful ground work. When the bell sounded the interval, the board showed:—

Northcote-Preston, 2 goals 9 behinds, 21 points.

Port Melbourne, 1 goal 3 behinds, 9 points.

Off again, both sides determined to force matters, and considering the heavy going and the greasy ball, the game was a good one. Johnson, in the centre, and Cole on the wing, were playing well. The former passed quickly on to Norman, who forwarded to Ryan, and from a nice place kick secured another sixer for the green and gold. Hammond, who was doing yeoman's work in the ruck, grabbed the ball, and shot it on to Swift, who scored the home side's fourth goal. Ports rallied, and with some quick passes, Mulross got the major point. At three-quarter time the score was:—

Northcote-Preston, 4 goals 11 behinds, 35 points.

Port Melbourne, 2 goals 8 behinds, 20 points.

The change of ends for the last time saw Port Melbourne attacking, but the Northcote backs were equal to the forward movement, and sent the leather forward, where Cole and Swift put in some good work. The latter after making a fine run, lost the ball instead of getting rid of it. Johnson was the next to gain a sixer, and it came just at a nice stage of the game, as both teams were playing solid football. The green and gold supporters were wondering if their side would last it out, as on previous occasions they have lost the match in the last ten minutes, but to their great delight, they played strongly right up to the bell, which is due to their paying more attention to their training. During this quarter, Scott was assisted off the ground with an injury to his leg. The final scores were:—

Northcote-Preston, 6 goals 13 behinds, 49 points.

Port Melbourne, 3 goals 9 behinds, 27 points.

Northcote's best were Johnson (centre) Cole and Duncan (wing) Hammond and Moore (following) Thomas, Smith, Billett (especially last quarter) (backs) Norman and Ryan (2 goals) (forward) Swift (roving), and for Port Melb., Jinks, Tregloan, Monk, Schrape and Brown.

Northcote-Preston play Melbourne City at the Croxton Park reserve this afternoon, not at East Melbourne, as the guides state.

The amalgamated clubs of Northcote and Preston have decided, in conjunction with the Northcote Cricket Club, to run picture entertainments every other Thursday in the New Northcote Theatre Messrs. W. H. Smith, chairman; A. Hatton, secretary; T. Hammond, treasurer; and Swift, Football Club, met Messrs. H. Hatton, vice-president; E. Yeomans, secretary; and R. Mitchel, cricket club, and made the necessary arrangements. It is a step in the right direction, as it will bring about a better feeling between the clubs, and be for the benefit of the district.

Northcote Senior Cadets Football club play Williamstown to-day. Drag leaves town hall at 1.30.

Northcote Cadets were beaten by North Fitzroy last Saturday. Scores: North Fitzroy, 8-18; Northcote,, 6-8.

Ferguson's Memorial play Richmond Presbyterians at Gooch street, to-day.

State of St. George's Road.

To the Editor.

Sir,—It is quite time our councillors did something in the direction of making St. George's road fit for traffic. Only the other day the humiliating spectacle was witnessed of a large number of hard-working men and boys being summoned before the local court for riding on the footpath. As a matter of fact, in wet weather—and very often in dry weather—St. George's rd. is absolutely unsafe and dangerous even for vehicular traffic, not to mention cyclists. I would like the municipal magnate who laid down the law on that occasion to essay a like ride from Arthurton road to the Merri Creek bridge after a day's rain, and I venture to say he would cheerfully pay all the fines imposed. The favourite mode of detection is for one of our zealous constables to secrete himself at the Convent corner, in Westbourne Grove, and peep furtively round the corner for unsuspecting riders who are trying to dodge the expanse of slush and numberless holes in the road. One would think that the first care of our council would be to keep our main roads, at anyrate, in decent order, instead of creating records in mayoral functions.—Yours etc.,

CYCLIST.

Constipation and Piles.

DOCTORS WERE PUZZLED AND BAFFLED.

BILE BEANS SAVED HER LIFE.

"I am sure I would not have been alive to-day had it not been for Bile Beans," says Mrs. Maud Beacall, of 8, Vere street, North Richmond, Melbourne. "Before I came from London to Australia, I had a terrible illness that would have proved fatal, for I went into a decline and grew weaker and weaker. The cause of this arose from a severe form of constipation and internal piles. I suffered in a most distressing way, and my whole system was wrecked. My appetite was lost, I had no energy whatever, and could not work. From ten stone I wasted away to seven. The mind also reacted on the body, I was greatly distressed and fully believed I was incurable. I was treated by various doctors, but not one of them could do anything for me. My case seemed a puzzler.

"Being strongly recommended to try Bile Beans, I got a supply and commenced taking them. They resulted in saving my life. After I had taken a few doses I realised that at last I was on the road to a complete cure, for I felt a corresponding improvement with each dose. The constipated condition relaxed and I also felt eased in every other respect. The piles gradually disappeared and I gradually regained my weight until I reached 10 stone 4 pounds. As I persevered with Bile Beans I grew stronger and more healthy, and the blood flowed in my veins with increased swiftness and each day brought the flush and glow of health to my cheeks, until finally life regained for me its lost charm. Bile Beans completely rid me of all my ailments and restored me to perfect health and figure. I can strongly recommend Bile Beans." Sold by all stores and chemists.

MELBOURNE'S TRAVELLING FACILITIES.

SPEECH BY MR. MEMBREY, M.L.A.

In the course of the Address in Reply debate, Mr. Membrey, M.L.A., the member for Jika Jika, made a valuable deliverance in Parliament on Tuesday, especially in regard to the traffic question.

Mr. Membrey congratulated the Government on its excellent programme. He agreed with many of the views of country members as to the need for decentralisation, but in the city urgent necessity existed for action to cope with the expanding passenger traffic. The press, in most convincing articles, had shown the advantages that would be derived from the electrification of the suburban railways. This matter had been before public attention for years, and it was five years since Mr. Merz was first engaged to draft a scheme. His report was presented four years ago, but as the Railway Commissioners challenged some of the figures, nothing further was done till 1910, when the transit royal commission was appointed. He believed the present Government would submit a bill for the conversion of the railway system, but if the volume of traffic continued to increase at the present rate a very serious problem would have to be faced without delay. The daily average numbers of passengers who passed through the barriers of the city stations between 5 a.m. and midnight were:—Flinders street, 129,419 in 1909, and 145,257 in 1911; Princes Bridge, 20,099 in 1909, and 20,740 in 1911; Spencer street 14,546 in 1909, and 20,670 in 1911. These figures did not include passengers passing through, or those of the Flinders street station who changed from one train to another. The increase was enormous, and had led to great congestion. There was a constant demand for extra trains. The overcrowding was not creditable to the State nor to the Railway Department. (Hear, hear). It was partiently had on Saturday afternoons before and after football matches. Heavy expenditure had been incurred in widening the Flinders street viaduct and in quadruplicating the Caulfield line, but the transportation problem would not be served by the completion of these works. The steam service would have to go, for the great advantages of an electric system were indisputable. He urged the Government to hasten as much as possible this greatly desired reform, and trusted that during the present session the Premier would introduce a bill to authorise the conversion. But electrification by itself would not entirely meet the situation. The tramway service would have to be extended and made uniform. With that subject the creation of a Greater Melbourne Council was closely connected. The improvement of the Yarra and of the Saltwater rivers had been before the public for years, and the municipal councils had taken very little interest in these schemes. He was not optimistic enough, however, to believe that the Greater Melbourne Bill would be passed this session.

Mr. Hannah: I think it is only out for a run.

Mr. Membrey: If Mr. Hannah would only suppress his eloquence for about three months the bill might go through. (Laughter). If it did not, what attitude did the Premier intend to take up? The problem was becoming very acute.

Mr. Hannah: I agree with you.

Mr. Membrey: The Traffic Commission had recommended the appointment of a municipal tramways trust, and this trust should be appointed during the present session, pending the creation of a bigger and permanent body to take control. The cable trams were started in 1885 and completed in 1891, since when no extensions had been made, though the metropolitan population had increased from 490,896 in 1891 to 591,830 in 1911, mostly in the outer suburbs. The population of the City of Melbourne was 1000 less than 20 years ago, and Collingwood had gone down to the extent of 800. On the other hand, Northcote had increased from 7458 in 1891 to 9657 in 1901, and 18,000 in 1911, as a result of the provision of railway facilities. Kew showed a striking contrast, for the increase there was only from 8162 in 1891 to 11,148 in 1911, simply because it had not proper travelling facilities. Melbourne had a most disjointed tramway system controlled by seven different authorities. It was now proposed to extend the tramways at Malvern, to buy out and convert the Hawthorn horse tramway, to make a line to South Melbourne and St. Kilda, and to make a tramway from Essendon through Brunswick to Northcote. If an electric system of traction were to be ultimately adopted, to be a success it must be under one control. The changes that were immediately contemplated showed that there was urgency that the Government should give the tramway system most earnest consideration. If the whole of the Melbourne tramways could be secured on anything like favourable conditions, it was, in his opinion, the duty of the Government to secure them. Transit should be cheaper also. From Sydney one could travel to Ryde, 10 miles 26 chains, for 5d., there being five penny sections. Mr. Nesbitt, the town clerk, said there were now 7000 persons less living in Sydney proper than there were ten years ago, and that was largely attributable to the improved tramway facilities. Adelaide had become a different place altogether, owing to the electric trams, and by like means one could get to places far outside Brisbane for low fares. He strongly urged the Government to take up the tramway consolidation question. If there were any likelihood of the Greater Melbourne Council Bill being thrown out this session, he hoped the Government would bring in a bill to form a Consolidated Tramways Trust for the purposes he had mentioned. With a great deal of reluctance he had to complain that without his knowledge as member for the district the Government had, just before Parliament met, leased to the Glen Iris Brick Company some land which was originally bought at Thornbury for the establishment of workmen's homes. That ought not to have been done without the authority of Parliament.

The Premier said permissive occupancy had been granted, and a lease would not be issued until Parliament had passed a bill authorising it.

Mr. Membrey said a huge building had been erected and other works were proceeding. It was known he was antagonistic to the step.

Mr. Mackey: That is why they pushed it on so secretly. (Laughter).

Mr. Membrey said the majority of the ratepayers were also against it. Over 90 acres of ground were in use for brick works in Northcote already. He entered his emphatic protest on the matter. Wages boards were the best means of settling matters between employers and employes, and they might be extended to the advantage of both. The provision made in Tasmania respecting painters' travelling fares was an improvement on the method in vogue here. He trusted that the Government would give the teachers the attention they deserved, and remove the cause of dissatisfaction in the police force.

SOUTH YAN YEAN.

Mr. John Horner having sold out at South Yan Yean, where he has been a resident for over 40 years, the family were entertained at a social evening at the church on Thursday evening. There was a large and representative attendance. Rev D. Bruce (Presbyterian), Mr. J. M. Mankey, Mr. Foulkes, and Mr. Knox spoke most appreciatively of the family. Rev. E. O. Knee, on behalf of the church and Sunday School, presented Miss Horner with a gold watch, and Mr. Knox, on behalf of her Bible class, presented her with a handbag. Miss Horner acknowledged the gifts in a felicitous manner. The arrangements for the gathering were made by the Jeffrey family.

SOCIAL NEWS.

The "bachelors' ball" at Preston, which has been an interesting topic of discussion in social circles ever since the spinsters gave their very smart and enjoyable dance at the Shire hall some four or five weeks ago, eventuated on Wednesday evening, one of the wettest nights of the year. The hosts on the occasion were:—Dr. Embleton and Messrs. W. Braithwaite, jr., R. Broadhurst, W. Davies, A. Dean, J. Harvey, R. Hodgson, H. Howe, W. Wilkinson, W. Hooper (hon. secs.), H. Norris, C. Rojo, and L. Webster. In the first place their thoughtfulness may be commended in having strips of tan run across High street, opposite the hall, which saved their guests having to wade over pretty well ankle deep in mud. They may next be complimented upon their gallantry in making no attempt whatever to out-do the ladies in the matter of decorations, which were gay enough, but severely plain, the evident handiwork of "mere man." In the matter of music for the dancing and refreshments, the bachelors made provision right up to the mark, Jones and Rosenthal's brilliant band, and Holder of Hawthorn being respectively entrusted with these departments. The floor was fast, and the company large, and mostly young and full of the faculty of enjoyment. The frocking of the ladies was smart. In these circumstances it is needless to say that the ball went off very well and enjoyably indeed. A novelty was introduced in a couple of the dances being danced in the light given by the Japanese lanterns only. The semi-darkness gave the romantically-inclined the opportunity of indulging their fancies to the full. The bachelor's emblem of liberty, the latchkey, figured on the programme, and also prominently in the scheme of decoration.

There is some talk of the spinsters and bachelors of Preston joining forces in the organisation of a mask and fancy ball.

Despite the very unfavorable weather there was an attendance (including onlookers) of between 500 and 600 at the juvenile plain and fancy dress ball by the children of St. Joseph's school on Tuesday evening. The juveniles, who had been admirably trained by the Sisters of the Good Samaritan, were allotted the hours between 8 and 10. Nearly all were in pretty fancy dresses. There was The Quaker Girl set, numerous flower sets, and mixed fancy sets. The young people seemed to derive the greatest enjoyment and also the onlookers. After supper the young people went to their homes and the adults took possession of the floor, the entertainment being kept up till midnight.

Northcote Rifle Club.

THE NORTHCOTE RIFLE CLUB. SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

(Notes by Target.)

The second annual meeting of the above club was held last Tuesday evening in the club room. The gathering, which included many patrons and supporters, was very enthusiastic in all matters relating to the club's welfare. The chair was taken by the president (Cr. A E. Woolhouse) supported by the vice-president, Mr. R. E. Wilson, Captain A. H. Brown, and the secretary, Mr. J. S Goldsworthy. The balance sheet, certified to by the club's auditors (Messrs. Whalley and Lees), was presented, and was regarded as very satisfactory. All debts have been paid off, which have proved rather a drag on the club's past. The Captain (Mr. A. H. Brown) read a lengthy report of the year's doings, and covered some interesting ground in regard to the different successes gained with the rifle, particulars of which have already appeared in the "Leader."

The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Cr. A. E. Woolhouse (re-elected); vice-presidents, Cr. Glanfield, Cr. Archbold, Messrs. Fargher, Dennis, Sturdee, Young, McIntosh, and Wilson, R. E. Captain A. H. Brown (re-elected); secretary, J. S. Goldsworthy (re-elected); treasurer, E. Witcomb (re-elected); handicappers, A. A. Burgess and E. Witcomb; press correspondent, A. Glanfield; team selectors, Captain and vice-captain (Mr. A. A. Burgess.) Committee:—A. A. Burgess, A. Glanfield, H. Hook, A. Weate, H. D. Soanes, W. Sims, G. Kobelke, and O. Wantach; auditors, Messrs. Whalley and Lees; delegates to M.R.C.A., A. A. Burgess and H. Hook, also numerous patrons were elected.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Messrs. Whalley Bros., of "The Leader," for their splendid reports.

After the different donors and patrons had been thanked for past support, the list of trophy-winners for the twelve months was read. Prizes were presented in kind to Mr. Wittenbach, trophy; C. Wilson, Inter-club trophy; G. Hook, R. E. Wilson, trophy; H. D. Soanes and Miniature Rifle trophy, C. H. Talmage; last, but not least, a presentation was made to Captain A. H. Brown for past services, the present was a .303 rifle; and was suitably responded to.

At the conclusion of the evening's business, light refreshments were served, through Mr. A. Glandfield's kindness, and after several patrons present had promised donations in kind and cash, a successful meeting broke up at midnight.

Last Saturday, Captain Brown's trophy was shot for and decided, E. Witcomb and J. S. Goldsworthy being at head of affairs with 138 points each, A. A. Burgess next with 136.

The match was shot at 200 and 300 yards.

To-day a triangular match is to be fired against Warragul and Kew at Port Melbourne, at 500 and 600 yards, shooting to conclude at 4.30. Dinner at Menzies or the Grand at 5. Members are specially requested to be early on range, as Warragul members must catch evening train home.

Over 25,000 persons are employed in the business of the London Stock Exchange every day.

Wanted.

GOOD General wanted. Apply 327 High street, Northcote.

GIRL, assist housework, good wages. "Eileen," Railway Place, S. Preston.

Preston Public Free and Lending Library.

In aid of the book fund of the above institution a card tournament and dance was held in the shire hall on Thursday evening. There was a good attendance, which doubtless would have been much larger but for the very adverse weather conditions, the enticement having to be particularly strong to induce people away from their firesides on such a night. As a good number of tickets sold were not represented, a sum will be raised that will enable the committee to add a good number of books to the shelves. Between 8.30 and 10 o'clock eleven games were played. Amongst the ladies Mrs. Toolan won the prize given for the highest number of games won, and Mrs. Hulley the prize for the lowest. Mr. James Tuttle was top scorer for the principal gent's prize, and there was a great contest for the honour (?) of winning the "booby" prize, no fewer than five, who had only won three games apiece, having to play off for it. Mr. Dale's ill luck persisted longest and he gained the distinction. Cr. Robertson (president of the shire), when presenting the prizes took occasion to thank, on behalf of the library committee, the local friendly societies for their cordial co-operation in connection with the running of this euchre party. After cards the room was cleared, and there was a couple of hours dancing, Mr. J. Long providing the music and Mr. Hulley acting as M.C. The bachelors kindly allowed their decorations of the previous day to remain.

MELBA'S ENDURANCE.

Great artists are capable of the most wonderful physical endurance. Madame Melba can do what would put over three ordinary persons in bed for the "rest cure" for a week. Instead of taking the train to Ballarat when she gave her concert in that city, she went right through from Coombe Cottage by motor car. After covering the 32 miles to the city she did some shopping, and then started for Ballarat. Mr J. Lemmone, her manager, went by train. The Diva gave the train 10 minutes' start, and then reached Ballarat an hour before Mr Lemmone. When the train reached the station she was waiting for him fresh as if she had just got up, and instead of going to her hotel motored another 17 miles away to have a last peep at Ercildoune before the sun set. Next evening she excelled herself in her concert.—Punch.

Madame Melba will give her farewell concert at the Melbourne Town hall on Saturday evening next, August 3rd.

MARRIAGE.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the Presbyterian Church, Michael-st., North Fitzroy, on July 6th, when the Rev. George Carson performed the marriage ceremony. The contracting parties were Miss Rosetta Edgley, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Edgley, of "Leuvin," Scotchmer street, N. Fitzroy, and Mr Ernest Michel, fourth son of the late Mr and Mrs W. Michel, late of Spring-street, Preston. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore white messaline silk, with white silk lace overdress, trimmed with pearl trimming and silk lace; bridal wreath and veil; white shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss Lily Edgley, sister of bride; Miss Mary J. Michel, sister of bridegroom, and Miss Daisy Edgley, sister of the bride, who were gowned alike in white messaline silk, trimmed with white silk lace, and carried red shower bouquets. Mr Frank Michel, brother of bridegroom, acted as best man, and the brother of bride, Mr. John Edgley, as groomsman.

The wedding breakfast and reception was held at Sargent's. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by the Rev. George Carson, supported by Mr J. J. Palmer. The toast of "The Bridesmaids" was proposed by Mr J. Edgley and responded to by Mr Frank Michel. On going away the bride wore a set of white Arctic fox furs, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold Kismet ring.

Preston A.W.A.

A musical evening was held in connection with the above at Bradford hall on July 18th, Miss Ware (president of the Clifton Hill A.W.A.) presiding. The programme, which was given by the Clifton Hill branch reflected great credit on them. The dramatic items were struck out for want of stage accommodation. The following contributed to the programme:—Overture, Misses Pemberton; song, Miss Geard; solo, "Daddy," Little Rene Thompson; duet, Misses Webb and Ross; song, Mr. Thompson; rod exercise, Miss Lily Barber; comic song in character, Mr Mills; solo, Miss Evans; song, "Dutch Colleen," Miss Ross; humorous recitation, Miss Cox; exhibition of tricks, Mr. Morton; duet, Misses Pemberton; song, Miss Young; song and dance (in character), Little Rene Thompson; song, Miss Webb; song, Mr. Thompson; song and dance (in character), Misses Ross and Webb; song, Miss Geard; solo, Miss Evans. Several encores were given. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Clifton Hill branch, and the performers, with a pressing request to come again. Refreshments having been handed round and three cheers given for both branches, a pleasant evening terminated.

Northcote A.N.A.

The fortnightly meeting of the above was held on Thursday evening, the president (Mr. A. C. Williams) in the chair. There was a fair attendance of members. Four new members were elected, and one proposed. The rifle club journeyed to Port Melbourne on Wednesday night, and were defeated by the narrow margin of 3 points, the scores being:—Port Melbourne 161, Northcote 158. Northcote's highest scorer was A. Bostock, with 24 points. A. St. John Ambulance class has been formed. Members or their friends wishing to join are requested to hand in their names at the next meeting of the branch. Syllabus item for next meeting night is a progressive euchre party for prizes.

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, 410. Write for Our Winter Catalogue.

The Ladies' Column.

A QUEEN WHO RAN HER FAMILY.

The late Queen Louise of Denmark was a shy woman who preferred a full inner life to a shining external one. She possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of "suggesting" to others without appearing to wish or will. Though masterful, she never appeared to seek for mastery in family or other matters, and she retained to the last day of her life her maternal hold on the hearts of her children and kin. Those who entered the family by marriage became amenable to her moral suasion. She understood that a way to hold her own with them was to avoid all intrusion in their home and affairs.

When the Imperial, Royal, and exiled kindred gathered round the Queen of Denmark, at Fredensborg, they accepted absolutely her sway as mother and mistress of the house. The law of primo-geniture ruled; thus the Princess of Wales took precedence in Denmark, except on State occasions, over her younger sister, the Empress of Russia. She sat beside her mother in driving out in the Queen's little dog-cart, and the Empress sat at their back holding on by the side-rails, with her feet on the board and her knees close to her chin. And King Christian was, incontestably, "his wife's husband."

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.
A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

She lost her little boy to-day;
Her eyes were moist and sweet,
And tender when he went away,
To hurry down the street.
She stood there for the longest while
And watched and watched him; then
She said—and tried to force a smile—
"He'll not come back again."
Inside the house, hot tears would come;
She sank into a chair
And sobbed above the battered drum
And trumpet lying there.
The sunshine stole into the place—
It only made her sad
With thinking of the pretty grace
His baby tresses had.
She minded all his little ways;
She went to see his crib
Up in the attic; then to gaze
At plate, spoon and bib.
And all the trinkets he had thought
So fair to look upon—
Each one of them this murmur brought:
"My little boy has gone."
She wandered through the house all day,
To come on things he'd left,
And oh, she missed his romping play
And felt herself bereft!
When he came home with shining eyes,
To tell of school's delight,
She kissed and held him motherwise
With something like affright.
This is the pain in mothers' hearts
When school days have begun;
Each knows the little boy departs
And baby days are done;
Each mother fain would close her ears
And hush the calling bell,
For, somehow, in its tones she hears
The sounding of a knell.

—W. D. Nesbitt.

FOR THE GIRLS.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do;
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thought be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.
Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly;
Live and learn and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge,
You must get it ere you give.
Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way;
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.

WOMAN'S TASTE.

A woman's touch is very soon discovered in the arrangement of a dining-room, the application of a table though of the most ordinary kind, the neatness, the spotless purity of the table linen, the polish which the coarsest ware will show if properly washed and wiped, the arrangement of the dishes—all these tend to show the deft hands, the fine taste of the woman whose charge it is. By fine tastes we do not mean acquired ones. Many a girl or woman who could not quote a line of Browning or use a French phrase to save her life, may possess a nature refined and beautiful enough to make itself felt in all the drudgery of her daily life. In these days, when so many people are judged by their outward appearance, it is well to look at their home life. Not that it is necessary for every woman to make bread and cook dishes, but the lady who can do such things properly, should occasion require it, is far more lady-like than she who looks upon it as menial labour, fit only for the coarse and the ignorant.

CONTRALTOS ARE DARK.

"Did you ever see a blonde contralto?" asked a teacher of vocal music. "I'll be bound you never did, for contraltos are all dark. For a matter of 20 years I have observed the human voice, and I have come to the conclusion that the colouring of a person has some sort of influence upon the vocal organs. Blonde persons, with blue eyes, ruddy complexion, and yellow hair incline to have high, sharp metallic voices—soprano voices. I won't go so far as to say that I can tell by a woman's appearance what type of voice she has, but I will say that I can usually give a pretty good guess at her voice. To be sure, I have seen blondes with deep voices, and brunettes with high ones, but I have only seen this rarely. I have never seen a blonde contralto—a naturally blonde one, I mean."

AN INVALID'S NOVEL AMUSEMENT.

"Why, Margaret, how bright you are looking to-day!" cried the neighbour who had just run in to cheer up the lonely invalid. "You must have had a number of callers this afternoon?"

"No, I haven't had any."

"I don't see how you stand it, you poor dear, and you look so happy—happier than I do, I know."

"Oh, I've had a really pleasant day," said the invalid. "I've thought of such a delightful way of amusing myself. I've been naming over all the good points in the characters of the people I know, and, really, I had no idea there were so many in each one. It took me ever so long to go over the people I know well. I shall look at those people quite differently now. My mind has been delightfully busy all day."

Do You Know

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

YOU ARE READING THIS

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.

Election Notices

TOWN OF NORTHCOTE.

EAST WARD ELECTION.

Fellow Ratepayers,—

My term of office as a Councillor for the East Ward of the Town will expire by effluxion of time in August next, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for your confidence in me during the 15 years that I have had the honor to represent you, and again solicit your support and interest for my re-election on the 22nd prox.

I shall take the opportunity to give an account of the affairs of the Municipality at a Public Meeting in the Town Hall on the 13th August.

FREDERIC J. PLANT.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

NORTH WARD.

ANGUS McDONELL

Begs to announce that he will be a CANDIDATE against all comers. He will Address the Electors early next week. Don't promise your vote until you have heard him.

Lost and Found.

MISSING since Wednesday week, Black and Tan Australian Terrier, rather deaf. "Tasma," Hotham St., S. Preston.

Wanted to Sell

BICYCLE, secondhand, newly renovated, new tyres and tubes. No reasonable offer refused. "Bentleigh," Hayes Street (behind Fellowes'), Northcote.

BLACK Orpingtons (young hens, pullets, and roosters), Fisher's and Roberts' noted strains; cheap. Newell, 611 High-street, Preston.

CANARIES, from good strain, best of songsters, cheap. W. J. Fry, 26 Murray Road, Preston.

CANARIES, crests, crest breds, plain heads, mules, splendid whistlers, cheap. 39 Ballantyne St., Thornbury.

GOOD Filling For Sale in Northcote. Foley, Dundas street, Preston.

Northcote Branch A.W.A.

The last fortnightly meeting of the above was presided over by the president (Miss R. Barry). One new member was elected, and two proposals received. Dr. J. F. McGivern applied for appointment as medical officer. At the previous meeting the balance sheet for the last half year was read and received. Next meeting the syllabus item is "Nation Night," for which a prize has been donated by Miss Hellwig.

INDIGESTION PROMPTLY CURED.

MRS. RICE, of Grafton Street, GOULBURN, N.S.W., says: "I have derived great benefit from Bile Beans. For a long time I was a martyr to indigestion and Biliousness. My appetite completely went and a nasty dizziness would come over me. I sought the advice of physicians, but they were unsuccessful in relieving me. As a last resource I tried Bile Beans. Their effect was wonderful, and I am thankful to say that I have been a different woman ever since."

Price 1/1½ per box, or 2/9 special family size, containing 3 times the quantity of the 1/1½ box.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS — ONE BEAN ONE DOSE

Amusements.

NORTHCOTE THEATRE OPP. TOWN HALL

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

PATRONS DELIGHTED.

POPULARITY INCREASING.

THIS WEEK'S PROGRAMME has given UNDOUBTED SATISFACTION.

The Splendid Bill of Fare will be repeated for the last time

TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT. TO-NIGHT.

It includes

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.
THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

A Thrilling Example of Heroism and Faithfulness to Duty.

A WOMAN'S MARTYRDOM.
A WOMAN'S MARTYRDOM.
A WOMAN'S MARTYRDOM.

A Masterpiece in Picture Drama by two Famous French Actors.

And MANY OTHER SUPERB AND FASCINATING PICTURES.

THIS AFTERNOON the usual CHILDREN'S MATINEE will be given, the feature of which will be "The Gold Rose," a Fantastic Fairy Tale that will delight the hearts of juveniles

Complete Change of Programme

NEXT MONDAY NIGHT introducing The Greatest of all Australian Productions, IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND! Charles Reade's Famous Story. Produced, acted, and filmed by Australians.

Remember THE EDUCATOR SERIES in conjunction with GRAND OPERA EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT. Eclipsing Anything Yet Seen.

FULL ORCHESTRA.

Prices: Circle, 1s 6d; Stalls, 1s; Back Seats, 6d.

Children half rates (Saturday evenings excepted).

Saturday evenings half price Stalls and Circle only.

FREE TRAM RIDES. Ask the Conductor for a Northcote Theatre Concession Ticket.

THORNBURY PICTURES.
THORNBURY PICTURES.
THORNBURY PICTURES.

Northcote Tram Terminus.

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!

For One Night Only.

Thornbury Pictures Exclusive Photo Play, Another Brilliant Achievement by World-Famed Cines Co.

SICILIAN BLOOD.
SICILIAN BLOOD.

A Finely-Acted and Most Powerful Drama of the type in which the Sicilian Players excel. This Great Production can be described as a Feature of Features.

The Picture has been treated in a masterly manner, and is in advance of all previous productions issued in drama by the Cines Co. Attention has been given to every scene, and each is given and presented from the best artistic aspect.

The Pioneer Electric Picture Entertainment in the district. The Only Show in Melbourne giving a Complete New Program Each Night.

Admission: Children, under 12, 3d; Adults, 6d. Come Early for a Good Seat. Extra Seats provided for those who could not gain admittance last Saturday.

Don't Forget EVERY WEDNESDAY. New Star Pictures. Nothing but the Best. We show on Wednesdays and Saturdays

A GRAND SOCIAL will be held in the SHIRE HALL, PRESTON, on TUESDAY, 30th JULY. Jones and Rosenthal's Band. Gents 1/6, Ladies 1/. Refreshments included. Dancing 8 till 12. W. Hughes, M.C.

PRESTON LODGE U.A.O.D.

The above will hold a EUCHRE PARTY AND DANCE EUCHRE PARTY AND DANCE in the SHIRE HALL, PRESTON, on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, 31st July. Refreshments. Efficient M.C.

Gents, 1/6. Ladies, 1/. Patrons are assured of a Tip-Top Night. Come and Enjoy Yourself.

TOSTI SOCIETY Town Hall, Northcote. Next SOCIAL, Thursday, 1st August. And alternate Thursdays. Dancing 8 till 12. Members may now be nominated. SYLLABUS:

Aug. 1—Initiation Night.
Aug. 10—Bon Bon Party.
Aug. 29—Bachelors' Night.
Sept. 12—Floral Evening.
Sept. 26—Ladies' Night.
Oct. 10—Euchre Party.
Oct. 24—Drag Drive.
Nov. 7—Mock Banquet.
Nov. 21—Motor Boat Picnic.
Dec. 12—Committee Entertain.

Terms:—Nomination, 2/6; monthly subscription—Gents 3/; Ladies, 2/. Full particulars from E. Baillie, Acting Sec., Major street, Northcote.

NORTHCOTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH (James St.)

A GRAND CONCERT will be given in the School Hall on TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, at 8 p.m.

Special Engagement of Talented Artists:—
Miss Elsie Treweek (Soprano)
Miss Violet Semple (Contralto)
Mr. Arthur Andrew (Tenor)
Mr. Frederic R. Collier (Baritone) (Orpheus Quartette)
Mr. John Amadio (Flautist)
Miss Ivy Easton, L.A.B. (Violinist)
Miss May Griffiths (Accompanist)

Admission Tickets, 1/.

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, Efficient M.C.

MISS EDITH STURTEVANT, Teacher of DANCING AND CALISTHENICS. "The Hollies," 7 Gordon Street, CLIFTON HILL. Juvenile Lessons, any hour or by appointment, 9d. Adults, 1s lesson, any hour. Latest Society Dances.

DANCING.

COOMBES & HALL'S FIRST-CLASS STRING BAND. Latest and Up-to-Date Music supplied for Balls, Parties, &c.

Mr. W. COOMBES, 49 Gooch St., Northcote.

PHYSICAL CULTURE—Miss Bosworth, Qualified Instructress, has started Classes (Girls and Boys) Saturday, 3 p.m., Rechabite Hall. New members welcome.

Hattam's

Humming

Winter Sale!

Now On!

Continued To-Day and following Two Weeks

All Winter Drapery at "Quit" Prices!

Big Crowds all day yesterday.

Bigger Crowds expected this morning.

Please Shop Early.

Visit Us Often. Bargains for All.

Hattam & Hattam, Drapers, Northcote

Telephone, Northcote 268.

First Money-Saving

SOLWAY SALE

Now On!

Extraordinary Bargains for One Month Only.

Everything at Cost Price.

Solway Clothing Coy.

Opposite Fitzroy Post Office.

No Watches after this Week

Bereavement Notices.

MR. W. CRISFORD and FAMILY desire to return thanks to their many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy in their recent sad bereavement.

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 & Ber

PRESTON SHIRE COUNCIL.

MONDAY, JULY 22.

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

DIPHTHERIA.

Another case of diphtheria was reported. Referred to the health officer.

COMPLAINT TO BOARD OF HEALTH.

The Public Health Department wrote forwarding letter of complaint received from Mr. W. Boxall as to the manner in which his night service had been attended to. It was, he said, no good his going to the Shire Hall to get the matter attended to.

The Secretary said that when this letter was received the matter had been attended to and the contractor fined 10/-.

TRAMWAY BILL.

The Municipal Tramways Trust wrote inviting representative to attend deputation to present Tramway Bill, as drawn up by the conference, to the Premier.

It was decided that the President attend.

THE RECENT LAND SALE.

Isaac Barrow and several others who had bought properties on the occasion of the recent municipal land sale wrote regarding the special improvement and road construction charges, which they allege were not disclosed at the sale.

Cr. Warr moved that the matter be referred to the committee of the whole, the auctioneer to be asked to attend.

Cr. Crispe seconded: carried.

VARIOUS REQUESTS.

W. Atkins wrote asking for a crossing to be put down in front of his new house in Elizabeth street, and that a lamp be placed at the corner of Bruce and Elizabeth sts. He would be prepared to pay the cost of lighting the lamp. He also desired the council to give the necessary guarantee for the reticulation of Elizabeth street.

Cr. Howe moved that the request with regard to the crossing be granted, and that the second and third requests be referred to the committee.

Cr. Crispe seconded: carried.

MUNICIPAL WAGES.

The City of Collingwood wrote forwarding the minutes of conference regarding the wages of municipal employes. After discussion, it was resolved to recommend the desirability of establishing a wages board in connection with municipal employes.

Cr. Warr moved that the council support the idea of a wages board: carried.

WATER FOR LEICESTER AND QUEEN STREETS.

J. McIntosh wrote asking if anything further had been done re laying the water in Leicester street. His people were leaving Scotland in September, and he wanted to have his house built before they arrive. To be considered with recommendation of the committee of the whole (discussion reported elsewhere).

A. R. Hendrie wrote urging that the water be brought to Queen street, as he and others were desirous of building there.—Dealt with same as preceding letter.

BOY SCOUTS.

W. Sone, secretary 1st Preston troop boys' scouts, wrote, stating they would not be requiring the pavilion any longer, having secured other quarters. They desired to thank council for past favours.—Received.

POOR WATER SUPPLY IN CRAMER STREET.

F. G. Morgan, W. Ferris, and F. Quaife wrote complaining of the poor water supply in Cramer street west, and they would ask to have the main which now ends at Jessie street extended at least 10 chains westerly.

Cr. Crispe moved that application be made to the Metropolitan Board of Works to put down 10 chains of 4-in. pipe in Cramer street.

Cr. Braithwaite seconded the motion, which was carried.

THE PIPE TRACK.

The Metropolitan Board wrote intimating that they would be prepared to discuss the matter of the pipe track with the representatives of the Northcote, Preston and Fitzroy Councils on August 5.—This arrangement was agreed to, and the representatives (the President and Crs. Braithwaite and Howe) will attend.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £16 1.11 be passed for payment.—Adopted.

PUBLIC WORKS COMMITTEE.

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

1. That accounts amounting to £39 19/- be passed for payment.—Adopted.

2. Re Ridings Metal.—That the matter be left in the engineer's hands to obtain the same at schedule rates on present contracts.—Adopted.

3. Re Crossings over Main roads.—That the matter be referred to the estimates.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

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

1. Letter from R. Wilding, re quarry machinery.—That the council be recommended to appoint Mr. Wilding on a commission of 10 per cent. and travelling expenses, to make all necessary arrangements (plans, specifications, etc.), to have suitable machinery erected on the proposed quarry.

Cr. Warr, in moving the adoption of the clause, remarked that Mr. Wilding had the very best of credentials, and he believed he was the right sort of man to supervise the erection of their plant. There was not the slightest doubt but that they wanted such a man to look after the interests of the ratepayers.

Cr. Paterson seconded the motion, which was agreed to.

ORDINARY BUSINESS.

Cr. Howse wanted to know why the engineer had not taken steps to have the construction authorised in Raglan and Albert streets, carried out.

The engineer replied that he had been instructed to get out the loan plans first.

Cr. Howe moved that the engineer be instructed to repair the footpath in Showers street, opposite Young's.—Referred to the engineer.

Cr. Crispe moved that the matter of improving Gilbert road, from Regent street, northward, be referred to the engineer; carried.

Cr. Howe said that as Mr. Atkins was prepared to give the guarantee in connection with the water for Elizabeth street, he would move that the matter be referred to the committee, with power to act.

Two engineers in Munich have completed the plans of a huge airship of a capacity of 100,000 cubic meters. It will be driven by six motors, with a total horse-power of 24,000, and is expected to attain the speed of 60 miles an hour. It is estimated that the airship will be able to carry 300 passengers at a time.

The London County Council has now been fifteen years in the making of its great map of London. This extraordinary map, when complete, will show every house in the capital, and be a complete guide for all local authorities. Already the work has cost £15,000, and there is no telling where the cost will end. Two years ago a start was made with the ownership section, for every owner is to be marked on this great map, which will be a sort of Doomsday Book. The map will represent 144 square miles.

The children need something new every week. You have no children, hence you can't understand.

I understand, old chap. I have an automobile.

Suits *for* Men *to* Appreciate

¶ Suits for the man who's tired of the clothes he has; who's disinclined to tackle the tailor who's disappointed him so often; but who really can appreciate a suit made to a modern style. ¶ This modern style—note our illustration; drawn in an absolutely up-to-the-minute mode—is embodied in all the suits made by us. ¶ In fact, we call our suits just what they are, *"Modern Suits."* They're priced *63/- to 105/-*. Call in and see us—we are sure you, too, would be pleased.

Alfred Hare Company
Modern Tailors
Men's Mercers
292 Queen's Parade, Clifton Hill

20 YEARS' PILES ENDED.

TERRIBLE BAD LEG CURED.

HUSBAND AND WIFE GRATEFUL TO ZAM-BUK.

Mrs. James Jones, of 11 Harrington st., Miller's Point, Sydney, says:—"For 20 years my husband was a martyr to all the pains and tortures of blind and bleeding piles. The miseries caused by this terrible complaint are hardly describable. The inflammation and itching were something awful, and he could get neither sleep nor rest day or night. During these long years he tried a great number of remedies and so-called cures, but nothing gave him any ease. Commencing to use Zam-Buk, he was soon delighted to find that this balm was having the desired effect. The pain and inflammation were speedily banished, and by persevering with Zam-Buk he was soon freed from this awful complaint. His cure has been permanent, for it is over three years since Zam-Buk ended the piles, and there has been no return since.

"My husband also suffered from a terrible bad leg, which was caused by irritation set up by the dye out of blue flannel. For eight months he was confined in the hospital where the doctors wanted to amputate the leg, it was in such a diseased condition. An awful ulcer in the thigh had eaten right through the flesh to the bone, and the pain was terrible. All kinds of treatments were tried, but nothing gave any ease. Then I decided to apply Zam-Buk, which I did with excellent results. In a short time all putrid matter was withdrawn from the wound, which began to heal up in a healthy manner. After only a few weeks' treatment with Zam-Buk, his leg was completely cured.

"I have also derived much benefit from Zam-Buk. A pimple appeared on my foot, which gradually developed into a large festered sore. It became so bad I could not get my boot on, and was only able to manage to limp about. For two months I was absolutely tortured by the intense pain and inflammation. Ordinary remedies did me no good whatever, but commencing to use Zam-Buk, the pain and swelling were quickly reduced, all poisonous matter withdrawn, and the wound started healing nicely. By persevering with Zam-Buk my foot was soon quite well." Sold by all chemists and stores at 1/6 and 3/6 per pot.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The humorous element is not entirely wanting in the rush to insure against strike risks at Lloyd's. A gentleman who lives at Southend paid his premium of 30s. in exchange for which underwriters agree to pay him £1 for every day on which there is no passenger train to London before noon.

Two Paris policemen who attempted to arrest six men for throwing rubbish into the Seine were surprised when the six produced cards showing that they themselves were policemen. They were throwing into the river fifteen miles of cinematograph films which had been condemned as improper for public exhibition.

I married a suffragette, said Mr. Cholmondely Rippingate, of Hyde Park, and for five years have found unspeakable happiness.

I'm glad to hear it, said the suffragette leader.

Yes, said Rippingate. Mrs. Rippingate has been in gaol four years and three months altogether.

Wiggs: Young Sillicus says his heart is lacerated.

Waggs: Who's the lass?

Elector: No, sir, I'll vote for t'other fellow.

Candidate: But you've never seen him!

Elector: No; but I've seen you!

Say, pa.

What is it?

Can a rear-admiral go to the front?

Do you speak several languages, father?

No, my son; replied Mr. Henpeck, gazing sadly at his wife; but I do know the mother tongue.

Jones: What do you think will be the end of the woman question?

Brown: There won't be any end; they'll always be asking 'em.

Son: Father, what's a bachelor?

Father: A bachelor is a man who could never influence the right girl to encourage him to marry her.

May: What's that for, Charlie?

Charlie: That's a trap to catch the wretched little birds that watch and whisper to mamma everything I do.

Angry lady (after rubbing her finger along a dirty seat): Do you call that dusted?

Calm Maid: I don't call it fair, mum, you've deliberately picked out one as ain't been sat on.

Lester, dear, said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously, to her husband. I don't like that cough of yours.

I'm sorry, replied Giddings, but it's the best I've got.

Announcements

WHY GO TO MELBOURNE FOR JEWELLERY?

PINK & SON,
Manufacturing Jewellers
Twenty years' experience with City Firms.
We Save a Middleman's Profit by manufacturing all we show.
REPAIRS of every description.
E.P. Ware, Watches, Clocks.
241 High St., Northcote
(Opposite Theatre).
Licensed Buyer of Wrought Gold.

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)

Societies

A.N.A., Northcote Branch
Meets alternate Thursdays, Town Hall (Westbourne Grove).
Next meeting—August 8.
Progressive Euchre (Prizes)
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.
A. C. WILLIAMS, 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—1st August.
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—30th July.
Sick Benefits:—For 12 months, £1 per week; following 6 months, 10/- per week; afterwards during sickness, 5/- per week.
Funeral Benefits:—£20 at death of a member; £15 at death of a member's wife (if insured).
Contributions:—Benefit members, 1/- per week upwards; Honorary members, 1/- per quarter; Proposition Fees, 2/6.
Loans Advanced on Real Estate.
CHAS. H. WARR, Secretary
"Winnieville," Railway Place, Preston.

IF you are running a an Entertainment of any kind, be wise and ADVERTISE it thoroughly

Estate and Insurance Agents

ALLOTMENTS FOR SALE

Emmaline Street, 43 x 112, partly fenced ...	£80
Darebin Road, near High Street, 10 x 110, fenced both sides	£85
Station Avenue, fenced both sides, 30ft. frontage ...	£60
Harold Street, 66 x 131, near Station ...	£132
Union Street, near Merri Station, 31 x 120, fenced both sides ...	£102
South Crescent, near Westgarth Station, 54 x 130	£175
Robert Street, 80 ft., streets made	£160
Clarke Street, 31 x 125, fenced sides ...	£85

Many others.

ERNEST LEES,
Auctioneer, Agent and Sworn Valuer,
295 HIGH ST., NORTHCOTE
Phone, Northcote 54.

TOWN HALL ESTATE AGENCY.
W. Freebairn & Co.
(SWORN VALUERS),
HOUSE & LAND Agents,
HIGH ST., NORTHCOT
Houses for Sale—small deposit; balance rent.
Rents Collected. Insurances Effected.
Loans Negotiated.
Commissions executed.
Valuations made. Auction Sales arranged
Agents for the Manchester Fire Assurance

Membrey & Deane
(J. G. MEMBREY—J. V. DEANE),
AUCTIONEER, ESTATE FINANCIAL and INSURANCE AGENTS, SWORN VALUER
(Telephone No. 4682, Central),
Beg to notify that their business has been REMOVED to more COMMODIOUS OFFICES on the ground floor of LOMBARD BUILDINGS, No. 17 QUEEN ST (between Flinders Street and Flinders Lane
Loans Negotiated Promptly.
Auctions Conducted
Fire and Life Insurances Effected.

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.

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.

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

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.

R. H. TAYLOR,
ESTATE,
LAND,
and
INSURANCE
AGENT,
HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE
(opposite Town Hall).
Rents Collected.
Loans Negotiated.
Insurances Effected.
Valuations Made.
DON'T FORGET—
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL

PHONE 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.

Insurance Companies & Agents

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).

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.

SUPPORT THE AUSTRALIAN COMPANY
THE I.O.A.
(Insurance Office of Australia Limited)
FIRE. ACCIDENT.
Plate Glass.
Employers' Liability
Burglary.
Personal Accident
Sickness.
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 5454.

J. W. MANKEY & CO.
DRAPERS, MILLINERS, & CLOTHIERS,
248-250 HIGH STREET, NORTHCOTE 248-250
(Opposite J. A. Walker, Chemist).
FIRST HALF-YEARLY "OUT-THEY-GO SALE" NOW ON.
All Winter Goods are being cleared at half-price.
Stylish Millinery, Smart Coats and Costumes, Dress Goods, Blankets and Rugs, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Suits, Trousers, Shirts, Hats, etc., all at "out-they-go" prices.
PAY US A VISIT. Train and Tram Fares are paid by us.

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.

MOTOR CARS FOR HIRE
DAY OR NIGHT.
THEATRES AND BALLS.
Charges: 1/- per mile.
5/ per hour detention.
50 per cent. extra between midnight and 5 a.m.
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.

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 Central 6204.

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.

PAINTING AND DRAWING.
MISS MARGARET B. WEIR'S PAINTING and DRAWING Classes, Northcote Town Hall, Saturdays afternoon at 2.30, evening at 7.
All branches taught. Terms on application personally or by letter at Studio, 503 Royal Parade, Royal Park.

Great Sale of Secondhand Cycles from 30s.
Large Stock of Winter Lines: Capes, 8/6 and 10/6; Leggings, 2/- and 2/6; Burning and Lubricating Oil, 9d pint. Large Stock of Lamps from 2/6. Carbide, 4½d lb. Call and inspect —our stock of Sundries.—
Cycles Built to order from £8 10
Merson's Moa Cycle Works
218 High St., Northcote. Phone Northcote 78.

The Noted Cheap Depot for Everything
T. E. REDMOND,
Ironmonger, Crockery, Oil and Color Merchant,
410 High Street, Northcote.
Wheel Barrows, light and strong, 21/-
Spades, 2/11 and 4/6.
Digging Forks, 2/6, 3/6 and 4/- each
Wire Netting.

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/. 2nd term commences Friday, 26th July.
Third term, Thursday, 25th July.

KING'S COLLEGE,
CLIFTON HILL
(near Northcote Bridge).
Principal:
G. COCHRANE, B.A., T.C.D.
Pharmacy, Junior Public, and General Improvement Classes held at the College.
Juniors, between the ages of 6 and 8, under experienced lady teacher, £1 1s per quarter.
20-acre Play Ground. Gymnasium.
Fees: 1½ to 3½ Guineas.
Evening Classes at the College.
Third term begins Wednesday, July 17.

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.

A. LEWIS'S,
350 QUEEN'S PARADE
NORTH FITZROY.
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.

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.

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, nurs., Christmas St., Northcote, will be thankfully received.

A. E. WOOLHOUSE,
Cutler and Umbrella Manufacturer,
143 Bourke St. (opp. Payne's Bon Marche).
Cutlery of every description—Razors, Scissors, Pocket Knives (from 1 to 75 blades Carvers in cases, Carving Knives and Forks up to 5 feet long. Cutlery ground & set daily Optical Goods, Brushware, &c. Umbrellas of every description in stock, silver or gold mounted, or made to order. Repairs and Re-Covers a Specialty.

LINES BY SPOKESHAVE.

I bought a lovely razor,
And tried it on my chin,
It gashed me well whilst shaving
And tore away the skin;
It put me to such torture
That racked with awful pain
I vowed and vowed I'd never
No! never shave again.
My beard grew long and longer,
It troubled me each day,
I had a billet offered me
To scare the crows away.
My old friends did not know me,
I looked just like a bear;
I was worse than any monkey,
With my ragged crop of hair.
At last I got a razor
From Woolhouse's noted shop,
And quickly tried its action
Upon my ugly mop.
As if by steam it glided,
And truly I declare,
In an instant on my visage
I'd not a single hair.

The razors made by Woolhouse
Are really made to shave,
If once you try their action
For more of them you'll crave.
In Melbourne nothing to beat them
I'm sure can ever be found,
If you seek in every quarter,
For many miles around.
If your razors should get blunted
And shaving gives great pain,
Go straight away to Woolhouse,
Who'll put them right again;
Then shaving will be pleasant,
You'll readily agree
If you buy the best from Woolhouse,
Who well has treated me.
Since then I go to Woolhouse,
My razors for to buy,
None others have in Melbourne
Such a large supply;
All sorts and kinds in stock there
You certain are to meet,
Their shops are found by any
Who seek along Bourke Street.

Above is the well-known establishment of
F. PIKE, General House Decorator
GRAINER, SIGNWRITER, &c.,
PLENTY ROAD, SOUTH PRESTON.
All kinds of Builders' Ironmongery, Lime, Cement, &c., stocked. Oils, Colors, Glass, &c at Lowest Rates. The smallest as well as the largest jobs undertaken.
Estimates Given for all kinds of House Repairs. Telephone, Northcote 200.

Announcements.

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.

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 FERN Ata 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

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).

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

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!